

Northern Messenger

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From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGES COME POURING IN.

Just imagine! One single mail this week brought exactly 1,680 Pledges to the 'Witness' Office. Let every old temperance worker and very many old people and young people who have never yet done any actual work for temperance join in this Crusade. It will be something to be remembered in after years with satisfaction as well as greatly helping the cause of temperance at the present time.

Miss Gertie Clements, of Point St. Charles, still holds the honor of having secured by personal canvas the largest number of signatures to the pledge. Her picture accordingly appears in this week's issue. It will be seen that she is quite young, and that should encourage other young people to be up and doing. It is most important to pile up as large a Pledge Roll as possible during this month of November.

But let no one forget the solemnity of such an act as the signing of a pledge. The workers themselves should go about their canvas of pledges in a prayerful spirit realizing the influence of the pledge on the destinies of men and women, boys and girls.

PLEDGE FORMS FREE.

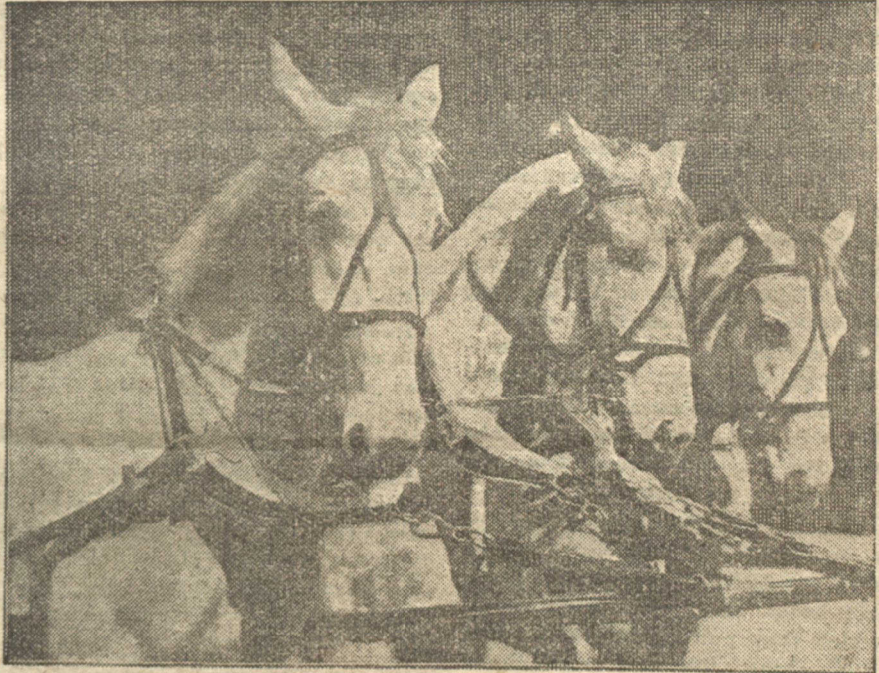
Pledge forms will be sent free on application to Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

Temperance Sunday--Pledge Sunday.

Sabbath Schools the world over, following the International Series of Lessons, will devote Sunday, Nov. 23rd, to the teaching of temperance. Would it not be a good idea to have some one address the scholars on the value of the pledge, and, after impressing them with the solemnity of the act, ask those who will take the pledge to stand. While they are standing a prayer should be offered, and after that those who stood might be asked to come up to the desk to sign the pledge in the presence of the school, or if there were too many they might do it after school was dismissed. Such a hymn as 'Dare to be a Daniel' might be sung during the service.

Schools sending in over forty signatures will receive a copy of the famous etching, 'Christ Before Pilate.' This picture would be most suitable in the school-room. There are, however, only a few hundred left, and they are going fast.

Pledge blanks will be supplied free on application to Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.



THREE FIRE DEPARTMENT LIFE SAVERS.

'A fire breaks out to-night in some high building, and the sleepers, suddenly awakened, rush down and out of the building—now the staircase is burning—now a frantic mother discovers that her little child has been left sleeping in the fourth story.

'But the fire alarm has sounded—you hear the horses galloping down the street—a ladder is planted against the building

—a brave fireman goes up—a stream of water is turned on him to protect him from the flames—he enters the building—he comes to the window with the little child in his arms—he descends the ladder and places it in the arms of its mother.

'Another division of the great army of mercy.'

—'Dumb Animals.'

Among the Doukhobors in Canada.

(Miss Nellie E. Boxer, in the 'Missionary Review of the World.')

'And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.'

The Doukhobor settlements in the undulating lands of Eastern Assiniboia, Northwestern Canada, are the sequence of their immigration to Canada after long and terrible suffering for conscience's sake at the hands of the Russian Government. When at last the Czar, yielding to the appeals of influential sympathizers with these persecuted people, permitted their departure from his dominions, this 'band of exiles,' numbering some seven thousand souls, embarked in four large steamships from the eastern extreme of the Black Sea for their long voyage to St. John and Halifax. The vessels were chartered and funds contributed through the London and Philadelphia Society of Friends on barely ten days' notice—a testimony to their world wide sympathy with the oppressed. After this unprecedented pilgrimage across thousands of leagues by sea and thousands of miles by land they reached their destination, where, by persistent labor in the face of difficulties known only to the pioneer, they have at last been enabled to establish their homes and their 'faith's pure shrine.'

Here it was my privilege to visit them, and in some degree to come to know them.

Wild sunflower and coreopsis shone bright among the prairie grass, and the bracing Assiniboia breeze fluttered the papers from the tent table, as on one Sunday morning we sat chatting and resting. The sweet rich notes of a Russian hymn floated to us on the breeze. Stepping to the tent door we could hear the low rumble of wheels on the trail, and soon a team came trotting around the willow bluff. A man and two women in a farm waggon drove up and alighted, making impressive salutations. We were to go to their house. We said that we would go after dinner, but was told that dinner was waiting for us at their place. In the back of the waggon was a seat placed lengthwise, covered over with an Oriental rug, and the waggon-box was filled with hay. Such preparations won the day, and we hurried for our hats, while bright satisfaction shone from the Doukhobors' eyes.

Driving past the fields of grain and flax, we noticed near the poplar bluff groups of small, hive-like structures made of branches, and some of them partly covered with sods. These were the first temporary Doukhobor shelters. Beyond the poplars and willows we came to the homes of today. On each side of the village street is a row of snug, warm houses built of logs and plastered; the roofs are of sod, and a low chimney of sun-dried brick rises from the centre of each house. One is a bath-