MAIDIE AND NED.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves,' Maidie repeated fluently 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 family 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 everyday girlish life, so that she could not forget them nor set 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 opportunity to give up her own pleasure for the sake of another, and thus weave a little thread of gold into her day's work.

She would be very ready to do it, she fancied, as she started off to school, for Maidie was kind hearted, and it was not as 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 sake of the gratitude expressed, but for the sake of knowing that she 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.

Maidie 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 sociable in her nature to like to go home alone 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 basket 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 them up to Mrs. Judge Davis' by four o'clock, and she's dreadful particular, 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 work to say

brightly.
'I'll help you with it, Nancy. It isn't heavy for me, for my back is good and strong, and I will go to the gate with you,

and see you safely there.'
''Deed I couldn't let you do no such thing for sure, Miss Maidie,' exclaimed old Nancy, whose face had brightened considerably nevertheless when the strong

glancing behind her she groaned inwardly. Ned Lawrence was driving up the street in his new yellow buckboard, and in a moment he would pass them and recognize her. She was not exactly ashamed, but she would so much rather he would not

and thought that his dignified, stately shrivelled-up little old man, with hair all mother was perfection in the way of womandoing anything that might seem rude-or unladylike before him.

Maidie's cheeks grew rosy red as the sidewalk, and jumped out with the lines in his hand.

'Can't I be of some use?' he asked.
'Let me help with the basket. I can do it ever so much better than you can, Miss Maidie, because I have my buckboard here,

you see. Where are the clothes to go r Old Nancy explained, and when Ned found that as long as the clothes arrived there safely she did not need to accompany them, he made the old woman's heart glad by swinging the basket into the back of the buckboard and securing it with a strap, while he insisted upon Maidie's accompanying him to the house of Mrs. Judge Davis 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 basket that was evidently of such importance.

'I feel honored indeed,' Mrs. Davis said as Ned asked to see her, and explained his errand. 'I am glad, too, to see that we have young people in our village who are so willing to help any one in need. It reproves me, for I might have sent down for the clothes if I had been as thoughtful as you have proved yourselves to be.

'Do you mind me asking 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 flush stole into Maidie's cheeks and she hesitated. Then she looked up bravely.

'Do you know what the Golden Text for next Sunday is?' she asked in her turn.

'No,' he answered.

'That will explain it then. Look and see when you go home,' she answered. -

It was with a thoughtful face that Ned turned over the leaves of his Bible and

read the text. You know boys don't always put their resolves into words, nor talk about 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 Maidic's example of helpfulness, and her brave effort to bear the infirmities of the weak were the first impulse towards the consecration which Ned made of himself later on, when he recognized the beauty of the Example he was trying to follow in pleasing not himself.—Christian at Work.

A LESSON FROM A MONKEY.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL

Everybody loved 'Aunt Jane,' as Mrs. Town was called by many in the village. Many of the children knew her by no other name, and they all loved her because she loved them, for 'love begets love.' She had a beautiful home. Every Wednesday afternoon the children met in her sitting-room, and had a Temperance-school. One afternoon she was waiting for the children. She had selected the pieces they were to sing, and had laid the book and her glasses on the window-sill. Then she dozed off to sleep in her easy-chair, with her back to young hands lightened her load.

But protestations were of no avail, and so the oddly assorted pair started up the street. Muidia congentulating handle the street, Maidie congratulating herself that one it would have been playing 'Annie the other girls were well in advance. Pre-Rooney, which would have awakened sently she heard the sound of wheels, and 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 a robin that was singing 'Grandfather's Clock.'

Then she awakened with a start, gave one wild look at the window, and with a see her. Somehow all the girls cared a shrick bounded to the other side of the good deal about Ned's opinion; and the room. And no wonder, for there on the fact that he was very fastidious in his tastes, window-sill sat what looked like an ugly,

over his face, and little twinkling eyes. hood, made all his girl friends shrink from He had put on Aunt Jane's glasses, and was looking into the song-book, as if about to give out a hymn. The children rushed in, and they and Aunt Jane began to wheels came nearer, and she resolved not laugh, for they saw it was only a monkey to look around, but Ned drove up by the belonging to the organ man. They were belonging to the organ man. They were soon on friendly terms, and when a little boy gave it a piece of apple, the monkey took off his cap and bowed, which made the children laugh. It wore a belt, to which was attached a long cord, and every time the monkey was given a piece of money, the man at the organ would jerk the cord until the monkey brought it to

'I wouldn't like to be a monkey, and have to take everything I got to a man at the organ, and not keep anything for my-

self, said a little boy.
We will take the little fellow for our lesson this afternoon,' said Aunt Jane; 'but first let me tell you that the aldermen 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 for and fed by the man who owns it, and has protection, food, and bed in return for

'But what would you say of a man or boy who would fasten a cord about himself and let another man 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 he had given up everything, his money, clothing, furni-ture, happiness, health, then to be kicked out into cold by the other man because he had nothing more to give?'

'Oh, Aunt Jane, you don't mean real men,' said a little girl. 'No man would be so silly as that.

'Course not,' said a boy. little boys couldn't be fooled like that

'I'd cut the rope with my knife, and run

like sixty,' said another.
'Yes,' said Aunt Jane, 'I mean real men; some of the bright young men I have known have acted just this way. The cord is the appetite for strong drink. At first it is only like a thread, and could be easily broken. When you speak of danger, young men are apt to laugh, and say they can break it whenever they please; but if they go when the thread is pulled, it soon becomes like twine, then a rope, and at last a chain which drags the victim to the saloon whenever he has a nickle. There are a hundred men and women begging for money to take to the men at the other end of the line in the saloon, where there is one monkey begging 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

seems very strange, does it not?'
'I should think it did,' said one. 'But why is it?' asked another.

'I do not know,' replied Aunt Jane.
'I think I do,' said a big boy, whose father was a politician. 'Women, organgrinders and monkeys can't vote, and aloon-keepers can, and they can get lots

of 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 the links that form the chain. All you who are de-termined to keep clear of even the thread as long as you live, hold up your hands.' And up went every hand.—Nat. Temp. Society Leastet.

WM. H. HOWLAND.

Honored and courted, flattered and caressed, He sat in Pleasure's perfumed banquet hall, He sat in Pleasure's perfumed banquet hall, Some touch of sanity divinely given Illum'd his eyes, and he beheld the Truth—Not that his spirit instant shrank and soured. Or that the smile died sadly on his lips—A new and higher happiness indeed
Beamed in his face; for now he truly saw And truly measured unreal things of time 'Gainst the eternal verities beyond.' Then sprang the Man within his soul to life—Immediately conferring not with flesh and blood. He cried, 'My life from this day forth for Chrisi, My hand, my heart, my labor for this poor! And so he lived and died—and so to day While church and city, trade and public guild, Whose soveral cause he served right earnestly In sad procession bear him to the tomb, The anguished sob of Poverty and Want Moves all our hearts—his dearest requiem!

J. W., Bengough.

J. W. BENGOUGH.

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