

'Well, John,' continued the farmer, 'you believe in fair play, don't you?'

'I hate meanness,' was the reply.

'It isn't fair play to come to religion prejudiced against the Master, because some mean fellow pretended to be a Christian and wasn't. There was Ben Weeks 'd never believe in a Morgan horse cos one kicked him. But the Morgans, John, are all right. Now if a man throws away all unfairness and all excuses that don't count after they are put into words, an' he just looks at things as they are, Jesus as he is, the world as it is where Jesus reigns, and our own need of something to make us whole, what would be the result?' There was silence, continued silence, but a look upon the young man's face betrayed that he was deeply moved.

'Say it, John,' said the farmer; 'what are you thinking about?'

'I was thinking of a drive of logs on a northern river.' The shaggy eyebrows of the old man were lifted in amazement.

'Yes,' continued the younger, 'It was in the spring of ninety-two. The logs run for miles, as if each log had a will of its own, and that will was to go down stream, but in a narrow channel one log went end foremost against a rock, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the whole boom was hung up by a thousand logs packed in. After a whole day's work we gave it up. There was but one thing to do: go out and cut the log that held them all. That meant danger and perhaps death to the man who should attempt it.' There was a moment's silence.

'Did you do it, John?' asked the old man.

The young man bowed his head as if he did not like to speak of that hour. At last he said, 'When that log was gone you should have seen that boom of a million logs shoot the rapids, and run out into the basin below. About (he hesitated as if half a mind to leave it unsaid) about as a man would have to rush to Christ, if all of his excuses were out of the way.'

A smile played over the farmer's face as he replied, 'Yes, yes, that's about it. Then it's a problem of being honest, first of all, isn't it, John? God doesn't like a dishonest man, and the moment that one is honest there's but one result: he just naturally finds the work done, and himself a believer, with something of a song in his heart.' Again Farmer Webber had recourse to the tongs as he soliloquized.

'There's a lot of men that are hung up on their excuses. John Edwards says that he won't believe because a man up in Canada, a professor, beat his father in a trade. John's wife is a saint, girl's just the same, but it don't seem to count with him. Can't get his eye off that old trade. There's an old man out beyond the village, just hobbles 'round on his cane; he says he don't understand it all, it's too big for his brain. We used to go to school together; he got over to nines in the multiplication table, and that was too big for him. Now when our first baby came mother wasn't strong and he'd cry with her, but, when I took him in my brawny arms, he seemed to feel that there was strength enough for him and lots over, and he would go right to sleep. I like the religion that is all that I can grasp, and God's greatness beyond that, John. I can rest in it.' Just then came a sharp, heavy rap at the door, and a man stepped in saying, 'Mark Stone is dying and wants Aunt Mary to come over and pray with him.'

Quietly the sewing was laid aside, and the wife remarked as she left the home, 'I'll stop all night, father; they will need me.' The young man walked silently by the Christian woman, until at the sick man's door he bade her good night.

Softly we draw the curtain on the old man kneeling by his chair, to say that in the spring young Campbell was one of the number who, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, was baptized and went forth doing the will of him that sent him.

Receiving Stolen Goods.

(The 'Union Gospel News'.)

The time has gone when rich men were lauded to the skies for leaving a portion of their wealth to some church or benevolent institution, after they had passed beyond the need and use of money. Many a person, who has had vastly more than all his reasonable wants and tastes could demand, has lived out a long life, holding tightly to his fortune, while scores of persons and institutions within easy reach have undergone hardship and have been compelled to see what might have been golden opportunities pass beyond their grasp, because the few dollars needed were not to be found. With chances for doing untold good all about him our tight-fisted friend complacently held on to everything until warned by unmistakable signs that the end could not be far off. Then he drew up his will, leaving the great bulk of his means to some institution which would thereby be enabled to open a particular department or erect a new building, and incidentally perpetuate the name of the generous donor for generations. He was thereafter called a benefactor of his fellows, many of whom were simple enough to think him a true philanthropist.

The example of numerous wealthy men of the present indicates that a step in the right direction is being taken, for millions of money are being expended in philanthropic ways while the givers have yet prospects of long life. There is, however, one phase of this new method which is apt to bring reproach upon the church and its institutions; that is, the promiscuous receiving of money regardless of the means by which it was accumulated. The church must not become the beneficiary of wrong doing, be it crime in the form of outright theft or dishonest business methods. True, no iron rule can be laid down for the acceptance of gifts, circumstances alter cases, but the general principle should be that the church must not share with any wrong-doer the enjoyment of his evil gains. Better a congregation worshipping in a barn than in an imposing edifice for which the poor, the fatherless and the oppressed have paid through the extortion of the usurer, the gambler, or the industrial tyrant.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Prince Edward's Ambition.

Little Prince Edward has fully made up his mind to be a sailor. A few days ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the Royal nursery, and found his bonnie son very busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship. 'Well, my little man,' said the Prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, 'I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know.' 'Yes, daddy,' cried Prince Edward excitedly, 'and I want to be a sailor, too, when I'm grown up.' 'Ah!' said the Prince of Wales, smiling, 'and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor, I suppose?' 'Not because of that, I think,' said the young Prince, thoughtfully; 'because I don't like doing my lessons always, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?'

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Venezuelan Dispute—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
The Law and the British Trades Unions—The 'New York Times.'
A Prosperous Year—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Protectionist Germany and Free Trade Britain—The 'Spectator,' London.
First Comments on the New Licensing Act.
An English Economist on Trusts—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Last of the Correspondents of the Old School—The 'Nation,' New York.
Unstable France—By M. de Blowitz, in the London 'Times' of Dec. 30.
Estimates of Senor Sagasta.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

How to Look at Pictures—The 'Spectator,' London.
Mutilating Pictures—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
How the 'Promenade' was Painted—By Gerome, in 'Harper's Magazine' for February.
What Organisms Should Be—The 'Daily Mail,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Beer—By Arthur Stringer, in the February 'Century,' New York.
At Eventide—By Arthur Christopher Benson, in 'The Spectator,' London.
Winter—By Robert Louis Stevenson.
Mr. Francis Thompson—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Personal Magnetism—The 'Spectator,' London.
Ninth Volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica—Reviewed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, in 'The Times,' London.
The Alleged Lunacy of Hatter—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Paul Kruger—The 'Pilot,' London.
A Plea for Christian Unity—By the newly-appointed Dean of Westminster, Dr. Armitage Robinson, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Courtesy Increasing with Knowledge—The 'Independent,' New York.
Surgery in Remote Country Districts—'American Medicine.'
The Purposes and Nature of an Ideal Sanatorium for Consumptives—The 'Daily Express,' London.
The Aurora Borealis—By Frank Wilbert Stokes, in the February 'Century Magazine,' New York.
Solid Chunks of Oil—The 'Tribune,' New York.
A Chinese Geography—By Robert S. Archer, in the 'Anglo-American Magazine.'
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