## NORTHERNMESSENGER

## MAIDIE AND NED.

## BY Birs. GEORGE A. PAULL

-We then that are strong ought to bea the infirmities of the wenk, and not to please ourselves,' Maidie repeated fuentl at family worship
In had been a custom in the family ever since Maidie had been old enough to memorize the words, for her to learn the Golden Text for the coming Sunday upon the previous Sunday afternoon, in that delightful hour that she always spent with her mother, and then to repeat it at fanily worship every morning, thus not only impressing it more firmly upon her memory, but helping to keep its teachings before her all the week.
Sometimes the texts seemed to fit into her overyday girlish life, so that she could not forget them nor sot them aside, and this bright October morning, as the words fell from her lips, she wondered whether that very day might not bring her an op portunity to give up her own pleasure for the sake of another, and thus weny
Slie would be very ready to do it, she fancied, as she started off to school, for fancied, as she started of to school, for
Maidie was kind hearted, and it was notas Maidie was kind hearted, and it was notins
much of a self-denial to her as it was to many another of her girlish friends to do a kind deed when the opportunity came.
On the contrary she really enjoyed an opportunity to help others, not only for the salke of the gratitude expressed, but for the sake of knowing that sho had lightened another's burden.

To-day, however, her opportunity came in a way that she would not have chosen if she could have foreseen it. Just when school had been dismissed, and the girls were flocking out into the sunshine, old black Nancy came hobbling past, carrying with evident pain a basket of laundried clothes which she was taking home. She
stood back and let the girls pass her, leaning against the fence and breathing heavily with her exertions.
Muidie had -lingered by the teacher's desk, waiting for an explanation of a problem in her algebra that had puzzled her, so when at last she thrust her book into her school bag and started out, she found that she should have to hurry to overtake the other girls, or else she must walk home alone, and Maidie was too socinble in her mature to like to go home nlone when she could have so much company.

She had gone but a few steps when she overtook old Nancy, who had begun her journey again, dragging the brsket as if each moment it was increasing in weight. Nancy had often worked for Maidie's mother, so the young girl felt very well acquainted with the old woman and always had a kindly greeting for her.

Why, Nancy, what makes you so lame to-day?' she asked. 'You look as if you couldn't carry that basket another step.'
'It's the misery in my back again, groaned old Nancy. 'It seems as if I couldn't hardly step, let alone take these clothes home ; but I promised to get then and she's dreadful particulin, you know. - Maidie hesitated. Here surely was a royal chance for service, but how could she bring herself to help old Nancy with her basket along the main street of the village. Pride whispered to her that people would laugh, or else would say that she was doing
it for effect. It was hard worl to say brighty.

T'Il help you with it, Nancy. It isn't heary for me, for my back is good and strong, and I will go to the gate with you, and see you safely there.'
thing for sure Mis tet you do no such thing for sure, Miss Maidie,' exclaimedold
Nnncy, whose face had brightened con Nnncy, whose face. had brightened con-
siderably nevertheless when the strong siderably nevertheless when thi
young liands lightened her load.
Dut mrotestations were of no avail, and so the oddly assorted pair started up the street, Maidie congratulating herself that the other girls were well in advance. Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and glancing behind her slie gromed inwardly. Ned Lawrence was driving up the streetin his new yellow buckbond, and in a moment he would pass them and recognize her. She was not exactly ashanied, but see her. Somehow all the girls cared a good deal about Ned's opinion ; and the fact that he was very fastidious in his tastes,
and thought that his dignified, statel mother was perfection in the way of woman hood, made all-his girl friends shinink from doing anything that m
Maidie's cheels grew rosy red as the wheels came nearer, and slie resolved not o:look around, but Ned drove up by the in his hand.
${ }^{\text {'Can't }}$ I be of some use?' he asked. 'Let me help with the basket. I cin do it over so much better than you can, Miss Maidie, because I have my buckboard here Ou see. Where are the clothes to go?
Old Nancy explained, and when Nod found that as long as the clothes arrived them, he made the old woman's heart glad by swinging the bashet into the back of the buckboard and securing it with a strap while he insisted upon Maidie's accompany to see that he did his errand properly.
More than one of the girls envied Maidie as she rode past them, and they were much puzzled to know what could be in the bas et that was evidently of such importance
'I feel honored indeed,' Mrs. Davis said as Ned asked to see her, and explained his eriand. 'I am glad, too, to seo that we have young people in our village who are
so willing to help any one in need. It reso willing to help any one in need. It re proves me, for I might have sent down for you have proved yourselves to be.
'Do you mind measking you something?' Ned asked as he drew up his horse before Maidie's home.
'No,' Maidie answered.
'How did you come to think of helping the poor old body? Most girls wouldn't have done it.
A pink flusid stolo into Maidie's cheeks and slie hesitated. Then she looked up bravely.
'Do you know what the Golden Text fo next Sunday is?' slie asked in her turn.

## ' No, ' he answered

"That will explain it then. Look and se when you go home,' she answered.
It was with a thoughtful face that Ned urned over the leaves of his Bible and rend the text.
You know boys don't always put their resolves into words, nor talk ibout the things they care most about, but I am quite safe in telling you that the words found a place in Ned's heart from which they were never dislodged. It was a noble and grand thing to use his strength to help those who were weak. It was manliness in the true
sense of the word, and Ned meant to be a manly boy, and so it happened that just as a pebble thrown into the water makes widening circles whose outside limit we sometimes cannot see, so Maidio's example of helpfulness, and her brave effort to bear the infirmities of the weals were which Ned made of himself later on, when he recognized the beauty of the Example he was trying to follow in pleasing not he was trying to follow in
himself.-Christian at Work.

## A LESSON TROM A MONKEY.

## by edward garsweld

Everybody loved 'Aunt Jine,' as Mrs Town was called by many in tho village. Many of the children knew her by no othe loved them, for 'love begets love.' She had a beautiful home. Every Wednesday afternoon the children met in her sitting afternoon she was waiting for the children. She hacl selected the pieces they were to sing, and had laid the book and her glasses on the window-sill. Then she dozed of to sleep in her easy-chair, with her back to
the window. Dutsido, a street organ was playing 'Grandfather's Clock,' so you sce It was an old organ.. If it had been a new one it would have becn playing 'Annie Rooney,' which would have awnkened Aunt Jane, and she would have closed the window quickly. As it was, the old tune made her dream she was a girl again in her father's orchard, listening to arobin that was singing 'Grandfather's, Clock:
Then she a avakened with a start, gave one wild lonk at the window, and with a shrick bounded to the other side of the room. And no wonder, for there on the
shrivelled up little old man, with hair, all over his face, and little twinkling eyes
He had put on Aunt Jane's glasses, and was looking into the song-book, as if about to give out a hyrnn. The children rushed in, and they and Aunt Jane began to laugh, for they siw it was only a monkey belonging to the organ man. They were soon on friendly terms, and when a little boy gave it a piece of apple, the monkey ook off his cap and bowed, which made hich time the monkey was given a piece of money, the man at the organ would jerk the cord until the monkey brought it to ${ }^{\text {him. }}$ I

I wouldn't like to be a monkey, and have to take everything I gos to a man at the organ, and not keep anything for myself,' said a little buy
'We will take tho little fellow for, our but first let me tell you that the alderme have prohibited the organ-grinders of New York City. Now, you think this poor little animal has a hard life of it and needs sympathy : perhaps it does, but it is cared or and fed by the man who owns it, and has protection, food, and bed in return for wht it earns.
'But what would you say of a man or boy who would fisten a cord about himself and let another mian hold the other end, who would take from him all the money he could beg or earn whenever the cord was pulled, and getting nothing worth having in return; but when ho had given up everything, his money, clothing, furniture, happiness, - henlth, then to be kicked out into cold by the other n
'Oh, Aunt Jine, you don't mean real nen,' said a little girl. 'No man would be so silly as that.

Course not,' said a boy. 'Why even ittle boys couldn't be fooled like that.
' I'd cut the rope with my knife, and run like bixty,' said nnother.

Yes,' snid Aunt Jnne, 'I mean renl men ; some of the bright young men I have known have acted just this way. The cord is the appetite for stron'r drink At first it is only like a thread, and could bo ensily broken. When you spark:'of danger, young men are apt to laugh, and say they can break it whenever they please; but if they go when tho thread is pulled, it soon becomes like twine, then a rope, and at-last a chan which drags the ictim to the saloon whenever he has nickle. There are a hindred men and woinen begging for money to take to the
men at the other end of the lime in the saloon, where there is one monkey beggin pennies to take to the organ-grinder. And yet if you were to ask the aldermen to prohibit the saloons they would laugh at you, and call you a crank. Now, all this

> ms very scrange, aves ic not I should think it did. said on

But why is it ? asked sathene.
I do not know,' replied Aunt Jane.
' I think I do,' said a big boy, whose father was a politician. 'Women, orgnn grinders and monkeys can't vote, and saloon-keepers con, and they can get lots
of other votes by jerking the same cord.' other votes by jerking the same cord.
'Well,' said Aunt Jane, 'let us see that none of us are caught. Remember the cider is thread, lager-beer and wine are the twine, whiskey the rope, and brandy rum, and all other drinks are tho lonks that form the chan. All you who are de termined to keep clear of even the thrend as long as you live, hold up your hands. And up went every hind.-Nat. Temp Society Leaflet.

## WM. H. HOWLAND.

Honored and courted, fattered and caressed, Some touch of sanity divinely given Toumd his oyos, and he beheld the TruthOr that the smile dica sady on hislipsA now and higher happiness indeed And truly hisasured for now ho truly saw Gninst tho etornal verities beyond: Then spring the Man within his soul to life-
Imnediately conferringnot with fosh and blood Menediately conferring not with flosh and bloo
He cricd. My life from this day forth for Christ
My lind My liand, my heart my labor for this poor And so ho lived and died-and so to-dny
While chureh and city, trado and public gnild, Whose soveral cause ho served. right earnestly In snd procession berr him to the tomb, The anguislied sob of Poverty and Want
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