

wood had they chopped, and so tired were they, that they were glad to go home.

'Earth-people are not such very agreeable creatures, after all,' said the eldest, a lovely girl with a face like a silvery chrysanthemum.

'My arm aches so I can scarcely lift it,' said the second, who was like a beautiful piece of sculpture. 'And that beard of his was hideous! Wrrh!' she added, shuddering.

'Another time we'll make acquaintance with people who have no ugly beards.'

'And no cracked old voices,' spoke up the youngest, whose voice was like music.

The next evening, therefore, they made this bargain with the moonbeam, and after travelling some long while, they found themselves at the gates of a kingly palace, where they were received by the Prince, the King's son, himself.

To be sure, the Prince did not ask them to chop wood; he seemed highly pleased with their society. To amuse them, he escorted them to the palace roof, where they laughed and chatted as young people love to do.

The girls were just thinking what a nice playmate they had found, when a loud, angry voice called to the Prince, and asked him what he meant by making such a noise.

It was the old King woke up.

'Come down at once!' he cried, in a fury.

At this the Moon's daughters got terrified, and ran away. Even the Prince was afraid, for he knew what was in store for him.

'Well, there are some pleasant people on this little earth,' said the eldest, seated on the moonbeam. 'I did enjoy myself until—'

'I never enjoyed myself so much in my life until——' said the second.

'Oh, that charming Prince! How I should like to be his bride and talk to him all day!' said the youngest. 'How happy I was until——'

Always 'until'!

They could scarcely restrain their impatience. It seemed the silver ladder would never be lowered next day. But it was at last, and the three girls took their places, and in time found themselves again at the palace.

Alas! the Prince was there, but now tears shone in his eyes.

'I am very sad,' said he. 'The King has forbidden me to keep company with you. I must be content with my bride—an ugly old Princess! Whoo!' And he wept.

The sisters looked at one another, and all three began to weep, too. The hours were full of sadness now; no more fun, no more laughter, no more gladness. All the earth seemed full of sorrow. And so, with heavy hearts and swollen eyes, they went home.

Their cup of sorrow was not full yet, however. The solemn old Moon, their father, awaited them with a dark frown.

'So,' said he, and a heavy black cloud passed over his face—'so here you are, disobedient daughters! Not content with your own home, you must wander and get me, as well as yourselves, into trouble. Now you may go, if you will be undutiful; only don't blame me, nor anybody but yourselves.'

He is a very severe father, the Moon.

They wept and wept until next evening, when the silvery ladder was lowered again. Then 'Come,' said the eldest, 'let us go again.' And the others followed.

But this time the moonbeam set them down in the heart of a dense forest, so dense that not a ray of heaven's light could pierce the thick foliage, nor a moonbeam enter in.

It was dark—dark as midnight—always dark, even at midday, on this part of the earth, and not a creature to be seen! Although in the far, far distance they heard the Prince playing mournfully his pipe, so mournfully, for he was a solitary wanderer, too, having disobeyed the command of his father, the King.

Hence all must wander without light, without rest. And this is why in that great forest of the Carpathians light never enters in, and people who wander there lose their way; and the only sound to be heard is the mournful rustle of leaves and

the sad sighing of the breeze, though some do say it is the Prince with his pipe playing ever the same mournful dirge to the sighing of the wandering daughters of the Moon.

Drummond's Homily on Driving.

The Rev. Silvester Horne regards Henry Drummond as the best preacher to the young he ever heard, and he considers the following one of his best stories:

'I have never forgotten it,' he said, in a recent sermon, 'because of the half-whimsical way in which he used to tell the introduction. A lady called him in to speak to her coachman, who had given way to drink, and Henry Drummond said he did not like to be called in like this to be asked to argue with people of a sudden and try to cure their souls, but he felt it was a case demanding Christian intervention, so he plucked up his courage and went out to talk to the man. And he put the problem to him, 'Suppose you were on the box and your horses ran away down-hill, and you lost all control over them, what would you do?'

"Oh," said the man, "I could do nothing."

"Yes," said Drummond, "but supposing there were someone sitting by your side stronger than you, who could control them, what would you do?"

"Oh," he said, "I would hand him the reins, sir."

"Ah," said Drummond, "your life has run away with you, your appetites and passions, and lusts are carrying you downhill, and you in your own strength cannot control your life. But, man," he said, "believe me, there is One at your side stronger than you, who offers to take control of your life and make it what it should be. What will you do?"

'And the man, seeing the point, said, "Sir, I will give Him the reins."

'I say to you what Drummond said, "Thank God there is One at your side, the Son of God, who not only can, but will, drive the chariot of your life in perfect safety. Young man, young woman, give Him the reins, give him charge of your life, ask Him to teach you how to rule your spirit, lay His strong arms along your own, and then drive the chariot of your life straight and safe until the goal is reached. May God grant it to us all. Amen."—Good Words.'

The Courage of Punctuality.

The courage of time is punctuality. When there is a hard piece of work to be done, it is pleasanter far to sit at ease for the present and put off the work. 'The thousand nothings of the hour' claim our attention. The coward yields to 'their stupefying power,' and the great task remains forever undone. The brave man brushes these conflicting claims into the background, stops his ears until the sirens' voices are silent, stamps on his feelings as though they were snakes in his path, and does the thing now which ever after he will rejoice to have done. In these crowded modern days, the only man who 'finds time' for great things is the man who takes it by violence from the thousands of petty, local, temporary claims and makes it serve the ends of wisdom and justice.

There are three places where one may draw the line for getting a piece of work done. One man draws it habitually a few minutes or hours or days after it is due. He is always in distress and a nuisance to everybody else.

It is very risky—ethically speaking, it is cowardly—to draw the line at the exact date when the work is due; for then one is at the mercy of any accident or interruption that

may overtake him at the end of his allotted time. If he is sick or a friend dies, or unforeseen complications arise, he is as badly off as the man who deliberately planned to be late and almost as much to blame. For a man who leaves the possibility of accident and interruption out of account and stakes the welfare of himself and of others on such miscalculation, is neither wise nor just; he is reckless rather than brave. Even if accidents do not come, he is walking on the perilous edge all the time; his work is done in a fever of haste and anxiety, injurious alike to the quality of the work and the health of the worker.

The man who puts the courage of punctuality into his work will draw the line for finishing a piece of work a safe period inside the time when it is actually due. If one forms the habit and sticks to it, it is no harder to have work done ten days, or at least one day ahead of time than to finish it at the last allowable minute. Then, if anything happens, it does no harm. This habit will save literary workers an incalculable amount of anxiety and worry. And it is the wear and tear of worry and hurry, not the amount of calm, quiet work, that kills such men before their time.

I am aware that orderliness and punctuality are not usually regarded as forms of courage. But the essential element of all courage is in them—the power to face a disagreeable present in the interest of desirable permanent ends. They are far more important in modern life than the courage to face bears or bullets. They underlie the more spectacular forms of courage. The man who cannot reduce to order the things that are lying passively about him and endure the petty pains incidental to doing hard things before the sheer lapse of time forces him to action, is not the man who will be calm and composed when angry mobs are howling about him, or who will go steadily on his way when greed and corruption, hypocrisy and hate, are arrayed to resist him. For, whether in the quiet of a study and the routine of an office or in the turmoil of a riot or a strike, true courage is the ready and steadfast acceptance of whatever pains are incidental to securing the personal and public ends that are at stake.—President Hyde, in 'The College Man and the College Woman.'

A Missionary Hen.

The following inscription is placed on a stone in what was formerly a parsonage garden at Falsfield, which marks the spot where a hen was buried:

'Here lies Tedman's Missionary Hen
Her contributions Four Pound Ten
Although she's dead the work goes on
As she has left seven daughters and a son
To carry on the work that she begun.'

—Baptist.

What Some Bright Boys Are Doing.

'All that other boys can do,
Why, with promptness, may not you?'

Boys all over the Dominion are sending in for the 'Canadian Pictorial' to sell for watches, fountain pens and jackknives, and many of them are already proudly showing these premiums to their schoolmates.

One boy in Colborne, Ont., says: 'People buy them as quick as I can hand them out.'

Another in the city of London, Ont., says: 'Papers to hand, and sold readily at sight. Everyone delighted, including myself.'

We have enough watches, or pens, or knives to send one to every boy who reads the Boys' Page, and we have not heard from all yet.

Read advertisements elsewhere, and let us hear from you at once.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

FINE FLAGS FREE.

A premium you seldom get. Best Wool Bunting, will wear for years. For particulars apply to

FLAG DEPARTMENT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Witness Block, Montreal.