

## CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
We mean to slacken this fevered rush  
That is wearing our very souls away,  
And grant to our hearts a hush  
That is only enough to let them hear  
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,  
When the burden of the daytime broil is o'er,  
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,  
As the patriarchs sat at the door  
Of their tents with a heavenward gazing eye,  
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,  
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;  
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,  
And tarry in conversation sweet;  
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer that we  
spread,  
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress  
Of the life work reaches the longed-for close,  
When the weight that we groan with hinders  
less,

We'll welcome such a calm repose  
As banishes care's disturbing din,  
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
When tired of every mocking quest,  
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
We drop at the door of rest,  
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
But—the angels we went to call, are gone.

—Margaret J. Preston.

## FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

A snowstorm is more unwelcome in the city than in the country. It is especially unwelcome in the city of which I write, since it is too far south to expect much in the way of sleighing, and snow means only bad walking and the detention of street cars. But one evening in an unusually cold winter certain people were to be found merry enough and rich enough to take an advantage of a few inches of snow, and to add to the comparatively tame performance of attending a party the novelty of going to it in sleighs.

The party was given in a suburb, and the six mile ride seemed all too short. No wonder that fair cheeks grew rosier and bright eyes brighter with the unaccustomed pleasure.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life," cried lively Mrs. Crocheron.

The young man who had just been introduced to her, while making some decorous reply, was asking himself, "Is she handsome because of her dress, or in spite of it?" Alfred Davenport was new to such scenes. He found the combination of blue and cardinal satin rather startling; yet certainly it was a most effective costume that the lady wore.

"I haven't had a sleigh ride since I was married," she went on, while her eyes and her diamonds sparkled in rivalry. "If we could only have an adventure of some sort! But I suppose there is no hope of anything of the kind so near civilization as this."

She went on railing merrily and carelessly at the monotony of life; but even while she spoke Romance and Tragedy stood beside her, ready to cross her path. The destinies of two human beings hung in the balance, awaiting her very next action.

Mrs. Crocheron was suddenly joined by her husband, a tall, proud-looking man; he drew her aside for a moment's consultation, ignoring Mr. Davenport, who found himself so hemmed in by the crowd that he could not avoid overhearing the conversation.

"They will have wine here, of course. Now, Edith, I hope you will put aside your notions for once, if only to please me. It will make you very conspicuous to refuse, and what possible harm can come thereby in doing as the rest do?"

Into the laughing brown eyes came a look of earnestness of which one would hardly have believed them capable.

"I will not make a fuss, Henry," said a low voice, "but I certainly shall not drink wine."

Mr. Crocheron was excessively annoyed but he was too well bred to show it just then.

"Oh, you can carry it out, if any one can," he said, lightly; "but I think it very absurd."

Davenport was a chivalrous young fellow; he took a sudden resolution that the lady should not stand alone. Accordingly, later in the evening, when the gaiety was at its height and healths were being drunk, the

glasses of two of the guests were filled with water.

Mr. Davenport received a charming smile from a charming woman in return for his championship. She would have spoken to him, but Mr. Ashley claimed her attention. Mr. Ashley was one of those cold, critical men whose words always carry weight. His courteous tone scarcely concealed his sneer.

"Ah! Are you a teetotaler, Mrs. Crocheron?"

"Yes," said a clear voice. "I am a teetotaler. Could I be anything else, with three boys to bring up?"

"Bravo!" thought Davenport. "Who would have dreamed that a fashionable woman would make herself singular for the sake of a principle! I hope she will give us more of her sentiments."

But he was disappointed. Mr. Ashley paid her a laughing compliment on her youthfulness, and Mrs. Crocheron gracefully turned from the subject. She did not care to talk about it; she was willing to concede as much as that to her husband's sensitiveness.

Davenport was bantered a good deal by his friends about his sudden whim, but his was a character rendered obstinate by teasing. To his secret amusement, he all at once found himself committed on a question to which he had never given a thought. But he was not the man to retrace his steps.

As the jingle of the sleigh bells died away on the frosty air the incidents of the evening slipped from the minds of those engaged in them—from all save one.

Years later, two officers of the United States navy were sitting in a hotel in Constantinople. The younger—a mere lad—was gazing listlessly from the window at the exquisite view of the palace-crowned heights of the shores of the Bosphorus. Domes and minarets, pavilions and towers, rose from amid the cypresses. The strait itself was crowded with shipping, while nearer at hand the eye was caught by one picturesque costume after another as the Jew jostled the stranger Frank in the narrow street or made way for the Turkish grandee, and the swarthy Nubian strode unconcerned by the carriage of the veiled Circassian beauty.

The young midshipman did not appear to enjoy the variety spread out before him. Could a week's experience of such scenes have exhausted their novelty? He turned away from the window with a smothered sigh, and, picking up a paper, pretended to become absorbed in it.

"Excuse me, Crocheron," remarked his companion, without looking up from the table where he was writing; "will reading improve your headache?"

Harry Crocheron threw down the paper petulantly, irritated by the very gentleness of the tone.

"What makes you talk to me in that way?" he demanded. "Why don't you lecture me and have done with it? I'm sure I'd rather you would."

The elder man vouchsafed no reply to this outburst, but went on with his writing. Presently, however, he pushed it aside and came to the window.

"It's a pity to lose such a beautiful day. If you feel better, suppose we take a trip to the Sweet Waters of Europe? All the world goes there to-day. Do you think you can balance yourself in one of those ticklish crafts down yonder?"

Harry made some bantering retort. He looked surprised and very much relieved. "He means to pass last night's performance over then," he said to himself.

On the steps of the hotel the young man's misgivings returned, and he stood a moment irresolute. "I've half a mind to make some excuse and leave him," he thought. "What right has he to interfere with me in this fashion when I'm off duty?"

At that moment, however, the lieutenant directed his attention to a fantastic figure threading its way composedly through the throng.

"That is a costume you do not often see now. The Turk is fast adopting European fashions, and is parting with his picturesque-ness in consequence. Let us step into this bazaar a moment. There is a Moslem with whom I exchange civilities every morning with a view to the purchase of a certain antique. He confidently expects that I shall one day give him the fabulous price he asks for it, and I am quite as hopeful that I shall weary him into accepting reasonable terms."

Harry Crocheron was not much inter-

ested in antiquities, but he could not fail to be amused at the dialogue which followed.

"I should think," he said laughingly when it was over, "that you had wasted enough words to buy out his whole stock."

"Oh, no," replied the Lieutenant, with an answering laugh. "we are only on the outside edge of our bargain. There is time enough; there is always time enough in Constantinople."

He took care to keep his young companion interested until they reached the water's edge and embarked on one of the slender caiques. From this point on, their excursion could hardly fail to be entertaining.

It was Friday—the Mohammedan Sabbath—and a general holiday. Hundreds of carriages on the land and thousands of boats on the water were bound for the Sweet Waters of Europe, the inlet of the Golden Horn. On landing there the lovely vale was found to be gay with the beauty and the fashion of both Occident and Orient. Among the English and Americans present, Lieutenant Davenport found old acquaintances, and in the unwonted pleasure of ladies' society the afternoon passed quickly and agreeably to Harry Crocheron. When he stepped blithely into the boat that was to return them to the city, he was in a very different mood from that of the morning. They were practically alone, for the boatman understood nothing of English.

"Harry," said Lieutenant Davenport, abruptly, "did I ever tell you about the only time I saw your mother?"

The young man's face lighted up with eager interest.

"No, indeed! I didn't know you knew her at all."

"Very slightly; she wouldn't remember me; I presume. She was a very beautiful woman fifteen years ago."

"She is so still," said her son warmly.

"I have no doubt of it. We met at a party, where she refused to take wine, giving her anxiety for her boys as a reason. I suppose she little thought that she was influencing a stranger as well. I confess I had no very definite motive for joining the ranks of the temperance army that night, but I have seen enough since to make me deeply grateful to your mother for deciding me then and there. And, Harry, God helping me, the son of the woman who saved me shall not die a drunkard."

A great wave of color swept over the handsome, boyish face.

"That's a harsh word, Lieutenant. Can't a man be overcome with liquor once or twice in the course of his life without your holding up such a fate to him?"

"Call things by their right names, Crocheron," said the other, coldly. "You were dead drunk last night when I picked you up in the graveyard."

"In the graveyard!" repeated Harry in a tone of horror.

"Certainly. It was right on the street, and there was no wall. See here, my boy, if you can be overcome, or whatever you choose to call it, to that extent at your age, the only thing for you to do—mind, I don't say the best thing; the only thing—is to turn short around. When we get back to the hotel, I am going to ask you to sign the pledge—not to please me, of course, and not even for your own sake, Harry, but for your mother's sake."

For his mother's sake! Harry's eyes grew dim as he looked away over the shining water beyond the domes and the minarets of the strange city to the familiar moon that was also shining upon his beautiful mother so far away. Well he knew that her love for him was equalled by her trust in him; sure he was that from no lips save his own would she ever believe the story of last night's shame and wrong. He was silent for a long time; and when, later in the evening, his friend carried out his intention and placed a paper before him, Harry did not long hesitate.

"Suppose I don't keep it?" he demanded, looking up with one of his quick frowns.

"With God's help you will keep it," returned Davenport, quietly.

He saw through Harry's mocking manner better than most people did.

The youth on his part, felt a thrill of pleasure at being trusted by such a man. He determined to deserve that trust, and with a firm hand he wrote his name.

Thus to the unconscious sower the bread cast upon the waters was returned after many days.—Selected.

## Question Corner.—No. 19.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What king had to leave his palace and flee from his own son?
2. Why did David not build the temple when he prepared most of the material?

## EASY BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Find one in seat, but not in bench;  
Find two in cave, but not in trench;  
Find three in babe, but not in child;  
Find four in balmy, but not in mild;  
Find five in fate, but not in end;  
Find six in stitch, but not in mend;  
Find seven in link, but not in loop;  
Find eight in circle, but not in hoop;  
Find nine in lake, but not in pond;  
Find ten in loving, but not in fond;  
Find eleven in yard, but not in stall;  
Find twelve in house, but not in hall;  
Find thirteen in bar, but not in rod;  
Find fourteen in turf, but not in sod.  
When whole was celebrated in the East,  
No land's upturned to the sun;  
All cultivation then was ceased.  
No farming then was done.

## PECULIAR AGROSTIC.

## Cross Words.

1. A Scripture proper name.
2. One who demands anything as his right.
3. Given in exchange.
4. Seriously considered.
5. Places of exhibition.
6. Distempered.
7. Secured by law as an exclusive privilege.
8. Unimpaired.
9. A deep-toned musical instrument of the trumpet kind.
10. A stopper of a cannon.
11. False show.

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Jeremiah. Jer. 51: 60-61.
2. Peter. Acts 12: 1, 11.

AGROSTIC.—T-arsus, H-erod, E-lymas, Q-uesen, U-pper chamber, E-phesus, E-proolydon, N-icodemus, O-nesimus, F-estus, S-adducees, H-ebrew, E-utycheus, B-arnabas, A-ntioch. The Queen of Sheba.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

## CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

1 copy, - - - - -	30 cents
10 copies - - - - -	\$ 2 50
25 copies - - - - -	6 00
50 copies - - - - -	11 50
100 copies - - - - -	22 00
1,000 copies - - - - -	200 00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
Publishers, Montreal.

## AN INVALID FOOD.

No prepared food for the use of invalids has met with such favor from physicians as the celebrated Leatod Food. It is a delicious preparation, and being predigested is easily assimilated, and strengthens the whole system. Invalids should give it a trial.

**YOUR** MAME neatly printed on 25 New Floral Embroidery Name Cards, and 39¢ Book of Agent's Samples sent post-paid for 20 cents. RAY CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.

**A NEW INVENTION** NO BACKACHE. RUNS EASY. 7½ Cords of Beech have been saved by one man in nine hours. Hundreds have saved 5 and 6 cords daily. "Exactly" what every Farmer and Wood Chopper wants. First order from your vicinity secures the Agency. No Duty to pay, we manufacture in Canada. Write for Illustrated Catalogue sent FREE to all. Address: **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 to 311 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.**

**DEAF**—A very interesting 80-page book on Deafness, Notices in the Hand, &c. How relieved. Sent free. Address: **NICHOLSON, 177 McDougall st., New York.**

**90 LOVELY SCRAP PICTURES**—Agents' Conveying Outfit Cards and Novelties, with private terms. Also, 25 large Rich Embossed Motto and Verse Chromos. Your name on each for only 10c silver. Address: **BURRICKA CARD CO., Bolton, Que.**

**THE NORTHERN MESSENGER** is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 391 and 393 St. James street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal, and James Duncan Dougall, of New York.