

BOYS WANTED.

"Wanted—a boy." How often we
These very common words may see!
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for every thing under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too;
For the time is coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay,—
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plough and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun;
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.

Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

—Chicago Post.

WHAT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
LEADS TO.

"Mrs. Cray, your boy is abusing a cat, and very badly. You had better step out and see to him." A neighbor who was passing an open window where Mrs. Cray sat sewing, said this.

Mrs. Cray looked up with a most unpleasant expression of face, and made no reply, until the neighbor was beyond hearing. Then she growled, rather than spoke, "I do wish people would mind their own business."

As if it were not the "business," yes, and the imperative duty of every one, to prevent harm, and to do good whenever there is opportunity, and especially in the case of wrong to human beings, or cruelty to helpless animals.

Then she rose, and going to the back door, called sweetly to her son, "Nonie, my love, come to mother. She has got a turn-over for you. Poor dear," she said, mentally, "he is so active, and has no brother to play with him."

Nonie flung down the cat he had been tormenting and choking, which was now forever out of the reach of tormentors, and leaping rudely up the back steps, bumped forcibly against his mother, shouting, "Where's yer turn-over, marm? Hurry up and give me it. An' I want two."

"I have only one, dear; grandma gave it to me."

"Yas, one little thing like that! I don't know which is meanest, you or granny. There!" and the boy crowded the whole turn-over, at two bites, into his wide mouth.

"I'll make you some more this forenoon, sonny," said Mrs. Cray.

"Well, see that you make 'em sweeter, a good deal sweeter than this one," was the young ruler's command. Then he ran out to seek for more mischief to do.

That afternoon an old aunt of Mrs. Cray's came to visit her, and to spend a few days at her house.

"It is prayer-meeting night, aunt; would you like to go?" said Mrs. Cray.

"I think not, niece. I seldom go out of an evening. Am too blind and tired. Susie, dear, I am come to that time of life when bed has more attraction for me when darkness falls, than any other place in this world."

"Well, auntie, just as you say. And I will stay at home with you, if you desire it."

"Oh, no, my dear, you go by all means. I will go to bed very soon after you leave. Where is Nonie? Does he go to meeting with you?"

"Not often, aunt; he don't like the confinement, and I do not like to force him, lest I cause him to take a prejudice against such things."

To this the old lady made no reply; but her thoughts fled backward to a time when beside her in prayer-meeting sat two bright little ones, who never took the least dislike to "such things." Long ago they had departed from the earth, at peace with him of whom they heard in those meetings as at home.

"That is your room, aunt; you can open the door now, and let it get well warmed. And you can undress right here by the fire. Why, Nonie, what are you doing in here?"

"Nothing much," said the lad, almost

upsetting his mother in the rush he made from the room, thence to the street door, and away into the night.

"Well, I'm sure!" ejaculated the surprised old woman.

"He is such an active boy," admiringly remarked the mother.

"But do you think he is safe, off so in the evening?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so. He has no playmate at home, you know, so he needs some change and diversion."

Auntie said nothing. "You needn't mind anything about him. I'll leave the door unlocked, and you go to bed any time you want to. I hope you will sleep well and feel well and bright in the morning."

"Thank you, niece, I hope I shall."

Mrs. Cray went out, and soon "auntie," after kneeling down before the fire to offer her evening prayer, prepared herself for bed, and lay down in it.

But she scrambled out of bed in hurry and alarm. It was soaking wet, and cold as ice, from the foot a third of the way up.

The poor old lady's feet and her night-clothes were wet. She shivered. What should she do? She spread open the bed, took off her wet garments, which she hung up to dry, dressed in her day-clothes, and tried to warm herself by the fire. There was a beautiful, new soft rug on the floor. This she took up, and heated quite hot, then she lay down on the sofa, and covered herself with it, and at last she fell asleep.

Thus her niece found her. Nonie was skulking about the door, awaiting the return of his mother. He entered with her, loudly demanding something to eat.

"Something good, I tell ye," he amended.

Auntie awoke. Her head ached, and she shivered.

"Nonie, did you do this?" asked Mrs. Cray, when she saw the condition of the bed.

"No," roared that pet. "I say, get me something good to eat."

This was done before damages were repaired. The poor old lady was put in Mrs. Cray's bed, and warm bottles placed about her.

"John and I will take the other bed, when I have got it all dry," she said.

Auntie had a narrow escape from death by the cold taken from her wetting. Mr. Cray was inclined to the opinion that Nonie should be thrashed for this performance; but his mother objected.

"The dark ages are passed," she said, "people do not now beat their own flesh and blood. Nonie must have more to amuse him. He is smart and active, that is all."

And so this ill-disposed urchin went on from bad to worse, unrestrained. And the months fled, and the years, and Nonie was a man. That is, he attained the years of manhood. His father died; he alone was left to his mother.

We will not dwell long on his history. He rewarded his mother, as was to be expected. And one day he seated himself beside her, and shot her through the head.

This is a true story. Would it might prove a profitable lesson to parents who yet have time to "train up" their children in the way they should go. No improvement upon the laws of God is possible.—*The Christian Weekly*.

FERMENTED WINE, OR THE FRUIT
OF THE VINE.

Those who say: "wine is prescribed, and there is no authority for using anything else," must be reminded that the word "wine" is nowhere employed throughout the New Testament in connection with this sacrament.

The editor of the London *Methodist Times* lately witnessed the celebration of the Jewish Passover in that city, and at the close of the services said to the rabbi: "May I ask with what kind of wine you have celebrated the Passover this evening?" The answer promptly given was:

"With non-intoxicating wine. Jews never use fermented wine in their synagogue services, and must not use it at the Passover, either for synagogue or home purposes. Fermented liquor of any kind comes under the category of 'leaven,' which is proscribed in so many well-known places in the Old Testament. The wine which is used by Jews during the week of the Passover is supplied to the community by those licensed by the chief rabbi's board, and by those only. Each bottle is

sealed in the presence of a representative of the ecclesiastical authorities. The bottle standing yonder on the sideboard, from which the wine used to-night was taken, was thus sealed. I may also mention that poor Jews who cannot afford to buy this wine make an unfermented wine of their own, which is nothing else than an infusion of Valencia or Muscatel raisins. I have recently read the passage in Matthew in which the Paschal Supper is described. There can be no doubt whatever that the wine used upon that occasion was unfermented. Jesus, as an observant Jew, would not only not have drunk fermented wine at the Passover, but would not have celebrated the Passover in any house from which everything fermented had not been removed. I may mention that the wine I use at the service at the synagogue is an infusion of raisins. You will allow me, perhaps, to express my surprise that Christians, who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, can take what he could not possibly have taken as a Jew—intoxicating wine—at so sacred a service as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

And thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape.—Deut. xxxii. 14.

Whosoever whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.—1 Cor. xi. 27.

And he took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them saying: Drink ye all of it. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you, in my Father's kingdom.—Matt. xxvi. 27, 28.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves. For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.—Luke xxii. 17, 18, 20.

MAKING TROUBLE.

"I hate to have Josie Bates play with us! She always makes trouble," said Alice, sitting down by mamma.

"Well, dear, do you remember your text that you learned last Sunday?"

"Yes, mamma; but I don't see how that can help."

"Well, I think if each one of you little girls would ask God to fill your hearts with his quietness, with gentleness and kind feelings, that you would have no trouble to get on with Josie. Did you ever ask God to help you?"

"Why no, mamma. I never thought of that."

"Suppose you ask your little playmates to try it; and then see if Josie will trouble you as much."

Alice told the girls what mamma said; and they thought the text was very pretty, but were not sure of its helping them.

But next day, when Josie began to fret and speak cross and want her own way, they each one tried to smooth it over, and to be peaceful and pleasant. Josie seemed ashamed; and tried to be more like them. And so mamma's way was right. If you have God's quiet spirit, no one can make you any great trouble. By and by, Josie, too, began to see how much better it was to be gentle and unselfish; and then the girls told her of Alice's text. Who will find this text in the Bible, and learn it? Who will try to have God's quiet in the heart?—*Shepherd's Arms*.

DRUNKEN DOCTORS.

The legislature of Georgia has passed a bill disqualifying intemperate physicians from practice. A method of indictment has been framed, and upon conviction the accused becomes subject to a heavy fine if he attempts to practise again. As a protective measure the wisdom of such a law is manifest. Patients by families worship "the doctor" with blind idolatry. They prefer him drunk to any other sober. It is a patriarchal act that steps in to protect such people from their own superstitions. It is the highest scientific temperance ground yet taken by the law. We believe it will be widely copied in other states, wherever such a bill is offered. With this legal encouragement, the common sense of the people will soon make total abstinence the path to professional glory for Esculapius. There will get abroad a conundrum something like this: If abstinence from drink is essential to the steadiness of hand necessary to couple cars, "down brakes," or tend a telegraph plant; to the clear brain requisite for transmitting

messages, or taking fares on a street car, how much can a man drink and have head and hand at their best to set a bone or write a prescription? Enlightened society will not "give it up," but will give up the tipping doctor.—*Union Signal*.

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