

bacco habit on mind, morals and body, and these were tacked on bridges, fences and bulletin boards side by side with the advertisements of choice brands of the deadly weed. The work of posting was quietly done, often at night, and before the summer was over she had gathered about her quite a band of helpers, who, catching the nineteenth century spirit of organization, formed themselves into a club, with the letters 'C.O.L.'—'Children of Light.'

Yet when her trunks were packed in early September and she was preparing for her return to her city home, she questioned, half doubtingly, 'Did it pay?' I suppose I ought to trust results entirely to Him, but I should so like to know if one single person was really helped—'

There came a ring at the door. Rex Bancroft had called to bid her good-bye.

'I think,' he said, with a slight tremor in his voice, but a steady light in his eyes, 'that you ought to know before you go, what this C.O.L. business has done for me, so I present you these souvenirs of a pleasant and profitable summer and hope you'll come again next year. Please don't look at them till you get on the cars. Good-bye. Oh! one thing more—I'll probably be in your town sometime this winter and if you don't mind, I'd like to look you up.'

On the cars Florence opened the envelope Rex had given her and drew out two pledges—one the triple pledge against tobacco, alcohol and profane language, the other a C.E. pledge. Both were signed 'Rex Bancroft, "née" Child of Darkness.'

Florence bowed her head upon the seat in front of her to hide the happy tears, while she whispered softly:

'Exceeding, abundantly, above all we ask or think.'

In Old Testament Days.

(By the Author of 'Little Folks' Land.)

There is a book that all may read,
A wondrous book for young and old,
In which sweet messages are writ
And simple stories told.

Long years the book a-making was,
Of ancient things its pages tell—
The joys, the troubles, honors, pain,
That ancient folks befel.

Far off, in other lands, they lived,
With sun-browned faces, different speech,
And yet their lives for us to-day
Familiar lessons teach.

We have the self-same hopes and fears,
Shed the same tears when sorrows come;
Like them, we pine for absent friends,
Or for the distant home.

The same temptations beckon us,
The same rebellious tempers rise,
And the same God who strengthened them,
Like help to us supplies.

He rules our lives, who guided theirs,
Our gifts from that same Father flow;
But happier we, because His love
Through Jesus Christ we know.

They knew Him as the Mighty King,
In dazzling splendor throned on high,
They did not know the King of Love
Who laid His glory by.

Oh, if the children then could be
To His commands and wishes true,
Shall the dear Lord no answer have
Who calls for me and you?

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Little Doctor.

(Temperance Record.)

'No,' said Mildred St. Clair, to herself, as she drove through pleasant country lanes to the Langdon's garden party.

'I shall not play tennis with Sydney, nor even let him bring me tea. I must only be polite to him, no more.'

Alas, for Sydney! thus to be disciplined. To be shown, without the aid of clumsy words, that years of good comradeship need not end in love, and that, as far as Mildred was concerned, never, never would.

Arrived on the lawn at Sandal Magna, the Vicar's only daughter almost changed her mind. It was hard to resist Sydney's eager greeting, and to see the light fade from his face as he turned to more appreciative guests.

But Mildred soon forgot her troubles as old friends crowded round her. She and her father had only returned a month before from a long tour on the Continent, and many others, besides Sydney, were delighted to welcome her again.

'And have you forgotten me?' said a gay voice suddenly. Mildred turned quickly to find the doctor's daughter smiling at her evident surprise.

'Why, Kitty Robinson, it surely is not you! You look ever so much better. How did you manage it?'

The tall fair girl standing beside dainty Mildred only smiled again, then added brightly:

'The credit isn't mine. The "little doctor" suggested a new treatment, and we give him all the praise.'

'He certainly deserves it, whoever he may be,' said Mildred. 'When we left home—if I may say so—you seemed fated to become a nervous invalid for life. Who is "the little doctor"?''

'Surely you know Arthur Langdon's nickname,' cried Kitty, in surprise. 'Or did he become father's assistant after you left home? He is so good to everybody—the poor people just worship him. I wish his home affairs were not so troublesome. It is nothing but worry all the time.'

'But, surely,' said Mildred, 'Sydney and Arthur Langdon are two most fortunate young men. This lovely estate for their inheritance and heaps of money from the brewery, whilst their father and mother are really quite creditable and nice. Not at all vulgar, in spite of being associated with such a trade.'

'Then you have not heard that "the little doctor" has vowed he will never touch a penny of his father's fortune, because it has been made that way?'

'No, indeed,' said Mildred. 'Is that why he chose to be a doctor and let Sydney go into the firm?'

'Yes, he spent a legacy that came to him from some old uncle on his training, but now he is quite dependent on what he earns as assistant to the dear old dad—not much, you may be sure.'

Kitty laughed gaily. She was used to the thought of slender means.

'Well,' said Mildred, 'what does Mrs. Langdon think of such a strange proceeding?'

'She is terribly annoyed, of course. If it were not for Arthur's tact, he would be entirely severed from his family. But he does his best to keep the peace. There he is now,' added Kitty, 'look, coming down the terrace. He will be delighted to see you. Some people are silly enough to almost cut him now.'

Mildred watched in silence as the little

doctor quickly came towards them. Almost unconsciously, she glanced from him to Sydney, playing tennis not far off. Arthur could not compare with him in looks or stature—he was, indeed, a little man—but Mildred recognized his splendid heroism, and received his awkward greeting with a gentle graciousness that Sydney would have given much to gain. They stood together and chatted for a while, and the conversation wandered back to the days the girls called 'ancient,' not quite ten years before.

How gay the remembrance of their youthful frolics made them. Then, suddenly Mildred said, 'I would like to see the old conservatory again—you remember, Arthur, the one you took me through the night before I went to boarding-school. How truly miserable I was! Shall we go now?'

Of course, the 'little doctor' willingly agreed, and as Kitty parted from them and went to find her father, she said delightedly:

'How glad I am I told!'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

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A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

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A Criticism—'The Spectator,' London.
Opinion in Japan—Correspondence of the London 'Times.'
Japan the Wicket-keeper—'The Outlook.'
Dr. Sven Hedin's Asiatic Journey—'Civil and Military Gazette.'
A New Scheme to Avoid Labor Troubles—New York 'Evening Post.'
Great Arbitration Committee—'Bankers' Monthly.'
The School's Opportunity to Teach Good Manners—By 'Milo,' in Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Oxford and Cambridge Universities—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Sports that Brutalize—New York 'Observer.'
Athletics and College Growth—Boston 'Medical and Surgical Journal.'
Steady Growth of Cremation—New York 'Times.'
New National Animals—The 'Spectator,' London.
Marriage Names—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Matrimony—From the London 'Times' of 1812.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

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Memorial to Ruskin—'Daily News,' London.
The Modern Drama—Birmingham 'Post.'
Kubelik's Genius—'The Century Magazine.'
The Late Sidney Cooper, R.A.—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

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