

has foreseen and provided for those who are saved, so that they might not be idle and so exposed to temptation. Good works, then, do not save us, but have their place as a result of our salvation in Christ.

This lesson has been so important that we must not drop it without calling attention to a number of references that will aid in our understanding of the question. Read:

Col. ii., 13, 14.
Col. iii., 5-8.
Rom. viii., 13, 14.
Acts xxvi., 18.
Jude 8.
Rom. v., 12.
Rom. ii., 4.
Rom. v., 19-21.
Titus iii., 3-6.
Rev. xxi., 4.
Rom. iii., 20-24.
2 Thess. ii., 13-15.

Next week we have a quarterly review. Try writing from memory a sketch of the work and travels of Paul, as described by the lessons of the last three months.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 22.—Topic—What Christ teaches about judging others. Matt. vii., 1-5.

Junior C. E. Topic

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

Monday, Mar. 16.—In trouble. Ps. cxliii., 7.
Tuesday, Mar. 17.—Great faith. Matt. viii., 10.
Wednesday, Mar. 18.—Weak faith. Luke viii., 25.
Thursday, Mar. 19.—'Only believe.' Mark ix., 23.
Friday, Mar. 20.—Saved by faith. Rom. x., 9.
Saturday, Mar. 21.—'His whole house.' Acts xvi., 31.
Sunday, Mar. 22.—Topic—What I learn from the healing of the nobleman's son. John iv., 46-53.



Stub Allen.

(Mary Dwinell Chellis in 'Youth's Temperance Banner'.)

Ever since he could remember he had been called Stub, although that was not his true name. But it was appropriate, and for that reason it had clung to him.

He was scarcely taller than a well-grown boy of ten, while his shoulders were broad, and his face wrinkled like that of an old man. Strangers were curious in regard to him, and as he was employed at a railway depot his story was often told.

It was all because of tobacco that he was so short. He began to smoke when he was only three years old, and continued the habit until he was nearly thirty. Then he determined to give up tobacco. It cost him a terrible effort to do this; yet he persevered, although his nerves were so shaken that for weeks he could not trust himself to take a cup of coffee in his hand.

His father, from whom he had inherited the appetite, was an inveterate smoker, and when he begged to be allowed to smoke a pipe was given to him. After that he smoked at home occasionally, and when away the novelty of seeing such a child puffing at a pipe or cigar led thoughtless men and boys to tempt him to make an exhibition of his folly.

'Allow a boy of mine to smoke!' he exclaimed, when this question was asked him. 'Never! I have suffered enough for a whole family. There is not a day of my life when I am not mortified at being such a stub. If my boys don't grow up in good shape, it shall not be because they use tobacco while they live with me. They

say they ain't ashamed of me, but I think I can trust them for not wanting to look like me. Why, I looked as old as I do now when I was twenty-five, and I smoked until I was nearly thirty.'

'What made you stop?'

'Because I must stop or die. I had a touch of the horrors, delirium tremens, brought on by tobacco instead of liquor. Once was enough for me; and besides, the doctors told me my chances for life were about over. I quit then, but money wouldn't hire me to go through what I did the next six months. Sometimes now, when I smell a good cigar, I am half crazy for it, but nothing would tempt me take a single smoke. If I did, it would be all up with me.'

'I didn't marry until I was clear of all that, and my wife thinks as I do about our boys. They are taller now than I am, with a prospect of growing right along. They are good scholars, and I calculate to send them through college if they let smoking and drinking alone. When they begin with tobacco and liquors I have done spending money for them.'

'I never cared for liquor, although I wonder I didn't; but I tell you the way to have good men is to be sure of the boys. I don't want any more stubs around where I am, and I don't mean to have them if I can prevent it.'

A Great Procession.

'Every seventh individual in this educated Christian country,' said Councillor Allen, of Ayr, Scotland, recently, 'is either a pauper, lunatic, or criminal. I won't trouble you with applying statistics, but if we could conceive the great army of drunkards in this country on the march, to-night, say two deep, they would extend for four hundred miles. Suppose they marched from London, northwards, and passed this church door, the first of them would be out of sight before the last had left the great city. Is there not room here for noble discontent? Their haggard countenances and shaking limbs make one piteous appeal for sympathy. Not one in ten but has at some time in his life or her life made a solemn vow, signed a temperance pledge, or joined a Good Templar lodge, to break for ever from this bondage. This fact reproaches society and the Church, that men's desires to reform should be so helplessly difficult to accomplish. Not five percent will ever reform; they march on into the blackness of darkness. This is sad, but far more pathetic is it to think that recruits will soon fill their places—it may be bright boys and girls in this very meeting. Then, our duty here is to cherish sympathy—a sympathy that will not evaporate in signs or be distilled in tears, but will say—"Come with me, I will stand by you." Cast out this demon of drink, but leave not the habitation tenantless, or he may return with fiendish associates.'

Why Temperance Pays Better

A useful lesson is taught, the general secretary of the National Temperance Society in America tells us, by a brewery in Lawrence, Kansas. It was considered a valuable property until Prohibition made it useless for brewing purposes, and the owner sold the building and left the State. This turned the twelve men he had employed out of that into some other industry. Some people called it a 'business calamity' to lose that brewery and the wages of the twelve men he had employed. But soon the big building was put to use again as a shoe factory; and now, with about the same capital that the brewery had, it employs 100 sober operators.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Correspondence

Castleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy twelve years old, and I live on a farm six miles north of Colborne. I attend the Presbyterian Sabbath-school at Vernonville, which is about two and a half miles from my home. My father had some packages of 'Northern Messengers' and 'World Wides' for distribution, and I took the 'Northern Messenger' to Sunday-school, and my teacher distributed them, since which they intend to order twenty-five copies. I like the 'Northern Messenger,' and my father takes the 'Witness' and 'World Wide.' My father has been reading the 'Witness' for over thirty-five years.

WILLIE H.

(We are pleased with your enterprising spirit, Willie, and wish you further success.—Ed.)

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—My father used to take the 'Northern Messenger' when he was a boy. I am twelve years of age, and am in the senior third class at school. I like Toronto very well, having lived here since I was a year old. I have a little canary; I used to have a little black dog named 'Fido.' I have no brothers or sisters to play with, but I have lots of friends and playmates. There are eighteen rooms in our school. Mr. Muir, B.A., is our principal. We have the best teacher in the school, Miss Green. I am very fond of reading good books. Among my favorite authors are Ballantyne and Henty.

ELMER U. P.

JACK FROST.

(By Elmer U. Pugsley.)

Jack Frost went out one cold, night,
Thinking to give somebody a fright.
Slily he crept thro' rack and thro' hole,
Making the old folk poke the red coal.

Away he went across the snow,
Leaving behind him a trace of woe.
Over the country he swept like a ghost,
This jolly old rogue whom they call Jack Frost.

As he hurried along o'er vale and hill,
He whistled aloud this merry trill:
There's no one about can cope with me—
Either in this land or over the sea.

Chatsworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is a river running through our farm, and in the summer we have lots of fun fishing and playing in the water. I have got two grandmas and two great-grandmas, but only one grandpa. One grandma lives quite near us, and I like to go to see her, and have her tell us about her father, who had his arm shot while in the Battle of Corunna, and who was at the burial of Sir John Moore. He was ninety-nine years old when he died. My pa's aunt was the first white lady in Owen Sound. I have over two miles to go to school, and I am in the third reader. Good-bye.

ATTIE (aged 11).

(An interesting little letter.—Ed.)

Clinton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the beautiful Bagster Bible you sent me, and I think it a nice gift. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and would not like to be without it. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school. Our pastor is the Rev. Dr. Stewart, and we all like him very much. He has been in Clinton for nearly twenty-five years. We have a mission band in connection with our church, which is doing very good work.

A. M. M.

Fox Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I saw Minnie Byers wished to hear from me again, I thought I would write another letter. I have a lot of friends on the Gulf. My father and Mr. John McIvor are first cousins. I was staying on the Gulf last July for four days, and one evening a friend of mine and I called at Mr. McIvor's. I had a very nice time. I was at the Gulf Church on July 27. It was Sacrament Day, the first I ever saw, as our church does not