

terly failed of its purpose. One day an inspiration struck me, and I tried an experiment; I wrote upon a card this proclamation: "Be it known to the children of this family, that no pleasures are to be indulged in unless work is thoroughly done and at the proper time. Delinquents must not ask for privileges of any sort when work is unfinished or badly done.—Mamma."

"This was fastened to the dining-room door. I said nothing but went about my work as usual. One by one the youngsters studied out the order. Some of them shook their heads and looked wise; others laughed and then they looked troubled.

The next day, a drive to a neighboring pleasure resort was to be taken and it nearly broke my heart when, at the last moment, I was obliged to forbid two of the children dressing for the drive, because their work had been so grossly neglected. I would have been glad to stay at home with them, but felt that the order must be enforced and was certain that the lesson would not have to be repeated many times. Two pitiful little faces looked after me as we drove away, but I thought it only just to those who had done their duty to make the day as bright and delightful as possible. We had a glorious time, and got home to find one little curly head asleep on the sofa, with very evident tear-stains covering her face. The other had done her work over, and it was perfectly done, too. Those two required only one additional lesson. For the others the punishment was several times repeated.

"After a time it came to be understood among the children that conscientiously performed tasks, were rewarded by a correspondingly pleasant time in some way. I took pains to keep things in store for such rewards, and it was surprising what an effect it had on those little untrained minds. I never gave them money, toys, sweets or tangible rewards; this was too much like value received and hiring. But they had a good time, and I never failed to impress upon their minds that much of their pleasure arose from the consciousness of duty well performed.

"I do not approve of hiring children by the ordinary methods, it seems to have a bad, rather than a good, effect upon mine, at least, and I find the pleasure-in-store plan very much better, particularly as I can at the same time impress upon their minds that this will be the case all through life. This method I have followed for more than fifteen years, and I think I may confidently say, that whatever my children undertake to do is done well."

Bring Up the Boy to be Good-Natured.

Said a mother once to an old family friend, "What shall I bring up my boy to be?" The boy in question was in his cradle, and a lord chancellor's wig was perhaps among the least of the adornments that the mother pictured for the little flaxon head.

"Bring him up to be good-natured," was the answer, and it fell chill on her ambitions. Yet what better promise of happiness for all around him than was implied in this advice?

Discipline, self-restraint, active helpfulness, are all included in it. Good nature is the home and homely side to the biggest of philanthropists.—Exchange.

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The Lesson Grandma Hardy Taught.

(Hope Daring, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

Grandma Hardy's room was the most pleasant one in the house. There the children carried their bumped heads and wounded feelings to be healed by grandma's gentle ministrations. There Mrs. Hardy, junior—the daughter-in-law of the older woman—came to talk over the family cares and always went away strengthened and cheered. There old friends lingered and received a message which heartened them on life's thoroughfare. And there, one stormy winter twilight, John Hardy, grandma's only son, was taught a lesson.

As he entered he found his mother sitting before the open wood fire. There was no other light in the room, and the wavering glow of the flames fell fitfully over the woman's pale, wrinkled face. It also indistinctly showed the soft carpet, the walls hung with pictures and photographs, the comfortable chairs and couch, the blossoming plants, and the worn Bible on a little stand.

"No, mother, we do not need a light," Mr. Hardy said, drawing a chair close to that of grandma. "I want to talk to you about something which lies heavy on my heart—Raymond."

"Raymond! Why, John, Raymond is a boy of whom a father may well be proud."

"And yet he is not a Christian."

Mrs. Hardy made no response. Silence fell between mother and son. Each seemed to see, in the dancing flames, a pair of frank brown eyes, the eyes of the high school boy who was ambitious, affectionate, honorable and truthful, but not a Christian.

"I have prayed long and earnestly for him," Mr. Hardy spoke rapidly, almost impatiently. "Mother, why does not God hear my prayers?"

"God always hears prayer," Mrs. Hardy sat upright and hastily began folding the work in her lap. The work was a bed-quilt she was piecing of tiny squares of white and blue cotton, and was to be a gift to Lulu, her youngest grandchild. "John, I want you to carry this quilt, which is half done, to the garret and pack it away."

Mr. Hardy turned a perplexed face to his mother. "I don't understand."

"I believe I will try your plan, John. I will lay my work aside and ask my heavenly Father to finish it."

"Mother, what do you mean? There was real concern in his voice. Could it be the mind of his mother was failing? "Surely you do not think of asking God to do a thing like that?"

"Why should I not ask him to do my work? You expect him to do yours."

John Hardy rose to his feet. For a brief space of time he stood without speaking. The firelight showed grandma the convulsive working of the strong man's hands.

"Mother, what do you mean?"

"I mean, John, that God never does—cannot do—our work. You pray for your son's conversion. Why do you not work for it?"

He drew a long breath. "Am I so faithless a parent, mother?"

Grandma reached forward and took her son's hand between her own. She stroked it gently as she said:

"You are a good father, John. Raymond's physical and mental wants are well supplied, you surround him with good influence, and teach him, both by precept and example, the value of honor. But, my son, does Raymond know that you want him to be a Christian?"

"He must know it. During the special services I asked our pastor to talk with him."

"You did not talk to him yourself. Like many another man, John, your lips are sealed as far as a personal confession of what Christ is to you is concerned. Did you ever speak to Raymond of the joy of God's service? Did you ever tell your son that Christ is a daily source of strength and help to you?"

She paused as if for a reply. Mr. Hardy made a gesture of dissent, and his mother continued:

"John, God hears prayer. He answers, in his own time and way, sincere, heartfelt prayer. But such prayer includes doing everything in the power of the one offering it to bring about the result for which he prayed. You expect your church-going and your up-

right life to show Raymond the beauty of Christ's service. They are not enough. God needs your help in the work of your son's salvation. You must do your part in this matter, just as I must do mine in this, touching the work in her lap, 'if you expect the desire of your heart to be realized.'

The years seemed to fall from John Hardy. Like a child he knelt at his mother's side.

"I see, mother. Ask God to help me to do my part in the work of my son's conversion."

God needs our help—yours and mine—in his work. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

A Glass of Water.

Drink a glass of water when you get out of bed in the morning. Never mind the size of the glass. Let the water be cold if you will. Some people prescribe hot water, but that isn't necessary. You may have washed your face already and relished the experience. You may have taken a cold plunge into the tub and delighted in the shock and its reaction. The brisk use of the tooth-brush has left your mouth clean and the breath sweet. But you are dirty still. Drink a glass of cold water and enjoy the sensation of being clean inside. All that is luxurious in the cold bath cleansing the outside is artificial. That which should prompt the glass of water after sleeping is natural. As a test, tell the nine-year-old protestant against his morning scrub of cold water that he may escape it by drinking half a pint of the fluid. He will jump at the opportunity.

Sleep has drawn upon the water in the blood, and the instinct of the animal under natural conditions is to replenish the circulatory system and distend the blood vessels anew. The food in the stomach which had so much to do toward inducing sleep has disappeared, leaving a mucous substance in the alimentary canal. Yet man would wash his face and leave these half-clogged canals to do the duties of another day.

Drink a glass of cold water in the name of cleanliness. It becomes one of the shortest and easiest of toilet duties. It is swallowed in a second, and in five minutes it has passed from the stomach, taking with it the clogging secretions of the alimentary tracts. It has left behind the stimulus that goes with cold water, and by filling the arterial system to the normal it puts a spur to the circulation that has grown sluggish in the night. It is one of the greatest of awakeners and one of nature's own stimulants.

Drink a glass of water before breakfast, another before luncheon and another before dinner. Water is the best, cheapest and the pleasantest medicine.—Exchange.

Is it Practicable to Maintain Family Worship?

Is it possible to maintain family worship in the year of our Lord 1905? Perhaps we thought we could not do it last year, but if we know what others find possible we may 'find' or 'make' a way this year ourselves.

On a bright May morning I stepped inside the open door of a loved home. I was to leave the suburb early that morning, and had come before breakfast to say good-bye to the house-mother, who was confined to her bed. It was not yet seven o'clock, but my first glance discovered the father, the two grandparents, the two boys and the maid on their knees, and I knelt, within hearing, but unheard and unobserved. The father prayed most earnestly for the mother, and for me and my fatherless children, about to start out for a new home. He was much surprised, on rising, to find me there, but not at all abashed. Often absent from home on business, when at home he led the family devotions at that hour in the dining-room, and breakfast was served immediately afterward. The prayers were short, but his boys will not outlive their influence.

A year later it was my privilege to be a guest with my three children in the summer home of the same family. The grandparents remained at home by preference and the father of necessity spent most of the week in Chicago, but every morning, following breakfast on the piazza, the two mothers and the five children gathered in the living room. The hostess read the reference for the day on the Sabbath-school lesson for the following Sun-