

the verse, and then another: 'A refuge from the storm—a covert from the tempest—as rivers of water in a dry place,' then on and on, one precious word after another. Her anguish passed away, and she remembered only the infinite patience of the Christ who cared enough for this poor, shallow-hearted boy to bear with him until he should learn the true meaning of love.

'Oh, God,' she prayed, 'spare me the pain of ingratitude, of lack of love.' As her spiritual vision cleared she pleaded: 'Spare him the awful loss of not knowing how to love or how to serve his Lord or his fellow-men. Open his eyes to see, and if I can help in any way, use me.'

In the quiet moments that followed it was given her to see that he who loved her spoiled boy and had him in training, did not wish that this summer she should go on indulging him, becoming not the helpful but the harmful servant of the young man and his wife.

God had allowed them to choose the right thing for them—the hard lesson of getting on without Sister Mary—a lesson that taught them her value and their selfishness as nothing else could have done.

John had such a training in self-control and service for others in the experience which this summer gave him, as was worth to his Christian manhood years of his sister's pampering. And when the time came, as come it did before the summer closed, that both John and John's wife begged her to come and make her home with them, she wrote the following in reply:—

Dear John:—

You know how much I love you, and perhaps you can judge what a temptation it is for me to come into your home, and live over again for your children the life I lived for you. But I greatly fear that much of that life was an injury to your manhood, and I do not wish to extend it to your children. In October, I expect to close the little flat. A lady who has been very kind to me is going abroad to spend a year and she wishes me to be her companion. I am glad to go, for my health is suffering, and I need a change. God closed the way to my outing with you, but he always does more than he promises, and he has opened the way for another outing, which I feel that I shall enjoy.

Dear John, I believe God will lead you into larger places where you can be a co-worker with him.

Your loving sister,

MARY.

As John Palmer read this letter, he turned to his wife and said, huskily:—

'I have been selfish and unfeeling. May God forgive me, and help me to be his true servant.'

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Faith's Postscript.

(Kate Grey, in the 'Union Signal.')

A small child crossed the street timidly but swiftly, holding tightly in one hand a bright, shining beer-pail. The early morning hour brought with it a sharpness which tinged her cheek with color.

A passerby taking note of the sweet brown eyes, the curling ringlets about the tiny ears, the anxious look upon the pinched face, would have helped her on her way had she not just proved too quick for him.

Faith paid no heed to anything about, but passed through the swinging door into the saloon just ahead of her.

A sleepy looking man rose to his feet when he saw her.

'Well,' he said, 'what will you have?'

'It's on this paper in here, sir,' Faith replied, pointing to the pail.

The man took the pail from her, slowly drew out the paper, and then began to read it aloud:

"Five cents worth of beer." They writ it out for you, did they?—Why, what's this?' he continued, "and no more." Say, Miss, did you write this here last line?'

Faith nodded.

'I couldn't make it very plain, sir,' she said. 'Our teacher says we must be neat and—'

'Never mind what your teacher says. I want to know what you mean by "and no more."'

Faith hesitated.

'Go on,' urged the man. 'I ain't goin' to scold you.'

'Well, it's this way,' began Faith. 'I meant we don't want papa to have any more beer at all and so—and so—I just thought I'd write it on. Papa is good when he doesn't have beer, but he—'

'Never mind,' said the man. 'I kin guess the rest. And so you don't want your pa to have any more beer. Five cents' worth ain't a-goin' to hurt him.'

'Yes, sir; but when he drinks five cents' worth of it, he sends me out for more,' Faith replied.

The man looked out of the window, thought a few moments, then turned to the counter and began to write busily. When he had finished he said:

'Here, little girl, I know your pa. Take this to him. Here's your beer.'

Faith's face showed signs of disappointment. The man glanced at her, then added:

'Run along now. I guess you'd like what I wrote.'

As night came on Faith's mother again and again looked wistfully down the street.

'It's pay night and the saloons will get father,' she said to her little daughter. 'Oh, Faith, child, what can we do? You're always a comfort to me, but since your father refuses to let you go to the L. T. L. meetings and won't let that nice lady who is your leader come to the house, I have lost all heart.'

Faith patted her mother's hand lovingly.

Suddenly she cried: 'Here comes papa now. Oh, mamma, he's coming in. He is coming in,' she repeated, and he has something in his hand.

Her mother ran to the door but stopped short at sight of her husband's face.

'Oh,' she breathed. 'Are you sick? Speak to me.'

'Sick? Yes,' was the reply. 'Sick with my own sin and weakness, and I agree with the writer of this letter.'

His wife stared.

'Read this,' said her husband, 'and read it good and loud, so Faith can hear.'

'My dear sir,' read his wife. 'You will excuse me for telling you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you had, and I ought to

be ashamed of myself, I had. Therefor, since I'm ashamed and you're ashamed (or ought to be) let's quit for good and all for the sake of that little gal of yours that you send for the beer. I had thought of quitin' for a good long time, and the gaze your Faith gave me this morn done me up complete. Yores truly, Michael Callum, saloonkeeper no more.'

And then a very surprising thing happened. Faith's father kissed her mother in token of his new resolve, and then he called Faith to him and kissed her, and they all laughed and cried and cried and laughed together.

And all this took place one Saturday night, too, and just after pay time. The following night, Faith's father and Michael Collum joined hands in a hearty hand-shake.

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The Free Church—Recommendations of the Committee—Scotch Papers.
Port Arthur's Final Stage—The 'World' New York.
The Fight at Long Range—The New York 'Evening Post'.
The Russian Nihilist Congress—The Revolutionary Programme—The Manchester 'Guardian'.
Bishop Potter's Model Saloon—'Presbyterian Banner', Pittsburg; the 'Outlook', New York.
The Appalling Cost of Labor Conflicts—The Chicago 'Journal'.
The South is a Land of Law, not Anarchy—The 'Sun', New York.
M. Waldeck-Rousseau—The Manchester 'Guardian'.
The New Era in South Africa—Canon Scott Holland, in the 'Commonwealth', London.
General Booth at Home—Plans for New Work—By E.T.T., in the 'Daily News', London.
The Living Wesley—A Picture of one of General Booth's Meetings—By Harold Bigbie, in the 'Daily Mail', London.
The Decline of Oratory in our Public Life—X., in the 'Commonwealth', London.
The Revolt of France Against the Papacy—The 'Spectator', London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Sir Edward Elgar and Conductors—Manchester 'Guardian'.
The Study of Music in English Schools—The 'Musical News', London.
Music in the Public Schools of the United States—The 'Northampton News'.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

August—From the 'Earthly Paradise,' by William Morris.
Shakespeare and Bacon—Poem, by William W. Skeat, in the 'Spectator', London.
Obligatory Authors—The 'Nation', New York.
Maria Edgeworth—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph', London.
An Experimental Study of Manners—F.E.W., in the Manchester 'Guardian'.
Canada in the Twentieth Century—The 'Spectator', London.
The Nation's Trailmakers—A Series of Books on Historic Explorations in North America, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review'.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

What an Atom Is, and How to Measure It—A Popular Description by Sir Oliver Lodge—The 'Scientific American'.
The Phenomena of Lightning—Its Choice of Pathway from the Clouds—By James C. Bayles, in the New York 'Times'.
Plant Wounds—By C. E. Waters, in the 'Plant World'.
Professor Cox on Mechanics—The 'Scotsman', Edinburgh.
Strain on Eyes Looking Upwards—The London 'Hospital'.
Science Notes.