

cause I am deprived of public worship for any length of time, and when I see a youth, to whom religious worship has been the atmosphere of his childhood, gradually withdrawing himself from the means of grace, I tremble for him, because I have seen what it means.

I have seen the light of inspiration dying out of young eyes as the sunshine dies from a cloud, leaving only gloom. I have watched character and all the finer part of a man deteriorate. I can think of men whom I loved, who once came with me to the house of God to keep the holy day, and who now lead wretched and degraded lives, and all their misery began when they forsook the tabernacles of their God.

How to Make Time Fly.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lesson. He had thrown his books pettishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was. Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. 'Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?' said he. 'Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something.'

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

'Do you know why they are so happy, Bertie?' he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

'It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for one hour, and see how the time slips by.'

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour!—*Sunday School Advocate.*

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he cannot lead a prayer meeting or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy in a boy's way, and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought not to use tobacco in any form, and should have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And, above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He should not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refused to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Selected.*

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Rules for a Happy Life.

(By John Stuart Blackie.)

Would'st thou be a happy liver,
Happy and studious to enhance
The glory of the great Life-giver?
Launch not thy boat to drift at chance
Where strong floods roll and wild waves
dance

On life's broad rushing river.
Live as a man, and count it treason
To man to live divorced from reason;
Prove your ground and know your game,
And ply your task with stout endeavor,
Not counting praise, nor fearing blame.
Know your own worth, and know not less
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness;
And, where he works well let him do
The work that might be spoiled by you.
Make a good friend whome'er you can;
Not wise is he who hath no eyes
To know how fools may keep the wise.

With loving deeds bind man to man,
But never shrink with blinking eye
From what they only learn who try;
And, though you stand alone, in sight
Of God, be bold to hold the right.
March bravely on, and if you stumble,
Never groan and never grumble;
Rise again with wise forgetting;
Wounds were never solved by fretting.
Watch your chance and know your hour,
And let the moment feel your power;
Shape your path, and keep your rules,
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools.
'Tis dull to wait, and hard to stand,
But God's time comes with high command
That claims the service of your hand.
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,
Oft sought in vain at school and college;
Split the rock and turn the sod,
With busy hand cast honest seed;
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed,
And let the season wait on God.

The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

In an Oakum Wash.

(Albert W. Tolman, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

(Continued)

There was a sudden burst of sound just outside the door, a hoarse, angry chirping, and a pair of English sparrows flashed into the mill like two grey-feathered comets, lit on that beam right over my head, and began the liveliest kind of a discussion not more than two feet from my ears.

Their chatter broke so suddenly and unexpectedly on the stillness of the mill that it startled me, and I turned my head to look at them. I caught a glimpse of their little, gray, puffy bodies as, with feathers on end and wings trailing, they faced each other on the beam; then my foot slid off the slippery edge of the trap, and I fell on my back into the wash.

The paddle-wheel was making seventy revolutions a minute at the time I fell in, and it was sending the current rushing through the canal at the rate of several miles an hour. The stream was thirty inches deep, and you can imagine the force.

In an instant it swept me from beneath the opening. I threw my hands up and back, and just caught the slippery edge of the trap with the tips of my fingers.

If you will look in you will see that the wash is about forty inches wide. It is just three feet deep, so that when it has thirty inches of water flowing through it there is an open space of half a foot between its top and the surface of the current.

This space, scanty though it was, and filled with choking vapor, was the thing that in the end saved my life, for it allowed me to keep my face a little above the tarry flood and to get an occasional breath of vitiated air. There I lay, stretched at full length on my back in that rushing mill-race, my arms extended behind me, staring upward at the black under surface of the platform.

If I let go I should be swept along a few feet, caught beneath the paddles of the wheel, and drowned in that awful fluid.

I was fully alive to the danger of the situation. Although I had worked about the wash for years, and although the possibility of falling into it had appeared so remote that I had never entertained it seriously, I had always realized how strong the current was, and exercised a due amount of caution.

Even now, deadly as I knew my peril was if my fingers should chance to slip, I thought that it would be a comparatively easy matter to pull myself back to the trap and get out. The water which was flowing against my head and neck was heated to one hundred and fifty degrees, and this fact was an added incentive for me to extricate myself as soon as I possibly could do so.

I contracted my muscles, and with a strong and resolute pull brought my face back under the trap. Then for the first time I appreciated with what tremendous swiftness the current was running in the canal, and what it meant for me to pull my body against it by sheer strength of arm.

The first thing outside that my vapor-blinded eyes could distinguish with any certainty was the beam overhead, with the two sparrows wrangling upon it as vigorously and unmelodiously as ever.

Holding firmly with my left hand, I let go with my right and made a quick clutch at the outer edge of the trap.

The swift rush of the current swept my body back a little, just enough so that I missed my aim, and simply brushed the wood with my finger tips; at the same time my left hand slipped from its hold, and for one fearful moment I was shooting back into the terrible steamy blackness of the sluice, with both hands grasping wildly at the empty air.

Then my right palm struck the edge of the trap once more, and an instant later my left also regained its hold. Again I was lying in my former position, with arms extended behind me, and only my face above the surface, almost paralysed with terror at the narrowness of my escape.

For a brief space I made no further effort; but I soon saw that if I desired to get out at all, I must do so before my strength became exhausted by holding on.

The current ran strongly against the back of my head and shoulders, and my muscles were growing flabby and powerless from immersion in the hot water. Besides, no man could long breathe that steamy odor and retain his consciousness.

Once more, slowly, cautiously, painfully, I pulled myself toward the opening. Inch by inch I gained upon it, but before I could reach it again my strength failed, and the current swept me back. I made no less than three such attempts, but all proved futile; and each left me with less power than before to resist the ceaseless sweep of the water.

At first it had cost no great effort to retain my grasp and keep myself from being washed away; but now it was getting to be quite a different matter. My fingers were growing cramped and stiff, and the strength was leaving them.

There was no brace against which I could push my feet and thus assist my arms. The inside of the sluice was worn perfectly smooth by the long-continued rush of the water through it. I no longer thought of getting out unaided. My only hope was to hold on until some one should come to my rescue.

(To be continued.)

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