

# Northern Messenger

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THE QUEEN, FROM A RECENT PICTURE.

**Death of the Queen.**

Our readers will have learned from the newspapers the sad news of the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, between six and seven o'clock, our loved Queen died at Cowes, Isle of Wight, in the eighty-first year of her age, after the longest and most glorious reign on record.

At 6.45 p.m. the Lord Mayor of London received the following telegram from Osborne, Isle of Wight:—

'My beloved mother has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren.  
ALBERT EDWARD.'

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Her Majesty's eldest son, Albert Edward, who was born on Nov. 9, 1841, is now our King, and he will reign under the title of King Edward VII. His wife, who has been so long familiar to us as the Princess of Wales, is now the Queen Consort. She was fifty-six years old last December.

**Tennent's Temptation:**

The Rev. William Tennent, of Freehold, N.J., was a faithful co-laborer with Whitfield in the revival services that marked church life in our country a hundred and fifty years ago. On one occasion Mr. Tennent was to preach at such a service on the following day. As he was preparing his sermon, suddenly the impression came upon his mind that the Bible was not the word of God, but the invention of man. Do what he could, that terrible doubt would not be dislodged. Rather did it seem to be more firmly entrenched.

The power to think, even the power to pray, was gone. The preacher was paralyzed. The hour of service came, but he had no sermon. Distracted, he went to the church, ascended the pulpit, and then when the time for prayer came, he rose, and with uplifted arms, he cried: 'Lord, have mercy upon me.'

No sooner was the petition offered than an answer came. Doubts, were dissipated, darkness was driven away. With mind illumined and heart all aglow, he finished the prayer, and preached a sermon which was blessed to the conversion of about thirty persons.

His experience was remarkable, but not unparalleled. Probably every preacher has been assailed by a similar doubt as to the divine character of the Scriptures; has momentarily been startled and stunned with the question:—'Is the Bible true?' A young minister once said that he had never doubted that the Bible was the infallible word of God. Whereupon, an older minister said:—'You are a fortunate man.'

Doubts of this nature are peculiarly likely to assail people nowadays. The Bible has gone into the crucible of scientific study, without reference to its traditional claims to be considered the infallible rule of faith and practice. The question has risen in many minds: 'Will the Bible stand the test?' Doubt on this point for a moment even, disturbs, distracts, darkens the mind, and paralyzes every faculty of true preaching power.

Varied methods of dealing with the difficulty are proposed. Reading what scholars say: resorting to those of firm faith; reading and rereading the word of God; recalling testimonies as to the truth of the Scriptures, all these methods have their value. But the essential thing is prayer: the prayer of the agonized Tennent above

referred to:—'Lord, have mercy upon me.'

Direct approach to God; direct appeal to God for mercy; this drives away doubt, and this alone. Thus relations of revelations are established and maintained. Thus light first shone from the Scriptures into the soul, and thus illumination is renewed. It was the mercy of God which blotted out those transgressions which like a thick cloud hid his face from us. Mercy renewed, we must seek daily lest the light of his countenance be obscured. Mercy, instant, overpowering, we must ask the moment a shadow falls on the Scriptures, for mercy gave us the word of God, and mercy alone can make it manifest that the Bible is that word of God.—Arthur Newman, in New York 'Observer.'

**A Man Full of Religion.**

On one of the Samoan Islands, John Williams found a small chapel and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm, to distinguish him from his neighbors.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while to bring home some religion.

'And when that is gone, I take my canoe and fetch some more. Now, won't you give us a man full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?'

That is what is needed in all lands—a man full of religion.—'Ram's Horn.'

**A Postal Crusade to India.**

'MESSENGERS' WANTED.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger'.)

Dear Sir,—The first response to my appeal through the 'Messenger' for boys and girls to enlist in the post-office crusade for India, has arrived. Fred W. Kemp has the honor of being the first 'Messenger' Crusader. Now, as I am in hopes that we will have a fine little contingent to marshal forth for a peaceful warfare in India, I had better write the coming warriors a letter of explanation.

The land to which we are going by post with messages of goodwill is a long way off. It takes a letter one month to go there, then I have to wait one month for a reply. The lady to whom I wrote is touring in the villages; sometimes her mail is delayed in reaching her. I've written for the names, but we must have patience before beginning our attack. In the meantime send me in your names and addresses with a two-cent stamp for reply. By and by, if the editor has no objections, I will be glad to send a list of the names according to their arrival. I will keep watch of the dates, and those who come first will get their proper place.

Yes, the editor was right about the papers being clean and in good order. When any come to me that are soiled I cannot send them. We must be very careful, too, not to send any papers that have been in a house where there is any contagious disease. One missionary, in writing to me, sends this advice:—

'Ask those who send papers to tie up the rolls carefully, in wrapping paper, address clearly, and pay full postage.' Then she adds, 'Weight them with prayer.'

When you are saying your prayers don't forget to ask that your 'Northern Messenger' may carry a real message across the

sea. It may be that you will be a true foreign missionary and have the joy of bringing a soul to Christ.

The postage on one 'Northern Messenger' will be one cent for India. That is, if your wrapping paper is light. The postage for four 'Northern Messengers' done up in light wrapping paper is two cents. The postage-rate for papers to India is one cent for two ounces. If it is a shade over you must pay one cent more. Until I got my own postal scale I always carried my parcel to the post-office to be weighed.

In Montreal there may be some boys or girls who have 'Messengers,' but whose interests are in home missions. Could we get up a volunteer company among them? A lady came to me lately with this request: 'Will you get me papers for some French children who read English. They all want English papers.' I said, 'Yes, if you will ask these children to circulate the papers after they have read them.'

There are reasons which are wise ones why the 'Northern Messenger' is a paper particularly well adapted to French Evangelization. Now, who will volunteer in Montreal to join the 'Home Crusaders?' Will those who wish to enlist please send or bring their 'Northern Messengers' to 'Welcome Hall, 1207 St. Antoine street.' Let the parcel be marked, 'Mrs. Cole, for home missions,' and then I will know what to do with them. Will some Sunday-school teacher, or several, in Montreal kindly interest themselves in this golden opportunity for home missions by a Christian press. I would like very much if we could work up a splendid Sunday-school crusade through our 'Messenger.' The newspaper postage for Canada is one cent for four ounces. In case some one outside of Montreal is interested, I will be delighted to have you join us. I would like to emphasize what the editor said about the 'Sabbath Reading.' All the 'Sabbath Readings' we possibly can get for India and our French Mission in Montreal will be most valuable. The 'Sunday-school Times' also is in request, and as many Scripture texts as possible, remembering always the promise:—'My words shall not return unto me void.'

Faithfully,

M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.

**The Find-the-Place Almanac**

TEXTS IN EPHESIANS.

Feb. 3, Sun.—Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.

Feb. 4, Mon.—The spirit of wisdom.

Feb. 5, Tues.—An habitation of God through the Spirit.

Feb. 6, Wed.—Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.

Feb. 7, Thur.—Be filled with the Spirit.

Feb. 8, Fri.—The fruit of the Spirit is goodness.

Feb. 9, Sat.—Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

**Poem Wanted.**

Robert Millar, Guelph, Ont., would be glad to get the words of a poem which he believes was published in the 'Northern Messenger' some years ago. It was on the tobacco question, he says, and was about a blacksmith's wife who found a pipe in her boy's pocket. The boy excused himself by saying that the minister smoked.

[Anyone having the words and caring to forward them should send them direct to Mr. Millar.]

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Last Night.

(Source unknown.)

The term was over at last, and four 'sweet girl-graduates' were together for their last evening in the pretty study-room which they had shared for four years. All around were the various books and belongings of their student life, and through the open doorways one might catch a glimpse of the little bed-chambers, each white as a nun's cell, where they had lain down so many times to happy dreams.

It was all past now—the care-free time of

'Certainly!' was the answer. 'There is a world of work for me yet, if I am to be the teacher that I have always meant to be. Teaching, you know, is too often a girl's makeshift, until something better shall appear.'

'The coming man, perhaps!' laughed Millicent Grant.

'Perhaps!' echoed Lillian, laughing in her turn; but in a moment the lines of her intelligent face sobered again, as she went on, 'You remember the German aphorism which Professor Brown is so fond of quoting: "The good is the enemy of the best."

and I have asked Professor Kingsley to lay out for me such a course of reading as will be the best preparation for the following year of travel which papa has promised me. You see, I have no desire to go abroad simply because it is fashionable to do so, or for the sake of novel scenes and excitement. I want to get at the relations of things, and see them in their historical settings. Mere sight-seeing may be entertaining, without really broadening the mind. I want to be able to bring back something more than the ability to repeat my Baedeker by rote.'

'And you, Millicent?' said Lillian.

'I shall help mamma,' said Millicent smiling. 'Papa and mamma have many social claims. They cannot well be avoided. I am needed at home, for of late mamma's health has been far from strong. She is looking forward to sharing many things with me. But, girls,—and the sweet voice took a softer note—'I have had many thoughts since last winter, and I do mean to show that a girl, when entertaining and mingling with friends, need not be frivolous. It shall be my purpose to carry the spirit of Christ with me, and to let it appear in that real courtesy and thoughtfulness for others, which has been well named "love in action." Do you remember what Dr. Gray said in his sermon last Sunday morning?—"Do not grudge that alms to the poor rich people which you may give in the coin of sympathy."'

The girls were silent for a little while, until Margaret turned suddenly to the fourth member of the little group, who, seated at the other side of the room, and from whose lips not a single word had issued.

'And you, May-blossom! What are you going to do?'

Mary Bell started, as if from a dream, flushing all over her sensitive face.

'What a color!' cried Millicent, mischievously. 'Girls, I more than half believe that we have surprised some tender secret. Speak out, dear! It is the game of "Truth" which we are playing to-night!'

'I will tell the truth!' said Mary, impulsively. 'I have been listening to you and wondering at myself. I never thought about it in just this way before, but—I really am ashamed to confess that I don't believe I have any decided plans. It's just this way, girls. We haven't much money at home, and there are five children younger than I. It has been a hard thing for papa to keep me here at school, and, because I have always felt that so much, I seem never to have thought of anything beyond making the very most I could of my time every day. And now that I am going home, I have been thinking of being everyone's helper there. There is so much to do where there are boys, you know—the cooking, the sewing, the lessons, and all that. I couldn't be spared to be a teacher, and I couldn't afford to travel. A regular course of selected reading would be lovely, but, truly, the plan had not occurred to me until Margaret spoke of it. There is not much of what would be called "society" in the little place where we live, but there is a young people's society that is doing a great deal for the young folks, and there is always room for more workers there. I have been hoping that, going from so strong a young people organization as we have here in the college, I may possibly help them with some new suggestion.'

'So, you see, if I have any plan of life at all, it must be laid out piecemeal—a day



TOGETHER FOR THE LAST EVENING IN THE PRETTY STUDY.

school girl-hood, and with the dawn of the next morning they must take their separate paths, which, possibly, might never converge again. It was no wonder that they lingered, loth to let the night bring the separation and silence which would only symbolize the longer parting of the morrow.

All had been earnest and conscientious students, and it was but natural that in this—their last 'talk'—their thoughts flew forward to the unknown future which lay before them.

'You will go on studying, Lillian?' said Margaret Vaughan to Lillian Lee.

I believe in the truth of it thoroughly. No work is ever good enough which may possibly be done better. Whatever my success may be, of one thing I am assured—I shall not let down my aim.'

'You are right, Lillian!' said Margaret, eagerly. 'I shall try to put the same principle in practice, although I have no expectation of teaching others. But if—as everybody must believe—our powers of mind are heavenly gifts, it is certainly our plain duty to make the most possible of them. One need only read the Parable of the Talents to make sure of that.'

'I shall probably be at home for a year,

at a time. I can't work up towards one great thing, I can only fit in, here and there, as I am needed.

The girls sat for some little time looking at each other, and it was still in the room. Then Margaret put her arm around Mary's shoulders, and drew her close.

'You have taught us all, dear,' she said, softly, 'to "fit in, here and there, as one is needed,"—that is to have one's life a plan of God.'—Mary A. P. Stansbury.

### Nan—A True Story.

(By J. Harmon Patterson in the 'Dominion Presbyterian'.)

It was a day that I shall never forget: the day I first saw Nan. I had left the camp three days ago and for three days I had been very drunk. Even on that morning I was not quite sober. I was sitting in the park waiting for Paddy McGovern and Teddy Ryan who were to meet me there. We were to put in the day together and end up with drinking as usual.

She had evidently been shopping for she had a basket on her arm, and was walking briskly along when a bicyclist coming rapidly around a corner ran directly against her. She was thrown violently to the ground by the shock and the cowardly wheelman did not wait to see what damage he had done, but mounted quickly and rode away. I hurried over to where she lay and raised her up. She seemed badly hurt. At first she could not speak and I thought she might be dead. Very beautiful she looked as she lay there. She was about sixteen years of age and so fair that it seemed wrong for me to touch her. However, she soon recovered sufficiently to tell me where she lived; and hastily securing a conveyance I took her home. There was a sweet-faced old lady at the door and it was hard for me to tell her why I had come; but when I explained that the little girl was hurt, they made me carry her into the house. Then I hastened for the doctor, with whom I returned to learn if she was in danger. He relieved our minds by telling us that she would be all right in a few days. The lady thanked me very kindly and asked me to call again.

I thought I had done a very neat morning's work and deserved a treat in consequence. Somehow the idea did not please me; thoughts of that sweet-faced girl came to me as I walked over to the saloon, and I did not go in. Two of the boys met me on the street, and their wild profane greeting seemed to jar on me. I returned again to the park and sat on one of the benches considering the situation, which was this: I had worked hard in the bush all winter and now my wages would soon be spent, then I would go on to the drive, work for a few months, come to town and spend my wages as before, and now here I was no better than a tramp; but why the thing worried me I could not tell. Suddenly I was roused from my thoughts by Paddy and Teddy, who, failing to find me, had come to see if I were still waiting, so I went with them and this day shaped very much like the preceding ones.

When I awoke next morning my first thoughts were of the little girl, and I determined to go and see her, rough as I was. I knocked at the door, it was opened by the old lady. 'I came to see how the patient is this morning,' I said.

'Come in and see her.' On going in I found her pillowed up in a large chair. I had never seen such a beautiful picture. She was pale, and her face was framed by

a great wreath of dark hair; her eyes were very bright and seemed to fascinate me. I stood there awkwardly holding my hat in my hand; not knowing what to say. She soon put me at my ease by thanking me for my assistance on the day before.

'I am sorry I can't find the man who did it,' I remarked, 'I'd jolly well punch his head if I could.'

She laughed heartily at this, and enquired what advantage that would be to either of us. She asked me questions about the bush; and soon I was telling her stories of camp life. She seemed to be interested. 'You do not often get a chance to go to church,' she remarked. That rather floored me for I had not been inside a church for ten years. I told her that I did not often go. 'I suppose you go now that you are in town,' I remarked.

'Come along with me next Sunday,' she said, with a smile.

I looked at her doubtfully. 'I think I see you going to church with a low shanty-man,' I replied, 'I am a fine specimen to go with the likes of you.' And the idea of my going to church with a girl like her made me laugh, for I did not think she was in earnest.

'But I mean it,' she said, 'for I want you to come.'

'I couldn't do it; I have not been there for so long.'

'All the more reason that you should come now. I will expect you to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and you will not disappoint me,' she replied.

I left the house feeling as though I was caught, somehow, but I fully decided to go to church, come what may, it couldn't hurt me, anyhow. So I entered a clothing store to make myself presentable. After I had arrayed myself in new clothes complete, on looking into the glass I was quite charmed by the reflection I saw there. Then I took a new hotel so as better to avoid my old companions; for, to tell the truth, I felt as if they were not good enough for me now. I had risen in the world, and as I sat in front of the best hotel in town, talking to a gentleman it seemed to me that most of my life was a dream; for no matter what a man may be, to know that he is as well dressed and as decent-looking as the average, is a source of satisfaction to him.

Well, I went to church; it was not the finest in town, for which I was duly thankful. I felt very awkward for a time. It seemed to me that everyone was looking at me and at me alone; but soon I became interested in the sermon and forgot all else. The minister was an old man and appeared to be very much in earnest. I shall never forget what he said. It was the old story of the prodigal son, and he seemed to know all my past life, for he told the whole story. I listened in breathless attention, and when he came to where the poor scamp went back home again and the old father was so glad to see him, a great longing came over me to go back to the old home which I had not seen for so many years, and to gladden the heart of my father, whom I knew mourned for his son as for one dead. Tears came to my eyes, for I saw all my life as it really was. All my years of wild recklessness and sin came up before me, and I felt like crying out, 'I will arise and go to my father.'

The sermon was over; the organ burst into a grand triumphant strain which floated over my sin-sick soul as the joyful song of heaven over the repentent sinner. I felt a choking sensation in my throat. I

could not endure it any longer; and it was a great relief when I saw the people rise to go out. I did not speak to my companion, nor she to me, but when we reached the gate and I said good-bye, she asked me to come again, which I promised to do.

I did not go home. I wanted to get out into the woods where I could think the matter over to myself; so I walked into the country, found a little grove and sat down to reason on the question. My meditations were not pleasant by any means and the more I thought on the subject the more uncomfortable I became. At last I determined to go back to town, hunt up the boys, and forget all about it. So I returned; found Paddy and Teddy, feeling ashamed of myself for showing such weakness. They greeted me gladly and geyed me on my clothes, wanting to know if I had been to the Salvation Army; and Sunday as it was we managed to get a quantity of liquor. I was the most reckless of the trio, for I wanted to forget the events of the day. That night I was carried to bed in an unconscious state. So much for a start.

I awoke next morning in the old hotel, and feeling very badly indeed. Not all the persuasions of my two companions could induce me to taste the eye-opener they had prepared for me. As they were seasoned vessels the vile stuff we had drunk the night before did not seriously affect them. After a time I got up but could not take any food, my head seemed bursting, while my nerves were all on a quiver. In such a state one naturally feels somewhat repentant and inclined to swear off; though promises made in that condition are not apt to result in much lasting good. But as I sat on a lumber pile by the river I did make a solemn promise that in the future I would not touch, taste or handle, and that I would go at once to the little girl and ask her to help me to be good.

Now I knew well enough in my heart of hearts, that this was not the way to begin; I knew that the God of my fathers was the only one to keep me safe from the awful temptation in store for me; for well I knew of the fiery trial that I was to undergo. Somehow a great longing came over me to be good, to live a sober life and be respected by my fellow men. Then came before me the sweet face of that little girl; her mild eyes, which seemed to speak to me of holy things and it helped me to make up my mind. I could do anything if she would only be my friend. I had not a friend like her for such a long time that it seemed to take me back to the days when I was sober and respected.

My mind was at last made up. I went up the quiet street on which the girl lived. She was sitting on a veranda in a rocking chair, and seemed quite pleased to see me. I felt ashamed, for I knew that my red-face and blood-shot eyes would tell the tale, but she did not seem to notice.

After a while she asked me how I had enjoyed the sermon last Sunday.

'Miss—I do not know what to call you,' I began.

'Call me Nan,' she said.

So I told her the whole story; I did not spare myself a bit. She looked very sorry and her eyes grew large as I told her of what I had done the night before. Then I said, 'What I came here for is this:—I have sworn off for good and I want you to help me keep it.'

'I would like to do so,' she said very gently; 'but I am only a sinful creature myself; so how could I help anyone else, There is One, however, who can keep you

safe. Won't you go to your father like the poor prodigal did? I am sure that he will not only be glad to have you come, but he will keep you from harm.'

'Now, that is the trouble,' I replied, 'I have no working faith. I know that what you say is true, but I cannot apply it to myself. It is all right for you who have no temptation, and do what is right naturally; but you don't know the struggle before me.'

'I have some idea,' she said earnestly, 'and I am sure that he can keep you. I have my own temptations, and know that I could not overcome them but for his help.'

'I will try,' I said, 'but I am ashamed to, I dare not pray, so what am I to do?'

'Do as the prodigal did,' she answered. 'See how pleased his father was to have him back, and he will be pleased to have you. Is your father living?'

'Yes, but I have not heard from him for years.'

'And your mother—?'

'She is dead, and I have often been glad, for it would have broken her heart to know of my life.'

'Thank God she is sleeping the rest of the dead.'

'She knows not the sins of her wandering son.'

'She cannot be weeping her lost little one,' quoted the girl.

It made the tears come to my eyes to hear her speak of my mother, for I remembered how she used to talk of holy things.

When I told Nan that I could write, and had not written to my father for so long she made me promise to do so at once. The truth was I had been ashamed to do it. I wrote the letter, telling the whole story of my life, and of my repentance and determination to do better. The letter was returned to me. My father was dead.

Before I left the house I promised to go to God for strength and to trust my case fully into his hands. Nan advised me to look for some steady work at once, and as much as possible to keep clear of my old companions. I realize that this was good advice.

## II.

I had worked for six weeks without losing a day. I boarded with a good family, and spent my evenings with them. I was fast forgetting my past life. I went to church every Sunday, often with Nan, and really did enjoy the services. One Sunday afternoon she asked me if I read my Bible. 'Sometimes,' I replied. 'I am taking a course of reading from the Public Library row, and do not get time for much else.'

'You must be careful,' she said very earnestly, 'I am more afraid for you every day. Your real temptation has not yet come; do not relax your guard for one moment, for if you do you are in danger. Do not trust your own strength, but put yourself in God's hands for safety.'

I promised her to do so; and that night I began to think on what she had said. Was it on God's strength I was leaning? It was not, it was on her. She had stooped to help me out of the gutter; she had faith in me, and I was trying to show her that it was not wrongly placed. I was as a drowning man. A rope had been thrown to me, I had grasped it and was saved; and yet I did not honor the One who had thrown the rope. This was not right, and I knew it; but I comforted myself with the thought that if a man would not do right for the

favor of a girl like Nan he would not do it anyhow. I was on very dangerous ground, but I did not know it.

The next week after this conversation occurred, I was laid up with a severe cold, and the foreman, with whom I had become very friendly, called to see me. After a little talk he produced a pocket flask which he opened, saying that it was good medicine for a cold. The fumes of it entered my brain, I took the flask and drained it to the last drop, then I got up and began to dress. 'What's the matter?' asked the foreman in surprise.

'I'm going out,' I gasped. My brain and blood were on fire, and I would have risked my life for a drink of liquor. I never suffered such an awful thirst. In the camps I knew I could not get it, so it did not trouble me; but now it could be obtained, and I would have it.

My companion locked the door and put the key into his pocket. 'I thought as much when you first came to work,' he said, 'but changed my mind later on, I am awful sorry that I did not know.'

'You have no right to stop me from going,' I cried, 'let me out.'

'No, I won't,' he said firmly, as he forced me down on the bed. 'I am stronger than you are and I tell you that you shall not go.'

For a while I lay there glaring at him with murder in my heart. Then it all came back to me; my reformation and my miserable fall. I buried my face in the pillows and wept. 'Oh, what shall she think of me,' I groaned.

'Never mind,' said the foreman, 'no one shall ever know. When first you came to work I thought you were turning over a new leaf, but when you kept on so steadily I changed my mind. You will forgive me for offering you the stuff.'

'Yes,' I said, 'of course you did not know, but you sized the matter up about right the first time, I am feeling better now and you need not be afraid.'

I put in a miserable day. The temptation was still strong on me. Oh, what a mighty chain does the drunkard forge for himself. Returning from my work I met Nan, I dare not look her in the face and she well knew that all was not right. After supper I went up to my room, but could not read. The hour of my final trial was at hand. I wanted liquor. I could smell it. I must have it. And what of Nan, she need not know. My heart was parching and my blood was on fire. I threw myself on the bed in an agony of despair. Only those who have been through the fiery furnace can know what I suffered. 'Lord save me, I perish,' was all I could cry. Nan could do nothing for me now; all things earthly was of no avail. Was there no help? Must I give way? I knew that God could save me; would he? 'Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean,' I cried out in my despair; and the voice that whispered peace to the wild waves of the sea spoke to my agonized soul, 'I will, be thou clean,' and there was a great calm. The wild thirst was all gone and a peace settled over me that I never knew before.

Now I knew that it was true. God could and would help; he alone could save, and I felt a joy and comfort in that faith. Now I felt secure.

The battle was fought and the victory won, and I had a clear knowledge of the fact that it was not any of my own strength that had given me the victory.

From this time I took pleasure in reading my Bible and in searching out the pro-

misc it contained. I saw it all in a new light, and much of what I had learned in my childhood's days came back to me. I could see more and more clearly the truth of the hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.'

Next Sunday I told Nan about it, of my temptation and fall and of the final victory. She rejoiced that at last I had come to a full knowledge of my weakness, and to a knowledge of the strength of Almighty God. She told me that she felt sure that I was safe; and as long as I trusted myself fully into his keeping I would never again have to make a confession of failure.

I never saw Nan again. When I next called, they told me that she had gone away to her home in the country. She left a message to say that she would pray for me and to keep close to him for there alone I would be safe. I missed her very much, but she left in my heart a holy memory which is always fresh. Though I may never see her again in this world, I feel sure that on the happier shore, there will be many to bless her as the means of leading them safely over the dark river to the better land, and I among the number.

## Georgia Lowlands,

WHERE THE NEGROES CHANT AS  
THEY WORK.

(By Louise Palmer Smith.)

The singing angel, Israfil,  
The leader of the heavenly choir,  
Stood silent on his shining hill,  
Relinquished at his feet the lyre.

For, from the rice field's sodden sedge,  
Up from the brake of tangled cane,  
Along the sea's low southern edge,  
In plaintive minors rose a strain.

Low breathings from the heart of toil,  
Of souls that pant in seething suns,  
Of forms that crumble to the soil,  
Unheeded as the stream that runs

Its sluggish current through the sand,  
And sinks, the useless journey done,  
Beneath the barren, fruitless land  
That thrives no better for the boon.

To change this sighing breath for song,  
That were a task for Israfil!  
Heaven needs not music all day long,  
High throned from pain and mortal ill.

The singing angel took his lyre,  
And floated downward where the day  
Had paled in night its searching fire  
And the low world in silence lay.

To every dusky, listening heart  
There stole the song of Israfil;  
He sang of that high world apart,  
Where morning stars together still

Sing of the land without a night,  
Which feels no heat of earthly sun,  
Where all stand white in God's clear light  
With tears and toil and parting done!

Now chants of labor all day long  
Float up from ditch and field and fen,  
The note of hope is in the song,  
As hand to hand the dusky men

Fill their low calling with their might;  
The light heart gilds the empty lot,  
When songs are given in the night,  
The ills of day are counted not.

The glad, bright angel, Israfil,  
The leader of the heavenly choir,  
Sings with them on his beauteous hill,  
Triumphant in his hands the lyre.

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

Mary Davis.

(By Annie Little-Barry, in 'The Pacific Ensign'.)

In the little town of Swansey no child had been more carefully, tenderly, reared than had Mary Davis. Her father and mother were in comfortable circumstances, well educated, and had never known what it was to battle with the world, each having had a comfortable inheritance from their parents. They were not brilliant, but well informed, were not zealous Christians, but both belonged to the church. Dr. Davis had kept a general merchandise store; he had never branched out beyond his capital, consequently his business was on so sure a basis that he could live a happy, contented life and not worry over a crisis.

Mary was like thousands of girls in the world who never in their girlhood have anything to develop their characters, yet who are lovely, sweet young women. Are there thousands of young men who are worthy to be their husbands? Do mothers who are training boys realize that they should try not only to have their boys good sons, but good men, good husbands?

Across the street from her father's house lived Robert White. His mother had died when he was an infant; his father was the banker in Swansey. Mr. White had since his wife's death employed a man and wife, the man for gardener, and the wife for housekeeper. He was a man of simple tastes, and he often congratulated himself on being able to so well manage his household machinery. He believed he was furnishing the best possible care for his son.

Robert was a high-spirited boy. His father loved him devotedly, but never showed this love; he expected Robert to understand it by instinct, and while boys have a keen insight, they need to be told of parents' love.

Mr. White was engrossed in his business; was naturally a very quiet man, and since his wife's death had often become gloomy. Robert was left largely to his own resources, and had none of the loving companionship that is so necessary to help form a boy's character. The housekeeper, Mrs. Banks, had no control over him. She did not even try; it was so much easier to allow him to run the street than to have him in the yard or house. He cut up all sorts of pranks, teased Miss Smith's cat, tied tin cans to dogs' tails, played truant from school, and did all the mischief possible for a village boy to do. Strange to say, he stood very high in his studies, and many mothers who worked faithfully with their boys wondered why Robert, who had no one to help him at home, excelled in scholarship. He played with Mary Davis when they were little children, teased her unmercifully, called her a sissy, and made her life miserable when with her.

At the age of eighteen Robert went to college. At the end of his freshman year he went home for his vacation. The girls in Swansey smiled and simpered at him and were as foolish as it was possible for them to be. Many of their mothers were hardly less foolish. They forgot his boyish pranks and only saw the rather elegant young man.

Mary kept her distance, a sweet, modest girl; she simply nodded to him when they met.

Mr. Robert could hardly understand how it was possible for a young gentleman of his charms to fail to receive marked attention from Mary. He exerted himself, called upon her mother, sent her flowers, did

everything in his power to charm. Mary, unused to the attention of men, soon followed the way girls have been going so many cycles, and became infatuated.

Robert returned to college. Mary dreamed day-dreams and built air-castles, with Robert as her hero. Each vacation was much the same, till in his senior year Robert brought home a college friend who fell in love with Mary. This alarmed Robert to the point of proposing marriage. He was accepted and Mary felt her lot the happiest in the world. She firmly believed never was girl so beloved; never had girl so loved before. Her father and mother, too, were greatly pleased to have her future so satisfactorily settled. To be sure, they had heard rumors of Robert's being a little wild at college, but 'all young men must sow their wild oats' and, of course, when he married he would settle down.

Robert graduated from college with honors, returned home, entered his father's bank. He and Mary were married. They had a beautiful wedding. For two generations no young girl in Swansey was married but that her wedding was compared to Robert White's and Mary Davis's. They went to live with Robert's father, and while we hear a great deal about mothers-in-law, Mary soon learned there could be much said about fathers-in-law.

Father White was a good man, but a very positive character. The house was his. Mary had been married but a few months when she felt one room of her own would be far better than a mansion of someone's else. Robert was supremely selfish, and she found many of her dreams were not being realized, but she loved him devotedly and felt, perhaps, it was her fault when everything was not smooth; indeed, Robert always told her so.

At the end of the first year her father-in-law died. Robert inherited quite a fortune. Mary was greatly envied by her friends.

One night Robert did not come home. Mary suffered agony both of mind and spirit; she had smelled liquor many times lately on Robert's breath; he had come home acting silly. Had he been a laboring man instead of a banker, he would have been called drunk, but Swansey people only smiled, and said, 'Mr. White likes his glass.'

Mary wept and prayed and suffered in silence. She had never even rebuked him, for she had read wives made their husbands worse by finding fault with them. She knew nothing of the evils of intemperance, for, as we have told you, her life had been particularly sheltered; her mother had always used liquor in her cooking and for medicine, and she often said if the W. C. T. U. women would spend the time with their families they spent running to meetings, it would be better. It was Mrs. Davis's boast that no one connected with her family ever drank to excess. Mary remembered a few years ago her father had signed a petition for a saloon license and his talking about it at home, giving as the excuse for his conscience that the man was a customer of his, a good fellow, and would keep a highly respectable place. It was this highly respectable place (?) where Robert White was spending a great deal more of his time than he was in his own home. The morning after his first night away from home, his timid little wife, with a prayer in her heart, rebuked him; he swore at her, called her a namby-pamby, and said he guessed he had a right to stay out if he wanted to.

At the end of the second year their little baby boy was born. Robert celebrated his son's birth by treating all his friends, and was drunk most of the time for a month. Mary never recovered from the dreadful nervous strain of that time. The baby was sick, cried a great deal, which annoyed Robert greatly and gave him further excuse for staying away from home. When the little one was six months old God took it to himself. Robert had, in his selfish way, loved his baby. He now gave as his excuse for drinking, grief over the death of his child. Poor little mother, she was nearly crushed, but not a word did she say, even to her own mother, what she suffered, only she and her Heavenly Father knew.

Ten years later in the city of San Francisco, a Methodist Deaconess was called one night to see a dying woman. She climbed two flights of narrow stairs. In a bare, cheerless room, without any fire (though the night was bitterly cold) a flickering kerosene lamp on the table beside the bed showed her the pale, wan form of Mary White. In a chair at the foot of the bed was a pile of ladies' night-gowns, such as women are paid 50 cents per dozen for making. Mary pointed to these, and asked the Deaconess to return them to the firm to whom they belonged. Poor woman, she started every time there was the slightest noise, as though in fear. The Deaconess took Mary's hand, soothed and comforted her, and drew from her the sad story of her life. Since the time we last saw her, her husband had lost his own fortune. Then, after the death of her father and mother, when she had her own little patrimony, he had spent that; how he had gone from bad to worse, till he often beat her; how she had for several years been obliged for the most part to support them, and though she could do so many things just a little, it had been very difficult for her to eke out an existence, as she had not been taught to do any one thing thoroughly. She told of her pride, her love, her grief, her sorrow and despair. The Deaconess comforted her as best she could. 'Ere morning Mary's soul had gone to that home where sin and sorrow do not enter and the weary are at rest.

Her husband returned, but was too drunk to realize her death.

As the Deaconess sat in that death chamber and thought of the sad, sad story she had just heard, her heart ached for the other lives she knew must be wrecked, even the generations yet unborn, by that deadly monster—the liquor traffic. And she prayed, Lord, how long; oh, how long will thy people permit it?

The Deathbed.

We watched her breathing through the night,

Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the waves of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had left her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had  
Another morn than ours.  
—Thomas Hood.

## The Fountain That Would not Play.

(By Edith Weston Allen, in the 'Sunday-school Advocate'.)

'I don't know what we will do, doctor,' said the nurse, her sweet face clouded with sudden perplexity, 'there isn't a single vacant bed in the ward.'

'One must be vacated, then, Miss Catherine,' said the doctor, bluntly, 'the boy was ground up as if he had been through a mill; he is on the operating table now, and in twenty minutes they will bring him up in the elevator. If there is a nurse in this hospital that I can depend on to do the impossible, it is Miss Catherine. I will tell them to send him up in twenty minutes.'

'Give me a half hour, then,' said Miss Catherine, smiling faintly at the flattery, 'and ask Miss Rebecca to come to my help for half of that time.'

Within the half hour these two swift, deft-handed nurses had cot No. 7 freshly dressed in the whitest of sheets and spreads and pillows, and a poor little maimed boy, white with exhaustion and redolent with chloroform, was laid on it, committed to the care of the angel of mercy known in the hospital as 'Miss Catherine.'

'I knew you would do it, nurse,' said Dr. Paulus, nodding approval to her as he sat down by his latest patient; 'but what did you do with the old man?'

'He is to have a cot made up in the linen room,' she answered. 'Yes, I know it is against the rules, but so it is against the rules for you to bring me more patients than I have room for.'

'That's all right,' said the doctor. 'There are some needs beyond all rules, and this little chap—the boy was asleep, but the doctor lowered his voice,—this little chap will soon be beyond needs and rules, too.'

There was a moment's silence—a tender silence. It is not true that doctors and nurses lose all feeling; they learn to control their feelings, but we who have hung upon their ministry know that the feeling is there.

'Did you have any trouble with the old man, Miss Catherine?' asked the doctor, presently. He was very grateful to his good helper, who had never failed him.

'Not a bit,' she said, quickly; 'I knew my man; he is not that sort; he was eager to make way for the one who needed the place more than he did.'

'Sir Philip Sydney,' murmured the doctor, but the nurse apparently did not know about Sir Philip.

'The man will be walking around to-morrow, and he wants to help me nurse this one; he says he feels a sort of right in him.'

But the old man did not have a chance to nurse the little fellow who had taken his place; the surgeon in charge sent the man to 'The Soldiers' Home' the next day, where a place had been found for this old veteran, and where there was an infirmary with plenty of room.

He paid one visit to the boy in his old cot, and the two became friends at the first word. Did you ever notice how quickly the old man who has kept the child-heart makes friends with a boy?

'My name's Joynes, sonny. You are in the thick of a fight now, ain't you?'

'I'm pretty bad,' said the boy weakly; 'they cut off both my legs.'

'Don't you worry about this body, my boy—not about this here thing that wa'n't put up to last no great while; we're goin'

to begin over again with a brand-new body pretty soon. You know about that, don't you? Jesus, you know, is going to give us a body fit to stand alongside of him. Is Jesus your captain, sonny?'

'I don't know,' said the boy, wearily. His eyes closed and he dropped off to sleep.

Old Joynes was in a great anxiety. In a few minutes he would be gone from the hospital, leaving this lad not knowing whether Jesus was his Saviour or not! How could he leave a young soul in a cold mist like that? But there was Miss Catherine. Thank God, doctor, old man, dying boy—thank God, all of you, that there are in this world, moving up and down its sad and suffering places, such refuges for you as Miss Catherine.

'If you please, marm,' said the old soldier, 'give him this book from me, and tell him it's all there—Jesus, and the new body, and all, that.' It was a New Testament in large print, much used and worn. 'But hold on,' he said, turning back, 'maybe he ain't long for staying here?'

'Not long, I think,' said the nurse, gently.

'Well, then, please, marm, jest p'int him to the Gospel of John. If he can only have part, let it be that part, John will take him right to his blessed Master, by the very shortest road.'

And so the old man's Testament lay open on Johnny Grier's cot, and day and night they read the Gospel of John. Sometimes he could read a bit himself; sometimes—many times—the preacher who visited that ward read and explained its beautiful chapters; even the nurse, busy as she was, took her turn in reading.

The days went by—weary, weak, suffering days for the child. He had almost finished the Gospel of John; he had almost finished his earthly life, too. One night Miss Catherine found his fever higher, his pulse weaker, and she sat down beside him, turning her other duties over to Miss Rebecca. He wanted to hear the last chapter, and in the chill and quiet hours that come before the dawn Miss Catherine read that sweet and wonderful story of the meeting on the shore of Galilee between Jesus and his disciples, and the thrice-repeated question, 'Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me?'

Then she laid the open volume at the foot of the bed and put her finger on the fluttering pulse.

'It's all about love,' said the boy with a faint voice; 'it says we must love Jesus. Miss Catherine, I don't know how to love him.'

The nurse did not speak for a moment, at least, she did not speak to Johnny Grier. I think she was speaking to Johnny's Best Friend.

'I'm going to tell you a little story,' she said, presently. 'When I was a wee little girl I lived in the country. One day my father took me to the city, and there I saw a fountain playing. You have seen them all your life, Johnny, but I had never seen one before, and I was wild with enthusiasm about the beautiful water that leaped up of its own accord into the sunshine and fell with rainbow sparkles into the pool below.'

'When I got home I told my brother about it, and we set to work to make one. We got an old scrap of iron pipe an inch in diameter, and borrowed the garden hose to screw on to it. This we set upright in a pile of stones, and then carried the other end of the hose up to the top of the house. There we had provided a large lard can of water, into which we thrust the end of the

hose, squeezing out the air until the water started to running down the long tube.

'Think how much trouble that little boy and girl took, Johnny, to lug all that water to the top of the house and get all those fixtures into working order?'

Johnny was listening intently, a bright smile on his white face. 'Did it play—your fountain—did it play?' he whispered. He had not much breath or voice left.

'For a few minutes it spouted up quite freely; not as high as I had hoped, for, you see, there was so little water above, but high enough and long enough for us to be encouraged to try again; so again we carried bucket after bucket of water up, up, up, to fill our can. But in our hearts we were sadly disappointed.'

'Presently my father came home and saw our poor little fountain. Oh! said he. "I'll show you how to make a fountain."

'Now, away out among the hills, miles away from our country village, was a great spring of water as big as a lake. It is a glorious spring, pure and bright and never failing. Pipes from this spring brought the sweet water to our village, and in our back yard stood a hydrant, from which a bold rush of water sprang out at the turning of the cock. My father took our hose from the house-top and fastened it to the hydrant and turned on the water.'

'Oh, Johnny! I wish you had seen our fountain then! How it leaped up and laughed and danced and played in the sunshine! We were two happy little children that day.'

Johnny was smiling with pleasure, but the pulse was growing weaker.

'Now let me show you about loving our dear Lord Jesus,' said the nurse.

'When we try to make ourselves love him, it is like the little fountain that Horace and I made by carrying buckets of water to the house-top, but up in the heart of Jesus himself is a big ocean of love, the love that made him suffer and die for us. Now, all we have to do, Johnny, is to go to our Heavenly Father, once, twice, a dozen times or a hundred times a day if we choose, and say, "Father, fill my heart with love." That is what he is wanting and waiting to do, Johnny.'

'Ask him for me,' whispered the child; and when the words of prayer were ended he smiled into Miss Catherine's face. 'Will he keep the fountain playing?' he asked.

'Forever and ever,' she answered, and Johnny fell asleep.

### Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font reappearing,  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest  
But one flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,  
Sage counsel in cuber,  
Red hand in the foray  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain  
Thou art gone, and forever!  
—Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1831.

## The First Silk Dress.

'See, grandpa,' said little Hetty, 'this is the first silk dress I ever had in my life: I'm just as proud as anything.'

'Indeed!' said grandpa, smiling over the rim of his spectacles, 'I should think it was for the maker of the dress to feel proud; not for the wearer.'

'Oh, mamma made it,' said Hetty.

'No, you are mistaken,' answered grandpa, 'mamma only sewed it together. It had to be woven first.'

'Then the weaver made it,' said Hetty, looking down thoughtfully at the shining folds.

'No,' said grandpa, shaking his head, 'the weaver didn't make it; it had to be spun first.'

'So the spinner made it?' cried Hetty.

'Not one spinner, but hundreds of thousands of little spinners; they spun these threads for their own shrouds.'

'Their shrouds!' exclaimed Hetty; 'a thing to be buried in? Grandpa, what do you mean?'

'Do you know who the spinners were, Hetty?'

'No, grandpa,' she answered, doubtfully, 'I don't think I do.'

'They were queer, ugly, green worms, about three inches long, with sixteen legs, strong jaws, and a big stomach. Did you ever hear of silk worms?'

No, the little girl had never heard of them, and she listened eagerly for their story.

'They are hatched out of eggs no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, so of course they are very tiny at first. But they have big appetites for such tiny folk. If you go into a room where many of them are feeding, it sounds like the grinding of a rusty machine.'

'In a month's time they will eat 60,000 times their first day's weight in mulberry leaves, and then their short life is over; they quit eating then, and begin to spin fine silk threads, in which they wind themselves round and round, in queer little oblong balls called cocoons.'

'When he is completely buried in this silken ball, the worm dies—that is, he dies as a worm, but in two weeks if you do not destroy



DRAWING LESSON.

this buried life, he bursts his silken tomb, and comes out a winged creature that we call a moth. Then we take his grave clothes, carefully unwind them, and spin little Hetty a dress!'

'Oh, how strange!' said little Hetty, softly. 'They didn't know they were making me a dress, grandpa?'

'No,' said grandpa; 'and there was another thing they didn't know, little Hetty; when they went to sleep in their silken graves, they didn't know they would leave their ugly worm bodies, and come to light again with wings.'

'But we know, because God has taught us, that when we lie down in our graves, we are to rise again, clothed with a more radiant garment than any loom could spin, even the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness!'

Grandpa had forgotten little

Hetty, and was gazing far away into the sky but Hetty never forgot the story of the silk worm and its beautiful meaning.—E. P. A., in 'Central Presbyterian.'

How the birds sing nowadays! We don't think it polite to peep in people's houses unless we are invited. There are some people, however, who watch the birds so closely that they can tell just when different birds wake up and when they go to sleep, when they eat and what they eat, and how many children they have. They know, too, whether birds are generous or selfish, cross or kind.

Well, people can easily find that out about us. And they do, too, and watch us pretty closely. We had better look out what they say about us!

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.



**Zip and Phoebe.**

(A cat-bird story, by Florence A. Van Sant, in 'Bird-Lore'.)

Early each spring I watch for the return of a Phoebe bird, which usually gladdens my heart by his appearance about sundown of some bright day. He is alone, because, according to most authorities, he travels in advance of his mate; and when I ask with wonder, 'Well, Peter, where is Phoebe?' with a quick dip of his tail and an expressive twitter, he seems to say, 'She will arrive on the next train.'

For several years they have returned to the same nest beneath the roof of my veranda, each spring re-lining the inside and brightening the outside with green moss. They always raise two broods. They are very tame, and from year to year do not seem to forget their confidence of the previous summer, and will perch on the cedar tree close to the porch, or light on the rope of the hammock only a few feet away from me.

I have so trained my cat Zip, that she thinks it is as wicked to look at a bird as she does to climb on the table, and never does either. Peter and Phoebe seemed to know that they had nothing to fear from her; and, when sitting on the little white eggs, their bright eyes would peep over the nest at Zip, sitting or napping in the easy chair below. When the young birds arrived, the parents would fly back and forth feeding them, without showing any more fear of the cat than they did of me.

While busy in the house one day my attention was attracted by a loud tapping at the window, and on looking up I saw Phoebe apparently in great distress. She would fly at the window, striking the glass with her bill, circle round, fly back again, and tap, as though trying to attract my attention. Upon my appearance at the door she flew toward the nest, and, pausing on the wing, as a kingfisher will poise over the water when seeing a fish, uttered sharp cries, fluttering her wings all the while, and telling me in bird language of her trouble. There sat a cat on the chair just below the nest, but it was not Zip. She had taken no other cat into her confidence, hence her alarm. When I drove the strange cat away she quieted down and administered to the wants of her family as usual.

This little incident seems to show that birds become so accustomed to their environments that they know each member of the family, even to the dog and cat, and that they possess a certain degree of reasoning power.

One day later in the season, when they were raising the second family, my attention was again attracted by the same cries. A pair of my tame pigeons, looking for a place to build, had lighted on the cornice over the door not far from the nest, and both Peter and Phoebe were trying to drive them away. They would dart almost up to them, all the while snapping their bills vigorously, as though catching a succession of insects, but before the pigeons could strike with their wings, would dart away, and like a flash be back again. They did not seem to be calling on me for assistance, but were themselves fighting for what they considered their rights, and evidently did not think pigeons 'as harmless as doves.' The warfare continued at intervals for several days, until the pigeons decided it was an unpleasant locality for a future home, and retired to the barn.

**Blue Birds.**

Mr. John Burroughs tells us, in a bright, beautiful book, called, 'Locusts and Wild Honey,' about some bluebirds he had been watching. He said: 'While they were yet under their parents' care, they began another nest in one of the other boxes, the female, as usual, doing all the work, and the male all the complimenting. A source of distress to the mother bird was a white cat that sometimes followed me about. The cat had never been known to catch a bird, but she had a way of watching them that was very embarrassing to the birds. Whenever she appeared the bluebird would set up that pitiful plaint. One morning the cat was standing by me while the bluebird's beak was loaded with building material. When she saw the cat she was greatly disturbed and could not keep her hold on the material. Straw after straw kept coming down till not half her burden remained. After the cat had gone away the bird's alarm subsided till, seeing the coast clear, she flew quickly to the box and pitched

in her remaining straws and flew away in great relief.'

Some springs the father birds come before the mother birds. They follow a week later. See how it will be this spring. Watch everything as it comes. The same writer says, 'Some people seem to have opened more eyes than others.' They see so much more. Open as many eyes as you can.

**One of the Dwellers in a Tree-Top House.**

We give the picture of one of the tree-top dwellers. He does not seem to be disposed to tell us anything about his home, but his appearance may help some of our birds in their discussion about it. He seems to have spared no pains in getting himself ready to sit for his picture. The fantastic ornaments on ears, nose, head and neck plainly tell the story of a savage



taste. A very scanty supply of cloth made from the bark of trees or from leaves, is enough to supply his very simple wants in dress. But when ornaments are wanted, beasts, birds and fishes have to offer bones, claws, feathers and teeth to supply the necklaces, armlets, and earrings, which the people make in their own homes. What else can the birds tell about the wearers of all this finery?

Do you know how long one inch is? Can you think what one thousandth of an inch would be? There are little screws, meant for watches, no longer than four thousandths of an inch. When you see them with your eye only, they look like dust. When you use a strong magnifying glass, you will see screws so small that a thimble would hold one hundred thousand. —'Mayflower.'



LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 10.

**Parable of the Talents.**Matthew xxv., 14-30. Memory verses,  
20, 21.

(May be used as a Temperance Lesson.)

**Golden Text.**

'So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God.'—Romans xiv., 12.

**The Bible Lesson.**

19. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

20. And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22. He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24. Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed:

25. And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

26. His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

27. Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

28. Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

29. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

30. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

**Lesson Hymn.**Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares,  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear  
When the decisive hour is near.Almighty God, thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares.  
—Philip Doddridge.**Suggestions.**

Last week we studied the parable of the inner life of the Church, to-day we are to study its outward activities. First, the heart must be right toward God, then the life will be fruitful in good works.

The parable of the talents is strikingly different from the parable of the Pounds, in which the servants started with the same amount of capital, but by their different uses of it secured widely different results, and were rewarded according to their faithfulness. On the other hand those who received the talents received not equal sums at the beginning, but sums proportionate to

their abilities, and were rewarded also according to their faithfulness. The lesson is the same in both parables, that faithful service for Christ will always be rewarded, and that unfaithfulness will always be punished. Nature teaches us that the punishment for not using any faculty is the gradual loss of that faculty; that which is not used becomes useless. That which is most used as a rule becomes most useful. Two men start out on a walking match, one is accustomed to talking long walks, the other has never gone a step farther than he had to. Nature says that the first must win because he has previously made use of his ability to walk and has strengthened and developed those muscles, which the other man has allowed to fall into disuse. Every faculty is God-given and should be used for God.

'Sow an act, reap a habit;  
Sow a habit, reap a character;  
Sow a character, reap a destiny.'

The talents represent our natural abilities and the man who makes good use of his two talents receives the same reward as he who has made good use of his five talents. The carpenter may be as faithful in his work as the minister in his. The patient prayerful cobbler may glorify God by his daily life as much as does the most brilliant statesman. The errand boy may have as important a place in God's plan as has the famous doctor; if an errand boy should say to himself, 'I am of no importance, it does not matter whether I am faithful or not; if I were a great doctor, of course, it would matter,'—he is making a great mistake, for if he is unfaithful in his work, if, for instance, he fails to deliver a message that the doctor is wanted at once for a dying child, or if he fails to carry the medicine quickly, the disease and death that may result are due to his unfaithfulness. One man's responsibility to be true and faithful is just as great as another man's. Every man is responsible to God for the right use of his faculties. He who neglects his talents or uses them only for his own gratification must find at the judgment day that unfaithfulness brings loss, inevitable and irretrievable.

But loss is not all the indolent servant's doom. Once more, like the slow toll of a funeral bell, we hear the dread sentence of ejection to the mirk midnight without, where are tears undried and passion unavailing. There is something very awful in the monotonous repetition of that sentence so often in these last discourses of Christ's. The most loving lips that ever spoke have, in love, shaped this form of words, so heart-touching in their wailing but decisive proclamation of blackness, homelessness, and sorrow, and cannot but toll them over and over again into our ears, in sad knowledge of our forgetfulness and unbelief,—if, perchance, we may listen and be warned—and, having heard the sound thereof, may never know the reality of that death in life which is the sure end of the indolent who were blind to his gifts and, therefore, would not listen to his requirements.—From 'Bible Class Expositions,' by Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

**Questions.**

Relate the parable of the talents? Who are the servants that have received talents? Is there anyone who has not one single talent? To whom do the talents belong? How can we use them for God? To whom must we answer for the neglect or misuse of our talents? Is the man with one talent any less responsible than the man with five? Does strong drink poison the body and injure the faculties which God has given us? What is your talent, health? Winsomeness? Energy? A good voice? A pleasant manner? How are you spending it for God?

**C. E. Topic.**

Sun., Feb. 10.—Topic.—If Christ should come to-morrow.—I. Thess. v., 1, 2, 4-8.

**Junior C. E. Topic.**

THE FATHERS OF THE BIBLE.

Mon., Feb. 4.—Faithful Abraham.—Gen. xxii., 2, 3.

Tues., Feb. 5.—Indulgent Eli.—I. Sam. iii., 13.

Wed., Feb. 6.—The rash vow.—Judges xi., 30, 31.

Thu., Feb. 7.—David punished in Absalom. II. Samuel xviii., 33.

Fri., Feb. 8.—Sacrificing Zebedee.—Matt. iv., 21, 22.

Sat. Feb. 9.—The Heavenly Father.—Matt. vi., 25, 26.

Sun., Feb. 10.—Topic.—Lessons from Bible fathers, (Eli, David, Abraham, Jephthah, etc.)

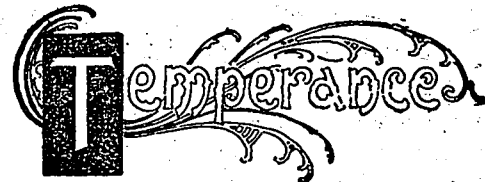
**Free Church Catechism.**

18. Q.—How does Jesus Christ still carry on his work of salvation?

A.—By the third person in the blessed Trinity, the Holy Spirit, who was sent forth at Pentecost.

19. Q.—What is the mystery of the blessed Trinity?

A.—That the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, into whose name we are baptized, are one God.

**Just One Drink.**

(By Aunt Nellie, in 'Youth's Temperance Banner'.)

It was at a children's party. A beautiful little girl with a face as sweet as a cherub, and yet marked with sadness, sat in a small rocking chair watching the other children play and taking no part. A dainty white cape, rather long, was thrown about her. More than one child wondered why, but presently they all found out 'why.' During one of the games, one of the guests approached the beautiful stranger with kindly attention. They were playing 'Barbie Brunt.' 'Put out your hands,' she said, 'and I'll fill 'em full to the brim.'

But the gentle request was not obeyed. 'Put out your hands, I say,' demanded the leader. 'Don't you want to play?' Still the child did not put out her hands. Her face paled. She tried to speak, but could not find her voice. At this moment, the little hostess, a charming child, entered the room. Finding her guests watching the little visitor (who was spending a few days at her home), who looked disturbed, she asked:

'What is the matter?'  
'She won't play "Barbie Brunt,"' was the answer.

'She can't play "Barbie Brunt,"' said the hostess, sorrowfully.

The little stranger had no arms. She was the child of wealthy parents, who did all they could for her comfort and pleasure, but they could not bring back to her her arms.

It is a sad story. One day she was sitting on the front door step of her beautiful home—a happy, laughing child. While she sat there singing a lullaby to her dolly, her brother came home. He had a gun in his hand and he was staggering. She thought he was staggering for fun, and she laughed in childish glee.

'I'm going to shoot you,' he said angrily. Then she was afraid. As he raised the gun she bent her head and threw up her hands. The boy fired. The dear little hands of the child were almost completely shot off. They had to be amputated at the wrists, and later—to save her life—her arms were cut off.

The boy was broken-hearted; he wanted to put himself out of the world. He had always loved his little sister, but just 'one drink' had made him wild. He never took a drop of intoxicating drink after that 'black day' in his life's calendar. But even his remorseful agony could not bring back the dimpled arms to his beloved little sister. His hair grew white before he was of age. Notwithstanding his father's wealth his days are spent in hard manual labor. He wants to forget that black day, but he cannot. No matter how tired he is, he never rests his weary head upon the pillow without this thought haunting him:

'Janie's dear little arms!—Janie's dear little arms! The price of just one drink'

**A Doctor on Alcohol.**

At the recent annual meeting of the Dundee and District Band of Hope Union, Dr. Mackie White said that alcohol was useless as an energiser—a small dose has been proved to diminish muscular energy—but it was true in a way that liquor would stimulate a person. It paralysed the very highest nerve centres—those that had to do with self-control and attention to outside objects—and consequently the lower centres acted more freely. An after-dinner speaker, for instance, very frequently said that he could not talk unless he had a glass of wine—or more than one. The reason was that the liquor made him slightly disregarding of impressions that otherwise would flock in upon him from all parts of the room, and, while he might think he was making a brilliant speech, he very often found that it was much different when he read his newspaper the next morning.

**From Our Mail Bag.**

Of the many encouraging letters being received, here are a few:—

Lower Selmah, N.S.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,—

Respected Sirs,—We gladly welcome the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Witness' to our home. May God bless you in your noble work.  
Yours sincerely,  
(MRS.) A. ANTHONY.

Union Road, Queen's Co., P.E.I.

Dear Sirs,—Your notice for renewal of subscription to the 'Daily Witness' to hand. In reply may say I get the best return for money sent your office than from any expenditure I make. Really, I could not do without the 'Witness' nor our little girl without the 'Northern Messenger.' With many others, I think the 'Witness' the best paper in Canada to-day, and wish it every success possible, and the triumph of those principles for which it so ardently contends. Wishing you a prosperous year at the beginning of the new century, I am yours most truly,  
W. C. WESTE.

St. John, N.B.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal,—

Dear Sirs,—Find enclosed order for the amount of \$20.00 for renewal of one hundred copies of the 'Northern Messenger.' We are well pleased with the 'Messenger' and find it highly satisfactory, and you are to be congratulated in your effort to supply such a Sabbath-school paper. We wish you every success in the future.

Yours in the Gospel,  
(REV.) B. BEATTY.

East Farnham, Que., Dec. 2, 1900.

Gentlemen,—We have used the 'Messenger' in our Sabbath-school for many years, and believe it to be one of the best papers published.

We have recommended the 'Messenger' to others, and I understand that one of the Sunday-schools in our village has decided to subscribe for it this year.

Wishing much success to the most excellent 'Messenger,' I am very sincerely your friend,  
JOSHUA BULL.

9 Cutter street, East Somerville, Mass.

Sirs,—My son, Ernest Hayward, has taken your 'Messenger' for the past year and has got you three new subscribers on the same street where we live. My father used to take it when I was a little girl and I have always prized it very highly, and I should feel I had lost a friend if I did not see it every Friday afternoon. I think it is the best child's religious and temperance paper I have ever read.

Yours sincerely,  
(MRS.) F. HAYWARD.

BILLY BRAY.

An interesting anecdotal sketchy life of one of the most effective preachers ever used by God for the salvation of souls. It is a wonderful record of what the Holy Spirit accomplished through an illiterate man. Paper cover. Free to every subscriber sending two bona fide new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at thirty cents each.

**Correspondence**

St. Eugene.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger,' and think it is a grand little paper, and hope that in the near future it may meet with grand success and be read in every home, as it should be. And I hope we will all try to get more subscribers than ever for it this new year. Wishing you all a happy New Year, and long live the 'Messenger.'  
HELEN F.

Chatham, N. B.

Dear Editor,—My papa has taken the 'Messenger' about twenty years, and he thinks it the best little paper in the world. I like reading the correspondence. My sister got eighteen subscribers for the 'Messenger' last year, and got two nice Bibles. She intends to canvass again this year. Two boys about twelve years old, were skating on the Miramichi river before the ice was solid; they both fell in and one poor fellow was drowned and never came up. It was very sad. Wishing you a happy New Year.  
A. H. M. (Aged 8.)

Maxwell.

Dear Editor,—I live near Maxwell. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for a good many years, and I like reading the children's letters. I go to school nearly every day. Our teacher's name is Miss M. Inglis, and I like her very much. I have one brother and two sisters.  
LEILA M. (Aged 7.)

North Gower.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of North Gower. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very well. I have one pet—it is a cow.  
WILLIE C. M. (Aged 13.)

Vankleek Hill.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for two years and like it very much. I live about a mile and a half out of town. I have two brothers, one is named Willie and the other Lawrence, and we all go to Sunday-school.  
IRENE D.

Inglewood, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much, and as the year is almost up I am sending my subscription for another year. I wonder if any of the little boys or girls who write in the 'Messenger' have ever seen an octopus? I never did until a few weeks ago there was one ran ashore on the beach here. No one about here ever saw anything like it. My father measured it and the body was eight feet from the beak to the tail, and four feet two inches around the body. It had ten arms and two of them were each twenty-four feet long; the others were shorter but larger around, and it had a large brown beak, like the beak of a bird.  
SADIE B. C. (Aged 8.)

Carleton Place.

Dear Editor,—I have three nice chickens. I feed them every day, as I think it is a sin not to feed dumb animals. My grandmother is over eighty-two years old, and can see without spectacles yet. Wishing you and the readers of the good old 'Northern Messenger' a happy New Year.  
EDWIN R. C.

Baltimore.

Dear Editor,—We have two pets, a cat and a little dog. My father got my brother the dog for his birthday. The cat is pretty near as old as I am. She is seven years old and when you pick her up she will rub her head all over your face. My birthday is Nov. 11. I have one brother and one sister. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like to read the letters and the stories.  
ISABEL M. (Aged 9.)

Dear Editor,—I thought that the little girls and boys of this Correspondence Circle would like to hear of our school entertainment before the Christmas holidays. We had recitations and readings. I recited 'Ring out, wild bells,' and read 'The New Year's bridal,' and all the scholars took part in a recitation entitled 'What says the

clock?' each scholar reciting one verse of the poem and then all joining in the last verse. In a recitation 'Dorothy Dimple's sewing lesson,' by one of the smaller girls, one of her classmates was Dorothy Dimple sewing one of her dolly's dresses. The boys of the school each recited a verse of 'When I'm a man' in turn, and then the last verse in concert. The teacher had a Christmas tree in the school on which she had placed a card or a calendar for each of her scholars. Before the school was dismissed Santa Claus handed these around. My card was a book-mark with a cluster of violets on it.

At home we were learning a beautiful cradle hymn, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.' We also had a circle song:—

'O, see our round, round circle,  
We are a happy band,  
For on this day the angels sang,  
"On earth good will to men."'

We children clasped hands in a circle and sang this while the air was played on the organ.

On Christmas morning my little brother and sisters and I found in our stockings the prettiest little candy-filled boxes out of Santa Claus's pack. Mine was a dainty little white and gold cradle.

Santa Claus had splendid weather for his merry trip with his reindeer on Christmas Eve. On Christmas, too, the roads were so good, that we took the pleasure of a drive in the clear fresh air.

AGNES M.  
M. ISABELLA.  
H. HELENA.  
W. WELLINGTON.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**Obedience.**

The home ought to teach industry, promptness and order. The market value of a child's work is not the measure of its worth. Whatever portion of the daily work falls to the child's share, he should understand that it belongs to him legitimately as a member of the partnership, and that his reputation depends upon his doing it promptly, regularly and in a workmanlike manner. Whether he likes the work or not is not at all to the question. Your child needs to learn what a multitude of men and women have never learned, that what the judgment approves is to be conscientiously carried out without any reference to the fact that it is no fun. A great stumbling-block with children is the idea that people, when they are grown up, do just what they please, because there is no visible compulsion upon them. It is in the home that they must be taught that obedience is the law of life, under which parent and child both live, and that we are to do the right not because we say must to ourselves. If promptness be the most difficult of all virtues to teach our children, it is that whose possession will be a priceless boon to them. It is worth a small fortune to them to be taught to go without delay from one thing to another, neither wasting their own time nor stealing that of others.—Emily Huntingdon Miller.

**Recipes.**

Potatoes with Parsley Butter.—Put the boiled potatoes in a dish. Melt one tablespoonful butter, add one tablespoonful fine chopped parsley and pour it over the potatoes.

Apple Fritters—a breakfast dish.—Pare and core six large, tart apples, cut transversely in thick slices and lay in an earthen dish for an hour with nutmeg or cinnamon. Then, with a fork, dip them in a batter made of half a pint of flour, and the beaten yolks of three eggs, made of the right consistency with a little cold water. Lastly, add to the batter one level teaspoonful of baking powder. Then dip the apples, slice by slice, into this batter, and fry a rich brown in plenty of hot fat.

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Testimonials to the Value of  
'World Wide.'

F. B. ELLIOTT,  
Editor of the Cobden 'Sun.'  
Cobden, Ont., Jan 5, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—Your sample number of 'World  
Wide' is before me. I congratulate you on  
its appearance and take pleasure in pub-  
lishing the notice you have handed me,  
supplementing the same with some editorial  
comment. I will endeavor to secure you  
some subscribers.

Yours sincerely,  
FRED. B. ELLIOTT.

HIS HONOR MR. RECORDER WEIR.  
Recorder's Court, Montreal,  
January 9, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:  
My Dear Sirs,—I obey an impulse to con-  
gratulate you upon the most excellent idea  
which has so creditably assumed form in  
'World Wide.' An eclectic weekly of this  
sort will surely prove an immense boon to  
the busy man who has often regretfully felt  
that he is obliged to miss much that is go-  
ing on in the spheres of thought, activity  
and letters, while the man of leisure will  
also be glad to have a judicious selection  
made for him; for even he cannot hope to  
devour all that issues from the teeming  
presses of to-day.

I am quite convinced that 'World Wide'  
will justify its existence and shall be sur-  
prised if it does not meet with that im-  
mediate and unequivocal success to which, in  
my opinion, its plan and purpose very justly  
entitle it.

Enclose please find amount of my sub-  
scription for one year, and believe me,  
Faithfully yours,  
ROBERT STANLEY WEIR.

Fort Lupton, Colorado, Jan. 9, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:  
Dear Sirs,—Enclosed is 75 cents in postal  
money order for 'World Wide.' I have not  
seen it, but the fact of its coming from your  
office is a guarantee of what I may expect.  
Would like to begin with the first issue.

Yours truly,  
G. S. ALLSEBROOK.

PROFESSOR S. W. DYDE, M.A., D.Sc.  
Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.,  
Jan. 1, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—I am interested in your new  
venture, outlined in your communication of  
the 28th ult. While we at the university  
see nearly all of the magazines and papers,  
from which you make selections, there ought  
to be room for one such as you propose, in

Canada. If the subsequent numbers are  
of the same nature as the first, they will  
give a pleasant and useful, not to say need-  
ful, glimpse into the general world of life  
and letters.

I am, yours truly,  
S. W. DYDE.

L'Original, Ont.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find my sub-  
scription. I think your idea is very good,  
namely, to trust the literary taste of sub-  
scribers, many of whom would not be able  
to pay for fine paper.

JAMES BENNETT.

About the 'Witness.'

East Angus, Jan. 4, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:  
Sirs,—Enclosed you will find post-office  
order for three dollars for four subscrib-  
ers to the 'Weekly Witness.' I wish you  
a prosperous and happy New Year, and  
long may you live to cheer the homes of  
your subscribers with good, honest litera-  
ture and good sound principles.

SAMUEL JAMIESON.

Agnes, Que., Jan. 3, 1901.

I shall ever appreciate the high moral  
standard of your paper throughout. I am  
pleased to be able to give it my hearty re-  
commendation to all homes, because it en-  
deavors to spread abroad the riches that  
fade not away, instead of to gain corrup-  
tible riches for itself.

JAS. M. SHAVER, Meth Minister.

Custer, Mason Co., Michigan,

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in once  
more, along with my subscription, sending  
my hearty good wishes for the continued  
and increasing success of the Montreal 'Wit-  
ness.' A more liberal and yet perfectly  
wholesome paper it would be difficult to  
find. To help in binding the colonies  
more closely to the Mother Coun-  
try, and showing to other nations that  
there is a British Empire resting, as few  
earthly governments rest, on a broad basis  
of righteousness joined to freedom, has been  
the task to which the 'Witness' has set it-  
self, and in which great endeavor it has  
nobly succeeded.

No small carping objections to the occa-  
sional articles admitted should have place  
with right-minded people who value good  
government, and the advancement of Can-  
ada, and I hope the letters you will re-  
ceive will be as full of encouragement and  
good will, as the paper merits, in which  
case you may need a small thorn in the  
flesh—that you may not be exalted above  
measure.  
J. B. KAYE.



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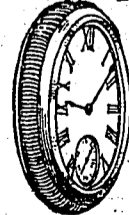
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delicious perfume at 10c. each. Our  
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and is put up in such beautiful pack-  
ages, that often several can be sold in  
one house. Any girl can easily earn  
this handsome doll. She is a real  
beauty, 19 inches tall, with movable  
head, arms and legs, so that she can  
sit in a chair. Her dress is of rich  
material, cut in the latest style, and  
beautifully trimmed with velvet and  
lace. Her hat is extremely fashion-  
able, and she has also stockings, slip-  
pers and underclothing. She is very  
pretty, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue  
eyes and an abundance of light, curly  
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Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be  
addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'