

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 41

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 13, 1905.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## The Road That Led to Success

A Story of Fact Framed in Fiction.

(D. M. Robins, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Once upon a time—I believe that is the way all good stories begin—two newsboys lived in a certain northern city. The younger of these boys I have named 'Push,' because that name not only serves to conceal his identity, but characterizes one of his chief traits. The older brother I have named 'Lift,' because of the help he gave 'Push' in securing an education,

when the tide of the day was against them, they would kneel together in their humble home and pray with earnest and never-wavering faith—

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.'

Then, with their unsold papers for a pillow, they would sleep with a contentment which even a king can rarely know.

Often these boys went supperless to bed, and awakened to begin a breakfastless day.

ed out again on an evening route. Part of the time he slept nights on a cot in a doctor's office, where he answered the night calls. Often he was disturbed at every hour of the night. But he got through high school, and when he graduated was president of his class of ninety students. In his senior year he was also editor of the student's publication, which, by a curious coincidence, was called Push.

Lift had borrowed money to assist Push in getting through high school. So, after school was over, Push also went to work in the mill, and together they paid up all their debts, with interest. But Lift still had a burden on his mind, and he finally revealed it to his brother.

'Push,' he said, one day, 'you know what's the next move in the schedule? It's just this: You've got to go down to College City and finish your literature and languages in the Crown Point University.'

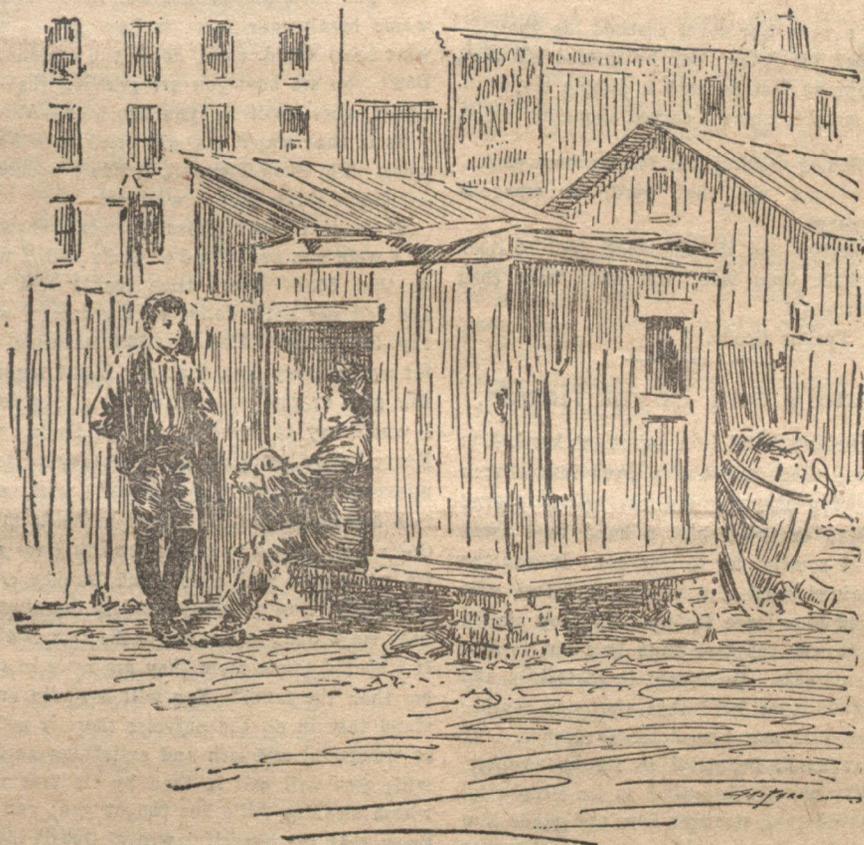
Push emphatically rebelled. But Lift insisted, and Push finally yielded. Their 'pile' was counted and turned over to Push, and one day he put all his extra clothing—his dress-suits and fine linen—into his 'vest-pocket,' and Lift escorted him out of town.

It was eighty-five miles to College City. Push walked the first half of the journey, then he 'pushed' along the rest of the way on foot. At last he walked into the office of the president of the Crown Point University, and said: 'Mr. Adams, my name is Push. I came from Pushtown, up here in the State. Just got in over the F. P. A. (that means the foot-passenger air-line). I am going to take a course in literature and languages in this university. Here is my diploma from the Pushtown High School, and here are some letters of commendation from my teachers there. These and an empty stomach are about all I have to begin with. When do you want me to commence?'

Mr. Adams had worked his way through the Crown Point University himself and well knew the trials which come to the student who thus secures his education. So he fixed things for Push in such a way that he and Lift could pay the tuition fees, etc., in easy instalments, and Push was started in the university.

The first winter in College City this young Sparton slept in the attic of an old livery stable, where the beautiful snow of a northern winter came through the crevices in the roof and on to his bed. He had no fire. In the morning, before daylight, he would dig himself out of a snowdrift, kneel by his bed and thank God for all of his privileges, and ask for divine guidance through the day. He would make some hot coffee over his student lamp, and if he had nothing else, which was often the case, he would make a breakfast from his supply of good cheer, and be out on the streets shovelling snow, hours before anybody else in town was stirring. He shovelled snow in winter, mowed lawns in summer, waited on table in a restaurant for his board, reported the university news to the Pushtown papers, and in various ways, with the assistance of Lift, he got through the Crown Point University.

During all this time Push was also acquiring that deeper education of the heart, of



'PUSH, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOT TO DO?'

and by way of inspiring him for his mission.

Push and Lift were homeless and friendless, and knew what it meant to be wandering on the streets of a great city, often hungry, and always poorly clad. They resolved one day that they would have a real home; so they made a bargain with a friendly merchant for a large dry goods box, and agreed, in payment, to deliver to him thirty cents' worth of papers—one each day until the amount was canceled.

The boys carried their box to an alley, and raised it from the ground by means of bricks. They hung a door in it with leather hinges, and cut a window in one side and covered it with glass. Then they made a bunk inside and lined it with excelsior and hay, and I venture to say that many an aching heart behind the 'marble fronts' on the Lake Shore Drive never knew the depths of real happiness and contentment which Push and Lift enjoyed in their humble alley home. This was their headquarters; the main office of their newspaper business; and when the days were dark and rainy, they would retire to their box in the alley, build air-castles and talk things over. They loved and trusted God—their mother had taught them that—and often,

But they were always cheerful, laughing, and contented. They would rise in the morning, take a slice of their loaf of hope, wash it down with a cupful of fresh sunshine, and hurry away to the newspaper office to get the 'first edition.' Both boys attended the common schools and city night schools, for a time, earning their living by selling papers between school hours.

One day, at one of their dry-goods-box conferences, Lift took the floor, and said: 'Push, you know what you got to do? You got to go to high school!'

'But,' answered Push, 'you're the biggest. You go yourself.'

Then Lift explained that because he was biggest he could get a job at Eastbrook's saw-mill. Said Lift: 'You know, Push, that man down there said he would give me fifty cents a day. They wouldn't give you that much. You go to high school and I'll go to the mill, and I can help you through. See?'

Push 'saw.' He went to high school, and Lift went to the mill for fifty cents a day.

Push chose a course in literature and languages. He carried a big route of papers, commencing at 4.30 every morning, and as soon as the day's sessions were over he start-