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AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AT TAI-PEH, FORMOSA—DR. MACKAY, CHINESE AND JAPANESE PREACHERS AND CONVERTS.

A Great Canadian Missionary

(By the Editor of 'From Far Formosa,' in 'The Westminster.')
 'The Westminster.'

It was during his first furlough, in the early spring of 1881, that I first heard Dr. MacKay. He was making a tour of the churches—after the manner of missionaries who are supposed to be resting—giving addresses on his work in Formosa, and came to Hamilton, where he spent a Sabbath, preaching in two of the churches and addressing a mass meeting on Monday evening. It is the Monday evening meeting which stands out before me still with all the vividness and thrill of an experience of yesterday. I was attending the Collegiate Institute at the time, and examinations were not far off, but the great Formosa missionary, whose name and fame were in all the papers, was too strong a magnet. So it was that with another collegiate youth, now Dr. C.



DR. MACKAY IN 1881.

the sunny slopes of Italy, the vine-clad hills of Germany, the majesty of the Alps and the beauties of the Rhineland; of England, too; and last of all, of Scotland, with her lochs and heathery hills—and then before his eye there rose that little island in the yeasty sea, its rock-ridged shore, its cities and plains and dark-green mountain tops; he heard the deep sound of its surf, the sigh of the tall bamboo in the breeze, and most of all, the long, sad call of its burdened and weary life—and then, like a man whose passion had broken restraint, he called 'Formosa! Formosa! My own Formosa!' and prayed the blessing of heaven on that 'loveliest island of the sea.'

It may be that the effect was partly due to the impressionableness of youth. At that time such sensations were not so common as to callous the emotional nature. There were not so many passages of eloquence with which to compare that 'Formosa' peroration



DR. MACKAY IN 1870.

'A. Webster, of Beyrout, Syria, I set out for the meeting on Monday evening.

The meeting was held in Knox church, the solid, old-fashioned stone church which still houses a great congregation on James street. Dr. John James was minister in those days. When we reached the church that evening, nearly a half-hour early, the

aisles were full. By dint of pressure and staying power we made our way up the winding stair to the gallery and edged up to a spot against the back wall at the end opposite the pulpit. I can see it yet—that closely-packed mass of heads.

Away at the far end among the city pastors on the platform sat the wiry little man whom the Chinese called 'the black-bearded barbarian.' His photograph, for which he sat that very day, is before me now, and it does not altogether belie the epithet. When he began to speak one could feel the tremendous force of the man. He spoke with wonderful power that night. Seldom since have I heard him excel that address. The closing part was genuinely eloquent. I think I could repeat it sentence for sentence today, so impressive was it, so appealing to the imagination, so throbbing with emotional power. The great word was 'Formosa.' How he lingered on that word, with his full Highland drawl! He told of his love for Canada and of the fair scenes upon which he had looked; of the sights which hold the traveller crossing the American continent; of the wonders of the lands beyond the Pacific, Japan and India and the sacred east; of



MRS. MACKAY IN 1881.

The only one of equal distinction was a passage in an address on 'Grace and truth' I had heard not long before by the late Dr. W. P. Mackay, of Hull, England, at a conference in old Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, in which he recalled an illumination of the city of Edinburgh when Sir Walter Scott's monument sparkled with jets, and then soared to

a description of that day in the ages to come when God will reveal the exceeding riches of his grace, when 'the top-stone will be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it," and the great word seen in that heavenly illumination will be Grace.' How I got down from the top gallery that day and made my way home I never knew. For days and weeks the picture lived before my eyes, and things unseen were the real things. That picture lives there still. And beside it is this other passage from Dr. G. L. MacKay's address in Knox church, Hamilton. These two are among the half-dozen thrilling moments when the orator was supreme.

I did not hear MacKay of Formosa again until during his second furlough in Canada in 1895, when he spent a Sabbath in St. Thomas. When he arrived at the church for evening service we found every available inch of space filled long before the hour. The great area was packed, and the gallery, choir loft, platform, vestibules, stairways—a half-acre of eager faces. A psalm, a Scripture reading, a prayer, and then MacKay began. I saw it in him. In less than five minutes the break was made, and he was free. All the Highland fire and fervor got vent. He was back again in his own Formosa. That night he told the story of the taking of Bang-Kah. We saw the city, the Gibraltar of heathenism, and were with him that first night, and all through the next day, when the mob howled and the stones came hurling; we saw the tablet put up again and again, 'Jesus' Holy Temple,' and stood by him when the first chapel was erected, and the second, and the present splendid church; and when he said farewell to those Bang-Kah converts in 1893, on leaving for Canada, we saw the city's head men do him honor, and heard the Christians sing 'I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.'

During the summer of 1895 I saw a great deal of Dr. MacKay. We spent days, sometimes a whole week, together, going over his notes, reports, and the jottings he had made of his life and work in Formosa. It was with hesitation I undertook the task of editing his book. That task seemed to me impossible. I feared most of all the impossibility of successful co-operation. But to my amazement I found him ready to agree to my proposal, and I was given the very fullest editorial liberty. Instead of cramming his manuscript with personal references, experiences and opinions, he had omitted almost entirely the personal element. It was only by practising the newspaper art of interviewing that I succeeded in securing for the book materials for several of the chapters, such as 'With the Head-hunters,' which have proved most widely interesting. Even the thrilling story of Bang-Kah was given but a brief paragraph, and it was out of his public addresses and from fragments gathered in conversation that the chapter on 'How Bang-Kah was Taken' was composed. It was, indeed, worth all the toil it cost to see the man whom the Christian church had learned to honor, and whose strength of purpose had been proved by a half-century of service, shrink so from self-assertion; and it was worth something, too, to see his eyes sparkle and hear his short sure 'That's it, that's good,' when a paragraph was given a turn he liked, or a bit of description was made true to the original. He thoroughly disliked continuous literary work, and not for love or money would he have undertaken the writing of his book, but by taking advantage of the powers allowed to me as editor, and by adopting his point of view and thinking

along his lines, 'From Far Formosa' was made in reality more truly and genuinely Dr. MacKay's book than if he had written every chapter himself. When he read over the first complete copy after his return to Formosa, he exclaimed 'That's true, every word of it.'

During the past year or two Dr. MacKay has written but few letters to Canada. In this he shows his caution and prudence. Formosa is now a Japanese possession, and its future is not easy to read. He cares more for the kingdom of God than for either China or Japan, and therefore, he gives nothing to the public which might injure the mission work, either Chinese or Japanese. The China-Japan war was a serious blow to the work of the mission, destroying chapels and breaking up congregations. But there is now revival. The Church of Christ in Japan is at work in Formosa and Chinese and Japanese Christians are working together for the up-building of the kingdom of God. In a photograph recently received from Formosa there are shown Dr. MacKay, his co-workers, and the Japanese missionary, who were gathered together at Tai-peh to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Church of Christ in Japan, and the first anniversary of Japanese work in Formosa.

Almost.

(By Vivian F. Ayers, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

'Oh, dear, my name ought to be Almost instead of Amy,' said Amy Baker to her friend, May Fields, as they were sitting in May's room enjoying what they called a 'confidential.' 'Here I've tried all summer to get a little district school to teach, and every time it's a dead failure.'

'Tell me about it. I hadn't heard,' said May.

'Well, to begin with, the first day after school meeting I applied for the Lincoln school. The trustee was away. I waited for his return, but he engaged a teacher before he came home. Then father spoke to the village trustee. He said he would let me know as soon as he could. Next, the trustee from Spyville came to see me. I told him I was waiting to hear from the village trustee, and if I failed in getting the village I would go to Spyville.'

'I waited and waited, but the village trustee got some one else and never let me know. The very day I decided to become the Spyville schoolma'am I received word that the trustee had grown tired of waiting and didn't want me.'

'Still I had hopes for the school on the hill. I visited the trustee and was in luck, for he said he would employ me and the next evening would come down and make all arrangements. I was delighted and went right down street and spent every cent in my pocketbook. Imagine my dismay the next morning when I received a note from him saying his Aunt Jennie Somebody hadn't a school and he'd rather she would take it. She lived in the district, and every one liked her.'

'The next week I heard of still another school without a teacher. I got father up at five o'clock and we started off to find school had been in session a week.'

'Am I too easily discouraged? Oh, I'm Almost instead of Amy. Don't you remember two years ago? I stood almost first in my class. Susie Little had just a fraction more than I in our last rhetoric examination. Then when I spoke for the medal I stood second. Why, I could count up ever so many times. I believe whenever it seems as though I must do anything I can't quite.'

'It is queer,' replied May; 'but perhaps

those very circumstances will be a lesson that may be of great benefit to you.'

'It seems to be a lesson I have to review often. I'll have it by heart pretty soon. But it is late and we had better hurry if we intend to go to prayer meeting,' said Amy.

A few minutes later the girls entered the chapel, as the hymn 'Almost Persuaded' was being sung.

'May,' Amy whispered laughingly, 'that joins right in with our afternoon conversation.' But she became more thoughtful as she sang:

Almost is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
Almost—but lost!

Amy was not a Christian. She was one of the kind who thought she was just as good as a great many church members. May, who was a devoted Christian, had talked often with her friend about her soul, but seemingly to no purpose.

'Now, Amy,' said May, on their way home from church, 'it came to me while they were singing "Almost Persuaded" why you had been given so many lessons in almost having your wishes met. O Amy, as you value your soul, don't carry "almost" too far.'

'I haven't carried "almost" into anything. It has carried me. What ails you, May? You make me nervous. I am not such a terrible sinner.' So Amy turned the subject to something lighter.

But the words 'almost—but lost!' would keep running through her mind and it haunted her all the rest of the week.

Revival services were announced the next Sunday and she told May she was going to go and become a Christian. She went Monday night, and when the invitation was given for those out of Christ to become Christians no one responded. Amy thought she could not alone. After meeting May spoke with her about it. She said: 'I surely will to-morrow night.'

To-morrow night came, but Amy was not at meeting. As May left the church, a woman came up to her and said, 'De Bakers wants ye right off,' and burst into tears.

'Why, Meg, what is the matter?' said May, as she recognized the servant of the Baker family. But Meg was sobbing so that May could find out nothing only that she must hurry.

On reaching the house, Meg led the way in and up to Amy's room. There poor Amy lay, pale as death. Her parents and the doctor were watching to catch some sign of life. She had gone out for a horseback ride that afternoon. The horse had taken fright and thrown her, and she had been taken in to the house for dead.

Four hours they watched. At last the doctor said he could feel the faintest beating of the pulse. This little sign of life caused great joy.

Many anxious days followed. At last, there came a great change for the better. Her life was spared and she gave it to Christ.

'May,' she said one day, after she came back to health, 'my "almost lesson" came near lasting forever.'

'Almost persuaded, harvest is past!
Almost persuaded, doom comes at last!'

Subscriber Pleased.

A gentleman subscribing for the 'Northern Messenger' four years in advances says: 'We all highly enjoy your paper. It is an excellent one for both old and young.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Dec. 2, Sun.—Worship him who made heaven and earth.

Dec. 3, Mon.—Keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

Dec. 4, Tues.—Their works do follow them.

Dec. 5, Wed.—I heard a voice from heaven.

Dec. 6, Thurs.—Called and chosen and faithful.

Dec. 7, Fri.—Praise our God all ye his servants.

Dec. 8, Sat.—Salvation and glory and honor, and power unto the Lord our God.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Two Life-Saving Stations.

(By Edward Carswell, in 'Temperance Banner'.)

A fearful storm was raging off the rocky coast of Maine, when the boom of a gun, like the tolling of a funeral bell, came from the dark, tempestuous sea. Men, women and children left their firesides and rushed into the storm until nearly all who lived in the little fishing town stood shivering on the cold, wet sands. They knew that this signal of distress meant the wreck of some vessel, and loss of life, unless help was quickly sent; and these brave, simple-hearted people were willing and ready to do all they could, even to the risking of life, for the stranger as for their own.

The lifeboat was quickly run down to the water's edge. The crew in their yellow oil-skin dress and cork life-preservers, stood ready, but where was the captain? Then a look of dismay came into every face when

might as well try to quiet this storm with a fan as to stop the mighty rum influence with my small powers. But, what can a woman do? One of these brave fellows will do more to "rescue the perishing" in an hour than I can do in a lifetime. I know I have the courage, but lack the power.

"There she comes!" shouted an old fisherman, pointing out to sea. "Yes, and she's full of people!" cried another. As the boat approached the shore a man ran into the surf with a rope to help drag her ashore. There was great rejoicing among the people, and the drenched and exhausted passengers were hurried away to the cottages by kind hands.

"She was a three-mast West India schooner, and we got there just in time," said one of the crew to those who still clung around the boat. "Capt. Johnston just saved the last one, a lady, by jumping overboard himself, when the schooner went down like a stone; ten crew, and six passengers. I tell you Capt. Johnston is as good a sailor and as

helpless, sinking, and carrying wife and children down with me. She came to my rescue, threw me a life-line which I was too helpless or stupid to grasp, but she stood by the wreck night and day until I was towed ashore, taken to her "life-saving station," where I was overhauled, new-rigged and made seaworthy again. I feel as happy and thankful to-night as our generous friend, the merchant, for I, too, have been rescued from a more horrible position than he and his friends found themselves in yesterday. Not only a man again, but a light has come into my soul, and if I had crossed the bar yesterday for the last time I feel that I should have sailed through golden gates into a safe harbor and happy for ever more. I thought as I came in with the boat yesterday and saw you all standing out in the storm, where you had stood for hours, 'how kind and sympathetic these people are, and if they would only give a little more thought, time and money to the other life-saving station and the wrecks on shore, and be willing to pull an oar in the other life-boat, how many hearts would be made glad and homes made bright.' So I cannot take a cent of your money. Give it to the other boat's crew. Am I right, wife?"

Then a pleasant-faced woman, with tears in her eyes, answered, 'Yes, John.'

The audience cheered. May Morris was sobbing, although she felt very happy. She was saying to herself, 'How blind I have been. I will never lose faith or murmur again.'

In a few months she had, through the generosity of the merchant, a new and neat little hall called 'The Temperance Life Saving Station.'

Sacrifice Rewarded.

(By the Rev. William Porter Townsend, in New York 'Observer'.)

Harold Smith was a happy lad, indeed, other boys under similar circumstances would have been just as joyous as he. Harold's father had made good the conditional promise of a few months ago, and the anticipations of the son were now realized. The lad had tried hard to meet the conditions and had succeeded well. Not many moments had been neglected or misimproved during the school term. Harold had proved himself a thorough student, had all through the term stood high in his class, and had graduated with honors from the neighboring academy. And now he was the possessor of the finest pony and buggy owned by the lads of the town. What a royal time he would have!

Plans had already been made for the occasion. Several of the boys had put their heads together, as boys sometimes will, and a day's outing in honor of the successful youth had been carefully arranged. It was to be no ordinary event, boys of his age never do things by halves. If anything, the tendency is to plan beyond their possibilities. The shade and repose of the distant woods were to be sought, and the beautiful lake, hidden away in its depths, was to add to their pleasure, affording as it would a choice opportunity for boating, fishing and bathing. The boys were to get up with the sun, have an early start, make a full day of it, and return home in the quiet of a moonlit night. Mothers and sisters were to be excluded from the party, that is from the actual enjoyments of the day, though they were to have their share of the pleasure in preparing the luncheons for the young men, who would show their appreciation of their la-



they remembered that he was lying helpless on his bed with a broken leg. What was to be done? No one had the skill or courage to take his place.

Just then Capt. Johnston pushed his way through the crowd. He had once been captain of the life-saving crew and the most skilful and courageous one it had ever had; but he had lost the position through strong drink, and for some time had been a poor drunken sot, and lived in a tumble-down cottage with his broken-hearted wife and children. But there was no look of a sot about him now, as he said:

'Boys, if you will trust me, I think I can help you put her through.' They hesitated, and looked one at the other, when one who had been eyeing the captain from head to foot shouted out, 'Boys, he's all right! three cheers for Capt. Johnston!' With a cheer they ran out the boat and tumbled in, the captain standing in the stern guiding her through the surf with a long oar. The crowd stood watching the boat until lost to view in the mist and rain.

'Oh, if I were only a man,' said May Morris, 'I would be in that boat, but what can a woman do, but pray, cry and suffer? I have left my comfortable city home, and for a year have taught the little school here, thinking I could lift these rough, but kind-hearted people to a higher plane. I have organized my 'Life Boat Temperance Society' and what does it amount to? A few children and half a dozen men and women are all who take an interest in its work. I

brave as—say! where is he?' The captain had slipped away as soon as the boat reached the shore.

The wealthy merchant, who, with his wife, had been saved, asked to have a public meeting the next night that he might thank and reward the brave sailors. It was held in the church, which was crowded. Mr. Mason, the merchant, told of the awful position they were in the day before, when their ship was a helpless wreck; that she had already been dashed upon a rock and was going down when the lifeboat came to the rescue; how Capt. Johnston had risked his own life for his dear wife at the last moment. 'Will the captain and his brave men come upon the platform?' he asked.

'Please excuse me,' said Capt. Johnston, 'until you get through with the boys, then I should like to say a few words.' So Mr. Mason shook hands with each sailor, thanked him for his brave act in the name of all the rescued, and presented each with a twenty-dollar gold piece. Calls for the captain came from all parts of the house. He went upon the stand and said:

'Ladies and gentlemen,—You know that I am not the captain of the lifeboat. You also know that I once was and how I lost that position, how I, myself, became a wreck, and if I yesterday did anything worthy of a man and a sailor I deserve no praise or reward; it should go to her (pointing to Miss Morris), our brave, self-sacrificing young school teacher. She found me a wreck, poor, shattered, water or rather whiskey-logged,

bors, their thoughtfulness and their dainties. The day was near at hand. The morrow would witness its dawn. The lads had held a final meeting for consultation, and for perfecting plans, and had separated at an early hour only to dream through the long night of the pleasures seemingly not far off.

The morrow dawned, bringing with it a model June day. The pleasures of the day had begun. The Smith family were breakfasting with hearts lighter than usual. There was a Christian home. The day was not entered upon thoughtlessly. God was not forgotten in the midst of life's businesses and pleasures. With them it was: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' And when the father led the family devotions that morning it was to commend very especially to the care of his Heavenly Father, his boy, and to pray that 'the Giver of every good and perfect gift,' who smiled so favoringly on them, would help them never to turn a deaf ear nor close the eye to the needs of others. Little did they dream that God would soon take them at their word and give them opportunity to prove their faith and discipline.

Hardly had the prayer ended, ere the quick tread of heavy feet was heard approaching down the lane leading to the comfortable home. A knock at the door by the person without told of anxiety and haste. The visitor proved to be the village cobbler, all begrimed from the labors of the day already begun. An honest son of toil, he, and yet not largely favored of fortune. Only a few years ago his faithful wife had crossed over the river, leaving him to care for a crippled son. He had borne the grief and the burden with manly fortitude, and with trust in God. These had won for him the sympathies of the neighborhood, and his faithfulness to duty their respect. And many a kindly deed was done for 'Jack' Buckman to lighten his burden and to brighten his life. Jack saw God in it all.

Added sorrow had now made its way into his lowly home, and was well-nigh breaking his heart. The Smiths had always been friends to him, and their kindness was never presumed upon nor betrayed. Harold had done many a turn for the cobbler, and had spent hours with the young invalid, brightening his life with schoolday tales and with little tokens of respect. And now Jack Buckman needed help once more, and for the first time in many years he was compelled to ask for it, not because the neighbors had lost interest in him and his child, but because they were not yet acquainted with his new calamity. All out of breath, he made known his errand.

'Please, neighbor Smith, little Jackie is well nigh dead. O my son, my poor son! Would you please come over and look at him, and tell me what's to be done? O my poor little Jackie, my little Jackie.' And in less time that it takes to tell it, Mr. Smith and Harold had donned their hats and were hastening with the cobbler to his home.

Poor little 'Jackie' was found to be quite badly off, lying helplessly on the old cot where his father had placed him. At a glance Mr. Smith saw the pressing need of medical assistance, and while Harold hurried off for the physician, the good man skilfully attended to the needs of the little child. Dr. White was not long in coming, bringing with him his medicine chest and surgical instruments, and, better than all, a kindly heart and the Master's spirit. Little Jackie seemed forgetful of his pain in the light of the physician's smile and cheering words. With the touch of a gentle mother

the doctor examined his patient, and while he found that some bones were broken, and that there were other complications that needed especial treatment, and advised that the little lad be sent to the hospital, he also gladdened the hearts of that group of onlookers with the information that Jackie's case was not a hopeless one. He believed he could be made well of the evil results of this present accident, and, what was more, he had a conviction that the little sufferer could be cured of the affliction that so long had made an invalid of him.

'O my good Dr. White,' cried the cobbler, 'do you really mean it?'

'Indeed I do. I see no reason why under special care and treatment at the hospital he should not be made a well lad. The treatment will be expensive—'

'Expensive!' exclaimed the parent, whose soul was thrilled with new-born hope; 'expensive, doctor, I would give my very life in exchange for the restoration of my little Jackie.'

'There will be no need of that,' smilingly replied the physician; 'I have a few dollars that I would like to contribute to such a worthy cause, and they are at the lad's disposal.'

'And,' added Mr. Smith, 'what I have belongs to God; and if this sad case is a cheque drawn by the Almighty on my account, I will cash it to the amount required.'

Harold looked into the face of his friend all aglow with gladness though moistened with tears. The thought that this sufferer might become as other boys, and romp the fields and climb the hills, and a thousand other things, burned into his soul also, and he was ready to make any sacrifice if only such could be.

'And, father,' he suggested, 'although I value highly your gift, yet if Jackie can be made well, and the sacrifice is needed, I am willing to dispose of "Dick" and the buggy for his sake.'

'No need of that, my son,' added the father, pleased at the spirit manifested by his boy. 'I will drop a little into the general fund on your account. But some sacrifice is required of you. Jackie must be taken to the hospital at once. Do you think you are willing to lay aside your plans and forego the anticipated pleasures of the day for his sake?'

'Father, you have but to make the suggestion, and I will obey.'

'Then,' replied Mr. Smith, 'hasten home and make ready the team, and we shall soon see that Mr. Buckman and his boy are on their way to the hospital, and we can hope for restoration.'

'Please, sir,' suggested the sufferer, 'could Harold go all the way with us?'

'I think Harold will not object to that,' said Mr. Smith, looking toward his son for his approval.

On the contrary, Harold was well pleased that Jackie placed so much confidence in him, and readily responded affirmatively. Harold had been questioning to himself as the conversation proceeded as to how Jesus would have acted were he present, and he remembered that his Master had said of himself: 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' So with a glad heart and light feet he hastened home to make the necessary arrangements.

In a few words as possible he told his mother and sister the story, and they proved quick to lend a helping hand. While Harold was busy with the team they got together some pillows and blankets to make the carriage comfortable for Jackie to ride in. Harold had well-nigh forgotten the plan

of the day, so whole heartedly had he entered into his new labors, and was surprised when, having returned to the house from the barn, he found that the boys had gathered with their teams.

'Hello, Harold, what are you doing with that outfit? Where's Dick and the buggy?' questioned one of them.

'Dick? the buggy?' responded Harold, and just then his mother and sister came out with the pillows and blankets.

'Why, what's up?' asked Malcolm Donald.

'Boys,' said Harold, with a degree of surprise, 'haven't you heard the news? Don't you know of the accident that befell Cobbler Buckman's boy?'

'Accident!' cried they all. 'No.'

'Well, let me tell you of it. Just before breakfast this morning, poor little Jackie, finding that his father did not respond promptly to his call as usual, he having stepped out of his shop to hail a passer-by, tried to help himself down the stairs, lost his footing and fell, breaking some of his bones. Dr. White advises that he be sent at once to the hospital, and believes that the little fellow will receive permanent relief from present disabilities, with the possibility of being cured of that which has made him an invalid so long. Jackie wants me to go with him and his father all the way; and, boys, I feel it my duty to do so.'

'And how about our plans for the day?' suggested one, not selfishly, but without thought.

'Boys,' explained Harold, 'I appreciate your efforts to make things pleasant for me. I should enjoy the day's pleasure with you immensely. I am sorry for your sakes that this disappointment must be. We can postpone our enjoyments to some other day; but the needs of little Jackie are pressing.'

'Harold is right,' responded one and then another, and another, until the half dozen lads of the party were agreed; and, catching the better spirit from their friend, they questioned:

'But what shall we do with our provisions?'

'Oh,' advised Mrs. Smith, quite pleased with the attitude and influence of her son, 'that is easily answered. Harold will take his along on the train. They will serve as a luncheon.'

'And,' added Malcolm Donald, beginning to appreciate developments, 'Harold shall take mine, too. There are some dainties with it which will perhaps please Jackie, and help brighten his moments in the hospital ward.'

'Good,' encouragingly spoke Mrs. Smith, 'and, if you will allow a suggestion, perhaps the rest of you boys would like to leave yours with Mr. Buckman. Your thoughtfulness would perhaps go far toward comforting him in his grief, and speak much for your sympathies for him in his sorrows.'

'Agreed,' cried all the boys, as of one breath.

'And now, lads,' spoke Harold, 'I must hasten on. The train is soon due, and Jackie must be handled carefully and have plenty of time.'

'Lead on,' commanded Malcolm Donald. 'Lead on and we all will follow after.'

The mother kissed her son good-by and inwardly thanked God for giving her such a noble boy. Harold jumped into the carriage, and as he rounded the corner of the road, he looked behind at the procession of buggies following, and at his mother and sister, standing on the porch of the home waving him a fond farewell and Godspeed.

Dr. White and Mr. Smith had little Jackie all in readiness for the journey, but not

for the surprise that greeted them. A few words from Harold, however, explained the meaning of it all. The provisions were soon unloaded, some into Harold's carriage and some into the humble home of the cobbler. Jackie looked amazed and delighted, and the poor cobbler fell on the neck of Mr. Smith and kissed him and wept for gratitude and joy; forgetting for a moment the darker scene as the light of the Son of Man manifested itself in these kindly deeds. The lads were quick to give any needed assistance and Harold was soon off on his errand of mercy, and with Mr. Buckman and Jackie comfortably situated in the carriage.

'Three cheers for Harold,' suggested Malcolm Donald; and three as hearty cheers as ever boys could give were given.

'And three cheers for "Jack" Buckman and his little boy,' added another enthusiastic soul. And three cheers more were given.

By this time the carriage was well down the road. Mr. Smith and Dr. White commended the lads for their self-denial.

'All good lads,' approvingly added Mr. Smith, in parting, 'worthy sons of worthy sires.'

'And you, Mr. Smith,' returned Malcolm Donald, 'the worthy sire of the most worthy son. We are proud of Harold for our leader. The inspiration of his life makes us better continually.'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Smith, making effort to hold back tears of joy, 'Harold is a good boy.'

'Mother,' he said, on reaching his home, 'we have much to be thankful for. But I had rather lose all things else beside if God would continue to spare us our boy—and girl,' he added, smilingly, as he glanced at his daughter, standing by her mother's side.

'My dear husband,' responded the wife and mother, 'Harold is a hero. Surely God is not displeased at the affections we centre in our son. May he indeed continue to live to his Master's praise, and to be a benediction to men.'

Harold returned home that night a happy lad. The hospital authorities had corroborated the belief of Dr. White, that Jackie could be made well, and master Smith had already planned another outing, in which the cobbler's son should be the guest of honor, and ride with him behind Dick in his new buggy.

'The secret consciousness of duty well performed' far outweighed mother's kiss and father's 'God bless you, my son.' He dreamed that night that his divine Exemplar stood at his side, smiling graciously upon him; and as the golden crown was placed upon his brow, he heard Jesus say: 'I was sick and ye visited me.' Harold was about to question: 'Lord, when saw I Thee sick, and came unto Thee?' but the smile of Jesus and His words of commendation were the answer:

'Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

That night his pillow was wet with tears of joy.

Lord Wolseley's Advice.

Lord Wolseley, addressing the boys of the Duke of York's School, declared he would say to every boy who left that school and joined the army, 'Be temperate in your habits,' in fact, he should say to them, 'Be teetotallers.' The curse of our army has been drink, and those who did not drink had an enormous advantage over those who did drink. Let them resolve to adhere to the temperance principle wherever they went.

Such as Janet Had.

(By Sally Campbell.)

It was Sunday afternoon. Janet Heath and her Aunt Anne were sitting in the one shabby little room which in all the big, busy city, was the place that they called home. How they did enjoy those long, quiet Sunday afternoons! They were both workers clerks in the same store, toiling early and late during the week.

'And Sunday,' Janet used to say, 'is just like a little bit of heaven brought bodily down every seven days. I live on through each Wednesday looking back at it, and from then through Saturday, looking forward to it.'

This afternoon there had been a long silence, when suddenly Janet broke it.

'Aunt Anne, I am going to say something a little shocking.'

'Why will you do that?'

'So that I can get it off my mind, and you can scold me and make me ashamed of myself.'

Aunt Anne smiled.

'It is about this chapter in Acts,' Janet went on, 'the one you know, about the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple. I can't understand why Peter said what he did; "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee." It always sounds to me so mock-modest and theatrical. Of course everybody knows that the man would infinitely rather rise up and walk than have a few coins thrown at him.'

'Of course,' agreed Aunt Anne.

'Silver and gold were nothing to such a gift as that.'

'Nothing.'

'But the worst grudge I have against it is that people will quote it at you on all occasions. The words roll off their tongues as unctuously as if they had a great deal to do with the subject. Every time a special collection is taken up, after the speaker has proved to you that his enterprise is bound to have money or die, and has urged everybody to give just as much of it as they can, he presently bethinks himself that maybe everybody can't. Then he brings in Peter, just as if there were thousands of parallel cases, when there isn't one.'

Janet stopped, out of breath, but her aunt knew that all had not yet been said.

'What does it mean?' she went on again. 'It is nothing on earth but a handy platitude to bring the sermon to a nice finish. If it fitted at all, there would not be any need to encourage us penniless ones and keep up our spirits. The eye of faith need not be particularly clear to see that we ought to be at no loss for a contribution, if such as we had were only such as Peter had. I, for instance, would not worry myself then, because I couldn't give to that hospital they were speaking about this morning. It would satisfy me entirely to lay my hand instead upon some helpless cripple and cure him forever. Oh, I do wish I were a parallel case!'

'You are very sure that you are not?' asked Aunt Anne.

Janet lifted her eyebrows impatiently and opened her lips for a hasty disclaimer. But something in her aunt's face made her pause uncertainly and look back at the Bible open before her. Then there was silence in the little room again.

'Here, where we live,' Aunt Anne went on by and by, 'in these narrow streets, there are so many that are in barer poverty than the beggar at the temple gate. We meet them every day, cold, hungry and in rags, poor to their very souls. They are

lame, too; have always been. They have never walked the paths of righteousness; they have never gone the way of peace. It grieves us that we have so little silver and gold to give them when they need it so pitifully much. And silver and gold are nothing to such things as we have that we might give if we would.'

'Yes, I see now,' said Janet in a subdued tone. 'If I only could reach out to some soul like that and say, "Rise and walk!"'

'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,' said Aunt Anne softly.

The Friday following this Sunday afternoon talk was an exceedingly stormy day. The rain came down steadily hour after hour, and a biting wind changed it into sleet before it reached the slippery pavements. In consequence the customers at Janet's counter were few. She had leisure to look about her and to talk to the other clerks and to the cash boys. One of the latter was a great favorite in the store. He was a merry, obliging little fellow, full of comic Irish humor, which his round, twinkling face made far funnier than it really was. To-day, however, he was astonishingly grave, and after a while Janet noticed it.

'Ot,' she said to him, 'what is the matter? Have things gone wrong?'

'Oh, I don't know!' he answered evasively. He looked up and down the aisle; nobody was near. The clerk on each side was out of earshot. Ot leaned his elbows on the counter and spoke confidentially: 'To tell the truth, I've got Joe considerably on my mind here lately. Do you know about Joe?'

'No. Is it your brother?'

'Well, no, not altogether. I don't know as he is exactly my brother, but we two have always been responsible for each other, a good deal the way families are, I suppose. We haven't either one of us ever had any people to remember it, so I can't say for sure. I think everything of him.'

Janet was interested. Ot's wistful eyes gazing across the counter at her, recognized this. He settled himself in a more comfortable attitude, and went on with his story.

'Joe isn't strong, you know. He hurt his back when he was little, and he ain't ever been right since. He can't walk. But he knows about everything I know. You see, I tell him whatever is going on, and so nobody would think to hear him talk but that he'd been right out in it all. But it seems there's just one thing I can't tell him. I get started, and I think I am doing real well, when he'll ask me a question—he is the biggest fellow for questions, Joe is—that will bring me up short with my finger in my mouth.'

Janet laughed. 'That doesn't sound very natural for you, Ot. What is this that you can't talk about?'

'Why, what I hear at Sunday-school and at meeting. You have been to meeting, haven't you?'

'Oh, yes, indeed! I always go.'

'Well, I began last summer, and I thought it was just what Joe would like. But he can't seem to believe it. He says those things don't sound likely; they ain't natural. Anyhow, he can't understand them, he says.'

'Poor Joe!' said Janet sympathizingly.

'Ain't it too bad? And a person wouldn't think but what God's pity and his loving-kindness would please Joe too well for anything. It seems like such things ought to be so comforting for him. Joe needs comforting. He needs it,' Ot hesitated, and

muttered with a little catch in his breath, 'worse than he knows, maybe.'

Neither spoke for a moment. The rain dashed heavily against the window pane behind them.

'I wish'—began Ot and stopped.

'What?' asked Janet.

He shifted his glance uneasily along the rows of shoe boxes on the opposite side of the store.

'I wish,' he burst out at last, 'that somebody would talk to Joe that knows how. Some people have heard all about God always, and they could explain him so much better than I can. I ain't been long acquainted, and it makes it hard for me to handle some things.'

'Is the evening a good time to see Joe?' Janet asked.

'Well, no, it ain't,' said Ot, regretfully, 'He goes to sleep early, for the pain gets him often later, and then he can't sleep.'

Janet thought of her precious Sunday afternoon. Could she give that up. To be sure, it would only be a part of it, but—

'Such as I have'—the words came very distinctly to her mind, and she spoke in haste.

'Well, suppose I go to see him next Sunday afternoon?'

The proposition was accepted rapturously, and on Sunday afternoon she went.

It was a pinched, fretful face that looked into Janet's as she sat by Joe's bed and tried to talk to him.

He listened restlessly. 'I know, I know,' he said. 'Ot tells me all those things. I don't doubt but God is very good, and heaven is very nice. But I guess my soul is a good deal like my body; it can't get so far.'

'No, your soul isn't like your body,' said Janet. 'God will make your soul active and beautiful and strong if you will let him.'

He did not answer, and not knowing what else to do, Janet opened her Bible and read to him out of the Revelation.

'Joe,' she asked, when she had finished, 'wouldn't you like by-and-by to be among the great multitude that have come out of much tribulation and have washed their robes and made them clean in the blood of the Lamb?'

'Are they the same as the ones that are going to walk up and down in white?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then I couldn't be,' said Joe sharply. 'How could I?'

Janet looked at him in surprise, wondering what he meant. Suddenly, light broke upon her.

'Why, my dear boy,' she cried, 'you didn't suppose you couldn't walk in heaven! Oh, no! There will not be any weak backs there Joe. Everybody shall renew their strength. They shall all walk and not be weary, they shall run and not faint.'

'But Ot didn't tell me!' said Joe excitedly. 'He never told me that. How was I to know it? Of course I'm going! Of course I am!'

Week after week Janet went to see Joe, and they soon became fast friends. Joe learned a great many things; each week he understood better what the kingdom of heaven meant. One afternoon they had been talking about the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple—a favorite subject with Joe.

'I tell you,' he said, 'that was a big time for Peter and John! They must have felt pretty fine when he stood up straight and healthy on his feet and begun glorifying God. But, Miss Janet,' and Joe's pale face

was bright with affection as he looked at her, 'I'm thinking how you and Ot will feel when you see me standing up before the white throne with the palms in my hand praising the Lord!'—'Wellspring.'

The Deacon's Orphan.

(Lillie Parker, in 'Union Signal'.)

It was very kind of Deacon Trufont, and all the church members told him so. Of course he knew when he took Ned into his family that the boy would never amount to anything, and if he didn't disgrace himself and everybody who had anything to do with him it would be a wonder. It was 'out of the abundance of his heart' that the deacon did it.

'The widows and orphans, you know,' the deacon said with a pious drop of his eyelids.

'Yes, Deacon, and the Lord will reward you according as you merit it,' Parson Short replied.

So Edwin, alias Ned, had gone, when but nine years of age, to live with Deacon and Mrs. Trufont. No one knew exactly how he came in Dixon. He was found there first, about four years before the deacon took him, by the coroner, who was called to make an inquest upon the body of a woman found in a deserted house in the outskirts of the town. Evidently the boy lived with the woman. He called her Nancy. After that he had made his home with an old, fussy spinster for two years; then she died. Two years more were spent knocking about, first at the parsonage, then at the dressmaker's, taking in all the other families of the village on the way of transition. At last he stopped at Deacon Trufont's, and there he remained.

He was a merry lad. Many a night after climbing the rickety stairs that led to the unfinished cobwebby garret would he have a hearty laugh or whistle a lively tune. 'Out of the abundance of his heart,' he would quote in quiet, amused, satire, 'Out of the abundance of his need, more likely!' Then, after turning a somersault on the springless, husk-tick bed, he would roll over among the ragged quilts and go to sleep.

Ned had lived with the deacon three years now, and his twelfth birthday found him as steady, thoughtful and happy a lad as the town of Dixon contained. There was one thing that worried him—his education. He was fond of books, and was a ready scholar; the short winter term allotted him did not satisfy. He studied every spare moment he could get. His great wish was to attend the village academy; so this summer Deacon Trufont made him an offer: if he could earn enough money during his spare moments to pay his tuition at the academy, he might attend during the winter if it would take no time from his work about the farm. Ned grasped this one chance for an education eagerly, and from the depths of a grateful heart thanked the deacon. After that not a second of his time was wasted. After half-past eight at night he would walk two miles to chop cordwood for seventy-five cents a cord. He planted an acre of potatoes by moonlight; three o'clock in the morning found him raking up Mrs. Pierce's yard, while at four he was milking the deacon's cows. The pennies and nickels and dimes, with an occasional quarter and a rare half, steadily increased. Once a week, and no oftener, would he allow himself to count the precious pile. One dollar a week was the amount required from resident students at the academy, and Ned was

anxious to go at least twelve weeks. But twelve dollars, earned as he was earning his, seemed a large sum, and how quickly the days passed. It was nearly time for the fall harvesting, and the pile lacked three dollars and seventy cents.

'I must find more to do,' thought Ned one day, after pitching hay all the afternoon. It was past ten that night when he crawled up to his room after mowing with a scythe, by moonlight, a piece of meadow land for Mr. Smith. Before sunrise the next morning he was off to saw wood for another neighbor. The plumpness left his figure; the bloom disappeared from his cheek; it is not to be wondered at that he was nervous and restless. But the day came when the last penny was earned, and with an aching head but happy spirit, he laid it away, and with some of his old buoyancy turned a somersault on the bed.

'Academy in the winter!' he cried, giving voice to an Indian warwhoop. Then tumbling into bed he slept until the deacon's voice awoke him in the morning.

Two long, dreary days followed, during which he lay tossing from side to side, an ache in every limb and a fierce fire seeming to consume him. The deacon 'out of the abundance of his heart,' sent his wife up to the hot, close attic three times a day with food; the rest of the time Ned tossed and suffered alone. It was on the third day that a large, closely covered vehicle drew up to Deacon Trufont's front door; two strong men went up into the attic; but it required only one to bring the frail, emaciated boy down and place him in the ambulance. It was 'out of the abundance of his heart' that the deacon called the ambulance, and Ned, jolted and jarred, almost crazed with pain and excitement, at last was laid in a cool, neat bed in a crowded ward of the pauper's hospital in the city—far, far away from his precious, hard-earned twelve dollars. The physician, on taking the lad's pulse, looked long and severely at the little hand all covered over with callouses and blisters.

Those were weary, weary days. During the poor boy's delirium he talked incessantly of his money, the academy, and his work. Sometimes he would call for his money and start up so violently that the nurse could hardly hold him on the bed. Sometimes her soft, cool hand on his head would calm him. But at last the crisis was reached and passed. The fever abated, and the boy fell into a quiet, peaceful sleep.

About a week later the physician sat by his side; the pulse beats were regular; the temperature nearly normal.

'Why, see here, sir,' the doctor joked, 'you seem to be in a hurry to leave here. Don't they treat you well?' Then in reply to Ned's puzzled expression, he added: 'You are gaining too fast to suit me. I shall hate to lose you.'

Ned did not laugh at this pleasantry. Instead the anxious look and tone touched the doctor.

'I want to get well so that I can go to school. When can I go home?'

Dr. Mitchell held the thin, worn wrist between his fingers, unconsciously.

'Would you like me to write and see if your folks will be ready for you two weeks from to-day?'

'Oh can I go as soon? Please write!' In his excitement Ned almost sprang out of bed. Dr. Mitchell laid him down gently.

'If you are quiet and obey orders you can go as soon as then—perhaps sooner.'

'You'll write?' Ned asked eagerly.

'Yes; to-night.'

The days dragged slowly by while Ned was waiting for an answer from home. Every day his eyes rested questioningly on the doctor as he entered the ward. School had begun long ago, and he did so long to be there studying with the others.

One day he lay with closed eyes thinking and neither saw nor heard Dr. Mitchell until the cool, quiet hand on his brow aroused him. He had taken a strange fancy to the lad. There was something peculiarly familiar about his face and movements.

'You've got a letter!' Ned cried, springing up.

The doctor smiled, 'You want it?' And taking it out of his pocket he gave it to the boy. Ned held it up and read the address, but his hand trembled so violently that the doctor took the missive.

'Sha'n't I read it to you?'

'Please.'

He cut it open, drew out the letter, and began: 'To Edwin Sherman:—Dr. Mitchell wrote that you want us to go after you and bring you home. We can't do it. You have lived with us for three years, but we can't—' Dr. Mitchell shut his teeth together with a snap. 'I can't see to read that next word,' he said, looking closely at it. Ned reached up his hand.

'Let me take it; I can read it,' he said, but the doctor held the paper firmly in his closed fist. A sudden knowledge flashed across the boy's mind. He realized that when he left the hospital no door would stand open to receive him—no roof would shelter him. Turning his sad, pale face away from the doctor, and throwing his arm over it, bitterly he sobbed.

Little by little the doctor eked out as much of his past life as the lad remembered. Among the vaguest recollections were those of a beautiful lady and a magnificent snow-white dog. When it was all told, the doctor, putting his hand on the lad's arm with more than kindness in his touch, bade him sleep, and Ned obeyed.

Two weeks passed quietly. One day the doctor approached Ned, who was now dressed and sitting up.

'My sister and her husband are downstairs waiting to see you.' He was so agitated that Ned noticed it. Quickly they passed through the long ward, down the broad stairs, through a hall, and into the reception room.

'This is Ned,' the doctor said quietly.

A tall and beautiful woman rushed forward and stopped before the boy. She brushed the long, dark hair from his brow and looked eagerly at the thin face and large grey eyes.

'It is Alex,' she cried breathlessly—'the same broad brow, eyes, hair—everything! it is Alex, our baby, stolen from us eight years ago—our baby—our Alex!'

The man hurried forward.

'Alex!' he said hoarsely, and parents and child were recognized.

It was a happy party that drove home through the noisy city streets. As they entered the door of the mansion a magnificent white dog rose slowly from the mat. The boy stopped, grasping the doctor's arm convulsively.

'Look!' he cried excitedly, 'the great white dog I told you of.'

A few days later, when a Victoria, drawn by two noble bay horses, and a coachman in livery on the box in front, drove up to Deacon Trufont's door, and the banker and his wife alighted, followed by their son, the late Ned, the deacon forgot to tell them that he did it 'out of the abundance of his heart.'

What Charlie Lyell's Singing Did.

(By Ariana Herman.)

(A True Narrative.)

The streets of Steptoe village were bright with autumn sunshine, and the atmosphere had in it the sort of tonic that makes your blood tingle. Yet the young man whom this little tale has for its hero walked with a slow and lagging footstep, and his countenance was sad, in spite of the golden day.

'A whole summer lost,' he was saying to himself. 'I had expected to work so hard, to learn so much; I could have made progress enough to enable me to graduate in another year. Now it will take two, and that means an extra year of self-denial for mother and Grace. Well, God's will be done! I did not get this fever by wilfulness or neglect, and I must believe that it was all for the best.'

The convalescent turned into the Sunday school room of the village church, and took one of the seats allotted to visitors. The exercises were almost over, but the superintendent came at once to speak to him.

'Mr. Lyell, I am glad to see you out again, and glad to see you here. Will you take a class for the winter?'

'Thank you, no,' answered Mr. Lyell; 'I leave to-morrow for the university. I just wanted to take a last look at you home-folks.'

'Suppose you say a few words to the school when the lessons are done?'

Charlie Lyell hesitated.

'I don't feel prepared to make an address, Mr. Boylston, but, if you say so, I will teach the children a hymn which I have just learned.'

And in the few minutes between bell-taps the young man hastily wrote on the black-board the words of a hymn, well known since, but new then (this was forty years ago).

'What a meeting, what a meeting there will be,

What a meeting there will be,
When our Father's face we see,
And we all meet around God's white throne.
'King Jesus, O King Jesus will be there!
King Jesus will be there,
And a crown of glory wear,
When we all meet around God's white throne.'

The verses went on counting up a long array of happy ones who would be at that meeting, ending softly (the bright tune dropping into a tender cadence):

'I, too, oh, I, too, shall be there!
I, too, shall be there,
And my Saviour's glory share,
When we all meet around God's white throne.'

The school quickly learned and sang the new hymn; the morning's session closed; the young man left his native village for a distant university. And here my story would seem to end for Charlie Lyell never came back to Steptoe, never again saw the young faces into which he had looked that Sunday morning. In a few months he had met that glorious company before the great white throne.

But upon one young life, certainly,—perhaps upon many others,—he had made an undying impression. One careless, pleasure-loving child suddenly and silently realized that this religion was a beautiful and precious thing. Hitherto it had seemed a matter for grave elders, for heavy books, for rather tiresome learning of catechism and verse; but there was something about

this winsome young fellow, the tone of his rich voice, the joyous expression with which he sang of Jesus and of being with him, that aroused in the heart of the child a desire for holiness, for pardon of naughtiness, for Heaven! The desire grew with her growth, until, some years later, she also sang, with happy assurance, 'I, too, oh, I, too shall be there!'

I am sure the young hymn-singer realized, when he stood in the presence of his Lord, that, if he had learned that summer all the law in the books, it would have been as the dust of the balance compared with the impression for good, for God, and for eternity, which it was given him to make on the heart of a child!—'Sunday School Times.'

Presence of Mind.

(By James F. Gray.)

The real meaning of presence of mind is to have your mind always with you. When this quality is most required is at a time of great peril or of extreme excitement. How often does one hear the ungrammatical, but truthful statement, 'I knew just what to do, but never thought.'

The mind should be alert, trained to quickly recognize conditions, and having recognized, to choose the best.

I once knew a boy fourteen years of age, who was in a position of extreme peril, and was saved only by his inborn presence of mind.

His mother had sent him on an errand, and asked him to return as quickly as possible. They lived in the country. In order to save time, instead of going around by the road, he took a short cut, and walked on the railway track. Having accomplished his errand, he returned the same way. Part of this track was laid on a long trestle, underneath which ran a swift river.

The boy was walking over this trestle, whistling as he went, happy in the thought that he would surprise his mother by returning a full half hour earlier than it was possible that he could be expected. When suddenly he heard a noise, which startled him. He stopped to consider it. For a second his heart seemed to cease beating. He had not calculated the time of the train, and the locomotive was rapidly approaching. He turned to measure his chances, and saw it would be impossible to get over the trestle before the train would be upon him. He had to act at once. Delay was madness. Almost mechanically he put the package for which he had gone into his pocket.

The track was single, the beams extended but a few inches beyond the rails; therefore there was no place for him to stand while the train passed by. He could swim, and his first thought was to leap into the water. But his heavy clothing would be an impediment, and he would have a long distance to make before reaching the bank.

However, he did not lose his presence of mind. Though the powerful engine was approaching nearer and nearer, he quietly thought out his means of safety. A second later he was slipping between the beams, and thus suspended by his hands, he hung over the water. And while he was in this position the train passed over his head.

Relating the incident afterward, he said it seemed to him as if the train was miles long, and was hours in passing. When the last car was over, and he had crawled up again, he did not seem to himself to be the same boy. He did not feel like whistling, but hurried along as quickly as he could, and was very glad when he reached solid ground.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Twilight Game.

(Frances J. Delano, in the 'Outlook'.)

It had been raining all day. It was almost dark, and the children were getting dangerously tired of each other when Miss Lambert came up into the nursery. She lighted the fire on the hearth and drew up an easy chair; then she settled back in it and looked over at Alice and smiled.

'What is it?' questioned Alice, feeling very happy all at once.

'The world is so full of a number of things. I think we should all be as happy as kings,' quoted Miss Lambert.

'Tell us the rest,' exclaimed Alice, eagerly.

'That's all,' replied Miss Lambert, still smiling.

But the children, sure that something nice was coming, settled themselves, each on an arm of Miss Lambert's chair, and waited.

'Well, we'll play a game,' said Miss Lambert. 'I'll mention one of the "things" and then commence to count ten. Before I have finished, Alice must mention one; and so we'll go round and round. The one who fails to think of a thing (a beautiful thing, of course) must pay a forfeit. She must learn Mr. Stevenson's "Nest Eggs," and recite it in the morning at breakfast. Now I'll begin: A road winding through the woods—one, two, three, four—'

'Red lilies growing along the road,' shouted Alice; 'one, two, three, four, five, six—'

'Candy! pink and white twisted sticks,' said Elizabeth, solemnly.

'Count, dear,' reminded Miss Lambert, for Elizabeth had forgotten present duties.

'One, two, three—'

'An old farm-house with children inside, and an apple orchard near; one, two—'

'A nice big fire,' cried Alice, stretching her feet out towards the blaze; 'one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—'

'Kittens,' said Elizabeth, gazing lovingly at a stuffed cat lying upside down on the hearth.

'Aren't you going to count?' asked Miss Lambert.

'One, two, three—' commenced Elizabeth.

'A field of grass with the wind



DRAWING LESSON.

sweeping over it—one, two, three, four—'

'A stone wall,' shouted Alice; 'with all the things growing side of it: wild roses, hardhack, grapevines—one, two, three, four, five—'

'Babies,' said Elizabeth, beginning at once to think up for next time, and forgetting to count as usual.

'Mammas that sing softly to the babies,' said Miss Lambert, following Elizabeth's lead.

'Uncles that tell stories,' shouted Alice, springing into the arms of a big man who suddenly appeared in the doorway.

'Oh, Uncle Jack, you play too!' cried both the children at once, and then such fun as followed!

Uncle Jack had to pay a forfeit because he couldn't think quickly enough, and then after that he thought of lots of jolly things: gulls' eggs and full-rigged ships, and big

waves that dash over boats, and our flag, and everything.

The Best You Can.

Alice went merrily out to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy, golden head,
Mother said: 'Darling, do all that
you can,
For you are a part of God's great
plan.'

So she helped another child along,
When the way was rough to his
feet,

And she sang from her heart a little
song

That we all thought wondrous
sweet;

And her father, a weary, toil-wor-
man,

Said: 'I, too, will do the best that I
can.'

—'Day of Days.'

The Bible a Lamp.

'I say, Jim,' said Harry to his brother, 'didn't you feel mad at noon to-day when mother kept us waiting half an hour for our dinner?'

'Well, Harry, I must confess I was a little restive at first, for I was as hungry as an alligator; but I held the lamp to my feet and thought of my Captain.'

'What do you mean by your lamp and your Captain?' asked Harry.

'The Bible is the lamp I'm trying to use,' said Jim. 'You know we read, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." And what's the good of having a lamp unless we use it to show us how to walk? When I felt like getting mad I thought of the words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." And then I said to myself, "How would Jesus act if he were in my place?" You know the Bible tells us that Jesus is "the Captain of our salvation." I want to be a good soldier of Jesus. To do this I must follow his example. So I prayed for grace to rule my own spirit, and follow the example of Jesus. This is what I mean, Harry,' said Jim, his eyes brightening with intelligence, 'by holding the lamp to my feet, and thinking of my Captain.'

What a Book Said.

'Once on a time'—a library book was overheard talking to a boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

'Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

'Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

'Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

'Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

'Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

'Whenever you stop reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay

me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

'Remember, I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.'—
'English Paper.'

Only Six Years Old—Yet Useful.

Greta was only six years old and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. 'Only I'm so little,' she sighed, 'and there isn't anything I can do.'

'Tut!' said grandfather, who had overheard. 'Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?'

'And who puts the ribbon in my cap, and gives puss his saucer of milk, and teaches him to play with a string?' added grandmother.

'Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?' asked father, his eyes twinkling.

'I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one,' said mother.

Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

'Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven,' finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls.—The 'Sunbeam.'

The Golden Rule.

Suppose that you were heathen children, living in Africa or Japan, then try to think what you would like to have the boys and girls in the American Sunday-schools do for you. Many of those far-away lands are dark, oh, so dark! Many there have never seen a Bible, never heard the sweet name of Jesus. Little children are often thrown by their heathen mothers to the alligators, or left on lonely mountains to die. A poor man in India, troubled by his sins, had a blacksmith make a huge iron cage, and rivet it about his head, and thus he wore it for seven long years, hoping for pardon and a happy heart; then he lived seven other years up in a tree, but at last he heard of Jesus, and took him as his Saviour. If you

lived in those heathen lands, with no schools, no homes, no Bibles, how glad you would be to have the Sunday-school boys and girls here send you all those good things. Do ye even so to them. Will you not all learn the following little poem on the golden rule?

'To do to others as I would

That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

'We never need behave amiss,
Nor feel uncertain long,
As we can always tell by this,
If things are right or wrong.

'I know I shall not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

'And this plain rule forbids me
quite
To strike an angry blow;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

'But any kindness they may need,
I'll do whatever it be;
And I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.

'Whether I am at home, at school
Or walking out abroad,
I never shall forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ, the Lord.'
—Rev. Geo. W. Brooks.

What Can I Do For Jesus.

I can't do much for Jesus,
For I am only a few years old;
But I can shine brightly for him,
Though I am not very strong nor bold.

I can speak a word to a school-fellow,
Or a verse of a hymn I might sing;
And thus I could sow the good seed,
When only a weak little thing.

And when by Satan I'm tempted,
And feel inclined to give in;
Then Jesus comes to the rescue,
And I'm able to conquer the sin.

And thus with my Saviour to help me,
I fight for Him day by day;
And he gently whispers into my ear,
'My child, always watch and pray.'

—'Sunday Companion.'



LESSON X. — December 9.

Bartimeus Healed.

Mark x., 46-52. Memory verses, 51, 52.
Read Mark x., 32-52.

Daily Readings.

M. Seeking help.—Luke xviii., 1-14.
T. Help gotten.—Mat. xv., 21-28.
W. Cry in vain.—Prov. i., 20-33.
T. Parallel.—Mat. xx., 29-34.
F. Parallel.—Luke xiii., 35-43.
S. Encouraged.—Mat. vii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

'Lord, that I might receive my sight.'—
Mark, x., 51.

Lesson Text.

(46) And they come to Jericho; and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples, and a great number of people; Blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway side begging. (47) And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me. (48) And many charged him that he should hold his peace; but he cried the more, a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me. (49) And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called, And they called the blind man, saying, Be of good comfort, he calleth thee. (50) And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus. (51) And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. (52) And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

Suggestions.

A blind beggar sitting by the roadside is to this day a common sight in Eastern countries. In Palestine in the days of our Lord there was almost no other way for a sufferer of this kind to make his living. Bartimeus was sitting therefore one day with another blind man out on the roadside near Jericho at his usual calling. Sitting there he suddenly heard the noise of a crowd approaching, he listens, and his sharp ear catches the name of Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth, the wonderful Prophet and worker of miracles. Lifting his voice, he immediately calls out, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me,

The crowd was following Jesus outwardly, but their hearts did not beat with his, they did not apprehend his mission to seek and to save the needy. So they tried to hush the cries of Bartimeus, thinking him unworthy to attract the attention of the great King.

But the great King is also the great Saviour, and he must stop to see why the man calls, he will not, he cannot, close his ears to any cry for mercy. (Isa. lix., 1.) Jesus stood still and commanded his followers to bring to him the man in trouble, and they, hastening to obey his spoken word, call to the blind man with cheering words, saying, 'Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.' So, to-day, humanity in all its blindness and suffering is helplessly crying to God (Gen. iv., 10) for mercy. God hears, and Jesus commands his servants to bring the suffering ones to him; as through him alone can they reach God and receive from him the gift of eternal life and joy and peace. Then why is the mass of perishing humanity not brought into contact with the living, loving Saviour? Simply because so many of our Lord's professed followers are outward followers only, their hearts do not beat with his, they seem to consider it beneath his dignity and their own to even hear the cry of downtrodden

humanity. When the Saviour bids them bring the needy to him (Matt. xxviii., 18-20: II. Pet. iii., 9); they do not obey, they will not even listen. Then when oppressed humanity arises and makes itself heard saying, 'There is no God, or he could not treat us thus'—these professed followers are willing to stand by and hear the Almighty God maligned and denounced on account of their disobedience. When a starving widow cries to God for sustenance, he does not open a door in the clouds and drop down a barrel of flour, but he puts it into the heart of one of his children to provide for that starving one. God works through natural means. And if that neighbor does not provide for the sufferer as God has commanded, not only does he lose the blessing promised to the obedient, but he causes the man of God to be maligned by unbelievers. In the short-sighted eyes of the world, God is at fault for all the neglect in the world; but in the eyes of eternity every responsible human being is at fault, and doubly guilty because of making it appear that God was at fault. The children of God have the greatest responsibility because they have the greatest privileges, but no man is without responsibility.

Bartimeus, flinging aside his outer robe that he might go more quickly, rose and went to Jesus. Our Lord saw what was the matter with Bartimeus, but he wants us to make definite requests, he wants us to state our needs definitely so that we can see that the answer is just as definite. 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' asks Jesus of Bartimeus, and he asks the same question of you and me to-day, may our answers be given with as great sincerity and trust as was this poor blind man's. 'Lord, that I might receive my sight'—this is a prayer which we might well utter, for we are by nature blind to the glorious holiness of God, blind to the unlimited power of the Saviour, and blind to our own sinful, unworthy condition. Jesus said unto him, 'Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.' Faith is the channel of blessing, faith is the acceptance of promised blessings. (Mark xi., 24: Matt. viii., 13). Immediately Bartimeus received his sight he took his place among the closest followers of Jesus, filled with loving gratitude and praise. He could understand the Saviour much better than those who had never known the need of healing. His affliction had been turned into blessing, and joy filled his heart. So with us, every blessing received from our Saviour should bring us into closer fellowship with him, whom to know is life eternal. (John xvii., 3: Jer. ix., 23, 24).

Questions.

What city was our Lord near when a man cried out for help? What was the matter with the man. What was his name. How did the people treat him? How did Jesus treat him? What did the people say then? What did the man do? What did Jesus ask him? Had the man any faith? How is he an example for us?

C. E. Topic.

Dec. 9.—How to listen.—Matt. xiii., 1-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE SOWER TEACHING.

Mon., Dec. 3.—The seed.—Luke viii., 11.
Tues., Dec. 4.—The garden.—Jer. xxxi., 12.
Wed., Dec. 5.—The care.—Mark xiv., 38.
Thu., Dec. 6.—The fruit.—Gal. vi., 8.
Fri., Dec. 7.—The tares.—Mark iv., 19.
Sat. Dec. 8.—The harvest.—Gal. vi., 7.
Sun., Dec. 9.—Topic—Lessons from the parable of the sower. Matt. xiii., 1-9, 18-23.

Parents should always speak encouragingly of the work of the superintendent and teachers. This important duty is frequently neglected, and instead of speaking encouragingly they speak lightly and disparagingly of the work of men and women who are engaged in the grand effort of helping them to train their children for eternity. The teacher's influence over the children of some families amounts to very little because unguarded remarks of the parents have prejudiced the children against the teacher. Untold injury is done in this way, and all guilty of such conduct should humble themselves in penitence before God.—'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

Questioning.

Having, as far as time and opportunities permit, qualified myself by study of the passage, whether of a doctrinal or historical nature, I endeavor, after the scholars have once or twice carefully read the passage over in the class, by questioning or otherwise, to bring out what each scholar knows about what has been read. My experience may be the same as yours. Unfortunately, I too often find a reluctance on the part of scholars to answer. The fear of being wrong in their replies, no doubt, often keeps them silent; but I do the next best thing, as I think, and ask questions as if at an imaginary scholar, and answer them myself. I find this keeps up the attention better than a plain, straightforward talk. Illustrations, or short stories, if they are apt, are often found useful in keeping up the interest; but I seldom resort to these. I do not always make a point of going over the whole lesson—time does not often permit—because if I find a truth or an incident furnishes an opportunity for being practical, and for making an impression, I rather spend time over that than hurriedly strive to overtake all the verses in the lesson. For instance, in a lesson we had lately, where 'the scene and surroundings of Christ's early life' fell to be dealt with, I endeavored to show that we must not be too ready to exclaim with Nathaniel, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' one of the most wicked villages in Galilee, which, of the three provinces of Palestine, was the most uncivilized. Putting a present-day aspect on this point, I tried to show that, like Christ, many of God's chosen ones were rewarded, and had often to live, amid very unhealthy surroundings. In schools where scholars belong chiefly to the so-called better class, it is something difficult for them to realize that a child of God and heir of glory can be found in an alley or attic, and in a city such as ours it is to be feared that the children of the wealthy too often accept it as logic, that poverty is sin, and that the worst of our streets contain exclusively the worst of the classes. Now, I think it is the teacher's duty to seize on all opportunities for correcting wrong ideas such as these, and the more practical our efforts, the better will be the results.—London 'Presbyterian.'

The Sunday-School Mill.

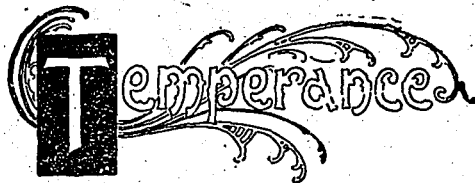
The Sunday school which sows much and reaps little, the school which ignores or has to leave blank on the statistical form the all-important question, 'How many pupils unified with the church during the year?' is in no condition to boast of progress or to sing 'Bringing in the Sheaves.'

A Sunday school is the manufacturing department of the church, the place where young Christians are made out of 'raw material.'

Suppose you should carry a bushel of wheat to the mill, and ask the miller to grind it into flour for you. You see him pour it into the hopper, and you go down to the flour bin, and, behold, it comes out whole wheat still. 'Why, what is the matter with the mill?' you ask. 'Oh, nothing,' says the miller. 'I have a good mill. I'll just run it through again.' Back goes your wheat to the hopper again, and this time it comes out—well, say, cracked wheat.

'Why, what is the matter with the mill?' you ask. 'Oh, nothing. I have "a good working mill" here, but you must not expect too much of it. It will come out all right after a while. I'll run it through again.' And so he does, several times, and at last you get some flour. When you get home, your wife asks you why you stayed so long and brought so little flour, and when you tell her, what, think you, will be her opinion of that mill? What will she say when you tell her that the miller said, three or four times over, that he had 'a good working mill'?

O Sunday school superintendent! how does your school stand the spiritual test? Were there as many pupils converted in 1893 as there were teachers in the school? In other words, did the teachers bring an average of one soul each to the Saviour during the year?—Charles D. Meigs, in 'Sunday School Times.'



Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)
CHAPTER XI.—Concluded.

14. Q.—What does he say of men who did not use wine?

A.—In abstemious men all the parts of the body are more elastic, more active, and pliable, the external senses are clearer and less obscure, and the mind is gifted with acuter perceptions.

15. Q.—What further does he say?

A.—The use of wine leaves none of our faculties free and unembarrassed, but it is a hindrance to every one of them so as to impede the attaining of that object for which each was fitted by nature.

16. Q.—When Alexander the Great was in danger from wine-drinking, what advice was given him by a noted physician?

A.—The great Greek physician Androcydes, wrote to him begging him to avoid wine, since it was 'a poison.'

17. Q.—Was this the general opinion of the great men of those days?

A.—We are told that the noble men who guided the great Roman Republic believed wine to be a poison.

18. Q.—What does Clement, of Alexandria, who presided from 191 years to 202 years after Christ over the earliest Christian school established at Alexandria, state?

A.—He urges abstinence on youth, described the effect of wine on the brain, heart and liver, and declares, 'I admire those who require no other beverage than water, avoiding wine as they do fire.'

19. Q.—What did he say arose from its use?

A.—The circulation is quickened, and the body inflames the soul.

20. Q.—What does Jerome, who translated the Bible about 400 A. D., say?

A.—In wine is excess; youth should flee wine as they would poison.

A Boy's Influence Over a Drunkard.

When Mr. Spurgeon was a little boy he lived with his grandfather, who was a minister. One of his members, named Roads, often went to the public-house for a 'drop of beer.' This annoyed his pastor greatly. Little Charles saw his grandfather's sorrow. One day he exclaimed, 'I'll kill old Roads, that I will!' His grandfather reproved him for saying such a thing. Charles said that he would not do anything wrong, but he was going to kill old Roads. A day or two afterwards Charles came into his grandfather's room, saying: 'I've killed old Roads; he'll never grieve my dear grandpa any more.' His grandfather was perfectly astonished, but his grandson said that he had been about the Lord's work. Some time afterwards Roads called at the house and told the following story: 'I was a-sitting in the public-house, just having my pipe and mug of beer, when that child come in and says, "What doest thou here, Elijah, sitting with the ungodly, and you a member of the church?" Roads was so struck that he went out of the pub. and fell before the Lord asking His forgiveness. He never touched beer again.—Arnot Goodfellow.

Boys, Beware of Strong Drink.

Some years ago in a large town in the West of Scotland there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle class of society. The members took a great interest in municipal affairs, and several of them were elected to fill posts on the Town Council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met.

The members were to be found in the club at almost all hours of the day and night. Their drinking was also connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers-by. After a time the club was broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum, one jumped from a window and killed himself, one walked or fell into the water, and was drowned, one died of delirium tremens, upwards of ten became bankrupt, and four died ere they had lived half their days.

Correspondence

Wolfville.

Dear Editor,—Papa took the 'Messenger' just for me, and grandma reads all the letters to me. I am eight years old, and I go to school every day. I have a bicycle and four brothers.

OMEN P.

Riding Mountain, Man.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' and I have been the best of friends. Before I could read myself-my brother or sister would read the children's stories to me, and I got so interested in them that I tried hard to learn to read so as to be able to read them myself. I would read over the short stories in the 'Messenger' and the words that I did not know I would spell out and my brother or sister would tell me what they were. Sometimes they would get tired telling me and would threaten not to tell me another word, but I would keep asking and they would be glad to tell me to get rid of me. So I kept pegging away till at last I could read about as well as they.

BERTHA McC.

Kingsbury.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I always read the little letters first. Then the 'little folks' page next. We have a lot of apples and a great big cross bull. I have a little yellow kitten. There was a big rainstorm. It blew down six trees in our grove.

WILLIE D. F. (Aged 8).

Farnham, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in Farnham. I go to school every day. I have two brothers and one sister. We live near the railway tracks, but I am not afraid to cross them.

MARY J. (Aged 9).

Yeovil, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The name of our farm is 'Heather Brae.' There is a creek flowing through our farm, also the school-house is situated on it. I go to school every day. We have a cream separator and my little brother, three years old, can turn it. I have four brothers and three sisters. There are large hills at the back of our farm and we have good fun sleigh-riding in the winter. There is only Sunday-school in the summer in our church and I like going. My father is a teacher. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and get it every Sunday, and I like reading the children's page.

MARY (Aged 11).

Jenkinsville, Queen's Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I like to read the stories. I generally read the little folks' page first. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on Jan. 17. I have three brothers and one sister. We have for pets two cats and a kitten.

JESSIE W. P.

McLeod's.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a farm. I have three brothers and two sisters. I have two pets, a dog named 'Wallace' and a cat named 'Bessie.' I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I have been going to school since last May. I have to walk over two miles, and I did not miss a day yet. I like my teacher very much. I have received the 'Messenger' every week for over a year and I like it very much.

CATHERINA M.

Brome.

Dear Editor,—I am 14 years old. I go to a very good school; I live in a very pretty village. We have quite a number of scholars in our school.

JENNIE R.

Brantford.

Dear Editor,—I was in the Brantford hospital from March 26 till July 28. I would like Rose E. H. to write to me. I think her poem is very good. I attend the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school

MINA MYERS.

Waternish, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. My pets are a grey cat named Christie and a large dog named Rover. My birthday comes on Aug. 3. I go to school nearly every day in summer time, but I don't go in winter. I like it very much. Our teacher's name is Mr. Hattie.

P. E. W. (Aged 7).

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you about my three-legged chicken. It is nearly all feathered and is a light gray. The third leg is hitched on well toward the back of the left leg. It was hatched on July 11. We have thirty-nine young turkeys and twelve goslings. They have great fun in the water. They will fly through the water and turn over somersaults with their feet in the air. There are sloughs all round the east side of our house and when the hawks are after the wild ducks they will fly into the sloughs near the house and stables. One night when our ducks were coming in their house three wild ducks came out with them and nearly went in with them. Our two youngest calves are named Ladysmith and Kimberley.

JULIA W.

Seal Island.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island fifteen miles from the nearest land. My papa keeps the light and fog alarm. I have one sister and one brother. My sister is away at college. My brother and I go to school at home. We have four hundred sheep, three cows and a horse. My sister and I each have a wheel. We see a great many ocean steamers going by the island. My brother has two little black kittens.

WINIFRED B. C. (Aged 11).

Newbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and I like it very much. My sister and I go to school. We have two miles to walk to school. I have four sisters and no brothers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher is nice, and my papa teaches the Bible-class. We have four miles to drive to church. My papa is a farmer. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Dec. 9.

HAZEL C.

Derby, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper for three years, and like it very much. I procured two subscribers for it last year and am trying to get more this fall. Rose E. H.'s poem was good. I wish she would write another. I have but few pets. I have a dog and some fish. We have a tank which makes a fine place for the fish.

VERMONT FARMER BOY.

Ohlen, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a little letter. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My brother takes it. We have had such a lot of rain now that there is more water in some of the sloughs than in spring. My mother died when I was seven years of age. I have three brothers and no sister, because she died last winter. My youngest brother is five years old and I am twelve years. I go to school. We have a good teacher. My grandma is eighty-two years old.

BARBARA K. T.

Spring Valley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like the correspondence very well.

FANNIE B. D.

Newcastle, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Grandma takes the 'Messenger' and I enjoy reading the letters. I thought I would write to tell you what a pretty little village we have here. We have four churches and a lovely brick school-house and five teachers. The Ontario Lake is two miles from here. S.A.M. (aged 11).

HOUSEHOLD.

Breakfasts.

The average breakfast is slighted. In the morning hurry the importance of its being good and wholesome is overlooked. Surely, when one comes to think of it, the first meal of the day ought to be something better than the hashed up remains of yesterday's dinner. It is not necessary that a breakfast should be elaborate, but it should be particularly well cooked, appetizing and nourishing. If one is to fight business battles or moral battles successfully, he must go forth in the morning well strengthened in the 'inner man.' Well fed men ordinarily know little of the craving for stimulants that gnaws at the stomach of the poorly nourished laborer. Wives and mothers who would save their husbands and sons from the drink fiend cannot too early learn this lesson. Fresh fruit is always a most acceptable and healthful addition to any breakfast, when the family exchequer will possibly allow it. A little indulgence in this luxury in the spring would save many a doctor's bill. Variety is another point that should be aimed at. It is particularly antagonistic to early rising to know that one is getting up to the same everlasting breakfast of bread and butter, an egg and weak coffee.—'Christian Work.'

How to Serve Fruit.

Blackberries do not, as a rule, require washing. They must be handled carefully in looking them over; being soft they are easily bruised. Plums, if served raw, may be put in a flat dish or basket garnished with greens and passed just as one would serve peaches. They should be peeled before eating. Pears and apples may be served in the same way. Peaches are more attractive when served in their own skins. Serve just at the right temperature, not warm but still not overchilled. This makes all fruits sour.

Grapes are daintier served in a flat, open basket, decorated with their own foliage.

Watermelons and cantaloupes are always best served simply chilled—not cold enough to be unpalatable and tasteless, but with no tinge of warmth.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Useful Hints.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

Sugar in the water with which veal is basted gives an added flavor. It may be used with all meats.

Nothing is more soothing for burns or scalds than to pour the white of an egg over the injured place. It is easily procured and is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

Every night the kitchen sink should be cleansed by a solution of two tablespoonfuls of washing soda, in a gallon of boiling water. This should be poured in while at boiling point.

Be sure and put your clothes-pins into hot soap-suds at least once in two weeks and let them boil, after which they may be taken out, dried, and put away in a bag ready for use on next wash day.

To care for a person who has fainted, lay the person down, keep the head low, loosen the clothing, give plenty of fresh air and dash cold water in the face. Smelling salts and stimulents should only be used when consciousness has returned.

To prevent a bruise from becoming discolored apply water as hot as can be borne comfortably, changing the cloth as soon as it loses its heat. If hot water is not to be had at once, moisten some dry starch with cold water, and cover the bruised part with it.

A little powdered potash thrown into rat holes will drive the rodents away that are so annoying in cellar or kitchen; cayenne pepper will have the same effect on rats and cockroaches, and a mouse will never gnaw through a piece of cotton sprinkled with cayenne that is stuffed into his hole.

Rugs made from old ingrain carpet.—Cut the carpet on the bias, into strips about two inches wide, fringe out the edges by pulling them apart, sew them through the

centre on to a strip of strong cloth the size desired for the rug. Double the strips back and sew them near together, so that when done the edges will all be raised.

If a stove has been neglected until it has become rusty, or if the blacking has all burned off, leaving it red, it is difficult to obtain a permanent polish. By lightly rubbing its surface over with a cloth dipped in vinegar, and applying the blacking immediately, it will take a better polish, and last much longer than if the vinegar is not used.

A fashionable and delicious dish is marrow-bones, served in a somewhat novel style. The butcher saws the marrow-bone across into thicknesses of about two inches; these are boiled, laid on square pieces of buttered toast, and served hot. Some careful cooks close up both ends before boiling with a layer of thin pie-crust.

It is said that vaseline is growing in favor as an emollient for shoes. Take a pair of shoes, especially the shoes worn by ladies, and when they become hard and rusty apply a coating of vaseline, rubbing well with a cloth, and the leather will at once become soft and pliable and almost impervious to water.

A sudden and wearing attack of coughing often needs immediate attention, especially in consumptives and those chronically ill. In an emergency, that ever-useful remedy, hot water, will often prove very effective. It is much better than the ordinary cough mixtures, which disorder the digestion and spoil the appetite. Water, almost boiling, should be sipped when the paroxysms come on. A cough, resulting from irritation, is relieved by hot water through the promotion of secretion, which moistens the irritated surfaces. Hot water also promotes expectoration, and so relieves the dry cough.

Trees for Protection.

If any person will visit my home on a raw, wintry day, I will undertake to satisfy him very quickly that no investment can be made about a country home that will yield better returns for the outlay than the planting of an evergreen windbreak. On my place there is such an one that is now a rod high, which was planted eight years ago last spring. It is west and north-west of my house, in the direction of the prevailing winds. Why, it is almost like coming into a place to get warm to step out of the wintry blast and get behind that screen. It seems like another climate, and where there is sunshine this counts back of the trees, where on the other side it makes no impression. But it is in the greater comfort in the home and to the live-stock in winter that I prize the screens most highly as a profitable investment. I think that the same fuel now goes nearly a third further in warming our home than it did before we had this protection, while in the stable and yards the live stock is more comfortable also, with a saving in fodder—another name for animal fuel. The screen is one-fourth of a mile in length, with the trees, Norway spruce, four feet apart, the row taking 340 trees.—'Vick's Magazine.'

Selected Recipes.

Pickled Crab-Apples.—Select large, crimson apples, and wipe clean. Place a plate in a steamer and steam all the apples it will hold, until tender. To one quart of good vinegar add one cupful of sugar, one spoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, and a pinch of salt; beat to boiling and pour over the apples. After three days boil up the vinegar and pour over again. They will be ready to use in a week, and are very nice.

Sour Milk Ginger Muffins.—Mix together one-half a cupful of molasses, one-half a teaspoonful of soda, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter (creamed), one cup of sour milk, two and one-quarter cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful of soda mixed in it. Beat well, grease muffin pans, nearly fill with the batter. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Rice Pudding.—Half a cupful of rice, one pint of milk, one cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one quart of cream,

whipped; soak half a cup of gelatine two hours in half a cupful of cold water. Wash the rice thoroughly and boil in one cupful of cold water. Add one pint of milk and cook in a double boiler. After it has cooked an hour add the sugar, salt and gelatine, place in a pan of chopped ice or ice water, and beat until cold with an egg beater, then add the whipped cream and pour in a mould. Serve on a fancy platter with preserves laid around the edge.

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