

for I am familiar with every hill and valley and tree.'

Have you not, dear teacher, trodden the very path that your scholars are now walking? Have you not played and trifled and sneered over the very spot that you are now called upon to 'improve' in the lives of the children? Had I never been a child, I never could teach children. To the extent that I forget my childhood I become an inefficient teacher. Communion with my boyhood days will suggest ways of presenting truth, will whisper what should be said and what should not be said. 'My Young Days' is a text book that should be consulted in the preparation of every lesson.—Melbourne 'Spectator.'

Companionship.

Life's companionships are full of significance for the Christian as well as for the worldling. While the determination of character is ultimately found in the will of the individual, it is nevertheless true that a man's companions, even his chance acquaintances, exercise a strong influence in directing, accentuating, or modifying his dominant characteristics. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that a man should select his friends judiciously and should deal with all transient acquaintances cautiously, not admitting any to close intimacy until their worth has been surely tested and their affection proved through extended trial. One there is whose friendship for the soul is ever dependable, blessed, and, in the supreme sense, rewarding. God can be trusted. All true human friendships, like those of David for Jonathan, are types, partial, but significant, of that most blessed divine relation which subsists between the Great Creator and the soul that humbly confides in him.—Selected.

Human Sympathy.

The next step toward winning scholars for Christ outside the class, is that of bringing what I may call the teacher's humanness to bear upon them. I have heard it said that we need converting, first from the natural to the spiritual, and then back again from the spiritual to the natural. That is especially true of Sunday-school teachers. They must be human, and take a living and affectionate interest in the games and school life of their scholars.

The Holy Spirit works mightily through the simple naturalness and the happy humanness of a fully surrendered man or woman. A knowledge of foreign stamps and the gift of a few 'changers,' an interest in photography and a few lessons in the art; skill on the cricket and football fields, and in swimming, or with the Indian clubs, or at musical drill—all these and many other interests, that seem far removed from spiritual things, may be used to the glory of God in the winning of young lives for Christ. 'Enter into the life of your scholars through every avenue God opens for you,' is advice that every teacher ought to lay to heart. Be the big brother of your boys and the big sister of your girls, teachers. The time you spend with them during the week is time well used, although you never speak a word about Christ. You gave the time to them for his sake; you romped with them for his sake; you sacrificed your own cricket match and umpired for your boys for his sake; and not in vain. You gained an influence over them, and an insight into their characters, and even a supply of illustrations that you will ask the Holy Spirit to baptize with fire, and that will hold them breathless on your lips next Sunday afternoon. The Incarnation is a proof that humanness has a share in the redemption of mankind. We must have good men, and full of the Holy Spirit in our Sunday-schools, but we must have men and women. If you would win your class for Christ, be human.—The Rev. James Mursell.

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Nicotine.

I am the Spirit Nicotine;
'Tis I who glide the lips between;
Through the lips I trace the brain;
There I am a mighty pain.
I pursue my fatal track
Down the arched and narrow back,
And the vertebrae grow slack.
Naught can hinder, naught can swerve,
I pervade each secret nerve;
Pick my meal with knife and dart
From the palpitating heart;
Quaff the leaping crimson flood
Of the rich and generous blood.
I the yellow bile diffuse,
Paint the face in ghastly hues.
Muscle and sinew
May not continue
To hold their wonted haughty pride,
The while I through the system glide.
Slowly I my purpose wreak,
Slowly fades the blooming cheek.
Gloomy fancies I suggest,
Fill with fears the hardy breast.
The limbs then fail,
The lamp burns dim,
Life hears death's hail,
And answers him.
Heart and liver, lung and brain,
All their powers lose amain,
And yield to me;
And I! and I!
Laugh to see
My victim die.
—Jewish Messenger.

The Doctor Gave in.

I advise you not to take alcoholic drinks if advised by a doctor (says the Rev. Canon Wilberforce). If a doctor tells you to take alcoholic drinks, you should treat him as a man did in the North. The man, who belonged to a club, was ill, and was attended by a medical officer of the lodge, who ordered him to take some stout. 'I am a Blue Ribboner,' said the man. 'I can't help that,' said the doctor; 'you must have the stout.' 'Do you advise me to take it as a medicine or as a luxury?' 'As a medicine.' 'Then perhaps you will kindly send it down, because, as a club doctor, you are bound to pay for the medicine.' Upon which the doctor came to the conclusion that something else would do as well in the case.—'Canadian Royal Templar.'

Reliable Men Wanted

Beer and brains do not mix well together. The railways and corporations whose work requires clear-headed men are finding this out. The latest railway to issue orders against drinking by its employees is the Great Northern. The rule applies not merely to drunkards, but a man known to take an occasional drink will be discharged. It is just as much of a peril for an engineer to tread his crown of reason under foot for an hour as to go on a debauch lasting a week. He may be on his cab in that one hour, and a critical situation may arise just then, imperilling hundreds.—'C. E. World.'

An Arab Legend.

The Arabs have a fable from which we may learn a helpful lesson.

Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

'It is very cold outside,' said the camel; 'I only wish to get my nose in.'

The miller was an easy kind of a man, and so the nose was let in.

'The wind is very sharp,' sighed the camel. 'Pray allow me to put my neck inside.'

This request was also allowed, and the neck was also thrust in.

'How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?'

This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little more, and a little more, un-

til he pushed his whole body inside the house. The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got in his room, which was not large enough for both, and as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

'If you don't like it you may leave,' saucily replied the beast. 'As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am.'

This is a very good story. We hope the Arabs are all wiser and better for it; but let us also try to turn it to good account.

There is a camel knocking at the entrance hall, seeking to be let in; its name is Drink. It comes silently and craftily, and knocks: 'Let me in;' only a very small part at first. So in comes the nose; and it is not long before, little by little, it gains entire possession. Once in possession, the master soon becomes the tyrant. Thus it is that bad thoughts enter the heart; then bad wishes arise; then wrong deeds; until evil habits rule. 'It is the first step that leads astray.—Selected.

An Indian on Whiskey.

Jim Barrette, a full-blooded Indian, in a letter to one of the two newspapers in Indian Territory, published both in English and in Indian dialect, writes, under the caption 'What an Indian thinks of whiskey': 'I know whiskey is a murderer and a robber too, and it takes all the money away from man. When a man goes to town and tells his wife he is going to get such things, and so his wife would depend on him and also his children, but when he gets back he would be drunk and his wife's feelings is hurt and also his children, because he comes home drunk and broke. This tells us that whiskey is a bad thing.'

'Progress,' a paper published by the students of the Industrial School at Regina, N. W. T., copies this letter, and remarks: 'Jim's English is a little out of gear, but his idea of whiskey is all right.'

London's Greatest Need.

The Rev. Dr. John T. Christian, who for many years was the summer evangelist at the Edinburgh Castle Mission in East London, though pastor of a Baptist Church in America, was once asked the following question by an American interviewer:

'Now, Dr. Christian, you have probably read that when the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Parker's successor, was asked what he considered the greatest need of Chicago, he answered, "Soul." What do you consider the greatest need of London?'

In a flash Dr. Christian answered: 'Sobriety! Why, we over here have no conception of the awful drink condition there. Down in the lowest slums the flaming gin-palaces abound; they are at every corner. At any time of the day you can see slatternly women drinking at the bar, or even in the streets, with children in their arms, often giving the liquor to the children. One prominent physician told me that once before he could perform an operation on a child of two years he had to wait two weeks for the child to sober up.'

'Things are bad enough here, but there they seem to be settled down into a dull, sodden condition that tells on all the life of the people. It is easy to understand the superiority of the American workman. When one really knows the under life of London he thinks of it not only as dark and dirty, but also as drunken.—'Christian Age.'

Liquor Fiends.

And now it is discovered that drunkenness is responsible for most of the crimes of lynching. Whiskey fires ignite the fires at the stake. 'Leslie's Weekly' expressed the belief that 'investigation would establish the fact that no lynching affair was ever led by sober men, or in a community where no saloons were allowed to exist.' In every case where lynching has occurred, the authorities have at once found it necessary to order the saloons closed until peace and order were restored. Where saloons abound there can be no permanent peace and order, and when men of evil passions are full of whiskey they are ready for any offence against order. No doubt most of the Southern negroes who commit heinous crimes are drunken negroes, just as the white men of the North who commit such crimes are generally drunken. Drunkenness makes brutes and fiends out of bad-tempered men, no mat-