

that matched the bedroom walls. Rich old Mrs. Janes, hitherto not noted for her liberality, opening her heart and her purse-strings, sent over a beautiful brass bed. Some one else added the coverings, and kindly hands hung dimity curtains at the windows and spread a rug on the floor. Easy chairs and pictures completed the pretty room, an ideal resting place for an invalid, so fresh was it and so attractive.

'Tired, Margaret?'

'A little, dearest.'

The minister's wife tried to smile but the effort was a failure. The jolting of the train jarred on the tired nerves, and even through the car window the prospect was not alluring. Long stretches of buffalo grass flashed by, interspersed with white patches of alkali; and every turn of the car-wheels was taking her farther from her old home. Still, if she could only get well! And wonderful recoveries were made in the pure, invigorating climate to which they were hurrying.

Yet how she dreaded it all! New scenes, strange faces, and perhaps the new friends would not be like the old tried ones she was leaving so far behind.

'Cheer up, dear,' the minister was saying. 'We'll soon be there.'

'I wish we could go straight to the parsonage,' she answered. 'Somehow I dread hotels—and strangers.'

'Never mind,' was the cheerful answer. 'We'll soon be settled, and your room shall be first, Margaret. I'll make it as easy and comfortable for you as I can.'

'You always do that,' was the grateful answer. 'I'm ashamed to murmur when I have the children and you.'

'Gray Rock,' shouted the conductor, and the minister rose.

'Home, Margaret,' he said tremulously. 'Come, children.'

It was a little station, and only two or three were standing on the platform. Among them was a tall man with a weather-beaten face. It was Deacon Cummings who came forward hurriedly to meet them. He took the minister's hand shaking it warmly. Then he turned to the woman.

'I've a carriage right here,' he said, anxious at the sight of her pale, worn face. 'Let me help you.'

She sank upon the cushions exhausted. The children sat quietly together, wide-eyed and wondering.

'We're in your hands,' the minister said smiling. 'What will you do with us?'

'You'll see,' was the genial answer.

In a few moments the carriage stopped. Deacon Cummings alighted. 'This is the parsonage,' he said. 'We thought it would be pleasant for you to come straight to your home, so we did what we could for you. Some time I'll tell you the story of how it was all brought about. Your wife's room is ready for her, and the ladies have spread a supper for you in the dining-room. Welcome to Gray Rock, my dear friends, and may the new home bring you health and happiness.'

'I am sure it will,' said the minister's wife, taking the deacon's hand.

'I am sure, too,' said the minister.

The tears were in his eyes as he half-led, half-carried his wife across the threshold into the pretty room awaiting her. Gently, very gently, he laid her upon the pillows of the soft bed, with all its snow-

white draperies. She put both arms about his neck and murmured:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The Finns.

It is certainly quite safe to affirm that in no other European state, not even in Sweden and Norway, is life and property more secure than in Finland. The confident, matter-of-fact way in which trunks, parcels and portmanteaus are left for hours in the public streets of cities without any to look after them could not fail to edify an Englishman or a Belgian, whose portable property often seems to disappear by magic.

In the country districts the houses are for the most part unbolted, unbarred and unlocked. More than once in my excursions I have come up to a house, the occupants of which were miles away at the time, and yet not a door of it was bolted or barred.

Then again, it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of seventeen, or a young married woman to drive alone in her cart a distance of fifty or sixty miles through dense forests, and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese and eggs to market in the town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds.

Finnish honesty is proverbial. In trade the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically quixotically so. A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth would have secured.

'This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for,' I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost £15, 'and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it.'

'No, sir, I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you.' And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere.

'Here's your fare,' I said to a peasant in the interior, who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his drosky, handing him 4s.

'No, sir, that's double my fare,' he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him he must keep it for his honesty, slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen. —Saturday Review.

Selfish Shyness.

'It was the gentle rebuke of a wise friend that helped me to conquer my shyness,' a woman said one day. 'I had been a timid child, shrinking from strangers and suffering all the agonies that only children know. As I grew up, the trouble became worse instead of better. I used to cry myself sick over it sometimes. All the other girls met strangers lightly and easily. Apparently a new face was no more a cause of concern to them than a new flower to me. I alone was smitten with that agonizing dumbness and terror, till it seemed to me I was physically unable to utter a syllable.

'One day a sympathetic word from a teacher to whom I was devoted, made me

open my heart to her. I thought that she would pity me, I pitied myself so utterly. But instead she answered, as if she were agreeing to what I said, "Yes, selfishness is a lifelong enemy to all of us."

'I was hurt at first, but I could not forget it; and gradually I began to see that she was right—that my suffering had all been because I was thinking about myself and the impression that people would have of me; if I forget myself, what would there be left for me to be shy about? From the moment that that realization came to me, I determined that I would stop thinking about myself and think about other people instead. It was hard at first, but the very difficulty showed how great the need was and I would not give up. And now—she stopped laughingly, for the talk had been started by a remark about her, that she 'got along so easily with people.'

The word was a wise one spoken from the large love that dares to hurt, if pain is necessary to the cure. The suffering of the shy and sensitive is not imaginary; it is real and often intense; but there is one unfailing remedy for those who are brave enough to take it—Stop thinking about yourself.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 21, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The American Weekage—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Political Pessimism—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Personality in Politics—The Demand for Business Ministers—F. A. L. in the 'Illustrated London News.'
Two Voices—By G. G. in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Notes on Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham Speech—The Manchester 'Guardian'; the 'Standard,' London; the 'Times,' London.
Two London Weeklies on Mr. Chamberlain's Campaign—For and Against—The 'Saturday Review,' the 'Pilot,' Panama and the United States—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle'; the Springfield 'Republican'; the 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York; the 'Evening Post,' New York.
With the Bands in Macedonia—By A. G. Hales, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Rod of Iron over Finland—By Gertrude Green, in the Boston 'Evening Transcript.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Is Art a Product of Disease?—By Bliss Carman, in the 'Literary World,' Boston. Abridged.
Louis Stevenson, 'The Dramatist'—The 'Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Tis He that Striveth Not is Dead—Poem by Curtis Hidden Page, in the 'Bookman.'
The Eastward Road—Poem by Jeannette Bliss Gillespie.
The Dogma of Free Thought—V. A Defence of the Non-Controversial Method—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
On Things Indifferent—By J. B., in the 'Christian World,' London.
Politics and Poetry—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Professor Mommson—The 'Daily News,' London.
Concise but Adequate—By Francis Thompson, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Jewish Babies at the Library—The New York 'Evening Post.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Dr. Wallace's New Book—Man's Place in the Universe—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Is Earth the Only Planet Peopled?—By Sir Oliver Lodge, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
To Cross the Ocean in Three Days—The Chicago 'Journal.'
A Short-sighted Refusal of Protection—Chambers's 'Journal.'
The Fall of the Leaf—By O. H. L., in the 'Pilot,' London.
Science Notes

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for

\$1.00.

75 Cents,

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.