

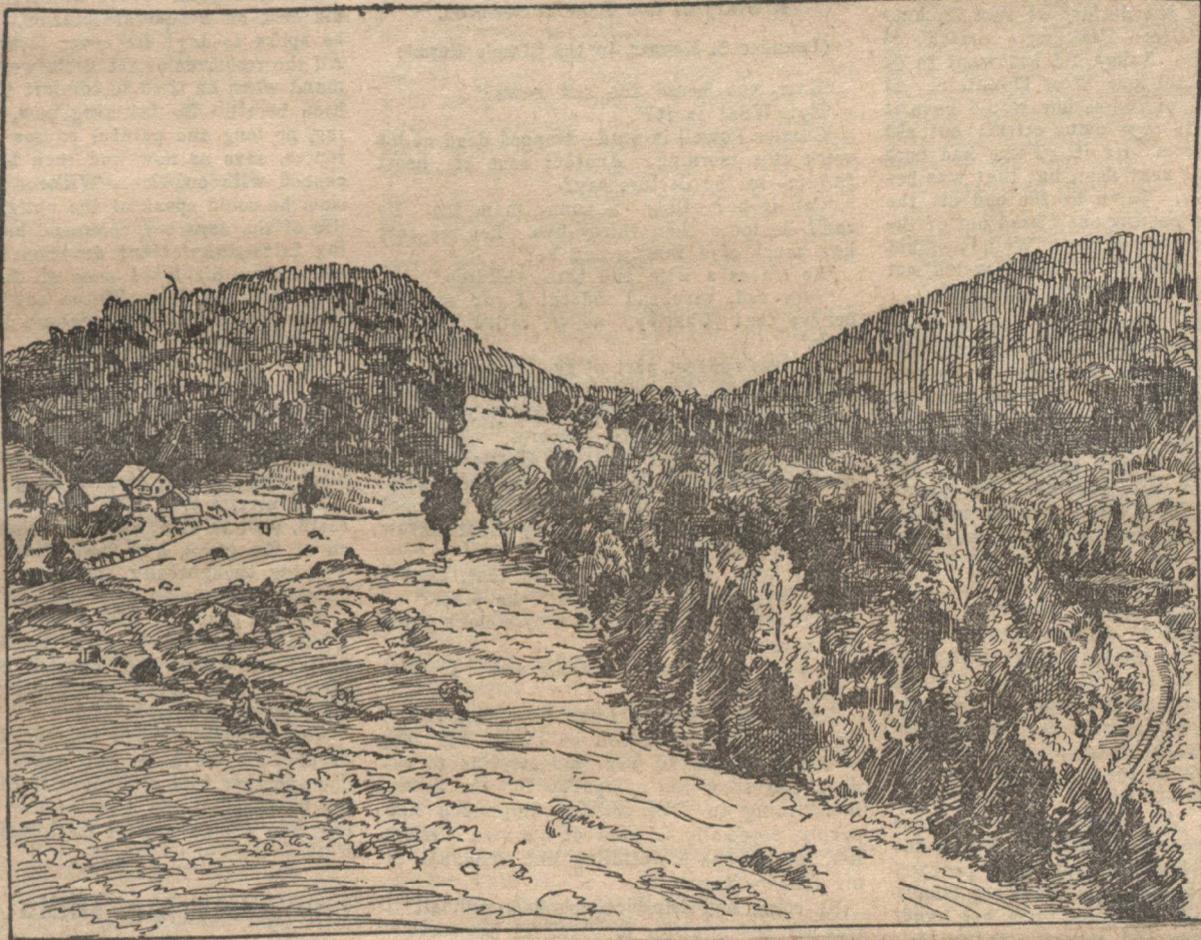
Northern Messenger

Wau Bronscombe 210106

VOLUME XII. No. 12

MONTREAL, MARCH 23, 1906.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



'IF YE HAVE FAITH AS A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.'

Nancy's Renunciation.

(Zephine Humphrey, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World'.)

Nancy stood in a corner of the family pew, singing softly under her breath. She felt very sad and lonely. That is the reason why she sang softly. To have kept silence altogether and let the waves of desolation break over her would have been unbearable; while, on the other hand, to have given voice to a joyous outburst would have been of course impossible. So she sang softly, letting the clear tones of Mr. Brainerd's tenor ring out behind her, and Miss Amanda's contralto, measured and rich and grave, support her own small soprano and sooth and comfort her.

To-morrow Nancy was going away, even to-morrow. What did it matter that seven years ago she had unaccountably happened to get herself born in an alien city, afar from her valley? It was all a mistake. She ought to have been born in the valley. And the valley was her home. How miserable every year, in the full tide of high companionship with West Mountain and Green Peak, to be hauled away to the city again, the dreary, alien city, in search of education! Nancy lifted her chin and looked wistfully towards the south-west window of the little church, behind which she knew West Mountain was standing, big and solemn and gray in its autumn bareness. She could almost fancy she heard it joining in, too, in the hymn, in a voice that was grander even than Miss Amanda's contralto.

Besides her mother and—Nancy meant it reverently—besides her mother and God, Nancy had hardly two better friends in all the world than West Mountain and Green Peak.

What their companionship meant to her was a thing not to be talked about, partly because the dictionary has not yet provided words for

and Green Peak, understanding the matter, preserved an inscrutable silence. Nancy followed their example.

A few nights ago she had had a thrilling experience. Sitting on a footstool in the library after tea, undressing Susan the doll, she had dreamily listened to her mother reading aloud to Ethel from 'Paradise Lost.' The great march and rhythm of the lines was all that claimed her attention. She was thinking most about the worn condition of Susan's shoes. Suddenly, however, these words smote her consciousness and called it imperatively into life:

From their foundations, loosening to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills with all their load,

Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands.

O, why! She let her hands fall in her lap, and gazed fixedly across the room. Then a shiver went through her, a wave of sheer exultation. She caught Susan to her breast to break the force of the emotion. That was West Mountain and Green Peak; she knew it, she knew it. Glorious! A little later she stole out to look at them, calm and great beneath the stars. It seemed to her she had never known such reverence for them before.

And now she was going to leave them. She settled back into the pew after the hymn was over, and crossed her feet. The minister was about to read the Bible. Would he choose a comforting chapter? No, not very. The lunatic boy, falling into fire and water, was depressing if anything. What a pity. When her need was so great! Ministers ought to know. Suddenly again, however, as in the reading of

every experience, partly because who would want to use them if it had? West Mountain



'Paradise Lost,' her attention was seized and held.

'If ye shall have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove.'

During all the rest of the reading, during the long prayer (sad confession!) and during the sermon, Nancy heard nothing at all. She was busy thinking, where she would have it placed. It should be West Mountain rather than Green Peak she decided at once, because the quarries on Green Peak were needed at home, and besides, Nancy did not want to be partial, yet she did love West Mountain. At first she thought of course she would have it with her, right in her own street; but she could not find room for it. There had once been a vacant lot next door, but that was being built up now. Down at the end of the street, visible by putting one's head out of the window, was an open square. Well, yes; but the trolley ran through it. Nancy would not like to have West Mountain tunnelled.

Even when the service was over, and she went musingly down the aisle, out into the November sunshine, she had come to no certain conclusion. Only her main purpose was firm. It strengthened her to endure with some show of composure the awful, annual ordeal of saying good-by. She escaped from the caressing hand of Miss Amanda, and buried herself, sobbing, in a corner of the carriage. Her people! Her mountains! How could she leave them? Ah, not at all her mountains. She remembered and was still.

Immediately after dinner she took Susan (Susan, being gifted with a great reserve, never desecrated the serious moments of life), and climbed far up the hill behind the house approaching towards West Mountain. It was going to happen now. Little did the tranquil valley lying beneath her, all moving light and shadow, dream of the coming change. Little did the far-off city dream of it either, soon to be startled so. Ah, there would be surprise in many places to-day. Erect on a broad, flat stone in the midst of the high, open pasture, with West Mountain looming above her, Nancy stood and solemnly stretched forth her hand. Her face was grave and earnest. In another moment the great deed would be done.

A moment! Even on so small a hinge the destiny of mountains and valleys may turn. Did no one feel the thrill, first of apprehension, then of relief, run through West Mountain as it remembered the pain of its ancient upheaval in the days of the heavenly war, and reached down with mighty fingers to clutch the under-earth? Nancy sat down on the rock and clasped her hands about her knees. She had not realized it was so big, West Mountain. Her play of having it transported to the express office to await her coming seemed suddenly inadequate. The express office was in a very narrow street. Moreover, who could calculate how much of the surrounding country might be transported too? The pasture in which she sat with Susan of a surety. That was part of the mountain. Nancy caught her breath in dizzy rapture at the thought of such progress through space. Wonderful—glorious! She half sprang to her feet to give the word of command. But the thought of her mother's dismay stopped her. Poor mother, running from the door and holding up impotent hands towards West Mountain sailing mightily down the wind with a little girl and a doll looking calmly over the edge.

Moreover again, the valley. Nancy tried to picture it with West Mountain gone, a great yawning gap in its side, the wind and the snow rushing in. She shrank from the very idea. Then a realization of her utter selfishness came over her, and she buried her face in her hands. She could not do it; O, no, she could not do it! The valley needed West Mountain more than she needed it. To take it would be wrong. The disappointment pierced.

Nancy had never heard of renunciation; or if she had, in listening to sermons, she had not understood. But the solemn feeling was as strong within her that afternoon on the hillside as ever in the breast of devoted acolyte of old. She rose to her feet slowly after a time and stood looking out over the valley, with her back turned to West Mountain. Green Peak towered before her across the way. Other mountains loomed blue. Be-

neath her lay the autumn fields, gray and very still.

'I will not take it,' she said, gravely, reassuringly, with a long-drawn sigh.

And when she turned to go down the hill, with Susan under her arm, there was a vastness within her like West Mountain itself.

What Impressed John Vinton

A Story of two Funeral Sermons.

(Leander S. Keyser, in the 'Ram's Horn'.)

'Have you heard the sad news?'

'No! What is it?'

'Charles Powell is dead—dropped dead at his work this morning. Another case of heart failure—so the doctors say.'

'Can it be? Only a young man, too. He can't be more than thirty-five. Let me see; how much of a family had he?'

'He leaves a wife and three children.'

'Very sad, very sad indeed! I can scarcely believe that Charley, as we called him, is gone.'

'But the saddest part of the incident is still to be told, Mr. Vinton,' said the first speaker.

'Indeed? What else happened?' John Vinton asked, with not a little concern.

'The saddest part of it is, Charley Powell was not a Christian,' was the solemn reply. 'He leaves no hope in the hearts of his loved ones who mourn for him. They must sorrow as those who have no hope.'

'Ah! Well, well, it is a sad case, doubly sad. When is the funeral to take place?'

'Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, from the house.'

'I want to attend. Charley and I were good friends.'

John Vinton walked away in a deep study. On Wednesday afternoon he went to the house of sorrow to pay his respects to the dead and show his sympathy for the living. One thing in the service impressed him deeply, especially in view of his own careless life, for he was a worldling like so many of his fellow-citizens.

He could not help noticing how difficult it was for the minister to speak at the service. As a rule, the pastor, Mr. Denison, was a fluent speaker; now he faltered and hesitated a good deal, and chose his words with great care. As a rule, too, he was a pithy speaker, with not a little originality of thought; now he was uttering mere platitudes that meant nothing in particular.

John Vinton saw plainly the predicament in which the minister was placed. He did not tell the whole truth, for that would have harrowed the feelings of those who were already sufficiently stricken. So what could the minister say? He could simply utter a few commonplace, a few non-committal remarks, and hurry on to the end.

Never before had John Vinton seen the matter in the clear light of the facts. Never before had he seen so plainly that the Gospel gives no comfort or hope to the impenitent. On his way home his reflections ran in this wise:

'Why do people who do not care for religion in life and health want a minister at the burial of their dead? Why do they put him in a situation in which he can neither give comfort nor tell the truth? Ah! I see! They feel that it would be heathenish to bury their dead without a Christian service. It is the unbelieving and careless world's tribute to religion. But, my! what an embarrassing position for a minister—to try to give comfort when there is no comfort to give!'

John Vinton walked on a block farther, wrapped in deep thought. Then something forced this reflection into his consciousness:

'If I should pass away like that in my present condition, wouldn't I put the minister in the same position?'

His frame trembled as the thought took possession of him, and he was almost constrained to listen to the voice of the Spirit. But men are ever prone to delay. Several weeks passed without any perceptible change in John Vinton's life.

Then another fatality occurred in the town. One of the best Christian citizens of the place dropped dead on the street without a moment's warning. A faithful member of the church, noted for his sturdy faith in Christ and the Bible, well-known for his manly pie-

ty, his sudden death was a great shock to the community.

Being so well-known and highly respected far and wide, the funeral services were held in the church of which he was a member. John Vinton also attended this service. The Rev. Mr. Denison was in the pulpit, and presently arose to announce his text: 'And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him.'

And now John Vinton heard the minister at his best on a funeral occasion. How readily he spoke to-day! He never lacked for words. All the resources of the Bible were at his command when he tried to comfort those who had been bereft. No faltering now, no stammering, no long and painful pauses between sentences, save as now and then his voice was choked with emotion. Without fear of criticism he could speak of the upright and useful life of the departed, commend his unquestioning faith and fervent devotion to the living, and assure his loved ones of the reunion by and by. As John Vinton sat looking with dimmed eyes into the speaker's face, he could not help drawing a contrast.

'How much more readily Mr. Denison speaks to-day than he did at the funeral a few days ago!' he reflected. 'The reason is evident. It is easy to speak when one has a good subject. And how easy to comfort when there is real comfort to give!'

The service was over, the solemn 'earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' was spoken at the grave, and John Vinton was again walking thoughtfully homeward. At length he said to himself:

'By the grace of God, I shall never compel a minister to try to give comfort over my casket and grave when there is no comfort to give! I shall settle this question once for all, and settle it now.'

And he did. When he reached home, he dropped on his knees and asked God to pardon and save him, and the next Sunday morning he stood at the altar of the Church and took the solemn vow of discipleship.

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Messenger'.]

The summary of last year's work at the Society's Orphanage, Dhar, Central India, is most encouraging. During the year the Society sent \$1,300.00 for the work among these famine orphans, which, with several additional subscriptions given, were sufficient to meet all expenses, including the building of a good schoolroom. The latest improvement is the opening of a carpenter's shop for the boys, where doubtless good work will soon be turned out, as a skilled carpenter is in charge, and the boys are very eager and learn quickly. We have heard accounts of the great revival which is taking place in different parts of India, and now the good news has come that the children in our Orphanage are sharing in the blessing; to meet the evident need and longing special daily services are being held in which there is strong evidence of a great work going on; already a decided change has taken place in the lives of many of the orphans, thus manifesting a very real work of grace in their hearts. The missionaries say 'We have never seen such a spirit of prayer and earnestness, and expectation of blessing as now prevails; it is a great cause of joy and thankfulness to all of us; we believe this is only the beginning, and that not only the girls and boys, but through them all the community will receive a blessing. Three of the older girls are very anxious to engage directly in Christian work, and they are being given an opportunity of doing so as assistants to Miss O'Hara in the hospital work, two of them learning to be nurses, and the third going among the patients singing the Bible and telling the Gospel story to them; as this is entirely at their own desire we feel sure it is a practical result of the spiritual awakening which is taking place.' We greatly rejoice to hear this good news, and pray that the results may be wide-spread.

Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, is the Sec. Treasurer of the Society.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lying Lips.

Lie not one to another.

* * * *

Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.

* * * *

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.

* * * *

A righteous man hateth lying.

* * * *

The mouth of them that speaks lies shall be stopped.

* * * *

He that speaketh lies shall perish.

* * * *

All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

By special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued

Late in the evening, provided with pine-knot torches, they went out to look at the moth-traps, and found fast a number of very beautiful 'night butterflies,' as Rasmus named them. Then they returned to the hut, and the last thing Rodney heard was a monologue from Rasmus concerning the 'curious way things was made to fit into each other; and how there were birds, animals, bugs, and butterflies that liked day best; and other birds, bugs, butterflies, and animals that kept stirrin' all night; and then an enumeration of these several kinds from Rasmus, kept up in a lower and lower rumble, until sleep overtook him.

When they were eating breakfast, Rasmus announced that he meant to go out and catch a rabbit for dinner.

'No, you won't,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'you'll keep Sunday quietly.'

'Then I'll catch you a lot of beetles and hunt you some new flowers, and you'll have all day to paint them.'

'No. I mean to give the day to holy rest.'

'What's that agin?' asked Rasmus.

'You'll see by nightfall.'

'Here goes for rest,' said Rasmus, 'though I ain't tired, and no more I ain't holy.'

He dropped himself on the grass, all his muscles relaxed, his hands loosely placed under his head, and tried to yawn.

Rodney had taken out his two books, and Rasmus catching sight of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' remembered there were pictures in it. He seized it, and opened to Giant Despair.

'What's this all about, pardner?' he demanded.

'Well, you see, two men, Christian and Hopeful, were going on a long journey, and in a place where the road was rough they saw a good meadow, and a stile leading over the fence, and they thought they would walk there instead.'

'I've done that often,' said Rasmus. 'Read how they got on.'

Rasmus listened with great interest to the account of the storm, the fall of Vain Confidence, and the terror of the pilgrims.

'Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.'

'You better believe it is,' said Rasmus; 'lay that up in your headpiece.'

When the gray morning dawned and Giant Despair made his appearance on the scene, Rasmus was much excited.

'If he was so down on trespass,' he said, 'it was his duty to set up a board "No Trespass" nigh to that stile.'

The account of the terrible dungeon and its sufferings filled the heart of Rasmus with pity. He vowed if ever he met that old rascal, he'd let him have a taste of his muscle, and when he heard of the escape he shouted with joy. 'I know what his fits were,' he said, "'Irium

trembles" as plain as day—all the signs of it, shaking and raging and falling over. Hope he died with it. If that about that fight with Napoleon, or whoever it was, is in there, I wish you'd read it out.'

'Apollyon? Yes; it's here.' So Rodney began to read. Rasmus was so delighted that he gathered himself up, and sat listening with his arms about his knees.

'Wasn't he a dreadful-looking critter? the bad one himself, I guess; they say he does walk sometimes, though I never met him. That Christian did have pluck. I'd like to have helped him. I reckon I know just how he gave him that fall wrestlin'. I'll teach you the trick of it some day; it's all in the way you handle your knee. Goody! He's beat; Ain't I glad! That was as pretty a battle as ever I heard of. Did that Mr. Christian ever get to the end of his trip?'

'Yes,' said Rodney, turning over the leaves. 'They found the city at last, and got let in at the gate, "and they had raiment put upon them that shone like gold, and all the bells of the city rang for joy. . . . And when I had seen this, I wished myself among them."'

'I don't wonder you did, brother,' said Rasmus, cordially, 'for it was as handsome treatment as ever I heard tell of.'

Rodney was tired of reading aloud, and Rasmus turned to Mr. Llewellyn. 'Anything about tramping in your book?'

'Yes; here is the story of a whole nation that travelled for forty years in the wilderness.'

'Gypsies, I reckon.'

'No; Jews.'

'It's all the same,' said Rasmus. 'How did they get on?'

'Very well. There was not one sick or feeble all that time.'

'No one ever is tramping—air is healthy for folks.'

'And their clothes and shoes never wore out all the while.'

'That's a tougher story, boss.'

'And for food they had a white, sweet grain, that rained down with the dew every night; also, sometimes quails; and for drink, a brook that flowed full all along their way. For guide, a cloudy pillar went before by day, and at night it turned to a column of flame, and stood still, and lighted all the camp. It was the presence of God, who led them.'

'Then He made 'em stop Sundays, and He knowed if they didn't; but I'm blessed if I think He'd have knowed if we kept on travelin', or caught bugs and rabbits in these woods. Not that I'm kickin' about stoppin'. I'm havin' a very good time. But He wouldn't have knowed. He's got all them rapsallions in the city to look after.'

'Did you ever go into a telegraph office?' asked Mr. Llewellyn.

'Yes; once I did. I got kind of curious about it, and I see a very pleasant-faced chap sitting by a desk, so I went in, and he took me round and showed me all of it. He needn't been so close-mouthed over it, though. I didn't lay out to steal his trade.'

'How was he close-mouthed?'

'Why, I asked him what electricity, as he called it, was and the great fool wouldn't tell. I didn't want to steal the patent of it.'

'Perhaps he couldn't tell.'

'Land, dad, he was handlin' it every day. In course he knowed what it was.'

'Are you pretty strong Rasmus? Let me see some of your strength.'

Rasmus, glad to be active, leaped to his feet. He made a run, sprang, caught a tree-branch, and hung by one hand. Then he swung from branch to branch. Then he suddenly grasped Rodney by the waistband, and held him at arm's length. He made three prodigious leaps; he seized a large stone from the earth, held it out and threw it.

'Haven't I got muscle?' he demanded.

'Now lie down and be perfectly quiet.'

Rasmus dropped into his favorite attitude of intense repose.

'Are you tired? Are you sick? Are you weak?'

'Not a bit of it.'

'How then do you come to lie there so quiet?'

'Why, I want to, boss. I'm choosing to lie still. I'm willing to lie here.'

'And if you were willing, in a minute you could spring up, leap the brook, climb a tree, or jump over my head?'

'You know I could.'

'What was it in you that jumped and threw and ran?'

'My strength.'

'Exactly—strength or focce. Now I'm going to teach you a lesson. All your actions are an output of force, and you put out that force because you will or wish to do it. Your brain or mind in some way orders your legs to leap, your arms to throw; all your strength or force then can be counted back to your wish, to what we call your will.'

'I understand that, dad.'

'Now, Rasmus, if you take this stone and pound it up, what?'

'Grit, like coarse sand.'

'Yes. The stone, all stones and rocks, the world itself is made up of little particles, held tight together by a power or force, or strength, we call cohesion, or sticking power. You throw a stone up, you jump up, drop an apple or a nut, and all comes to the earth, it does not spin off in the air; that is because of a drawing force in the earth, which we call attraction or gravitation. It is a force—lightning is one form of electricity; electricity is a kind of force—you know it can tear things to pieces in short order if it gets loose; wind is a force; heat is a force; all things depend on force; the trees and plants grow by what we call vital or life force. Now you, Rasmus, have in your mind, your wish or will, to exert or direct your force; but rocks, stones, earth, plants—these other things have no wish or mind or will of their own, and yet some will or mind or force must keep them in action, or all would crumble and fall apart; the earth would fly to atoms. Now when we look for this will-force for things that have no will of their own, we come to God, God who made all and keeps all. By Him this brook runs to some greater river, and that out to the sea, and the sun drinks up the water of the sea, until it lies in the air as mist or cloud, and comes down in rain and fills the fountains of the brooks, and so the circle of the waters sweeps around the world. And from this God, Erasmus, you thought you could get away, here in the woods, where His power is lifting every tree up into the sunshine, and sending the sap up into every leaf, and causing the breeze to blow, and the sun of spring to shine! You cannot get away from Him, because He is here, present and strong. And so, Erasmus, we find Him around you. But more than that, He is in you. What keeps your blood running in your veins, your heart beating night and day, when if it stopped one minute you would die? and yet you never think to keep your heart moving; you could not move nor stop it, if you would. Who keeps up the thought, the mind in you, by the willing of which air your force is put in motion? Not you; behind your conscious power, or your possible power, stands God, and you thought He was busy in the city, looking after rascals, and would not notice what you did. If He stopped noticing you for one second, you would be gone, like a candle snuffed out.'

Mr. Llewellyn returned to his book, and left the strong native powers of Rasmus to work upon the problems presented to him. Rasmus looked about with a curious awe. The sky had grown higher, the world wider, the whole creation more majestic and awful, because suddenly felt to be pervaded by that great Being, to him, up to this time a truly 'unknown God.' After considering the enigma of the Unseen and Incomprehensible for some time, he burst out:

'I say, dad, I wish you hadn't told me that. It makes me beastly uncomf'able!'

'My not telling you would make no difference with the fact, so long as the thing is so.'

'I didn't mind it, so long as I didn't know it, boss.'

Mr. Llewellyn returned once more to his book, leaving Rasmus to wrestle with the statement in his own way.

Occupied entirely in the study of nature, and seeing and knowing comparatively little of people, Mr. Llewellyn had not suspected that a Christian country, such as the United States, was full of heathens like Rasmus. Possibly,

however, there are few like Rasmus; there are many, very many, just as blankly ignorant, but few of them so innocent. Ignorance in most has begotten viciousness. But Rasmus, of a tender, genial nature, had been kept comparatively pure and decent by the memory and influence of the lost and beloved child. He had sought to keep his own action and thinking in the condition of simplicity and goodness in which he remembered Robin, and in which he fondly imagined him yet remaining. He had been momentarily shocked at being assured that Robin must have grown nearly to manhood. He had already shaken off the impression, and the lost brother was still to him a little, blameless lad. Brought into contact with Rodney and the naturalist, the mind of Rasmus was rousing from its primitive state.

When, in the truant pig-pen, he floated down the Ohio, asleep on the corn-stalks, Rasmus might be catalogued as 'a featherless biped.' Mr. Llewellyn was watching in him, and with intense interest, what he called the 'Evolution of a Man.'

'Rod!' cried Rasmus testily, 'don't you wish God would go away?'

'In that case, who would take care of me?' asked Rodney.

CHAPTER X.

Raw Material.

'Then, let us pray, that come what may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, or 'a the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.'

That Sabbath stood forth as a golden milestone in the life of Rasmus. It was a day forever remembered as enriched by rest, by awakened thought, by the serene beauty of the woods, by wonderful histories, and the voice of song. The thought suggested to him by Rodney, that his hapless mother had only begun a new life in going out of this world, and that a life of happiness and blessing, was as a star of hope risen over the horizon of his soul. He recurred to it, asking Rodney to 'sing a little something about where dead people go,' and Rodney sang 'Jerusalem, my happy home.'

That was very delightful, but was it true, Rasmus questioned.

'P'raps it's all make up! Folks makes up songs. I know a strollin' man once made right good ones.'

'This is true,' said Rodney, 'because it really means just what is in the Bible, and that's true, for God made it.'

He then read the last two chapters of Revelation. In these Rasmus could only discern a great and dazzling splendor, which produced in him no definite ideas, but only an impression of some immense good arrived at by his mother.

This beautiful Sabbath passed quickly away, and on Monday morning the three travellers packed their small luggage, and resumed their journey. The keen eyes of Rasmus soon espied a big bee on a dandelion.

(To be Continued.)

Many indeed think of being happy with God in Heaven; but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts.—John Wesley.

Jubilee Coupons Pouring in.

A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for the rest of this year with the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture. See the coupon on another page.

Comrades.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in 'Forward'.)

When Howard's father died, and he went to live with his Uncle Esbon's family, he found a social atmosphere, which was totally different from that to which he had been accustomed. For years his mother had been an invalid, and after her death his father had secluded himself more and more with his books and sermons, only going out as the necessary duties of his small country church demanded. Howard had grown up quiet and delicate, a natural student, and with his love for books shared by an almost equal love for carving blocks of wood into beautiful and quaint designs. When the home was broken, many of these were given away to friends, some were taken to Uncle Esbon's.

Here the delicate boy found himself in a strange world of robust activity and enjoyment. Tom, the oldest cousin, was an ardent golfer and angler; Will owned a shotgun, and was fond of making it the subject of his conversation, and Mary was equally enthusiastic about her bicycle. All three could row and sail a boat, could swim, dive, ride a horse, play tennis, golf, and could walk half a dozen miles without a sense of fatigue. Not one of these was among the attainments of the boy whose work had been confined to books and carving. Even his Aunt Ella could row and ride and play with as much interest and almost as much skill as the young people.

For a time Howard followed them about with kindling eyes, from the tennis court to the golf field, and into the woods with Will, and even ventured out upon the water. It was so delightful he thought, and represented the glorious things he had missed. Then, on their part, they encouraged him to go along. He was such a wistful, delicate little fellow that it was an easy charity to show him so much attention.

But as the days went by, and he found that he did not understand the games, and could not row or swim or ride, the excitement began to pall, and he withdrew more and more to the seclusion of his room, to his books and carving. His cousins accepted the withdrawal philosophically, for, after all, a non-participant was a drag.

Sometimes his Aunt Ella interposed and tried to induce him to join more in the pleasures, but he showed such reluctance, and his cousins such lack of enthusiasm, that she finally desisted, and he became almost as much of a recluse as he had been in his own home.

But somehow he could not find the same pleasure in his chosen pursuits that he had then. There was a thrill in the activity of this house that touched some responsive boyish chord, and he often left his books to watch their games from his window. If he could only play golf or tennis or row, they might be glad for him to join them as an equal. Perhaps they would even be willing to show him a little—but at this thought his sensitive nerves always took alarm. No, he would not be a bother to anybody; and he certainly must be one when intruding on his cousins at their games.

So, little by little, he came to regard himself as deficient in useful knowledge, and his cousins as knowing and doing everything that was worth knowing and doing. They were so strong, and he so weak; and very likely it was their knowledge that made them strong, and his ignorance of active games that kept him weak.

One evening there was an eager reading of the newspapers, followed by a spirited discussion on besieging and defending forts. A great battle had been fought and an important position taken, and now the newspapers were divided as to whether the siege had been conducted on scientific principles.

Presently, however, the discussion began to flag. The boys knew little of forts; and even their mother, the final authority, grew silent. Then they noticed Howard, his usually pale face flushed and his eyes dancing with animation.

'Hello, little one,' Tom called cheerfully; 'do you know anything about forts?'

Howard shrank back. He had never taken part in any of their discussions, and this sudden bringing into prominence abashed him.

'Why, I—I've been making a fort out of

wood and cork ever since the papers have been publishing war news. I've read all the books I could get on the subject, and studied fort principles. I—I think it is perfectly accurate. I've made a lot of soldiers and cannons and horses and things for besieging and being besieged. I—would you like to see it?'

'Of course,' chorused all of them, eagerly; 'bring it down.'

'But it's too large,' objected Howard. 'I've been at work on it three months. It's more than I can lift.'

'All right. Come along, Will,' and the two boys caught Howard by his shoulders and swung him from the room. In a few minutes Will returned.

'Clear off the centre table, folks!' he cried hurriedly. 'Tom and Howard are bringing it down, and it's a work of art—turrets and towers and parapets and—embrasures, and all sorts of things that Ivanhoe and Thaddeus of Warsaw tell about. He's made a regular horde of invaders to do the assault business. It's big! I don't see how ever he could do it.'

They all felt the same way when the beautifully carved fort and its defenders and besiegers were brought in and arranged upon the table. Howard listened to their exclamations of admiration with glowing face; and when his Aunt Ella turned to him with some questions, he answered diffidently at first but gained confidence as other questions began to pour in from the rest. Soon he had forgotten himself and his surroundings entirely, and was describing and explaining the fort with a fluency that brought a look of wonder into even the eyes of Aunt Ella. For twenty minutes or more they listened with almost breathless interest to his graphic description of siege and assault and defence, and only when he caught sight of Will's eyes fixed in quizzical wonder upon him, did he falter and stop in confused diffidence.

'Well,' Will ejaculated, with a long breath, 'you are a wonder, if I do say it. How ever did you pick up so much? It sounds just like a book.'

'I've read quite a good deal,' Howard stammered, 'and I remember things easily.'

'But I do like your games,' Howard confessed, becoming frank in his turn, 'only I don't know them.'

'Really?' It was Tom who spoke. 'I thought they bored you. Look here, if you say the word, I'll coach you on golf. It's prime fun, and just the sort of exercise that will do you good. Oh, it's no trouble at all,' as he saw the situation in Howard's eyes; 'you can tell us some more fort yarns, and that will make it all right. They're awfully interesting.'

'I'll show you about boating and gunning,' broke in Will eagerly; 'that is, if you'd like to know.'

'I will teach you about bicycling and tennis,' said Mary.

Howard looked from one to another, his eyes expressing the pleasure the proposition gave him.

'I—I would like it very much,' he said. 'It's nice of you to take so much trouble.'

'Oh, pshaw!' exclaimed Tom, gruffly, 'that's all right, shake.'

As their hands clasped, and the big boy and little boy looked each into the other's eyes, each saw something that promised good comradeship for the future; and when his hands clasped Will's and Mary's in turn, and he read the same promise in their eyes, Howard felt that his cup was not only full, but running over.

Things to be Kept Hid.

Five things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And what I said and did.

—Selected.

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.

'Stolen From the G.P.O.'

A story is told of the General Post Office concerning 'invisible ink.' A postman had long been suspected of stealing sheets of postage-stamps, but the crime could not be brought home to him. One day he was found with a square foot or two of them in his possession, and confronted with his official superiors. He maintained as on former occasions, that he had bought them for his own use.

'What! these?' exclaimed his chief, at the same time passing a moist brush over one of the sheets; whereupon the blood-red words, 'Stolen from the General Post Office,' started out like flame upon it.

An eye-witness of the occurrence described it as most melodramatic, and the ingenious chemical contrivance at once brought the thief to his knees.

There is an invisible eye which scans the world in love and pity, and from which no secrets are hid. To those that do good, the thought of the omnipresent eye of God is only one of comfort, but to the evildoer it is terrible. He cannot hide from it. Sin stands out before it, and the words, 'This is Sin,' flame across it like those upon the stamps.—'Sunday Companion.'

Miss Eunice's Golden Rose.

'What a fancy for old ladies Barbara has,' said Ned, with a laugh. 'Here we've only been in Woodvale a week, and she hangs over Miss Eunice Ramsey's gate as if she had been her next door neighbor all her life. What do you two old friends talk about, Barbara? Does she tell you all the gossip of the village for the last seventy-five years?'

'Miss Eunice isn't nearly seventy-five,' said her little sister, in an injured tone. 'She doesn't talk gossip, either, any more than mother would. She's been telling me about her flowers. She has a lovely garden, and she said I could come and get some roses when her white bush blooms. She loves roses, but they're all the old-fashioned kind. I'm going to take her some of mother's birthday roses that father sent yesterday. Mother said I might.'

'Indeed you shall!' said Mrs. Winfield, seeing that her little daughter needed encouragement. 'I only wish, Ned, that you would find as pleasant a friend in the village as Barbara has done.'

'I don't care for poking round in a garden,' said Ned, 'but if I could find some old gentleman to take me fishing, I would swear eternal friendship. Hasn't Miss Eunice a brother, or a cousin or some aged relative, who is a "complete angler"?''

'I'll ask her when I take the roses,' said Barbara, seriously. Ned never thought she would do it, but, sure enough, that afternoon she announced: 'Ned, Miss Eunice says she will send Ahner Stebbins here to-morrow if you want to go fishing. He's her niece Deborah's oldest boy and he's just your age, and she said he always brought home strings of fish—oh, ever so long!'

'Hurrah for Miss Eunice!' said Ned. 'I take it all back about being seventy-five. How did she like the roses? I'll have to send her some myself.'

'She just loved them,' said Barbara. 'She held them, and kept looking at them, as if she'd never seen roses before. You remember the white ones with just a little bit of yellow down deep—mother said she never saw that kind with the yellow in it before—well, Miss Eunice said she was going to take a slip from that and she is going to try and grow it in her garden. And if it grows she's going to give me a slip of it, too. She gave me ever so many sweet peas to bring home, and I think she's lovely!' with great emphasis. Barbara was a loving little soul, and her new friend had evidently won her heart.

As for Miss Eunice, she did for the Winfield children more than they knew. Woodvale was the tiniest of villages, hidden away in the New England hills, and Mrs. Winfield, who had been sent there by the doctor for the country air and the rest, was the first summer boarder.

Woodvale, being exclusive to a fault, might have held aloof, but Miss Eunice proved a delightful link of communication. Ned and Barbara, through her friendly offices, soon

knew all the nice boys and girls in the place and all the members of the sewing circles called on Mrs. Winfield. The summer was a great success. The children had the happiest and most wholesome of times and their mother grew strong and well again, so that when Mr. Winfield came up from the distant city in October, to take them all home, he found them loath to leave the hills.

'Dear me! I'll just miss Miss Eunice dreadfully,' lamented Barbara. 'Father, she's grown a lovely rose from one of those white ones you sent mother, only it's yellow instead; isn't that queer? It is so pretty, though, and Miss Eunice calls it her "golden rose." She's potted a slip of it for me to take home; she is going to write and tell how the garden gets along. But isn't it dreadful! She says perhaps next year she'll have to go and live with her niece, Ahner's mother, and not have any garden, 'cause there's a mortgage on her house, and she can't pay it; at least, she's afraid she can't.'

'Whew!' said Ned. 'That would be a shame!'

'How much is the mortgage, Barbara?' asked Mr. Winfield, rather astonished by his children's deep interest in this old lady.

'Five hundred dollars,' said Barbara, solemnly. 'The man that has it isn't a bit nice, either, and he wants the house to live in himself.'

'Poor Miss Eunice!' said Mrs. Winfield; 'why her great grandfather built that house, I never heard her say anything about the mortgage.'

'She can't bear to talk about it,' said Barbara; 'only she was crying the other day when I went there, and told me what made her cry.'

'I wish I were a millionaire,' said Fred grandly. 'I would pay off Miss Eunice's mortgage for her right away.'

'Well, we're not millionaires,' said his father, 'as we very well know. So we can't pay Miss Eunice's debt; and with her New England pride, she wouldn't let us do it if we could. I'd like to go round and see her garden with you, Barbara, before we go, if you'll take me, for I'm a flower lover, too, you know.'

So Barbara and her father paid a call on Miss Eunice that very day. Mr. Winfield was certainly fond of flowers, and knew a great deal about them; nevertheless, Barbara had never seen her father show as much interest as he did in the 'golden rose' that had grown from the slip he had sent to his wife. 'That one was white, with just a teeny bit of yellow,' explained Miss Eunice; 'but these are all yellow. Now and then there would be a white one, but they keep getting goldener all the time. I've taken a good many slips, and one of them is just going to bloom. See!' and she exhibited proudly the young rose, with its single bud almost open.

'Why, it's a clear strong yellow; no doubt about that,' said Mr. Winfield. 'You would never think it came from my white roses, would you, Barbara?'

'It did,' said Miss Eunice, gratefully; 'and this is Barbara's rose, for her to take home.' She wrapped the pot up carefully in paper and gave it to her little friend.

The next day they went down to the city, and to her surprise her father insisted on carrying the flower, seeming to pay more attention to it than to all the rest of the baggage. The day after they arrived at home, the rose, set in a sunny window, opened fully, and Mr. Winfield, after breakfast, astonished Barbara still more by asking her if he could take it down town with him. 'I want to show it to a friend of mine,' was all the explanation he gave; but Barbara, who admired her father more than anyone else in the world, and would, so Ned declared, 'have given him her head if he asked for it,' was entirely satisfied, and did not even ask any questions when he came home at night without her rose plant. After dinner he took her up on his knee.

'Little daughter,' he said, 'I showed Miss Eunice's golden rose to my friend. He is a great florist, a man who knows all about roses, and what do you think he said?'

'Oh, what?' cried Barbara. 'I know it's something wonderful, father, isn't it?'

'It's just this,' said her father, 'that Miss Eunice has raised what florists call a "sport"—a new, beautiful rose, never seen before. All the other roses of that kind are white, but somehow this has taken a new departure, and come out yellow instead. They sometimes do it, no one knows how. And when they do it, Barbara, they are very valuable.'

'Is it worth five dollars?' asked Barbara, giving rein to her imagination. 'Because if it is, father, Miss Eunice can have it, and she can raise some more slips off her bush, and sell them, too. Do you think perhaps she could make money enough to help pay her mortgage?' Barbara's eyes were wide with hope.

'Listen, dear,' said her father, coddling her up tight; 'my friend says he will offer Miss Eunice one thousand dollars for her golden rose, if she will sell him the bush, and the slips, and all, so that he can grow it, and nobody else.'

Barbara could not speak; she simply could not. One thousand dollars! The mortgage—the old house saved—Miss Eunice there in peace, with a garden and a bank account—oh, it was too good to be true!

'The florist would be glad to go up and see Miss Eunice herself, to-morrow,' went on Mr. Winfield. 'Would you like to go up with him, Barbara, you and mother, and show him the house, and introduce him to Miss Eunice?'

'Oh, father, wouldn't I!' cried Barbara. And that is why, late the next day, the amazed Miss Eunice saw a carriage stop before her door, and Barbara jump out. 'I've brought some one to see you, to see your golden rose!' cried her little friend; and then—why, when the florist began to explain, and Mrs. Winfield to congratulate, and Barbara to jump up and down for sheer delight, Miss Eunice surprised them by sitting down and crying hard.

'I've been a doubting, distrustful old woman,' she sobbed out, 'thinking the Lord had forgotten me, and all the while he was making a new flower just for me! I'm not worthy of my mercies. Here I was complaining against God's dealings, and he sent me a rose of real gold, every leaf of it.'—S. S. Visitor.'

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about three months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at TEN cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of FIVE cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:— I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or to some other friend.



LESSON 1.—APRIL 1, 1906.

The Two Foundations.

Matthew vii., 15-29.

Golden Text.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. James i., 22.

Home Readings.

- Monday, March 26.—Matt. vii., 15-29.
- Tuesday, March 27.—Matt. vii., 1-14.
- Wednesday, March 28.—I. Cor. iii., 9-23.
- Thursday, March 29.—Eph. ii., 11-32.
- Friday, March 30.—Matt. xxi., 33-46.
- Saturday, March 31.—Ps. cxviii., 14-29.
- Sunday, April 1.—Luke vi., 37-49.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The conclusion to the Sermon on the Mount is easily recognized as in all respects worthy of the most important composition in human language. It is a solemn, earnest, significant and convincing close. It gathers up, in practical form, the fundamental principles and their consequences, previously enunciated.

Creed expresses itself in conduct, faith in works. You cannot get Escal grapes from acacia thistles. If conduct be right, creed must be right, and works justify the faith. . . . Knowing the will of God theoretically, and even teaching it to others is not sufficient. In the day of the test it will be all in vain for such persons to affirm that they have prophesied and cast out devils. The substance of religion does not consist in these things. Persons who have only such to their credit must certainly hear that fateful word, 'Depart.' It will not be the angry expression of personal enmity, but the enunciation of an irreversible decree, a penalty which inflicts itself.

The essential in religion is doing the will of God. No where is the antithesis of profession and life better expressed, 'In vain ye call me Master if ye do not the things which I say.' Doing Jesus' sayings is not the technical performance of specific arts. It is the being of a certain temper of mind and heart which will on occasion express itself in certain ways and deeds. Do, because one is.

It is by this means that the conditions of permanence are met. There is nothing fortuitous about it. No element of chance is here. Obedience to law is obedience to God, for law is the expression of the divine will. Whoever is thus allied to God has His omnipotence pledged for his success. . . . A sincere and persistent purpose in life finds the bed-rock of the divine will, and is not content with anything short of it. It accepts no substitute. Finding the bed-rock, it builds on it.

Strength, security, permanence are thus assured. . . . In contrast to this is the careless, haphazard way of building the life structure, the supreme folly of which is apparent. Such act as if they could claim exemption from the operations of universal law.

How soon the primitive Christian life was put to the severest possible test. Not in some far-off, mythical judgment day, but in their own time came the testing. The Roman persecution beat and blew upon the church as an organization, and upon believers as individuals. The church stood because rock-founded. So did the individuals, who were similarly grounded.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The Campaniles in Venice and Florence were much alike, were almost the same height and age. But without a sign three years ago last summer the bell tower in St. Mark's Square crumbled into a heap of ruin, while Giotto's

tower still stands. The difference between the towers was a difference of foundations.

So, too, men look alike until one crumbles into moral ruin. Again, it is a difference of foundation. . . . The architect Winstanley in the erection of the Eddystone light gave more attention to the making of something picturesque than to having the foundation secure. He paid the penalty with his life, for his ill-anchored structure was swept away while he was in it. It is far more important that life should be sound than splendid. . . . The two foundations signify two courses of conduct which cannot by any means be carried on at the same time. God and Mammon represent these two courses of conduct, inimical to each other. . . . One can find bed-rock to build upon anywhere, but in some places one must needs go deeper to find it than in others. . . . The ethical principles of Jesus developed in a human life make for that person a collateral security which, although not quoted among marketable stocks and bonds, yet has a high and assured value. If there was absolute certainty that the moral teachings of Jesus were concentered in one human being he would have unlimited credit.

There was a hymn quite popular a generation ago in which the believer was bidden to lay his 'deadly doing down at Jesus' feet.' The proposition is impossible. Faith finds its expression in doing. Creed without deed is dead. . . . House in Jesus' parable signified character. Things done are so many new courses in the masonry of life. . . . There is no room or apology for haphazard building. The moral laws of life are as persistent and universal as the physical laws of gravity and power of resistance. . . . 'Great fall' signified the entirety of ruin. Another Campanile can be built in the Venetian Square. It may be on the same spot and of similar material and proportions, but the same one can never stand there again. 'Great was the fall of it.' . . . The word-studies of the paragraph are especially interesting. For instance, the word 'ravening' (wolves) comes from 'har-pages' from which 'harpies' is derived. 'Ye shall know them—' not merely and barely know—but fully and satisfactorily. 'Profess unto them' rather apologetically 'confess' as if he were to say, 'Probably I ought to recognize men who have done mighty deeds in my name, but in fact I do not.' 'I never knew you.' 'Never, never!' The original is lively. 'Descended the rain, came the floods, blew the winds.' 'Beat upon that house,' 'struck' a blow under which the house crumbled to ruins.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 1.—Topic—Lives that endure. Matt. vii., 24, 25; I. Cor. iii., 10-15; Eph. ii., 19-22; I. Tim. vi., 17-19; II. Tim. ii., 14-19. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR FRIENDSHIPS.

Monday, March 26.—David and the king. I. Sam. xvii., 55-58.

Tuesday, March 27.—David and the prince. I. Sam. xviii., 1-4.

Wednesday, March 28.—Jonathan delighted in David. I. Sam. xix., 1-3.

Thursday, March 29.—He spoke well of David.—I. Sam. xix., 4-6.

Friday, March 30.—An unselfish friendship. I. Sam. xxiii., 16-18.

Saturday, March 31.—David's love for Jonathan. II. Sam. i., 17, 25, 26.

Sunday, April 1.—Topic—A royal friendship. I. Sam. xx., 11-17. (Consecration meeting.)

A naturally quick, impetuous person will find that to cultivate a calm external habit is a great help towards gaining the inward even spirit he needs.—H. L. Sidney Lear.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 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.

The Stereopticon for Mission Study.

The use of the stereopticon in the Sunday school will be found the greatest possible aid and inspiration to the study of missions. In my own school, and in many other parishes, the fifth Sunday in any month is known as missionary Sunday. At a signal the room is darkened by a number of young men who quickly cover the windows with heavy building paper, a lantern with electric light is then put to use, a brief service of hymns and prayers is projected on the screen, and followed by about fifty lantern slides with an inspiring, descriptive talk on the mission field, illustrated by the pictures. I have about three thousand missionary lantern slides arranged in sets corresponding with the various mission fields, and from this sort of study not only the children, but parents and visitors, are interested and instructed. As the missionary study only comes in the month in which there are five Sundays, it does not interfere with the regular Bible study often enough to be a disadvantage, and the inspiration for the advancement of the kingdom of God by this visual study of missions well repays any outlay or apparent disadvantage. The day has passed when the lantern is regarded as a toy to amuse children, and it should be regarded as part of the regular equipment of every well-ordered and up-to-date Sunday school, for an excellent outfit with lime-light or electric attachment may now be purchased for \$75. Lantern lessons convey through the medium of the eye, as well as the ear, things which our scholars need to know. The whole Levitical constitution, with its outer court, its holy place, its holy of holies, its high priest, its sacrifices, and all its ordinances, was designed to teach through the eye. The methods of teaching adopted by the prophets were meant to convey religious instruction through the eye. Jeremiah breaks in pieces a potter's vessel that he may illustrate and enforce the fact that the people would thus be broken. He wears a yoke as a parable of their approaching bondage. He redeems a field, illustrating that redemption is in store for all the land. The message of God came to the prophets in picture visions; they were essentially seers. This was certainly our Lord's method, to teach by pictures—a lily, a tree, a wheat-field. Children unable to focus their attention upon what they hear, never cease to take a lively interest in what they see. The missionary headquarters of all denominations carry a stock of lantern slides, or photographs from which slides can be made, and when requested will lend or rent these slides to such Sunday schools or mission study classes as may care to try the excellent experiment of using the lantern in their missionary departments. At occasional picture services, and especially on missionary Sundays, the stereopticon will be found invaluable.—'Sunday School Times.'

There is no 'cut and dried' way, no easy method in twelve lessons, of securing better teachers in our church schools. Better teachers and better teaching will be secured by the concurrence of several agencies working toward this all-important end. There must be more and better Bible-teaching in the family, in our denominational schools and colleges, in the Sunday-schools. To all these agencies we may hopefully look for a generation of teachers far better equipped in all respects than that which is now at work.

'Given, Given,' to the Lord.

There is a suggestive thought in many a marginal note in our English Bibles, where the literal meaning of a Hebrew word emphasizes, or makes clearer, the meaning of the English translation. Thus it is again and again stated in the Book of Numbers that the Levites are 'given,' or 'wholly given,' to the Lord, to be in his service, for the sacred duties of the tabernacle and its worship. Where this is stated in the text, the margin gives, as if in emphasis of the fact of the gift, 'given, given.' That is the ideal! If we have given ourselves to the Lord, we are 'given given.' No part of us can be kept back, nor should we be at any time less than wholly his.—'Given, given.' Nothing short of that is what the Lord would have from those who claim to be his.—Selected.

LITTLE FOLKS

How Nice.

How nice 'twould be if knowledge
grew
On bushes, as the berries do;
Then we could plant our spelling
seed,
And gather all the words we need,
The sums from off our slates we'd
wipe,
And wait for figures to be ripe;
And go into the fields and pick
Whole bushels of arithmetic.
Or if we wished to learn Chinese,
We'd just go out and shake the trees,
And grammar then, in all the towns,
Would grow with proper verbs and
nouns;
And in the gardens there would be
Great bunches of geography;
And all the passers-by would stop
And marvel at the knowledge crop;
And I my pen would cease to push,
And pluck my verses from a bush!
—Adelaide 'Chronicle.'

The First Robin.

(By Mrs. M. A. Holt, in 'Christian
Intelligencer.')

'O Harry, come here and see this
pretty bird. He is hopping all
around upon the bare ground, and
he is so pretty,' and the little girl
danced about in her delight. 'It
is a robin,' Harry said, somewhat
indifferently to his sister.'

'Now spring will come too, for
mamma said the birdies would not
come until it was spring. Is it
spring honest and true, Harry?'

'It is a spring month, Min, but
it is pretty cold yet. Don't you
see the big snowdrift yonder, in the
field by the fence, and there is lots
of ice yet upon the side of the hill
where the sun does not shine,' the
brother replied.

'But the birds have come, Harry,
and——'

'O, Min, there have been birds
here all winter, and we have thrown
out crumbs to them. Don't you
remember how many sparrows came
to eat from the board I fixed up for
them, only two weeks ago?' Harry
answered.

'Yes, I remember it, Harry, but
they don't sing, and the robins do.
Don't you think it will be warm
and pleasant to-morrow and that
there will be lots of robins here?'

and the little sister looked up into
her brother's face somewhat eagerly.

But Harry laughed loudly and
then he answered:

'Spring don't come all at once, or
the robins either.'

'But one has come,' Minnie be-
gan.

'And he will be sorry for being
so venturesome,' the brother added.

'Harry Benson, you are a bad
boy, and you say things just to——'
and then the sensitive little sister
began to cry.

'Never mind what I said, Min-
nie, spring and the robins will both
be here in a few days,' Harry said,
a little sorry that he made Minnie
cry.

'How many does it take to make
a few?' she asked, as she wiped
away the tears. The brother
laughed again in spite of his sorrow
of a moment before. But this time
he could not help it.

That depends on circumstances
but I think that spring will come
right along,' he said. 'I'll watch
for the robins every day anyhow,'
Minnie declared although she did
not quite understand Harry's ex-
planation of a few days.

The next morning Minnie went
to the window as soon as she had
dressed, to see if there were any
more signs of spring. To her dis-
may it was snowing and the wind
was blowing very hard. 'I told
you that robin would be sorry for
coming too soon,' Harry said, and
then he began to whistle.

The little girl could scarcely keep
the tears back, yet she asked in a
slow voice: 'Where do you suppose
the robin is, Harry? Do you think
that he will freeze out in this
storm?'

'Freeze—no I guess not, whoever
knew of a bird freezing? No, he
would not freeze as soon as you
would, Min. I think he is over
yonder in that thick clump of
hemlocks.'

Minnie looked anxiously toward
the dark hemlocks just under the
rocky ledge—and then she asked:

'Will he not be hungry, Harry?'

'Perhaps so, but that will pay
him off for coming too soon. Yet
he will stand it one day, I guess,'
the brother added as he saw the

tears again in the tender hearted
girl's eyes.

'O, Harry, please carry some
crumbs over there, and fix up a
board for him to eat them upon. It
is only a little ways,' and the child
ran to get the crumbs.

'Wait until it stops storming,
Min, for he will not come to eat
them,' Harry called out.

But Minnie procured lots of
crumbs, for she always expressed a
good many by 'lots' and insisted
that her brother take them to the
hemlocks. He tried to convince
her of the impropriety of doing
such a deed, but she would not
listen, and she begged so hard, and
cried so pitifully that he finally
went. She watched him until he
went out of sight under the hem-
locks, and then she was happy.

What he did with the crumbs is
not just known, but Minnie placed
a good deal of confidence in him
and so she was happy in thinking
the robin was provided for.

Harry assured her that it was all
right so far as the crumbs and robin
were concerned, yet he whistled
and spoke in rather a mysterious
manner when the subject was
mentioned later on.

But the next day it was warm
and sunny and the snow disappeared
in a very short time. Minnie
looked several times for the robin
but did not see him.

In a day or two, however, he
came into the door yard again, or
one that looked so much like him
that no one could see any differ-
ence. Minnie was sure it was the
same robin, as it hopped about in
the same place, but Harry said
'Robins all look alike,' so the
matter was not settled.

Two or three days passed away
and then there were three robins
in the yard. But they only chirped
a few times, and did not sing at all,
although there were two eager
little ears listening to hear them.
But one morning after, there were
'lots of robins' to be seen every-
where, Harry called out:

'Wake up, Min—wake up, Min!
the robins are singing,' and the
little girl started up and listened.
'They have all come—now we
can go after wild flowers,' she said,

But she felt very sleepy still, and so she thought that she would nestle down in the bed again. She was soon sleeping very sweetly, and dreaming about the robin that first came.

'He ought to sing for us, because we gave him crumbs to eat,' she said, when about half awake and half asleep.

Harry called out again to her and then she woke fully, and dressed for breakfast.

But more robins came and soon the air was filled with music every morning. Minnie was generally too sleepy to hear the early concert as Harry called it, but she watched them during the day, and heard them sing as the twilight came.

A little later two robins built a nest in the old maple tree that stood close to the house. Minnie was sure that one of them was the robin that came first in the spring before the snow storm, and she often declared that it was because they had fed him the crumbs which caused him to build his nest so close to them.

Harry always began to whistle when she said this, and once he smiled and said, 'Min, you will know more when you get older—and especially about robins.'

How Paper Came to be Invented.

Long years ago a little, thin Japanese gentleman walked through his pretty garden to his home; his hands were clasped behind his back and he was thinking, as he crossed the bridge to pluck a fresh wistaria blossom that hung just over his head. This little gentleman had a great many parcels to send out from his shop every week and he had always wrapped them in silk; but this was an expensive material and he wanted something cheaper for his purpose. All at once a wasp came liltng toward him, but he thrust it away that it might not nip his nose, and lo! there at his hand was a wasps' nest! My, but he came very near angering the whole family! Think, then, what he might have suffered from these stingers, for days to come! What a shapely nest they had made, now he came to think of it. It was so



The wild March wind came hurrying past,
Speeding o'er fields at a terrible rate,
Breaking off twigs and grass in his path;
His temper, it seemed, in a terrible state.

He caught at the hats of youngsters gay,
And lifted the hoods from off blowing curls,
Throwing them up in the treetops high,
Teasing his victims, both boys and girls.

He blew from their places all things loose,
Sweeping the surface of old earth bare;
And then he dusted the houses and trees,
And left not a place untouched, anywhere.

He howled and whistled round corners and eaves
Just as though he were out on a terrible spree;
But after he'd gone old Earth looked fine,
For he was a housecleaning don't you see!

strong, too. It was made of thin wood pulp, softened into a thin paste by the jaws of the insect, then formed and left to dry.

'Why can't I do that same thing?' thought the Japanese merchant to himself, 'Get certain wood, form it into a pulp by means of water from the river near by, and make something like this wasps' nest in consistency, to wrap about my packages.' So this was the way paper was first discovered: An innocent wasp flew across the path of a gentleman who walked one day in a vine-clad garden in old Japan.—Anna J. Bullard, in 'N. C. Advocate.'

Shoes As Playthings.

In Holland, as you no doubt know, the boys and girls wear shoes made of wood, and you may imagine the noise they make when they walk. Of course, these shoes are not worn in the house. If one

passes a school in Holland he will see rows of these little shoes outside the door.

On Saturdays the shoes are cleaned. They are washed with soap and water, and dried at the fire. If the sun shines they are hung on a bush.

When dry they are almost as white as snow. Little Dutch children do not have many toys, so they use their shoes for playthings. They may be boats, carts, baskets or beds for their dolls. They sail them in the canals, tying a string to them.—'Brooklyn Eagle.'

Only A Child.

I'm only a little child,
But mother said one day
The smallest hands some work
can do,

And the youngest heart can pray.

I'm only a little child,
But Jesus died for me;
Lord, give me every day new grace
To work for love of Thee.
—Waif.

Correspondence

A NOTICE.

To correspondents, artists, poets, authors under eighteen years old:—
Any matter intended for the Easter number should be sent in as soon as possible, marked Easter.—Cor. Ed.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the Third Reader. In answer to Edna Cohoon's question, I think the middle chapter in the Old Testament is the 39th chapter of Job. Verna will find the word girl in Joel iii., 3. I have one brother and two sisters. I received a diploma and Bible for reciting the whole of the Shorter Catechism correctly. We have all repeated it now. My eldest sister was only eight years old when she recited it. She got a Bible and book. As there were no diplomas given then, she did not get one.

HELEN J. G. PATTERSON (age 10).

F. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a new subscriber to the

gave us books or cards. The teacher had bought them, and given them to the Santa Claus. I received a book, and the name of it was 'The Lamplighter.' I thought it was the best book I ever read. Here are the names of some of the books I have read: 'Black Beauty,' 'Glengarry School Days,' 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' some of the 'Elsie' books, 'The Golden Days,' 'Daisy Dean,' 'Joe's Partner,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Homestead on the Hillside,' 'Seashell Island,' and quite a few others.

I like my school teacher very much. But I like all of my teachers.

I will send a conundrum:
Two-thirds of a cross and a circle complete;
two semi-circles with pendulum meet; a triangle standing on two feet; two semi-circles and a circle complete?

ADDIE ELLIS.

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live nearly on the banks of a river. There are quite a lot of fish in it, and there is good skating on it in winter. We have a little colt a year old, his name is Earl Grey. There are two of us waiting. I am fourteen years old. My birthday was Jan. 17,

P. H., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We have a black calf that we yoke to the hand-sleigh. I like the story 'Rasmus, or the making of a Man' very much. I also like the little folks' and correspondence page very much. I think the answer to Ellen McKinnon's puzzle is ten cents.

WALTER P. NEWCOMBE.

O., Kans.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I like the Correspondence and Little Folks' page best.

I am seven years old. My birthday is on the 7th of July. I have one brother, his name is Manly. He will be five years old the 26th of September.

We have two dogs and two cats. The dogs' names are Ring and Muff, and the cats' names are Billy and Trikey. I will send a puzzle:—

Take 101 and to it affix a half of a dozen or if you please 6, and 50 to this, and then you will see what every good child to all others should be.

DORIS SCHERCH.

St. T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—In the correspondence of Feb. 16 I find Verna's letter wondering who can tell where the word girl is mentioned in the Bible. It is in Joel iii., 3.

JAS. CALDER.

G. V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have only taken the 'Messenger' a little while, and I like it very much. I live near the church and school. My father is a doctor. My birthday is the 31st of Jan. We have great fun here in the summer. We go camping out, fishing, and swimming. In the winter we catch rabbits and squirrels in snares. Some of the books I have read are as follows:—'Little Men,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Adventures of Ulysses' and others. We have a tame canary. I am in the sixth reader at school.

WILLIAM P. DICKSON.

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the third class. We live close to the school-house. I have read lots of letters in the 'Messenger.' I had a little dog named Tip, but some one poisoned him a year ago. I am going to send a riddle:—
I rode up hill yet walked up.

Amy Froats (8).

L. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. I am eight years old, and am in the Third Grade. I am sending a puzzle:—Why does a dog run up a hill?

CLARE ANTHONY.

G., Que.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join your charming circle of writers. I saw letters from children younger than myself. I am nine years old. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for two years. I go to school every day. In reading the 'Messenger' I came across some riddles. I got the answers. 1. He gave it up. The answer to Ellen McKinnon's riddle is: He got it for 10 cents. I am in the junior third at school.

JEANNETTE G. BRIEN.

A. I., Ont.

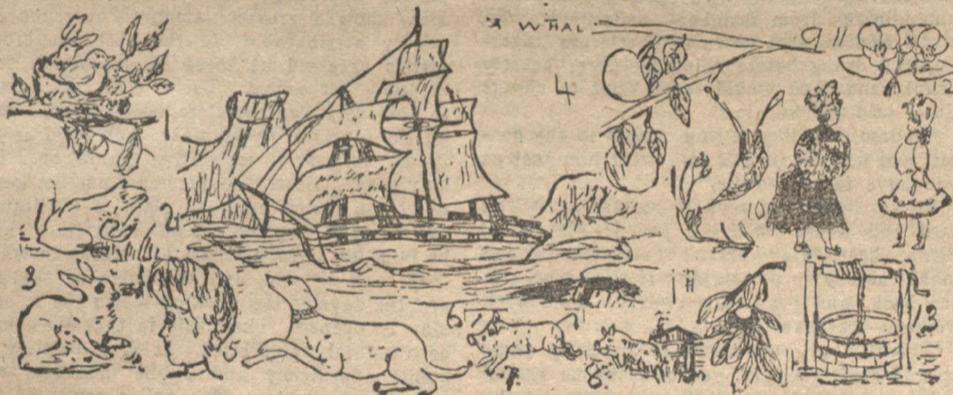
Dear Editor,—The answer of Gertrude H. Koob's puzzle is an icicle. I will write a letter some time soon. I think I will give a puzzle. What is: Little Nancy Etticote in a white petticoat, and a red rose, the longer she stands the shorter she grows?

SARAH ELSIE PAUL.

R., Mo.

Dear Editor,—I do not take the 'Messenger,' but my sister does. I like to read the Correspondence page. I am eleven years old. I go to school every day. I have not missed any this term. The names of some of the books that I have read are, 'Black Beauty,' 'Robin Redbreast,' 'Miss Topsy's Mission,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I think I know the answer to Morton MacMichael's puzzle. If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much can I get for a cent and a quarter? You can get one pound.

NINA BRADBURY.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Nestlings.' Violet Oakman (9), H., Ont.
2. 'Frog.' Dora Comfort (10), F. W., N.Y.
3. 'Rabbit.' John Comfort (7), F. W., N.Y.
4. 'Whaler Diana.' John Farquharson (11), M., Ont.
5. 'Lady's face.' May Brackenridge, T., Ont.
6. 'Rover waiting.' Georgina McInnis (12), P. E. I.
7. 'This little pig went to market.' Charlie G. Cleaveland (12), K., N.S.

8. 'This little pig stayed at home.' Boyd Gibson (8), K., N.S.
9. 'Bough of the old apple tree.' E. M., T., Ont.
10. 'Humming bird and nest.' Alfred J. Dukes, N., Ont.
11. 'Hearts ease.' Myrtle Roberts (11), W. R., P.E.I.
12. 'The city and the country cousin.' Ruth Smith (13), M., Ont.
13. 'The well where hung the old oaken bucket.' Edith P. (8), C., Ont.

'Messenger,' but I think it is a fine paper. I love reading, and have read hundreds of books, but have had to stop reading so much, as my eyes were beginning to bother me. Who can answer the following conundrum: What is the longest feast spoken of in the Bible? We are having fine weather here now, the skating has been excellent on a pond about two miles from here. Hoping some one of your correspondents will answer my conundrum. Wishing the 'Messenger' much success, I remain,

A WELLWISHER.

C. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' once or twice before. I like the stories and the Correspondence Page very much. I am in the Fifth Grade at school in the Primary Department. I have two miles to go to school. I have never been able to go to school at all in the winter until this winter. This has been such a fine winter that I have gone nearly all winter. I am nine years old. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. It is on the 10th of Aug.

In our school last Christmas we had a Christmas time. I had a recitation, and I was in five or six songs. The name of my recitation was 'A note to Santa Claus.' I read Ellen McKinnon's letter, and in the Sunday School's anniversary she recited the same recitation. It was given a different name, though. In our Christmas tree we had a Santa Claus who

and Janie is nine years old, her birthday is April 17. I have just one brother, he is four years old. He got kicked by our old horse last summer, and he was in the hospital a long time. I have taken two quarters in music, and Janie has, too. I am going to take it next summer.

TENAH L. AND JANIE L.

K.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it for nearly three years, and like it very much. I look forward to the day it comes. I received my Bagster Bible, and was very much pleased with it. I am taking music lessons. We have service here the first Monday in every month. I have read 'St. Elmo,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I am 16 years old. The answer to Ellen McKinnon's puzzle is eleven herrings, I think.

MARY E. WARMAN.

A.

Dear Editor, I am sending a reply to Frances Smith's request for the correct answer to the question in Bible arithmetic, which I sent in some months ago. I must say that Frances worked the problem out correctly, but made a mistake in subtracting the number of persons saved in the Ark (8) from 196, which leaves 188, the number of scholars in the Sabbath school.

LIZZIE NORRIS.



Wine's a Mocker.

Tune—'Jesus loves me, this I know.'

Wine's a mocker—this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
We must make a noble stand
For our own beloved land.

Chorus.

Yes, temp'rance for me;
Yes, temp'rance for me;
Yes, temp'rance for me;
The Bible tells me so.

Wine's a mocker—it has slain
Millions of our fellow men;
Temp'rance boys and girls are we,
And we ever mean to be.

Chorus.

Wine's a mocker—then beware
Of this soul-destroying snare;
For it holds its victims fast,
And devours them all at last.

Wine's a mocker—then combine
To o'erthrow the god of wine!
May his Kingdom cease to be,
And the world again be free.

—Temperance Leader and League Journal.

Drink and Athletic Training.

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, speaking at Gibraltar, in December, 1904, said:—'When I was a young man I was an athlete, I used to box, play football, and go through a number of competitive sports and pastimes. When I went into training I never drank any wine, spirits or beer at all for the simple reason that I could 'get fit' quicker without taking any stimulants. Now I am an older man, with a position of great responsibility, often entailing quick thought and determination and instant decision. I drink no wine, spirits, or beer; not because I think it wrong, but simply because I am more ready for any work imposed on me day or night; always fresh, always cheery and in good temper.'

A New Hand at the Bellows

Two soldiers in hospital were talking quietly.

'I say, Jim, there's a new hand at the bellows in this shop—we never had things so nice before.'

'That's so—the old 'un is a captain! I tell you she drills them, she does! When she first came, an' I heard her dressin' down the nusses, I thought we'd got a tartar, but—bless her! when she comes to the sick 'uns—she's ten mothers rolled into one!'

'This is the first time anything has tasted good since I came in here,' sighed a weak skeleton of a man on the next couch. The new matron stood very little upon ceremony—she expressed her opinion upon persons as unhesitatingly as upon things. She rebuked the assistant surgeons when they neglected their proper duties, and became such a thorn in their sides that they determined to oust her. One morning the surgeon in charge was sleeping off his drunkenness after a 'spre'e' of the night before. At eleven o'clock when he did come, the matron confronted him with a few terrible sentences:—

'All these sick men left without attendance or food, that you might indulge a brutal appetite!' she said with cold emphasis.

'A great fuss over a very little matter,' said the surgeon angrily. 'I know my own business, and I shan't tolerate your meddling.'

'I know my own business, too,' said the matron, and you shall find that out.'

Within a week came a new matron, with an order from the headquarters, superseding the other. Mrs. Bissell saw that the woman seemed both sensible and kindly, so she said quietly:—

'I wish you would withhold this matter till the afternoon.'

'Certainly, madam, if it will make a difference to you.'

Mrs. Bissell immediately put on her bonnet and shawl, and started for the White House, where she made one of fifteen or twenty people waiting. A door-keeper stood at the first door on the right as she entered. She approached him and asked:—

'Is the President in?'

'Yes, ma'am. Let me have your card, please.'

Within half an hour she was admitted. The room was large, and furnished like a country lawyer's office. At a green baize table near the window sat a long, lean man, running his hand through stiff, black hair, struck through with grey.

'Well, ma'am! What can I do for you?'

'You can do nothing for me,' she said, respectfully, 'but you can do a good deal for the soldiers.'

She briefly narrated her experience, to which the President listened attentively.

'I wish, Mr. President, that you would ask the chief medical director here to look into this matter with his own eyes, and not take his opinions from drunken underlings, who, while soldiers shot down in battle are lingering and dying before him, is lying beastly drunk, and then would turn out of charge those who rebuke him!'

'Madam, I will give you a note to the doctor, and do you go and talk with him just as you have talked to me.'

He sat down and took an unglazed visiting card and wrote with a pencil:—'Dr. —, Please hear this woman's statement, and make inquiry in person, and if it is true, put her back, and pray for twenty more such women.—Abraham Lincoln.'

'There—you go yourself. If anything turns up and don't go right, you come to me again.'

Armed with this the matron soon found the medical chief. It required but little time to satisfy him. She was reinstated, the assistant-surgeon was dismissed the service, and great fear fell upon all who had to do with Agate Bissell!—Selected.

A little farm well tilled,
A little wife well willed;
Here good effects can all be killed,
By a little corn distilled.

Out of Date.

We are glad to notice that the 'good fellow' who is a fool as a rule is going out of fashion. From any point of view it is unprofitable to be classed with the men who frequent the road-houses and who seek enjoyment in the turning of themselves into receptacles for rum. This type of man is out of date. He is not wanted—either in factory or office or the family. If wise he will adjust himself to present conditions; if not he will remain where he is—among the gentry of aromatic breath who are cyphers in the community. Time was when advocates of temperance were dubbed cranks, but that time is passed. To-day the individual, knowing that, to keep pace at all with the age, he must have brain undimmed and nerves tense, recognizes that temperance is an essential condition of success. However capable, the drinker cannot ordinarily win over the total abstainer. He may outstrip him for a lap or two in the race, but in the home stretch the blood untainted by alcohol tells and cries out 'Victory.'—Catholic Record.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Famous Opinion on the Liquor Business.

In *Crowley v. Christensen*, 137 U. S. 86, 90, the Supreme Court of the United States says:

'It is urged that as the liquors are used as a beverage and the injury following them, if taken in excess, is voluntarily inflicted, and is confined to the party offending, their sale should be without restriction, the contention being that what a man shall drink, equally with what he shall eat, is not properly matter for legislation.

'There is in this position an assumption of a fact which does not exist, that when the liquors are taken in excess the injuries are confined to the party offending. The injury (from the use of intoxicating liquors), it is true, first falls upon him in his health, which the habit undermines; in his morals, which it weakens; and in the self-abasement which it creates. But, as it leads to neglect of business, and waste of property and general demoralization, it affects those who are immediately connected with and dependent upon him. By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop, where intoxicating liquors, in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail saloons than to any other source. The sale of such liquors in this way has therefore been, at all times, by the courts of every state, considered as the proper subject of legislative regulation. Not only may a license be exacted from the keeper of the saloon before a glass of his liquors can be thus disposed of, but restrictions may be imposed as to the class of persons to whom they may be sold, and the hours of the day and the days of the week on which the saloons may be opened. Their sale in that form may be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of federal law. The police power of the state is fully competent to regulate the business—to migrate its evils or to suppress it entirely. There is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of the state or of a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or be permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils. The manner and extent of regulation rest in the discretion of the governing authority.'

Need of Reform.

Officers of the United States army have much to say nowadays about the drunkenness of enlisted men, and all because the men can get no liquor to buy in the post exchange. But these officers have nothing to say about the drunkenness of brother officers. Yet last year, according to War Department records, eleven officers were tried for intoxication, four deserted, and twenty-nine were tried for financial irregularities. Evidently liquor in the post exchange does not make army officers gentlemen or keep them sober, as in their officers' clubs they can get all the liquor they want.

It is no secret that the solid influence of the War Office in Washington has been for the restoration of the canteen saloon, and that this campaign has constrained the sentiments and attitude of many officers whose early training and natural instincts would lead them to be 'drys,' but who in consequence are 'wets,' as it is of exceedingly doubtful propriety for an officer to differ from the powers that be.

Two officers were in conversation not long ago, both of whom were opposed to the canteen, when one was heard to remark: 'If I should tell all I know about the canteen I would be under charges before twenty-four hours.' Both of these officers are of considerable rank, and have been well known by readers of this paper in former years.—National Advocate.

Every drunkard used to boast that he could drink or leave it alone.

Dr. Barnardo's Testimony.

'In the winter of '71, at the request of the Earl of Shaftesbury, I carefully investigated my lists of rescued children, and tabulated in various columns the various traceable causes, near or more remote, which led to their becoming candidates for the homes, and the astonishing fact emerged that no less than 85 per cent. of the children who were admitted to the homes under my care owed their social ruin to the drinking habits of their parents or grandparents or other relatives. . . . I would not now hesitate to affirm that of all my young clients the percentage who are stricken down in life through the agency of the drink curse is nearer the very large figures given by the late Dr. Guthrie (i.e., 99 per cent.) than the estimate I formed in 1871.'

Alcohol and Fitness.

Alcohol is an insidious poison, in that it produces effects which seem to have only one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally insidious, and that is morphia, or opium.

No man dreams of going into training and taking but a minimum of alcohol. If he must reach the acme of physical perfection, it must be without alcohol.

As a work producer, alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and like other extravagant measures it is apt to lead to a physical bankruptcy. It is well known that troops cannot march on alcohol. I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith. It was an extremely trying time apart from the heat of the weather. In that column of some 30,000 men, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men—but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs.

There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be 'fit.' A young man cannot be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. No one who is young and healthy can want alcohol any more than he can want strychnine.—Sir Frederick Treves (the King's Surgeon.)

Burdette on the Saloon.

'If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

'Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace.'

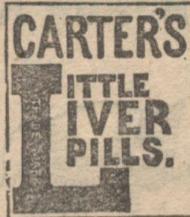
The Worth of a Single Life.

Dr. Torrey tells of a well which was being dug in an American township by two men, one working at the bottom, filling a bucket, and the other at the top drawing it up by a windlass. Presently quicksand was struck, which began to pour in upon the bottom man, but, sheltering his head under a plank which was there, he was able to breathe. News of his danger spread to the township, and the whole township turned out to dig that man out, and worked for many hours till he was saved.

Was it worth while for the whole township to go to work to save one man? Was it right?

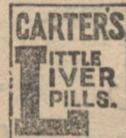
There is one man going down a victim of the liquor habit in your township. Will it be worth it for the whole township to vote the liquor traffic out to save that man? Will it be right?—National Advocate.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Brentwood
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A Newspaper Opinion.

A few weeks ago the 'Times' wrote upon the drink question as follows:—

'The whole question really turns upon the consciousness that alcoholic drinks satisfy some kind of temporary want, or produce some temporary comfort or exhilaration, coupled with a belief, which modern physiology is doing her best to dispel, that they are at least essentially harmless when consumed in moderation. It may be stated as an opinion upon which most, if not all, physiologists are agreed, that alcohol contributes nothing to the permanent powers of the healthy organism, whether physical or intellectual. No man, it is said, is the stronger for taking it, and no man is the wiser. The experience, now very extensive, of insurance offices, seems to place it beyond doubt that even the moderate regular use of alcohol, in any form, is, on the whole, contributory to the shortening of life. When these views come to be fairly balanced against temporary gratification of the palate, or temporary stimulation of the brain, they will be likely to lead, not a single "wave" of sobriety, but to a gradual change in the habits of the more intelligent portion of mankind.'

A New York man was arrested and fined \$25 for giving his horse a pint of whiskey. Evidently New York is more careful of its horses than its people.—National Advocate.

Religion in Politics.

'Religion in politics,' is a suggestion that frequently causes a smile that is audible, and yet a gospel that bids us whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, do all to the glory of God, must intend that we should carry our religion with us and act upon its principles when we go to the primary or to the ballot box.—New York Observer.

The Celebrated English Cocoa



An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.



The Most Nutritious and Economical

BUFFALO ROBE.

Buffalo Robe or set wanted. Must be in good condition, except for lining, which does not matter. State cash price to DAVID E. GREEN, P.O. Box 2234.



NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly)

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy 40c
Three copies to separate addresses . . . \$1.00
Four copies to separate addresses . . . 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum. Postage.

Five months' trial at half the above rates. Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, also to the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands, and Philippine Islands.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Publishers. Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Some Appetizing Pickles You Can Make in Winter.

PICKLED LEMONS.—Wipe two dozen lemons, rub with salt, place in a bowl, cover with more salt and let them stand for three or four days, turning occasionally. Take them out to dry on a sieve in the sun, pack in jars, sprinkling over evenly two ounces each of bruised white ginger and white peppers, then one-fourth ounce of red peppers and one-half ounce each of coriander and mustard seeds. Pour over enough vinegar to cover, let them remain for three weeks, then add enough vinegar to make up for what has been absorbed by the lemons and spice, tie down and let stand for six weeks; six months better still.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Put as many small onions as you wish to pickle at once into hot water and then peel them; then place them in salted water with a piece of alum in it and leave for twenty-four hours. Then drain off all the water and add more salt and leave a day longer. Afterward drain and put into jars, placing in each jar one or two blades of mace, one or two red peppers, a few white peppercorns and a little grated horseradish. Pour in sufficient vinegar to cover well, cork the jars, cover with paraffine paper and keep in a dry cupboard. They will then be fit for use.

PICKLED EGGS.—Put twenty eggs in a saucepan with more than enough boiling water to cover them, and boil for thirty minutes; then take out and put into cold water, remove the shells and place in a jar. Then pour a half dozen large cupfuls of brown vinegar into a saucepan; add half an ounce of mace; do., white ginger; do., coriander seed; do., cardamons and cloves and ten cayenne pepper pods; also one ounce of sugar and boil for a few minutes. As soon as the pickle is cold pour over the eggs and cover them.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Make thoroughly clean four dozen oysters, put them into a saucepan, strain their liquor over them, season well with salt, allspice, cloves and mace and boil for a few minutes. When plump pour one-half pint of vinegar over the oysters, boil up again and turn them into earthenware jars and let them get cold. Then cover each jar with heavy paper, tie down and place in a dry closet until desired for use.

\$12 WOMEN'S SPRING SUITS \$4.50

MADE TO ORDER. Suits to \$15.00. Jackets, R. incoats Waists and Skirts at manufacturers' prices. Send for Samples. Cloths and Fashions to No. 1. SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Edgpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

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

FOR EVERY SCHOOLHOUSE IN CANADA A CANADIAN FLAG



Every School House should have its Flag. Every one agrees to that. Perhaps that has done more at less cost than anything else to nationalize the mixed hordes that have poured into the United States. Across the border the Flag is much more in evidence than it is here.

"Ah, but it costs more than we can afford. It is a luxury. Dire necessities call for all our cash." That is in too many cases all too true. By our plan

IT WILL NOT COST YOU ONE CENT.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Dear Sirs,—Your flag is a flag. No one thought it would be half as good, as, generally speaking, premiums are made of the cheapest material; but not so this time. The people in this section (Diova) are now satisfied at having obtained their flag so easily, and wonder why more of the neighboring schools did not take up the grand offer. Thanking you for your prompt attention to our subscription.

Yours truly,

E. C. COUPLAND.

St. Paul, Que.

Dear Sirs,—Please accept the hearty thanks of our school for the very handsome flag, which the 'Witness' has so kindly presented as a premium. The children feel abundantly rewarded for any trouble they took in securing subscribers. . . . We have had several visitors already to see our flag, and the excellent quality of the materials used has received the admiration it merits. The seven books you sent us have proved a popular and acceptable addition to our library.

Sincerely yours,
ETHEL M. DOULL.

Kamloops, B. C.

Dear Sir,—The flag arrived in good order a few days ago. It is in every way satisfactory. We are all very much pleased with it. The pupils saw me coming with the parcel, and immediately there was great excitement, but on opening the parcel their enthusiasm almost went beyond bounds. There is no doubt of their being good, loyal Canadians, and that you have helped them along this line. . . . Thanking you for enabling me to place so fine a flag in this school.

I am yours truly,
ALLAN BENNETT.

THE 'WITNESS' DIAMOND JUBILEE FLAG OFFER.

	Per Year.
DAILY WITNESS	\$3.00
WEEKLY WITNESS	\$1.00
WORLD WIDE	\$1.50
NORTHERN MESSENGER	.40

Latest News, Market and Stock Reports, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Dept., Boys' Page, Queries in all Subjects, etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper. Weekly edition of above, news condensed, more space given to farming interests. A weekly reprint of all the best things in British and American papers. An up-to-date eclectic. The best value of its kind in the market. An illustrated weekly. Sunday reading for the home.

NAVAL FLAGS, sewn bunting, standard quality and pattern, to be given as SPECIAL PREMIUMS for bona-fide NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS at regular rates. Only by specially importing them can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

For \$18.00 in subscriptions, at above rates, we give 4-yard Flag,	retail value,	\$10.00 to \$13.00.
" 12.00	" " 3	" " 7.00 " 9.00.
" 9.00	" " 2½	" " 5.00 " 5.50.
" 6.00	" " 2	" " 3.75 " 4.50.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application. If your school does not need a flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars. This offer is made specially for Schools, public or private, but Sunday Schools, Clubs, Societies or Communities, are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known. Good until next Dominion Day, 1906.

DO IT NOW AND BE READY FOR EMPIRE DAY.

THIS OFFER IS NO MONEY MAKING SCHEME FOR US. WHAT WE WANT IS TO STIMULATE PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT. WE WANT OUR BOYS AND GIRLS TO GROW UP LOYAL TO OUR COUNTRY AND ITS FLAG. FOR SAMPLES, FLAG CARDS, ETC., ADDRESS "FLAG DEPARTMENT," JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Thurso, Que., March 2.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for over fifty years and I am much pleased to read the many letters of commendation you are receiving on the sixtieth anniversary of the 'Witness.' I also remember the difficulty you have had in conducting a clean family paper, such as the 'Witness' has been to the present, and I am fully in accord with the many letters you have received. Hoping you may long be spared to advocate the principles of reform so ably set forth in the 'Witness.' Yours truly,

ALEX. MACLEAN.

Grenville, Que., March 5.

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed renewal for the 'Daily Witness' for the year. The 'Witness' has been coming to our home for the last fifty years. It has been a delight to read and know what people think of this paper during this your Diamond Jubilee. May we now send our very best wishes along too? Yours sincerely,

MRS. J. T. WILSON.

Alameda, Cal., March 3.

Dear 'Witness,'—I wish to add my congratulations to the many which I see. I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for forty years, part of which time I lived in Montreal and received it fresh from the press, and frequently had the pleasure of looking into the beaming face of its founder—John Dougall. It is remarkable how promptly it comes every week over the long distance through the mail, I having lost only one number in several years, and that was a case of mail car burned up, and the fact is gratifying, as any other publication would be less missed than the dear old 'Witness.' Sincerely yours,

A. H. MORLES.

North Bay, March 5.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to add my quota to the commendations you have received in more extended form, but time forbids me to state further than this, that for clean, reliable journalism your daily cannot be excelled. Its editorial review is choice, comprehensive and trustworthy to an eminent degree. May it long live as the exponent of the soundest of social and civic ideals. Yours very truly,

J. B. McDOUGALL.

The Manse, Blackville, N.B.

March 2.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find post-office order for the renewal of my subscription for the 'Daily Witness.' I send also my congratulations to you in your celebrating your 'Diamond Jubilee.' Long may the 'Witness' be spared to continue the good work it is doing in our various homes in the laying of the foundation of righteousness, which is the exalting of the nation. Yours sincerely,

A. D. FRASER.

Pointe a la Garde, Que., March 2.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my subscription for the 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' I wish to join in the general chorus of congratulation on the notable occasion of your Diamond Jubilee. I like the 'Witness' and approve of it. When I read the short but able editorials of the 'Weekly' I feel that I know something of the most important events which took place in the Dominion during the preceding week, and that I have an intelligent and fair view of them. I approve of the 'Witness' as being independent in politics. I wish to see the strength of partyism broken down and the number and influence of independent journals increasing. I think it noble in the 'Witness' proprietors that they prefer faithfulness to the interests of the public to money profits, and are willing to suffer the loss of thousands of dollars rather than publish advertisements of strong liquors and of users of injurious patent medicines. Yours truly,

J. M. SUTHERLAND, Inspector of Schools.

Oak Bank, Man., Feb. 28.

Gentlemen,—To begin to express one's appreciation of the 'Witness,' and to speak of its worth, is, in view of the seemingly countless encomiums that continue to appear, verily a carrying of coals to Newcastle. But as a just tribute to your paper, and as an aid to any person, young or old, who would desire to have a regular supply of the most invigorating mental food, or would wish to fit themselves for conversation with cultured and intellectual people, let me say that personally, and as a family, we never had a publication come to the house that could so fully meet the re-

quirements indicated as does 'World Wide.' From a wide choice of publications, Canadian, British, etc., 'World Wide' must be singled out, as a collection of articles chosen with fine discrimination and literary taste, and dealing with the most advanced thought and effort of our time. To be a regular reader of 'World Wide' means to partake of the intellectual life of the present day. Its severely scholastic appearance, free from the so often irrelevant and inartistic illustrations, invites to earnest and vigorous thought, and the 'Witness' strong point—freedom from objectionable advertisements—is much in evidence. It ought to be a power, both directly and through its readers, to elevate and quicken Canadian thought. So, while as regards the 'Witness,' we say, with a bow to the picture gallery of eloquent Jubilee tributes, 'Them's my sentiments,' we at the same time conscientiously recommend 'World Wide' to all who love progress and pure and high thinking, and to that numerous class among our young people who wish to learn to love these things. Wishing you increase of success. Faithfully yours,

THE REV. C. E. AND MRS. DOBBS.

Short Beach, N.S., Feb. 28.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a subscriber to the 'Witness' for several years and have read the 'Northern Messenger' ever since early childhood. I can truly say that my interest in your valuable papers increases with age and I cannot think now of doing without them. When away from home for any length of time I have the 'Witness' sent to me. I find your news and editorial columns indispensable in preparing a summary of the week's news, with comments, for the benefit of our temperance and literary society. I heartily join your many well-wishers in extending my congratulations to you on the attainment of the Diamond Jubilee of such a clean, fearless and patriotic paper as the 'Witness.' Wishing you many, many years of success, I am, loyally yours,

NELSON CHURCHILL, Teacher.

River Hebert, N.S., March 1.
Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find renewal for the 'Witness.' We cannot do without it. No rum advertisements or anything else that would be injurious to the morals of its readers. I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for thirty years, and hope I may always have it while I stay here, and that my children after me may still have it as an educator. Wishing you many more prosperous years, I am, yours truly,

J. O. SCOTT.

Marlette, Michigan, U.S.A.

Dear Sirs,—My brother, Harry Paynter, of Ogilvie, Manitoba, has forwarded the 'Witness' to be sent to me, but he writes me that he forgot it this time, but enclosed price of subscription for me to send for it if I wish, and of course I wish, most emphatically. Wouldn't like to be deprived of the good old 'Witness,' which was ever a welcome guest in my father's home from very early days. May it ever continue a bulwark for righteousness in all the walks of life. Yours truly,

S. C. PAYNTER,

London Junction, Ont., Feb. 27.

Dear 'Witness,'—I am much interested in the commendations and encomiums of all your friends. My influence is not great, but my respect for and sympathy with your ideals is not inferior to any. This is merely to say a good word of my own. I am satisfied to be one of the many who stand by you. With all good wishes for the continued prosperity of your publications and your business house generally, I am, yours very sincerely,

HECTOR MACKAY.

Sutton, Que., March 1.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find renewal for 'Daily Witness.' The 'Daily Witness' is invaluable to me. I never fail to recommend it in public and private. The splendid testimonials you have received are well deserved. Yours truly,

JAMES PLETTS, Methodist Minister.

Last Opportunity

'WITNESS' NEW SERIAL STORY COUPON

TELL YOUR FRIENDS that the 'Witness' has been most fortunate in securing for the **SAINTS IN SOCIETY** benefit of its readers the exclusive Canadian rights of the new **IN SOCIETY** story entitled 'Saints in Society.'

This story has most deservedly just won the first prize in the first novel competition of one of the world's leading book publishers. Besides being exceedingly brilliant and witty, a truly ideal newspaper serial, it will appeal strongly to women everywhere in all walks of life—alike those that are in the whirl of society, and to those who, holding themselves apart, are yet interested in its struggles and problems. Nor will the interest be confined to the women, for the strong picture of the English labor leader and the men who back him in his upward struggle is of special interest just now, and the whole influence of the story will be for good.

As this great story has cost the 'Witness' a good deal, we desire that as many as possible may enjoy it.



SPECIAL RATES TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

For four months, beginning with issue containing the first chapter of the new story, the 'Weekly Witness' will be sent for only 25 cents. This is an opportunity to read a good story and have the advantages of a good newspaper for a short time for a nominal price. Subscriptions at this rate should be distinctly labelled 'Serial Story Rate,' and are only available for NEW subscribers.

This offer does not apply to the city or suburbs of Montreal or to foreign countries where extra postage is necessary.

Publishers of the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead':

I have not been taking the 'Witness,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for four months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled 'Saints in Society.' I enclose 25 cents.

Name of new subscriber

Address

If not available to yourself please show this to some friend.

Sick.

When mother's sick, the house is all
So strangely hushed in room and hall!
But mother never will admit
She's suffering a single bit!

When father's sick—I tell you now
You ought to hear the dreadful row!
The talk of 'dying,' and the groans!
The orders in convulsive tones!

Hospitality.

Hospitality is a Christian duty. We are
exhorted in Holy Scripture to be ready to
entertain strangers, since by doing so some have
even entertained angels unawares.

Princess Defies Fashion.

The Princess of Wales has rebelled against
the tyranny of dressmakers, and now draws
the line at pocketless gowns.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually
sold at \$2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Ben-
nett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscrib-
ers for a list of five new subscriptions to the
'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine
Doctor. This book gives a description of the
diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine,
with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at
\$1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers
for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Nor-
thern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church,
Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and
girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess
one. Given for three new subscriptions to the
'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE - A hand-
some Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307
pages, containing the following Valuable Bible
Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps,
and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible
study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for
thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern
Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new sub-
scriptions at 40 cents each.

Chapter I. What Leading Journalists Have Said:

- " II. " " Ministers Have Said.
" III. " " Educationists Have Said.
" IV. " " Statesmen Have Said.
" V. " " Business Men Have Said.
" VI. " " Mothers Have Said.

VII What Jurists are Saying

THE HON. SIR MELBOURNE TAIT,
Acting Chief Justice Superior Court.

My appreciation of the 'Witness' in its educational influence and general usefulness
has increased from year to year since I commenced to read anything solid.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE HENRI T. TASCHEREAU,
Montreal.

The 'Witness' is always welcomed at the Court House. Its independence, impartiality
and high-toned journalism appreciated. The mass of the public, even when seeing things
from a different standpoint, never fail to respect and admire the 'Witness.'

HON. F. L. BEIQUE, K.C.,

I have read the 'Witness' for many years with pleasure and profit, by no means always
assenting to its views, but with unvarying confidence and respect for the integrity, ability
and public spirit which have inspired and characterized them.

C. A. DUCLOS, K.C.,
Montreal.

In every English-speaking community the 'Witness' has been a large factor in mould-
ing public opinion, and in every community it has secured the respect of all parties by the
consistent upholding of its principles, and by its efforts to counteract the demoralizing in-
fluences tending to lower the value of the press.

S. P. LEET, K.C.,

My first recollection of a newspaper was the 'Witness.' The 'Witness' has never been
an 'organ' of any party, race, church or other organization, and has always sought to
make it the representative of journalism as a profession rather than as a business.

What do you think of it?

What avails such opinions unless you also have become a subscriber? The following
coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions
in celebration of our Diamond Jubilee year.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.
THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,
for only 50 cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has
never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly
Witness,' may have the 'WEEKLY WITNESS
and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD' to Janu-
ary 1st, 1907, by cutting out this
Coupon and sending it with
Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DOUGLASS & SONS, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal
Dear Sir: As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither
taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly' Witness before, nor
with others who did take it during the last
two years, I am entitled to your liberal offer of
the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian
Homestead' to January 1st, 1907,
at the Special Rate of 50 cents
as the enclosed herewith.
NAME
ADDRESS

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona-fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Those who cannot complete the 'Messenger' club required for any of the following premiums may still secure the premium desired by sending what 'Messenger' subscriptions they have taken at forty cents each, and 25 cents additional cash, instead of every subscription they are short of the required number. Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

"DIN."

The New Game DIN



Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who sends \$1.00 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.



A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF
Laughable, Interesting and
Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us \$4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope, will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lenses used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the

books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.

'The Farmer'—The Story of Joseph.

'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.

'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.

'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.

'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.

'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.

'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.

'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.

'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number send 25c each. Thus, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under 3 pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive, in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains, and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlook edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers

has proved that even from

most years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature.

The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth,

beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book,

postpaid, for only three subscriptions to the

'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.



NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET, consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.