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Northern Messenger

the Power
7-18-99

VOLUME XXXIII., No. II.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1898.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Wanted—A Teacher!

There is open to many members of the Church the unsurpassed opportunity of teaching the English bible. The need of those qualified to teach adults is especially urgent. In proportion to the whole number of believers competent bible teachers are deplorably few. A fine company of young men, members of an active church, recently sought for weeks, for a bible teacher, but without success. This in the metropolis of America, too! Their experience is a proof, out of several that might be named, that a distinguished educator was right in saying that the successful teacher of the bible is a rarity. "The country has hundreds and thousands of men," he continued, "who have, by long effort, prepared themselves to teach the English language, mathematics or modern languages, but where are the men or

one to at least begin the teaching of the word."

Those who, by patient, devout study, thus fit themselves to rightly and persuasively divide the word of truth will be among earth's truest benefactors. The uplifting of the down-trodden, the peaceful settlement of the conflict between labor and capital, the salvation, *comfort and true joy* of all the people, are dependent upon the continuous influence of the inspired volume. Great usefulness lies in the paths of all who prepare to so teach it that it will become a living book, a burning personal message to others.—'Congregationalist.'

Pekin.

(Rev. William M. Ucraft.)

Itself a miniature world, broad and airy, almost desolate in the aspect of some of its wide, unpaved streets; its throngs of mule

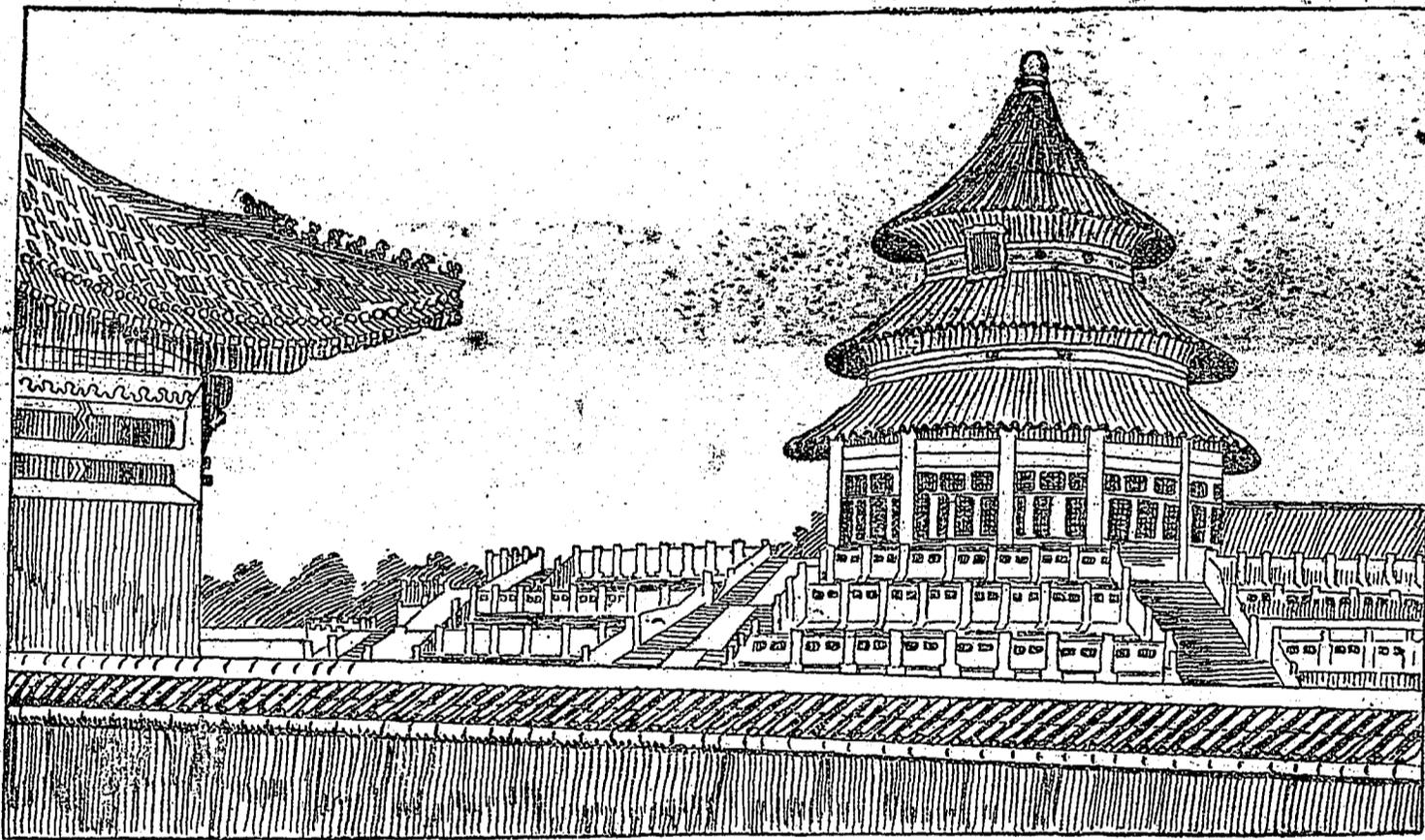
the dim past by the hands of her rulers, China is thus connected with the age when, to her, God was One, and his name was not confounded with the futile and ugly 'josses' that now crowd him from their faith.

On another section of the wall may be seen the discarded and broken instruments of the old observatory planned and erected by the Jesuit fathers three centuries ago, when they seemed to hold the key to the empire in their hands. Strong workers in a mistaken cause, these memorials of them speak of great possibilities now past and unredeemable.—'The Baptist Missionary Review.'

Bring in the Coconuts.

(Dr. Jacob Chamberlin, in 'The Christian Intelligencer'.)

It was twenty years ago. We had recently come to reside in the heathen town of Mada-



THE SACRED ALTAR OF HEAVEN, AT PEKING.

women who have undertaken special preparation to enable them to teach the bible?' While reference was no doubt made more particularly to the scarcity of competent bible teachers in colleges and universities, these words apply equally to the need which exists in our churches, Sunday-schools and young people's associations.

If Christian young people in our land were once brought to see how choice the opportunity is that is presented to them to teach the word of God there seems to be no good reason why thousands of them should not speedily qualify themselves to meet it. The best biblical helps, the most practical and scholarly works of the world's most learned men are now accessible, even to students of moderate means. A few hours each week, devoted prayerfully, industriously and systematically to the study of the scriptures and to the most approved teaching methods, would in a comparatively short time qualify

carts jostling across its magnificent distances; the constant hum of its official life and importance; in these and many other ways Peking is unique.

From the southern wall of the southern city is a view of the marble terraces of the 'altar of heaven,' gleaming white in the brilliant autumn sunshine when we saw it. As the whole idea of the place broke on one's mind; this princely enclosure with its costly buildings and magnificent altar, forming an earthly centre with the whole open arch of heaven for its dome; and as imagination pictured the scene in which the emperor at the yearly sacrifices kneels at the centre of the altar and prostrating himself before the Supreme Ruler of Heaven worships and supplicates as the supreme priest of his people—however debased the ceremony may have become by use, and diluted by the lapse of centuries, it was impossible not to feel that this spot had a sacred value. Linked with

nepalle, India, to commence missionary work there.

The time for the annual drawing of the great idol car through the streets of the town and by the banks of the river had come. Multitudes of votaries from all the villages around, as well as from every street of the town, had assembled before the car. Great rope cables were attached. Hundreds caught hold of the ropes. Up went the shout, 'Hari! Hari! Hayi! Jayam!' 'Vishnu! Vishnu! Joy and victory!' 'Now, pull,' shouted the priest, and off went the three-storied car majestically through the streets, amid the joyous shouts of the thousands of spectators. On they followed it to the river bank. Libations were brought, and poured over the car, and multitudinous ceremonies performed.

Again, with similar shouts, they began the progress around by different streets, back to the great temple before which the car always reposed for the year. Half-way back,

and the car came to a stand. 'Pull,' shouted the priests. Pull they did. The ropes snapped with the strain. All the wheels were examined; no stones were in the way; everything seemed right. The ropes were tied, and new ones added. More votaries caught the ropes. 'All pull!' shouted the priests. All bent to the effort. It would not move.

A pallor came over the crowd. 'The god is angry, and will not let his chariot move,' was whispered along the streets. A feeling of dread shivered through the multitude. 'Yes,' shouted the chief priest from the car, 'the god is angry. He will not move unless you propitiate him. Run, all of you, and bring cocoanuts, and break over the wheels; and as the fragrant cocoanut milk runs down over the wheels the god will accept the libation, and graciously allow his chariot to move on again. Run, and each bring a cocoanut, Run!'

Men and boys ran for the cocoanuts; the residents to their houses, the villagers to the bazaars to buy, or to their friend's houses to borrow. Each came back with his cocoanut, and broke it over one of the wheels. The cocoanut milk ran along the streets. 'Hayi! Jayam!' shouted the priests. 'The god is now propitious.' 'Hayi! Jayam!' 'Joy! Victory!' shouted the multitude. 'Now, pull all!' shouted the priests. The people took heart; dread passed away, confidence came. They seized the ropes, and, with a shout that resounded in the hills a mile away, they gave a pull. Off went the car, and soon, with singing and dancing, they had it back in its wonted place. And as the crowd scattered to their village homes, the news ran through the country: 'The car got set; they could not move it a finger-breadth; but each man brought a cocoanut and broke it over the wheels, and then on it went with a rush to the temple.'

I could not help recalling this incident the other night as I read the statement of the shortage in the receipts into the mission treasury the last few months.

God's chariot is delayed. His chariot of salvation had started in its course in towns of India, and China, and Japan, etc., through the agency of our Board. Have the people lost heart, that it stands still? Has discouragement come upon us?

Run for the cocoanuts. Let each man and boy, let each woman and child, bring what would be to them the equivalent in value of a cocoanut to the poor Hindu as an offering to the Lord, and the chariot will move joyously on.

Had one rich Hindu given a thousand cocoanuts to break over the wheels of the idol car, and the multitude not given any, the effect would not have been at all the same. Each one of the throng made an offering. Each one felt that he had a share in it. Each one took courage. Each one shouted. Each one pulled, and on went the car.

The missionary chariot halts. Many villages are pleading for a missionary or a native preacher. Young men and women, (eight of them), are offering to go out to the different missions. Heathen schools are offered to the missionary to introduce the bible in. Young converts ask to be trained to be preachers to their kindred. Every mail tells our Board of onward steps that should be taken.

Our harvests have been plentiful. Let us put God to the proof. 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

Let the cocoanuts come. Who brings the first? What church sends one for every man, woman and child on its roll? Who

sends the cooly load? Who the elephant load? Who the shipload? Please answer soon.

The Lord's Finances.

A BIG INVESTOR AND ANOTHER BIG INVESTOR.

(By William Ashmore, D.D.)

I was in his office. He was a great investor in stocks; he had a huge iron safe of his own to keep his securities in. He owned shares in all parts of the land; in fact, in all parts of the globe, for in addition to bank shares, and railway shares, and telegraph shares, and dock shares, he owned stock in Europe, and was now seeking to invest something in a Chinese venture. He had happy times cutting off his coupons and drawing his dividends. He was considered a very shrewd and prosperous business man, and was reputed two or three times a millionaire in United States currency.

Then there was another man. He was a capitalist, too, but he did not invest in quite the same way. He had no big safe of his own, but he was always investing something nevertheless. He did not hold a lot of paper securities, but he considered that no man ever had such guarantees, or, at least, none that were better, or could be better, though others could have the same. He invested time and talent and money. He owned stock in some fifteen or twenty meeting-houses he had helped build; he owned stock in missions in Mexico, and Alaska, and India and China, and Japan, and Africa, and Germany and France; he had taken stock in about five thousand poor people, to whom he had advanced small sums. Then all around him in his own land and state and neighborhood there was no telling the number of his minor ventures of all sorts.

Well—and how did they come out—these two big investors? I will tell you. One day the first one was taken ill. They called in half a dozen doctors, but they could not do anything for him. He died and went over to the other country. He was a Christian notwithstanding some of his business predilections—and in spite of them. Men are saved by grace and not by works, and that is the reason he got over into heaven at all. But, then, out of all his vast wealth, scarcely a red cent got over with him. He had given to his pastor's salary, and had helped the Sunday-school, and had always put something in the contribution box when it came round, and was quite ready to give out a five dollar bill here and there to charity collectors as they came round, but that was the end of it. He had really transmitted nothing. Add nothing to nothing, and nothing is the total. He stood then as empty-handed as the day he was born. His life had paned out nothing—that is, nothing that counted for anything over there.

But he owned five thousand bank shares and several thousand United States bonds, and had heavy deposits in sterling in the Bank of England, and no end of other securities locked up in his safe. Ah, yes, but the United States currency did not go over there—nor sterling either; they had to be exchanged first into works of beneficence in Christ's name, into saved men's benedictions, into poor people's prayers and thanksgivings—into cups of cold water and all that kind of currency accepted in heaven.

But now that he sees what an awful financial blunder he has made, can he not send back a cheque? He would like to give the Missionary Union a cheque for \$200,000 to pay off its debt with, and another cheque to the

Horn Mission Society for a sum to pay off its debt, and a sum to the Publication Society to pay off its new building. And he would like to endow the Ministers' Home in Fenton, and the Nugent Home in Germantown, and he would like to give to poor struggling churches and ministers—he would just like to divide a million among them.

Stop, redeemed sinner, stop; it is too late. You could have done it yesterday; but you cannot do it to-day. The million has passed out from your control forever. You cannot give a cheque for a cent of it; dead fingers sign no conveyances. You should have done that before you were put out of the stewardship.—Swatow, China, 'Standard.'

A Brief Interview.

A young New England collegian, having finished his college course and spent four years in study in Germany, came back recently to his native village with a lofty contempt for its old-fashioned habits of thought; a contempt which he did not hesitate to express quite frankly.

On Sunday morning he leaned over the gate in the shade, watching his neighbors going to church. When the old physician of the village came up, the young man called to him:

'Hello, doctor! Is it possible that you are still going through the same old routine of religious formalism?'

'Well, yes, Jack,' the doctor said, cheerfully. 'Same old prayers, same old bible. They agree with a man at the end of life. I infer from your question that they don't agree with you,' looking at him keenly.

'I don't agree with them,' said Jack, haughtily. 'There are too many important matters in-life for me to spend my time trying to "find Christ," as the phrase is.'

'What important matters?'

'Science, for one. That is a fact. I can grasp that. Reform in politics; the betterment of the lower classes. These are real things. My generation wants real things. They are not sufficiently credulous to accept a God whom they cannot see nor hear. They devote themselves to science, to charitable works. They have buried this old-time idea of God out of sight.'

The doctor nodded. 'I see,' he said, gravely. 'And yet—science as yet is but a groping effort to understand his laws, and there is not a charitable or noble thought which can come into any of your heads which had not its origin in the old bible. Do you remember the Indian fable of the ant, Jack?'

'No. What is it?' answered Jack, smiling indulgently.

'The ant coming out of the ground for the first time found fault with the sun. Why was it so hot here, and cool yonder? The glare was intolerable; some leaves were parched by it. "I could manage better if I were up yonder," it said, loudly.

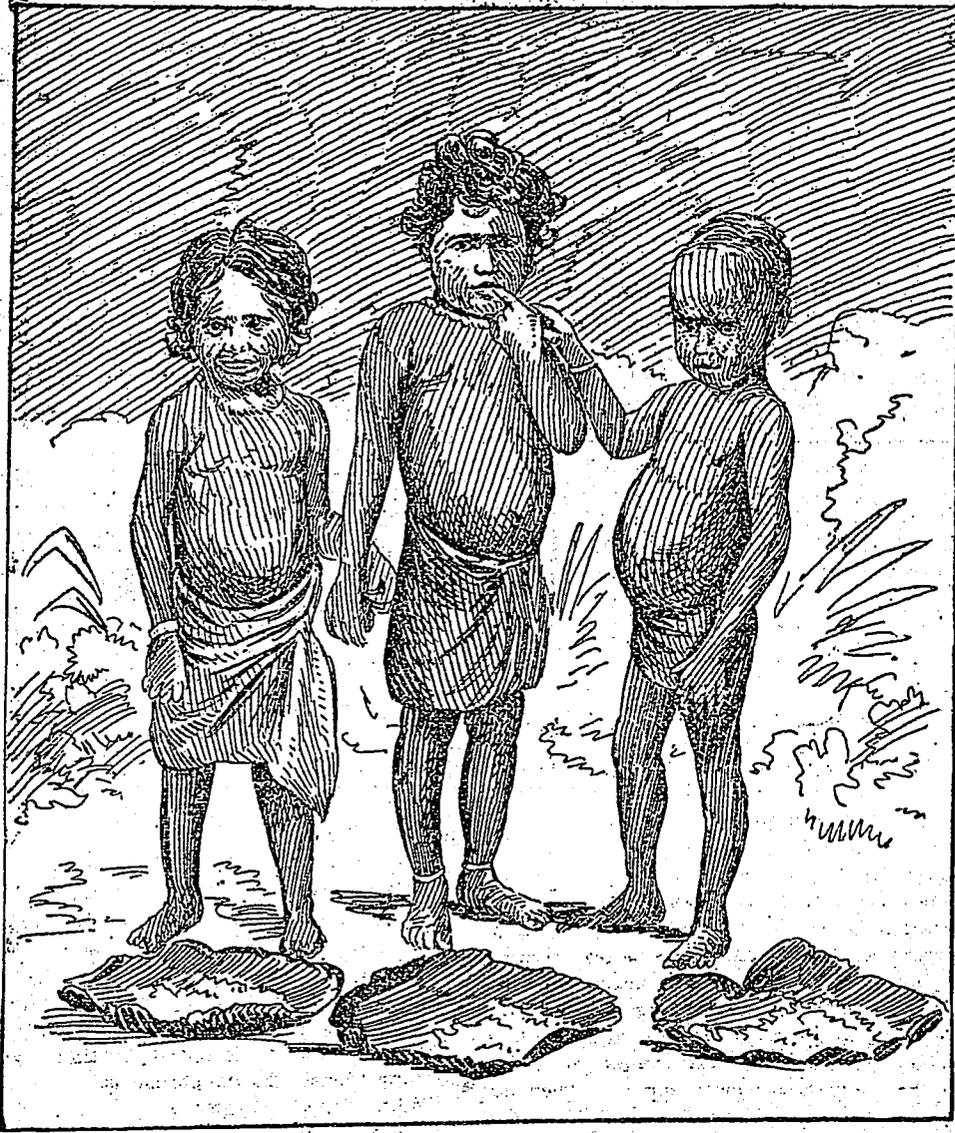
'The trees explained to the ant that the sun brought life to the whole world now that winter was over. "It is a big world," they said. "It extends outside of this garden!"'

'But the ant said, "The sun does not explain himself to me. If he will not justify himself to me I will bury him out of sight."

'So the ant crept into his inch-deep hole, and worked there in the dark for a day or two, and then lay dead, while the sun went on shining.'

Jack forced a smile. 'I suspect, doctor, that you invented the fable. It's simply a repetition of the same old story.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'old as Christianity, and as necessary to the soul's real needs as the sun is to the flower that draws its beauty from the great source of light and life.' — 'Youth's Companion.'



AFTER DINNER IN INDIA.

Children in India.

(By Rev. John S. Chandler, of Madura.)

The picture of the three children shows that children in India enjoy a good meal as well as those in any other land. These two little girls and one boy have been eating off plates made of banyan leaves pinned together by straws. Their food is rice with a little curry made pungent by red peppers. They have used their hands to eat with, and now all that remains for them to clear the table is to wash their hands and throw away the leafy plates where the dogs will come and lick up the remains of food. The clothing they wear, a single piece of cloth apiece and necklaces and bracelets for the girls, is the usual outfit of the majority of such small children, if, indeed, they wear anything at all. Some kind ladies in America once sent out for such little boys as this one a quantity of butterfly neckties to be buttoned at the neck. As children grow older the girls are occupied more and more in the houses, and the boys in the fields.

The young woman in the picture below has swept the space in front of the door in the street, and with great dexterity made all sorts of geometrical figures, by dropping white ashes between her thumb and forefinger. These front-door decorations are made in connection with festivals in honor of their idols, and little girls learn to make them wonderfully well. When she has finished this the young woman will go to the well, with earthen or brass vessels, to bring water for cooking and bathing purposes, and often several girls will go together for company and for assistance in raising the heavy water jars to their heads. Sometimes one

girl will carry two, and even three, pots of water on her head, one on top of the other. Certain castes have the custom of carrying the water jar on the hip instead of the head.

Another operation that requires much practice and skill is that of pounding the grain to be cooked. This is done in a solid mortar of wood or stone, by a long wooden pestle raised and brought down on end on the grain in the small hollow of the mortar. As the grain is driven out around the edge it is brought back by the hand of an assistant, or the bare foot of the one pounding. Two girls standing on opposite sides will pound alternately, and avoid interference with each other's pestles most adroitly. One of the earliest amusements of little girls is pounding a little heap of sand with a smooth stick, as the older ones pound grain.

Boys have to do more outdoor work, following usually the occupations of their fathers. The third picture shows how much of the water is drawn out of wells. They have no pumps, so they plant a stout post in the ground near the well, and place a long well-sweep across the top, so that one end can be drawn down over the well. To this end a long bamboo pole is fastened, and by it a large wide bucket is lowered into the well and drawn up full of water. The man who works the bucket stands on two stone slabs projecting from the side of the well near the top. To help him bring up the weight of water in the bucket one man mounts to the middle of the well-sweep and, when the bucket end is down, walks to the other end to carry that down by his weight and thus bring the bucket up. This requires much steadiness and practice in balancing one's self on the sweep as it seesaws back and forth. It is usually learned in boyhood, and it is a common sight to see three or four men and boys rapidly moving back and forth on a well-sweep, and thus drawing out the



DECORATING THE THRESHOLD.

water that flows along many channels to irrigate the fields of young grain. The moisture near the well encourages the growth of shrubs and trees; and many a well, like the one shown on the next page, has a cluster of oleander bushes and cocoanut trees by its side.

Many boys are too poor to have the chance to learn this kind of work, and get a living by watching the grazing cattle. The cattle and buffalos of a village are committed to them in the morning, and they drive them about over the fields wherever there is pasture, until the evening, when they are brought back in herds to their owners.

One of the great games of the country is to turn loose excited bulls and oxen with cloths on their horns, and then try to pull

that all went back except this young man and his brother. These two were faithful to Jesus and refused to go back to their heathen ways. So they were turned out of their home, and went to a training school to become teachers. There they were baptized and admitted to the Christian Church. Since then they have both become teachers, and the older one is now a valued and useful instructor in the theological school. He has a happy Christian home to live in, with furniture and books to make him comfortable and contented. But his father and mother live in a low house that looks more like a hut with mud walls and thatched roof, where cows and buffalos go in at the front door and occupy one side of the square, while the family have their small rooms on

A Cheap Price.

'Hey, Dick, Dick Morris!' called Tom Fodger from across the street, 'don't you want to go out to Cousin Jim's with me? Father says I can have the horse this afternoon.'

Of course Dick wanted to go. What boy would decline a five-mile drive on a superb September afternoon, especially when there was a prospective good time at the end of it?

'I've never been to your Cousin Jim's; where does he live?' asked Dick, as they started.

'On the plank road about a mile beyond the toll-gate.'

'Then I must be getting some toll ready; four cents each way, isn't it?'

'Yes, and it's too much for such a little way. I'll tell you what, let's run the toll-gate; it will be prime fun.'

Dick hesitated a little, but Tom was the older and leading spirit of the two, and when they drew up at the little white house, in front of which was raised the long wooden bar, Tom drew out a ten dollar bill that he had taken from his father's desk before starting, because, as he told Dick, it looked large to have the money to show, and assured the man in charge that they had nothing less. 'But we are coming back this way in two or three hours, and we may get the bill broken by that time; at any rate, we will settle with you then.' The old keeper looked a little doubtful, but small change happened to be low that afternoon, and he decided to trust the words of the two bright, pleasant-faced lads.

'It wouldn't do to run past now,' chuckled Tom, 'because we must go back this way, but just wait till then.'

An enjoyable afternoon followed what the boys called the best kind of a time, and dusk was gathering when the old toll-gate keeper, looking up the road, saw the gray horse and boyish drivers. Very leisurely they trotted along, and the old man took a step or two nearer so as to be ready for them as they came opposite. Tom, who was driving, made a motion as if to stop, and put his fingers to his vest pocket, when of a sudden he struck the horse with the whip, and away they went before the old man had time to drop the gate, the swift-falling hoofs and derisive laughter growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Once at home, a half-conscious feeling kept Dick silent in regard to the exploit. Tom however, was troubled with no such scruples, and not long after, when in at Dick's one evening, he referred to the 'good joke,' they played on the old toll-gate keeper.

'What joke?' asked Dick's sister, Floy.

'Why, when we ran the toll-gate; didn't Dick tell you?' and he gayly recounted the story, adding, with a laugh, 'You ought to have seen the old man, with his mouth and eyes both open as he stood looking after us.'

Dick's father had paused in his reading to listen.

'Did you tell your father of this?' he asked, when Tom had finished.

'Why, yes.'

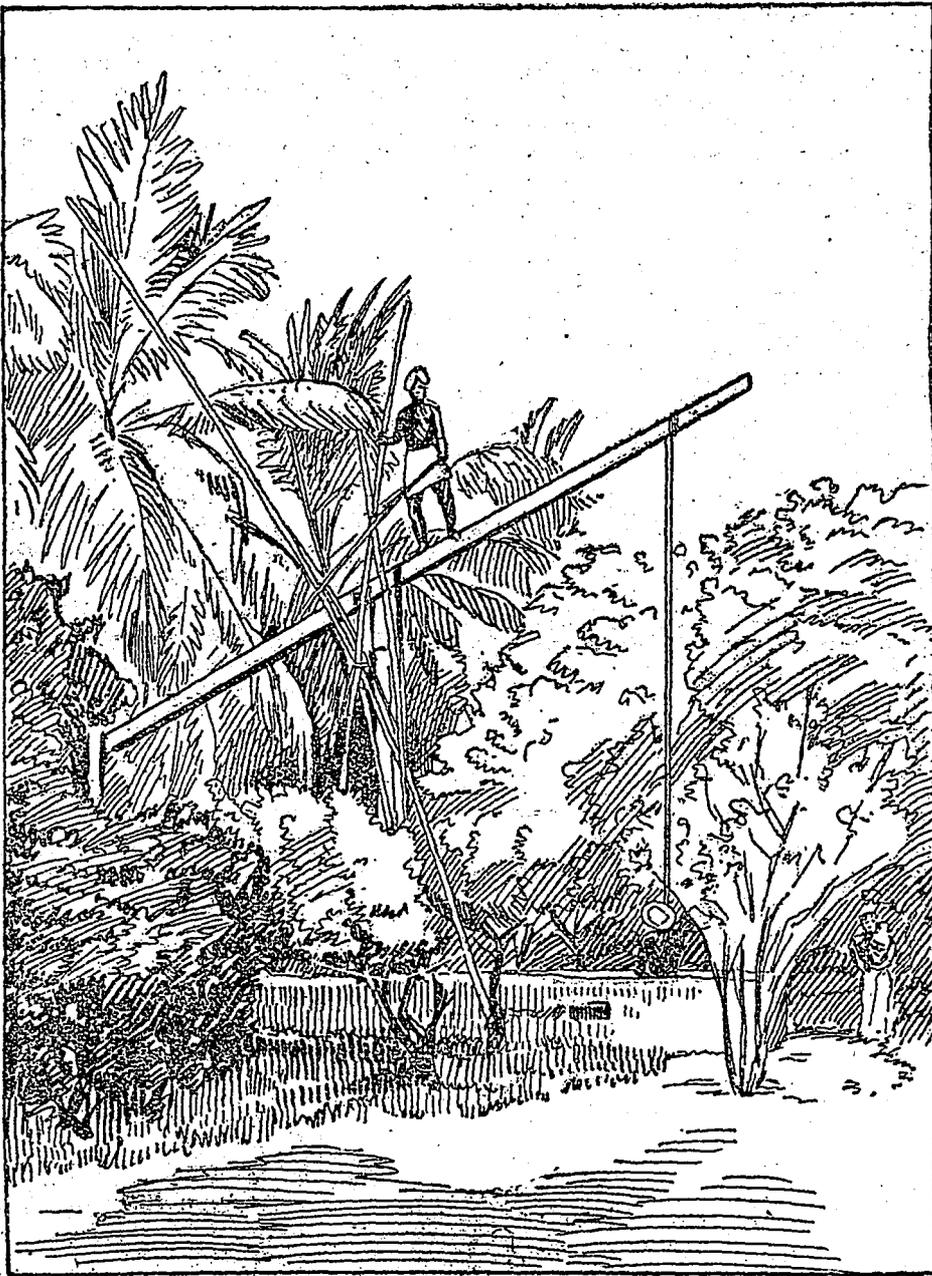
'And what did he say?'

'Oh, he laughed, that was all.'

'Well,' said Mr. Morris, gravely, 'I think that you sold yourselves pretty cheap. Dick, I supposed that my son rated his word and his honor at a higher price than eight cents. I certainly hope that he will in the future.'

Dick hung his head in the light of his father's words. The act seemed so pitifully small that he wondered how he could ever have thought it funny. And Tom, though he laughed it off, soon made an excuse for leaving.

'I do not think I care to have Tom as an especial friend of Dick's,' said Mr. Morris to his wife that night, when they were left



DRAWING WATER.

off the cloths; and these cowboys often amuse themselves by seizing the tail of a frisky young animal and chasing it over the fields.

These children learn much evil from their superstitious and ignorant parents, but they are capable of learning that which is good and true.

One little boy in a heathen family attended a mission school and, with his secular lessons, learned the stories of the bible and many of its beautiful verses. As he grew older he felt that the idols worshipped by his parents and all his people were not gods and could not save his soul. Several other young men felt just as he did, his younger brother among them, and finally they decided to become Christians. Immediately their friends began to persecute them, so much

the opposite side. For the house is a square enclosure, open in the middle. The floors are bare except where they spread mats to sleep on at night. Sometimes, in the hottest weather they sleep outside in the street on the bare ground.

The difference between this teacher in his civilized home and his relatives in their heathen houses is what Christ has done for him in his outward life. In his heart Christ has done a great deal more, by giving him the Blessed Spirit to teach him the truth, and make him hate all sin and love God and his fellow-men. His heathen relatives on the other hand, not knowing the true Saviour, are full of fear about the anger of the gods they worship, and know nothing of the peace and joy of trusting in Jesus.—'Missionary Herald.'

alone. 'A boy whose sense of honor and honesty is no higher is not a boy whose influence and companionship I desire for mine.'

Twelve years had gone by, Dick and Tom, grown to be young men, were each holding a position of trust and responsibility. It was another September morning, and the Morris family had gathered for breakfast. Mrs. Morris was glancing over the morning paper that had just been brought in, when she gave a startled exclamation.

'What is it?' asked Dick, who had just entered.

'Why, Tom Folger has disappeared, and an examination shows him to be a defaulter to a large amount. Dick's boy friend, who used to be here so much! Such a bright and pleasant boy; I am sorry, and so surprised!'

'I am sorry,' he answered, 'but I am not surprised. Do you remember the little incident of Tom and Dick's running the toll-gate? After that I checked their intimacy, and from that day to this I have been afraid for Tom. I saw in that act that he lacked a high sense of honesty, and when he said that his father laughed at it, I also saw that his home training and influence was never going to make it higher. And when a boy has a low perception of truth and honor, and puts but a light value on his word, there is grave reason to fear for his future.'—American Paper.

Swapping Feet and Eyes.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'But, mother, I can't bear it—I tell you, I can't!' and a little lad of twelve years old pulled the bed-clothes over his head and cried harder than ever he had before in all the six hundred and twenty-four weeks of his life.

Mother did not try to comfort him; she just lay down, beside him, put her face close to his, and cried too. Her little lad's arms stole round her neck, and the tears flowed silently together. But at last she spoke:—

'Gordon, mother knows; not all of it, because she has not had her feet cut off. But mothers have a way of feeling and knowing what hurts their darling ones. Look into my eyes little man—oh, what red, tired eyes! kissing them tenderly. Mother would rather lose her own feet than have her boy suffer—do you believe her?'

Gordon nodded, his tears were dried now, but he could not answer her.

'But my boy's feet are gone, and even mother cannot put them back. What are we going to do about it, darling?'

She was meeting this terrible trouble as she had met all his troubles hitherto, frankly and quietly, ready to 'do' if there was anything that would help. But this awful thing that had come to her boy could not be measured by any former experience of loss or pain.

Gordon found his voice.

'We can't do a thing about it, Mum—they're—gone!'

'Yes, darling, they are gone, and we — are here. I have my boy, and—'

'I've got you, Mum; but, oh!—'

The hot shower fell again, and the long, strong arms tightened about her neck.

'Now, listen, my boy, my little man. We will try, every time we think about the dear feet, to think quickly about something else that is not "gone." Shall we drive away the tears with sunshine?'

'Show me some sunshine, Mum. I don't believe there is any, any more!'

'Lie still a minute, and I will.'

She kissed him and then left him, returning in a few minutes with his own pretty hand-mirror, which she held before him.

'What's that for, Mum?'

'I want you to see my sunshine.'

'Me?'

'She nodded, smiling at him as if there were not a pain in the world, though it seemed as though two precious feet were pressing like heaviest ice upon her heart.

'Yes, darling, just yourself—mother's sunshine.'

'Sunbeams aren't beams if they don't — beam,' he whispered, huskily.

'No, my boy,'

'I'll — beam, Mumsie — when — I can.'

'My brave boy—my little man! Now you must rest. The sun doesn't have to shine for us at night, so just snuggle down and forget all about it—go down behind the hill, you know, till morning. There! Good-night, and God bless my little man!'

Six years before this Gordon's father had died, and mother and son were left alone to fight the battle which is so hard when money is very scarce. But the mother was strong and brave and cheery. By her sharp, quick needle she kept 'the wolf,' away from their home, and put a few, a very few, dollars in the bank 'for a rainy day.'

The rainy day came when Gordon was run over by a street car, and both feet taken off. Doctor's bills ran away with the carefully-saved dollars, and before the boy could try his new crutches that were to be to him instead of feet, the 'wolf,' was howling very near their door. But mothers are so wonderful, so wise and tender, that Gordon never heard the ugly sound till he was able to use his new feet without much pain. Then his mother told him something about it, for was he not her 'little man,' the one who was to fill father's place when the 'little' should be changed to 'big?'

'Never mind, Mum; I guess we'll manage. I'm not good for much now, but—O mother, God will help me, won't he? Don't I need help to help you more—more than anyone ever needed anything?'

'He will help you, my son. No one ever needed him yet, in vain.'

Thus they cheered each other, and the 'wolf's' growls always grew fainter when their hearts were full of sunshine.

'Mother,' said Gordon, one day, coming in from a chat with some of his old classmates—for he had not been strong enough to go to school since the accident—'what do you think. Old Gregory has been blown up.'

'Why, what do you mean, dear?'

'He set fire to his kerosene can some way and it exploded, and now he's blind.'

'Poor, poor old man! I don't believe he has anyone in the world to care for him. I have not seen him since you were hurt. I will go right around now.'

'Isn't it worse to lose your eyes, Mum?'

'Ah, my sunshine-boy. God will show you many things harder to bear than your own burden.'

After Gordon's mother returned from her visit to their old neighbor and had told the boy about the sore affliction, he sat still a long while.

'What are you thinking about so hard, Gordon?'

'Swapping,' he said, with a smile.

'Swapping?'

'Yes. You see, it's this way. He — old Gregory—hasn't any eyes, and I haven't any feet. Couldn't I go over there some and be his eyes, so his feet'll know where to go?'

The mother smiled and gave her boy a hug before she said: 'And what will you get for the loan of your eyes, little man? Swapping means exchange, doesn't it?'

'Yes'm. Why I'll see, and he'll walk—isn't that an exchange?'

'Yes, my darling, just such an exchange as your father often made. You may 'swap' just as soon as you like.'

Just a block away was the cottage where 'old man Gregory' lived, with only his hens for company. There were very few who remembered the time, long ago, when the little

home had been full to overflowing with a rosy-cheeked family of children. One by one they had slipped away to the better country, and the old man lived on alone, providing for his simple needs by selling eggs. He had a fine lot of hens and plenty of regular customers. Gordon and the old man had been friends ever since the nimble-footed boy had helped to catch a silly hen that had tried to run away from her good home.

Very slowly and painfully, for he had not yet become entirely used to his 'new feet' — the boy made his way to the cottage, and his crutches tapped up the narrow walk.

'Mr. Gregory!' he called. 'O Mr. Gregory! It's me—Gordon.'

His heart swelled with pity as he heard his friend stumble over a chair and then feel for the door-handle.

'Come in, lad, come in! Poor child, you can't run up the way you used to.'

'I'm afraid I can't manage those steps yet, Mr. Gregory. Can you come down here? I want to talk awhile.'

They sat down on a bench side by side, in the sunshine—the boy who used to win all the foot-races at school and the old man whose once keen eyes used to light up with enjoyment over his young friend's boyish pranks.

'How are the hen's, Mr. Gregory?'

'Eh! Eh! they're having a sorry time of it. I can't find the eggs, and at night I can never be sure they're all in. Old Impudence has stolen her nest, and yesterday one of the youngest chickens got into trouble. I could hear it cry, and the mother fretted all day; but though I felt all around, I couldn't find the little thing. Guess it is dead now. I'll have to give up, I guess. It's pretty hard to live to be seventy and then—'

The old man's voice choked.

'I know, sir,' said Gordon in a low tone. 'That is, I don't know. But if crutches are hard to bear, your fix must be just awful. But, see here, sir. Why can't we swap? — eyes and feet, you know. I can see and you can walk. Why can't we go into partnership?'

'I don't understand you, my lad.'

Old Gregory's voice trembled and he felt around for his companion's hand which met his in a hearty squeeze.

'I'll look after the hens, and where I can't go I can tell you where to go—see?'

'Yes—yes, I see, my lad; I see the first bit of sunshine since I hurt myself. Gordon, you and your mother are the first ones who have really helped me. Folks said they were sorry, and one or two offered to take care of me for pay. I don't mind the pay, but how can I trust people who think of pay before they think of being kind to an old man? Your mother got me a good supper, straightened up the rooms, and hunted for some eggs the hens had hidden away. You are just like her, lad.'

'Me? like mother? Why mother's an angel, sir! You don't know what you're talking about. . . . Well, I'll be over to-morrow, sir. It'll be lots of fun!'

Every morning after that Gordon visited the cottage, and the 'swapping' was a grand success. What a time the two did have, and how the sun of unselfish cheer shone in the little yard where a boy who could not walk did his manly best to help an old man who could not see!

Many funny mishaps there were. One day Impudence got into the house and laid an egg in a hat that lay on the kitchen table, and then in her eagerness to defend her treasure plumped herself into a tub of soapy water near by, while Gordon, endeavoring to catch her, well-nigh took a bath himself. But a merry laugh was the best result of these mishaps, and the boy forgetting himself in his desire to help his friend, forced

himself to try many feats on his crutches he would never otherwise have attempted, thus becoming quite an expert on his 'four legs.' He borrowed books on hen keeping, studied the properties of various foods, pounded his fingers and caused great commotion in the feathered family in his attempts to build an improved coop, growing stronger and more resigned to his trouble all the time. The old man generously divided the eggs with his young partner, and the neighbors, catching the lad's spirit of unselfishness, soon made the demand for fresh eggs greater than the supply.

'Gordon,' said Mr. Gregory, one day, 'who is your best friend?'

'My mother, sir!'

'Right you are. If you wanted to help her very much, what would you do?'

'Oh—lots! But a boy without f—'

'Never mind the feet, now. Just suppose you had feet and money. How could you help her most?'

'I'd build her a big house so she wouldn't have to pay any more rent.'

'Ah—um! Would a little house do?'

'Yes, but nothing's too good for my mother!'

'Does she have a very hard time to get along?'

'She never says she has. Mother's clear grit—a brick, you know! But it takes just so many dollars to go around, and when there aren't enough it's—bad. But some day, perhaps, I can start a hennery, like you did, and that will help her.'

'How will you take care of your hens and mine, too?'

'Never thought of that,' answered Gordon, seriously, but quickly breaking into a laugh. 'But my hennery isn't very big yet—see there!' pointing to two invalid chickens staggering across the floor of the kitchen—his own 'raisin' and a gift from his friend. 'I'll not leave you for a long while yet. You'll get somebody better to help you some day—some one with two real feet.'

'Now, lad, listen to me! I've watched you grow up from the cradle. You're a good son and a good friend. I'm going to be a fairy godfather to you—you shall have a house and a hennery. Mr. Ritemwel, my old friend, the lawyer, is coming over to-night to make out a paper, giving you the house, and—during my life-time—half the proceeds of the hennery. In return for this you and your mother will come here and live and make a home for the old man for the few years that are left to him. Will you do it?'

Poor Gordon! He forgot he had 'four legs' instead of two feet, and he sprang from his chair, tumbling in an ignominious heap on the floor.

'Oh, sir!' he said, pulling himself up by his friend's side. 'I don't deserve it—I don't. But mother does—Oh, let me run home and tell her.'

He hadn't said 'thank you,' but his friend understood.

'Mother! Oh, mother!—Mum—what do you think?'

The words fell over each other, and between laughter and tears it was hard to get the story straight. But she understood at last.

'Darling,' she said, 'if you had given up that night—that dreadful night we shall both remember forever—this joy would not have been ours.'

'No, and if mother hadn't shined, I never could have. Say, Mum! Isn't swapping just doing what the Golden Rule says—'As you would?' One day you said you'd be feet for me as long as we both lived. That was what made me think of being eyes for Mr. Gregory. Just think, Mum! I swapped my eyes, and God has sent us a—house!'

A Terrible Mistake.

(By Alice Hamilton Rich.)

An experience in my own life when a child has been helpful to me as a Sunday-school teacher, and therefore, may be to others.

I united with the church when twelve years of age. The following summer, visiting friends in another city, I became a constant attendant of a Sunday-school in the latter city. My teacher was an earnest Christian man, and during my three months' stay I became much attached to him, and was greatly helped by his faithful teaching. On my return home I received a long letter from him, making a strong appeal to me to become a Christian. I then remembered that, while often during class expressing my childish love for the Master, I had never distinctly stated that I was trying to live a Christian life. I also feared that I had failed to show the teacher and class my Christian faith, and had thus, soon after uniting with the Church, dishonored my profession. In those earlier years fewer children entered into Church relationship, and, although greatly desiring to do so, it was with fear and trembling lest I should fail to live up to my obligations that I had done so. This fear that I had failed to show myself a Christian I expressed in my reply to my teacher, thanking him for his letter, and expressing the hope that I should do better in the future.

After the letter was sent, I thought much of the reply which I fully expected to receive. So earnest was the desire of my teacher that I should, as he said, become a Christian, that, notwithstanding my fear that I had not been consistent in my life, I rejoiced at the thought of his gladness when he should know that I was striving to be one.

Day after day, for weeks and months, I looked for the letter which never came, and in my childish disappointment I said to myself, 'Can it be that Mr. — is sorry I am already a Christian?'

We, as teachers, ought to rejoice over those who are, and have been, it may be, even from earliest childhood, Christ-lovers or Christians, as well as those who later enter into Church relationship. Are the lambs of the flock who stay close to the good Shepherd less dear to him than the sheep who wander away, and need to be brought back? Let us not only rejoice over those who so loved the Shepherd that they never really leave the sheep-fold. — 'Sunday-School Times.'

Living.

'How to make lives worth living?'

The question haunts us every day; It colors the first blush of sunrise,

It deepens the twilight's last ray,

There is nothing that brings us a drearier pain,

Than the thought, 'We have lived, we are living in vain.'

We need, each and all, to be needed,

To feel we have something to give

Toward soothing the moan of earth's hunger;

And we know that then only we live,

When we feed one another, as we have been fed,

From the hand that gives body and spirit their bread.

Our lives they are well worth the living,

When we lose our small selves in the whole,

And feel the strong surges of being.

Throb through us one heart and one soul.

Eternity bears up each honest endeavor,

The life lost for love, is life saved, and forever.

—Lucy Laroom.

Correspondence

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Nova Scotia. We live on Cobequid Bay. This time of year it is filled with ice. The sand bar is a mile out, and it extends three or four miles. In our bay the tide rises higher than at any other place in the world. The fish in the summer are quite plentiful. But in winter we suppose they go where there is no ice and in deeper water. I am ten years old. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' a year and three months.

CLARA.

Miami, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and we think it the best little paper that comes into the house. We have a 'Cadets of Temperance' Society. Our superintendent takes thirteen copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' to give to the children, and they are delighted with the paper. We used the Temperance Catechism as long as they were printed, we are glad to see them coming out again in the 'Northern Messenger.' Miami is a small village which lies at the foot of the Pembina Mountains. It is a very pretty little place, especially in summer. Mount Nebo is a high mountain about three miles from Miami, when upon it you can see miles around. I enjoy very much reading the letters in the 'Northern Messenger.' I am ten years old. Your little reader,

ISABEL.

Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very pretty place on the banks of the Saskatchewan. The banks of this river are high and steep, and its current is so swift and strong that it drives the ferry from one side of the river to the other.

When the ferry starts across the river the ferryman turns it so that the current will go down the side and push it from the bank to the other side, and when it is going back he turns it the other way. We are going to have a bridge soon. There are a good many men in town starting for the Klondike. They buy a lot of horses to go there with, and some of them were trying to make a machine to take them there in a few weeks, but they did not succeed.

I have seen a few missionaries and have read stories about them which I like very much. I got the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like to read the stories in it very much. I am eleven years old, and am in the fourth reader in the public school. Yours truly,

MAUD.

Sherbrooke.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like the stories very much. I am the youngest in a family of five; four brothers and one sister. We live near the Magog River, where the water flows over some falls and then dashes over large rocks, the spray flying up until it nearly touches the bridge which crosses the river. There are five bridges over the Magog River within the city limits. Two are railway bridges and three are for carriages. I spend most of my spare time in skating and reading. I also play on a hockey team, and we are going to play a match on Saturday. We have played three matches and have lost two. I go to the central school and like it very much; my favorite study is history. I like to read of the 'Indians' Battles,' but think the Indians should have been chastised more for their cruelty to the English and French. A very severe storm passed over Sherbrooke on Feb. 16. The street cars had

to stop running, because the tracks were blocked with snow, but the men cleared them off next day. My eldest brother is working in North Hatley, superintending an electric plant which Dr. Edgar is putting in to light up Capelton, Waterville and North Hatley. Yours truly,

JAMES.

Moodyville, British Columbia.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living in British Columbia, and I think perhaps little people in the East would like to know about this place. We live near the city of Vancouver, and now it is very interesting to see the dogs being trained for the Klondike. There are about six dogs in a team, and they are harnessed in twos, sometimes tandem fashion. Some of the teams go along with their tails curled up over their backs, others, again, have to be pushed, coaxed and pulled, to get them to understand what they are wanted to do. On Saturday the boys have a great time, for a lot of them are helping to train the dogs.

The sleighs that the dogs haul about the streets are fixed on casters, for we have no snow here, and a big load of things is put on top of the sleigh so as to accustom the dogs to pulling.

We have a big mill here that cuts timber, and we have ships from every part of the world loading here. The 'Empresses of China, Japan and India,' come into Vancouver at regular periods, and they are very pretty-looking ships, as they are painted white.

I have two pet cats. One is black with a white nose and white slippers. She is a splendid ratter, and a few days ago she came in with a large rat. The other one's name is Canute. (We call him Nutie.) He is pure black. He is only a kitten, but plays beautifully with my ball.

We have a large Sunday-school here, and the same Sunday-school lessons that are published in the 'Messenger.'

We always take the 'Messenger' and 'Witness.' The first paper my mother ever read was the 'Messenger,' and soon after the 'Witness.'

(Age, eleven years.)

ALICE.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old.

I am going to tell you of my trip with my mother and father to Dakota and Manitoba. We took the boat at Sarnia in the summer of 1892, and sailed away to Duluth. It was a very pleasant trip on the boat, and we had a nice long stay on it, for we stayed four days. When we got to Duluth we stayed about seven hours, and then took the train to Dakota.

When we were in Dakota we took a drive over the prairies.

All along the road there were little animals about the size of a red squirrel, and which looked something like the red squirrel, only the red squirrel is red, and these little animals are of a yellowish brown. These little animals are called gophers. They make their homes in the ground by the roadside.

On our way papa stopped the horse and let me out to gather some of the pretty flowers which grew on the roadside. Our drive was twenty miles, but it was so nice that it only seemed ten miles. The grass was nice and smooth, and it seemed as if we were driving over a velvet carpet.

Then we went to Manitoba. We had some lovely drives there too. Once we went to a big river to fish. I had never been fishing before and I thought it great fun. We had fished about ten minutes when something got hold of my line, and I cried out. 'Oh, papa, a big whale has got hold of my line,

and he is pulling me in.' Papa came running up and took hold of my rod and pulled a big fish out, almost a yard long, and not long afterwards papa got one a little bit bigger than mine. Papa gave his fish to my cousin, but I wouldn't give mine up, for I said I was going to take mine home again.

We soon went home to London. We went all the way by train. When we got to Muskoka we stopped a few days. There were a lot of little boys and girls about my own age there, and we had a fine time. There was a little dock where we used to fish. One day when we were fishing my line got tangled on a log in the river. I thought it was a whale and I could not get it out. At last some of the men got hold of it and pulled the line out of the river.

We arrived home safe, and I was glad to see my brother, and my pet; and our home once more.

When I went to school I told my playmates about the nice things I saw.

ELLA.

Pakenham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you before, but I thought that I would write again. Now, that the cold, dreary days of winter will soon be over, and the bright days of spring take their place, the warm sun and the songs of the birds will call the beautiful flowers out from their winter home, to gladden the sick, and cheer the sorrowful. The winter has no flowers; but, like all the seasons God has made, it has its enjoyments. How glad we are to see the first little blue violets growing in the fields. Then come the May-flowers, the daisies, and the buttercups. How beautiful all these flowers are, and, as we walk through the fields on a bright spring morning, hear the birds sing and see the lovely flowers, we are filled with sudden cheerfulness, and we try to thank God for these many enjoyments.

Later on come the roses and garden flowers. It is true that some of them are prettier than the wild flowers; but, it seems (at least to me) that the wild flowers are more natural. As we look at those flowers (take for example the lily), we recall the bible verse which says: 'Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

The golden rod and the asters come later on, they are very pretty flowers, too, and seem perhaps more so because all the other flowers have gone. The Jack in the Pulpit is a quaint little flower, well worthy of mention. When my sister and I were at that lesson about 'Jack in the Pulpit,' in the second reader, we said we would like to see one, and, as it was about the time they grow, we went through the woods on our way from school to see if we could find one. We had only gone a little distance when we found one, for the first time. I expect to have a very pretty garden this summer as I have received a great many different kinds of seeds, and I intend to take good care of them.

How kind God is to us, giving us the pretty flowers, the sweet singing birds, and this beautiful country to live in. Should we not try to do something for him for all his goodness?

MARY.

Bristol.

Dear Editor,—I live on the banks of the Ottawa river, in a manse. My father is the clergyman here. I am nine years of age and have three brothers, but no sister, and my mother always says she is my sister as well as mother. We take two daily papers and ten magazines, and I have a pleasant time looking over them, as they nearly all have a corner for the children.

Mother reads to me every night, I have en-

joyed Dickens's stories and Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,' and my favorite book is the Cannibal Islands, by R. M. Ballantyne.

My two brothers are away from home going to school. Baby and I are at home, and I go to school every day, and was head of my class for a week, and it is a large class, twelve in all.

I can skate, snowshoe, and toboggan, my mother goes out with me to skate and snowshoe, and we come in to tea with good appetites.

I have a pet kitten. She is black and white and I call her Daisy. I was born in Nova Scotia, and so am called a blue-nose, but my nose is not blue for all that. I belong to the Mission Band, and go regularly every month to the meetings. We have twenty-five members and have a good programme every month.

Our Sunday-school is at ten o'clock, and our service at eleven o'clock, and after our dinner we have very pleasant Sunday afternoons. Mother reads some nice story suitable for Sunday and then she plays on the piano or autoharp and we all sing sometimes over an hour and never tire of it. In summer we go out on the lawn under the trees and sing there, and I think even the little birds enjoy it, for they sit in the trees above and look down on us as if they were saying, 'Thank you very much.' We are never allowed off the lawn on Sunday, for we are taught to 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and yet, Sunday to me is the most pleasant day of the week, and, oh, how fresh I feel on Monday!

Before closing I wish to tell you I am a member of the Band of Hope, and an out and out prohibitionist, and when I am a man I will vote for prohibition. Yours sincerely,

BLUENOSE.

Altamont, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—You will be surprised to hear from this quarter of the globe, but as I get the 'Messenger' every week out here in sunny Kansas, and take great interest in the young folks' letters, I thought I would write one also. I am thirteen years old and go to school. Papa has a mill, and I work every Saturday, and I expect to have money enough by May to buy a bicycle. I have a Shetland pony and a rifle, and while my little cousins away up in Canada are tumbling among the snow-drifts I am galloping over the prairie, chasing the festive jack rabbit. Papa and I took a hunt not long ago and killed eighty-six rabbits in about half a day. Papa was born up in Canada near Ottawa, and great-grandma Lough is still living at Arnprior. Papa often tells us about the country up there, how he used to skate and sleighride all the winter, and I think I would enjoy a winter there myself, besides I would like to see the great mountains, large lakes and rivers papa tells us about. We have a grand country here, very little winter and nice summer. This winter it has not been cold enough to make any ice at all, so I have not had a chance to skate. We generally have about one week's skating every winter. Just now the farmers are all ploughing, and sowing oats, and we have nice warm weather, and the grass is getting green; while everybody is making gardens. I live in the south-eastern part of Kansas, about thirty miles west of the Missouri line, and nine miles north of the Indian Territory. This is all prairie country, no timber except on the streams and what is planted. I belong to the Epworth League, and I am trying to be a good boy, and am going to try and be an honorable man. Grandpa moved to Kansas in 1870, and with that exception, all of papa's people still live in Canada. Papa says when he was a little boy in Canada he used to take the 'Messenger,' and was one of the first subscribers. Grandpa, who died here about three years ago, took the 'Witness,' for over forty years. Now, Mr. Editor, papa says if this letter is not consigned to the waste basket I may tell you all I know about Missions in my next letter. Yours truly,

JOHN.

LITTLE FOLKS

Mother's 'Don'ts.'

'I wish mother didn't say "Don't" so often,' muttered Charlie Taylor, discontentedly.

Charlie was generally obedient enough, but like many boys and girls, he thought he knew what was best for him, just as well and perhaps better than grown-up folks. The family were spending the summer by a beautiful Highland loch, and Charlie's grievance was, that he was forbidden to go out in the boat unless with Father; but Father

down to the boat, and to his surprise found that the padlock was loose, and that a push would send the boat out into the water.

'Bertie,' he called to his younger brother, 'the boat is unfastened, let's go for a row.'

'But we're not allowed,' objected the child.

'I don't see why not. I'm sure I could row. I tried it one day with Father, and it's quite easy. Let's go and get some lilies; wasn't it fun pulling them into the boat?'

and Bertie began to cry with fright.

'We shouldn't have come! Mother always said we mustn't! We'll be drowned!' he sobbed.

And the children could not have escaped had not their father, returning unexpectedly from town, seen their danger, even before he met his poor distracted wife. In God's providence there was an old fishing-boat on the shore, and a few desperate strokes brought him alongside of his children, and he leapt into their boat; but it was a long, hard struggle against the current, and he was breathless and exhausted before he could bring it to land, and restore the frightened children to their mother.

Next day he took the boys down to the falls, where among the black rocks and the white boiling foam, some fragments of the old boat could still be seen. The boys looked at them awe-struck.

'Don't forget, Charlie,' he said, 'that your father and mother, yes, and your Father in heaven too, have always a good reason when they say "Don't," though you may not understand it at the time.—Adviser.'

I Wish I Could Be a Christian!

(Faithful Words.)

Nellie was resting by the bank of a shining brook near her home one lovely Sunday morning, and looking very sad. As the tears rolled down her cheeks, the cause of her sorrow was explained by her desire contained in these words, 'I wish I could be a Christian!'

What had made Nellie feel so unhappy on this bright Sunday morning? Well, I will tell you. She had been to hear a young missionary preach on behalf of the negroes, and, as she listened to his eloquent pleading, not only for the poor heathen, but also for the souls of those who then listened to him, poor Nellie felt very sad, and the bitter tears would come into her eyes, and the sobs would make themselves heard, as she felt that she was just as bad as the poor black children across the sea, for she, too, was not saved. And so after the preaching she slipped away from her friends and ran down to the brook, where she might be alone and sob out the misery of her troubled young heart unseen. But was she unseen? Ah, no! My readers know very well



MOTHER'S DONT'S.

was busy in town, and could only come at the week-ends, and often Charlie would look enviously at the boat, and the shining water, on which he must not venture. There were plenty of other pleasures for him, but since Father had rowed the boys into a quiet bay, where the beautiful white water-lilies floated like fairy cups on the water, Charlie thought nothing could be so delightful as to go out again. He did not know that there was danger on these calm waters, save for a good rower; for the river flowed out of the loch in a strong current, and once a boat was drawn in, it would almost certainly be dashed to pieces on the rocks, a little further down.

To-day Charlie had wandered

Bertie looked doubtfully from his brother to the boat.

'Come along,' cried Charlie, stepping in. The temptation was too strong for the child, and he followed.

Charlie found that rowing was not quite so easy as he had thought, but the boat seemed to glide along of itself, and soon they were quite a long way out.

'Isn't this famous, Bertie?' Charlie cried, when a loud terrified call came from the shore, and he saw his mother running along, wringing her hands.

'All right, we're coming back!' he shouted, and he tried to row in; but it was no use, the boat went faster and faster, and the boys looked at each other with white faces,

that there is One who always sees us. God was looking down on Nellie, and He was going to give her the desires of her heart, though she would have to learn a good many things first.

The young missionary soon left the village, without preaching again, and Nellie's sorrow, after a time, wore off. But she never forgot that she was lost—that if she died as she was she could not go to heaven. The one friend to whom Nellie found courage to tell her trouble only laughed at her. She tried to forget this solemn truth, but in vain: when she was awake at night she again remembered it, even if she had forgotten it during the day, and so she went on for a long time.

She then tried to be good, thinking if she could only succeed she should be all right; but having a quick temper, Nellie seemed to get worse instead of better, till at last she felt that she was too bad ever to be a Christian at all. She did not know that the Lord Jesus has power to save all who come to Him. And, indeed, when she heard preachers say, 'Come to Jesus,' she used to think to herself, 'How can I go? I wish I only knew how—I would walk anywhere if He were down here now; why don't they tell us how to come?'

For years Nellie was seeking at times how to be saved, and none of those whom she heard preach told the simple, plain way of salvation. But at last one preacher told his hearers to take their difficulties to God in prayer. Here was something Nellie could understand; and she went home, took her difficulties to God in prayer; then soon after she was led to read the precious verse in Matthew i., 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' That was what she wanted. She read on and on through the New Testament, and there to her surprise and joy, she found that God had sent His own Son to die, to put away the sins of all who believe on Him. She learned, too, that in order to come to Jesus she did not require to go anywhere; coming to Him meant believing Him, with all her heart and telling Him so. She also found that she could speak to Him just where she was, and that He would hear her.

It was so delightful to Nellie to find that she might have all her sins

washed away and be brought to God, that at first she hardly dared believe it, but before long she did; and I will tell you what helped her very much—she learnt by heart several verses, and, amongst others, these words of Jesus: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' Whenever she began to feel sad she would repeat them over to herself, and the dark thoughts soon went.

So at last Nellie knew that she was saved, because God's Word said so.

And who was happier than Nellie then? Her friends soon observed the change, and, to her great delight, in a short time her sister also was saved. Before long Nellie was taken very ill, but she was very happy; she was so glad to think that perhaps she might soon see Jesus, who had saved her.

One day during her illness the doctor who had been to see her looked very grave, and, calling her friends out of the room for a minute, told them that Nellie had only a short time to live.

Great was their surprise at the happy smile with which she received the news. Ah, Nellie belonged now to Jesus, who had been right down into death and the grave; and He had made even that bright with His own love, and there was no terror left for His own loved ones. But, contrary to the fears of all, she recovered, and lives now with one desire—to please the Lord Jesus.

Dear children, will you not, too, trust the Saviour, and live for Him?

Outsiders.

Miss Rex's class thought themselves 'the nicest class in the school.'

They meant by this that their fathers were richer, their homes nicer and they wore better clothes and went to more costly schools than the other boys. It was hard for them not to think themselves better, when grown people think the same way. They didn't see that their blessings were only to help other people more.

Miss Rex thought differently—the way Christ would think—and she decided that her boys must think that way, too.

One day she came in with another boy.

'Boys,' she said, 'let me introduce a new member of our class. I know you will make him at home.'

The boys bowed, but said nothing.

Max whispered to Steve, 'It's Fred Green, at the corner tavern. I wonder whether she knows.'

Steve answered, 'Miss Rex can see he's not like us. We'll snub him.'

The rest followed Max and Steve. Fred sat lonely in his corner, and if he had not liked Miss Rex, he would have stayed away. But he was a manly little fellow, and decided not to care, if he did right.

Miss Rex was troubled; but she knew her boys were good at heart, and she trusted them to see their mistake.

One Sunday they studied Paul.

'When Paul was a boy,' said Miss Rex, 'he went to the best Jewish schools. They taught him that only the Jews were God's children

'But Christ's love came into Paul's heart and showed him how mean this was. He was sorry for treating the outsiders, or Gentiles, badly, that he was willing to suffer to tell them about Christ. He had learned that God loves all his children.'

After class, Steve said, 'Which way are you going, Fred? We'll go along.'

Fred wasn't lonely again.—'Sunbeam.'

The Reason.

When Minnie and Mamie are both at play,
Everything runs in the smoothest way;
Each dear little face is so sunny and sweet,
To watch them together is surely a treat

They never quarrel and disagree,
Nor snatch the playthings, nor come to me

With pitiful stories, as Jennie and Sue
When they play together are sure to do.

I wondered what the reason could be,
Since they all are sweet little girls, you see,
So I called them up and the case made plain,
And asked if they could the riddle explain.

And Minnie looked puzzled, and shook her head,

But our wise little Mamie quickly said,
With a wee, droll smile, 'I think it must be

'Cause I let Minnie, and Minnie lets me!'

—'Christian Work.'



Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Coleman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON III.—A TALK ABOUT CIDER.

(Boy with mug of cider walks along in front of the class.)

1. Here comes a boy asking you to take some cider into this nice house of yours. What do you say to him?

No, I thank you. Not any for me; I never take cider.

2. What is this cider that you refuse?

Apple juice, spoiled by decay.

3. How does decay spoil it?

Decay exchanges the sugar of a sweet liquid into the poison alcohol.

4. How may you know there is alcohol in cider?

We can drive it off by heat and show it by burning it.

5. What would such cider do to you if you should take it?

It would make us tipsy, crazy, drunk.

6. Does cider ever make drunkards?

A great many drunkards began on cider when they were children.

7. Do you never take any apple juice?

We take it in the apples, before it decays.

8. How do you manage that?

We grind up the apples with the little white grindstones in our own little mill. (Motion to the teeth.)

9. Do you turn your mouth into a cider-mill?

Yes; a safe cider-mill, for we swallow the juice while we know it is sweet.

10. Why is it better than to drink it from a cup?

We are sure it can do no harm, so this is the way we take our cider.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partizan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON III.—WHAT MAN IS.

1. What does the bible say was God's last work in creation?

The making of man, whom he put in the world as its king and ruler?

2. Of what does man consist?

Of three very different things, which we call body, mind, and soul.

3. Are other animals like him in all these things?

No; they have bodies almost as wonderful as his; they have instinct, and reason and will, much like his mind, but they have not a soul like his.

4. What do you mean by man's soul?

The part that lives forever; that is, like God, spiritual and eternal; that knows right and wrong; that loves and hates; that recognizes God as its Father.

5. What does the bible say of man's soul?

It says that God breathed into man this wonderful thing which made him 'a living soul.'

6. What is man's soul meant to be?

It is meant to be king over all the earth. And especially is it meant to be king over man's own body and mind.

7. In what way can it be king?

By compelling the body to do what is exactly right; to go without wrong and harmful things even though the body enjoys

them, and to do only those things which are for its good.

8. What does the body like to do that is not right?

Sometimes it wants food and drink that are not good for it; sometimes it wants to be idle when it ought to be at work; and many other things it enjoys which it ought to be denied.

9. What will happen if the body is allowed its own way in these things?

Then it becomes the ruler of the soul, and the soul becomes a slave.

10. But sometimes people do wrong, thinking they will be happier that way?

Yes, but they are mistaken. They may enjoy it for a little while, but soon they find they cannot help doing the things they know they ought not to do.

11. Then which is king?

The body is king, and the captive soul grows weaker and weaker all the time.

12. Can you remember a bible text about this?

Yes. It says: 'Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.' And, 'Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage.'

13. Have you ever seen anyone whose soul was a slave?

Yes. A drunkard is a soul-slave. His body's appetite is king over his soul.

14. How does this slavery begin?

By a little indulgence of the appetite, which grows stronger and stronger, till the poor man is like a person in chains who can do nothing but obey his cruel master, though beaten and tormented every day.

15. How can we avoid such slavery?

By keeping the soul always king, and making the body obey. The body should never once be allowed to have its way when it wants to do an evil thing.

Hints to Teachers.

In these self-indulgent days our children need most of all to learn the grandeur of soul-supremacy over the body's appetites and passions. Teach them that the 'I' is the soul. Have them say: 'I am a soul and have a body fitted to my need.'

Ask them to mention the names of people who have been soul-slaves. Tell them of Alexander the Great, who conquered all the world of which he knew, but who died at thirty-seven of drunkenness; of poor Robert Burns and Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote most wonderful poetry, but died as Alexander did, while yet very young. Let them give instances of similar soul-slavery of which they know. Then tell them of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and others of the best and noblest men and women of the world, who ruled their bodies and were kings and queens of goodness and of help to the world.

Alcohol in Cooking.

We wonder if we are to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness. If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them, for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink, by using alcoholic liquors in their cooking. Wines, sauces, brandy puddings, and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling-block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his palatial home many a time dead drunk, desired to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge, and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: 'I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge.'

His friend asked why, and he replied:

'I can make myself go past saloons; I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner-table at home, and there often I find wine sauces; and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild.'

The mother was told her son's trials and replied, as so many other women have, 'Oh, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt any one; it's just an excuse.'

We know other men who have given up strong drink who never dare taste a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say, 'Men have no business to be so weak,' and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and keep recommending them to their neighbors, forgetting what the bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy, and cider from their pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save so many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table. —'Golden Center.'

Dr. Lees on Fast Life.

We live in a sensational age, because the nervous stamina of our people is lessened—the very brain is going. And why? The silly cry is, 'We live too fast!'—silly, because it is in itself an effect. With less brain force, stronger outward appeals to excitement are necessary. Sensational play bills, sensational amusements, sensational books, and even sensational songs and sermons. What are the elements of this fast life? A fast life is a life of waste, of exhaustion, both morally and physically, and this has been going on in spite of temperance education and shortened hours of labor. What, then, are the chief constituents in this causation which can possibly account for the terrible effects? They are not far to seek, and they are vices entailed upon the children, cursing them evermore with each generation. A tablespoonful of alcohol diluted, taken in the twenty-four hours, causes 4,300 extra heart beats, and its secondary effects narcotizes the recuperative forces. Consider the effect of one hundred and thirty millions of pounds in value of this poison, yearly consumed by 12,000,000 adults, and then consider the possible effect upon the nerve and brain of £16,000,000 worth of the narcotic tobacco consumed by another 20,000,000 of our population. Gambling finds in these people a lowered tone of moral life and intellect, which responds to the temptations of custom, example, and interest, flooding our country with corruption and crime, and filling our homes with heartbreak and misery far beyond our skill to describe. Thrift is natural to the Celtic race, but the unnatural appetite for narcotics, on which brewers, wine growers, and distillers thrive and grow wealthy, counteracts nature. First conquer alcohol and tobacco, and then will foresight and economy resume their happy reign of amelioration and true glory.—'Union Signal.'

My Creed.

There's more true bravery,
In those who own a wrong,
Than in the deeds of heroes,
Extolled in prose and song.

There's more true Christian goodness
In kindly acts we do,
Than outward forms of service,
Performed the whole year through.
—'Advocate and Guardian.'



LESSON XIII.—Mar. 27.

Review.

Matt. iii., to xv.

Golden Text.

'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'—Matt. xvi., 16.

Home Readings.

- M. Isa. xxv., 1-8.—Blessings of the Gospel.
- T. Isa. xxvi., 1-15.—A song of salvation.
- W. Isa. xxxv., 1-10.—The blossoming wilderness.
- T. Isa. ix., 21-31.—The secret of strength.
- F. Isa. lxi., 1-13.—Christ the great helper.
- S. Isa. lxii., 1-12.—The gentleness of Christ.
- S. Isa. lxi., 1-9.—The anointing of the Messiah.

Review Questions.

LESSON I.—Matt. iii., 7-17.

- Golden Text.—'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' (Matt. iii., 17.)
- I. What doctrine did John preach?
- II. What did John say about Jesus?
- III. What did God's voice from heaven say about Jesus?

LESSON II.—Matt. iv., 1-11.

- Golden Text.—'For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.' (Heb. ii., 18.)
- I. Describe the three temptations?
- II. How can we answer and conquer temptation?
- III. What is the teaching of the third temptation?

LESSON III.—Matt. iv., 17-25.

- Golden Text.—'The people which sat in darkness saw a great light.' (Matt. iv., 16.)
- I. What did Jesus say to Andrew and Peter?
- II. How did they answer the call?
- III. Name the other two disciples called on that day.

LESSON IV.—Matt. v., 1-12.

- Golden Text.—'Ye are the light of the world.' (Matt. v., 14.)
- I. Repeat the eight Beatitudes.
- II. How can we apply this to our daily life?
- III. What blessing awaits those who are persecuted for Jesus' sake?

LESSON V.—Matt. vi., 5-15.

- Golden Text.—'Pray to thy Father which is in secret.' (Matt. vi., 6.)
- I. How should we pray?
- II. Why should we pray?
- III. If we do not forgive others, can we expect God to forgive us?

LESSON VI.—Matt. vi., 24-34.

- Golden Text.—'He careth for you.' (I. Pet. v., 7.)
- I. Can we serve God by choosing our own way?
- II. Can we serve God by worrying and fretting about things?
- III. What must we seek first?

LESSON VII.—Matt. ix., 9-17.

- Golden Text.—'Follow me.' (Matt. ix., 9.)
- I. Who rose and followed Jesus?
- II. Whom did Jesus Christ come to call?
- III. Why did the disciples of Jesus not fast?

LESSON VIII.—Matt. x., 2-15.

- Golden Text.—'Freely ye have received, freely give.' (Matt. x., 8.)
- I. Give the names of the twelve apostles.
- II. What were they sent forth to preach?
- III. What is said about the cities that would not receive the apostles?

LESSON IX.—Matt. xi., 20-30.

- Golden Text.—'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. xi., 28.)
- I. Why did our Lord upbraid the cities in which most of his mighty works were done?
- II. To whom does God reveal his most precious truths?
- III. How can we find rest for soul and mind?

LESSON X.—Matt. xii., 1-13.

- Golden Text.—'The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath day.' (Matt. xii., 8.)
- I. Did Jesus ever do, or allow his disciples to do, anything that was not right?
- II. What is better than sacrifice?
- III. How did our Lord answer those who asked him if it were lawful to heal on the Sabbath?

LESSON XI.—Matt. xiii., 24-30, 36-43.

- Golden Text.—'He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man.' (Matt. xiii., 37.)
- I. Give in your own words the parable of the wheat and the tares.
- II. What do the wheat and the tares represent?
- III. What will happen to the tares?

LESSON XII.—Matt. xiv., 1-12.

- Golden Text.—'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.' (Prov. iv., 23.)
- I. What did Herod think of Jesus?
- II. What had Herod done to John the Baptist?
- III. What did John's followers do?

Suggested Hymns.

'What a Friend we have in Jesus,' 'There were ninety and nine,' 'What shall the harvest be?' 'There's a royal banner,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Jesus calls us,' 'Stand up for Jesus,' 'Standing by a purpose true,' 'Sinners Jesus will receive,' 'Praise Him! Praise Him!' 'Shall you, shall I?'

The Lesson Illustrated.

If you have been preparing each day paper models to be pinned on the blackboard, you will do your work here quickly and well. To draw them all on the board will take so

How many did Jesus attach to himself? and what was his command to them?

Did he want people to come to him? What for?

How many days in the week? Whose are they?

In the field of the world and the field of the heart what things do grow? What ought to? What shall God's harvest of us be?

Who was weighed and found wanting? Why? When God weighs us in the scales of his justice, will we come short? Yes, but Jesus in his love will step into the scale with those who trust in Him and the balance will be even.

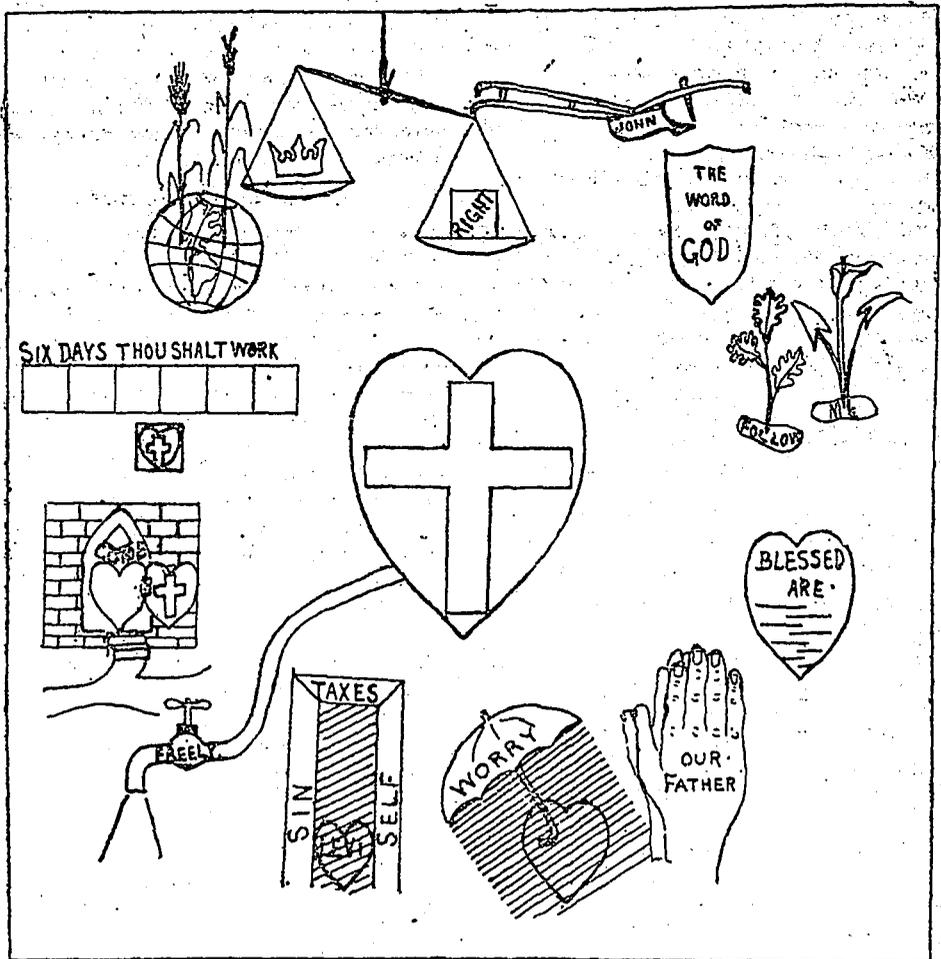
Praise be to his name.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Mar. 27.—God's unfailing promises. — Ps. xix., 1-16.

Individual Work.

An illustration of what earnest Christians can do is found in the history of one of the southern churches in Missouri. Eight years ago a man and woman opened a small store in Galena. They found that there was not a Sabbath-school in the county nor an organized Church, and almost the entire trading was done on Sunday. They set to work, visited nearly every school district, in the county, and nearly every family talked Sunday-school while they prosecuted their business, and within six years there was a Sunday-school within every school district, two churches in the county seat, and others elsewhere. In Galena itself, at the present time, every family is represented in the Sunday-school and the judge of the circuit court always prepares his Sunday-school lesson before he holds court, that he may not lose caste with the business men and lawyers, all of whom attend. The percentage of criminal



much time that it will be hard to keep the attention of the scholars.

The centre of our study this quarter has been? Jesus. So we pin our emblem for him in the centre. Who got the ground ready for him? John, ploughing it up. What shield did Jesus use when tempted? When Jesus walked in Galilee what did he leave behind him as he went? Strong bodies and pure lives.

Give the eight Beatitudes—all belonging to the inner heart-life.

The two hands in prayer teach us to say 'Our Father who art in heaven.' The umbrella of worry is the only thing that can keep our Father's bright love from us, for 'He careth for you.'

Who was called from this door, and what did he become? 'An apostle of the Lord.'

cases is less than in any of the other four counties of his district, and the number of Sunday-school scholars is nearly double the enumeration of school children. — 'Living Epistle.'

Recruiting.

Every child should be in the primary department at as early an age as possible.

It should be the duty of every primary teacher to make a canvass of the church and community, and see how many of these tiny cherubs she can gather in. She should be also on the lookout for all the very little people who are occasionally brought to preaching service but not to Sabbath-school. Every Children's Day should bring in quite a harvest of such pupils.—Alice May Douglas, in 'The Sunday-school Journal.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Conversation.

Scandal implies a malicious intention, and is therefore utterly ignoble. To deliberately pass on from lip to lip some tale that affects the reputation of another, is almost as wicked as to invent a story to his discredit. Besides, stories always grow, like snow-balls, in the telling, and one needs go no farther than a familiar game sometimes played in our parlors, for a pertinent illustration. This is a game in which the leader whispers a sentence to his neighbor, who in turn repeats it to the next, and so it goes the round of the circle, one telling the supposed story to another until it returns to the original speaker. The contrast between the words which are originally spoken and the words which come back after a circuit of the room is the cause of great amusement.

'My daughter,' said a father confessor to the penitent who bewailed to him her sinful indiscretions of the tongue, 'go, and scatter the seeds of a thistle along the high-road, and return to me.'

The command was obeyed, but when followed by a second to gather up these winged seeds, the baffled woman declared herself unable to trace them to their various lodging-places.

'As easily shall you reclaim the seeds of evil sown by careless speech,' was the comment of the wise man.

Grist in the conversational mill is the best remedy against the babble of foolish tongues, the inanity of jokes which are pointless and, the shame of calumny.

May I offer as a suggestion for home conversation the progress of current events? very few people read the newspaper in a manner consonant with its real worth. They peruse the items which are facetious and the daily chronicle of deaths and marriages, also the floating paragraphs which refer to society and its doings. Of the progress of politics, of the wonderful every-day affairs, which are to be set down by and bye in the story of the century, they know little, unless, indeed, they have been taught how to read. Stories of crime, mysterious disappearances, sensations of one or another sort, occupy them to the exclusion of the important topics of real interest.

A class for the study of the newspaper, formed in every household, with the father as its head professor, would open up new realms for conversation. Properly read the daily paper sends one to the encyclopaedia, the lexicon, and the atlas, and is itself a key to the finest libraries.

Grist for the mill! Never to talk unless we have something to say, then always to say the thing which we mean, in English, as pure, direct, and elegant as possible, are good every-day rules. Frowning upon unkind comments in whatever form they come, especially giving the cold shoulder to suspicion, and turning envy and jealousy out-of-doors altogether as forever under a ban, we will not reject kindly gossip, nor refuse to take a warm, cordial interest in all the good which may come to our neighbors. — Mrs. Sangster, in American Paper.

A Pathetic Incident.

It was at the Grand Central Station, and we were waiting for a train. Near us, in the waiting-room, sat an old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning; a young woman sat at her side, who was evidently her companion in the journey.

'Don't you think that we had better telegraph to Mary that we are here?' the old lady asked. 'It seems so strange that she hasn't come to meet us. Maybe she didn't get the letter.'

But just at that moment a lady approached the newcomers. It was very warm, and from her appearance it was evident that she had made a hurried trip to the station. She was not glad to see these travellers, however, for her welcome was anything but cordial.

'We thought maybe you didn't get the letter about our coming,' the old lady said.

'Yes, I got it this morning, but I've been running all over the neighborhood to find you a room, and I'm about sick over it. Whatever possessed you to come to the city in this hot weather, mother?' We haven't a place for you in our flat, and they can't possibly have you at —'s, with their four children. I don't see why you ever let her

come here?' this with a glance of disapproval at the young woman.

'She was determined to come, Mary, and besides I don't see how I can keep her this summer with all those city boarders.'

'What have you got in all those bundles, mother?' the first speaker asked in an unpleasant tone of voice, as her eye fell on several large bundles lying at the old lady's side.

'Clothes,' she answered in a trembling voice.

'I'm surprised that you should have allowed her to bring all that old truck. Where is she going to put it, I'd like to know!' This to the young woman.

'Well, what could I do about it, Mary? She would bring all her things with her.'

'Now, I'll tell you, mother, just what we think best for you to do. As soon as I got your letter, I had John telegraph to N— to see if they could take you in there, and G— said they could make room for you for a few days, but not any longer. And we all think the very place for you to go is an Old Lady's Home somewhere, a real nice one, of course, where you could have your own room and every comfort. You see, you are too old to be running about the country, and too old to be of use to anybody anywhere. Don't you think that is the best thing you can do yourself?'

By this time the old lady was shaking violently, and great beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. The plan had been sprung upon her in such an unfeeling manner.

The station was crowded with people in the vicinity of this scene, and the faces of the listeners looked horrified. The people who had been obliged to witness this meeting at the station were all in sympathy with the poor old mother, their hearts went out to her, and they looked tenderly toward her.

It was our train time, and we had to go, and do not know what was done with 'mother,' but as we passed we heard the poor old soul timidly ask: 'How is John?' and the answer, 'Oh, he is well, but of course he could not leave his business to come up here in the middle of the day to meet you.'

The pitiful, disappointed, distressed look on that poor old mother's face has been before us ever since we saw it that day in the station.

We know nothing of the circumstances of the case, only as we judged from the conversation we heard. But we knew that those younger, stronger women, who evidently did not wish the burden of the care of their own mother, did a most cruel wrong in the manner they treated the one who had done her work in life, and by reason of age and feebleness could not be of use to them any longer. Oh, the pity of it all!

Passing to the outgoing train with a dear child at hand to see that mother got off all right, and that she had all the comforts necessary for the journey, we thought how thankful a mother ought to be for good, thoughtful, loving children, children who do not feel that they have no room for mother, but who are always glad to have her come to them, and always sorry to have her go away. — New York Paper.

Insidious Anodynes.

A warning to persons who are in the habit of taking patent medicines and of treating themselves for real or fancied ailments, was issued a few days ago by Dr. George F. Shrady, the famous New York physician. The doctor has found a large increase of late among the habitues of morphine, opium and cocaine and has set himself to discover the cause. He believes that it is not due, as it formerly was, to the prescriptions of physicians, who have now learned that there is a serious danger in prescribing anodynes for their patients. They know that it is better for their patients to suffer pain than to acquire the knowledge of a drug that may enslave them. But, while the physicians have been more careful, the public has gained the knowledge of these dangerous anodynes in other ways. Dr. Shrady says that many of the remedies advertised to alleviate pain induce an appetite which is worse than the pain itself. Multitudes of men, and a still larger number of women have in this way acquired an insatiable craving which demands to be periodically satisfied with ever increasing doses. The remedy gives them relief from suffering, and they have recourse to it whenever they have a headache or any trifling malady until they become so accustomed to taking it that they cannot do without it. Many of these remedies contain opium, morphine or cocaine, and

the patient unconsciously contracts in taking them, an appetite which he cannot shake off when he tries. — Christian Herald.

Unwelcome Caller.

Jack Frost came to the window-pane,
And softly tapped with his icicle cane;
'Excuse me!' I said, 'the doors are tight,
And I'd rather you wouldn't come in
to-night.'

So he scratched his name over the glass,
And the baby sneezed as she heard him pass.
— Child's Paper.

Household Hints.

Scour ironware with finely sifted coal ashes.

Purify jars by soaking them in strong soda water.

Rub stains on silver with salt and a damp cloth.

Wash out machine-oil stains at once with soft cold water and soap.

Soak mildewed clothes in buttermilk, and spread on the grass in the sun.

Always salt the steak after it is broiled. In this way the juices are retained.

Hold a fruit-stained article over a bowl, and pour boiling water through the cloth.

Clean a carpet with a broom dipped in a very weak solution of turpentine in hot water.

Put a lump of camphor in an air-tight case with silverware to keep it from discoloration.

Brown discolorations on baking dishes or cups may be removed by rubbing with flannel dipped in whiting or in salt.

Wash a red damask tablecloth in weak hot suds, with a handful of salt added, speedily rubbing out and scalding a few moments, then running through a wringer, and starching.

Letting clothes hang after they are dry, or letting them hang through a storm or in windy weather, to slap about, is not conducive to long wearing, or to help the good-man's pocket-book.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting for cake, the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will give it a yellow tint, and strawberry or cranberry juice will produce a pretty shade of pink. — Exchange.

Selected Recipes.

Potato Salad.—Take four or five good-sized boiled potatoes, mash and add one-half teacup of cream or milk and beat until light. Season with salt, pepper, celery seed and one small onion, chopped fine. Put one-half teacup of vinegar in a saucepan, and when nearly to boiling point stir in two well-beaten eggs. Stir constantly until it thickens, then pour over the potatoes, beating all well together. Put in salad dish and garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

Jellied chicken.—Boil until tender, in enough water to cover, one chicken. Remove when done, and let water boil down to one quart. Cut the meat into small pieces. To the water add three-quarters of a box of gelatine, soaked, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Slice one hard-boiled egg, add to the chicken, pour over it the strained liquor. Mix well, and put into square mold. Set it in a cool place to harden.

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