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KILLAMS MILLS NB

The Mountain Burro: A Patient Friend.

A donkey has a broad forehead. The height and breadth of his frontal bone from time immemorial has indicated the degree of intelligence. Anyone who supposes the donkey a fool is either not well acquainted with the animal or else he possesses the attributes so long wrongfully accredited to the donkey. The donkey listens, and is seldom heard. This con-

him as other animals are fed and groomed would cause him to become the laughing stock of the community. For a driver to allow his donkey time to browse on thistles, briars, and cacti would cause him to be thought insane. No! The driver takes his own lunch securely seated on his donkey's back, and from early morning until late at night the donkey trudges on over rough rocks and jagged crags, where the horse could not be trusted. The long train of seventy-five or one hundred donkeys



stant listening through the centuries, the scientists tell us, has developed his ears to the neglect of his voice. The donkey loyes children. While older people must show a proper regard for his rights, children may take complete possession of him below, from nose to heels, above from neck to tail, with perfect immunity from kick or bite. But with all his intelligence, patience and fidelity, he is poorly cared for while living, and little thought of when dead. For an owner to feed and groom

winds slowly and steadily around the mountain. The golden load slips the rope which binds it. The donkey is drawn by his unbalanced burden, totters, and, feet in air, goes over the precipice. No man ever descends to ascertain his fate. Yet no animal holds a more conspicuous place in history. God chose a donkey and put human speech in him to reform Balaam, and even Christ himself, on a donkey, her colt at her side, rode up to the place from whence he ransomed the world.—J. Elmer Porter.

The Story of a Dream

'Your Heavenly Father knoweth.'

'Do you believe in dreams, Agnes?' Mrs. Duncan looked in surprise at her husband as he asked this question in a somewhat worried tone, strongly in contrast with his usual bright calmness of manner.

'In what way, Edward? You cannot mean do I believe in their existence?'

'No, but do you think they are sent for our guidance—should we be obedient to any directions conveyed in them?'

'I suppose that would have to be decided by sanctified common sense,' Mrs. Duncan said. 'But what is the case in point? You look troubled, dear.'

'Not troubled, exactly, but a good deal perplexed. I woke this morning with the distinct impression of a dream, in which I had been told to take to Mr. Carr the sum of £3 7s. 6d. It is not the giving of the money that is the difficulty, for Mr. Ainslie, only last Saturday, gave me a £5 note to be used for any cases of need, and I have been praying for the right one to be brought under my notice. But in the first place I cannot think that Mr. Carr is likely to want any help of the kind; and then the amount is such a curious one; if a sum like that were needed it would probably be even money.'

'No, I should never have thought of John Carr as a case for charity,' Mrs. Duncan said thoughtfully, 'but I suppose you will find out, Edward.' 'I suppose I must try,' her husband said, 'but it does seem rather a fool's errand. Fancy me walking into that respectable tradesman's shop and saying, "Mr. Carr, do you want £3 17s. 6d.?" However, I will walk round that way after tea; I shall have no time until then.' Accordingly, about seven o'clock, the good town missionary entered a small but well-stocked and well-kept grocer's shop in the neighborhood of Edgware-road, and asked for Mr. Carr. Mrs. Carr was behind the counter, and said that her husband had gone to Croydon on business, but she volunteered no further information, and though Mr. Duncan remained a little while, asking friendly questions about their family and their health, he had to leave at length without gaining any clue to his difficulty. But in the morning clearer light came, and Mr. Duncan announced his intention of 'just looking in at Carr's.' 'The fact is,' he added, 'I have had a very uneasy night, and I cannot rest until I have satisfied myself by further inquiry.'

Mr. Carr was in the shop, looking unmistakably careworn, and Mr. Duncan decided on a straight course. 'Mr. Carr,' he said, 'you must excuse me taking a great liberty in asking a rather strange question, but—are you in want of a little money?' The tradesman's face paled visibly as a strong emotion swept over it, and he pressed his hand heavily on the counter to steady himself. 'How could you know?' he asked tremulously. 'I thought it was a secret from everyone but my wife; but

now that you have asked I must tell you. I never was in such straits before. Things have been very difficult in business lately, and I never had such trouble in getting in my accounts because of this strike, and yet I cannot see the women and the children starve, and I have gone on giving credit, I fear a little unwisely, and my book debts are heavier than they have ever been since I commenced business. I had a large payment to make on Saturday, and it cleared me out, and another comes due to-day, and I cannot make up the full amount. I went to Croydon last night, quite expecting to get money enough then; but no one could pay, and I have just been counting up what is in the till, and I am £4 short, and the bill must be met at noon.'

'Four pounds,' repeated the good missionary, in some perplexity, unable to reconcile the discrepancy between the sum he had been instructed in his dream to pay and the amount required.

Mrs. Carr came forward eagerly. 'But, James, there is the children's money.' Her husband's face brightened, 'Yes, I ought not to forget that. Last night when I came from Croydon my wife and I were very downhearted, we were not used to trouble of this kind, for we have always been able to pay our way and a little to spare, and we both of us dread debt as something so very disgraceful to a Christian. When we talked together we did think that our Heavenly Father, who has bid us "owe no man anything," would help us in our difficulty, for he knows we have never been extravagant in spending; so we at once agreed between ourselves that we would just take this trouble to him; and as it was the time for family prayer, before the children went to bed, I prayed first and then my wife, and we felt such a lifting of the burden as though the Lord had really taken it off our hearts. The bairns had never heard us pray like that before, and it seemed to puzzle them, and they were whispering together in a corner. Then they ran upstairs, and presently came scampering down again with their money boxes and emptied them out on the table beside me. Little Jessie climbed on to my knee and said, in her pretty lisping way, "That's to help Jesus to give 'oo money, dad." She had tenpence in her box, and Walter one-and-eightpence, and I had to promise I would use it; so that left three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence for me to raise.'

The cloud lifted from the good man's face as he talked of his children, but it came back again as he added, 'How it is to be done I cannot tell. I have been saying to myself all the morning that it is in the Lord's hands; but the time is getting on, and we cannot expect miracles.' It seemed to the missionary that he had never before been brought so near to the wonder-working hand of God. 'He has ravens still!' he could but reverently exclaim; and as Mr. and Mrs. Carr listened and looked on in astonishment he proceeded to count out the exact sum, and to explain how he had been bidden to bring it from the loving Father to his needy child.—'The Christian.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Fortnight Without Butter

'There now, before you go, I must just show you my beautiful new book,'—and Granny Orange drew forth a large-print Testament from under the old worn cushion of her chair.

Not a speck of dust rested upon the shining black cover of the Book, so precious to the old lady, though its binding was common enough.

'Let me read to you, to-day, from your own book instead of from mine,' said the clergyman, taking the treasure from her old shaking hands.

Granny looked gratified.

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,' was one of the verses read by Mr. Hathaway.

'It's just so with me, sir,' remarked Granny. 'Everything seems to come.'

'Yes, I thought so,' said her visitor, inwardly thinking that a contented spirit, pleased with exactly what the Lord chose to provide, was not the least of the gifts that God had given his old servant.

As he left, a shilling was slipped into Granny Orange's hand. It was seldom that Mr. Hathaway gave money—tickets were generally better—but in the case of this old lady he had no fear as to how the money would go.

Perhaps, had he glanced at her face as she thanked him, he might have felt surprise that a shilling should bring such real pleasure into the eyes of one whose affection was set on things above. But he did not look. He merely wondered how she had managed to scrape together the tenpence he knew that Testament must have cost, for Granny's weekly income left her no margin for extra expenditure.

Mr. Hathaway was one of those men who know when not to ask questions.

However, his next visit was to the little shop where he generally sent the people he wished to relieve for goods instead of giving them money.

Whilst paying up those tickets he often received a hint from the woman who kept the shop as to the kind of goods the tickets had been taken out in. This would, at least sometimes, give a true idea as to whether poverty was genuine or not.

But, oftener still, Mrs. Briggs would tell her pastor of those who were in need of help, those of whose need he might have known nothing but for her.

'Thank you, sir,' said she, as she handed him the change after he had paid his bill. 'Perhaps you would wish me to mention, sir,' added she, in a low tone, 'that Widow Orange has bought no butter for more than a week—it must be a fortnight. I did try to find out why when the second Saturday came round, but she seemed shut-up like, though she was bright enough. This I'm sure of, sir, her money does not go where it ought not.'

'Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Briggs,' replied the clergyman. 'I've been in to see her this afternoon, and have added a trifle to what she has for this week. You'll find, I hope, that the proper amount of butter is bought to-morrow.'

'So that large-print Testament was bought by a fortnight without butter,' said Mr. Hathaway to himself. 'I'm glad that God let me be the unconscious instrument of more than making it up to the old lady.'

She shall never guess that I know about the butter, though.'—S. E. A. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

God Claims Me.

When the late Earl Cairns was a boy, says an English paper, he heard three words which made a memorable impression on him: 'God claims you.' Then came the question: 'What am I going to do with the claim?' He answered, 'I will own it, and give myself to God.'

He went home and told his mother, 'God claims me.' At school and college his motto was, 'God claims me.' As a member of Parliament and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still, 'God claims me.'

When he was appointed Lord Chancellor, he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking he would now have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him, 'I suppose you will now require to give up your class?' 'No,' was the reply; 'I will not. God claims me.'—'Episcopal Recorder.'

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed is an interesting letter from a native of twenty-one years, expressing gratitude for the 'Northern Messenger' sent to India.

Mr. Lafiamme, of Cocanada, India, writes: 'The \$30 sent for a native preacher came in the mail on Tuesday. To think of its coming from far-away Alberta, too, and in this way. It fills my heart with wonder. I have been praying for this help for a long time, and did not know where it was coming from, but felt so sure it would come, that when the Board cut my estimates by one hundred dollars, I did not send off a man.'

Thirty dollars a year is a salary for an ordinary native pastor. There is one man, however, on Mr. Lafiamme's field who should draw \$60 a year for services, and for him there is no present support. I leave the matter with the readers of the late Mr. John Dougall's missionary 'Messenger.' I never sought or thought of any such good fortune as native preachers for 'The Post-Office Crusade.' The work has sprung up of itself. Let us do as our heart prompts. One favor I earnestly ask: Will you all spare me from private correspondence? Strength and time are precious, so are postage stamps and stationery.

Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am very much thankful to the kind and generous-hearted people who spend money for my benefit. The paper is a very useful and interesting one. It contains very good articles, and stories for boys and girls, and temperance lessons. I am very much pleased with the Sunday-school lesson, with its good explanation, which I always understand and learn. Now, I am glad to write that I can have this paper for a year by the favor of those liberally giving the money for my benefit. I will write something now and then. I hope to write about 'India and her people.' Now I engage in my prayers that our Heavenly Father might prosper and bless the 'Messenger' and make the way for the saving of souls for his grace. I send my heartfelt thanks.

Your brother in Jesus,
GALANKI SATHANANDYA

BOYS AND GIRLS

Hal's Winter Suit.

(Rose Willis Johnson, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

Hal was fourteen years old, one of the band of six Hathaways—Teddy, Dick, Brent, Phil and little Kitty. They lived in a ruinous log cabin at what was known as Flower Point, although only by hard work and persistent coaxing could any flower be induced to grow in its rocky soil. In place of blossoms the yard was daily snowed over with drying clothes.

Below them, on the slope of the hill, gleamed the white stones of the village graveyard, and there the father had been sleeping for five years.

It had been a hard matter to keep the wolf from the door—there were so many mouths to feed, and the mother's hands were weak. But Mrs. Hathaway did not sit down to idle tears. She showed what a plucky woman can do in the teeth of adverse circumstances. Hal came by his courage honestly.

Although not uneducated, she was not fitted to teach, and she knew nothing of painting or music. She must make a hand-to-hand fight with poverty, and she set her teeth together and advanced on the enemy boldly. Hers was the courage of desperation.

'Willingness to do anything rather than part from my children' was the source of her energy.

She could wash, so she asked for washing to do. We all admire 'pluck.' She soon had all the work she could attend to. And she sewed. Often, when the steam of the suds had died away from her aching arms, her lamp burned through half the night as she plied her needle.

And she 'worked out' during the fruit season, or on occasions of special festivities. Her silent, swift way of working made her much in demand. Occasionally she was employed as a nurse. When sickness was abroad, Doctor Martin, as a final prescription, said, 'Get Mrs. Hathaway.'

The little family managed to keep out of debt and have enough to eat, but it was often a serious matter to keep the restless, active children properly clothed. It often happened that their clothes were fashioned from half-worn garments given them. While they were small this did not much matter, but with growing years came the growing pride. Hal, especially, looked at his shabby coat and trousers with a swelling throat.

'Mother,' he said, one morning, 'how I wish I could have one good suit of clothes—like the other boys!'

Mrs. Hathaway paused a moment and stood wiping the soap-suds from her arms, a flush on her comely face. 'Dear,' she said, at last, 'I wish I could dress you better! You are a good boy, and deserve it. Perhaps we shall see better days some time! If your father had lived—'

'No, mother,' Hal demonstrated, 'you know I didn't mean that! You are the best mother in the world—a brick! What I've been thinking is, I'm going to have a new suit next winter like Bert Upton's.'

His mother looked at him with a faint smile. He was sitting on an upturned tub, whittling a piece of pine board. Whenever Hal did anything he did it as if the

fate of nations hung on his action. Just now the important thing was the new suit. If the pine board had been cloth, the suit would soon have been cut out.

His freckled face and candid blue eyes shone with determination. His cap was set well back on a crop of curls which his mother called golden, and everybody else red. After you had looked into his earnest face a while he ceased to be homely; if you looked long enough, he grew handsome.

'How are you going to get it, Hal?' she asked. 'Perhaps I shall not be able to afford it.'

'Earn it!' replied the boy. 'If you can spare me a little time. Brent and Ted can cook as well as I can, almost, and I'll help with the work just the same. All a fellow needs is a chance!'

'I don't see what you can do,' Mrs. Hathaway answered, 'in a little village like this, where everyone does his own chores. You can't sell papers or black boots, and the factory has shut down. Besides, you boys must garden and raise all you can—as you always do. You are good boys, and a great comfort to me.'

Hal paid no attention to the compliment, but whittled away resolutely. 'All a fellow wants is a chance!' he reiterated. 'I'll find a way!'

'You shall have your "chance," Hal. And now please gather up your shavings and get off that tub. I want it.'

Hal looked at the litter at his feet as if conscious for the first time of its presence. Then he got up cheerfully. 'All right, mother! Do you want rinse water?' and catching up a bucket, he started down the hill.

The next morning Hal was ready for business. He rose early, and before the other children were astir had carried up enough water for the day's work, and split a double allowance of wood. After breakfast he looked at his mother.

'I'd take my chance, mother,' he said, with shining eyes.

'Take it, my boy, and good luck to you!'

He was soon trudging toward the village, a spade swung over his shoulder. He had a possible job in view, and lost no time in making the application. Mr. Errenbach, the grocer, was noted in a small way for his careful gardening. He had been laid up for six weeks with rheumatism, and it was well on in the spring.

'It is my first trial,' Hal thought, his heart beating quicker as he knocked at the kitchen door. 'If I can only make a good start!'

An old lady answered him—an old lady as neat and comfortable-looking as the kitchen she invited him to enter.

'I want to spade up your garden, sir,' he began at once to the old gentleman lying on a lounge. 'I'll do it cheap and well, and be very grateful for the job.'

'And who may you be, young sir?' was the answer.

'Halbert Hathaway, sir.'

He had taken off his cap on entering. His face and hands were clean, and the doubtful curls carefully combed. All this was noted by the couple, who looked approval at each other.

'And what do you want of a job?' was the next question.

'If you please, sir,'—and the bright eyes looked up fearlessly,—'my mother is a widow, and we are poor.'

'Well, and what will you do it for?'

'Hal looked at the old man soberly. 'I'll tell you, sir. Let me do it, then pay me what it is worth.'

'You are honest if not smart!' the old gentleman chuckled. 'Very good. Go to work, and we'll see what's in you. And mind you spade it deep. Mother, give Halbert a glass of milk; his muscles don't look overlarge.'

Hal went to work and spaded as he had whittled—with all his might. He spaded deep and powdered the clods carefully. The garden was large, and he soon felt the effects of heat and fatigue, but he stuck to his task manfully.

Mr. Errenbach watched him from the kitchen window, and an occasional chuckle escaped him. It was late in the afternoon when the boy completed the task to his own satisfaction. He had partaken of a good dinner, and his modest dignity at the table completed the capture of the old man's heart.

'I had a youngster like you,' he said, slipping a dollar into Hal's hand. 'He's dead. You needn't tell mother I gave you so much.'

'Thank you, sir!' Hal said, turning over the coin, which looked so large in his palm. 'But I don't think I earned all that, did I?'

'Mebbe so, mebbe not. If you want to come back to-morrow and split up that stove-wood, you may even it up, eh?'

'I'll be very sure to come, if mother can spare me. If not to-morrow, next day, for sure!'

'I wonder if he will?' the old man mused, wistfully. 'Willie would have been just such a boy.'

That wonderful dollar! It nerved Hal to attempt all things. He felt he had now grown to the stature of a man, and the world looked bright and beautiful to him. He went back the next day and split the wood, and would accept nothing for it. He earned something better than mere money, however, the friendship of a good old man.

Hal found several small jobs about the town, none so profitable as the first, but he won a few dimes and much advice. Then his success seemed to stop. But he carefully hoarded his 'start,' as he called it, and waited his opportunity. When the berry season began he was alert.

'Mother,' he said, 'you have a great many quart cans you never use; can I buy them of you cheap?'

'In the name of common sense, Hal, what do you want of them? To smash them up?'

'No, ma'am; to do orders.'

'"Do orders?"'

'I can't make it pay to sell raw berries. So, if you don't care, I'll can 'em.'

'Hal,' Mrs. Hathaway said, gravely, 'my hard times are about over. You may have the cans if you can make the experiment pay.'

So the next morning Hal, with Phil and Brent, to whom he offered good pay for their help, explored the berry pastures, leaving Teddy to be housekeeper. They returned at nightfall with brimming pails and the appetites of young wolves. Af-

ter their simple dinner it was rather funny to see Hal in a big bib-apron gravely stirring away at a highly polished kettle of bubbling fruit; but he was not joking, as the half-dozen well-sealed cans testified. The berries looked very whole and inviting, and his mother patted his head encouragingly.

'We didn't hardly need Kitty,' she said, smiling down at the little girl. 'You are equally good as man or woman. Now what, Hal?'

'Sell 'em!' was the laconic answer. It was more easily done than he had dared to hope. He disposed of his cans at a good price, and returned jubilantly with orders for as many more as he could get.

The end of the season found Hal's store swelled to five dollars. The winter suit began to seem a possibility.

In the fall he struck out boldly for the country, and the farmers soon found that the 'little chap' could shuck corn with the best of them. The fame of his pluck and industry spread before him, and the working people made room for him. By Thanksgiving the money for the winter suit was knotted snugly in the toe of a stocking, just as he had earned it, in nickels, dimes and quarters—in all ten dollars. He had counted it proudly, often slipping up in the night to make sure it had not vanished.

On the next Saturday he started, whistling as he went, to town for the great purchase. He saw it in his mind's eyes—soft brown wool, with a tiny fleck of red in it, like that in Bert Upton's suit.

In front of the drug-store a group of boys were examining a musical top which one of them had just purchased. Hal paused a moment to admire the toy, and right at his elbow, although unconscious of his identity, the druggist's wife stood in the door, continuing a conversation with a departing customer.

'She used to be a prominent member before Mr. Hathaway died,' were the words which arrested his attention. 'But like a good many others, she has backslid. She never comes at all now.'

Hal went up the street, a dazed look on his face. His mother 'backslid'! She who was so patient and painstaking, so thoroughly in earnest in her Christian life! Surely he had misunderstood!

Then a thought smote him. She never did go anywhere. Why? and why didn't she go with him to help select his new suit? The store was before him, but he passed on, no longer whistling. He must settle this problem. Why did his mother go abroad no more? Could it be she was too shabby? That was his word.

'Let me see!' he thought, greatly disturbed. 'Mother has two blue calico dresses she wears in the house, and—and—for Sunday—' He came to a dead stop. To save his life he could not recall anything else he had seen her wear. He racked his brain in vain.

'She used to have a black one,' he mused, 'but—yes,' reluctantly, 'she wore that out in the house two winters ago, and cut up what was left for Kitty. Two—blue—calicoes—and—aprons!'

He turned and went back with lagging steps. 'It has taken all her earnings to feed us,' he thought. 'Poor mother—and she's just a brick, too!'

The store once more presented itself, but

he shook his head. 'And they're calling her a backslider—they! And she goes on and on, and says nothing. And she was so proud of my—winter suit!' The lump had climbed pretty high in his throat by this time, and he wheeled short about and headed for the store.

'I want to look at some all-wool goods—for a woman,' he said, very red in the face, and speaking quickly 'I think it had better be black.'

'Perhaps you would like this,' and the saleswoman spread out before him in soft folds a piece of fine cashmere. 'If it is for your mother, Halbert, I think it is just the thing, and it will wear beautifully.'

Hal tried to look wise, but failed. 'You're a woman,' he said, confidentially; 'you know. It is for mother,—a present,—and I want it nice. I wish you'd select it for me, with the buttons and things. Only'—apprehensively—'don't let it go over ten dollars.'

The woman nodded. 'All right, Hal. This will make a lovely dress, and I'll let it go as cheap as I can.' He watched her do up the bundle, pocketed his slender change, and started for home without a pang of regret for the lovely boys' suit left behind.

'It's all right,' he mused. 'Mother's got to have good clothes. And there's lots of money in the world yet.'

'Well, Hal,' his mother said tenderly, when he reached home, 'let me see the new suit.'

'Here it is, mother!' the boy cheerily replied, laying the bundle on her lap. 'I hope you will like it, it's just what I want, you know,' and seizing the water-bucket, he fled from the scene.

I don't think he got a new suit that winter. But Mrs. Hathaway resumed her place in the church and in the Sunday-school, and Hal, clerking in Mr. Errenbach's store, is whistling his way to success in life.

Four Hundred Souls Won by Prayer.

During his visit to Great Britain in 1872, Mr. Moody preached in a northern town one Sunday morning to large numbers of people and with no apparent results. In the evening he was favored with a sense of God's presence as seldom before. At the close of the meeting he asked those who wished to consecrate themselves to God to rise, and nearly the whole of the audience rose to their feet. He sifted them, and found that almost every soul in the assembly joined itself to the Lord. Afterward the meaning of this came out. A woman in that parish had prayed for years that Mr. Moody might be sent to preach the Gospel in that place. When Mr. Moody arrived in the morning she knew nothing of it; but on learning from her sister at noon that the evangelist had arrived, she refused food, and continued in prayer that God would give his blessing; and at night 400 souls joined that church as a result of prayer and preaching.

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.

Haliman.

Haliman was born in a picturesque but dark Himalayan valley, where the sun begins to shine late in the morning and sets early in the afternoon. Down the middle of the narrow valley ran a swift mountain stream. Fields lay in terraces along the steep mountain sides, watered by streams diverted to them from the brook that was in every sense a 'nourisher of the poor.' It was induced, by an ingenious device, to form a 'creche,' and lull to rest the village babies with its cooling touch and soothing song. They were laid on fragrant pine-needles and bracken in a shady nook, and water was conducted from the rills that fed the rich fields that gentle streams played constantly on their bare heads, keeping the little ones asleep while their mothers gathered fuel, or toiled in the patches of rice, or maize, or ginger.

After a time Haliman's mother became a widow, and although she was a Mahomedan, yet her lot was almost as hard as that of a Hindu widow. It was partly because their food was so scanty and partly from lack of sunshine, and from the injurious minerals in the hill water, that Haliman lost the plump loveliness of her babyhood and grew up a 'cretin' tall and spindling, with long, lank arms, unsightly goitre, and a look that made people think her half-witted.

At last her mother married a man who sold milk to British troops, for Mahomedan widows may re-marry. So they moved into the stepfather's village, which was nearer civilization. Here there was a little day-school, taught by a missionary lady and her native assistant, Aso.

Haliman's new playmates took her with them to this school. At first it seemed impossible for her to learn, but when the missionary heard it whispered about that this dull child's stepfather hated her, often beat and starved her, and acted as though he longed for her to die, she took special pains to fill Haliman's mind with Bible stories, and impress upon her the fact that Jesus loved her. When she taught the children that in heaven they would hunger and thirst no more, and that God would wipe all tears from their eyes, she could see that it meant more to Haliman than to the rest. She saw how much her new pupil loved her school and liked to nestle close to her side, how nicely she was beginning to read and write easy words.

Punjabi spelling is hard to learn, and to spell even a simple word you have to make quite a long speech. For instance, this is the way she had to spell 'Aso': 'Are nun a kanna, sasse nun Aso hor, so' (to A put an accent, to s add o,—Aso).

Once a 'doolie' curtained with red, and carrying a small bride dressed in red, passed the open door, and the children rushed out of the room like a covey of frightened partridges—all but the despised Haliman. Presently they came trooping back and settled down to their books and wooden slates again. 'What does this mean? What made you all rush out like that without leave? You are very naughty, all but Haliman. What made you act so?' inquired the astonished missionary.

'Oh, a little bride had arrived next door, and we all ran to see if she cried properly at going to live with her mother-in-law.'

Then some of the children said the bride

had done it very nicely, but others were of the opinion she had not cried bitterly enough. 'You know,' they added, 'you ought to cry very bitterly at the idea of going to live with your mother-in-law!' Then looking at the studious Haliman they said: 'You are right, Miss Sahib, Haliman is the best child in the school. She is never naughty.' The missionary never forgot the look of surprise and pleasure that broke over the shy face at such good words from her schoolmates.

Another time, when Aso was telling the children how Pharaoh had all the boy babies thrown into the River Nile, and how Herod killed all the boy babies in Bethlehem, little Sundri, beautiful and beloved, looked up in her arch way, and said 'In those days it was the boys that were killed, and not the girls!' A heavy sigh escaped from Haliman, the unwelcome little step-daughter. Did she have a presentiment of the fate hovering over her?

* * * * *

One morning everyone was shocked to hear that Haliman had been carried to the medical missionary stationed there, with her jaw smashed in. The stepfather said she had fallen from her bed and had broken her jaw! It is not likely that he ever allowed her to sleep on a bedstead. She had probably to sleep on the earthen floor wrapped in the cotton 'chaddar' which she wore all through the day. It is much more likely that the stepfather had struck her with a billet of wood than that she had broken her jaw by falling from a low native 'charpoy.' The doctor did all he could for her, but Haliman sank under the operation, and never woke again on earth.

But when she knocked at the Gates of Pearl, and pleaded—

'I am only a little child, dear Lord,
And my feet are already stained with sin,
But, "suffer the little ones," is Thy word,
"To come to the gate and enter in."
The King at the Gate looked up and smiled.

A heavenly smile, and fair to see,
And He opened, and bent to the pleading child,
'Enter in! I bled and died for thee.'
—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Choosing Who Should Go.

'Of course I shall be the one. I'm oldest,' said Edith.

'No, I shall, because you went away last, and I didn't,' said Ruth.

'I need a change for my health,' said Anna, with a drawn-down mouth that might truly be the sign of pain, but with rosy cheeks which could be the sign only of a very healthy girl.

'Whoever goes,' said Mrs. Stone, 'will have not only the visit, but the new clothes.'

'Then it will have to be me, because I haven't a thing left over from last year, and must have new clothes anyway,' said Edith.

'I think I might be the one,' said Anna, 'for I have a new winter suit already.'

'Which fits me as well as you, and could be borrowed,' added Ruth.

'Children! children!' cried Mrs. Stone, in despair. 'What would Aunt Nell say if she were to hear you quarrelling so over her invitation? She writes, "I love

all three of my nieces so much that I don't know which one I want to visit me next, so I will leave it for them to decide. Send along the girl who needs the change, and I promise her as nice a time as I know how to give."

But, instead of filling them with contrition, this reading of the letter made their desire to go all the stronger.

'Think of the sleigh rides behind the gray pair, all nestled down in those soft black furs!' said Anna, with a sigh, drawing the folds of an afghan about her, and half closing her eyes.

'I presume you hear the jingling of the sleigh bells now,' said Ruth. 'A person with such a vivid imagination as you've got doesn't need to go away to enjoy things.'

'Well, mother,' said Edith, with a very grown-up air, 'I think somebody ought to go who will do credit to the family, and of course I've been out more and know how to act in society better than these children.'

'These children!' screamed Ruth and Anna, in a derisive chorus; but Mrs. Stone held up her finger with a warning gesture, and then, to the surprise of all, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed—Yes, mother was crying!

The three girls looked at each other in dismay. 'Mother!' cried Edith, gently, 'what have we done?'

'I am too tired of it all,' burst out the sobbing woman. 'It has been so ever since your father died. Things no sooner get to running smoothly than there is a great fuss over who shall have a new dress, or whose boots are the shabbiest, or who shall go on the picnic. When there are three children there ought to be money enough to divide by three, not by one. I can't decide for you any more. You must choose some way yourself.'

The slow tears ran down her cheek. Edith noticed how pale and wrinkled it was. There used to be color there when the father was alive. And what a shabby dress! 'Mother, I've decided who shall go, and it's not myself. Will you all consent? And, mother dear, will you let me do all the contriving about clothes and packing, so that you needn't have a thing to decide about it till the day comes to go?'

Mrs. Stone wiped away the tears. 'I am very much ashamed,' she said. 'Of course I'll help get any one of you ready. It was the disputing that troubled me.'

'Just this once, let me, mother,' said Edith. 'It will do me good, truly.'

So Mrs. Stone consented, and the two young girls were borne away to Edith's room. 'Which of us is it?' asked Ruth.

'Neither,' said Edith.

'Why, Edith Stone,' said Anna; 'you selfish old thing, to choose yourself.'

'I didn't,' said Edith. 'It's—it's—mother!'

'Mother!' echoed Ruth.

'Why, she wasn't even asked,' said Anna.

'No, but Aunt Nell would rather have her than all three of us put together, if she had any idea she'd come. Girls,' and Edith's voice trembled, 'the money has been divided into three parts when it ought to have been four. Does mother ever have a new dress? Does she ever go to a picnic or trolley riding? Do we choose her to have the extra orange or the Christmas present that's not marked for anybody?

No, sir! We're selfish old pigs, that's just what we are.'

'But will she go?' asked Anna.

'She'll have to,' said Edith. 'Ruth, you run straight down to Marcy's, and say that we've decided to change the blue suit for a black one. Anna hasn't worn it, and there was a lovely plain black for the same price. You don't mind, do you, Anna?'

'I'll wear my old one till it falls off,' said that young woman, 'and imagine it's stylish,' with a wink at Ruth.

'Her bonnet is all right, and how thankful I am my new silk waist is a plain black one, and too large. It will just fit mother.'

'And I'll get boots for her instead of skates for me,' said Ruth, 'and let her choose any of my stocks she likes, and— and she may take my new belt buckle, if she'll be very careful of it.'

A note was despatched to Aunt Nell, and the loving planning went on, till the day for the visit came, and the mother was still in ignorance. She had thought it wise to let Edith arrange things this time, and had not tried to solve the mystery.

At ten o'clock the three girls stood before her. 'In one hour,' began Edith, 'the expressman stops at this house for the trunk of the one who is to visit Aunt Nell.'

'Which is no evidence, as the same trunk will go, whichever person went,' put in Anna.

'That trunk is now packed,' said Edith.

'And the contents not to be poked over or criticized by the traveller,' said Ruth. 'And all lent articles are to be considered the person's own.'

'The ticket is bought,' said Anna.

'The person's pocket book properly filled, with her name and address within in case of accident,' said Ruth.

'And the lucky girl is—?' smiled the mother.

'Mother!' cried three voices in chorus.

And in telling about it all to Aunt Nell, Mrs. Stone said that if those artful daughters of hers had given her longer than one hour to think of it, she would have decided not to come, and that she was glad they hadn't!—'The Churchman.'

A Hindu's One-Tenth for God

A native preacher in India who thought he was getting too small a salary would not give anything to the support of the mission church. The missionary urged him to try for three months giving one-tenth of his salary. He thought he and his family would starve if he did it, because his salary was so very small; but when the next quarter came round he went to the missionary with shining face, and said, 'Nine-tenths with God's blessing is better than ten-tenths without it.' That is what the thirtieth verse of the tenth chapter of Mark means.

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The Worn-Out Shoes, and Other Sketches.

(Mary Morrison Chase, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

There were strong indications of a shower in Alice Payne's face as she set the table for supper. A thunder cloud hung heavy above her eyes in the shape of an ugly frown, and two or three drops trickled down her cheeks. She brushed them off impatiently, sniffing in a broken-hearted way.

'What is it, dear? Shall I help you a little?' asked father, who was warming his feet by the fire while waiting for his supper.

Alice only sniffed the harder and laid the table in a martyr-like manner. Father had come home bringing a pair of awkward shoes with thick soles, in place of the dainty ones she had admired so much. True, they were more serviceable and only half the price, which was a thing to be considered this winter, when father's wages were only half what they had always been before; but Alice did not consider this matter, and consoled with herself over her hard lot.

The despised shoes were on the sitting-room table where father had laid them, and she had not looked at them after the first glance.

'Great clumsy things,' she muttered, and, throwing herself on the couch, the long-delayed deluge came at last, and she wept until her eyelids were swollen and inflamed.

Finally, the sobs grew fainter and farther between, and to Alice it seemed as if the room had grown strangely dark all at once. The light was burning low upon the table, and it seemed to be covered with bottles and tumblers containing medicine. A strange sound of distressed breathing came from the bedroom near by, with an occasional hoarse muffled cough.

Mother passed through the room several times, but she looked pale and wan that Alice hardly knew her.

A grave-looking man sat by the fire, occasionally rising and going into the bedroom, then coming out and sitting down again, while his face grew graver with each visit.

By-and-by Mrs. Jones, their nearest neighbor, came out and sat down by his side.

'Do you think there is any hope, doctor?' she asked in an anxious tone.

'I'm afraid not,' the grave-looking man replied.

'It is dreadfully sudden,' she said sadly. 'He seemed to be well enough two days ago when I met him coming home.'

'Oh, yes, these sudden congestions are very dangerous. I met him at the shop a few evenings ago buying a pair of shoes for his daughter, and I told him that he had better get a pair for himself also, as he only had on a pair of old boots and his feet were wet with the slush and snow; but he said Alice must have a pair first, that she must not be obliged to miss her school; and I noticed he emptied his purse to pay for them.'

Mrs. Jones rose sadly, and went back into the bedroom at the sound of the hoarse cough, and—

Alice looked up with pale face and with wildly beating heart to see father bending over her.

'Dreaming, dear? Did you get too tired to eat your supper?' he asked, tenderly.

Alice looked down at the old, worn boots on his feet, and bursting into tears she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed wildly.

Father took her on his knee and comforted her as he did baby May, until the storm had spent itself, and when quiet was restored the thunder clouds had all vanished and the sun struggled out through the swollen eyes.

Alice watched her father anxiously for many days, carefully warming his slippers every evening, and drying the worn boots by the kitchen fire. It was only a dream, but it brought to mind the words of a text, which kept repeating themselves over and over again in her mind: 'Like as a father pitieth his children'; and this far-away Father in heaven seemed to be very near as she repeated the words over to herself; so near that the love of both, the dear earthly father and the Father whom she had always felt to be so far distant, seemed to blend into one, whom her loving thoughtfulness made happy.

But she could not be quite content until father had brought home a warm, comfortable pair of boots for himself, which she watched him wear with more real pleasure than she had ever felt before.

Choice of Occupation.

In this young men are more strongly influenced by what people will say than even young women. Many and many a really gifted lad will turn away from a mechanical trade in which he would advance rapidly and perhaps make improvements important to everyone's comfort, in order to take a clerical position needing neither brains nor invention, and in which his talents are of no use. I have seen men measuring ribbons who could have been stalwart, vigorous and brilliant mechanics, simply because to learn a trade meant rough work, rough clothes and many a day of dirty toil in a guise which might make senseless people look down upon them.

There are trades open to young women, in which they not only would be experts, but could add largely to the comfort of others, which will never be filled because they would be either laughed at or perhaps set aside by unreasoning and weak-minded companions. For instance, there are many girls who have great judgment and skill in cooking, who could earn easily forty dollars a month, and even if very clever, sixty or even seventy, who would rather stand for weary hours subject to the exactions of ill-bred buyers at a counter, travel home in wet and cold, and receive from five to seven dollars a week, without any allowance for their food.

Servant is not a pleasant name, nor is obedience to commands a pleasant thing, and there are both mean and selfish employers, but I have personally employed one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, notably refined and delicate, whose dainty taste and touch made her skill wonderful. She had little education and no accomplishments, she knew that she had great talent for cooking, she had a widowed mother without income and a sister dying of consumption, she had to relieve her mother of her own maintenance, and she had to make a certain amount of money. She was kind without familiarity to others in the

kitchen; she kept her leisure hours to herself, working much for an exchange, enjoyed her neat and comfortable room, had access to good books, and in a year earned the money she required. Her only defect as a perfect servant was that she was so attractive and delicate in appearance that she was often embarrassed by too much attention as she came and went.

Having attained her end, she returned to her home, freed from debt by her efforts, and then made preserves and delicacies which sold well. Had she been afraid of being called a cook, she could only have attained by great effort and exposure about twenty dollars a month by incessant toil, and had to support herself out of that amount, leaving not more than half her savings free. She saw what she could do and knew it was right and was not afraid to live out her own life in her own way.—Mrs. Farley, in the 'Ledger Monthly.'

Speak to the Old Horse.

The ever-entertaining 'Listener' in the Boston 'Transcript' gives us the following humane advice:

Who can look into the soulful eyes of an animal and say they do not know, they have no feeling? Go up to some disreputable-looking horse standing patiently waiting his master's will (what is so patient as a horse?) and speak to him in a kind voice; if you raise your hand to strike him, a startled, frightened expression comes into his face and he invariably jerks his head away as if he expected a blow—and then watch the aspect as it gradually changes to a look of questioning and finally confidence.

Do not hurry on, thinking you have no time to waste on an old horse; we must always have time to do a kind deed, and kind deeds and thoughts are never lost. Stay a moment longer; it will pay you. Continue speaking to the horse as if his feelings and thoughts are just as your own, and sympathize with him.

What response do you get? Watch his eyes grow soft as he feels the warmth and magnetism of your love, which is the strongest force in the world; then see the almost foolish look of contentment and happiness, your reflected love, and his eyes tell you as plainly as if he could speak, 'Thank you, you have made me happy.' You leave that horse with a feeling of fellowship and understanding that you may be sure he feels as much as you do.

Do not try the experiment with petted animals who are used to kindness, but choose the worst looking old beast you can find, for then you can see in a more marked manner the effect of love. Whatever has the capacity for love must also have the same capacity for suffering, no matter what form of life, be it in the highest or lowest state of evolution.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Dire Disorder.

(By N. N. S., in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

I have a queer name, but nearly everything about me is queer. I live in a great many places and sometimes the people I am with don't mind having me about, while there are others who fume and fret and yet never drive me away. I am generally in the company of Hurry and Scramble, but not always. I'll give you one chapter out of my life and you can then very well imagine the rest.

For several years I lived with the Duttons. My special corner in their house was the closet under the stairs. It had a door but no window. There was a row of pegs on each side against a whitewashed wall, and the only air I could get was when one of the children (there were four of them) opened the door to hunt for something, ten to one they never found it, for I just made up my mind if they didn't send me off I'd make things lively for them. I carpeted the floor with rubber boots and shoes, old and new, all mismated. I tossed Maximilian's caps on to the heap and sometimes Helen's hat and Lucy's sontag. I bent all the wires in the ribbon bows on their hats until they were ugly and forlorn, and when Bridget brought the carpet sweepers to add to the coats, etc., I tell you there was a pretty mess. I listened through the keyhole, and I just tell you I heard a lot; how mamma was ill and had been obliged to go away, (they said I was partly to blame for that), also how associating with me had turned rubber coats and all kinds of clothes into parlor and library decorations; how I made auntie's back ache when she kindly tried to help the children by searching for a rubber shoe without a hole, etc. Why she sighed so deeply I thought it was the wind blowing.

Well, one day I heard a lot o' kissing in the hall just after the front door had banged, and cries of 'Here's grandma Coo.' A little while after that, if you'll believe it, those children came and took all

their things away from me and chased me out of the house. I said, 'I'll go, but you see if I don't come back,' and then they shook their fists at me.

Bridget found me one day not long afterward hiding in the pantry, and I heard her say to cook, 'Reckon I'll have to clean up here; you just ought to see that closet under the stairs. Max has three pegs, Helen three, Lucy three and their things are that tidy.' I lost the rest for I had such a hard knock with the broom-stick that it quite took my breath away. I was living in another place before I found out why I had been sent away in such a hurry. It was because 'Grandma Coo' had brought with her my two worst enemies, Neatness and Order. I hate them, and have made up my mind I'll never live with them; no, not even for half a day; so there, now!

P.S.—I said there were four children. That's true, but the baby was never allowed out of nurse's sight, and as nurse hated me I never could get acquainted with either of them.



'Catching' Things.

(By Marion Mallette Thornton, in the 'Presbyterian.')

Camella had the measles and had to be kept in a room by herself for fear Don would catch them, and as soon as she was enough better so that he might have come in to play with her, Don fell ill with mumps and must stay away for fear she would catch them. 'It would be very bad, indeed,' said he, 'to have mumps right on top of measles.'

'Oh, dear!' sighed poor lonely Camella, 'I didn't know so many things were catching, mamma. Are there any nice things catching?'

Mamma laughed. 'Yes, indeed,' she said, 'lots of them.'

'What are they? Do tell me about them. I never heard of any.'

'I think I will let you watch and see how many you can find.'

Donald was soon over his mumps, and the children are very glad to be together again, but they were neither of them very strong yet, and it is so easy to be cross if one isn't strong.

One afternoon things seemed to be going especially wrong. To be-

gin with, Camella wanted to build houses with the blocks, and Don didn't want to.

'I was sick last, and you ought to let me choose,' he argued.

'No,' said Camella, 'I was sick hardest. And anyway, I'm a girl. Boys ought always to be polite to girls.'

'I don't care. If you'll play choo-choo cars, I'll be p'lite enough.'

'Don't want to,' insisted Camella contrarily.

'Then I won't play at all,' declared Don.

So it went on till the air of the nursery was so full of frowns and pouts and cross words, that you wouldn't have believed the sun was shining anywhere. Mamma was almost sorry when the door bell rang and Mary said that Daisy Hill had come to play with the children, for she didn't like to have any one see her boy and girl when they were so disagreeable.

Daisy came in like a breath of fresh air.

'Isn't it nice that you're well again!' she cried in her happy voice. 'What are you doing? Let me come right into it.'

'We weren't doing anything just now,' said Don, rather shame-faced. 'Don't you think it's fun to play cars? Mine run on a track when you wind 'em up, you know.'

'Oh, yes, that's lovely!' said Daisy.

'But not so nice as building blocks,' put in Camella with a scowl.

'Why not do both?' suggested Daisy; 'build houses and stations and run the cars between.'

'The very thing,' cried Don; and even Camella looked interested.

'Let's begin,' said she, bringing the blocks.

In a few minutes all sorts of fine buildings were being put up alongside of a winding railway track, and it really seemed as if a good deal of sunshine had crept into the nursery.

Whenever anybody disagreed, Daisy gave up so pleasantly that the others were ashamed to be selfish. After a while mamma looked in, much surprised and pleased to find everybody good and happy.

'Mamma,' said Camella that night, 'I've found some nice things that are catching. We were cross

as anything when Daisy came, but she was so kind and smiley that we just had to be, too. So I guess smiles and kindness are catching, don't you?'

'Yes,' said mamma, 'I think they are.'—Little Learner's Paper.

How Nellie Got Right.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said:

'Mamma, I prayed last night.'

'Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?'

'Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake for a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and He delights to forgive them.'

'So I got out of bed and kneeled down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked Him to think over the sins that I could not remember. Then I waited to give Him time to think of them; and when I thought He had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them. And I am sure He did, mamma, because He said He would.'—'Chris. Alliance.'

Why Buser Wouldn't Believe Jim.

Buser screamed as if he would split his throat, and mother ran to help him. The trouble was that Buser had taken the little silver pepper-pot to play with. Of course he pulled the top off, and, of course, he got the pepper in his eyes.

'Jim, how could you let your brother play with the pepper-cruet?' said the mother.

'I told him not to, mother,' insisted Jim. 'I told him it would get in his eyes and smart like fire, didn't I, Buser?'

'Yes,' sobbed the baby, 'he telled me, but I didn't believe him.'

'Why, Buser! did you think Jim would tell you a story?'

'He did. He said it was a wildcat, and it was just Frisk,' said Buser.

Mother looked puzzled.

'A wildcat! How could he say the pepper-pot was a wildcat?'

Buser laughed aloud, showing that the tears had done good in washing his blue eyes, but Jim hung his head and did not laugh a little bit. Mamma looked at him and waited to hear what it all meant.

'It was this morning,' said Jim, twisting out of sight of his mother's eyes. 'We were playing blind-man's bluff, and Buser would be blind man, though he could'nt catch anything but Frisk, and Frisk wasn't playing.'

'And when he caught Frisk—' prompted his mother, for Jim's story had come to a standstill.

'He telled me it was a wildcat, and scared me,' said Buser, finishing up the story.

'Was that right, Jim?' said mother.

'I was just fooling, mother.'

'But you have broken the truth, and now your little brother doesn't believe what you say.'

Jim had nothing to say, but resolved never to tell the least fib, even in fun.—'Sunbeam.'

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LESSON II.—11.

God's Covenant with David.

II. Samuel vii., 4-16.

Golden Text.

Thy throne shall be established for ever. II. Samuel vii., 16.

Home Readings.

- Monday, Oct. 5.—II. Sam. vii., 1-11.
- Tuesday, Oct. 6.—II. Sam. vii., 12-17.
- Wednesday, Oct. 7.—II. Sam. vii., 18-29.
- Thursday, Oct. 8.—I. Chron. xxviii., 1-10.
- Friday, Oct. 9.—Ps. cxxxii., 1-18.
- Saturday, Oct. 10.—I. Chron. xvii., 3-15.
- Sunday, Oct. 11.—I. Chron. xvii., 16-27.

4. And it came to pass that night, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying:

5. Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord, Shalt thou build me an house for me to dwell in?

6. Whereas I have not dwelt in any house since the time I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt, even to this day, but have walked in a tent and in a tabernacle.

7. In all the places wherein I have walked with the children of Israel spake I a word with any of the tribes of Israel, whom I commanded to feed my people Israel, saying, Why build ye not me an house of cedar?

8. Now therefore so shalt thou say unto my servant David, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people, over Israel:

9. And I was with thee whithersoever thou wentest, and have cut off thine enemies out of thy sight, and have made thee a great name, like unto the name of the great men that are in the earth.

10. Moreover, I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more; neither shall the children of wickedness afflict them any more, as before.

11. And since the time that I commanded judges to be over my people Israel, and have caused thee to rest from thine enemies. Also the Lord telleth thee that he will make thee an house.

12. And when thy days are fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee which shall proceed out of thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom.

13. He shall build an house for my name and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever.

14. I will be his father and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men:

15. But my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul, whom I put away before thee.

16. And thine house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee: thy throne shall be established forever.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

King David is now established in his kingdom, the ark has at last been brought to Jerusalem, and a season of prosperity seems to be opening. David reflects upon the fact that, while he dwells in a palace of cedar, the ark of his God is still sheltered only by a tent. The nation has long been settled, the people are dwelling in fixed homes, and it would seem but right that the ark of God should have a house, a temple, in keeping with its character.

The ark in the tent was, however, a good type of the way Israel had treated God,

for he had had no fixed and sure abiding place in their hearts. They were constantly yielding to sin and running more or less after idols. Still God's great patience continued to be manifested toward them. David, sitting there in his royal palace, reflects upon such things, and a sense of shame comes over him as he sees the ark of God so poorly honored, while, he, a sinful man, is surrounded by luxury. He speaks to the prophet Nathan, and Nathan approves the king's feeling in the matter, and bids him do as he wishes. But, as we shall see in this lesson, God's will is still to be taken into account.

THE LESSON.

Verse 4. 'And it came to pass that night, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying.' The two men had their conversation and council together over the matter, but God waited until the quiet of the night to speak to Nathan. Can you recall any other instances where God spoke to men in the night?

Men are at their best, in matters of a spiritual nature, when they are alone, for then their hearts are more receptive to the influence of the Spirit.

5-7. 'Shalt thou build me an house for me to dwell in?' In these verses God, through Nathan, tells David that he is not to build the temple. The question here quoted is another form of a negative statement. God calls attention to the fact that thus far he had not found it necessary to command a temple to be built for his worship. That is to say, if the tabernacle had served the purpose until this time, it could continue to do so a little longer.

There was a special reason why David should not perform this work. In I. Chronicles xxviii., 3, we read, 'But God said unto me, thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood.' But, nevertheless, David was in favor with God, who had given him success in war. The one kind of service unfitted him for the other.

8-10. 'I took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people, over Israel,' etc. God now refers to what he has done for David, how he has raised him from a humble station to be a King, how he has been with him, and how he has cut off his enemies. Then he proceeds to show what he will do for Israel. In verse 10 we find a promise that Israel should be afflicted no more by the 'children of wickedness.' We know, however, that Israel did suffer severely at the hands of her enemies in her later history, but it must be remembered that such punishment came as the result of sin. God never promised to give perpetual ease and comfort to a wicked and rebellious race. Still God never has allowed Israel to be blotted out as a nation, and in verse 10 there seems to be a prophecy of a time of lasting peace for Israel.

11-13. 'Also the Lord telleth thee that he will make thee an house.' God had been and was now the guide and protector of David, he was with Israel also, and now he promises to make David a house, that is, he would establish his family. When David was dead God would set up his seed after him.

This is very different from the word that came to Saul, for he was told that God had rent the Kingdom from him and given it to a neighbor of his. But the royal house of David is to be established for ever.

Not only so, but, while David could not build the temple himself, it should be built by his son. God did not want his house built by blood-stained hands, yet, through David's son he would honor him.

14-16. 'I will be his father, and he shall be my son,' etc. God now goes on to state how he will deal with David's heir to the throne. If he should do wrong, God would punish him 'with the rod of men.' That is, as a father, he would deal with any disobedience that might occur. 'But my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul,' etc. God had set Saul and his house aside completely, but he will deal in a different way with David and his descendants. He will punish, but not leave them.

'Thy throne shall be established forever.' This is the great covenant with David in a few words. But is not David's throne vacant now and his people scattered? There is a lapse from the earthly standpoint, which shall in the future be ended in a restored Israel. Upon the spiritual side, Christ came in David's line, and he shall yet be recognized as the Messiah and King of Israel.

Next week we deal with 'David's Confession,' after he had sinned. Psalm li., 1-17.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Oct. 11.—Topic—Great men of the Bible; what Joseph teaches us. Gen. xli., 14-16; 42-46.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM SHEEP.

Monday, Oct. 5.—Like Christ. I. Pet. i., 19.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—Like Christians. Ps. xcvi., 7.

Wednesday, Oct. 7.—Lost sheep. Matt. x., 6.

Thursday, Oct. 8.—Better than sheep. Matt. xii., 12.

Friday, Oct. 9.—Our Shepherd. Mark vi., 34.

Saturday, Oct. 10.—He feeds his sheep. John x., 9.

Sunday, Oct. 11.—Topic—Bible lessons from sheep. Isa. liii., 6, 7; Luke xv., 3-7; John x., 1-5.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 19, of 'World Wide':

- ALL THE WORLD OVER.
- The Alaska Boundary Commission—English Papers.
 - The Alaska Boundary Case—Canadian Correspondence of the 'Times,' London.
 - Aspects of the Alaska Dispute—The New York 'Evening Post.'
 - Some Mistakes About Canada—The New York 'Sun.'
 - A National Policy—The 'Morning Post,' London.
 - The Report of the Royal Commission on the War—The 'Spectator,' London.
 - International Good Breeding—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
 - A Little Jaunt in Russia—Russian Railways and Mills—Correspondence of the 'Standard,' London.
 - The Macedonian Medley—The 'Spectator,' London; the 'Pilot,' London.
- SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.
- The Lost Art of Singing—By M. A. R. Tucker, in the 'Nineteenth Century and After,' Abridged.
- CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.
- I Will Go Out—Poem by H. E. Babcock, in the 'Outlook,' London.
 - Guests—The 'Spectator,' London.
 - The Letters of Jane Austen—By Ina Mary White, in the 'Treasury,' London.
 - Mr. Morley's Hugo Task—By W., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
 - New Schools of the Prophets—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
 - On Money—By H. Bellot, in the 'Daily News,' London.
- HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.
- Perpetual Motion—'Engineering,' London.
 - Dexterity—By C. W. Saleeby, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
 - The Order of the Bath—in France—By Annie A. Smith, in the 'Christian World,' London.
 - Is Yacht Designing an Exact Science?—The 'Scientific American,' Science Notes.

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Sandy Brown

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

(G. Jameson, in 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER I.

His photo is before me as I write. 'A hardy little fellow'—undoubtedly. Keen, dark eyes, clenched fists, firm mouth: a man with a history.

The broiling June sun, flaming sheer down on slumdom, found me in The Open, a well-known east-end resort, spelling the legend on a crazy sign-board: A. Brown, Smith. From this hung a large key, to advise the ignorant that Sandy, the smith, could do a little to relieve those troubled with stubborn locks.

The workshop below being empty, I mounted the short outside stair where Sandy was presumed to dwell. Save for buzzing flies, all was still. Knocking at a door and waiting a reply, it was opened by a short, ill-clad, somewhat evil-looking man, who replied respectfully, if briefly, to my request for admission. He was too late, however, to shut the door, as my foot was already into the inch or two of space; and he accepted the situation.

'Very kind of you, mister; but the fact is, the wife's out, and the house isn't in very good order, and—'

'That's the very reason you should let me in.'

'Oh, well, if you like'—and my friend with the piercing black eyes made way.

That was a sad sight. Hardly a stick in the house; doubtless, with him of the 'Golden Three,' and the proceeds spent in drink. The man—Sandy Brown—stood trembling by my side, in sore straits through drinking, meditating suicide; four 'childer' huddled and played in a bed absolutely without bed-clothing, the ticking of the old bed literally filthy; opposite this, on the black fire lay, upside down, an old kettle with its 'stroup' or nozzle half broken off.

The children stared at me, then wept clamorously.

'Whisht! will you?' he growled.

Then, to me: 'The fact is, mister, the wife and I are drinking, and the childer are hungry.'

'What do you propose to do?'

'Oh, if I had a shillin' I would soon get food.'

'If I get you food will you stop the drink?'

'I will.'

'Follow me.'

We strode downstairs, he behind me a little—as if to save my reputation. Soon we were in the grocer's, next street.

'Give this man—how much do you need?—tea, sugar, bread, butter, and a bit of that nice boiled ham.'

'Now, look here, my man; get this ready at once, and I'll be down after you.'

He was off, like a shot, revealing to me, by a back view, his utter misery; wife's boots on—and such boots!

Paying the grocer and exchanging small talk took up a brief moment, and I was again in the house—to find my man gone!

Looking round in despair—'oh! this is too bad.'

'Where's your father, children?'

'Oot'—as I knew only too well.

'The fellow's off to drink my groceries'—and, in a trice, I was out of the house. We met in the lobby: 'Ah, where were you?'

'Next door, for spunks,' holding up some matches.

'Well, like a good fellow, hurry up the tea—take a good cup yourself—it will steady you. And give the bairns plenty to eat. I am going up into the garrets,

but will be down in a while. Tidy up things a bit till I return.'

'Thank you, sir. I'll try.'

CHAPTER II.

In two hours I returned. What a change! Floor washed clean, very clean. Bright fire burning, and on the 'hob' the paralytic kettle steaming away merrily in spite of its injured 'stroup.' Sandy himself more collected—trembling off him—though, of course, perplexed; for there, on a stool, sat his wife—evidently under thirty—sodden with drink, and very sullen.

Sandy and I had a long chat—a very serious talk indeed. His Bible knowledge surprised me by its volume and its accuracy. He talked of exegesis, too; and, rightly or wrongly, would have definite answers to puzzling questions. Then we got back finally to the personal matter; did he, or did he not, wish his life and outlook changed? Was he contented with this kind of thing?

Quick as a flash, eyes gleaming fire—'No! mister, I am not; and, with God's help, I'll soon mend it.'

'Stay, now, Sandy. Are you just talking? or, when I come to-morrow may I count on finding you determined to be done with the drink?'

'Well, mister, the fact is—it's easy for you to talk; you know nothing at all about it. It's this way, you see; when I meets my chums they says—"Have a drink, mate"; and the fact is, it's best to be honest—I dare not refuse. You may look—it's the God's truth I'm tellin' you, I daren't! Why, man alive! they would laugh at me, and ask if I was saved. Now, honest, mister, an' I'll leave it with yourself—what would you do in my place? Just think of the fun it would be to Tom and the fellows in The Open to hear that Brown was saved! It's best to be straight, mister—mind you, I don't deny but you're right; only you haven't my life behind you. It won't do.'

'Look here, Sandy! God has given you intelligence. You know how I found you. If you go on now, you sin against light; and, what is more, you are a coward!'

There was an ugly light in his eye, but I went on:

'You are a coward, Sandy. Tell me:—Will all the fellows in The Open save your soul? Are they not helping you to lose your life every day? They, too, are cowards—afraid of you, and you of them—I implore you to cast yourself on God, this very day, in penitence and tears. Play the man! Fear God only, and doing evil. The fellows will tickle you, of course—they'll soon stop that; and, later on, you may help them. And, as for drink, Sandy, you have had your last glass; touch it again you must never—No! Never!'

A long talk ensued, the end being that he promised absolutely to abstain. He has told me since that he was saved from temptation's power—later in that very evening—by the stamp of my foot on the floor, as I said 'No! Never!' He declares it made his flesh creep; though the whole thing is to me an utter blank. I remember nothing about it—but it nerved him.

With Mrs. Brown I talked for a little; and, then, after prayer, left—to call next day.

(To be continued.)

The Pennsylvania Railway company has adopted a rule prohibiting card-playing and liquor-drinking on its trains. A similar rule should be adopted by all railways. There is no excuse for such practices in public places, as they are offensive to the majority of those who patronize railway trains.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

LETTER TO THE TEXT-HUNTERS.

Dear Tinies,—This week I am going to give you just one text to find. Hunt it up in the book of Daniel: 'The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.' Give the next verse, too.

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS OVER THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

There was a man in the Old Testament whose name began with G., but after he had thrown down the altar of an idol he had another name given to him beginning with J. He was chosen by God to deliver his nation from their enemies. After certain signs by which he was assured of his mission, he gathered an army and selected his soldiers by a unique method.

1. Give the two names by which this man was called.
2. What enemies did he lead his army against?
3. What two signs did he ask for?
4. How did he choose his soldiers?
5. Give a summary of the rest of his career.

A BIBLE RIDDLE.

'We left our little ones at home,
And whither went we did not know,
We for the church's sake did roam,
And lost our lives in doing so.
We wandered in a perfect way,
With the wicked in full view,
To men we lived, to God we died,
Yet of religion never knew.'

You will see the solution in the sixth chapter of first Samuel. How many can find it?

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger' the most interesting paper I have ever read. I like the Correspondence Page best. I wrote you a letter once before, when I was in Vancouver, but I came to Toronto last summer. I go to school here, and I am in the third reader. My teacher is very nice. I like arithmetic, spelling, and writing best. I have one sister and two brothers, but I am the youngest of the family. Is any other little girl's birthday the same as mine, Easter Sunday?

NORA J. (age 9).

Blyth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I see letters written by children to the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write one, too. Mamma takes my brother and me to Sunday-school and to church. My teacher gives me the 'Messenger,' which I like to read very much. I am a little boy eight years old last 25th of July, and I am studying in the third book since last March. I also learn geography, Canadian history, grammar, literature and drawing. I went on two excursions this summer, one to the 'Model Farm' at Guelph, and the other to Kincardine, a beautiful town on Lake Huron, and I enjoyed myself very much. The friends that I visited gave me a beautiful cup and saucer with a picture on it, representing the fishing off Kincardine pier. The lake was very rough, and the captain of the ship said that we could not go out on the water. So I gathered pebbles and shells along the beach. I left Kincardine at eight o'clock, after a pleasant visit, and my uncle met me at the depot. I am invited to a harvest home picnic for the boys and girls around here.

WILLIAM J. P. S.

Flesherton.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you, as I have not written to the 'Messenger' before, and I have not seen any letters from here. I am going to school, and am in the fourth book. I like it very much. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and literature. Our teacher's name is Mr. R.; he has been teaching our school for fourteen years. We all like him very much. I have one brother and

AUTUMN OFFERS.



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one sister; they are both older than myself. We have a junior league, of which I am a member, and we have about thirty-five members in our league. The league meets every Monday. ANNIE M. W.

Alberton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I think I must write a few lines. I am a little girl eleven years old. The 'Messenger' comes in my very own name this year. My dear grandpa, who lives in Cumberland Co., N.S., sends it to me. I am making them into a book, and if none of the other little readers of this paper have done this, I advise them to try it, as it is so lovely to have the back numbers to look over. We have a very nice graded school here. I am in the fourth book, and also take music lessons. I hope you may find time and space to print my little letter.

BEATRICE D.

Salt Springs Station,
Cumberland Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My mamma took the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, so she gave it to me for a Christmas present when I got able to read it. I have wanted to write for some time when I saw others whom I know writing. We live at a country station on the I.C.R., called Salt Springs, from the salt springs two miles away. We are also within four miles from the Spring Hill coal mines. This is Labor Day, and we have a holiday. We were in Colchester County for nearly four weeks during the holidays, and saw a number of 'Messenger' readers, some of whom have written to the 'Messenger.' We have a Sunday-school here. There are only about a dozen of us when all are present, but we meet every Sunday, summer and winter. I have two brothers, Harry and Clarke Wallace, and two little sisters, Alice and Jean. JOHNSTONE C. H. (age 11).

North Topeka, Kansas, U.S.

Dear Editor,—We have just had a flood here in North Topeka, which has done much damage. The water in our house was seven feet and one inch in depth. We had to come from our house to the other side of the river in a waggon, for the water was in our house then. It lasted for a week. About sixty-three persons were drowned, and the loss of property ran into millions of dollars. There were about eight thousand people living in North Topeka then, and all had to get out, for in some places the water was fifteen feet deep. I have had a very pleasant time this summer, and will be still glad when school takes up again. I got a bicycle for my birthday. We were going to have a new school built, but since the flood they are not going to erect one till next summer. I go to the M.E. Church.

MARY N. (age 13).

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Problem.

Among insoluble problems this takes precedence, viz.: what can a boy's mother be thinking of when she chooses to let her boy slip away from her own influence, out of the sweet safe home atmosphere, away from the blessed home environment, into the wide wilderness of the streets? When she does this easily and without a protest. Even in broad daylight it is better that a boy's play-ground should be in a more exclusive place than the street; that his associates should be of his parents' selection, or at least of their acquaintance. A little judicious planning will obtain for him the needful air and exercise in some way other than mere aimless romping on the highway. When night comes, I am sure that the place for a boy is under his mother's wing. A mother who truly estimates the trust which was given her when the Lord bestowed upon her the priceless treasure of her boy, will prefer to have him under her guardianship. Not for carpets, nor woodwork, nor quiet and silence, will she send her child into doubtful company. Though he fill the house with his companions, and they sometimes play a little roughly, till the gusts of mirth shake the floors and almost rattle the windows, she will not complain, knowing as she does, how pliant her boy is to the suggestions of her desire. Her gentle word will always quell a tumult, and this in the face of Mrs. Thistle-down's declaration that 'Boys are such savages!'—Margaret Sangster.

To Keep in the House.

Ammonia is of such great value in all household matters that no housekeeper should fail to keep a supply always at hand. For instance, a few drops put into the bath water will make it most invigorating. Its uses in cleaning and removing grease are manifold. When a freshly oiled sewing machine has left yellow stains on the fabric sewn, these can be removed by rubbing them over with a little liquid ammonia and then washing in the ordinary way.

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Selected Recipes

Old-Fashioned Fruit Cake.—An excellent rule for an old-fashioned fruit cake which comes from an experienced housekeeper in Ohio calls for two pounds of sweet Malaga raisins, seeded, two pounds of currants, carefully cleaned, twelve eggs, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of butter, one-fourth of a pound of candied lemon peel, one-fourth of a pound of citron, one-fourth of a pound of candied orange peel, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one pound of flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, and the whites whipped to a stiff froth. After this mix the flour, sifted, with the fruit and spices, and stir thoroughly. Bake the cake in a slow oven for three and a half hours. Put a pan of hot water on the grate of the oven if it is too hot. The cake scorches easily, therefore, it is best to place an asbestos mat under it. The cake should be perfectly black when it is taken out of the oven. Let it cool in the pan for four hours; then ice it with a thin icing made by beating the white of one egg in a bowl with a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Let the cake dry for two hours more after this.

Then beat four ounces of sugar with another white of an egg for ten minutes to make a second icing for the cake. Let this dry for two hours longer, when the cake may be covered with a decorative icing. Fruit cake should always be heavily iced. —American Paper.

Vassar Straw Sticks.—Cut orange peel into narrow strips with the scissors, and boil a few moments, when they will have lost the bitter taste. Wring them as dry as possible in a napkin. Drop into boiling syrup made from two cups sugar and quarter of a cup of water. As soon as it threads remove from the fire and stir, to coat the orange peel with sugar. Lay each piece on a platter, when it will soon be ready to eat.

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Girls, would you like to have the prettiest Doll in the World for your very own? If so, send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully Colored Pictures, each 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, and give a Free Certificate worth 50c to each purchaser, return us the money, and we will immediately send you the most beautiful doll you have ever seen. Dolly is 21 inches high, as big as a real baby, and has the loveliest, long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful dark eyes, rosy cheeks and morable head, arms and legs, so that you can put her in any position you wish. Her handsome dress has an elegantly tucked white yoke ornamented with diamond set gold buttons, and is trimmed with beautiful bows of satin ribbon edged with lace and very full fine white ruching which is draped around the yoke in the latest style. A very large hat ornamented with gold buckles and trimmed with an immense white imitation Ostrich feather completes her costume. Dolly has also lovely underwear, all trimmed with elegant lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. The picture shown here is an exact photograph of Dolly herself, but of course the real dolly is much prettier than her picture, because we can not show the lovely colors of her dress nor her beautiful eyes and hair in a photograph. We know when you see her you will say she is the most beautiful doll you have ever seen. Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville Ave., Toronto, writes: "My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her. I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, remember this is the biggest, the most beautiful and the best dressed Doll ever advertised by any Company. There is nothing cheap about it from its head to its feet. You could not buy it at any store for less than \$2.08 cash, and we want to give it to you absolutely free for selling only 5 Pictures. Could anything be easier? May Bruce, Hayesville, N.B., writes: "I sold all the Pictures in a few minutes. They went like wildfire. Everybody said they were the nicest Pictures ever sold for 25c. Write us a Post Card to-day, and this beautiful dolly will be your very own in a few days. We don't want one cent of your money and we allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 437, Toronto.**

BOYS We want to give you the finest **MAGIC LANTERN** YOU EVER SAW.

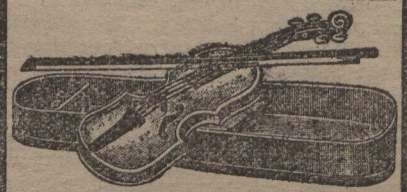


Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in twelve different colors and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large well made, finely finished Lantern with 3 fine focussing lenses, an excellent reflector,

and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send twelve beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., and full directions. We want every boy who reads 'The Northern Messenger' to get one of these Lanterns. The five pictures can easily be sold in ten minutes and we give a 50c certificate free to everyone who buys one from you. Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 476, Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE
 Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burzer compartments. Boys! this big powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling at 25c. each only 4 large beautifully colored pictures named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. We give a 50c. certificate free with each picture. Write us a post card to-day and we will send the pictures postpaid. Don't delay, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work." **The Home Art Co., Dept. 471 Toronto, Ont.**

\$5.00 VIOLIN FREE



We trust you with 7 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for only 25c. each, return us the money, and we will immediately send you this powerful sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inside edges and ebony finished trimmings. You could not buy this Violin in any store for less than \$5.00, and we give it to you absolutely free for selling only 5 Pictures at 25c. each. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., said: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth \$5.00." Mrs. Wm. Yorke, Two Islands, N.B., said: "I am perfectly delighted with my Violin. I was offered \$5.00 for it the day I received it." We have only a limited number of these special Violins on hand. Don't put off writing until they are all gone, but let us hear from you at once. Everyone who purchases a picture from you gets a certificate worth 50c. free. **The Home Art Co., Dept. 470, Toronto.**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

for selling only 4 50c. Pictures at 25c. each. A 50c. certificate free with each picture. Send us your name and address on a post card and we will mail you postpaid 4 large, beautifully colored pictures each 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for only 25c. each, send us the money and for your trouble we will give you a beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring, set with genuine precious stones, Pearls, Garnets and Turquoises. Lydia Smith, Nocom Trench, N.B., said: "I received my beautiful ring and am perfectly delighted with it. It looks exactly like a \$4.00 Ring and is an excellent Premium for the small amount of work I did for you." Girls, write us to-day and this handsome Ring will be yours in a short time. **Home Art Co., Dept. 45 Toronto.**

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