

in every way, however small, that I can think of." That set of resolutions would be a declaration of independence indeed. It would make Dorothy independent of "ifs" and happy in her freedom. Happiness, if Dorothy is ever to know it at all, must come from what she has, and not from what she doesn't have. "It is what they do not have that makes thousands wretched," said a wise man once, and he might have said that it is with what they do have that wise people make happiness for themselves.

'But how about a "divine discontent?" Isn't there such a thing, and doesn't it keep the world struggling forward, after all?' asked the other thoughtfully

'Ah, but a divine discontent is never a discontent with necessary conditions. It is usually a noble discontent with one's self which leads steadily higher. But Dorothy isn't discontented with herself—not a bit. Her complaining is all about conditions, and that is anything but the mark of a high nature. Great natures don't fret over small surroundings; they just fill them full, and overflow them, and inevitably make larger boundaries. Dorothy's mistake is the mistake of a narrow soul—not of one too large for its place, as she thinks. That's why I have no particular sympathy for her. She isn't pathetic; she's just foolish,' and Cousin Jean's pleasant mouth set itself firmly as she finished.

Do Not Be a Second-Class Man.

(Success.)

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: 'I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class, and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me.' Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class cannot be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or if you do not, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.

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Hungry for Kisses.

(Ida T. Thurston, in 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Two young girls had gone to the orphan asylum one Sunday afternoon to teach in the Sunday-school there as substitutes for regular teachers who were absent. One of them taught the infant class; and, when the lesson was over, a little blue-eyed tot caught hold of the girl's dress, and, looking up, whispered pleadingly, 'Please, teacher, won't you kiss me?'

'To be sure I will, you dear baby!' the girl cried; and, dropping down on one of the low benches, she drew the child close and kissed her again and again. In an instant the others swarmed about, boys and girls alike holding up hungry faces for kisses. The girl's eyes filled with quick tears as she looked into the eager little faces.

Her friend, who had taught an older class, stood at the door of the infant room, looking on, half-laughing, half-impatient.

'Do come along, Helen,' she called at last; and, as Helen gently put aside the little warm, clinging fingers and joined her, the other girl exclaimed with a touch of scorn: 'I don't see how you could have all those mussy little things hugging and kissing you. See how they've tumbled your dress!'

Helen glanced down at her dress; it surely had suffered from the little loving hands, but her eyes were shining through a mist of tears as she answered gently, 'You know they have no mothers to kiss them, Gertie.'

Somehow Gertie could find no answer for that; and, as the two reached the street, Helen went on, 'Did you notice Sadie Burns, the little brown-eyed thing with the blue veins on her forehead?'

'The one that clung to your dress to the last minute?'

'Yes, that was Sadie. The matron told me that one day when Sadie was sick a lady who is very fond of her, and who often visits at the asylum, came to see her, and brought a little puppy that she thought would amuse her. Of course the child was delighted with the puppy, and at last the lady said to her, "If you could have just what you wanted most, all for yourself, Sadie, what would it be?"'

'She thought that the little thing would want the puppy, and she meant to give it to her if the matron was willing; but Sadie put the dog down at once, and, stepping close to the lady, leaned on her knee and, looking up at her with those big solemn brown eyes, she said, "I'd like most of anything to sit in your lap a few minutes, just as if I was your own little girl."'

Gertie turned impulsively to her friend. 'I never imagined that they felt so, Helen,' she cried remorsefully.

'They don't all, of course,' Helen answered; 'but I know that some do, and I can't bear to think of little children going hungry for kisses. I can't give them mother kisses, but I do the best I can, even if my dress does suffer a little.'

Superstition.

It is a remarkable fact that when men revolt from Revelation on the ground that it is unreasonable, they often gravitate either towards immorality or super-

stition. Mrs. Annie Besant could not endure the Bible because of its 'superstitions,' she has, however, found herself able to accept the crudities and absurdities of a 'religion' which teaches the existence of mahatmas, astral bodies, and impossible re-incarnations. And now, concurrently with the present indifference towards, or the revolt from Divine Revelation, we have an extraordinary revival of gross superstition. Fortune-telling has of late assumed colossal proportions, and we are informed that society people are crowding to the rooms of professed sorcerers. The heavy fines which have been imposed upon some of these imposters seems to have no effect in diminishing the rush after them. How true it is that when men deliberately refuse Divine Light, a nemesis demands that they shall become victims of the grossest follies!—'The Christian.'

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The Land of Manana—Venezuela and its People—The 'Daily Graphic,' London.
The Cuba of the Present—Havana correspondence of the 'New York Times.'
The Late Archbishop of Canterbury—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Anecdotes of the late Archbishop—'Daily News,' London.
Older Edinburgh—By Alexander Innes Shand, in 'The Saturday Review,' London.
Strike Settlements in France—By Paul Leroy Beaulieu, in 'L'Economiste Francais,' Paris.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Chip Carving—By M. E. Reeks, in 'The Art Journal,' London.
Wood Engraving, a Passing Art?—By Chas. H. Coffin, in the 'International Studio.'
A History of English Porcelain—Birmingham 'Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Twas Very Long Ago—By Eugene Field.
A Sunset in January—Poem, by Francis Bartlett, in 'Methuonist Magazine.'
Recompense—Poem—'The Pilot,' London.
The Art of Joseph Conrad—By Hugh Clifford, in 'The Spectator,' London.
An Author at Grass—Autumn—I—Extracts from the private papers of Henry Ryecroft. Edited by George Gissing, in 'Fortnightly Review,' London.
The English Novel in the Nineteenth Century—Part I.—'The Edinburgh Review.' Abridged.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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