

knew what happened. Even the wisest of down-East virgins has emotional lapses once in a while, and she confessed afterwards that her heart riz right up inside of her like a yeast cake. Mr. Berry, the postmaster, was in the back of the store reading postal cards. Not a soul was in sight. She managed to get down over the steps, though something with the strength of tarred ship-ropes was drawing her back; and then, looking over her shoulder with her whole brave, womanly heart in her swimming eyes, she put out her hand and said, "Come along, Dave!"

And Dave straightway gat him up from the loafer's bench and went unto Samantha gladly.

And they remembered not past unhappiness because of present joy; nor that the chill of coming winter was in the air, because it was summer in their hearts; and this is the eternal magic of love.

THE END.

A MOTHER.

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Henry Hawkins was going home. Home to him was the cheerless hall-bedroom of a cheap boarding-house in the city.

"You'll be there at eight o'clock sharp, old fellow," his companion said to him as they stepped off from the horse-car.

"I'll be there sharp and sure, Phil."

The young men parted at the corner. Henry ate his dinner hastily and went up to his room to make some change in his dress. As he came down-stairs he chanced to turn at the second-story landing and saw the door of a room standing ajar, and kneeling at a young mother's knee, with bowed head, was a little child in its white night-robe. Henry caught some of the words of the "Now I lay me" prayer which the little one was saying.

A train of sweet memories rushed through the young man's mind at the sight of that beautiful picture. He thought of the dear old farmhouse home and the face of his loving mother came up before him. He seemed to feel the gentle pressure of her hand upon his head as he felt it in the days of childhood when he too knelt at a mother's knee and repeated that same prayer. A tear came into his eye.

"Unpardonable weakness!" he exclaimed to himself as he rushed down the stairway out into the street.

Still a thought of those days would linger, and he acknowledged to himself that he had not followed the teachings of that good mother. No, indeed, for he had already begun to tread the down-grade road. But it was so much warmer, so much lighter, and so much livelier down there at "Burke's" than it was in the boarding-house. How could he be expected to stay at home in that cheerless place after his day's work was done? Mother had always told him to keep good company, never to touch intoxicating liquor or enter any of those places that tempt the soul to evil.

"I wonder if things are all right at home. I haven't written to mother for five weeks. I suppose she is stewing about it and has imagined all sorts of dreadful things about me," were his thoughts as he turned the corner where the glittering lights over the door of "Burke's" met his vision.

Henry Hawkins had found a letter that day from his mother lying on his desk when he went into the office of the large wholesale house in which he worked. He remembered how she had begged him to write oftener and how anxious she was about him, and this sentence in particular came to his mind: "My dear boy, I pray for you many times a day, that you may be delivered from the evils of the world."

"Hallo, Hen!" exclaimed a voice, and Henry turned to see his companion of an hour before standing by him. "On hand, I see," and with these words he put his arm in Henry's and started for "Burke's."

"Somehow, Phil, I don't feel like myself. Guess I won't join the boys to-night. Had a letter to-day that's bothering me."

"Oh, a love-letter, I suppose! Or has your best girl turned you off to the mercies of the cold world, or what, old fellow? You'll get braced up when you get one of Burke's warmers and cheerers down your throat."

"I did have a love-letter, Phil, but not the kind you mean. It is from my mother. She's bothering herself about me because I

don't write. I'm not worth it. I'm not what she thinks I am by a good deal. She prays that I may be delivered from the evil of the world. How is that?"

"Shows there's nothing in prayers and that sort of thing, Hen. I never had any mother to worry over me—she died when I was born. I've often thought I'd been better if I had a mother; but as it is, if I go down the chute in a hurry there is no one to care. I've gone so far now there is no use of my trying to pull on the up-grade. But come on, the boys are waiting."

"I don't think I will go to-night, Phil."

"But you promised, Hen."

"Yes, I know; but a bad promise is better broken than kept. I'm on the down-grade sure enough; but for mother's sake I'm going to try to get up again."

"Well, Hen, if I had a mother I might turn from my evil ways; but as it is, good-by! I'll tell the boys you're off the hooks to-night."

Henry Hawkins walked towards the corner. There was no bright prospect before him in the thought of the cheerless hall-bedroom. As he began to regret his decision, voices singing "What a friend we have in Jesus" fell upon his ear.

The sound was just above him, and as he looked up towards the window a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder and a young man said,

"Won't you come in to the young men's meeting?"

Henry went in. He was a stranger, but soon Christian helpers came round him. They were true friends, and soon Henry found it out and felt that such companionship was just what he wanted and needed. The young must have companionship with the young. He asked the prayers and counsel of these Christian friends, and when he left the room he knew that the turning-point in his life had come and the Lord had led him out into the right way. Before he went to sleep that night he wrote a letter to his mother, and when she received it she said, "I knew the Lord would hear my prayers and save my boy."

It had been that mother's custom after the supper hour to go to her room and pray for her absent boy. The mother's bedroom in that far-away farmhouse had been a hallowed place during all the years of her motherhood.

Henry Hawkins is doing all he can to bring his former companions out of the old evil life into the higher and better one. He has asked his mother to remember motherless Phil every day at the throne of the Lord who is mighty to save.—*American Messenger.*

SELF-SUPPORT IN COLLEGE.

Ex-President of Cornell University says in the *Youth's Companion*. I would most earnestly advise the person supporting himself by any sort of labor during his university course to extend his undergraduate studies over five or six years, rather than attempt to accomplish a full course in four years, at the expense of physical and mental good health.

This in our larger universities can be easily done; and when entrance into a profession is thus delayed by two or three years, or even more, this delay is as nothing compared to the advantage of working under normal conditions, rather than under constant pressure and strain.

Every young man will do well to remember that he will never be asked whether he began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-five years or at the age of thirty; the only question will be, "Has he the mental and physical strength required for the best work in it?"

Let me now give a few illustrative examples of students that I have known.

Several years ago I received a letter from a youth whom I will call B—, asking me how he could best support himself through a university course. So much depends on each man's personal characteristics that I could not warrant his success in anything, but I suggested that he learn the craft of printing.

He took my advice, and although a graduate of one of the most thorough academies of the state of New York apprenticed himself for three years in a printing-office.

On arriving at the university he passed his examination admirably, and at once took rank not only among the very best scholars, writers and speakers in his class,

but as one of the best in the entire institution. This position he maintained throughout his entire course, while supporting himself by work in the printing-office, and by some library work for which his experience as a printer especially fitted him.

His freedom from debt at the end of his course made it possible for him to carry further his studies, both at home and abroad; and he is now a member of the faculty in one of our most important universities, and a scholar widely known and honored on both sides of the Atlantic.

My next example shall be S—. He pursued a similar course for self-support, became an excellent student, and shortly after his graduation, having attracted attention by a brilliant historical article, was advanced from the typographical to the editorial department in the newspaper office where he was engaged, and thus continued a most honorable career.

My third example shall be H—. He came to the university very poor, and absolutely dependent upon his own exertions for support; but he had thoroughly learned the printer's craft, had no bad habits, and was devoted to scientific studies.

It was a brave struggle, for he was not very strong physically, but he pulled through, and has since been a professor in one of the leading universities of the South, and State Geologist of the commonwealth to which he belongs.

My final example shall be that of a woman—Miss T—. How or when she learned the printer's art, I do not know; but throughout her university career, she supported herself by type-setting and proof-reading.

That she found time to maintain high scholarship is proved by the fact that she carried off the first prize for Greek at one of the most earnestly contested intercollegiate contests, and is now an influential professor at one of the most important colleges for women in our country.

These are indeed specially good examples, but I know no others which make against the lesson these teach—that a young man or young woman of marked ability, self-control and pluck can, with ordinary luck, secure a university education in the way I have indicated.

I ought, perhaps, to say that the persons I have especially alluded to had some advantage in the fact that the university where they studied had at that time upon its grounds a "University Press," which did much book work; but even without this I think they would have found self-supporting labor in the university town.

And now for one especial encouragement for such self-supporting students. In these latter days nearly every one of our larger institutions of learning has greatly increased the number of its scholarships and fellowships open to competitive examination. These greatly lighten the burden of self-support to a student of ability, and in some cases remove it altogether.

A young man or young woman will certainly find that skill in the printer's craft gives many advantages in such competition—more in fact than would at first be thought possible—advantages quite likely to impress the great majority of examiners in favor of a candidate; and among these advantages I name correct orthography and punctuation, maturity of expression, with general good finish and good form in the examination papers.

In conclusion, let me give a wise counsel from one of the four especially successful young printers and scholars to whom I have alluded in the foregoing article.

Having read it, he makes the following comment: "If men or women aspiring to a college course were first willing to take the time and the labor to do two things. I believe they might set out, with perfect assurance of finding self-supporting labor and of keeping it at any college or university in the land. They are:

"First, to prepare completely for college.

"Secondly, to learn a trade completely.

"This costs time; but it is time well spent. This is to enter college late; but the men who enter college late prove, as a rule, the best men."

With this I heartily agree; and close with a "God speed" to the young men and young women of courage enough, endurance enough, and faith enough to become first-rate printers and first-rate scholars.

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