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Northern Messenger

Julie Pizer
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Faithful Lydia.

In the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles, the negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together on some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food, and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them:

But we did not appreciate their extreme peril until the boat struck against the frail log building which was in the water to the edges of the roof and visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures commenced to clamber hurriedly down to the boat.

'Stop!' I cried. 'The women and children first.'

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in first the children and then the women, and were about to push off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when a very old woman—I noticed she was the last to get into the boat and had done so reluctantly—seized the corner of the

yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I am gwine to stay wid my ole man. Ef Simon got to git drowned, Lyddy gwine git drowneded too. We dun bin togedder too long to part now.' And we had to leave her, after throwing some blankets and a lot of provisions to them.

As we rowed off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

'We're a clingin' to de ark,
Take us in, take us in,
Fur de watah's deep en dark,
Take us in, take us in;
Do' de flesh is po' en weak,
Take us in, take us in,
'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek,
Take us in, take us in;
Den, Lawd, hole out dy han',
Take us in, take us in,
Draw de sinnahs to de lan',
Take us in, take us in.'

We could wait and listen no longer to the weird sounds, but struck our oars in the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the barn and saved all of its living freight. The building had been apparently held down by their weight, for as the last one left, it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that as they neared it the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

'De Lawd is hyah'd our cry,'

Answered by the men:—

'Take us in, take us in,
En He'll save us by en by,
Take us in, take us in.'
—'Our Dumb Animals.'

The Measuring Rod.

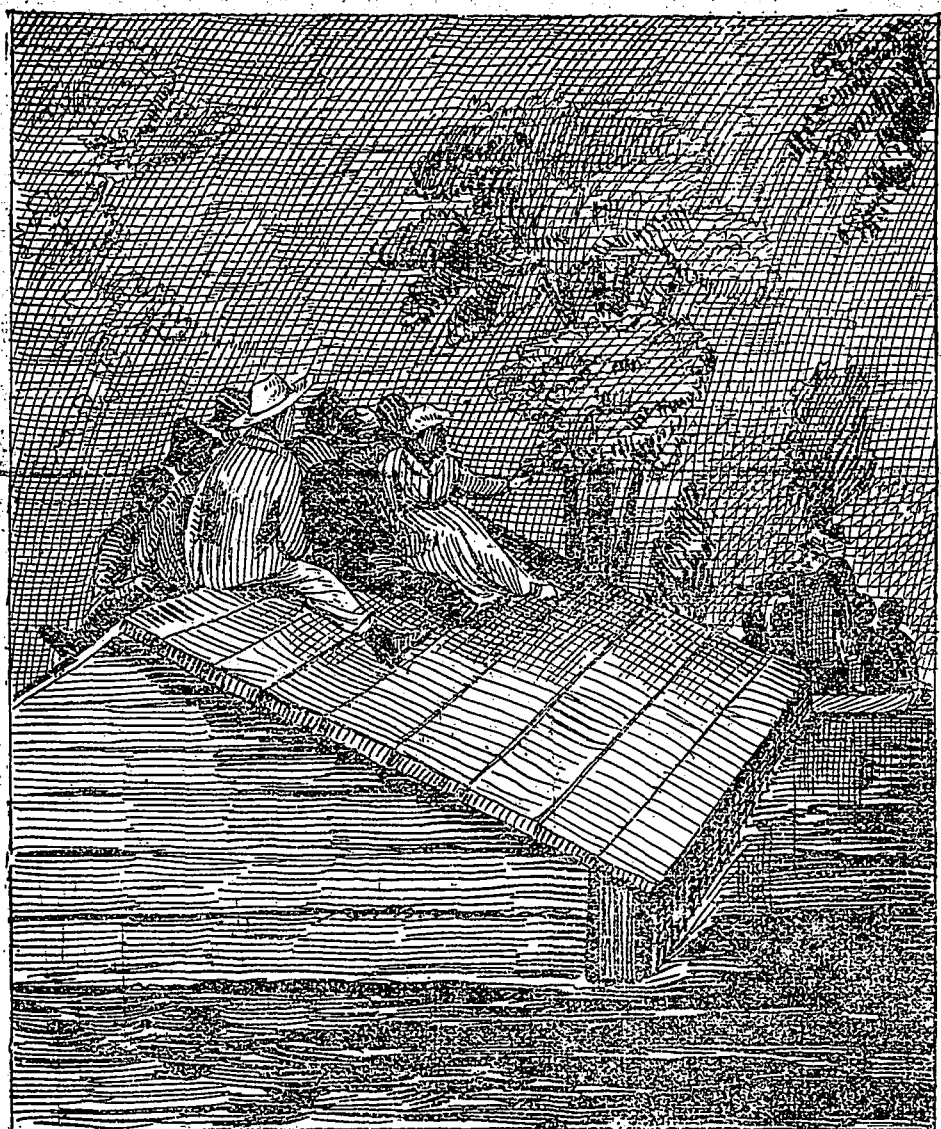
(Delia Lyman Porter.)

I dreamed that I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:—

'Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day!'

'Measuring Day!' said I, 'measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing,' and began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the centre, on a kind of a throne under the great elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were a strange, shining sort of white, and he had the kindest, and yet most serious face I had ever beheld. By his side there was a tall, golden rod fastened upright in the ground, with



THE NEGROES HAD SOUGHT REFUGE UPON A CORN BARN.

These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers, and filled with cooked provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn barn, around which the water was rapidly rising, and so rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro. Just before dark we sighted the corn barn, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away. Their condition became almost distressing as they sat in perfect silence waiting our approach.

house, and looking anxiously into my face, said:

'Marster, ain't you gwine to take my old man?'

'No, auntie,' I answered, 'the boat is too full now. He must wait till we come back.'

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when with a sudden spring, she was up and on the roof again. It shook as she scrambled on it, and took her seat by a little, withered old black man whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

'Come, auntie,' I cried, 'this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you.'

'Go on, marster,' she answered. 'I thanks

curious marks at regular intervals from the top to bottom.

Over it, on a golden scroll, were the words: 'The measure of the stature of a perfect man.' The angel held in his right hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came upon the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank from or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way, so that even we could see with our eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon after the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought:—'Surely, Mrs. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed.' But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: 'This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen by men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth.'

I pitied Mrs. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face, to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately she increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before; and her face shone so, I thought it must have caught its light from the angel's, which smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in his book, he said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom.'

The next was Lillian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lillian turned pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said, in a solemn tone: 'Oh, child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be, not outward adornment of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can you grow like the master.'

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry; but as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold! Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' 'Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'

And then, oh, my name came next! and I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm round me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark—Lillian's, the lowest of all. I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: 'Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this. Tell me how to

grow; I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!'

The angel shook his head sadly:—
'The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I next come! This rule will help thee: "Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily, as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ." The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee grow in grace.'

And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly awoke and found myself crying. But, oh, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark.

Do any of my readers know any girl who throws more enthusiasm into everything than into the most important of all—the growth of her Christian character?—*American Paper.*

For and Against.

(By Anna E. Hahn.)

In a new town in the Colorado mountains two women sat in a plain room engaged in earnest talk.

'I'm much troubled about our meeting tomorrow,' Mrs. Mains said anxiously. 'I had looked forward to it with much pleasure until I heard of these infidel doings. But now I'm afraid it's going to be a failure.'

Mrs. Lentz flushed a little, but said gently: 'Not a failure, surely. Anyway the town is getting large enough to support two meetings at the same hour.'

'Oh, but you don't understand the situation,' explained Mrs. Mains. 'There are only two places in all the town in which public meetings can be held, the hall and the schoolhouse. Hearing that the few of us who are interested in such things had sent for a home missionary to come tomorrow and organize a church in the schoolhouse, the unbelievers, hoping to keep people away from our meeting, have sent for an infidel lecturer to come the same day and harangue in the hall. They say he's much more eloquent than our missionary and will draw the crowd to the hall, leaving but a handful at the schoolhouse.'

'There are always plenty of people to run after an empty show,' Mrs. Lentz said sadly.

'I'm afraid I'll have to go to the hall with the crowd instead of to the schoolhouse with the handful as I desire. You know my husband holds infidel views, and he insists that I hear this lecture.'

It was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Lentz was visiting Mrs. Mains in her home. The missionary, who was also visiting there, happened to enter the room in time to hear the latter part of the conversation.

'Do not be troubled about the crowd at the hall and the handful at the schoolhouse,' he said earnestly. 'The work done at the hall will soon vanish away and be forgotten, but that done at the schoolhouse will last through the years, always strengthening and increasing.'

Seeing that the two ladies but half understood him he continued still more earnestly:

'There is all the difference in the world between working for God and working against him. The infidel may have a large crowd and may talk eloquently, but he will talk against God and his talk and work will come to naught. It will soon vanish away like straw and stubble and be forgotten. I may have only a small audience, and may talk only simply and plainly, but I shall talk for God, and my talk and work will last. While the infidel harangues, I will organize. Here in this new western town I will organize for God, and they that labor for him never labor in vain, although often the results are not seen for a time, or seem to be but small. The church to be organized to-

morrow may have only a few members, and may grow but slowly, but it will last and increase through untold years, doing a noble and much-needed work for God in this community. In it will be those who will hold its interests as a sacred trust; behind it will be a great denomination that will extend to it money and influence when necessary, and sympathy and prayers always; and round about it will be God who is mighty to bless, and who is abundantly able and willing to keep all that is committed to him, whether individuals or organizations.'

Both ladies were much impressed by the missionary's earnest words, and the next day when Mrs. Lentz sat in the crowded hall listening to the fluent infidel she kept thinking, 'He's flowery and eloquent, but his words are against God and will come to naught. His works are but straw and stubble and will soon vanish away and be forgotten.'

At the same time Mrs. Mains sitting with the little congregation in the schoolhouse, watching the organization of a church with only a handful of members, said confidently, 'It is only a small beginning, but it is for God and it will grow and prosper through untold years, doing a great work for him in whose name it is organized.'

And it did. A few years later the missionary again passed through the village, now grown to a goodly town. Seeing from the station a tall spire rising clear and comely towards the blue western sky, he inquired the name of the building. His heart leaped with joy at the reply, for the fine meeting-house belonged to the church he had organized that day when he had the handful in the schoolhouse and the infidel had the crowd in the hall. The church now had a costly building, a large membership and a larger congregation, and was the centre of much of the religious and social life of the town. It was faithfully keeping pace with the rapidly growing community and bravely holding its own with other pushing western institutions.

But the infidel had disappeared, his hall was now noted simply as an old landmark, most of his followers had gone over to the church, and the others were worse men than he had found them. He had worked against God and his work had come to naught.

The missionary looked back at the comely church spire as the train bore him away and said thankfully, 'I planted for God and he has given a rich increase. Truly they shall prosper that love thee, and they that labor for thee labor not in vain.'—*American Messenger.*

Mrs. M. A. Sangster remarks: 'A venerable friend, past her fourscore years, related this incident to me: She had a neighbor, fifty years ago, the widow of an eminent clergyman. This gentlewoman, struggling to bring up her family on very small means, found herself, one wild January day, in a bleak New England town, with a scanty supply of coal in her cellar. Had coal been plentiful, it would have been a comfort; and just then it would have done her little good, for the furnace was very much out of order. Covering the children up as warmly as she could, the mother sent them to school, and then went to her room and knelt by her bed in an agony of prayer. Even as her tear-wet face was bowed on her hands, a knock resounded through the house; and, going to the door, the lady met a stranger, who pressed upon her a roll of bills. "I haven't time to explain," he said "but, madam, it's an old debt I owed your husband, and here it is, with interest." The coal bin was supplied, and the furnace repaired, and around the father's bible that night mother and children knelt and acknowledged the goodness of their ever-loving, ever-caring God.'

Boys and Girls.

The Philippine Islands.

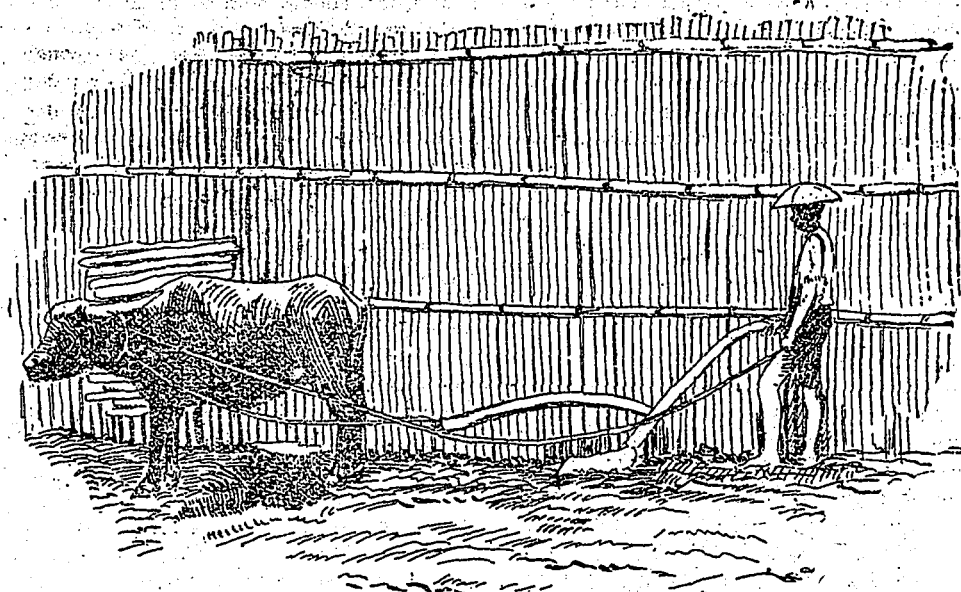
(R. Buenamar, in Frank Leslie's Magazine.)

The Philippine islands form a Malaysian Archipelago, admirably situated within easy access of China, and offering great facilities for commerce with the ports of that country and those of America, provided means of communication were established calculated to promote an exchange of commodities.



A MILK VENDER.

They are situated in the torrid zone, and though in a lower latitude than Cuba, the same temperature prevails as in the latter, being warm and agreeable, owing to the refreshing ocean breeze; yet they are insalubrious. Cold weather and sleet are unknown; but on the other hand the country is frequently visited by great and destructive hurricanes, which the natives call 'vaquios.' Diseases of the digestive organs are predominant, and though Europeans need



PLOUGHING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

not fear yellow fever, they are an easy prey to the endemic Asiatic cholera.

The Philippine Islands are high, mountainous and covered with virgin forests. In Luzon there are several volcanoes, but the islands are chiefly remarkable for the variety and abundance of their natural productions.

In them grow all sorts of colonial products and the most delicious fruits. There are over ninety-nine different kinds of rice. Indigo, Indian corn, cotton, cocoa, tobacco, wheat, coffee, sweet potato, honey, black pepper and other spices; orchil, brimstone, swallow nests, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, wax, tar, log-wood, ebony, and everything else pertaining to the tropics and the temperate zone, can be found in those islands which have been especially blessed with an exuberant and inexhaustible soil.

Of fruits the variety is endless: oranges, pineapples, plantains, bananas, sweet sops, mamme apples, medlars, mangos, etc., etc.

Their mineral wealth, yet unexploited, is considerable: gold, copper, iron, tombac, sulphur and white marble.

No less precious and varied are the woods available for cabinet and building purposes that abound in those primeval forests, now mainly used as shelter for the natives.

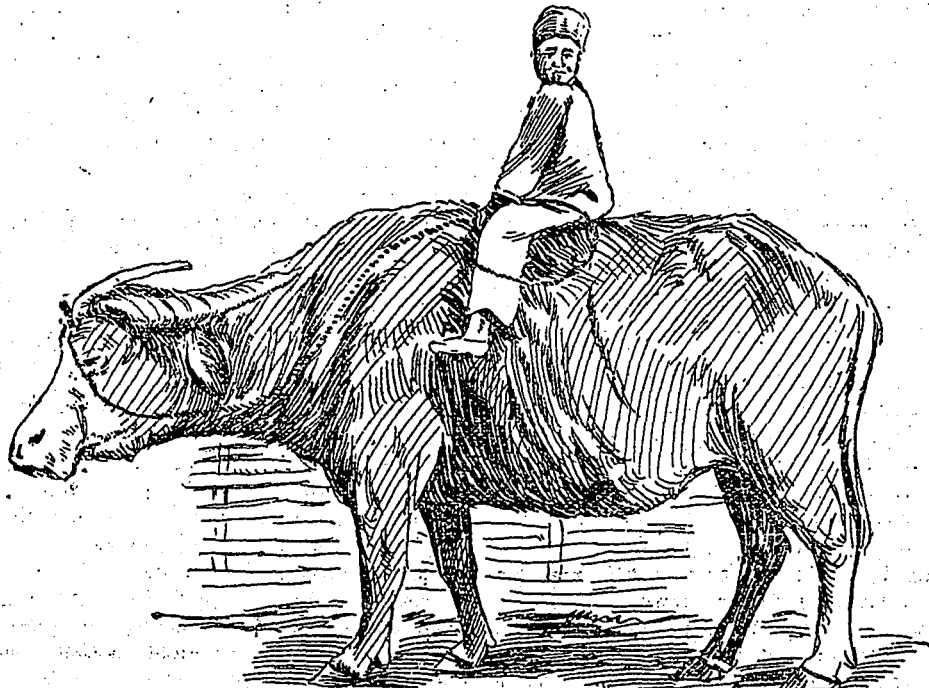
The islands are likewise rich in animals such as buffalos, wild boars, deer and others. There is no need of mentioning the great variety of birds of gorgeous plumage. Nor are there lacking poisonous reptiles. The

dreaded boa constrictor is a denizen of those wildernesses.

Among the domestic animals, not to mention the barnyard fowls, the most useful to the islander is the carabao, a species of buffalo resembling a bull in all save its horns, which are bent backward on a level with the neck and close to it. The carabao is everything to the native; it supplies the place of the horse, which he does not pos-



A RICH CHINESE MERCHANT IN MANILA.



INDIAN AND CARABAO.

sess, and is generally the instrument of locomotion and labor, being alike employed to till the soil, hitched to the rude plough used by the antediluvian farmer, or to carry him and his family from place to place.

The chief industries of the Philippine Islands are the manufacture of abaca, sugar, and of cocoanut oil. Modern machinery for crushing canes are yet unknown there, and the sugar mills still consist of a pair of iron rollers set in motion by a yoke of carabaos attached to an axle.

The natives devote themselves to cabinet-making; doing open-work on China grass handkerchiefs, dimity and various other silk textures; plaiting hats, and executing wonderful embroideries, lace-work, etc. But the principal agricultural product is tobacco, the monopoly of which, up to 1881, was held by the government.

The capital of the Philippine Islands and of Luzon is the city and port of Manila, seat of the Captain-General and of the other authorities. It has 140,000 inhabitants. Other

important cities are Catbalogan, capital of Samar, and Saro, in the island of Panay; the latter has a factory of silk and China grass textures, and 17,000 inhabitants.

The population of the Philippine Islands is almost wholly composed of Malays (natives) and Chinese, with a small proportion of half-breeds and whites from the Spanish peninsula, whose total number does not reach 60,000. It can even be affirmed that



A CAVITE MAIDEN.

the latter hold sway only in towns and cities of the seaboard, while the natives are masters throughout all the territory in the interior of the islands, the Spaniards numbering only 20,000.

Mamie's Work.

(Cora Willsey, A. B.)

It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon in early springtime, and Dame Nature seemed to be in one of her happiest moods. The sun smiled benignly down upon the tender buds and soft, green grass, and with his admiring glances set all the spring flowers to blushing. The birds sang merrily as they hopped from branch to branch in the old maple in search of the best places to build their little nests.

Seated by an open window of a beautiful house in the little suburban town of Mason, with the open bible in her lap, was Mamie Preston, only daughter of Dr. Preston, the most celebrated physician in his native town. A frown rested upon her usually cheerful face, and her deep blue eyes wore an anxious, questioning look. She glanced at her bible and read aloud these words: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

'Oh, how I wish,' said Mamie, 'that my life was not hemmed in by such narrow boundaries! If I could only be a missionary, and teach the little children in India or China the precious truths that I teach my little juniors, I should be happy. I should feel as if I were really doing God's work. There seems to be no chance for me to work for my Saviour. If mamma had lived—and here a tear dropped upon the open bible, and the look of pained perplexity deepened on the anxious face.

A door opened and closed, and unheeded by his sister Harry Preston entered the room. 'What, Mame,' he cried, in a bright, strong, cheery voice, 'moping this bright afternoon? Has not Mother Nature the power to drive away the sulks?' Then, as he noticed Mamie's anxious face, he came to her side and placed his arm around her, for this brother and sister were very dear to each other, and asked her to tell him what

caused her to look so unhappy. Instead of answering, Mamie pointed to the verse she had just been reading.

Harry read the verse indicated, and then, sitting down by his sister's side and holding her hand in his said: 'I am going to tell you, Mamie, about a picture that I saw when I was in Europe last year with Uncle Horace.

'In one of the galleries of southern Italy, surrounded by gems of art, some of them thousands of years old, is a beautiful picture of the "Holy Family." This picture, which no one has ever attempted to criticize, much less to copy, is made of mosaics, some of them not more than a quarter of an inch in circumference. Yet so perfect is their union, such refined taste and delicate touch have been used in combining them, that the most perfect harmony has been produced. It seems to hold imprisoned the dazzling rays of the sunlight, and to unite with them the delicate shadings of the rainbow.

'Thousands have stood before this picture in awe and admiration; yet no artist, by the cunning use of his brush, has ever attempted to equal it; no poet, with fine imagery and beautiful language, has ever tried to describe it.

'But, Mamie, beautiful as this picture is, should one of these little mosaics be removed from its place, or should the bits of mosaic be changed in any way, the harmony of the whole picture would be destroyed and its beauty lost.

'So it is with God's world, little sister. He has placed us here, each in the place he is best fitted for, and we cannot change our position without marring God's divine plan. We must do our duty, day by day, and leave the results with God. Remember these words, Mamie dear:

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If when fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Mamie looked up, smiling through tears, and said: 'Thank you, Harry. After this when I am tempted to murmur because I cannot do some great thing for Christ, I will think of the mosaics in the beautiful picture. And now I must set to work in earnest to prepare the missionary lesson for my juniors for to-morrow.'

Harry left the room, but just before closing the door looked back and said: 'I forgot to tell you, Mamie, that Dr. Strong, who visited your junior league last Sunday, said that you had the best league in the state, and that the talent you have for interesting and instructing children is one of God's choicest gifts.'

Mamie bowed her head in silent thanksgiving to God for having shown her her work, and Harry, passing the room a few moments later, heard her singing:

'Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.'
—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Bad thoughts are worse enemies even than are tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts so full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room.—'Good Cheer.'

A Fortunate Boy.

(By Anna Sprague Packard, in 'The Independent.')

'Is that all, Max?' and the man halted, with his queer oilcloth-covered bundle, and looked back at the motionless figure on the bed.

'Yes, daddy, I could not be more comfortable. Don't worry a bit about me. The pain will be gone before long, and perhaps I'll see the sun at noon,' and the weak little voice was so full of gayety that the words seemed sung rather than spoken.

The father put down his bundle—from which proceeded a flutter and whirr—and stepped into his boy's range of vision. The man was a sad-faced, gentle-eyed creature, stooped and aged prematurely, with that hunted, deprecatory look which constant poverty sometimes brings to a sensitive soul. He seemed apologizing for being alive. He was wretchedly dressed, but not in rags. The thin, old coat bore many a patch. As he looked at the boy, a light, so faint and tender that one could hardly define it, stole over his weary face. It was more like reflected sunshine than sunshine itself.

On the miserable bed lay Max, in a surgical frame, which made rigid every part of his body but his arm. The headpiece was like a cage, from which the face looked forth; but such a face! Framed in thick, golden hair, which half-concealed the cruel iron, the first impression was so joyous a one that it was only after a time one saw the pallor, the waste, the pinched nose and the circles around the blue eyes. Such merriment in the eyes, such darting, glancing smiles as ran over the face! His very curls seemed to laugh. Over the two, thin quilts was spread an overcoat; for the garret was cold, although it was April. The room sloped steeply on both sides, and was lighted by a small glass suttle in the roof. It was uncarpeted, and almost wholly unfurnished. Standing on boxes on the floor and hanging from the roof were numerous cages, containing canaries. The boy's bed faced them and the light.

'Now, daddy, don't sell Mr. McGinty for less than eight dollars. We ought to get ten—dear, cunning Mr. McGinty!—but eight dollars will do. Go up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and hang out the sign on the cage. Watch for ladies and children, and then call out—call loud, father:—'Here's your trick canary! Can climb a ladder, ring a bell, and draw his own water!' Follow them up, daddy, and don't be afraid. Remember the rent and all, and how we need the money.'

The father smiled at the eager, excited face, and for a moment looked hopeful.

'I'll do my best, Max; but I hate to take Mr. McGinty. You were such friends!'

'Nonsense, daddy; but there was a slight tremor in the voice which the ready laugh concealed. 'I can train another one. I have such lots of time!'

The father turned abruptly away and shouldered his birds again.

'I'll leave all the others at Wellman's, and if it rains, I'll work there through the day. Good-by' and the door closed gently.

Max shut his eyes tight, and listened to the retreating footsteps. Then, as two little tears ran down his cheeks, he said, softly, to his feathered friends:

'Well, that's over! Now we can begin to suppose. Suppose some nice little boy just about my age buys Mr. McGinty, and suppose he finds my note under his wing, and suppose he is always kind and good to him for my sake, and suppose Wellman sells all father's birds, and suppose we have so much money that we can pay all we owe, and buy Mrs. O'Grady a bonnet, and an

THE MESSENGER.

overcoat for Mr. Balatzky and shoes for Dennis; and then, suppose there's so much left over, that father could hire an open waggon some warm day in spring, and I could ride back and forth on the ferry boat and see the water and the ships and lots of sky; and suppose there should be a little breeze and the waves should have white caps, and look just the way father says, and suppose—and suppose—. But we need not follow him. Imagine the supposings of a child who has only a hospital and a garret for his realities.

The light grew stronger. The birds began to sing. The sun would be out soon, and for one blessed hour would shine in the garret.

It was a tenement house now, between enormous factories, but it had once been the home of a rich New York merchant. The garret had held rare and costly gowns, and chests full of valuables; but the garret had not then been the soul of the house. It was different now. Shut in on every side by 'sky-scrapers,' there was little chance for sunshine to enter, except through the garret scuttle, and 'twas toward this shrine, where lay the merry, loving, wise little cripple, that the feet of those in the darkened rooms below daily turned.

There were steps on the stairs. The first of the pilgrims had come.

It was Mrs. O'Grady, with a blanket under her arm, and a cup of tea in her hand.

'The top o' the mornin' to yer, darlint, and I'd been up sooner but for the childer. Kitty fell through the fire-escape wid her foolin'; and if the widdier woman below had not been airin' her bed, it's through to the pavement she'd gone! They do be havin' me crazy. And your father left his overcoat at home. Dear-a-me, is the man mad? It's grip he'll be havin'. I ought to have been sooner up with the blanket. Ye can have it all day, and now let me mother yer up a bit!'

She helped him as he drank the tea, and then, with great tenderness, washed his hands and face, made the bed, lifting the little body back and forth, and then with a small brush arranged the clinging curls. 'Faith, then, it's like a canary ye are, wid yer yellow fuzz, and you a peekin' out through yer cage a-makin' gladness for the whole house. Now, don't be thankin' me! Phat could I do without the wise head of yer? Wasn't it you cajoled the old man out of jinin' the strike? And didn't it turn out the way ye said?' And so Mrs. O'Grady ran on as she bustled herself about the room. That half-hour every morning was the bright spot in her busy day.

Mrs. O'Grady had been gone but a short time when old Balatzky, the cobbler from the basement, came in. He had a piece of work which needed more light, he said, as he sat down under the scuttle. Every one in the house avoided Balatzky, for he had an unpleasant way of running round with an open razor, when he had been drinking; but Max had never seen this seamy side. His Balatzky was a kind old man, full of stories of wonderful experiences, in nearly every country of Europe. There never was such an eager listener as Max. His glowing eyes, his moving, varying face, the twisting of his bird-like hands, all were in such contrast to the rigidity of his body. You knew just what an active boy he would have been if Nature had not been thwarted.

Balatzky, flattered and praised by such enthusiasm, talked this day, with a wit and eloquence which had been fatal to him, as a university student.

The gaunt, half-starved Pole from the sweating shop below, who came every day to fix the birds, and breathe something beside the vile, fetid air of his own den, stood

outside the garret door and listened. The shouts of merry laughter from within seemed to lift the burden from his poor, dulled mind; his leaden, joyless heart, his overworked body. Away in the past—had it ever been?—he had laughed like that, and the memory of that lost happiness softened and changed and humanized the hopeless face framed in its coarse black hair. 'May the Almighty bless him!' he said in his heart, as he opened the door.

Old Balatzky gathered up his work to go. 'Don't go, Mr. Balatzky,' (Max was the one person who called him 'Mr. '), 'do tell Stanislaus the joke you played on that Vienna policeman!'

But Balatzky was through and he went limping back to his dark basement with a smile under his grizzled beard, and a sense of being necessary to some one that filled his old socialistic heart with comfort.

Stanislaus gave fresh water and seed to the birds, who were going wild over the sunshine, which now began to stream into the room. Max had to shout his jokes to be heard, but Stanislaus's faint smiles repaid him. The Pole had his dinner—a piece of black bread and a meagre bit of meat—which he offered to share with the child, but Max refused.

'Oh, the Bowery!' came ringing up the stairs.

'Ah, it's Dennis, you know. He washes glasses in Cavanagh's saloon.'

'Hello, kid, how goes it?' roared Dennis, as he burst open the door. Dennis was a Bowery tough in the bud; but Max in his innocent little heart thought all his coarseness fun.

'Jest see what Cavanagh's sent you! A big pail of clam chowder from the free lunch counter! Here's a lot of crackers and cheese; so hump in and enjoy yourself.'

'Oh, Dennis, how good you are! I know you spoke of it first to Cavanagh. It's just like you, to be so nice and modest.' Dennis turned away with a grin. He nice and modest!

'Here, Sheeney, there's enough for you, too, and plenty left for Daddy Canary when he gets home. So stir your stumps, and get some spcons; for I've got to go back.'

The chowder was hot, and there was plenty of it, so Stanislaus went away fed and comforted.

The afternoon wore away and brought at its close his father.

'Yes, Max, it's all right. I sold him for eight dollars!' he said, in answer to the eager eyes. The boy's face glowed with delight.

'Oh, Daddy! now we're sure of the rent; and I've got such a supper for you! Cavanagh sent me a big pail of chowder, so make a fire and heat it.'

When his meal was over, the father drew his rickety chair, and began:

'Wellman took all the birds—there's a demand about Easter—and after helping him a while I walked up-town with Mr. McGinty. I did as you said, and before long I had a crowd around me, and I put Mr. McGinty through his tricks. He never did better. Just as he was through I heard some one call me, and I saw a boy beckoning from a carriage, and the boy was so richly dressed I hoped at once.

'Make him do his tricks again,' he said, and then, when it was over, he asked the price, and said to the footman, who stood beside the door: 'Bronson, run into the shop and find Aunt Grace, and ask her for eight dollars. Tell her I want to buy a bird;' so when the man had gone, he said to me:

'"Was it hard to teach him?"'

'"It took time," I said; "but my boy is very patient."

"Did your boy train him?" said he.

"Yes," I said, "he's a cripple." He was going to say something else, when a lady came out with the footman.

"Do you really want him, Lloyd?" she said; "you won't look at him to-morrow!" But the boy seemed angry, and muttered something about his own money, and "telling father;" so she paid me, and they drove away.

Max drew a long sigh. 'I'm glad I wrote that note, if he's that kind of a boy.'

It was three days later. Max was alone, and the sun was not out. There came a strange footstep on the stairs, a knock at the door, and then a voice said: 'I say, hello!' 'Hello!' said Max, cheerfully; 'come round in front where I can see you.'

A boy about his own age, erect, handsome, and dressed in a serge sailor suit, came to the foot of the bed, and stared at him in astonishment. A flash of recognition crossed Max's face.

'Are you the boy who bought Mr. McGinty? Sit down. The chair won't tip, if you sit on the corner. How glad I am to see you! You didn't mind my note? I was so afraid he'd be neglected;' and Max chattered on, with sheer delight.

Lloyd Ormiston had seen strange sights this morning; but this was the strangest of all—a boy, alone, in a cage, in a garret, and—happy!

'I say, what ails you?' he said, bluntly.

A faint flush ran over the sensitive face. 'I have spine disease. I fell when I was a very little boy. Then I went to the hospital. They were very kind; but they could not keep me, for I'm incurable,' said the child, gently.

'I don't believe it,' said Lloyd, angrily; 'they don't know everything! Besides, they've not seen you lately. I bet Uncle Joe could cure you! You see if he don't. I'll have him here to-morrow with father. You don't know what father's like. He can do anything. So can Uncle Joe. He'll have you walking in a year. He has cured worse cases than yours!'

It was a wan, frightened face that looked at Lloyd, as he stormed in his spoiled, impetuous way.

'Don't say that, please! I'm—I'm used to it now; and it would be so awful to hope;' but Lloyd was not used to opposition, and his boyish heart—warm under its thick coat of discontent and selfishness—had gone out, in an unknown way, to this 'shut-in.'

They talked all the afternoon. Lloyd full of plans—such preposterous plans, that Max shouted in merriment, and yet the other seemed so masterful that the boy half believed him.

'I suppose I've got to go now. Aunt Grace is such a fuss! I'll be down to-morrow with father and Uncle Joe, and don't you dare think "incurable" again!'

He had opened the door, when he stopped, and said, brokenly:

'Do you mind if I kiss you good-by? You know neither of us have mothers!'

Never since the cholera scare had there been such excitement in the tenement house. The ten O'Grady's could have fallen through the fire-escape and no one would have noticed them. Max Turner could be cured. A great doctor from Fifth Avenue said so; but that was not all. The cage was being taken off now, and Max was to go away in the fine carriage, that stood in front of ninety-six. The doctor and his brother, Mr. Ormiston, were going on a cruise in their yacht, and Max was to be taken along with Mr. Ormiston's boy. Max's

father was to go and help the steward. All this and more, ran through the crowd that had gathered round the door to see the last of Max. When the procession came down the stairs there went up a shout that drowned the noise of the street. There he was, out of his frame, wrapped in a travelling rug, a blue sailor cap on top of his fluffy hair, carried carefully in the doctor's arms. Two red spots glowed on his cheeks, and his eyes were like summer stars.

Lloyd walked beside him with an air of protecting ownership. Mr. Ormiston, an energetic, warm-hearted broker, came behind, with Turner following him.

The footman opened the carriage door and adjusted the down cushions. The doctor laid his light burden down; then he and Lloyd got in.

'We'll meet you at the pier,' said Mr. Ormiston, as he and Turner started down the street, toward the Elevated station. Max looked out of the open door. There they all stood. His dear, true friends, who had given so generously of their poverty. Mrs. O'Grady, with the ten, Stanislaus, old Balatzky, Dennis, and all the rest, all cheering and weeping and blessing the bird from under the roof.

'Good-by—good-by!' called the child, wild with excitement. 'You've all been so good to me. Oh, I can never thank you; but when I can walk I'll come back to you all again. There never, never were such friends! There was never such a fortunate boy!' The wooden-faced footman almost smiled as he shut the door.

'Boys, give him an East-side send-off!' yelled Dennis; and they did!

Down the street went Max, and the first corner hid the carriage from view.

'Ach,' said Balatzky, as he stumbled into the black basement; 'it's a good thing to have a loving heart!'

Stanislaus, full of joyful sorrow, went back to his birds for comfort. Dennis jumped over an ash-barrel and gave a yell, to hide the two big tears which would fall.

Only Mrs. O'Grady was left looking into space. Then she said, softly: 'May God protect and cure him, the lovin' happy soul! Sure, it was himself that caught the sunshine from the top and sifted it through the house. It's miss him, I will, me own little yellow bird! Bridget, get off the fire-escape or I'll wallop you!'

Just an Every Day Saint.

(By Helen A. Walker.)

'Wait, Tommy; that button must be sewed on your jacket.'

'But I'll be late for school, mother.'

'No, you'll not be late; give me your jacket and you amuse baby one minute; you know our clock is a little fast.'

Tommy took baby Ben to the window and called his attention to a passing 'bow-wow,' while the button was being fastened in place.

'Why, mamma, it's raining; I'll have to carry an umbrella to school, won't I?'

'Is it raining?' said Mrs. Chubb, anxiously.

'Yes, indeed, see the drops on the window. But I'll take that broken umbrella, and then if anything happens it won't make any difference.'

Tommy was conscious that his umbrella was liable to accidents, and how could it be otherwise when it was sure to be used as an offensive and defensive weapon in his friendly skirmishes with other boys?

'Here's your jacket, my boy; now, get your umbrella and scamper off to school.'

Mrs. Chubb stood at the window and watched him as he joined Bill Blake, who was also on his way to school.

'Tommy,' she called; he looked back.

'Tommy, you may bring Billy home to dinner with you.'

'All right, mother; good for you.'

It was wash-day, and that invitation increased Mrs. Chubb's work a little, for she was her own cook on wash-days. 'But,' she said to herself, 'he needs a good dinner and he shall have it. I must hunt up some warm clothes for him, too; poor little fellow, he shall have that overcoat Tommy has laid aside, and I do believe I can mend the sleeves before time to get dinner.'

The overcoat was brought, with a roll of pieces, and the mending went on, with occasional interruptions, for baby Ben must receive a bright smile once in a while, and a little help, too, in his small endeavors at block-house building.

The coat being finished, and the baby tucked away for his nap, Mrs. Chubb hastened to the kitchen and busied herself in preparing dinner.

After dinner the overcoat was given to Billy, and he buttoned himself up in it with great delight.

'Thank ye, Mis' Chubb, ever so much; mother said I'd just have to run to keep warm this winter, 'cause she couldn't afford to buy me an overcoat, an' now she'll see me come a-walkin' in with an overcoat on.'

'Well, I'm glad you like it, Billy; just put this roll of pieces in the pocket, so your mother can have them to mend with if needed. I'm glad I knew of a good little boy to have that coat; it ought to be proud of having kept two good boys warm,' said Mrs. Chubb as she started the children off to school, each with a nice red apple in his pocket.

'Hooray for us, Billy,' said Tommy; 'that means you're a good boy and I'm another.'

The next day Mrs. Chubb called on Billy's mother, a poor widow who worked hard to provide for her little family.

'Mrs. Blake,' she said, 'I would like to have Billy take his dinner with us during this term of school; you know we live nearer the school-house than you do, and he can always be there in time.' She did not add that the boy would be sure of a good, hearty meal, but Mrs. Blake thought of that and appreciated the kindness.

'It is very good of you, Mrs. Chubb, and Billy will say so, too. I know it will be some trouble to you.'

'No, not trouble; I shall be glad to do it. You know we busy housekeeping mothers cannot reach out very far, or do very great things for the dear Master, but we can improve our little wayside opportunities. But good-by now, for I must look in on Mrs. Paley a few minutes before going home. Don't forget to tell Billy.'

Mrs. Chubb found Mrs. Paley where everybody found her, and where she had spent many years, in her own room on a couch.

'How good you are to come,' said the invalid, 'I thought it was about time for a visit from you.'

'I like to come here,' answered Mrs. Chubb cheerily, 'because I always find you at home.'

'Yes, you find me at home,' said Mrs. Paley, wearily, 'but do you know home sometimes seems to me like a prison?'

'Such a pretty room as this can not surely seem like a prison,' said Mrs. Chubb, with a smile, 'only see the pretty, bright carpet, lovely pictures, nice furniture, and two windows through which you have glimpses of God's beautiful world outside.'

'Yes, a beautiful world, but you remember Mrs. Browning says, "Two little tears suffice to cover all."'

'Ah! but the beauty is there just the same, and God is God; floods of tears cannot wash away that blessed truth.'

Then Mrs. Chubb chatted about various matters, little incidents in her own home

life; told some quaint sayings of baby Ben, and gave a sketch of the pastor's prayer-meeting talk the night before.

Mrs. Paley listened with interest, and the weary look faded from her face.

'Now, good-by, dear,' said Mrs. Chubb; 'I see Miss Vail just passing, and I want to speak with her. Be of good courage, and with a promise to come again as soon as she could, Mrs. Chubb quietly closed Mrs. Paley's door behind her, and quickly overtook the lady with whom she wished to speak.

'How do you do, Miss Vail?' and then, as she hesitated, 'I am Mrs. Chubb; you remember we spoke together at church last Sunday.'

'Oh, yes, I do remember, but I was not expecting to meet any one I knew.'

'I am so glad to see you,' continued Mrs. Chubb, 'for I wished to remind you of our church tea Friday evening. You will like to go, I am sure.'

'I do not know that I care to, Mrs. Chubb, I am so much of a stranger, yet.'

'Yes, you are a stranger, but we are going to take you in and make you feel at home among us. You will soon make acquaintances. I am glad you handed in your church letter so soon after coming among us.'

'I like the pastor very much.'

'I am sure you do; wasn't that a good sermon he gave us last Sunday? Now, Miss Vail, I will call for you Friday evening. Mr. Chubb cannot go to the tea, and I shall be so glad of your company.' Miss Vail's consent to accompany her was given, and they parted at the next corner.

When Billy came home from school that afternoon his mother told him about Mrs. Chubb's invitation. He was greatly pleased and searched through his limited vocabulary for words to express his feelings:

'Mother, Mis' Chubb's a brick; she's a pressed brick, that's what she is.'

'Yes, Billy, or perhaps she's a saint.'

'Mebbe; not the kind with a long white dress and a shiny ring round her head, though; but just a kind of every-day saint.'

'She's the kind we read of in the bible, Billy.'

'Where?'

'You'll see when we have our reading to-night.'

They read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew from the thirty-first to the forty-first verse.

'Yes, mother, I see,' said Billy.—'The Herald and Presbyterian.'

The Power of Prayer.

I went to see my old friend of a former home. I used to think that if God were to doom the wicked little town in which she lives, and there was an Abraham-intercessor for it, 'peradventure it would be spared for her sake.'

She took both my hands at her threshold, and her greeting she spoke to God. Shutting her eyes, but with her head in a looking-up attitude, she said, 'I thank you my heavenly Father for sending my dear sister to me. Bless her, and all she loves, and help us to do each other good.'

She is an Irishwoman by birth, and has all the warm-heartedness and vivacity of her race. White hair waves on her head. Alone she has worked for and brought up a large family, continuing to work until she had, as she thought, laid by enough for her old age.

'God answers our prayers concerning our temporal things, by changing our own wishes with regard to them,' she said when telling

me about an investment that had turned out profitless.

'But you don't mean to say that you have lost all that property,' said I.

'Yes,' she answered, 'I said to the Lord, "Heavenly Father, save it for me if you will, if not, tell me what to do about it and make me content!" Well, he told me in my heart not to spend any more money in trying to keep it. I found the people concerned with me could not do their share, so what I spent could do no real good in the matter. The Lord has made me happy ever since, and I look back and wonder how I could ever have given it an anxious thought.'

I made some remark about her hard-working life. She said:

'You don't know how God look me at my word. He had spoken to me about doing some work for him in the midst of my busy days. I don't remember the circumstances, but I do remember I said to him, "I cannot do it now, Lord, but if you will spare my life till I have not to work for my daily bread, I will then give you all my time!'

'I did not think then,' she continued, 'that my heavenly Father would take his child at her word. I have all my time now, and I am able to give it all to him. I can't go about much any more, I have to stay in my room (she is often sick with coughs), so I am asking him to bless first one person, then another, in this place. He hears me, I know he does. He has given me my daughter and her husband; for surely I could not speak to them as I do now. Now they are in full sympathy with me.'

I asked after a son who had been a great trouble to her.

'I used to trouble about him,' she said; 'but I have cast him upon the Lord, and I don't trouble any more. He'll be all right. What should I worry about him for?'

This reminds me of an aged minister I used to know, who tells how he happened to be in a strange place, and visited an old friend who was dying. She said to him, 'I had been feeling that I could not die until I knew that my prayers were answered for my wayward son. By your coming in just now, I feel that God has heard them; that he is about to answer them, and that you will be the instrument. And now I feel that I can die contented!' And so it turned out. The aged minister found himself soon afterwards in the son's company; and the words he spoke to him were the means of his change of heart and thought and life.

On my return home I was speaking of the old Irish lady, who seems to be already dwelling in the vestibule of heaven, to a like-minded woman here.

'Yes,' she said, 'we may bring our little things to God; and sometimes he shows us that we may, by hearing our prayers about these little temporal things. I'll just tell you what occurred to me only two or three days ago.'

'Tell me,' I said, for I knew I should hear an incident that would encourage my faith.

'Well,' she went on, 'my husband was out hunting the cow the other evening. It was getting late and neither came back. I began to be rather anxious, for Charles was not very well, and such a long tramp over our hills would be too much for him. After straining my eyes at the house door, and looking perpetually at the clock, for a long period, I at last bethought me, "Why shouldn't I tell my Heavenly Father about it?" So I said, "My kind Heavenly Father, thou knowest Charles is not fit for this long fatigue up and down the hills. I pray thee, put into his mind the right direction, that

he may find the cow, and incline our hearts to give thee all the praise!"

'I did not feel anxious any more after this, and very soon I saw the fugitive cow come up the lane, and Charles after her, none the worse for his chase. We compared notes and found that at the exact time that I put up my petition he had put up the same, for he had taken out his watch and looked at it.

'You see here were the two asking the same in the Saviour's name. We agreed in spirit, although apart in person!'—Louisa A'hmuty-Nash in 'Morning Star.'

A Boy Hero.

In heartless Paris, which to foreign eyes
Seems made of mirrors, gaslight, and display,

A splendid building's walls began to rise,
Ascending stone by stone from day to day,

High and more high the pile was builded well,

And scores of laborers were busy there,
When, suddenly, a fragile staging fell,
And two strong workmen fell aloft in air.

Suspended by their hands to one slight hold,
That bent and creaked beneath their sudden weight;

One worn with toil, and growing gray and old;

One a mere boy, just reaching man's estate.

Yet, with a hero's soul. Alone and young,
Were it not well to yield his single life,
On which no parent leaned, no children hung,

And save the other to his babes and wife?

He saw that ere deliverance could be brought

The frail support they grasped must surely break,

And in that shuddering moment's flash of thought,

He chose to perish for his comrade's sake.

With bravery such as heroes seldom know,

'Tis right,' he said, and loosing his strong grip,

Dropped like a stone upon the stones below,

And lay there dead, the smile still on his lip.

What though no laurels grow his grave above,

And o'er his grave no sculptured shafts may rise?

To the sweet spirit of unselfish love,

Was not his life a glorious sacrifice?

—'Harper's Young People.'

A Beggar Presented at Court.

'Hold on, father; wait for me!'

The gentleman turned and waited for the nimble footsteps to overtake him.

'Where are you going, father? Can I go along?'

'Yes, you can go if you choose; I am going to old Tom Henderson's.'

'Why, you went there only yesterday; has anything happened to him?'

'Yes,' said the father, after a pause, something very wonderful has happened to him.'

'What?' asked the boy, with all the curiosity a child feels about the wonderful.

'I'm afraid you won't believe me if I tell you; you'll think I am joking.'

'Now, father, you know I'll believe anything, if you tell me it is true. What has happened to old Tom?'

'Well, you know he has been a poor beggar ever since he went blind, and he has never

known from day to day where the next day's food was coming from.'

'Yes, I know.'

'But it turns out that after all he was heir to a great estate, he had royal blood in his veins, and though he has had such a hard time, the king of his native land has never lost sight of him, nor forgotten him.'

'How strange,' cried the boy.

'And this morning at daybreak,' continued his father, 'the king sent a messenger for him, with directions to bring him to the royal court. He is to be presented to the king, and become a member of the royal family.'

'Has he gone?' inquired the boy, eagerly.

'He went at once.'

'But what a strange figure he will be at court,' said the child; 'he is all in rags and patches.'

'Oh, no, the king sent white robes for him to wear, a crown for his head, and signet ring with his new name inscribed.'

'His new name?'

'Yes, he is to wear a new name at court, but no man in this country knows what it is to be. In fact, old Tom will not know himself until he gets there.'

'But Tom is so old, father, that he won't enjoy the fine things in the king's palace; he is so blind and deaf and feeble that it can't make much difference to him whether he is in Goody Reed's garret or at a king's court.'

'That is the strange part of my story; the part that you will find hardest to believe; the beggar is no longer blind, or deaf, or feeble; he now sees the king in his beauty; he hears the praises of a great multitude, that no man can number, and along with his shining robe, and golden crown, and branch of palm, he has received the gift of immortal youth, a joyous, never-ending youth. He shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall he know sorrow or crying. The king of that glorious land will provide for all his wants, will furnish all his needs, will wipe away all tears from his eyes.'

'You mean, father—' began the child, and then stopped.

'I mean,' answered his father, gently, 'that old Tom died at daybreak this morning.'

The two walked on in silence, while the boy was going over in his mind the strange story, and realizing that the Lord God Almighty was the king his father meant, and that what had happened to the poor blind beggar was just the wonderful thing that would come to every child of God.

'If Tom is dead, father,' he said, presently, 'what are you going to see him for?'

'When one becomes a member of the king's household,' the father answered, 'even the things he has laid aside become of interest and dignity. The poor, cast-off garment of flesh must be reverently laid aside, because a king's son once dwelt in it.'

They had climbed the dark and narrow stairway, and now opened the door through which, though closed, the king's messenger had so recently passed. There lay what was left of poor, old, blind Tom, but even upon this forsaken house of his earthly tabernacle there rested a strange light and peace and calm and dignity, as if reflected from the radiant court of the king.

And as long as he lives the boy will remember his father's little parable, and will see in every child of God, however poor, or ignorant, or afflicted, one who is sooner or later to be summoned by the king's messenger, and presented at court.—'Youth's Evangelist.'

It is not from men that are drunk, but from men that have been drinking, that most of the crime proceeds.

Little Folks.

The Flowers in the Snow.

(By William J. Lacey.)

'Yes, Mrs. Leeds is quite a poor woman, but she has a treasure at home.'

Now this was what the big farmer of High Dean said to Archie Ede about a thin, white-faced widow, who came to the farm-house to help scrub and scour. Mr. Perrin was Archie's uncle, and bonny little Jean's, and both the bairns liked nothing better than to be taken by mother away to the tiny village in

he had a pleasant face, Archie did not care to be very near him. That was because Tim, as he was called, had rough clothes, and was generally dirty, as anyone must be who did odd jobs about a farm. Tim seemed as if he would like to make friends with Archie and Jean, but Archie would look at the torn jacket, and then at his own smart holiday coat with the nice fur, and somehow he would shrink away. Of course tiny Jean went with him, and Tim was left with never a kind

Their home was in a noisy city. The tall trees made a complete change, and you can imagine nothing more different to the streets and houses and the endless files of carts and cabs.

It was still winter, and fresh snow had fallen in the night. This pleased Archie and Jean. The paths were all covered up, and it was fine fun to dot two pairs of little footprints across the soft white robe. Then it was a sort of hide-and-seek with the snow to guess where the paths ought to be. No wonder that the two small faces grew uncommonly rosy.

Suddenly Archie stopped, and his merry eyes began to dance anew. It was wonderful, but here were wild snowdrops lifting pretty blossoms in a sheltered spot. The track did not really come this way, and if the children had found and followed it, they must have missed the flowers. That would have been a pity.

'Flowers! Flowers!' Archie cried; 'They are so pretty, Jean. And only fancy! growing here in the snow! Let us run and fetch Uncle George. He's only in the long field. I saw him at the gate.'

'Yes, let us run,' said tiny Jean. She was often Archie's echo, saying just what he said. You see, Archie was bigger, and a boy.

'You've got a treasure in what you think a funny place; is that it, Archie?' asked the farmer. He laughed with the great laugh that was so nice to hear. It showed that he wasn't cross a bit at being fetched to look at the flowers.

'It isn't—a garden,' said Archie, slowly.

'No; but the snowdrops are here, and God has cared for the pretty, shy things all away in the snow,' answered Archie's uncle. 'And do you know little Tim is just like them; and God sees and cares for little Tim Leeds. You wanted to hear about Mrs. Leeds's treasure, Archie, didn't you?'

'Yes, Uncle,' said the bairns in a breath.

'Her treasure is just young Tim. He is such a kind boy to his mother. He works for her. He takes her his money. Tim is ragged, and Tim is very poor; but God sees the flowers growing in the winter-time, and in the snow and the cold. There are dear, dear flowers growing in little Tim's heart.'—'Adviser.'



'THEY ARE SO PRETTY, GROWING HERE IN THE SNOW.'

Cumberland. Their mother told them such interesting stories, you see, of her own girlhood in High Dean. But Uncle George sometimes set Archie puzzles to find out, and here was one. A treasure meant money, didn't it? Even Jean was old enough to say 'yes' to that question. Then if Mrs. Leeds had money at home, how could she be poor? But Uncle George had only a twinkle in his eye, when Archie asked him.

There was a ragged boy who was often in the farm-yard, and though

word, such as even little lips can speak. And if you had been there you would once or twice have seen a tear roll down Tim's grimy cheeks. It so happened that Mr. Perrin had seen it. Perhaps that was why he waited instead of at once answering Archie's question concerning poor Mrs. Leeds's treasure.

One day Archie and Jean went out together into a large wood close to High Dean farm. It was this big wood that helped to make these visits so delightful to the children.

THE MESSENGER.

Alfred the Great.

One day, Alfred the Great, still quite a youth, was engaged in a hunting tour in Cornwall, when one of the sudden attacks of a terrible disease to which he was subject, seized upon him. He was probably a long way from any physician but One, and in his intense pain, he betook himself to him. Entering the little chapel at Ham Stoke, near which he happened to be, Alfred threw himself on the ground before the altar. He lay there a long time, pouring out his whole soul in one fervent petition—that 'in his boundless compassion,' God would exchange this tormenting disorder for some lighter malady—still adding the proviso that his burden should be one that might be borne in secret, so that men would not be unwilling to receive from him the benefits which he longed to confer. At last Alfred rose from the ground, and went on his journey. The disease never gave him another pang.

Prayer had brought it, and prayer healed it. He wielded no power as yet over men, but as a prince this youth had power with God, and prevailed.—'Our Darlings.'

A Small Fisherman.

Ralph was going fishing with papa and mamma, uncle and auntie. He said he was sure he could catch 'five or nine fishes all his own self,' if he had a chance.

When they stopped under some trees near the water, mamma and auntie said they would rest in the shade a while. Papa and uncle said they would go on to the best fishing place.

'I want to fish now. Please let me, papa,' begged Ralph.

'You can't go with us,' said papa; 'but if you will promise to keep quite still till mamma comes for you I will let you sit on the bank yonder, and cast your line into the water.'

'I'll sit still as anything,' promised Ralph, and as papa left him where mamma could see him, he sat on the bank holding his stalk of a rod, and dangling the line as eagerly as possible.

But somehow the fishes did not seem to care anything about his hook. They just let it alone. The young fisherman drew it up and dropped it again as deep as he could. He thought he felt something, and pulled quick. The line

broke and floated away on the water. It had caught on some roots growing out of the bank.

Just then Ralph thought he saw a fish wiggle its head in the water. How he did want to crawl down after the line! 'But I musn't,' he said. And he did not.

Presently mamma came, and by this time the line was out of sight.

'I could have caught a fish for you, mamma, if I could have picked up my line; but I sat still,' and the young fisherman told all about his mishap.

Mamma hugged him tight. 'You would have fallen in if you had gone down to the water,' she said. 'I would rather have a boy who can be trusted to do what he is bidden than all the big fishes that ever swam.'—'The Sunbeam.'

A Little Child's Faith.

A gentleman who is kind to all in trouble, was going through the children's ward of a hospital with the matron. As he did so he happened to notice a delicate boy, who, the matron told him, was about to leave. The lady also said that she was sorry the child's clothes were so thin and poor, and his shoes not fit to keep him warm and dry in the severe weather.

'Cannot his mother get him new shoes?' the gentleman asked.

'No, she is a widow, with several children, and very poor.'

'Can you not clothe him better before he leaves the hospital?'

'We would gladly do it, but we have not the means, I assure you.'

The gentleman made no answer, but the next day he called again, and asked the matron to get the child a pair of strong shoes, to be first worn when he left, and he would pay for them. The matron was only too pleased to do this; and on the day of the child's departure when he was dressing to go, she took him a pair of new shoes. The boy thanked her, but he did not seem to be surprised. He rather took them as a matter of course. The matron was naturally a little disappointed when she noticed this.

The little fellow seemed to know what was passing in her mind, for he said simply, 'I knew they were coming. I asked God for them.'

'Yes, that he did!' said an eager child who slept in the next bed. 'After we had said good-night, he knelt up in his bed, and said "Please,

God, send me some new shoes, for I want them so much."'

The matron was touched by the child's simple faith. It seemed to teach a lesson of trust in our Heavenly Father, and she went about her duties with a lighter heart.

Dear young readers, do you tell your wants and troubles to God? I hope you do. He has said in his own Word, 'They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.' Of course I cannot say that God will always give you just the thing you ask for. Your loving fathers and mothers do not always do that, for many reasons they may not, perhaps, explain to you; and so God, who is much wiser and more loving, deals with us grown people, as well as children. But he loves the boys and girls so much that he wishes them to ask him for all they want; and whether he may give them the particular thing they ask for or not, he is pleased with their simple faith and trust. Be sure that these will not go without their reward.—'Little Pilgrim.'

The Evening Hour.

(By Mrs. William B. Bodine.)

Shadows have lengthened
Daylight is done,
Night cometh o'er us,
Stars there are none;
Darkness I dread not,
Nothing I fear,
Deep in my heart I feel
Jesus is near.

Curtains drawn closely,
Lights soft and dim,
Echoes still lingering
Of the lullaby hymn;
Little babe in her crib,
Unconscious of fear,
Slumbering so sweetly,
O! Jesus, be near!

Each little cross I bring,
Each little care,
Telling Him all I feel
As I kneel there;
Thinking of sin and self,
How dark and drear!
Looking away, how bright!
Jesus is there.

O through the heat of day,
Toiling and all,
How sweet and comforting
To come at His call!
To lay every burden down,
Dry every tear,
Casting all at His feet,
Jesus is near.

—'Churchman.'



Temperance Catechism.

DIGESTION.

1. Q.—Why do we eat and drink?
A.—We feel hunger and thirst because our bodies need nourishment.
2. Q.—Why is food necessary?
A.—Our bodies are constantly wearing out and to keep them strong we must eat good nourishing food. Growing persons need also to eat enough to produce new tissues, so that the body may increase in size.
3. Q.—How is the food prepared for the use of the body?
A.—By a process called digestion.
2. Q.—What is the first process of digestion?
A.—Mastication, or the chewing which grinds the food into small particles, which, mixed with saliva, are then ready to be swallowed.
5. Q.—When the food is thoroughly chewed it passes down through the gullet to the stomach, what happens there?
A.—As soon as the food arrives in the stomach thousands of tiny glands in its walls pour out a fluid called gastric juice, containing a peculiar substance called pepsin.
6. Q.—What does the gastric juice do?
A.—The gastric juice dissolves and thus helps digest that part of the food which has albumen in it—the lean meat, gluten of flour and so on. These being digested pass at once into the blood.
7. Q.—What effect has tobacco on the digestion?
A.—Tobacco causes loss of appetite and weakens the stomach. The smoker sometimes fancies he receives an aid to digestion from his cigar; but in this he is mistaken. The nerves of the stomach are paralyzed by the nicotine in the cigar and the indigestion which he has is usually the result of the weakening of his digestive organs by previous smoking.
8. Q.—Give a verse from the New Testament about eating.
A.—‘Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.’

Why John Elliot Took the Pledge.

(By Mrs. A. H. Bronson.)

It was at the close of one of a series of temperance lectures, given by one who had himself been a victim of the drink habit. His last sentence had been, ‘and if there is one present here who feels himself so strong, so secure in his convictions, that he has no reason to say and put it down on paper, so that all who read may see, “God helping me I will not taste as a beverage any intoxicating drink,” I can only say, let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.’

As John Elliot heard these words, he looked up in surprise at the speaker and smiled. ‘A little over zealous,’ he thought—and then as the time had come for those who wished to go forward and sign the pledge, he turned to the young man sitting beside him and said; ‘Come, my friend; better make up your mind to sign to-night, I am sure you will find it a help.’

‘And you have signed it yourself, I suppose, John,’ said the other, in whose handsome, yet weak face a look of determination

had come, ‘you have found it a “help” as you say.’

‘Why, no, Will, I have not; I will tell you why. The pledge is designed for those who are tempted to drink—especially those already under its influence. Now, you see, I am in neither of these classes. I have never drunk, never intend to, don’t want to; so it hardly seems to be the thing for me to put myself on paper in a way which would mean to others something not true in my case; do you see it?’

‘Yes, I see it,’ said Will, with a short, bitter laugh, ‘I have been there myself, and know how it feels; no, thank you, I like to see practice where there is preaching. Think I’ll try it a little longer as it is; good night;’ and so the young man who had been in truth ‘almost persuaded’ went once more in the way ‘which leads to death.’

John felt sorry, almost angry, indeed, that this weak friend should intimate that he might not always be as strong as he thought he was, just as the lecturer had. He was disappointed, too; bitterly so, that he had failed to secure the friend’s name, when it had seemed so likely he might, when he needed help so badly, and almost wished that for his sake he had sacrificed his pride and gone with him to take the pledge.

But when he remembered his upright life, his unblemished manhood, he could not bear the thought of putting himself among the weak ones needing the strong staff of the pledge to lean upon, and so with a sigh he turned to others, urging them to make this start for a better life.

The next day John was invited by a dear friend of his mother’s, a lady highly esteemed by all who knew her, to make one of a yachting party down the lake, and gladly accepted. The party made up of congenial friends, was pleasant, the air delightful, the scenery beautiful, the company ever and anon breaking forth into lively songs. They were surprised when the lengthening shadows told them of the flight of time, and they began to feel that something material would be acceptable even before the dainty lunch was served in the little cabin dining-room. Then came the refreshing drink, lemonade—and could it be, iced champagne and light wine!

John looked aghast a moment, and then was about to decline the offered glass, when the lady entertainer herself took it and said, ‘Why, my dear boy, I made this myself, the fine juice of the grape.’ He could not refuse, how could he, it would seem so absurd, so ungrateful to his kind and honored friend, so he took and drank.

Pure juice of the grape, indeed, but not unfermented, as John soon found. He was so unused to the wine that it flew to his head and he soon became still more lively and entertaining than before, telling stories and singing songs, till all at once a look of surprise passing between two of his lady friends caught his eye and brought him to himself.

He then gave his whole attention to what others were saying, keeping quiet himself, hoping thus to escape further remarks, till the boat reached her haven and the company separated; John, with a lame excuse of ‘an engagement,’ escaping from his friends with small ceremony. Very humble were his thoughts as he walked home. ‘Just this way it was,’ he said to himself, ‘that my poor Tom, and Will began the evil habit, and I, yes, I am very strong, indeed, I do not need the pledge, certainly not, I am in no temptation!’ And here John, feeling weak in body and mind and heart stopped under the friendly shade of an old oak tree and sitting down, covered his face with his hands and with a bitter cry for pardon and help, made a solemn vow that henceforth

he would not set himself above his fellows, or do aught to ‘make his brother offend.’

That night he was again in his place at the temperance lecture, and by him were Tom and Will, whom he had sought and found in a down town saloon, and not now disdaining to call himself ‘weak enough to need help,’ they had come with him in order to sign the pledge together that night; which, ‘God helping them’ they kept.—‘Standard.’

What Opened Pat’s Eyes.

A coachman, fond of strong drink, replied to his master’s warning that he knew when to stop and no one should ever see him drunk. Christmas came soon after and Pat drank freely with some friends. At night he was ordered by his employer to bring an old horse and buggy to the door.

‘Go and see what’s the matter with Pat,’ said the gentleman to his little son. ‘I ordered him to bring a buggy to the door nearly half an hour ago.’

‘Oh, papa, come and see what Pat is doing!’ said the lad a few minutes later as he rushed in almost bursting with laughter. ‘He wants you to come out.’

Going to the coach-house the owner saw the coachman in great excitement trying to force a horse collar over the head and horns of an old Jersey Cow that stood quietly before the buggy. The Irishman had already put on some of the harness and tried in vain to put the collar in place. Said he as the owner appeared:

‘Her ears are as shtiff as shticks and Oi can’t make the collar go over thim.’

‘Don’t try any more, but put her back in the stall, then go to bed yourself,’ responded the owner. ‘When you can’t tell the difference between an old horse and a Jersey cow you are too drunk to work.’

The next morning, sober and humble, Pat begged his employer’s pardon and said that he had taken too much Christmas the day before, so did not know what he was about. Then he added:

‘When a mon don’t know an old harse from a Jersey cow, then he don’t know whin he’s got enough whuskey and it’s time for him to shtop. That’s what Oi mane to do.’

From that day, nearly five years ago, Pat has let whiskey and strong drink alone. He is now a faithful temperance man.—‘Temperance Advocate.’

Now for a Glorious Try!

‘Revolutions,’ says Wendell Phillips, ‘are not made; they come.’ True; but as they come we can help them along.

It is a Temperance revival that we want—from one end of the kingdom to the other. We want the old Blue Ribbon fervor without the blue ribbon—the old Gospel Temperance with a dash of that militant, aggressive, prohibition doctrine which is the characteristic note of the temperance propaganda of our day. We need missions in every town in the nation. We want hymns and prayers, printers’ ink, mixed with brains and steeped in devotion, tactful and skilful organization with a tinge of madness in it, love and hate overmastering, overflowing, all-compelling, love of all that God loves, hate of all that God hates, measureless love for the victim of drink, inexhaustible hatred of a system which debauches and degrades and pollutes, and which threatens our place amongst the nations!

Has the time come for a great and glorious ‘try’? Surely no man will deny it! I want to hear the thunder roll of a new Marseillaise:—

‘Aux armes, Citoyens; formez vos bataillons!’

Can it be done? Certainly, it can be done, if we want to do it! There is no other condition to be met. Do we want it?—Rev. C. F. Aked.



LESSON III.—April 18.

Gentiles Converted at Antioch

Acts xi., 19-26. Read Chapter xi. Commit vs. 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.—Acts xi., 18.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xxvii., 33-66.—Jesus's Death and Burial.

T. Matt. xxviii., 1-15.—Jesus's Resurrection.

W. John xx., 19-31.—Doubting Thomas Convinced.

Th. Luke xxiv., 36-48.—Behold . . . it is I Myself.

F. John xi., 14-44.—I am the Resurrection, and the Life.

S. I Cor. xv., 1-26.—The Certainty of the Resurrection.

S. I Cor. xv., 27-58.—Death Swallowed up in Victory.

Lesson Story.

Some of those disciples who had fled from Jerusalem at the time of the first persecution had travelled as far as Phenice and Cyprus and Antioch preaching the word wherever they went, but only to the Jews. But when some of them arrived at Antioch they began to preach to the Greeks there, and God showed his approval by causing a great number of them to believe and to turn unto himself.

When the Church at Jerusalem heard of these things, they sent Barnabas, the Son of Consolation, down to Antioch to teach the new disciples and to strengthen and confirm them in the faith.

Now, Barnabas was 'a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' He rejoiced when he saw how the Lord was converting the Gentiles, and exhorted them all to hold to the Lord with steadfast earnestness. But seeing there was far more work to be done than one man could profitably do, he went to find his old friend, Saul of Tarsus, (Acts ix., 27), and persuaded him to return with him to Antioch, where they stayed a whole year teaching the people. They became such a large company that the people of the city sought some name for them, they could not be called Jews as many of them were Gentiles. The name 'Disciples' was not sufficiently distinctive as there were doubtless disciples of other leaders there. This new sect claimed that their leader and Lord was Christ, why not call them Christians? And that name, bestowed perhaps in mockery, has now become one with which the most glorious privileges are associated.

Lesson Hymn.

In the harvest field there is work to do,
For the grain is ripe and the reapers few,
And the Master's voice bids the workers true
Heed the call that He gives to-day.

Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright,
Let the song be glad and the heart be light;
Fill the precious hours e'er the shades of night
Take the place of the golden day.

In the gleaner's path may be rich reward,
Tho' the time seem long, and the labor hard;
For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.

Lesson Hints.

Antioch—About three hundred miles north of Jerusalem, near the north-east angle of the Mediterranean. It was the third city of the Roman Empire and said to be foremost in refinement and culture though foremost in luxury and vice. A popular city to which many travellers came, it was a good situation for a strong aggressive church.

Grecians—This word in the Revised Version is 'Greeks,' implying that these were not Grecian Jews as in Chapter vi., 1—but Grecian Gentiles.

Barnabas—The man who had contribut-

ed so freely to the funds of the church in Jerusalem. (Chap. iv., 36, 37.)

'The Grace of God'—realizing that without this the efforts made by the Christian preachers would have been in vain. 'Purpose of heart'—Steadfast earnestness. 'Cleave unto the Lord'—As the branch to the vine. (John xv.) 'Full of the Holy Ghost'—The most important requisite for a teacher of God's word, or, indeed, for any follower of Christ. 'Much people was added unto the Lord'—These were not merely church members, but members of Christ. 'To seek Saul'—Remembering the great preaching and teaching powers Saul had displayed at Jerusalem. (Acts ix., 27-29.)

'Taught much people'—Paul in later years writing to Timothy gave as an essential qualification of a 'servant of the Lord' he must be 'apt to teach' patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.' (II. Tim. ii., 24, 25.)

'Christians'—The word is now commonly used to designate all those not openly irreligious or infidel, but its true meaning can be only applied to those whose whole-hearted fidelity proves them to be followers of the lowly Nazarine.

Search Questions.

How many persons are recorded in the bible as being 'full of the Holy Ghost?' Give references.

Primary Lesson.

In our lesson last week we learned how God admitted the Gentiles to his Church. Every one who is not a Jew is a Gentile. To-day we learn about many more Gentiles believing on Jesus and being received into the Church. Do you remember the man who loved Jesus so much that he was willing to die for him? And how, after Stephen's death most of the disciples left Jerusalem on account of the persecution? Well, some of these travelled hundreds of miles and everywhere they went they told about Jesus and his love to every one and that every one who was sorry for his sins and wanted to be good had just to ask Jesus to forgive them and to believe he would. They taught them of God's great love in sending his only Son, Jesus Christ, to die for us that we through his death might have everlasting life. And that all who love and obey Jesus, trying to please him in every thing every day, will at last live with him always in heaven where all are happy because they love Jesus.

At first these disciples preached only to the Jews, but when they came to a city named Antioch they began to preach to the Gentiles, and many of them believed on Jesus and gave up their sins that they might serve and obey him.

There are some people who when they go to a place where there is no church make no effort to tell the people about the gospel, but Jesus wants each of us to be 'light-bearers,' and if you ever go anywhere where there is no Sunday-school will you not try to get a little Sunday-school started, or in some way try to carry the Gospel wherever you go?

Suggested Hymns.

'Wonderful words of life,' 'Speed away,' 'I love' to tell the story,' 'I think when I read,' 'Jesus calls us,' 'Take the name of Jesus with you.'

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

April 11.—The brotherhood of man.—I John, iii., 1-24. (A missionary topic.)

JUNIOR PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 11.—What is the most interesting thing you know about Asia and its missions? Acts i., 1-8.

Practical Points.

(A. H. Cameron.)

They who make class distinctions when preaching the gospel are disobedient to their Master's commission. God will honor his word when spoken to prince or peasant. (verses 19, 20, 21; Matt. xxvii., 19.)

The exhortation of Barnabas is reasonable still. Half-hearted Christians are little better than infidels. (verses 22, 23.)

A leader among Christian workers is generally quick to detect capacity for usefulness in others. (verses 24, 25.)

Antioch before or since was never so highly favored as when the apostles held the fort for a whole year. The name the disciples received there has clung to them ever since. (verse 26.)

Tiverton, Ont.

The Superintendent and His Duties.

(By the Rev. O. P. Gifford, Boston, in the 'Watchman'.)

Three things should be insisted upon before a man be elected to the office of superintendent. It is not absolutely necessary that a superintendent be wealthy, or at the head of a large business, or eminent in a profession. He may be a laboring-man, his hands hard with toil, his income small, his social position unmarked but he must be a man above reproach in his dealings with men.

'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

His name must be spoken without a lift of the eye-brows or a shrug of the shoulders. Superintendents should need no apologists. The Sunday-school had better be without a head than with one that needs protection by apology from the searching winds of investigation. A reputation for 'smartness' may possibly unfit for the office. The church cannot afford to put its seal upon, and commend to the boys as worthy of example, a man who is not above reproach in the world of affairs.

There is no danger in the present state of Christian conscience of electing a man of known impurity in social life or of drunkenness, but he should also be free from the tobacco habit. Boys imitate first and reason afterwards. The diamond edition of the cigar is the cigarette, and the boys of the school are all too ready to copy vices. A pipe or cigar is a poor censor, and tobacco smoke had incense for the worship of God. A smoker doesn't suggest the odor of sanctity in Sunday-school work. The superintendent is, by force of office, a living example. The boys look up to him, seek to follow him. A pillar of tobacco cloud doesn't guide to Sinai nor lead to Palestine. We do not need a man as superintendent who will place nicotine mortgages on boyish appetites and so lessen the value of the coming man.

The third thing is wisdom, especially in the use of leisure hours. Business, church, home, make large drafts on all of us; yet there are leisure hours. I venture the statement that any man attending the theatre is thereby unfitted for the office of superintendent. The play-house is born of and sustained by the world; its aim is amusement; its means rarely above criticism. It is spectacular, artificial, plays upon the feelings, is largely immoral in its methods and tendencies. You might beat out the play-house from American civilization to-day, and not lose any moral force or spiritual energy. Its undertow drags people away from God. It does not demand morality as a condition of entertaining behind the scenes, nor decency of those supporting it by their presence. The entrance is flanked by saloons, and the exit not marked by virtue. Judging by its bulletin-boards it has nothing to offer the Sunday-school needs. The man who supports it by his patronage is unfit to be a Sunday-school superintendent.

Babies in Church.

In Chinese families, one of the most regular attendants at church is pretty certain to be the baby. If the mother goes she never dreams of leaving baby at home, and in any good-sized congregation there will be a considerable sprinkling of these small creatures. When they are good and go to sleep (the best of babies can't do better in church) they are probably laid carefully on their backs on the bench, or even on the floor, while mamma fans the little half-yellow, half-pink face and listens as best she can to the sermon. When they are naughty—and what with heat, mosquitoes, and Chinese singing, even a celestial baby can be exasperated into naughtiness—they rave and scream and refuse to be comforted, much as non-celestial babies sometimes do at home.—'Recorder.'

Did you ever notice how quite young children like to hear stories told over and over? When you read or tell a nice story to little Susie, aged four, she says, 'Tell it again;' and when you have retold it she still says, 'Tell it again.' We have known little people to ask for a repetition three or four times. Primary teachers will do well to note this characteristic of young minds. They are not sated, as older children may be, and they take in truth in small doses by constant repetition.—'Evangelical Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Business Rules.

Mr. T. W. Higginson says in 'Harper's Bazar,' that a great deal is constantly done to keep whole classes of the community not merely in utter ignorance of business, but in a want of common-sense, by those who should supply training. This applies especially to women; but it also applies, in a degree, to other classes not directly in business, to clergymen, to literary men, and, in a less degree, to all professional men. They are not encouraged to learn business matters for themselves, but are advised to depend on others who have learnt them professionally, just as people were formerly advised not to concern themselves about their own lungs or heart-valves, but simply to call the doctor. It is not considered quite lady-like for a young girl to inquire about stocks, or to have her own cheque-book at a bank; even where she is wealthy it is prettier for her to ask papa for a cheque, and then ask her brother to cash it. One of the richest heiresses in New England told the writer a few years since that she knew absolutely nothing about any business matter, beyond the mere drawing of a cheque; that her father first, then her brother, then her husband, had attended to everything else. Another woman of independent property, whose brothers were eminent business men, told me that she never even attempted to balance her cheque-book; that she generally knew her account to be overdrawn at the month's end, and simply turned it over to her brother to adjust the matter by new deposits, as she supposed. If as much were done to train the non-business classes with knowledge as is now done to keep them passively imbecile, the community would be more thriving than it is, because these classes would be less helpless.

To correct this, the beginning must consist, as has been said, in 'a few plain instincts and a few plain rules.' The first instinct to be trusted is that which bids us, whether rich or poor, not to put absolute confidence in any one adviser, but exercise reasonable care for ourselves in both regards. No woman should ever sign a paper without knowing exactly what it means, let her husband or the neighboring squire say what he pleases. No man should agree to the transfer of his little all from one form of investment to another without thorough statement of reasons and the careful study of all the circumstances of the case.

There are, moreover, a few simple rules which any father can easily teach to his daughter, any brother in business to any brother who is out of business. One of these is that, as a rule, nothing can be had for nothing, and consequently that there is something wrong, or at least suspicious, in every particularly high rate of interest or especially flattering profit. They can be taught also not to let any property go out of their hands without proper security, or something to show for it. Business is largely a matter of common sense. Let the most domestic woman only apply to her little investments, if she has any, the same caution she would show in dealing with her cooking-stove or her washer-woman, and she will be safer than now. Another simple rule which would obviate most financial calamities is the homely one, 'not to put all your eggs in one basket;' not to assume that because a given concern seems prosperous you may leave all else and risk everything on that—a thing which lies at the bottom, no doubt, of two-thirds of the destruction of small properties. But let us never forget that Stevenson was right in his fundamental maxim, and that the first duty, especially of the more defenceless classes, is to pay one's way. 'When that is done,' Stevenson adds, 'a man may plunge into what eccentricity he pleases, but emphatically not till then.'

The Birth-Fire of Prayer.

At the birth of a child into a Christian home, a new force connected with his existence, his power, his future, should immediately be set at work, a force which until then was not in being. This new force in the world is his parents' prayers.

There is an Indian practice among the Pueblos, which may be the shadow of a great truth for Christian people. 'After the birth of a child among the Pueblos, the father for eight days must see that the sacred

birth-fire in the fogon, or adobe fireplace, goes not out day or night, and as it can be kindled only in the sacred way, so only can it be rekindled if it does go out. The father must smuggle a live coal, it may be in his own bare hand, under his blanket from the Cacique's own hearth, otherwise the fire of the child's life goes out within the year.'

The birth-fire which should begin to burn and glow when a child is born to Christian parents is the fire of prayer, kindled only at the great hearth-fire of God's love. Should it go out, the blazing coal must be brought again; it may be with pain and suffering, from the ever-burning source.

Prayer is a labor that cometh with a child, and can never be intermitted nor superseded till the life of either parent or child ends.

Are the parents of the present day addressing themselves to this work? Is there not something more than the shadow of a truth in the tradition of the Indian, if we apply it to the spiritual life of the child? If the birth-fire goes out the child's life goes out within the year. If the father's and mother's prayers cease, what becomes of the soul-life of the child? They may not see the spirit expiring as the Indian expected to see his little one die; but surely, if prayer is necessary to the well-being of the child, if in any degree it maintains and nourishes the vital force of the child's inner being, then its suspension or surcease must withdraw a certain amount of support which is needed for the best condition of the child.

Is there not something moving in the thought that the poor, untaught Indian keeps the birth-fire going day and night? There must be no vacation in the prayer-life of parents. In the morning, fresh fuel, and in the evening a re-fanning of the flames. At morning—light, strength, support, and instruction, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit: these things we crave for our children, God's blessing on their day. In the evening, like Job, we offer sacrifices and pray, lest our children may have sinned. We become not only priests to pray for grace for them, but intercessors to plead for the forgiveness and the washing away of their sins.—'The Christian.'

A Searching Question.

(By Ella R. Towle.)

Not long ago I was impressed by reading the story of a Christian sea captain, who, returning from a long voyage, brought with him several converted South Sea Islanders. Upon arriving at San Francisco, so fearful was he lest the influence of that city would cause them to renounce their newly embraced religion, that he employed every device he could to prevent their landing. I cannot vouch for its truth, but whether true or false, the story suggests this query: In how many so-called Christian homes could a converted heathen be placed with perfect safety to his new religion?

I cannot forbear relating an experience of my early childhood. Although my home was not professedly Christian, I was taught to respect religion and its forms. When a little girl I was an occasional guest at the home of a young friend whose parents were prominent Christians and active workers in the church. This was long my ideal of what a home should be. I especially enjoyed the blessing before the meals, and the family altar. Once I happened there during the school year, and much to my disappointment and perplexity, the service I loved was omitted. As I saw the family separating without the usual morning worship, I timidly whispered to my little friend that family prayers had been forgotten, but received the indifferent reply: 'O, we never have prayers in the winter when we go to school. The days are too short, we don't have time for them.' A dull pain crept into my heart. My beautiful ideal home was forever destroyed, and my thoughts resolved themselves thus: If they have prayers only when they have time, for them they cannot be worth much, or they would always find time. For years this childish conclusion followed me like a shadow.

Broader knowledge and wider experience have proven that this home is no exception to the rule, and yet so much depends upon our Christian homes! How could a converted heathen harmonize the Fourth Commandment with the Sunday visitings and feastings found in so many of our Christian homes, with the Sunday pleasure seeking and travel indulged in without remonstrance or rebuke by too many of the young Christians, or how could he harmonize the Fifth

Commandment with its daily interpretation as made by the home language, manners, and actions? Surely no thoughtful follower of Jesus can call these idle questions. 'But, some one may say, there are no converted heathen in our homes.' Are there not? Then there must be some unconverted ones. All the heathen are not in foreign lands. What about the occasional guest, or the seamstress, the wash woman, the hired man, or hired woman? What possible interpretation could they place upon your home and family life.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Potatoes and Onions.—Chop six large, cold, boiled potatoes in small pieces, and mince two small onions. Mix well, adding salt and a little pepper. Have good hot drippings ready in an iron spider, and pour in the vegetables. Cover, and when they begin to brown evenly, stir in a head of minced parsley. Cover again till the onions are cooked; uncover and let finish browning, but see that they do not burn.

Almond Cake.—One-half cupful of butter, creamed with two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Add one cupful of sweet milk. Then, alternately, the whites of eight eggs whipped to a froth, and two cupfuls of flour sifted five times, with three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Flavor with almond extract. Bake it in five layers; and when cold spread between the layers the following: One quart of whipped cream, one cupful of powdered sugar, two cupfuls of blanched and finely chopped English walnuts. Flavor with rose extract. Cover the top and sides with an icing flavored with lemon extract, and before it has begun to harden place blanched almonds, in ornamental designs, on the top.

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