

# Northern Messenger

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## A Vacation Prodigal.

(The Rev. Joseph Kennard Wilson, D.D., in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

The Sabbath day dawned fair and bright, one of those glorious June days that somehow slip out of their proper place and get entangled in the warmer weather of late July. Rhoda Ormond sprang out of bed at her first awakening with a sense upon her of something new and strange. What was it?

O, she remembered. This was one of her vacation Sabbaths. There was to be for her no church, no Sunday school, no tiresome Junior meeting, no trudging up the hill after the evening service to leave the Endeavorers' flowers at the hospital, no work or service of any kind—simply a day of positive, uninterrupted enjoyment. O, it should be a Sabbath to be long remembered, a day to look back upon and to think of when it was past.

'The groves were God's first temples,' she quoted, looking up the mountain-side to where the giant pines stood in their majesty like columns in a temple fashioned by the great Architect. She would worship among them to-day; she would take her Bible directly after breakfast, and go away alone, and join in the chorus of adoration rising about the Throne from all created things. She could hardly wait to dress. Her fingers trembled with excitement so that she could hardly button her garments.

'You silly child!' she laughed at her reflection in the mirror. 'You act as though you never went anywhere before, or ever had anything pleasant happen to you. Well, you never had anything like what this day is going to be, my dear. And to think of it! One, two, three, four, five, more just like it—if it doesn't rain, of course, on any of them; six Sundays in all to do just what you please in, without any thought of what you must do or ought to do! O, it's great to be a prodigal!' And she smiled over the last word, remembering her talk with her pastor. 'I shall tell Dadda Black when I go home that the "far country" is not so bad a place, after all, and that "husks" are delicious. But now for my morning verse.'

'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself.'

Slowly and reverently she read those beautiful words in the epistle to the Romans. Was it that tricky, irresponsible thing that some people call 'chance' that decreed that they should lie in the course of that morning's readings.

'Even Christ pleased not himself.' A pencilled note opposite the verse recalled a sermon by her pastor on the words, and set her musing upon it as she brushed her hair before the mirror.

'Even Christ pleased not—' The brush stopped its work suddenly, though the arm still upraised. Out of the fair young face went all its bright joyousness, to be succeeded by a frown of disappointment and displeasure, just as on a summer's morning you have

seen the blue sky all at once hidden behind gray and dreary rainclouds.

'Pshaw!' she muttered, slowly resuming her task. 'It doesn't mean that at all. I'm not going to let it mean that! I'm going to have this day all to myself, so there! And I don't know what I wanted to think about that horrid old minister for, anyhow, it's just too bad!'

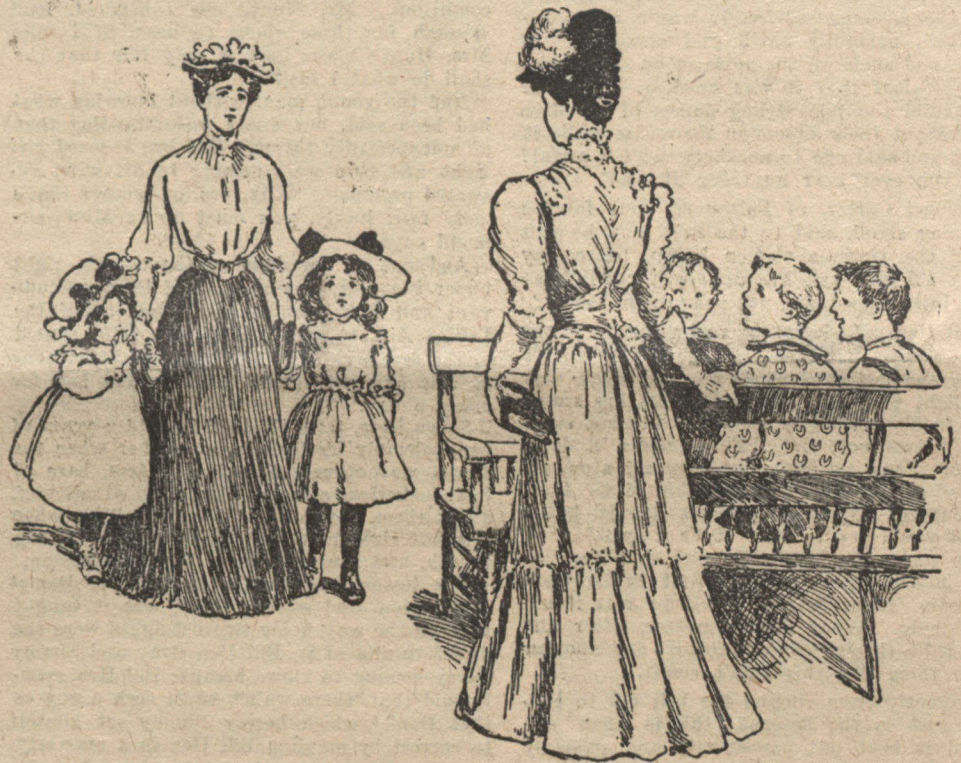
But somehow, try as she might, Rhoda couldn't bring back the joyous light-heartedness of the earliest waking moments, and it was with something of the cloud still upon her face that she answered the breakfast bell, and went to the dining-room.

Bert Langley from his table near the door watched her curiously. She responded coldly to his greeting in passing, but beyond that

her way to the Great Pines. Foxy Rhoda! She had peered over the balustrades, seen him mounted guard below, divined his intentions, and by roundabout paths had sought her destination.

'No, you don't!' she said decidedly. 'This is Sunday, and it isn't going to be spent in idle talk like other days. I guess one can remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, even if one doesn't go to church.'

And so at last she came to the place which she had had in her mind, a beautiful bit of green sward at the edge of a stretch of woods, known as the 'Great Pines,' and, spreading her shawl on the ground, sank down upon it with a long-drawn sigh of contentment and delight. To the right, out of sight behind intervening rocks, was the hotel with all its



THE MINISTER'S WIFE CAME IN, BRINGING HER TWO LITTLE CHILDREN WITH HER.

gave no sign of seeing him or of being conscious of his presence.

'Now, do you suppose,' he communed with himself under his breath, 'that she's laying up that silly remark of mine last night against me? Thought she had more sense! And she has, too! She isn't worrying over me or what I said; what does she care for that? It's something more important that's giving my lady that down-in-the-mouth look, and I bet I know what it is; it's her conscience squirming on account of that bloomin' Sunday school class, and its dollars to doughnuts that the class wins out, too, and that little Mrs. Minister gets a rest to-day. Just keep your eyes open, Bert, my boy, and see what you'll see!'

But the first sight that came to those wide-open eyes was not particularly pleasing. After lounging about the office and piazzas for half an hour, hoping to intercept Miss Rhoda when she came downstairs, and make his peace with her, and so secure permission to accompany her on her morning walk, he was rewarded by a fleeting glimpse of her blue shawl as she disappeared around the rocks on

frivolities and worldly reminders. Before her the earth sloped suddenly, almost precipitously, away; and she looked out over the village just at her feet, on across the valleys and intervals to where the high hills shouldered up the sky again. 'Beautiful for situation!' she murmured ecstatically. 'O, David, if you could say that about Jerusalem with its tiny hills, I wonder what you would say if you could see this place.'

Long she gazed with eyes that, seeing everything in general, saw nothing in particular. Her Bible lay unopened in her lap. It was the earlier and the larger volume of the Father's revelation that she was reading. But presently there came a vague consciousness of something not quite right, of 'a rift within the lute,' of a discord in the music, of a blur upon the picture. What was it? A puzzled frown stole over her face.

All at once she knew. It was that ugly little white meeting-house in the foreground, with its absurd toothpick-like steeple thrusting itself straight up toward the high-sailing clouds above it. It was not that it was ac-

tually a blot on the landscape, there could be no denying that it might be so considered by a correct aesthetical taste; but that meeting-house suggested the minister, and the minister suggested the minister's weary wife, with her class of half-tamed Arabs; and that again suggested the fact that she, Rhoda Ormond, had absolutely refused to lift finger or open lips to help one of God's 'little ones.' And so the chain of sequence ran on until it came back to the morning's verse, 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'

'Pshaw!' said Rhoda, aloud this time. What a convenient word that is! It isn't swearing, of course, to say 'Pshaw!' At the same time, it satisfies the demand that most people feel now and then for the use of an expletive of some sort. 'Pshaw! This thing is getting on my nerves. I don't see why I should think so much about it. It's all right. I've done nothing but what other people are doing all the time. There's my mother, good as she is, who will hardly ever take a class in Sunday school, even for a day; and my father never thinks of even going to Sunday school, much less teaching in it. Get some sense in you, Rhoda. Guess you've got a right to do as you please once in a while, especially up here in the woods.'

And, turning away from the new spoiled view before her, she opened her Bible, and sought to interest herself in its pages.

Scarcely, however, had she succeeded in shutting out the troublesome thoughts which had so bothered her when the bell began to ring for the morning service. It was a cheap little bell, naturally shrill and unmusical of tone, and made all the more so by the unmistakable fact that it was cracked. Down at the hotel the high-strung dames of sensitive nerves put their fingers in their ears while it rang, and said one to another: 'Isn't it awful? Did you ever hear anything like it?'

Colonel Carter, of Baltimore, out for his morning stroll, said to the first man he met after the tintinnabulation began, 'Here, my man; I'll give you five dollars if you'll have that bell stopped, and not rung again to-day.'

But Henry Jackson (he was a deacon in the little church, but of course the Colonel didn't know that) drew himself up, and there was the light of generations of God-fearing ancestors in his eye as he answered without smiling: 'Guess not, sir! Five dollars 'll do a lot of things up here, but it won't stop th' ringin' of th' bell fr' th' worship of th' Lord on Sunday. Sorry you don't like it, but I guess you'll hev to stan' it fr' a spell.'

Up under the pines the girl shuddered as the inharmonious jangling first broke upon her ear. Then she set herself to bear it unflinchingly. What did it matter, after all? Her Sabbath was spoiled already, and another little thing like this didn't count.

Presently from ringing the bell fell to tolling; and as she listened this is what she heard it beat out persistently and solemnly on the still morning air: 'Ev-en Christ pleased not him-self!'

Over and over it said it; now emphatically, sharply, and with a certain note of authority,—that must have been when the sexton put a little more muscle into his work,—and again softly, plaintively, persuasively, and in a way almost to bring tears to the eyes—'Ev-en Christ pleased not him-self!' until at last it trailed off through the path of lessening echoes into silence. And, when it was quite done, Rhoda Ormond rose from the ground, gathered up her belongings, and started for the hotel.

'No use!' she said with a whimsical little laugh. 'I can't play prodigal even if I want to. I've just got to be good, and go and help that poor minister's wife out. Now don't go to putting on airs, my lady, and thinking no end of yourself for your kindness, and expecting a blessing for it, and all that. You know you're a selfish thing, and that you don't want to do it one bit, and that you wouldn't if you could get out of it and be half-way decent about it. But when a measly little cracked church bell begins to quote Scripture at you, it's time you listened and minded what it says. So go along with you, and do your duty!'

What with the changing of her dress, and the hasty review of the lesson, already familiar to her, morning service was well-nigh over when she reached the church, and slipped into a seat near the door to listen to the

last words of the sermon Bert Langley, drawn to the service by some influence to him unaccountable, from his corner saw her as she entered, and chuckled softly.

'What did I tell you? I knew she would come to it. She couldn't help it. And yet—I wonder just what it was that made her do it?' And the serious look that came into his brown eyes was certainly not brought there by any words of the preacher, now in his closing appeal.

Sunday school followed immediately upon the morning sermon, and the little company that remained grouped itself into a half-dozen classes. The minister's wife came in, bringing her two little children with her. They were too young either to bring to church or to leave alone; consequently, she explained, she was obliged to remain at home from the earlier service, and to take them with her to the Sunday school.

If Rhoda had any lingering idea of assuming the pose and acting the role of a martyr to duty, it passed away at the sight of that thin, tired face, and the relief that passed over it when she said: 'Mr. Hunt was good enough to ask me to take some of your work this summer, and I'm going to do it on condition that you give yourself as much rest as you possibly can. And the first thing I want you to do is to leave the babies here, and go up to the top of that little hill yonder, and sit down under that big maple, and stay there until school is done. No,' as Mrs. Hunt began to protest, 'there's no going back on the conditions. Mr. Hunt,' she continued, loud enough for those about to hear, 'if I take Mrs. Hunt's class, isn't it only fair that she shall do what I say?'

And the young man, without knowing what had been said, but dimly understanding that all unexpectedly through this bright-faced girl light and help were coming to his wife, answered promptly: 'Why, yes, of course; that's only fair, Emily, you must do as Miss Ormond says.'

And out of the door of the church, right under the disapproving gaze of Deacon Studivant and Mrs. Knight, the president of the Ladies Aid, the little minister's wife passed to the first absolutely free, unencumbered hour of rest and enjoyment that she had had for many a day.

Seven boys, from thirteen to fifteen years of age, solemnly faced the new teacher when the school was opened. Freckled of face, bare of feet, jacketless some of them, full of mischief, all of them, Rhoda's heart sank a little when she first sized them up; then she drew a long breath, and squared herself for the occasion.

The lesson was on the boyhood of Daniel in Babylon, and so effectively was it taught that on the way home two fist-fights were the direct results of it, Bill Hen Gray and Simmy Carey coming to blows because Bill Hen openly said that 'there wa'n't never sech a guy es thet Dan'l,' which heresy Simmy set himself to correct by mauling Bill Hen in a masterly manner; while the other pair of combatants squared off to settle the question whether she said Dan'l was alive at the present time or not, Dick Martin affirming that he was 'daid' long ago, while John Lawton contended that the way the teacher told the story showed that Dan'l was alive now, mebbe a feller thet she knowed down Bost'n or N' York way; wist he'd asked her what his last name was.

Time will not permit the telling in detail of the story of that summer; nor, indeed, is there much that could be put into words. Possibly only the minor and the least significant things in life ever get into speech, anyhow. Having put her hand to the plough, Rhoda Ormond would not turn back. Possibly it would be too much to say that she never wished to turn back, for human nature has its limitations, even when wrought upon by grace. It was not always easy on a beautiful Sunday to turn from the gladness and glory of the great world of out-of-doors, and spend an hour in a bare, stuffy room, wrestling with the ignorance and indifference, not to say the restlessness and waywardness, of a lot of youngsters who seemed to have not the slightest glimmer of an idea of the sacrifice which was being made for them. And the Junior meetings on Sunday afternoons were even more of a tax. But still Rhoda Ormond held to her self-imposed task, with all the persistency of her nature, until the very last day of her stay in Daleton.

Yet there were rewards and compensations. The minister's wife, relieved of a portion of

her care, lost the tired look from her eyes, and picked up flesh and spirits, and into her cheeks came again a bit of that rosy pink that had captivated the heart of a certain theological student not many years before. And the social meetings of the church took on new life and interest with this skilled musician at the organ, backed up by the little company of singers from the hotel whom she inveigled into accompanying her to almost every mid-week service.

And Rhoda will never forget that last Sunday, when, after bidding her good-by in the constrained, half-ashamed, wholly indifferent manner of boys, Bill Hen Gray and Sam Tucker waylaid her on her way back to the hotel to tell her, with many stammerings and much confusion, that they were much obliged t' her fr' all she'd done fr' 'em thet summer, 'n'—'n'—more stammerings and hesitation here—that they'd 'bout made up their minds, both on 'em, thet they were goin' t' turn right round, 'n' try t' serve th' Lord best, they knowed how. And yet she had thought these two the hardest and most unconcerned of the lot! How humble she felt because her faith had been so small! yet how exalted, in the consciousness of fruit from her labors!

And there was something else, too. At parting Bert Langley held her hand rather longer than was absolutely necessary, while he said: 'I won't say good-by, Miss Ormond, for I'm coming to see you just as soon as mother and I go back to town. I have something that I want to say to you then.' And the significant tone brought the roses into my lady's cheek. 'But that will keep. But I should like you to know something of what you have done for me this summer. By your unselfishness and your devotion to what you thought was duty you have made me feel as never before the reality of the Christian life, and to want it. I hardly dare make any promises, but I thought you'd like to know that I'm trying to follow the Master.'

'Well, childie,' said the pastor in the first talk they had together after Rhoda's return, 'what about "the far country," and how did you like "husks"?'

But she shook her head merrily, although there was a serious look in her eye.

'Dadda Black,' she said, 'I haven't been in "the far country" at all; I just couldn't get there, and have been in the Father's house all summer. As for "husks," I haven't even had a taste of them. Yes, I have, too,' as a sudden memory of that first Sunday under the Great Pines came to her, 'just one wee, little, teeny, tonty taste; but that was enough! I don't want any more! Husks are puckery and sour; they're horrid!'

And she told him the story of the summer.

## Acknowledgments.

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Total . . . . . \$ 6.00

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Received for the komatik: Knowlton, B.C., \$10.40; Robt. Young, Arlington, Mass., 25c; Total . . . . . \$ 10.65

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Previously acknowledged for the komatik . . . . . 55.60

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.



LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1907.

**The Tabernacle.**

Exodus xl., 1-13, 34-38. Memory verses, 34, 35. Read Exodus xxxv-xl.

**Golden Text.**

Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. Ex. xl., 34.

**Home Readings**

- Monday, July 29.—Ex. xxv., 1-22.
- Tuesday, July 30.—Ex. xxvii., 1-21.
- Wednesday, July 31.—Ex. xxxi., 1-18.
- Thursday, August 1.—Ex. xxxv., 1-29.
- Friday, August 2.—Ex. xl., 1-16.
- Saturday, August 3.—Ex. xl., 17-38.
- Sunday, August 4.—Heb. ix., 1-28.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have you ever had to sit still and wait for something? It's very hard, isn't it? Perhaps you were ready dressed for a party, or to go out for a drive, and mother has said, 'Now, sit still, so as not to get untidy,' and time has seemed so long until the hour came to start. Do you remember what trouble the Israelites got into in our last lesson because they didn't have patience enough to wait? How they made the golden calf and worshipped it? And all the while God was just giving Moses something for them to do. You know they were out in the wilderness and didn't have any church to go to, as you have, and God was teaching Moses how to build one in a tent form. After he had come down from the mountain, and God had forgiven the people for their sin, Moses told them about the beautiful tent that God wanted them to help build.

It would be very easy, and helpful to the younger ones, to make a model of the Tabernacle, using as the foundation the lid of a shoe box. The outer court was much this shape, having a length double its breadth. This was fenced off with curtains hung on acacia wood, rods and opened only at the east. The entrance then, would be made at one end of the cardboard lid. At the western side of a line drawn directly across the centre place a little paper tent, an oblong whose length is three times its breadth. The west end of this, a perfect square, contained the ark, and was called the Holy of Holies; the remainder of the tabernacle, or Holy Place, held the altar of incense, the golden candlestick, and the table of shew bread. In the centre of the eastern half of the court stood the altar of burnt offering, and between that and the tabernacle, the laver for priestly purification. The reading of the previous chapters will enable the teacher to give the children some idea of how gladly the people gave their wealth and time to this work. The lesson teaches that God always wants his people to work with him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The building of the tabernacle, weaving the curtains, forming the furnishings, etc., took the last five months of the first year of their freedom, and were a time of eager joy to the people. The forty days of waiting while Moses was in the mount had proved a far harder trial than did these months of sacrifice and labor, yet we must remember that the command 'Be still and know that I am God' is just as important at times as the call to active service. It is a pleasure, however, to read of the whole-hearted service of the Israelites when they had something definite to do, inasmuch that Moses

had to ask that no more offerings be made, and on the first day of their second year of freedom the tabernacle was set up. The beautiful symbolism of the various objects has greatly grown under the light of God's further revelation in the New Testament. Entering from the east there was first the altar of burnt offering symbolizing the sacrifice of Christ, which is the first step by which we can approach God; beyond that is the laver, standing for the purification of the heart; within the Holy Place, the candlestick or new light; the table of shew bread, representing our dependence on God for our spiritual food, and the altar of incense, so definitely stated in Revelation to represent prayer through which we approach God as the priest entered the Holy of Holies only when surrounded by the odor of incense. God's insistence on the exact conformity to his plans, as noticed in Hebrews viii., 5, should teach us that anything which God commands should be carefully observed, not modified to suit every one's own convenience.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.'

When God appointed ceremonies and symbols for the Jewish tabernacle He was dramatizing His instruction. He wanted men to know Him, and to be like Him in character. How can He make them know? He saw that at that time and among that people, the most effective way would be to teach them through their sense of sight and through their emotional nature. The tabernacle was an object lesson, divinely chosen to teach truth.—Alvah S. Hobart.

Men sometimes say, why was not Jesus Christ brought into the world a great while before? Because the world was not ready for the transfer to the higher change; the world was still under the law, it still must be under the law. But when Christ comes, then comes the second epoch, the ideal; and Christ stands before the Jewish race and before the human race as the ideal of life. Now the nature of the command is changed—it is no longer, This do and thou shalt live—it is, Follow me; it is no longer Obey a law—it is, Follow an ideal; pattern yourself after the example of Christ.—Lyman Abbott, in the 'Outlook.'

What if once a year a book were opened, the one book in the world that could show us authoritatively how to make the best of life, and that drew wide the veil beyond death? Would not men everywhere crowd to hear the oracle? Such a book may be found unheeded and unopened in many a house. What if we could pray to God but once in our lives? Think of the petitions, the half-desperate hope, the fear, the agony, crowded into that one petition! We can speak to Him at any moment, and often forget to do it at all.—'Youth's Companion.'

I can hardly imagine it possible that a real and deep sense of the holiness of holy things can exist, without a feeling of reverence, of awe, of holy fear; without a shrinking from speaking or talking lightly of holy places, and holy ordinances.—T. H. Arnold.

Said a great king once, 'Where I sleep, there is the palace.' Each one of us may say, 'Where I am, there is God's tabernacle.' See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount' were the words ringing in the ears of Moses as he came down from Mount Sinai to become the architect of God's dwelling place, the tent of worship. We need the heavenly pattern in making our lives the temples where God may dwell.

God has two thrones, one in the highest Heaven, one in the lowliest heart.—Van Dyke.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Hebrews ix.; II. Cor. v. 1; Rev. xxi., 3; v., 8; i., 12, 13, 20; John v., 46; xxiv., 23; Heb. viii., 1, 2, 5; Gal. iii., 24, 25.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 4.—Topic—The consecration of our bodies. I. Cor. vi., 19, 20; Rom.

xii., 1, 2. (A vacation consecration meeting.)

**Junior C. E. Topic**

PROMISE MEETING.

Monday, July 29.—A promise of forgiveness. Jer. iii., 22.

Tuesday, July 30.—A promise of a Saviour. Jer. xxiii., 5, 6.

Wednesday, July 31.—A promise to those who obey. Jer. vii., 23.

Thursday, August 1.—To those who trust. Jer. xvii., 7, 8.

Friday, August 2.—To those who pray. Jer. xxxiii., 3.

Saturday, August 3.—God's covenant promise. Jer. xxxii., 38-40.

Sunday, August 4.—Topic—God's promises to us. Jer. xxxi., 33, 34. (Consecration meeting.)

**A Quite Hour With God.**

A quiet hour spent alone with God at the beginning of the day is the best beginning for the toils and cares of active business. A brief season of prayer, looking above for wisdom and grace and strength, and seeking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, helps us to carry our religion into the business of the day. It brings joy and peace within the heart.

And as we place all our concerns in the care and keeping of the Lord, faithfully striving to do his will, we have a joyful trust that however dark or discouraging events may appear, our Father's hand is guiding everything and will give the wisest direction to all our toils.—'Advocate.'

**BOYS!  
A FREE GIFT.**

**A Jack Knife. A Fountain Pen  
A Watch and Chain. A Camera.**

Boys at summer resorts and elsewhere may have gifts for themselves and their sisters without giving a cent of their money for them.

This is our plan. People have a good deal of time at the summer resorts for reading and looking at picture papers. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is the best printed paper in Canada. It sells at ten cents a copy. It sells at sight. Send for a dozen to start your sales on. We trust you. If you sell NINE you secure a fine Roger's Jack-Knife; just what you want every day of every week during your holidays; sell FOURTEEN, you get a Fountain Pen, a really first-class article, while if you sell TWENTY we give you an up-to-date Nickel Watch, stem-wind, stem-set, and guaranteed.

During July and August we throw in a neat Chain to match, as an extra with every Watch.

As this offer is away below any we have made a word to the wise should be sufficient.

We have fifty 'Brownie' Cameras—mostly the one dollar size, but some of the larger ones also. The first fifty boys that apply for them will, of course, have first chance. Wouldn't it be fine to win your Camera free in this way, and then compete for that Sovereign Prize offered for the most interesting photograph? (See advertisement elsewhere in this paper.) Contest does not close till Aug. 1, and your little 'Brownie' might take a snapshot that would eclipse in genuine interest the work of older and more experienced photographers.

Sell only EIGHTEEN 'Pictorials' at 10c and you secure the small size 'Brownie,' or sell THIRTY-SIX and you get the Two Dollar size. This is a rare chance—seize it. You can get extra films as you want them on the same basis.

But the main thing is to RUSH IN YOUR ORDER AT ONCE (a postcard will do), so as to get a dozen of the July number to sell at the earliest possible moment. Then remit the \$1.20 for those, and get the next lot. When fully paid for we send primum promptly. Try this plan and you will be delighted.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF  
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

There are many good Christian men and women who regularly pass on the cup untasted as they 'sit at Jesus' feast of love.' Very hard thoughts are entertained concerning them, and very unkind words are spoken. But the fact is that many of them dare not put their lips to it, let the sleeping devil of the past habit be aroused to their destruction.

It is but a very short time ago that a reclaimed drunkard, brought to Christ during a Gospel Mission at my own church, gave me some proof of this. He remained behind as a spectator at the Sunday evening communion service. When the wine was poured out, he started to his feet, and left the chapel. The first smell of his dread enemy rekindled desire and it was only by 'leaving the temptation,' and walking rapidly to and fro in the chapel grounds, that he rid himself of its effects.

Think of it! This was the symbol of the Wine of Life! This was the emblem of the blood that saves!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It is pleasant to turn to happier and more congenial scenes. Lily Lodge, the cosy and attractive home of the grand old patriarch, Aaron Brigham, was bright with the light of wax candles, for on this auspicious night, some few days before poor Tom Smart's sad hap filled his aged heart with sorrow, the ordinary gleam of the familiar 'dip' was not good enough for the occasion.

Lily Lodge was then the house of feasting; that, standing by itself, is not saying much, perhaps, for feasting is often a very doleful business, but it was also a house of mirth. Esther Harland had done her best, and that is saying much, to provide a real downright genuine East Yorkshire tea. I dare say that many of my readers have never enjoyed that experience. Those who have will not hesitate to say, 'I have been there, and still would go,' though they may hesitate just a little at finishing the quotation. But there was an element in that feast that surpassed, in pleasantness and joy-provoking quality, Esther Harland's wonderful confections.

The fact is that George Caffer and his wife, and Phil Lambert, and his wife, were Aaron Brigham's specially invited guests that evening, and the 'high tea' was held in honor of the complete enfranchisement of the two cronies from the thralldom of the 'Black Swan,' and their happy riddance of the alcoholic demons which, like Simbad's Old Man of the Mountain, had sat upon their shoulders for five-and-twenty dreadful years, and had all but choked the life out of them by its cruel pressure on the throat.

The painter had finished the beautifying of Aaron's house, had put all his art and skill into the task, and had turned out a bit of genuine teetotal work such as he had never surpassed in his palmiest days. The way in which he had 'grained' the front door and the window shutters in imitation oak, had become quite a wonderment to admiring Netherborough, and had advertized alike his sobriety and superior ability far and wide. As a consequence his business had increased 'by leaps and bounds,' and already he had been compelled to employ a journeyman, if not two.

The barber, true to his vow, 'Niver nae mair,' had kept steadily to his shop, and with a hand quite as steady as his fidelity to the operating chair had gained the proud position of smoother-general to half the adult chins in Netherborough; while the surplus locks of the juvenile Netherburghers

strewed the floor of his shop like leaves in Valambrosa.

Two happier women than the cronies' wives it would be hard to find through all the country side. Mrs. Lambert, especially, seemed almost re-juvenated, and the last trace of the pallor and the sickness that seemed a sickness unto death had gone from the once wasted and sorrow-stricken face. And who was the tall, good-looking lassie that was waiting at the table, and otherwise helping Esther Harland in her onerous household duties, on that great day? She looks bonny enough and bright enough in all conscience, and one glance at her is sufficient to show that her young life is without a cloud.

This is the 'maiden all forlorn,' ragged, miserable, morose, and generally tired of all things, who snappishly expressed a wish to Aaron Brigham that her father, Phil Lambert, would 'go te t' "Black Swan," an' niver cum back nae mair.'

It was quite usual for Aaron's expressive face, except when it was shadowed by somebody else's sorrow, to wear 'a light that never shone on sea or land,' but that night there was a radiance shining on it and from in that glowed in every feature, and gilded his snow-white hair.

The conversation, both at the tea-table and afterwards, was turned, chiefly by the old man himself, into a variety of channels; but it always trembled back, like the mariner's needle to the north, to the subject of Aaron's happy interference with the business of the 'Black Swan,' and the joyful change that had made that cheerful party possible.

'Why, I've not disposed to say that I ain't desperate glad' things hez turned oot as they hev,' said the old man, 'but I've quite willin' to hev nowt nae mair said aboot it. I think the Lord' at He put it i' my heart; but there, its' been there for mony a year, as it is i' the hearts o' thousands o' Christian folk. Like me, they see, an, sorrow, an' wish, an' resolve to mend things, an', like me, they're sadly apt to mek' that sarve; an' even to tek' a bit o' credit for hevin' sitch feelin's. But what's wanted is for 'em to do summat; to mek' an effort, like; not only to wish, but to try, an' if a trial isn't successful, why then to try and try till it is. You see, that plan carried oot by ivery Christian wisher, will mek' ivery wisher a worker, an' then the car o' Bacchus 'll niver ride i' front o' the chariot o' Jesus ony mair, I'll tell you what it is; the car o' Bacchus, as they call it, will varry soon stop runnin' at all if t' Christian churches o' this country unyoke themselves, fling off the harness, an' refuse to pull it another yard.'

The whole party, from aged Aaron to the barber's bonnie lassie, were agreed on this, and if not only local, but even universal, prohibition had been put to the vote, it would have been 'passed unanimously and with acclamation.'

The Temperance Society in Netherborough was at a low ebb. Its fortunes, never very rosy, had sunk at once after Walter Bardsley's unhappy withdrawal. Aaron Brigham was very anxious to do something to restore its fallen fortunes; and it was mainly with this object in view that he invited his guests that evening.

Both Caffer and Lambert were capable talkers, and he wisely judged that the witness of two such well-known converts would be invaluable. Better still, 'Liza Lambert volunteered to tell the story of her new life and her regenerated home in the public ear. It was the rarest of rare things in those days for women to take any public platform, but if ever there was a subject on which

woman might well grow eloquent, and stir the English public with convincing voice, it is the curse of intemperance and the blighting influence of strong drink on English hearths and in English homes; and the just demand of English women and children to be rid for ever of the shame and sorrow to which it dooms them.

Eventually both the painter and the barber became towers of strength to the unpopular cause; and by their instrumentality quite a number of inveterate toppers were led to range themselves beneath the Temperance banner.

'If George Caffer and Phil Lambert can turn their back on beer, I can.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For some time past, young Cuthbert Hayes had been having rather an easy time of it. It was true he was supposed to be engaged in his father's business, but this was only a polite way of intimating that he was doing nothing, for Mr. Norwood Hayes still had complete control of his business affairs, and in the town of Netherborough, though there was plenty of work, for one head in the cornfactor's business, there certainly was not enough to keep two occupied. Of late, however, Norwood Hayes had had serious thoughts of retiring from active participation in his concern in order to give Cuthbert a chance, and very probably, I think, with an eye to Parliamentary honors. Before he took the final step, he was anxious that Cuthbert should have some practical acquaintance with the business other than Netherborough and his own office could supply. Accordingly, he broached the subject one evening to his son, suggesting that he should place him for a short time, at any rate, with a friend of his, a large cornfactor in Hull. Cuthbert, dazzled more with the idea of really being his own master than with the prospect of gaining an insight into his father's business, was only too willing.

Application was made to Mr. Nuncaster, the cornfactor in question, and he, though he had no vacancy at the time, agreed to take Cuthbert to oblige his old friend, Norwood Hayes.

Norwood Hayes, was, perhaps, willingly blind to the downward course on which his son had already entered, but he took the occasion of his son's departure to give him one of those manly expressions of his opinion which had so captivated Walter Bardsley, and had, alas, practically led to his discomfiture at the hands of his own hereditary foe—strong drink.

He spoke to him wisely and earnestly concerning the many temptations that beset a young man's footsteps in a large town, and especially a seaport town such as Hull. Incidentally he mentioned the dangers of intemperance, and strongly impressed on him the folly of yielding to the seductive influence of alcohol. (To be Continued.)

### Snap-shot Contest.

Last summer's competitions having proved so popular, the publishers of the 'Canadian Pictorial' have decided to continue them. This contest will close on Aug. 1st, and the prize will be a golden sovereign—\$4.86—which will be awarded for what the judges consider to be the most interesting photograph. Open to all, amateur or professional photographers. Negatives must be sharp and prints clear. They need not be mounted. All pictures submitted become the property of the publishers, Mark, 'Photo Contest,' and address, Editor, 'Canadian Pictorial,' 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

### Texts That Have Strengthened Me From Boyhood On.

(Extract from an article by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Sunday Magazine'.)

Most of us could write an epitome of our autobiography in the texts which have influenced our lives. Reviewing the past, we can discern the promises which, like stepping-stones, have borne our feet from bank to brae. At one time we were warned by a startling admonition, at another directed along a difficult pathway by a word of direction and guidance. This verse was as a danger-signal, and this as a clarion, and that as a cool hand put on a fevered brow. By one passage our soul was restored, by another we were made wise, by another our heart was rejoiced, and by yet another our eyes were enlightened, and we gladly endorse the Psalmist's verdict:

More to be desired are they than gold,  
Yea, than much fine gold;  
Sweeter also than honey or the honeycomb.

Psalm 121.—Years ago, one Sunday evening, as a boy of thirteen, I was sitting on a chair in the dining-room, where, I think, my mother, who was an invalid, was lying on the sofa, and my sisters were reading quietly. I had been for a week at the Brighton College, and had somehow attracted the notice of the elder lads, who, because I was timid and sensitive, set on me, and made my life a burden. How glad I had been when Saturday came with its half-holiday, how I clung on the skirts of the hours to make them tarry, that the dreaded morrow might not come too soon, I was turning over the leaves of my Bible, and suddenly discovered this Psalm. How voraciously I devoured it! How I read it again and again, and wrapped it round me! How I took it as my shield! And the next day I walked into the great green expanse in front of the college so serene and strong. It was my first act of appropriating the promises of God. The trials seem pin-pricks now, as I review them, but they left me for evermore richer.

Jer. i., 7.—From an early age I had desired to become a minister of Christ's gospel, but was perpetually haunted by the fear that I should not be able to speak. At sixteen, the secret was still locked in my breast, but a matter of very serious and incessant debate. I had been pleading with tears and cries that God would show me his will, and especially that he would give me some assurance as to my powers of speech. Again that room in Streatham, near London, to which we had removed, is before me, with its window toward the sun, and the leathern-covered chair at which I kneeled. Turning to my Bible, it fell open at this passage, which I had never seen before. With indescribable feelings I read it again and again, and even now never come on it without a thrill of emotion. It was the answer to all my perplexing questionings. Yes, I was the child; I was to go to those to whom He sent me, and speak what he bade me; and he would be with me, and touch my lips. . .

Matt. xiv., 29.—Another incident stands out clear cut before me as I write. It was in the train between Chester and Llandudno, whither I was travelling from Leices<sup>ter</sup> to spend a few days with some dear friends. Some twelve months before I had been led to take up the work at the prison-gate, stationing myself there each morning to receive and greet the prisoners as they came out, taking them to breakfast with me, and afterwards helping them to determine on their future life. The great need had constantly presented itself to me of establishing an industrial home, where they might reside under Christian influences, whilst, at the same time, they maintained themselves, and paid their way by their work. In a small way, I had already commenced wood-chopping, but the need for larger premises was very urgent. A large disused yard, shedding, and dwelling-house had recently come under my notice, the rent of which was £100 per annum, besides all the outlay consequent on preparing it for my purpose. It was offered me under a three years' agreement, and I very much hesitated. I did not like to ask the help of others, being assured that, if my heavenly Father wanted me to undertake it, he would be sufficient. The question, however, was, What did He wish and intend?

With my heart opened to him, that he might

impress it with his will, as of old the Urim and Thummim stone shone or dimmed with his Yea and Nay, I turned to my Bible, and was led to this verse, which burnt itself into my innermost soul. 'Peter answered, and said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee upon the water." And he said, "Come!"' It seemed as though Jesus himself were in the heart of the new difficulties and responsibilities to which he was calling me, and as though in answer to my repeated challenge, 'Lord, is it thou, and, if it be, bid me come,' he was perpetually replying with the sublime, all-inclusive answer, 'Come.' It is told of Dav<sup>id</sup> Livingstone that on one occasion his way was barred by a gathering of natives—a way that he must traverse. He went to his tent, opened his Testament at the words 'I will never fail nor forsake,' and closed it with the remark, 'I can trust the honor of my heavenly Father to carry me through, as to the honor of a perfect gentleman'; and next morning the opposition had vanished, and the way was clear! So it seemed to me at the moment. I took the place, signed the agreement, carried on the firewood business for three years, though amid continued opposition, and finally came out of it, on my removal to London, without a halfpenny loss, but with invaluable experience, and a consciousness of a wealth of blessing and help that had accrued to scores of men, some of whom keep in touch with me to this very day.

### A Little Candle.

The first time that Ellen Mayberry entered the dining-room at Mrs. Balcomb's boarding-house she was oppressed by a pervading atmosphere of gloom. Ellen was the product of a country life, and she had come to the city straight from a farming community of more than ordinary wealth and culture. Her cheeks had the rose-tint of perfect health, her eyes were brave and bright under level brows, and her figure had the grace and erectness of a palm tree.

Ellen was the first girl in her family who had broken loose from old moorings and in defiance of traditions, had started out independently on a business career. She had taken a cashier's place, and was ready to accept the limitations of the office and to do the best work of which she was capable during business hours. At home there were circumstances that made it comfortable and possible for Ellen to leave, although there was no positive need for her to earn money, and her father, when she left home, filled her purse and told her she might rely on him for funds at any time, and that if she grew tired or homesick she knew where to come. The stirring and somewhat aggressive stepmother, only a year or two older than Ellen, had said nothing. The year the two women had passed under one roof had been a trying experience for both, and Mrs. Mayberry was secretly pleased to see Ellen's departure.

The boarding house was a four-story building, three rooms deep, situated on a side street and as boarding houses go it was cheerful enough.

To a country girl it wore an aspect stiff and formal, and the middle rooms were so sunless that she marvelled how any one could endure their darkness. Accustomed as she was to floods of sunlight on every side, the city rooms with windows at either end and blank spaces of wall broken here and there by a door, opening into a dark entry, seemed far from inviting.

The dining-room was extremely neat, and a tidy maid, deft-handed and light-footed, dressed in black with the orthodox cap and apron, served the guests expeditiously. The guests were the mournful facts to Ellen's amazed comprehension, women were in the majority, most of them old, most of them in dreary black, and all looking as if they had seen better days, or lost dear friends. Two or three gentlemen wore an air of aloofness and detachment that added to the impression of melancholy. Ellen's appearance in a fresh-looking, dove-colored gown with white ruching at neck and wrists, had brought a distinct sense of pleasure to her predecessors in the boarding house. One and another regarded with approval the slight, trim figure, so evidently full of health and vigor, and her 'vis a vis' at the table, who was a dyspeptic, stared with envy as he observed her excellent appetite. Nobody spoke to her, and she was pre-

sent to no one, Mrs. Balcomb's rule being to let people make friends for themselves, and Ellen went to her room feeling that she had indeed reached a desert of brick and stone in which she was likely to be very lonely.

Two or three days passed. Mrs. Balcomb tapping at Ellen's door one evening exclaimed with delight as she saw on Ellen's table a slender vase in which were sprays of English ivy. 'They remind me of home,' she said.

'Yes,' said Ellen, 'I am fond of them, but as I am away all day I thought I would ask you whether you would not like to have me bring this vase down and set it on the table between Miss Rose Ambler and myself. It would look so cheerful, I think.'

Mrs. Balcomb laughed. 'I suppose Miss Rose does look old to you, child,' she said, 'but she is far from suspecting it. Yes, take the ivy with you when you go to breakfast and leave it there. It will be very lovely in you to add something to the table.'

The ivy was made a subject of conversation at Ellen's end of the table, and before long others joined in and the unwonted sound of pleasant talk was heard in the usually solemn room. It was on a Sunday morning that Ellen carried the ivy down with her, and she fastened a little bit of it in her coat when she went to church. Coming in at noon, she went to the piano in the big empty parlor, sat down, ran her fingers over the keys, and began to play one of the hymns they had been singing in church. Her voice was a clear contralto, not very well trained, but full of sweet cadences, and she sang,

'My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine.  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
And may I from this day  
Be wholly Thine.'

Unconscious of listeners Ellen continued to sing, going from one familiar hymn to another, and presently she discovered that she was not singing alone. Others had entered the parlor and joined in the strains of praise. When they descended to the basement dining-room, they were a group of friends, not an assemblage of indifferent strangers.

As days passed, something new took possession of Mrs. Balcomb's house. Light had drifted into the shadows, insensibly as the light does, for one dear child had brought in her little candle and set it where rays could shine, and it was a little candle burning on the altar of the Lord.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

### The Power of an Open Life.

Live lived in the light has nothing to fear. Tennyson said of the Duke of Wellington,

'Whatever record leaps to light, he never shall be shamed.'

Morley, after looking over all Gladstone's private journals and correspondence, writes, 'No man ever had fewer secrets.' Such men are great because of the openness of their lives. They have courage and power that those trained in intrigue never can know. Let us have no dark chambers. Let us have no personal 'skeletons.' Let us do nothing in the darkest moment of the night we should be ashamed to have published in the morning papers. But in order to live so that all our affairs will bear the full light of day, we must have a secret life; only hidden hours with our Lord will save us from the necessity of concealment.—'S. S. Times.'

### Do it Yourself, My Boy.

'Why do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one else eat your dinner as to 'do your sums' for you.

Do not ask your teacher to parse all the difficult words or assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wis-

dom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study, not the answer, that really rewards your pains.—Selected.

### Will and Old Jerry.

Everything in Mrs. Lynn's kitchen was in confusion. Plates of cake and dishes of ice cream were crowded together on the big table, and white-clad waiter girls were bustling to and from the dining room. In the front part of the house a reception was going on, and Will had been banished to the back porch for the afternoon.

'Be a good boy and amuse yourself,' his mother had said to him as she put the finishing touches to her pretty gown, 'and Will, dear, be very careful about eating too much rich stuff.'

So Will climbed into the swinging chair, where Molly came to him presently with a generous dish of cream and slice of cake. After he had eaten these he sat some time watching the robins in the cherry tree. Then he grew tired and strolled into the kitchen.

The pretty waiter girls were bringing out plates, and it seemed to Will the ladies in the dining room must be queer folks, for nearly every plate had a little ice cream left on it. One curly haired girl smiled so pleasantly at him, put a spoon in his hand, and said, 'Go to work. I know by your looks you like ice cream.'

That was the way it all began. Will wondered what the girl had seen in his looks, and he cleared off plate after plate, with an occasional piece of cake and spoonful of almonds. Finally, Molly, whose work brought her into his vicinity interfered.

'You mustn't touch another thing,' she said, 'you know what happens sometimes when you eat too much.'

But when Molly hurried off, and after a little intermission, Will began over again. 'Molly doesn't know anything about it,' he said to himself, 'that other time I drank lemonade too, and it was the lemonade made me sick.'

Molly was too busy to take any further notice, and for the first time in his life Will had all the ice cream he wanted, and stopped eating of his own accord. At the family tea table that evening he forced down part of a glass of milk and a few crumbs of bread. Everybody was too much engrossed with the event of the afternoon to notice him particularly. Later he went to talk with his grandfather.

Part way down town they met old Jerry Mason. Perhaps it was not very polite, but every one in town called Jerry 'old Jerry.' It may have been because his hands were always dirty, and his hair uncombed. Will, whose eyes were very bright, and who had known Jerry Mason all his life, whispered:

'Grandfather, here comes Jerry Mason, and I think he is very drunk.'

'Likely, likely,' replied Mr. Lynn, and Will noticed the sad look that always came into his grandfather's face when he saw Jerry.

They slipped quietly past the old man, who to-night was too much under the influence of liquor to notice them; and after awhile Will said: 'Isn't it a shame for Jerry to get drunk the way he does?'

'It is a shame and a sin,' replied Grandfather Lynn. 'Jerry and I played together when we were boys not older than you. He was one of the best of fellows, but he never had strength enough to do what he knew was right. He was the most intemperate boy in his habits I ever knew, and I have always thought that was the reason he became such a miserable toper when he grew up.'

Will was going to ask his grandfather to explain what he meant by 'intemperate' but an acquaintance of Mr. Lynn's joined them just then, and there was no opportunity.

The clock on his mother's mantel was striking midnight, when Will woke. Something dreadful was wrong with him, and he made an effort to sit up. But he failed, and a wretched wail brought his mother to his bedside. Very soon his father and Molly were up, too, for the pride of the household was desperately ill. Even grandfather in his bathrobe came wandering in and stood around helplessly, trying to think of something to relieve the sufferer. But everything failed, and finally a telephone message brought Dr. Scott from his bed two doors away.

The kind doctor stayed until relief came and Will lay back white and weak among the pil-

### How Men's Lives Are Saved.

My boy Charlie has made a cork boat, and is blowing it about to try and make it sink, but it is like a lifeboat, and will not go over. Did you ever see a lifeboat? and do you know what makes it different from other boats? or why it is so called? Perhaps you don't know, so I will tell you, for all knowledge is pleasant and useful.

A lifeboat is so called because it is useful

thin metal-air-tight tubes; this is done to make it buoyant, that is, able to keep bounding along the stormy sea instead of sinking to the bottom. For cork will not sink; get a bit of cork and put it into a tub of water, and you will see. Stick a sail to it, and blow as Charlie has done, but you will not blow it over easily.

The brave men who man the lifeboat must



THE CORK BOAT.

in saving life. When a ship is in distress, a lifeboat can put off from the shore and reach the ship, and then come back again laden with the poor people it has saved from drowning, because it can live in a sea where any other boat would sink and be lost.

'Why is this?' you ask. That is just what I am going to explain. So, stop blowing, Charlie, and come and listen to me.'

A lifeboat is lined with cork; in other words, it has a compartment or inside casing filled in with cork, or sometimes with large

be made safe, too; so they wear cork jackets and lifebelts filled with cork, and take life-buoys with them. A life-buoy is a large round casing filled with cork, with a hole in the middle large enough to slip over a man's head and shoulders, and it will keep him from sinking to have one on.

Little children, as you lie in bed, warm and snug, on a cold winter's night, and hear the wind blow, do you ever think of the ships tossing on the stormy sea?—M. H. F. Donne, in 'Little Folks.'

lows. As he said good-night, he remarked, laughingly, to Mrs. Lynn.

'I'm afraid it was your party that didn't agree very well with Will.'

'Indeed, I am sure it was my party,' replied Mrs. Lynn. 'Will was left to himself all afternoon, and he is so very intemperate.'

Intemperate! The very word his grandfather had used to describe the boyhood of old drunken Jerry Mason! Was he like old Jerry had been? He wanted to ask right there but he was too weak and sleepy; so he turned his face miserably toward the wall and drifted into a doze.

The next afternoon Will was drawn in a large rocking chair across the hall into grand-

father's room. And as they sat together in front of the big window out of hearing of everybody else, the question came:

'Grandfather, isn't an intemperate person a man who gets drunk like old Jerry?'

Mr. Lynn looked very sharply at Will from under his white eyebrows.

'No,' he answered slowly, 'an intemperate person is not always a man, and he does not always get drunk. Sometimes he is a boy who, when he is not watched, eats too much and makes himself sick. Intemperance is doing anything to excess, and it gets more people into trouble than any other fault.'

And Will never forget that definition.—Marguerite Bradley, in 'Union Signal.'



### I am Not That Man.

Dr. Taylor, during his visit to Ireland some years ago, was dining with a merchant at Sligo. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and, of course, asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark: 'I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, "No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance."' I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds.

"Well," said he at length, "I am not that man. My first Sunday school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He entered the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are spreading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday school superintendent, your first class leader, and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your children. I cannot afford to put my head into such a halter as that."—Selected.

### Temperance Teaching in Day Schools in the United Kingdom.\*

(Mr. Charles Wakely, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal'.)

(Concluded.)

'To avoid beer and spirits, which are bad for them and stop their growth.'

'A gallon of beer contains not much more nourishment than a lump of sugar.'

'It is easy to poison one's self with beer, as people do when they get drunk.'

'Beer, therefore, is very dangerous. Spirits, such as gin, whisky, and brandy, are far more dangerous than beer.'

'Beer and spirits are always bad for children.'

'There is another point that everyone ought to remember about beer and drinks of this kind. The more you drink, the more you want to drink.'

'Everyone knows that, apart from the risk of disease, people who drink too much beer or spirits are likely to become slovenly, to lose control of their good character, and to neglect their duty. Regular employment and wages are lost, so that many others who depend on those wages for their home and living will suffer, in addition to those who actually drink.'

'For all these reasons, beer, spirits, or wine, are by far the most dangerous things that people are ever likely to drink.'

I venture to think that these extracts, coming from a Blue-Book issued by the Education Board, are a striking proof of the growth of knowledge on the subject, and of the

#### Advance of Temperance Sentiment

during the past few years.

Coupled with the syllabus, the Board of Education has suggested that the instruction in this subject should be given by the ordinary class teachers.

To this, however, many teachers have taken exception, urging the already over-burdened time-table and the multiplicity of subjects they have to master and teach. It has been

\*An address delivered at a meeting of teachers and friends of education at Kendal.

suggested by them that the work should be continued as heretofore, on the voluntary principle, the visits of itinerant lecturers being heartily welcomed, as not interfering with the general work of the school, and as affording relief and change and suitable treatment of the subject by specialists.

It would be idle, however, for us to assume that the needs of the country are, or can be, entirely met by the teaching given on this comparatively limited and voluntary scale. Unfortunately, notwithstanding all that has been done by the lecturers of the Band of Hope Union and other organizations, a very large number of children must inevitably, under present conditions be without the advantage of teaching as to the nature and effects of alcohol. Hence the importance of the question: To what extent can suitable teaching on the subject in Day Schools be further developed, and what are the lines on which such teaching may be imparted?

To meet the difficulties of hardly-pressed teachers and to ensure that a sufficient amount of Temperance instruction should be given, several county education authorities have solved the matter by appointing lecturers from their own staff, and thus have provided for the work under their own auspices, and at the cost of the local education authority; and this would seem the proper line of development. It is a line which has been indicated by the splendid success which has attended the work of the special lecturers in Day Schools already referred to. These lecturers have been so fortunate as to secure the heartiest sympathy and co-operation alike of teachers, managers, inspectors, and educational authorities; whilst to the children their visits have been occasions of manifest and undoubted

Pleasure, as well as Profit.

There is, therefore, every reason now existing for urging the continuation and the extension on a national scale of this valuable itinerant work. Such extension would, of course, be best effected by the appointment by the county educational authorities of special lecturers, fully qualified and in thorough sympathy with the teaching to be imparted; but, in cases where committees do not feel at liberty to adopt such a course, I may say that the lecturers of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union are available for the delivery of suitable object-lessons,—for which it is hoped that many education committees would be willing to provide payment.

Sir John Gorst, whose wide experience as an educationalist is known to all, said at a meeting in London that: The experience of the National Temperance League and of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union seemed to him to point in the direction of having, for the time being at all events, special teachers who should go about the country giving instruction both to the ordinary school teachers and to scholars in the principles of health, and that, if anything was to be done, the people must press the local educational authorities, because the duty of deciding what is to be taught has been now, by the new Act, practically delegated to such authorities. If, therefore, he says, the local authorities can be induced to appoint teachers, and if Government will provide the material, the apparatus, and the best illustrations that can be made, in order to enable these itinerant teachers to display to the children the real facts of health, the real nature of the abuse of alcohol, and the many other customs and habits of the people which are deleterious to health, there will be a great improvement in the health of the community.

It will, however, be generally felt that the work of itinerant lecturers, however excellent, is not all-sufficient, and that

#### Regular and Systematic Instruction

by teachers themselves in the schools must be given if real headway is to be made. Sir Victor Horsley, who has worked so splendidly in this behalf, and others, have held that such teaching ought to be given to every child, and should, therefore, form a part of the compulsory education required by the State.

Sir William Broadbent, M.D., F.R.S., in a

letter and circular on behalf of the 15,000 members of the medical profession who signed the memorial before referred to, expressed the hope that the various Education Committees would make provision for the teaching of Hygiene and Temperance 'by the construction of a time-table, whereby less time shall be given to the subjects of geography and history, in order to provide the necessary allotment of time for instruction in the far more essential laws of healthy and temperate living.'

It would appear, therefore, that the most urgent present need is the introduction, in accordance with the suggestions contained in the Memorial of the British Medical Association, of suitable text-books on Hygiene (such as are used in the schools of America), dealing, 'inter alia,' with the subject of the action of alcohol on the human body. A graduated scheme for teaching the subject has already been furnished by the English Education Board, and suitable text-books are, we believe, at present in course of preparation. In this connection the necessity, referred to in the Memorial, of ensuring that the training of teachers should include adequate instruction in the subjects of Hygiene and Temperance needs strongly to be urged.

### Religious Notes.

At a recent laymen's meeting of Southern Baptists held in Richmond, Mr. R. E. Breit, president of a Texas oil company, was called upon for an address. He said, 'Brethren, I never made a speech in my life and I can't make one now; but if Brother Willingham (secretary of the missionary society) will send ten men to China, he can send the bill to me.'—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The 'Punjab Mission News' gives statistics of mission hospitals and dispensaries which are startling in their size. In the C. E. Z. Medical Mission at Sukkur, Sindh, in 1906, nearly 9,000 patients were dealt with, and 643 women were visited in their own homes. In Hyderabad, Sindh, last year, nearly 8,000 women and children received medical aid. In the C.M.S. hospital at Srinagar, from November 15 to January 15, there were 5,635 patients' visits; and at Amritsar in the same period 2,346 patients visited the main hospital.

It is noteworthy that the first occasion upon which an Indian Christian woman has been presented in the Oriental costume, and made the Hindu salutation, took place at the recent Court. Miss Das was a pupil in the mission girls' school at Bhowanipore, and she and her parents attended the mission church. Her father entered the London Mission College at Bhowanipore, and was there brought to Christ and baptized. He afterward graduated at Calcutta University, and joined the Congregational body. He has been elected a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and is deeply interested in the education and advancement of his fellow countrymen. Miss Das is studying the educational methods of training in this country, in view of the proposed erection of a large college in India for the training of female teachers. Who shall attempt to estimate the results which seem likely to flow from that conversion at Bhowanipore College?—London 'Christian.'

We may for convenience divide this country—in itself a little world—into three main divisions. The Himalayan, the Ganges Basin, and the South Tableland. The population may be roundly stated as 300,000,000, with some 3,000,000 in Christian communities, with 3,000 to 4,000 missionaries, 600,000 native Christians, 93 societies at work, and 300 distinct languages and dialects. It is now just 200 years since evangelical missions began under Ziegenbalg and Plutschau. The population is also mainly divisible into three classes: Hindus, 207,000,000; Moslems, 63,000,000; Buddhists, 9,000,000, and 21,000,000 various other sects. The country is some 1,800 miles broad and long at its greatest measurements. While these numbers are not exact, they are accurate enough for all practical purposes, and may be the more easily borne in mind because they are almost without exception multiples of three.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Love's Sunshine.

(Edith Prince-Snowden, in 'Father Tuck's Annual.')

Rain, rain, go away!  
Come again another day.  
True, you make the flowers grow,



But we're ready dressed, you know;  
So please, rain, do go away,

Rain, do you intend to last,  
And must we be good and play  
In the Nursery to-day?

Yes, I think we'll find the sun  
As about the house we run;  
Rain, you need not go away;  
I don't mind now if you stay.

P'raps when I'm in bed to-night,  
I shall hear your whisper light  
Echo 'gainst the window pane,  
And in dreams shall think the rain  
Angel voices singing clear  
Close within my listening ear,

Telling me that while I rest,  
God, who always knows what's best,  
Sends His rain in frequent showers,  
Sweet to kiss the opening flowers.

Rain, you've washed my tears away;  
Jack, dear, let us come and play.

## Tommy's Dream.

Tommy had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But, instead of being proud to think that his father wanted his help, he was



And don't spoil our treat to-day.

Rain, rain, go away!  
Jack is home from school to-day;  
And we both just want a run  
O'er the Common, in the sun.  
Ah! I see you're fallin' fast;

cross about losing his play—so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again.

When he lay down to sleep that night, he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things

the boys and girls were doing. One angel was to take note of all the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

'There are not many conspicuous things done, after all,' he said, in explanation.

'I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen,' said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to cover with the record of loving little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, 'My name must be there, too, for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father.'

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. 'They did nice things,' he said, 'but they were so cross about it and so unwilling, that I could not write them down. For, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life.'

Then Tommy woke up, and as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.—'Ram's Horn.'

## Rules for Dolls.

A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's, lest she should hurt her.

'A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

'Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

'It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people may tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline.'

Madge was reading these rules to her dolly, with a very sober face. Then she laughed.

'Dolly,' she said, 'it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you.'—'Sunday-school Advocate.'



### A Way to Help Mother.

Herbert Taylor was a little boy who often told his mother how much he meant to do for her when he grew to be a man.

'You won't have to work so hard then, mamma,' he said one evening as he watched her mending stockings, while she rocked the baby's cradle with her foot.

'My little boy could help me in a great many ways now, if he tried,' answered Mrs. Taylor.

'How?' asked Herbert eagerly.

'By minding Maggie when she wants you to pick up your playthings so she can sweep, and by keeping very good and quiet when the baby is taking his nap.'

'Well, I will try to, but I mean to buy you a big house with thirty rooms, like Mrs. Canfield's, and have as many girls as she does, to take care of it, and horses and carriages besides.'

'I hope some day you may be able to get me some things that I need, my dear, but remember to do what you can while you are small.'

The next morning, Maggie had just finished scrubbing the kitchen floor when Herbert came up the back steps, his boots covered with mud. He was in a hurry and was all out of sorts.

'Fetch me a cooky right away,' he shouted.

But the cookies were in the dining-room, and Maggie was tired, so she told him to wait until luncheon time.

Herbert started to walk across the floor, leaving prints of his feet wherever they touched it, and Maggie caught him by the arm.

'I'll not be cleaning this kitchen again, and I'll not stay in this place another week!' she exclaimed, as he pulled away from her and tramped on into the dining-room.

The voice awoke the baby, and Mrs. Taylor came out of the bedroom with the little one in her arms.

'Oh, Herbert, how could you be so naughty?' she said. 'Now I shall be obliged to help Maggie, when I need the time for sewing.'

Herbert looked very much ashamed as he saw his mother get things ready for the noon meal, while the baby cried and Maggie

washed up the dirt he had brought into the room.

'Oh, mamma, I never will again!' he said.

And I don't think he ever has, for Maggie told a friend of hers, the other day, that he was growing to be 'a perfect little gentleman.'—  
'The Round Table.'

### The Child with the Loving Heart.

She was not a pretty little girl, for she had a freckled nose, and large teeth, and stiff hair that no amount of brushing could make smooth and soft. I am afraid too, that you would have laughed at her clothes; for her dresses were always too long and too big, and



she generally wore a queer little apron, with wings that were pinned up on her shoulders. Once, when the teacher asked the children what their shoulders were for, Clara stood up and shook her hand hard, and when the teacher nodded, she almost shouted, 'Why, teacher, shoulders are made to pin aprons to!' Yes, indeed, you would have smiled at Clara very often; but she would have smiled with you, for she was always ready to laugh at her own mistakes.

Clara had been very sick when she was a little child, and her body was all drawn out of shape because of it, so that one poor little leg was shorter than the other, causing her

to limp badly; but she could play as merrily as the other children, for all that, when her back wasn't hurting her. Her home was a bare, uncomfortable little frame house away out on the prairie; but to Clara it was enough that it was 'home,' and she never even thought of finding fault with it. Then she had no nice toys to play with; indeed, I am quite sure that she never had a doll of her own, nor a new picture book, in all her life. But she had little Annie, who was a great deal better than dolls or picture books.

Little Annie wasn't Clara's 'sure enough' sister, but she and her mamma had come to live in the little frame house on the prairie because Clara's own mother was dead. And Clara loved the little girl as if she had been her very own sister.

When Clara wasn't in school, she and little Annie played together. In the summer time they picked wild flowers and chased butterflies and grasshoppers; and they liked to go down to the pond, and watch the tadpoles, and the baby toads, and the little water snakes. Clara loved all these things, and she wasn't a bit afraid of them. Then there were the chickens and the little pigs to feed, and the pretty soft-eyed calves to pet. And in the winter time the two little girls never tired of playing 'house' and 'school,' when their home duties were done.

But there were dark days, now and then, when the old pain came back, and then Clara had to lie all day upon the lounge; but little Annie played by her side, and her new mother taught her to knit and to sew patchwork, and told her stories; so she was happy even then, for she had not forgotten the lonely days when she had no mother or little sister to love. And so, you see, it was because she had a loving heart that Clara was such a happy little girl.—'The Christian Advocate.'

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

# Correspondence

B., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' since last January, but I have read quite a number before. We are having lovely weather here, and the country around is looking beautiful. I live on a farm along the shore of West River. I think the 'Correspondence Page' is fine, and I like to read it. I think I can answer Alfreda L. Roddin's Alphabet of Bible names. They are as follows: Ahasuerus, Belshazzar, Caleb, Deborah, En-gedi, Fetus, Gethsamane, Hebron, Ishmael Jerusalem, Kish was the father, whose son was quite tall; I couldn't find this in I. Sam. xi, 1-2; but I found it in I. Sam. ix, 1-2. Lucifer, Marcus, Nineveh, Onesimus, Paul, Rhoda, Solomon, Troas, Uzah, Vashti, Zion.

BERTHA CARSON (aged 12).

H., Assa.

Dear Editor,—We have no school yet, but hope to have one this summer. I have been to school one winter, and my youngest sister

Island. We can see the steamers going on the water, and in spring time we can see the ice floating on the water. I like to get on the seashore in summer. I go in bathing and, picking mussels and shells, and play on the sand. The tide goes away out, and it is a lovely sandy beach.

RUBY STEHENS.

M. R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—The five places of Canada I would like to visit are: Halifax, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Calgary. I will send a riddle: When are unruly children like corn stalks?

BERT STEPHENS.

S. S., N'd'd.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eleven. I go to school, and am in the fifth reader. My favorite subject is Hygiene. The school is just a few steps from our house—so near that mamma often wishes it was farther away, as at recess time we are a bit noisy. It is lovely here in summer; trees and flowers in abundance. Now, Editor, don't you think this is a long letter for a little girl of eleven to write? Hoping I have not tired you, I will close by

trance class, and I expect to try at vacation. I have three brothers and one sister. Their names are Joseph, Albert and Olive. We all go to school. I live about a mile from N. B., which is a very small village. It contains a church, a hotel, a store and post-office, and a blacksmith shop.

Well, I hope I am not taking too much space, but I will answer Elsie Z. Dennison's riddle (April 19). He went out to the pump between two wooden pails, and came in with them full of water. I will also ask a riddle—Spell rat-trap in three letters.

ETTA RIEBEL.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm one mile from the town of B. A railroad track goes by our school, and we see the trains go by. I go to Sunday school, and get the 'Messenger.' I saw a letter in it from a Charlie Cleveland, of Nova Scotia, and I wonder if he would be any relation, as my grandfather came from Nova Scotia.

CHARLES H. CLEVELAND (age 10).

F. I., N'd'd.

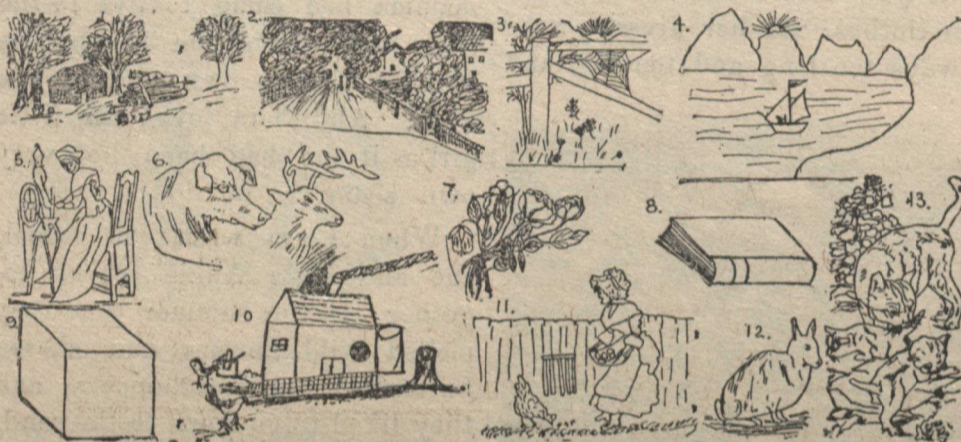
Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from my home, I thought I would like to write one. This is an island, a part of a group collectively called Flat Islands, although this is not the largest of the group it has the most inhabitants. I have two brothers and no sister. It was very stormy here in winter, with a great deal of snow. We cannot enjoy skating here, as there is no lake on the island, but we amuse ourselves by sliding down the hills on our sleds.

S. E. A. BISHOP (age 11).

O. L., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years of age. I live in the country, and like it very much. I have three sisters and two brothers. We have a pet crow, and call him Jimmy. Two of my sisters and one of my brothers take music lessons. I go to Sunday school almost every Sunday.

LIZZIE SMITH.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Among the Trees.' M. A. McL., La-  
mont, Alta.
2. 'The Entrance to the Village.' Frederick  
Ralph Burford, C. P., Ont.
3. 'Morning.' M. M., S., Alta.
4. 'A Scene.' Willie Boyce, B., Ont.
5. 'Woman Spinning.' Margaret MacDon-  
ald (aged 10), S., N.S.
6. 'Good Friends.' Clara Byers (aged 11),  
F., Ont.
7. 'Bouquet.' A. B., C., Alta.

8. 'Book.' Erma S. Jenkins (aged 7), U.  
P., Man.
9. 'A Box.' Willie Pollock, R., Que.
10. 'The Farmyard.' Elsie Maud Bowden,  
L., Ont.
11. 'Higglety Pigglety.' Lela S. Acorn  
(aged 12), M. V., P.E.I.
12. 'My Pet Bunnie.' Charlie Byers (aged  
7), F., Ont.
13. 'Afraid of a Toad.' Maggie Eason  
(aged 10), C., Ont.

Annie is eight years old, and has never been inside of a school. My brother is sixteen; he got a new rifle this winter, and shot a big wolf with it. We had a very backward spring this year. We call our farm Willow Bank. Grandpa gave it that name when he came out to see us three years ago. We have a nice grove of maples and willows now, and papa is going to plant three thousand more this year. Papa has been in this country eleven years now. He likes it very well, only for the long cold winters.

ELSIE STEPHEN.

L., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We had a very cold winter. The range cattle suffered a great deal; thousands of them lay dead on the prairie. A herd of about 60 got into our stock, and destroyed and ate enough to feed our 30 head of stock nearly two weeks. We came down from the East a year ago, and so far I don't like this country. I will tell you about our trip from the East to Alberta. We arrived at Sudbury 5 or 10 minutes too late to catch the train, so had to wait 13 hours at the depot. Coming around Lake Superior I thought the train would go over. We passed over the road where a wreck had occurred a few days before. We arrived here at four in the morning.

MARGUERITE HUNT (age 11 years).

M. R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on a hill, and we can see Northumberland Strait and Prince Edward Island, and on some bright days we can see the houses of Prince Edward

wishing you and our good little 'Messenger' many successes.

LUICY F. M. GARDNER.

[Yes, and a very nice letter, too, Lucy.—  
Ed.]

S., Alta.

Dear Editor,—The city in which I live is the youngest city in Alberta. There are two schools here. I go to one of these, and am in the second book. I am eleven years old. We have a little kitten which has little white toes and a white breast. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much, and I think the drawings are very well done.

DOROTHY GROFF.

V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother says she read the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, and still likes to read it. I have three brothers and two sisters at home, one sister married, and five brothers in the West; two of them are married. How many is that with myself? I wonder if any of the correspondence readers has as many brothers and sisters as I have. We have lots of work, and lots of fun. I am in the Third Reader. We live near a beautiful Presbyterian church and brick school-house. I will close with a riddle—If you should break your knee, where would you go to get another one?

HATTIE B. FOWLER (aged 9).

N. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often thought of writing before, but I never attempted it till now. I go to school every day. I am in the en-

## OTHER LETTERS.

We have had several answers to Alfreda Roddin's Alphabet of Bible names, and they have all been right. The little mistake that was made is explained in Bertha Carson's letter. Those who like to look the original list up if they missed it will find it in the number of July 12. Others who sent in this answer were Hans Johnston, L., Que.; Emma Almony, D., N.B.; and Clara Bernar, G., Ont., who also asks this question—Why is D like a sailor?

M. Eason, C., Ont., says she likes holidays, but likes going to school better. This is a riddle she sends—Why was Ladysmith like an egg?

Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P.E.I., says they have sixty-six chickens out now. All the riddles you send, Lela, have been asked already.

Lulu Buchanan, G. V., Ont., answers both of Helen R. Anderson's riddles (July 5)—1. Lettuce. 2. First he lies on one side and then he turns round and lies on the other.

Edna Carson, C., Ont., answers Eva J. Darling's second riddle (July 12)—Take it off the goose—and Sadie H. Smith's, of the same date—The bag of flour. Your own riddle, Edna, has been asked before. It's too bad about the railway coming in like that, indeed.

Here's a little girl who doesn't like going to school, Bessie J. Nichol, H., Ont., but you must not think she's a dunce because of that; she took the highest marks in her class. You'll like school better, Bessie, when you grow just a little bit wiser, eh?

Elma M. Fulton, S., N.S., is afraid of making her letter too long, but she really makes it too short. Tell us all the news you can, Elma, the more the better, and if necessary we will cut it down; you need not be afraid of taking too much room.

Minnie Ursaki, R., Sask., has four brothers and five sisters. Big families as well as big crops are what the West is proud of. You did not send answers with your riddles, Minnie.

Muriel Fulton, S., N.S., lives on a farm near a river, and is having her holidays now. Did you ever think, Muriel, how nice that must sound to the little city children.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## A Happy Home.

Some of the happiest homes I have ever been in, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace, and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors, there were no costly paintings on the walls, no piano, no library, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings. 'One cheerful, bright, and contented spirit in a household will uplift the tone of all the rest. The keynote of the home is in the hand of the resolutely cheerful member of the family, and he or she will set the pitch for the rest.'

If a wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfulest place her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world, then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless. 'Home-keeping hearts,' said Longfellow, 'are happiest.' What is a good wife, a good mother? Is she not a gift out of heaven, sacred and delicate, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound; fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world; of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough, to let him understand it, or unless, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, he had a wife to reinforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb?—From 'Cheerfulness as a Life Power.'

## The Correction of Children.

We often find parents insisting on the duty their children owe to them in the matter of obedience, but it is not quite certain that they, on their side, are always equally careful to remember not, if we may use the expression, to provoke their children. Of one thing there can be no question, and that is, that any correction which it is necessary to administer should never be done in anger. This is a mistake that parents frequently make, and the habit of giving a child a slap and a shake for some trivial fault is not only most injudicious, but it has far-reaching results which are frequently unforeseen. The old precept of sparing the rod and spoiling the child is very often followed too literally.

Constant correction is most prejudicial to children, both bodily and mentally, and it is positively painful to witness the cowed, furtive and preternaturally uneasy look that is observable in constantly corrected children. In many cases this injudicious and wholesale correction has the effect of actually inducing deceit, slyness, and the habit of concealment. Surely every one must feel that there should be as little punishment as possible. There may be cases when it is absolutely necessary, but even then the greatest care should be exercised in administering it.—New York 'Weekly.'

## The Home Which Makes the Right Kind of a Boy.

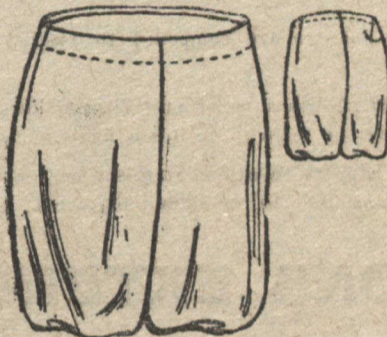
A good boy is the natural product of a good home, and all the efforts of philanthropy to make boys better are consciously imperfect substitutes for the natural influence of a healthy-minded home. The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely homelessness—having no bed or room which can be called one's own—but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of the boy's soul, the lack of any one to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him to his place and make him grow. That is what

drives the boy into the arms of evil and makes the street his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was 'empty,' and precisely because it was empty, there entered seven devils to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy cannot bear, it is himself. He is by nature a gregarious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he gives himself to any group which may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is

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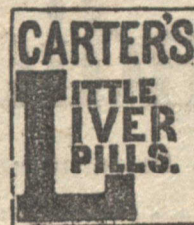
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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.

Evidently, therefore, when one speaks of the peril of homelessness, he is not thinking of poor boys alone. Of course, there is a poverty which involves homelessness, the wandering life of the street arab or the young tramp. In a vast majority, however, even of very humble homes, one of the most conspicuous and beautiful traits is the instinct of family affection, enduring every kind of strain—the woman clinging to the drunken husband, the parents bearing with the wayward son; and, on the other hand, an increasing danger of the prosperous is the tendency to homelessness, the peril of the nomadic life, as though a home were a tent which one might at any time fold, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away; the slackening of responsibility through the movement of social habit to the hotel or boarding house, as ways of escape from the burdens of the home.—'Morning Star.'

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