

# Northern Messenger

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MOUNT ARARAT.

## Mount Ararat.

('Morning Star.')

Word came from St. Petersburg lately that a member of the Geographical Society, named Poggenpohl, accompanied by two officers and a number of soldiers, ascended the Great Ararat on Sept. 2.

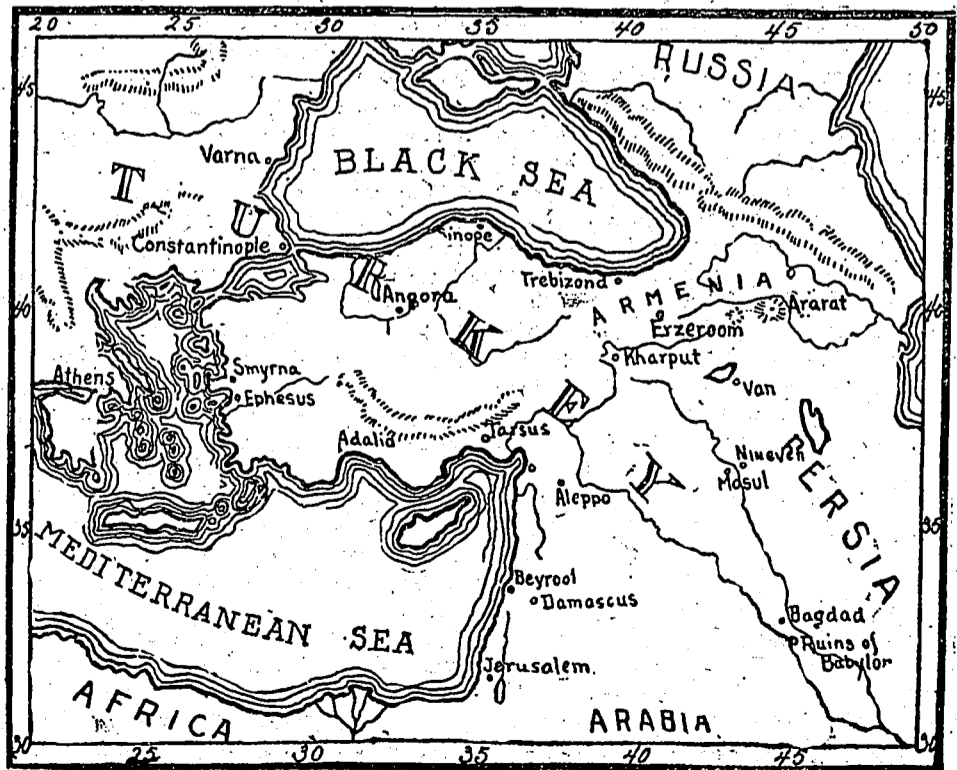
This majestic mountain is situated in Armenia, about half-way between the Black and Caspian Seas. It is the mountain on which, tradition says, the ark rested after the subsidence of the great flood, as narrated in the book of Genesis, chapter viii., verse 4. 'And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat.'

This does not determine any particular summit, and we are told that the word Ararat originally designated a large tract of country rather than a mountain range. In the old Assyrian inscriptions Ararat is a name for Armenia. But in later times the name was given to the mountains themselves, and especially to their highest summit, which rises over sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and has long been known as the Greater Ararat. Another peak, close by, four thousand feet lower, is called the Lesser Ararat. Dr. Smith says that we are not called upon to decide a point which the Bible leaves undecided, namely, the particular mountain on which the ark rested. But nothing is more natural than that the scene of the event should in course of time be located on the loftiest of the mountains of Armenia. Accordingly, all the associations connected with the ark now centre on the magnificent mountain which the native Armenians name Masis, and the Turks Aghri-Tagh.

It is a very steep mountain and the summit is covered with eternal snow. Until this century it was believed to be inaccessible, but the summit was gained by Parrot in 1829. It has since been ascended by others. Before those mentioned in the first paragraph above, the latest famous man to reach its summit was Professor Bryce, of Oxford, England, who says Dr. Geikie, found the upper parts often difficult to climb, from the softness of the ashy rock. There is no crater. The mountain is said to have considerably altered in shape since

1840, an earthquake having loosened part of it and hurled it down.

It is not necessary to suppose that the ark rested on any but a comparatively low point of the range of which it forms a part. The Syrian tradition places the spot in Kurdistan, somewhat to the south-west, but this seems opposed to passages of Scripture. In Isaiah xxxvii., 38, the Hebrew words, 'the land of Ararat,' are translated, 'land of Armenia.' So also in II. Kings xix., 37. In Old Armenia, Ararat is said to mean 'the plains of the Aryans.'



God's Way of Saving Sinners

We are not in a safe condition to obtain salvation until we are thoroughly convinced of our utter inability to do anything of ourselves in order to obtain it. Before asking to be forgiven, we must first feel in our hearts that we are guilty sinners before God and standing in need of his forgiveness.

Unless we make a humble and truly penitent confession of our sins to God, we are still remaining in a state of rebellion towards him; it is the kind of spirit we entertain in our hearts when we are approaching God that is either in favor of, or against us, being received by him. The Bible words are, that man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart. Yet, it is the true service of the heart he demands, and nothing less than the whole heart, and yet many are offering him the divided heart. We cannot serve God and mammon. But if we come to God with a humble and penitent heart, acknowledging our sinfulness, and pleading the merits of Jesus on our behalf, God will then be more willing to forgive us than we are to be forgiven. There is no other way of forgiveness, except through the merits of Jesus Christ. His death upon the cross was the great atoning sacrifice which he offered to God the Father for the sins of the world, so that mankind might be brought into fellowship with God. Hence, we read the comforting words in John iii., 16: 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Yet there are multitudes who are refusing the glorious free offer of salvation on God's kind of terms, preferring a way of their own to secure it, namely, to offer something as a recompense to God for it, thinking by such an act it might afford them a great amount of satisfaction. Oh how fatal is such an idea. God's way of salvation will never be changed.

We are strongly warned about trusting to our own righteousness, and in Ephesians ii., 9, we read: 'Not of works, lest any man should boast.' God's gracious offer of salvation to all the human race is free and unmerited, and is clearly set forth in the words, 'Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.'

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

Moody on Power.

You remember when Christ had got through with his work on earth, and was turning over his commission to his disciples, he told them that they were to go back to Jerusalem and wait there until they were imbued with power from on high. I can imagine the apostles getting together and saying: 'Lord, you don't mean that we shall stop preaching? Shan't we go back and go to work? there is many a man in Jerusalem that is perishing; and, besides, we have got the spirit.' And I can imagine Peter saying: 'I never would have left my fishing smack and followed you if it hadn't been for the Spirit of God that called me. And then you can remember that first evening, Master, how you raised those wounded hands in a blessing upon us and breathed upon us and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost? we felt the Spirit of God come upon us? We have got the power.' And I can imagine the Master saying to them: 'Ye have got some of the power, but not the power I am going to give you. It is expedient for you that I

go away, because if I go not the power will not begin to come, and when it comes you shall do greater works than I have done. Go back and wait until the power comes.' These men that had been swept up into the third heaven, these men that had seen Christ for three years, and seen him do the mighty work, went up into the holy land and caught sight of the coming glory. Yet these men were not qualified to do the work. They were to go back and to wait until they were imbued with power. They waited ten days, and at the end of that time that promise was fulfilled: 'Ye shall receive power, and ye shall be witnesses in Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' The glorious Gospel was to go throughout the whole world after these men got their commission or re-commission, as it were, to preach and to teach the Gospel. Now, notice in the second chapter of Acts, that while they preached the power came, and these men were filled. It says they were all filled—not the men alone, but the women, too. The place was shaken. It came like a mighty rushing of the wind. They were ready for the service. Now, look and see the marvellous result! There is a class of people who tell us that that was a miracle that never will be repeated. Pshaw? I don't believe it. I believe that was a specimen day. I believe we can have the old Pentecostal fire born here in New York if we have the same faith that they had. We want to remember that our God is an unchangeable God. Why, we have the same human nature to contend with that those men had. Men haven't changed one whit from what they were in the beginning. Human nature has been the same for 6,000 years, and we need just the same power that those men needed in Jerusalem; and I believe that if we would look to God and expect him to give us the power, he would not disappoint us.—Portion of a verbatim report of a sermon in New York.

A Missionary Parable.

(Rev. Augustine S. Carman, Granville, O., in the 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.')

It was a beautiful May morning when I rode with a friend, a grain dealer with farm raising, out through our beautiful southern Ohio roads to the region where he had spent all of his earlier days, past fields and forests, every rod of which was familiar to him. I was the layman and he the professional in rural affairs, and I sat as meekly under his instruction as upon Sundays he was wont to sit, I can only hope with equal profit, under mine.

I was especially interested in his account of the rotation of crops as practiced by the wise farmer in this region of country. It seems that one ploughing is made to serve for the raising of three years' crops. After the spring ploughing of the first year there will be put in a crop of corn, which is harvested in the fall. Then amongst the standing stumps of the corn there will be 'drilled in' the winter wheat which is to form the crop of the second season. In the spring, at as early a date as possible, when the winter wheat is well started, there will be sown broadcast amongst it the clover seed for the crop of the third season. The wheat grows to maturity and is harvested in early summer, and there is found remaining upon the field after the wheat harvest a young growth of clover, which is well started by fall, and by the next summer is ready to cut. This is the first crop of clover; and with the variety most cultivated in this region (known as the 'little

red' clover) there springs up immediately a second growth, from which about six weeks later there is gathered the clover seed. The clover sod remaining is then ploughed under the next spring, forming the finest basis for the corn crop of the ensuing year, and the rotation is repeated through another three years, four crops thus being harvested from a single ploughing.

It was at this point in my friend's explanation that I ventured a modest question: 'But isn't clover seed an extremely valuable crop?'

'To be sure it is. The most valuable crop per acre that we raise.'

Then said I with more confidence, 'Why don't our farmers take a field and sow it wholly to clover and cultivate the field carefully for that valuable crop of clover seed, making the most of it? Wouldn't that be far better than to try to raise clover seed in a field where a corn crop and a wheat crop and a previous clover crop have all been raised from a single ploughing; and wouldn't it be far better to sow the clover carefully in a field all by itself than to broadcast it into a field already growing up to wheat?'

'No, indeed,' said my friend quickly, 'that wouldn't do at all. You see the clover is a slow-growing crop, and if sown in a bare field the weeds would spring up before the clover could get a start. The wheat crop already started keeps out the weeds and is just high enough to serve as a protection for the clover as it comes above the ground in the early spring.'

And then I had my parable, for who has ever watchfully observed the growth of a church or of an individual character without witnessing the working of the same principle, namely, that the attempt to secure progress in one direction by the neglect of claims in other directions is a luckless effort?

Seek to Edify.

The Sunday school teacher needs to know what is to be taught just as thoroughly as the teacher in our common schools needs to know in order to teach. Study, hard, patient, persistent study is necessary on every lesson if the teaching is to make a positive and powerful impression on the mind and heart of the scholar. Any teacher who depends much on his or her personal popularity, socially or otherwise, with the class, and neglects to study and pray heartily over each lesson may entertain, but cannot edify the class. There is a mighty difference between grace and gab, knowing and blowing. The popularity of a Sunday school worker before the school or class should exalt Christ and not self, salvation and not sentiment and ever ground all efficiency on the principles and power of divine grace and truth.—J. B. Kanaga.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN EPHESIANS.

- Feb. 24, Sun.—Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone.
- Feb. 25, Mon.—Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.
- Feb. 26, Tues.—Speaking the truth in love.
- Feb. 27, Wed.—Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.
- Feb. 28, Thur.—Let him that stole steal no more.
- March 1, Fri.—Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger and clamor and evil-speaking be put away from you.
- March 2, Sat.—Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

## Charlotte Maria-Anne D'Armont Corday.

(By Emma E. Everist. Photograph from original painting in Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D.C.)

In a tiny thatched roof cottage in the village of Saint Satternin des Lignerets, on the morning of July 28, 1768, there opened its eyes to the light of this world, a little baby girl.

Had the horoscope of that little stranger been cast at the moment of its birth, it would have foretold a future so fateful that the parents might well have wished that it would close its eyes in everlasting sleep; but nothing of the kind occurred, and the little mite, unconscious of the drama it was

younger son of this line. Her mother, too, boasted of gentle blood, but Jacque Corday was poor, so poor that he envied many of the peasants among whom he lived; the cottage, with a little strip of ground which he cultivated with his own hands, was his only possession.

Charlotte was the fourth child. She was deprived at a very early age of the tender love and careful training of a mother. Her father then committed her to a convent—the Abbaye aux Dames—where she remained until the beginning of the Revolution, when the convent was closed.

From the sacred precinct of that convent wall there came out into the world a beautiful young girl, who is described as a 'vision of dazzling loveliness,' with a complex-

Her father about that time wrote some pamphlets in favor of the Revolution. A girl of so susceptible a nature as Charlotte must have been much influenced by reading words like those from her parent's pen. But it was not until the fall of the Girondists upon that memorable 31st of May, 1793, that she resolved to give active shape to her thoughts. The Girondists sought refuge at Caen. Charlotte blamed Marat entirely for their proscription, and upon him she determined to avenge her ill-fated country and her people. She was not aware that Marat was but a tool in the hands of Danton and Robespierre.

One verse from the Bible haunted her strangely. She could not forget the words. She kept repeating them over and over to herself: 'The Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness.' Charlotte was much admired for her beauty and could have had many lovers, but her mind was occupied with more serious things. She had neither the time nor yet the inclination for love. Among the offers of marriage made to her was one from a young Girondist, Mons. de Franquelin. He was one of her most ardent admirers. He loved her so dearly that, upon hearing of her fate later on, he died of grief. His last request was that her picture and some letters she had written him might be buried with him.

It was on July 9, 1793, that Charlotte left her aunt's home secretly, for that fated trip to Paris. She was much annoyed on the way by some Jacobin fellow-travellers, one of whom made her an offer of marriage. She refused him as gracefully as she could, saying:

'You will know who and what I am at some future period.' This was the only incident of her journey. Arrived at Paris, she went at once to the Hotel de la Providence, situated in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from the dwelling of Marat. There, in a miserable attic room, with scarcely a ray of light to illumine its darkness, Charlotte, with a copy of her beloved Plutarch, which she read again and again, passed several days of terrible in-quietude.

She called upon the Girondist, Duperret, to whom she had a letter, relative to her supposed business in Paris. Her real reason for calling was to find out where she could see Marat. A festival to celebrate the taking of the Bastille, was in course of preparation. She determined to strike her victim there, but the festival was postponed. She then decided to seek him at the Convention, but Duperret informed her that Marat was too ill to attend the National Assembly. She then concluded that the only way to reach him would be at his own home.

On the morning of July 16 she prepared herself for this visit by purchasing a knife at the Palais Royal, which, together with a written note, she took with her to the house. Being denied the interview she sought, she left the note, and most reluctantly retired from the premises. She had hardly arrived at the hotel when she wrote a second and more pressing letter than the first, in which she represented herself as being persecuted for the cause of freedom. She could not await an answer to these letters, but on the same evening at 7.30, she made a second attempt to see Marat. This time, as history records, she was but too successful. Arrived at the old house in the Rue des Cordeliers, the porter saw a flying



CHARLOTTE CORDAY IN PRISON.

destined to enact upon the stage of life, grew up, fulfilled its impressive mission, and left to posterity a name which, like that of Jeanne d'Arc, has become immortal not only to the French people, but to the world.

Like Jeanne d'Arc, Charlotte Corday was filled with an enthusiastic passion for her country and her people. Like her, too, she felt that she had been selected as the instrument through which her beloved France should be liberated, and like that other greatest of all heroines, she sacrificed her pure young life upon the altar of fanaticism, alias patriotism.

Charlotte Corday was the last descendant of a noble Norman family, one of her ancestors was the great Corneille, and Fontenelle was a near relation. Her father, Jacque of Corday and of Armont, was a

ion of transparent purity; eyes of a gray so deep that they were often mistaken for black. Dark, well-arched eyebrows, clustering curls of a beautiful brown, that fell about the lovely head and arms. Such was Charlotte Corday.

In her dress she was severely simple, the low cap of white lace which she always wore upon her head, was extremely becoming. This cap still bears the name of Charlotte Corday. After the closing of the convent Charlotte made her home with her aunt, Madame de Bretteville Gouville, a Royalist lady, who lived in an ancient house situated upon one of the principal streets of Caen. She remained with this aunt for several years, spending her time principally in silent brooding over the misfortunes of her country, as she watched the progress of the Revolution.

figure rush by the lodge. He ran after her, vainly demanding her business, but she flew up the narrow stone staircase and did not stop until she had reached the apartment of Marat, where a hurried knock at the door brought Albertine, Marat's supposed wife, who, seeing the beautiful stranger that had called to see her husband, refused to admit her. Marat, hearing the altercation from within, called out to his wife to admit the stranger at once. Albertine sulkily conducted Charlotte to a narrow closet where Marat was taking a bath. When he saw who his visitor was he ordered Albertine to leave them.

Charlotte shrank when she saw the repulsive creature before her. Marat's appearance, always hideous and repulsive in the extreme, was intensified by a soiled handkerchief which he had tied about his head. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath, and a board placed transversely across it, supported his papers. Putting down his pen, Marat gazed at Charlotte and asked her what she desired of him. Scarcely disguising her horror and loathing she answered: 'I have come from Caen to bring you correct intelligence concerning the Girondists there,' Marat became at once interested. Taking down the names of the Girondists excitedly, he exclaimed with a smile of triumph: 'Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine.'

'These words,' said Charlotte afterward, 'sealed his fate.' Drawing her knife from under her shawl she plunged it to the hilt in the monster's heart. With one low, expiring cry, Marat, the horror of the Revolution, fell over and was no more. Albertine heard the cry, and Charlotte was soon surrounded by the people, who, when they found that their friend had been killed, were struck dumb between the horror of the dreadful deed and the beautiful creature who did it. Charlotte stood before them, the avenging Nemesis. When asked by the commissary why she had done so dreadful a thing, she replied simply and calmly: 'To prevent a civil war.'

Later on, at the Abbaye, the nearest prison, she answered all questions with firmness and pride, ending with the words:—'I have done my duty, let others do theirs.'

So beautiful and calm was she, so dignified in demeanor, that the judges before whom she appeared on the morning of the 17th, seemed rather to be arraigned before her than she before them.

She declared that on the morning of that awful 31st of May, she had determined to rid the world of the tyrant Marat—that she had killed him in order that one hundred thousand might be saved. 'I was a Republican long before the Revolution,' said she, 'and have never failed in energy.'

'Energy' she described as 'the feeling that induces one to cast aside selfish considerations and sacrifice oneself for one's country.' Charlotte was thankful to her lawyer for neither attributing her act to insanity nor yet excusing it. He simply pleaded for the fervor of her conviction, which he had the courage to call sublime. Charlotte feared that he might seek to save her life at the expense of honor. Cheveau de la Guerde was her defender. She thanked him gracefully, after the trial, for his kindness toward her, and thus ended the remarkable trial of Charlotte Corday, the most beautiful prisoner ever brought before a tribunal. But her beauty could not save her. She was condemned to die. Her last days were passed at the Conciergerie. A young artist had begun a picture of her at the tribunal. He begged to be allowed

to finish it in the Conciergerie. She gave him permission, and seemed quite gay, conversing freely and happily with him, until the executioner appeared with the big shears, to cut off her beautiful locks, and the red chemise that was worn by all assassins. Charlotte presented Mr. Hauer, the artist, with a lock of her hair. It was all that she had to give. Then she committed herself to the rough hands of the executioner, who bound her hands, cut off her luxuriant tresses, and then threw the red chemise over her head. 'This toilette of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality,' said Charlotte with a smile. It is said that Charlotte's beauty was enhanced by the red hue of the chemise, which imparted an unearthly loveliness to the young girl.

The crowds that had assembled to hoot and jeer at her as the car which bore her passed through the streets, were struck dumb with admiration, her face and form seemed sculptured, so perfect were they in their outlines. A young German, named Adam Luz, was among the spectators. He followed her to the scaffold and vowed that he would die for her. Her beauty elicited much sympathy, but it could not save her from the guillotine. She died the same brave girl that she was through the trial.

Adam Luz, true to his vow, published a pamphlet only a few days after Charlotte's death, in which he praised the noble deed of the girl, adding that a statue should be erected to her memory upon the spot where she fell, and that upon it should be inscribed the words, 'Greater than Brutus.' Luz was immediately arrested. He entered the Abbaye triumphantly exclaiming: 'I am going to die for her,' and he did. He gave up his life for a love inspired by Charlotte Corday when upon the guillotine—a love of whose existence she was not even conscious.

'Charlotte' was invoked as a saint by many people after her death, among others, by a beautiful Royalist lady, while Mme. Roland, the Republican, called her a heroine worthy of a better age.

Poor Charlotte, it was well that she did not live to see the sorrow that she brought upon her beloved people. To propitiate the death of Marat many innocent victims were sent to the gallows, while the partisans against the Girondists were more fanatical than ever, and divine honors, almost, were paid to the memory of Marat, from whose ashes arose that greater flame, Robespierre, who gave new impetus to 'The Reign of Terror.'—Ledger Monthly.

This story is told of an officer in the army. He sat down to weigh the principle of total abstinence and deliberately decide whether it was in duty to adopt it. He took a sheet of paper, and on one side wrote down all the reasons why he thought he ought not to practice it. The list was long and imposing, and he felt sure that he would be safe in refusing to abstain from the use of ardent spirit; but when he undertook to write down on the opposite page the arguments on the other side, they appeared so weighty and numerous that they quickly overbalanced their opponents. He discovered that he had put down several reasons against total abstinence which belonged to the other side. These were transferred, and so overwhelming was the weight of evidence that his judgment was carried as if by storm, and he never afterwards doubted concerning the path of duty in this matter. If men would set about the examination of this question in this deliberate, business-like way, and honestly consent to be controlled by the preponderating evidence, few drinkers would be left.—New York 'Advocate.'

## Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'Forward.')

It is nearly fifty years since an outgoing steamer from Boston numbered among its passengers one bound on an undertaking, the completion of which was almost to mark an epoch in history writing. The man was John Lothrop Motley, and his work, that matchless piece of historic word-painting, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.'

'What is a man's fitness for his chosen work?' is one of the first questions we ask. Motley displayed an early and remarkable gift for languages, an interest from boyhood in historical subjects; his education at Harvard College was followed by two years at the universities of Germany and a period as secretary of legation at Saint Petersburg. With this went an impulse toward authorship, which had already found expression in two unsuccessful novels and several essays; and still more, the nature of the man himself, his ardent patriotism, his high principle, his passionate love of liberty, truth, and right, all contributed to his fitness for his chosen work.

Motley also furnishes an instance, one of many, of sturdy young manhood turning voluntarily from a life of ease and pleasant self-indulgence to be numbered among the world's strenuous workers; and his is only another example of the determination that make failures but the stepping stones to success. It is related that a friend, hearing him express deep chagrin at the ill success of his historic novel 'Merry Mount,' advised and encouraged him to turn his attention to history. Whatever influence this may have had, not long after he was found at work with a Dutch folio and a dictionary of that language; the quest that was to end only with his life-strength, had begun.

With his temperament, the traditions of his Puritan ancestry, and his innate love of freedom, it was not strange that he should have been drawn to the study of a country whose very existence was a conquest of the sea, and whose national story was a great historic drama; a nation that had held liberty and truth and right at such a price that it had fought for them against overwhelming odds, and counted cheap the blood of its best and noblest, and invited even the terrors of famine and the sea. 'Brave little Holland,' as we all say to-day; but a country and people little known and less appreciated, till Motley's hand drew them in true and living colors.

For four years he had been studying with reference to this work when a rumor reached him that Prescott, then in the forefront as a popular historian, was contemplating a work, Philip the Second of Spain, which would of necessity touch on somewhat the same ground. Motley's first feeling on learning this was one of keen disappointment. As he said later: 'It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For had I not first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other.'

Many, under the circumstances, would have said, 'I have an equal, if not better,

right to this field of research.' But not so Motley, who, regarding any other course as disloyal, went at once to Prescott, ready, should he show the slightest dissatisfaction, 'to abandon my plan altogether.'

If Motley's attitude was an honor to him, Prescott's was no less so. Instead of viewing the younger writer in the light of a possible and probable rival, he met him not only with the most generous interest and encouragement, but offered the assistance of his own library. After Prescott's death Motley wrote: 'Had the result of that interview been different—had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement—I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one particular history.'

When we read the work, then, let us not forget that one of its corner stones was unselfishness; while still others were a heartfelt interest, patience and industry—for no other man than Motley has better illustrated the truth, that 'genius is the ability to toil terribly.'

At the end of five years, however, finding that he could not write his history as he wished it written without the aid of material to be found only in the libraries and state archives of Europe, he left America, with his family, and, throwing aside all he had already done, began his task over again.

What Motley's life was in the five years that followed, divided as they were between the archives of Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels, his letters best show. To his father he writes: 'I have written a volume since the thirteenth of July, this year. This labor includes, of course, the digging out of raw material from subterranean depths of black letter folios in half a dozen different languages, all of which works are as dark, grimy and cheerless as coal pits. . . . But I confess that I have not been working under ground for so long without hoping that I may make some few people in the world wiser and better by my labors. This must be the case wherever a man honestly "seeks the truth in ages past" to furnish light for the present and future track.'

It is of interest to know how William the Silent impressed the man who was delving so deeply into his life and times that he might make him known to the world. 'I flatter myself that I have found one great, virtuous and heroic character, William the First of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every year of his life, who was never inspired by any personal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large. He is one of the very few men who have a right to be mentioned in the same page with Washington.'

What infinite pains he gave to his task is shown by a letter written from Brussels to his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes: 'My habits here for the present are very regular. I came here having, as I thought, finished my work, or, rather, the first part (something like three or four volumes octavo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make,

that I am ready to despair. However, there is nothing for it but to Penelopeize, pull to pieces, and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labors nobody can say that I have not worked like a brute beast; but I do not care for the result. The labor is in itself its own reward, and all I want.'

Of his habits of working, his daughter tells: 'His work, when not in his own library, was in the archives, of the Netherlands, Brussels, the English State Paper Office, and the British Museum, where he made his own researches, patiently and laboriously consulting original manuscripts and reading masses of correspondence, from which he afterwards caused copies to be made, and where he worked for many consecutive hours a day. After his material had thus been toilsomely and painfully amassed, the writing of his own story was always done at home, and his mind having digested the necessary matter, always poured itself forth in writing so copious that his revision was chiefly devoted to reducing the over-abundance. He never shrank from any of the drudgery of preparation, but I think his own part of the work was a sheer pleasure to him.'

At last the labor of ten years was finished; labor for the most part unflagging, solitary—of Brussels he had written: 'I don't know a soul in it,'—and obscure; and now, with his bulky bundle of manuscript, he set out for London to seek a publisher. His previous failures had made his present expectation of success most moderate, and to his wife he writes: 'If Murray (the celebrated English publisher) declines, I shall doubt very much whether anybody will accept, because history is very much in his line, and I have been particularly recommended to him.'

Motley was correct in his doubt. Murray did decline, and as no one else was found willing to risk so large a work by an unknown author, the English edition was finally published at his own expense.

Nor was his feeling of fear for himself alone. Over the sea, as he well knew, were hearts that had followed his progress with deep interest and fond anticipation: 'I fear very much, however, that father and the rest are doomed to much disappointment in regard to its success. Macaulay's new volumes and Prescott's will entirely absorb the public attention.'

Again, a little later, to his father: 'I have heard nothing from Chapman (his London publisher) since the book was published, but I feel sure from his silence that very few copies have been sold; I shall be surprised if a hundred copies are sold at the end of the year.'

Failure, too, for Motley at this time meant more than ever before, not only because of the time and labor he had so far given, but because he had already in mind the volumes that were to follow, should public approval warrant them. Neither was this self-diffidence for this time alone; it was something that went with him all his life. Not because he had known the buffeting of fortune, for an atmosphere of luxury and of praise had surrounded him from childhood. Of his boyhood it is on record that he had everything to spoil him—beauty, precocious intelligence, and personal charm. One has said: 'It would seem difficult for a man so flattered as Motley from his earliest days to be modest in his self-estimate; but Motley was never satisfied with himself.' This was the secret, the high ideal that he constantly held in view.

It is pleasant to know that here his heroic

tenacity of purpose and endeavor, his work for very love of the work, did meet their deserved reward, though at first he seemed hardly able to comprehend it. On every hand 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic' was welcomed and applauded. Instead of a hundred copies, fifteen thousand were sold in London the first year. In America, the home land to which his love always turned, its popularity was the same. In the language of Holmes:

'Its author saw his name enrolled by common consent among those of the great writers of his time. Europe accepted him; his country was proud to claim him, scholarship set its jealously guarded seal upon the result of his labors, and the reading world, which had not cared greatly for his stories, hung in delight over a narrative more exciting than a romance; and the lonely student, who had almost forgotten the look of living men in the solitude of archives haunted by dead memories, found himself suddenly in the full blaze of a great reputation.'

### A Good Answer.

At a deaf and dumb institution the scholars were undergoing their periodical examination by an inspector, who, amongst other questions, wrote this one upon the blackboard: 'What do you know of the Lord Jesus Christ?' The scholars were required to write their answer upon their slates, which were then passed up to the examiner to read. As the inspector read the replies to the question, he paused at that written by a little girl, and was so struck with the difference between it and those he had previously read, that he wrote upon the blackboard in view of all the scholars these words: 'Many of you have answered my question, "What do you know of the Lord Jesus Christ?" very correctly, as far as historical facts go, but the reply of one little girl I should like you all to read, and I will write it upon the blackboard.' The examiner then proceeded to write the little girl's answer to his question. It was the expression of a young heart that knew and loved the Lord Jesus—'He is my very own Saviour.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

### Memories.

(By Rose E. H.)

'Twas only a tiny cottage by the side of a running stream,  
Where the ripples danced and glistened, like gems with a golden gleam;  
Where oft I romped and rollicked, when my heart was blithe and gay,—  
And dreamed the dreams of childhood in the cottage far away.

There, from my little window, in the starlight, cold and dim,  
I could see the gaunt trees standing like sentinels, dark and grim,  
And, to my childish fancy, they always seemed to say  
They guard the little cottage—the cottage so far away.

Only a tiny cottage, but a haven of sweetest rest,  
For the love and peace within it made it most divinely blest.  
Though years have glided onward, and my sunny locks are gray,  
I find no place on earth so dear as the cottage far away.

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

'O Rest in the Lord.'

Village life moving so quietly through its narrow bed seems stagnant compared with the swifter movement of town and city. Upon the other hand, the least movement out of the ordinary attracts swift attention, and is soon known from end to end of the village.

Every child in Fingringhoe knew that the two cottages at the marsh end of East-lane were to be let or sold. No bills announced the fact, but when Miss Green died and her sister left the village, the lads and lassies made free of the fruit, and spent many hours playing in the gardens.

The cottages remained empty for some time. No farmer wanted them. They had all the laborers needed, and therefore no fresh 'hands' came to the village.

When William Clinch the younger came home, he was soon in possession of all there was to be known—that Mr. Owen, a Colchester tradesman who owned them, would be glad to get rid of them.

So it came about that when he left the office of Mr. Craske he had paid the deposit money and congratulated himself upon a bargain. He had obtained a promise from the auctioneer that his name should not be divulged as the purchaser.

Some weeks after this Fingringhoe was startled by the influx of some half-dozen men, who took up their residence and began to work in the cottages.

Nothing stirs the quiet of village life like a secret.

John Stokes was the first to attempt to gain some knowledge as he ferried over the men and their tools and baggage.

'Be ye from Colchester?'

'Aye.'

'Goin' to work in village, I reckon?'

'Somewhere hereabouts.'

'At one of the farms, maybe?'

'Maybe.'

This was puzzling, and John Stokes drew his oars in, and looked hard with one eye at the man who had answered.

'Long job?' he ventured again, as his boat slid into the water.

'All depends, mate.'

After the men had landed Stokes sat and watched them until they disappeared from his sight.

'Humph,' he ejaculated; 'close as a crab.'

Those cottages were the theme of the village taproom, and rumor began its tortuous course.

'Shouldn't be surprised if Squire bought 'em?' This was addressed to the landlord.

'More likely some tradesman in Colchester, but the men doan't come here, and can't learn rights on it yet.'

When the wooden fences were pulled down and the brickwork placed ready for iron palisading, the women found their opportunity.

'Reckon you're making nice place?'

'You'll see when 'tis finished, Missis!'

The speaker was a young man, but all had received orders from their employer, and knew not for whom the work was being done.

'Who bought these?' Womanlike, Mrs. Greenleaf came to the point at once.

'I didn't know anybody had—never heard.'

'That's all gammon. You know right enuf.'

'Oh, well, I do then!'

'Be it t'Squire?'

'Perhaps 'tis and perhaps 'tain't.'

Even Mrs. Clinch's curiosity was aroused.

Coming back from the farm one afternoon across the marshes, she too stopped, and walked in through the open door. The alterations surprised her.

'Why, you be making big housen of these!'

'We be altering them a bit.'

'I should think so. Gentlefolk coming, I reckon. Bay winder and all,' she continued, as she noted that one of the cottages had so been altered.

'Wait till we're done; you'll hardly know 'em for the same.'

'People from Lunnon, maybe?'

'From world's end, for aught I know.'

William Clinch continued to live with his parents. He took no apparent interest in the cottages. Would stop and look as he passed, ask a few questions, and pass on.

One night his father was by his side, walking from the prayer-meeting.

'Will, what are you going to do?'

'Oh, by and by, father, maybe I'll find some work that'll suit. You don't want to get rid of me, do you?'

'Nay, boy, on'y I'm thinkin' you'll come to the end of your stocking soon, and it ain't good to be lazy, either. I'd be more sorry if ye went away for all that.'

'What are you going to do, father; work on at farm till ye die?'

'What else can I do?'

'You have no long stocking, I reckon, and William laughed loud.

'Stocking, Will!' Why, twelve shillin' a week doan't go far enuf for a stocking.'

A grim smile spread over his face.

'I reckon I'll keep on as long as I can, and then the poorhouse, unless I get ill and die. It's our lot, and I don't complain; the Lord has been wonderfully good to me and mine.'

William wanted to hear his father lay bare his thoughts concerning the future. 'Hard lines, though, for you, after a life of toil.'

'Nay, William, nay,' and the old man stopped and straightened himself. 'I used to think so once, but I hev larned what the Apostle says to be content. I hadn't any larnin', on'y scarin' of crows, but I've had strength by God's blessing, and I've got to love my master and the very land hereabouts.'

'Yes,' interrupted his son, 'but did you never wish some of it were your own?'

They were still standing. A strange, strong light shot from under the shaggy brows.

'William, that was once my dream, a bit of land and a cot, just to hide our heads in when age came, and I prayed it might be; but 'pears God's way isn't so, and tho' I don't like the poor-house, I'm content.'

'You have toiled hard and helped men to make money.'

'Hold your tongue, Will. I've naught but done my duty, and master has paid me for all I've done. Doan't bring none of them old temptations to me, for envy is the devil's sharpest spear.'

At last the cottages were finished. One was a cottage no longer. Its bay windows, trim lawn, and added story, made it a modern villa. Still they stood empty.

One Sunday morning William said to his father, 'Come for a walk, before chapel, and you come, too, mother.'

They strolled down the lane across the

marshes. The keen but sweet air from the sea blew fresh. Here and there a peewit uttered its plaintive cry, or the shrill scream of a hawk-heron broke the silence. When opposite the cottages William said, 'They've made a nice job of these; let us look inside and we can rest a minute.' Up the newly gravelled path round to the back, and, opening the door, into the kitchen they entered.

'Why, the men must have left these,' said his mother, as she sat down on one of the two wooden chairs. 'Nice place to live in, and the garden so nice, too.'

William was standing, Clinch wiping his brow with the clean red handkerchief—his Sunday one.

'Very nice, and the place so clean, too.'

William turned. 'Just the sort of place I should like to have seen you settled in, mother.'

'Aye, boy, sure it would be lovely; but, theer, God bless them as does live in it.'

'Amen,' said Clinch.

'Father, mother, do you know why I brought you here this morning?'

'For a walk before worship, I reckon.'

'Not that alone. This cottage is your very own.'

'Doan't talk such nonsense, lad,' and Clinch laughed until the rafters rang with the echo of his strong voice.

William continued, 'I bought these, one for myself, and one for the best parents God ever gave to man, and as soon as you like you can come and live here, and you will have one pound every week as long as you live.' He had spoken quickly trying to keep back his emotion.

His mother, flinging her arms around his neck, kissed him again and again. 'God bless you, God bless you, my Will. My weary back-aching days are over.'

Clinch was on his knees, great tears chasing one another down his brown face, his eyes closed, his hands clasped; then, with a great sob, he rested hands and head on the chair.

Mrs. Clinch knelt beside him. After some minutes, during which silence reigned—

'Clinch, God's ways be above our ways. He has given us what we never worked for, but what we years and years have longed for.'

Rising, Clinch grasped his son's hand in both his.

'Thank 'e, Will; thank God for thee, Will. Let us make haste to his house, and he slowly added, 'O rest in the Lord, and he shall give thee thine heart's desires.'

As they went, William said, 'Do not say anything about this to-day, please, not even to Kitty.'

His mother understood.—Baptist Times and Freeman.

Children and their Guests.

A good idea occurred to somebody, who gave it to the children of a certain Sunday School. It was that they should get up an entertainment, and invite their elders to attend it. Great success crowned the endeavor. A boy was chairman, and a girl was vice-president. The songs and solos, the speeches and recitations, were all given by children. The part of the adults was to applaud and give to the collection. They did both very generously, and not only were the funds benefited, but the children had what one of them called 'a magnificent time.'—English 'Sunday School Times.'

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

## A Surprise Party.

(Angelina W. Wray, in 'Christian Advocate'.)

'Everybody listen! I have an idea!' exclaimed May Nelson to a group of Epworth League members who had gathered around her after the literary meeting.

'Oh, May, is that possible?' her brother Will asked, mischievously, while the rest of the party called gaily after the more sedate members who were leaving the room, 'Come back, quick! May has an idea, and she's afraid she will lose it.'

The girl in question laughed at their nonsense, but her face was thoughtful as she said:—

'Never mind! I've thought of a lovely plan, so you needn't make fun of it. You remember the last prayer meeting we had at the poor farm? Well, it will soon be time for another, and I was just thinking of poor old Aunt Mary. She told me the last time we were there that she would be eighty-nine years old on the fourth of December, and when I said I hoped she would have a pleasant time she answered, oh, so sadly, "There's nobody left to care about my birthday, child." Now, can't we give her a surprise party? To-morrow will be the fourth. Why can't we go, then, instead of waiting until next week? We could take her a big birthday cake, and have singing, and—oh, don't you think it would be splendid?'

'I do,' said Tom Mitchell, with enthusiasm. 'Hurrah for a poor farm party!'

'Won't they all be surprised?' said Nell Sutton, drawing a long breath of delighted anticipation. 'And won't they be glad? Let's take oranges and other fruit with us. They don't get many luxuries there.'

'I'll take sandwiches,' announced John Searles. 'My mother makes the best ones you ever saw.'

'We'll ask Doris to go, too, and sing. They all like to hear her,' was Bert Cleveland's suggestion.

It was finally decided that the whole party should take the four o'clock trolley the next afternoon, each carrying whatever he or she chose to donate.

Friday morning dawned clear and bright, a beautiful December day with just a hint of snow in the air. At the poor farm it seemed just like any other day. The old people sat by the fire, grumbling a little whenever anyone opened the door and let in a breath of cold. Aunt Mary, who had no relatives living, but who, nevertheless, was 'aunt' to all who knew her, went around singing over her work, as usual, with a cheery word for all her companions, though there was an undercurrent of sadness in her heart.

As the short winter afternoon drew toward a close, the wistfulness deepened and left a shadow on the patient old face.

'Eighty-nine years old, and not a soul to care about it,' she thought. 'It's so different now from what it used to be. My Joe, poor fellow, could never make enough fuss over mother's birthday. Then aloud, 'Yes, Mis' Tomney, I'll find your specs for you in a jiffy.'

As she spoke the last words she started in surprise. The door had been opened softly, and the room was full of bright-faced young people crying merrily, 'Happy birthday, Aunt Mary! Happy birthday!'

'Land sakes!' said the old lady, in a flutter of delight and surprise. 'Dear! dearie me! what does all this mean, anyhow?'

'You're to sit right down in the big

chair now, for it's your birthday,' said May.

'We're a surprise-party,' added John.

And then willing hands pulled out the long table, spread it with a snowy cloth, and the room rang with laughter and jokes as sandwiches, fruit, jelly, and other good things appeared, as if by magic, in their places.

Dorothy Smith and Mrs. Golden made coffee. Bert and Will arranged a big bunch of ferns and scarlet berries in the middle of the board, and then, crowning glory of all, came the birthday cake itself, glistening with frosting and bearing on its snowy surface the legend, 'Happy birthday!'

Aunt Mary was promptly installed in the seat of honor at the head of the table, the other old people gathered around, and the Epworth Leaguers acted as waitresses, enjoying the duties hugely, for the rugged faces beamed with pleasure at the unexpected feast, and Aunt Mary had to parry many humorous references to her youth and sprightliness.

Deaf Mrs. Jones made everyone laugh by her frequent stentorian demands for 'another o' them sandwiches, please.' Tom Farley munched away in silent content. Irish Jane kept murmuring, 'The saints bless ye!' at every mouthful, and altogether it would have been hard to find a gay-er or happier party anywhere.

When the feast was over at last, and even fat Mrs. Wall, who resembled a tub in roundity, had protested her inability to 'swallow another bite,' and the dishes had been washed and wiped 'in a twinkling,' the young people spent a half hour in singing the familiar hymns that will never lose their charm, while many of the old voices joined their quavering tones to the melody.

The room was full of wavering shadows by that time. In the soft dusk, lighted only by the quivering flames from the fire, Doris Holland rose.

'It is almost time to go,' she said, gently. 'I promised to sing for you. What shall it be, Aunt Mary?'

The faded old face smiled at the fresh young countenance as Aunt Mary answered:—

'I don't know the right name, dearie, but you'll know what I mean. Sing, "Never a Trial."'

The room grew very still as the tender words rang out:—

'Never a trial that He is not there,  
Never a burden that He doth not bear,  
Never a sorrow that He doth not share;  
Moment by moment I'm under His care.'

The firelight lit up the gentle face with beauty. Doris had given her voice to the Lord Jesus, she said, that he might use it for himself. Perhaps that was the reason why it came with such loving comfort to the lonely hearts that listened. Trials, burdens, sorrows, they knew all about those, but the voice of the singer brought before them the pitying face of the Saviour, while to her young friends it came like a message of inspiration, urging them on to fresh efforts for their Leader.

'And now,' said Doris simply, 'I will sing of the days to come.'

'The Home-land! Oh, the Home-land!  
The land of the freeborn!  
There is no night in the Home-land,  
But aye the fadeless morn.  
I'm sighing for the Home-land,  
My heart is aching here;  
There is no pain in the Home-land,  
To which I'm drawing near.'

How they listened! how the tears stood in the dim eyes! Stray waifs of humanity, men and women of many creeds, some the victims of sin and some of sorrow, all lonely and weary, all alike homeless in the deepest sense of the world! Even lame Jim, who had never come to any of the meetings before, although he had had many invitations, felt his soul thrilled by the touch of human and divine sympathy as the beautiful voice sang on:

'My loved ones in the Home-land  
Are waiting me to come,  
Where neither sin nor sorrow  
Invades their happy home.  
O dear, dear native country!  
O rest and peace above!  
Christ bring us to the Home-land  
Of His redeeming love.'

'We must go now. Have you had a good time?'

'Are you glad we came?'

There was no need to ask. The smiling faces told the story without words.

'Good-bye, all! Good-bye, Aunt Mary.'

'Good-bye, and the saints bless ye!' said Jane, dropping her funniest bob curtsey. 'It's aisy ye'll slape this night.'

'It's been a happy birthday,' said Aunt Mary, proudly. 'I never thought anyone would remember it, let alone my havin' a reg'lar party!'

The young people were a little quiet going home. Someway the gladness had held a touch of pathos that appealed to them.

May was the first to leave the trolley. Every one laughed as Bert called after her:

'I say, May, have another "idea" just as soon as you can.'

Ding! ding! rang the conductor's bell, but May lingered a moment as she answered earnestly:

'Oh, I wish I could. Do you know, everybody, I never went to a nicer party than this one in all my life!'

## Follow Me.

(By Julia E. Goodwin.)

When the voices of the world are loudly calling

Mid the tumult of life's sea,  
Like the dew of eve upon thy tired heart  
falling

Comes a whisper, all thy restlessness en-  
thralling,

'Follow Me.'

Does the pathway open rough and wild  
before thee?

Feeble though thy footsteps be,  
Shouldst thou falter, he stands ready to  
restore thee,

And his gentle tones in watchful love im-  
plore thee,

'Follow Me.'

When thy soul the night of death is swift-  
ly nearing,

And life's fitful day-gleams flee,  
Lo! his form amid the doubt and gloom  
appearing,

And his loving voice thy fainting spirit  
cheering,

'Follow Me.'

Brighter far than all earth's fairest dreams  
of splendor,

Heaven's portals thou shalt see;  
Dearer far than all the gifts the world can  
render,

Is the love that welcomes thee in tones so  
tender,

'Follow Me.'

—'The Churchman.'

## The Tadpole's Ambition.

(By Katharine Pyne.)

It was very early in the morning, and in every orchard, thicket and wood the birds were singing and answering melodies.

The little brown lizard that lived under a stone in the brook stuck her head out and looked about her. 'I do wonder why that tadpole keeps going up there where the water is so shallow,' she said to herself. 'I think I'll just go and see.'

In a moment she had slidden out from under the stone, and up into the soft shallow where the tadpole lay. 'Hello!' she said.

The tadpole paid no attention to her, but wriggled himself still farther up the shore. 'Oh how beautiful!' he whispered to himself.

'What is so beautiful?' asked the lizard, looking about her inquisitively.

'That singing,' cried the tadpole, ecstatically. 'Oh, if I could only sing like those birds.' Then he turned his little dull eyes upon the lizard. 'I suppose you have often seen birds coming down to the stream to bathe,' he said, 'Do you think I look anything like one?'

'Like a bird?' cried the lizard, 'No, you don't.'

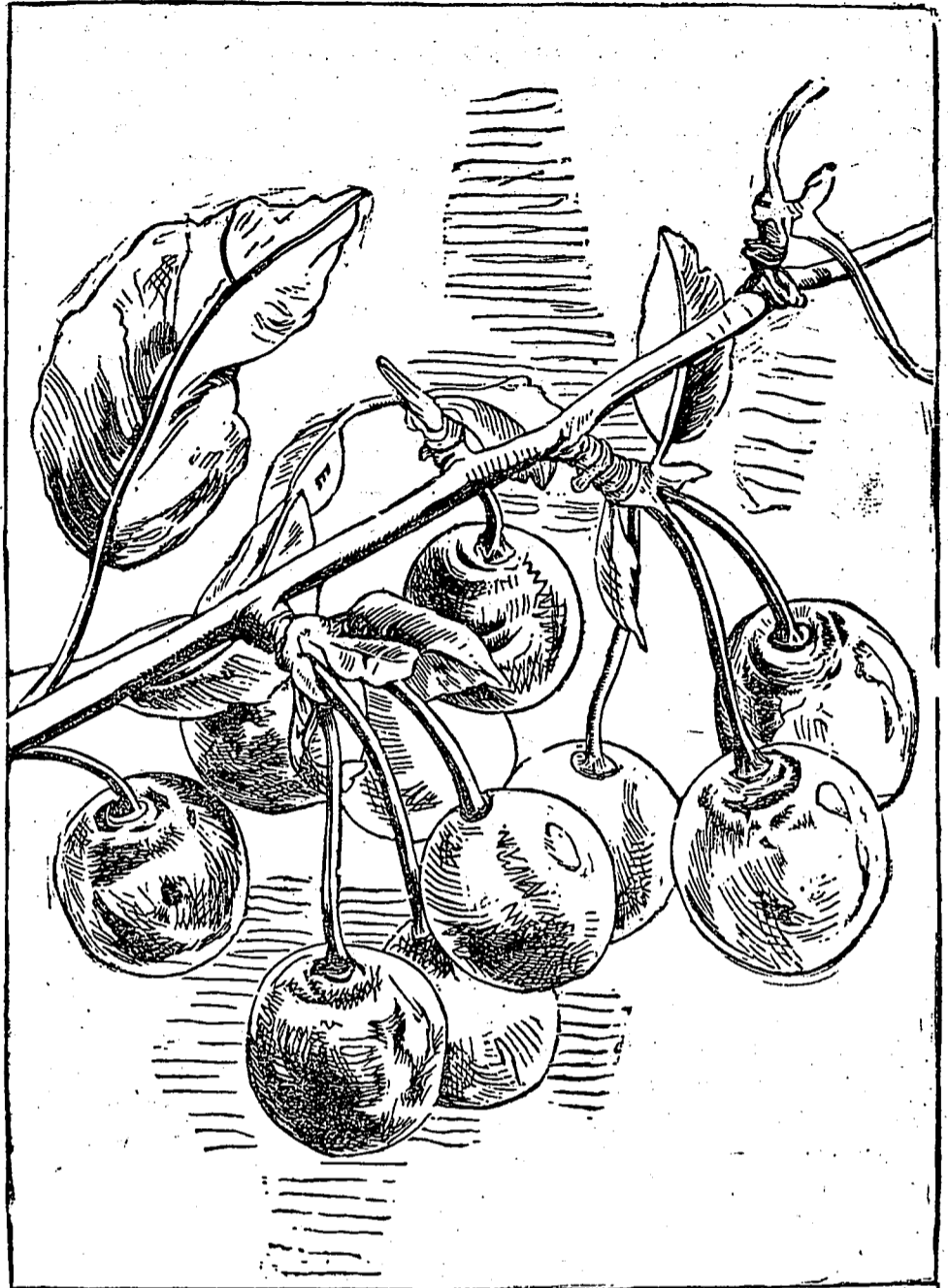
'Well, I don't see why not,' said the tadpole: 'To be sure, I haven't any legs like a bird, but I have as long a tail.'

'Yes,' said the lizard, 'but birds have beaks and feathers, and wings as well, and you haven't anything but a body and a tail.'

'That is true,' and the tadpole sighed heavily.

The bird songs were dying away now, for the sun was fully up, but the tadpole did not seem inclined to move, so the lizard settled herself down more comfortably, and went on talking to him.

At first the tadpole was either too shy or too dull to talk, but presently the lizard spoke again of the birds, and then he began to tell her how he wanted to sing ever since he could remember, and how he had tried and tried until all the fishes and crawfish and even the water snails, had laughed at him, but he never made even a sound. He told the lizard, too, that even after all that he felt sure that he



DRAWING LESSON.

could sing, if only he had legs and could hop about like a bird.

After that morning the lizard often came up to visit the tadpole, and he seemed to take great comfort in talking with her, for she never made fun of him, but tried to plan some way for him to learn to sing.

Once she suggested that if he were only on the shore he might be able to do something about it, so he wriggled himself half up out of the water, but almost immediately he grew so sick that the lizard had to pull him back again by his tail, feeling terribly frightened all the while lest it should break. It was the very next morning that the lizard found the tadpole in a state of wild excitement. 'O lizard, lizard!' he cried, shaking all over from his head to his tail; 'just look at me! I'm getting legs!'

It was true. There they were,

still very small and weak, but really legs. The lizard and the tadpole had been too busy talking of how they could make them grow to notice that they were already budding, and the legs were out before they knew it.

They were still more excited when soon afterwards, they saw near the front part of the tadpole's body two more little buds, and the lizard was sure that these would prove to be wings.

It was a terrible blow to them when they found they were not wings at all, but legs. 'Now it's all over,' cried the tadpole in despair. 'It was bad enough not to have wings, but now that I'm getting legs this way there's no knowing how it will end.'

The lizard, too, was almost hopeless for a while, until she suddenly remembered how a crawfish she had known had lost one of its claws



in a fight, and it had hardly hurt it at all; and she suggested that she might pull the front legs off. The tadpole was very willing, but at the first twist she cried out, 'Ouch! that hurts!' so the lizard had to stop. She could not but feel, however, that something might have been done if the tadpole had not been such a coward.

But worse was to follow. One morning, before the lizard was up, the tadpole came wriggling over to the door of her house. 'Lizard, lizard! come out here!' he cried, and as soon as she appeared he breathlessly begged her to get a piece of eelgrass and measure his tail. 'I've been afraid it was shrinking for some time,' he said, 'and now I'm almost sure, and I've been feeling so strangely, too. Sometimes I feel that I must have air, and I get up on a stone so that I am almost out of the water, and only then do I feel comfortable.'

Hastily the lizard measured the tadpole's tail, and then they sat staring at each other in silent consternation.

It was almost gone!

Still the lizard would not give up all hope. She knew of a wise old crawfish who lived further down the stream, and after bidding the tadpole stay where he was till she returned, she hastened away to beg the old crawfish to come and look at the tadpole and give his advice.

In a very little while she came back again bringing the old crawfish with her. He came crawling along looking both ways at once with his pop eyes and twiddling his feelers, but the moment he came to where the tadpole was he stopped short in surprise. 'Why, this is no sick tadpole!' he cried. Then he added, addressing the tadpole, 'Why are you here? Why aren't you out in the swamp, singing with all the rest of them? Don't you know you're a frog?'

'A frog!' cried the lizard, but the young tadpole frog leaped clear out of the brook with a joyous cry.

'A frog!' he shouted. 'A frog! Why, that's better than being a bird. O little lizard, if that is true, I must say good-by. Hey for the wide green swamp, and the loud frog choruses under the light of the moon! Good-by, little friend, good-by! Think of me sometimes when you hear me singing far away.'

So the frog went away to join his brothers. It was lonely for the little lizard after the frog was gone, but she comforted herself by thinking how happy he must be, and often at twilight she listened to choruses of frogs over in the swamp, and wondered if the one who sang so much louder and deeper than all the rest was the little tadpole who tried so hard to be a bird.

'After all,' she said to herself, 'there are more ways of singing than one.'—'The Outlook.'

### The Legend of Two Sacks.

There is an old story which tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one hanging behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view, and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

'What have you got there, my friend?' he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

'Stop, don't do that!' cried the other, 'you'll spoil my good things.'

'What things?' asked Number One.

'Why, my good deeds,' answered Number Two. 'I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday, and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl, and the mittens I gave the crippled boy, and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder, and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door, and—'

'And what is in the sack behind you?' asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

'Tut, tut,' said Number Two;

'there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes.'

'It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other,' said Number One.

Number Two frowned. He had never thought that though he had put what he called his 'mistakes' out of sight, everyone else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips when happily a third traveller — also carrying two sacks, as they were — overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

'What cargo do you carry in your sack?' cried one.

'Let's see your goods,' said the other.

'With all my heart,' quoth the stranger; 'for I have a goodly assortment and I like to show them. This sack,' said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, 'is full of the good deeds of others.'

'It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry,' observed Number One.

'There you are mistaken,' replied the stranger; 'the weight is only as sails are to a ship or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward.'

'Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you,' said Number Two, 'for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it.'

'I did it on purpose,' said the stranger, 'for all the evil I hear of people I put in there and it falls through and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down or backward.'—'Independent.'

### You Will Never be Sorry.

For using gentle words.

For doing your best.

For being kind to the poor.

For looking before leaping.

For hearing before judging.

For thinking before speaking.

For harboring clean thoughts.

For standing by your principles.

For asking pardon when in error.

For being generous to an enemy.

For showing courtesy to your seniors.

For making others happy.

For being kind to animals.

A little brother and sister of Media, Pa., were sitting on the floor playing with their blocks. The brother leaned over and kissed his baby sister on the cheek. Taking up her apron and wiping her cheek, she said sweetly: 'Bruver, I'm not wiping off the love, I'm just wiping off the wet.'



## LESSON IX.—MARCH 3.

## Jesus Betrayed

John xviii., 1-11. Memory verses, 8-11.  
Read Matthew xxvi., 47-56; Mark xiv.,  
43-52; Luke xxii., 47-54.

## Golden Text.

'The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.'—Matt. xxvi., 45.

## The Bible Lesson.

1. When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples.

2. And Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place: for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples.

3. Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

4. Jesus, therefore, knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?

5. They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he. And Judas also, which betrayed him, stood with them.

6. As soon, then, as he had said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground.

7. Then asked he them again, Whom seek ye? And they said, Jesus of Nazareth.

8. Jesus answered, I have told you that I am he: if therefore ye seek me, let these go their way:

9. That the saying might be fulfilled, which he spake, Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none.

10. Then Simon Peter having a sword, drew it, and smote the high priest's servant and cut off his right ear. The servant's name was Malchus.

11. Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?

## Suggestions.

(From 'The Gist of the Lessons,' by the Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago)

Jesus longed to meet the Father in prayer. The awful weight of agony was crushing him. (Matt. xxvi., 38.) But he must strengthen the disciples and fortify them against the coming trial. To this he attended first. But now this work was done. The necessary words had been spoken, the wondrous prayer that made their safety sure had been offered, and Jesus goes forth to the garden where he shall meet the Father in prayer and get the strength needed to insure him victory in the last great conflict. The garden was a place of frequent resort for our Lord. It was a chosen sanctuary where he met the Father. Those who knew him best knew that this retired place of prayer was the likeliest place to find him at that time of night (v. 3). Judas had often been there. In that hallowed garden beneath the old olive trees he had seen Jesus interceding with God. But his heart had become so hardened by covetousness that the sacred sight had made little impression upon it. His principal thought seems to have been that the garden of prayer would be a good place to capture Jesus unawares.

Judas had not become so hardened in a day. But little by little, by allowing the greed of money to usurp a larger and larger place in his heart, and by hardening his heart more and more against the truths that he heard constantly falling from the lips of the Son of God, Judas had become what we here see him. Two hands were to meet that night in the garden, God's

band and the devil's. At the head of one was the Son of God himself, at the head of the other him into whom the devil had entered. Judas had provided himself with a large company of soldiers (v. 3, R. V. marg.). Evidently a great fear of this humble man, Jesus, had taken possession of them, and they feared the multitude, also. If Jesus had seen fit to resist, their preparations would have proven totally inadequate. (Matt. xxvi., 53). Though it was a moonlight night they brought lanterns and torches, thinking, perhaps, that Jesus would hide in the shadow of the trees or rocks. The whole performance is an illustration of the dense stupidity of the enemies of God. They did not have to search for Jesus. Jesus fully realizing his peril, but knowing also that God's appointed time had come, went forth and delivered himself into their hands. (v. 4, comp. ch. x, 17, 18).

Jesus knew that at last the awful hour that he had so long looked forward to with sorrow unspeakable had come. He knew all that was coming upon him, but he did not shrink. He 'went forth' with steady step and undaunted heart. He put to Judas and his band a question that had more in it than appears on the surface, 'Whom seek ye?' 'Jesus of Nazareth,' is the quick response. Little did they realize who he was whom they sought to capture and destroy. There are five words of awful sadness in this fifth verse, 'Judas was standing with them.' Think of it, he who had been a chosen apostle standing with the enemies of his Lord! So to-day there are many standing with the enemies of Jesus whom one would naturally expect to be standing by the side of Jesus. Judas standing there is an illustration of the brazen effrontery of sin. But Judas does not long remain standing. With majestic calmness and dignity Jesus simply says, 'I am he,' and Judas and his hellish crew go backward and fall to the ground. It is just a momentary flashing forth of the divine glory of Jesus and foreshadowing of that glorious day when all the enemies of Jesus shall fall dismayed and overwhelmed at his feet. Augustine well asks in commenting upon this verse, 'What will he do when he comes as a judge, if he did this when giving himself up as a prisoner?' At this point Jesus had abundant opportunity to escape if he would. But he will not, for he knows his hour has now come. But while delivering himself up, he shields his disciples. Not one of them shall be lost. (v. 9, R. V.). And he knows they are not strong enough yet to stand the test of arrest and trial. So he will not suffer them to be tempted above that which they are able (v. 8, comp. I. Cor. x., 13). The time will come when they will be strong enough and then they too shall have the honor of arrest and martyrdom, (ch. xiii., 36).

Peter took it upon himself to defend Jesus. There was courage in his act, but it was not a lasting courage. Peter was trying to make good his boast, 'with thee I am ready to go both to prison and to death.' (Luke xxii., 23, R. V.). There was not much sense in the act. How excited and really frightened Peter was may be suggested in that the blow was so poorly directed. The rash act got Peter into trouble later and was one of the causes that led to his denial of his Lord (v. 26). John is the only evangelist who records that Peter was the one who struck this blow. Perhaps the other evangelists conceal Peter's name that Peter might not get into trouble by the act. When John wrote Peter was already dead. Peter received no praise from the Lord for his rash daring, (cf. Matt. xxvi., 52). Jesus bade Peter put up the sword into the sheath. This sets forth Christ's view of propagating the gospel by the sword. The sword with which a Christian should do his fighting is the sword of the Spirit (verse 36; II. Cor. x. 4; Eph. vi. 17). The cup from which Peter was seeking to keep Jesus was bitter, but the Father gave it and Jesus was ready to drink it. No matter how bitter the cup the Father gives let us ever echo Christ's triumphant, 'Shall I not drink it?' The Father gave this cup to Jesus by the hands of wicked men. It was none the less from the Father, (cf. Acts ii., 23). Jesus was seized and bound. There was no need of binding him. If he had seen fit not to go the bonds would have been of no avail.

## Questions.

What seven characteristics of Jesus are seen in this passage? What seven things did Jesus do? What does the lesson teach as to the security of those who belong to Christ? How is the hardness of Judas's heart shown? In what respects did Peter make a mistake? What is the most important lesson in the passage?

## C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 3.—Topic—Religious barrenness.—Luke xiii., 6-9.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

WANTED: ANDREWS AND PHILIPS.

Mon., Feb. 25.—Jesus is seeking.—John x., 16.  
Tues., Feb. 26.—Telling the world.—Phil. ii., 15, 16.  
Wed., Feb. 27.—Winning your friends.—John iv., 28-30.  
Thu., Feb. 28.—A good example.—Acts x., 24, 33.  
Fri., Mar. 1.—One family in Christ.—Matt. xxiii., 8.  
Sat., Mar. 2.—Opening the Scriptures.—Acts xviii., 28.  
Sun., Mar. 3.—Topic—Bringing others to Jesus.—John i., 40-45.

## Free Church Catechism.

26. Q.—Where do we find God's will briefly expressed?

A.—In the Decalogue or Law of the Ten Commandments, as explained by Jesus Christ.

27. Q.—Repeat the Ten Commandments.

A.—(Repetition of the Commandments.)

28. Q.—How has our Lord taught us to understand this law?

A.—He taught that the law reaches to the desires, motives and intentions of the heart, so that we cannot keep it unless we love God with our whole heart and our neighbor as ourselves.

## Tact Needed.

Making my advent one Sunday afternoon a little earlier than usual, such disorder met my gaze as I had never imagined. The lads were sliding down the railings that guarded the staircase, and, on entering the room above, it seemed a mass of living motion. Boys were riding the desk on the platform, the backs of the seats, and indeed everything available. Experience had taught me to look for a ringleader, and he was quickly found.

It lacked but a few moments of the hour for opening, but as I requested the master-spirit to take charge until the arrival of the superintendent, by a single wave of his hand the attention of all present was attracted; and the quiet that ensued was as perfect as that called for by their esteemed superintendent—who soon arrived, gazed about him surprised, then went directly on with the usual exercises, finding all in order and awaiting further direction.

How much might be accomplished for good, were there more sympathy shown for the mischievous, who are not yet inclined to evil for its own sake, but are rather restive from lack of some special incentive that shall win their best endeavors, and waiting, as it were, to be led, whether for good or for evil!—S. S. Times.

It is of great moment that the Sunday school brings clearly into view the restraints which bound and limit individual liberty. It tells the children that men may not do just what they please. It makes much of the authority of conscience. It points upward to the solemn enactments of law and duty, that 'stern daughter of the voice of God.' It sets God himself in the forefront, an omnipresence never absent or forgetful, a tribunal that can never be evaded or escaped. Who of us will say how many it prevents, by planting these hedges about them, from falling away into the criminal and vicious classes?—Who can estimate to what extent it is saving the nation from the increase of those whose moral weaknesses and delinquencies inflict so sore a blow on its honor and strength?—'Sunday School Chronicle.'

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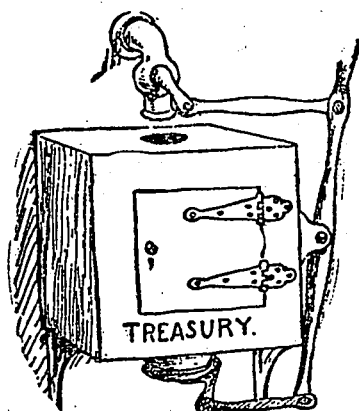
# Temperance

## Does the License Help the Tax-Payer?

(By the Rev. W. R. Prince, in the 'National Advocate'.)

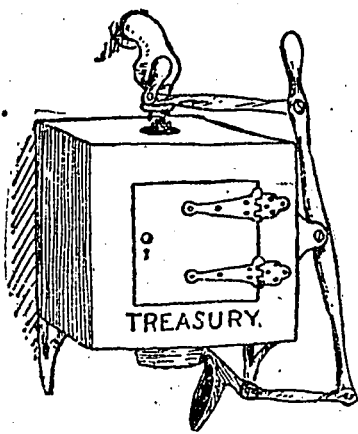
Taxes are as certain as death. It is as hard for the average farmer to pay his assessment of twenty dollars—as for the rich capitalist to pay five hundred. Many a man, living on some bleak and stony New England hill, struggling to support a family where it is hard for sheep to find a living, pays a tax of but eight or ten dollars, but to him that small sum is a crushing burden.

'Anything to lighten the load of taxes,' he groans; 'anything to put money in the town treasury without taking it out of my pocket!'



LICENSE NO.

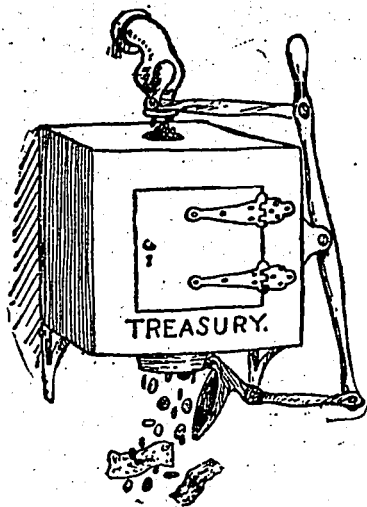
Along come two or three fellows and say to the poor man: 'Help us to fix it so we can sell liquor in this town, and we will each pay large money into the town treasury. So much help on the taxes, see?' The voter looks, and seems to see a faucet over the town treasury ready to pour down gold. The faucet is now stopped, since no liquor is legally sold in town, but his vote can help move the mechanism that will open it.



LICENSE YES.

His imagination dwells on the prospect. He seems to see the license faucet opened, and a steady stream of gold dollars dropping into the community chest, all of which contribute to lighten his burden of taxes.

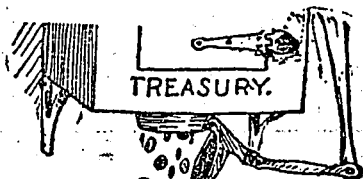
Tempted by the vision, he goes to the ballot box and deposits his vote for license. But he forgets, or is not aware that there is an opening in the treasury box below as well as above, and that the mechanism which opens the license faucet and drops in gold above, always and unavoidably at the same time unstops the opening below. Moreover, the opening below is larger than that above, and consequently very much more escapes than comes in from the faucet. This is what the voter, who goes for license because he thinks it will lessen his taxes, does not or will not understand.



LICENSE YES.

By his foolish attempt to diminish his taxes by a wrong means, he has really increased them. For whatever depletes the town treasury robs the taxpayers, who have to fill up the treasury.

Thoughtful, sensible men know, or at least when the fact is pointed out to them they come to recognize that a large share of the crime committed is brought on by drink, and that the same is true of pauperism and insanity; that direct damages are caused by drink, as when a drunken man destroys public property. He sees that many indirect expenses for which liquor is in whole or in part responsible fall on the public treasury. The cost of a murder trial is sometimes enormous, and most of the murders are traceable to drink. It is for the defraying of such expenses, in part, that taxes are paid. Whatever increases crime, pauperism, insanity, etc., increases taxes. The opening of saloons cer-



PAUPER EXPENSES.  
PRISON EXPENSES.  
COURT EXPENSES.  
INSANE EXPENSES.  
DAMAGE EXPENSES.  
MISCELLANEOUS  
INDIRECT EXPENSES.

tainly means the increase of these things, and therefore directly tends to increase the burden of the taxpayer. Let no one be taken in by the fallacy that the fee paid by the liquor seller for his license benefits the town or any individual in it, except the saloon-keeper himself, who thereby acquires the privilege of getting rich at the detriment and expense of the rest of the community.

Drive out the saloon and lessen taxes!

I have never observed such pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, or ever knew so many hectic habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars.—Dr. Waterhouse.

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## Correspondence

TO LOTTIE T.

Will 'Little Lottie T.' of Agricola, North Alberta, whose nice letter was in the 'Messenger' of Feb. 8, kindly send her full name and address to Miss L. Skelding, 130 Dunn avenue, Parkdale, Toronto, who wishes to send her some books. Miss Skelding says: 'I know what it is not to be able to walk about, having been sick for over nine years, and I feel I would like to do something to brighten the lives of others who are sick like I am. God has been very good to me, and given me many kind friends to look after me.'

Albarni, B. C.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl about nine years of age. I have taken the 'Messenger' a year, and I like it very much. I have two sisters and a brother. A LITTLE FRIEND.

Dear Editor,—I'm nine years old. I take the 'Messenger.' My auntie sent me the 'Messenger' last year for Christmas. I have subscribed for it myself. I have no brothers or sisters. R. W. D.

Kincardine.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near Kincardine, on Lake Huron. I have four sisters and two brothers. We take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I go to Sunday-school and church.

E. MAUDIE S. (Aged 9.)

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger' and likes it very much. I have one sister and four brothers. Our post-office is Elm Valley. My pa keeps a herd, and I ride on a horse. I'm at my aunt's for holidays. MILTON L. G.

Ethel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find 30 cents, payment for one year's subscription for your paper. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I like reading the stories in it. I live on a farm, a mile and a quarter from Ethel. I have one brother, but no sisters. My brother's name is Melvyn. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same day as mine—Nov. 15.

BERNICE S.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of a friend my sister is getting the 'Messenger.' I like reading the correspondence best. My father is a farmer. My birthday was on Dec. 11. I have one sister and one brother. We have no Sunday-school now in the winter. I go to the Methodist Church. I have two kitties for pets.

FLORENCE M. (Aged 12.)

St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I got a 'Messenger' yesterday for the first time since July, and it was quite a treat. We moved from Toronto and I could not make up my mind to go to a strange Sunday-school till now, the beginning of the new year, and I am so glad I went. I think I shall like the Well-and-Avenue School as well as Christ Church, Toronto. S. A. O.

Wheatly River, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I go to school, and I am in the fourth reader, also in geography, grammar and history. I have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years, and I like it very much. I have a little brother named William Lawrence. He is eight years old, and he is in the third reader. Wishing you a happy New Year, GEORGE D. McL.

North Bedeque, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—It seems queer that I don't write and tell how we all like the 'Messenger.' I got the paper as a present from our last teacher. I always like to look at the letters and Little Folks first. I wrote once before, but I guess my letter found its way to the waste basket. My papa is a farmer and we keep cows, horses, sheep, pigs, hens and turkeys and geese. The hens are mine. Would you please, Mr. Editor, tell me when the 'Northern Messenger' was edited first. With all good wishes to the ones who read this letter. JENNIE R. (Aged 12.)

HOUSEHOLD.

A Darning Club.

Among all the clubs of the present day a 'Darning club' is certainly one of the most practical. It originated among a number of housewives, who decided that 'darning' was too dull work to be pursued in the solitude of one's own home, and so decided to have a weekly meeting on Wednesday forenoon, to which each should take her mending, while those who had no work were to entertain the rest by reading or something of a similar character. The plan was carried out, and worked admirably. Not only was a pleasant weekly entertainment enjoyed, and a great deal of uninteresting work happily disposed of, but the members became familiar with a large amount of elevating literature which else they would not have had the time or opportunity of assimilating.

Mould in the Cellars.

Unslaked lime is best suited for the extermination of mould in the cellar. It is blown in the shape of fine powder, on the walls of the cellar and into the joints and crevices by means of the bellows or else thrown on with the hand. The walls must be damp; dry walls have to be well moistened previously. The lime slakes with the adhering water and kills all organisms. On the day following the walls are washed off, and, as experience has proved, the cellar will remain free from mould for at least two years.

Selected Recipes.

**Cottage Pudding.**—This is a very light pudding if properly made. Mix together a breakfast-cup and a half of flour with a tablespoonful of sugar and a cupful of milk to a stiff batter. Then take about an ounce of butter and two eggs. Beat the eggs and butter together until they are like cream, and then stir into the batter; add a teaspoonful of baking powder, and turn into a greased dish and bake for an hour. This may be eaten as it is, or with jam, or a few currants or sultanas may be added.

**Apple Compote.**—Put a cupful of sugar and one of water into a preserving kettle, adding the juice of one lemon. Boil five minutes, or until the scum rises, and remove it. Add six apples, pared, cored and quartered. Boil until nearly tender, and then bake in the oven. This is good either hot or cold.

**Sauce for the Same.**—One cupful of sugar, one pint of water, the thin yellow rind of a quarter of a lemon, a little grated nutmeg; let it boil slowly for a few moments and serve.

About 'World Wide.'

PROFESSOR GEIKIE.

Dean of Trinity Medical College.

Toronto, Jan. 14, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Sir,—Please send me from your first number the year of 'World Wide.' I wish you all success. I think your idea is a very good one, and will do much in the way of giving readers what will instruct and interest them, increasing their desire to read, and if they go through your contents as quoted in the 'Daily Witness' for the first two numbers, giving a great deal of information, all useful and interesting. I send you 75 cents in stamps.

Wishing you all success, I am an old 'Witness' subscriber.

WALTER B. GEIKIE.

PROFESSOR A. H. YOUNG.

Trinity University, Toronto, Jan. 11.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide.')

Sir,—The number of 'World Wide' which has already appeared I have read with much pleasure. I hope you will be successful in the new enterprise.

Yours truly,

A. H. YOUNG.

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SAMUEL TRENAMAN.

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About the 'Witness.'

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:—

Gentlemen,—As I have been taking the 'Weekly Witness' for some years permit me to add my voice to those who appreciate your valuable paper. I would not be without it for a good deal. Your high Christian standpoint and authentic news make the 'Witness' without a peer in the Canadian newspaper world. As I have renewed my subscription through the 'Progress' office of this place, I take this opportunity of letting you know.

Yours truly,

FRANK AMAS.

Qu'Appelle Station, Assa., Feb. 4, 1901.

Rama, Ont., Jan. 26, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—I regret having overlooked my renewal of your valuable paper.

I might say that it has been in our family since the 'Witness' was first published. My father, the late Captain McPherson, of Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders, having subscribed for it during his lifetime.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES MCPHERSON,

Postmaster, Rama P.O.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'