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The Story of a Highland Industry.

(By the Duchess of Sutherland, in 'Youth's Companion.')
My day it wears onward 'twixt spinning and weaving;

The noise of men's laughter, the cry of their grieving

Drift slow by my thorn-tree like drifting of snow,
And on the old branches the new blossoms blow.

It has been stated that Scotchmen combine a tendency to foreign settlement with the most passionate love of their native land.

If this be true, there are many, I venture to believe, in the great continent of America ready to extend sympathy and understanding to their toiling kinsfolk in the Highlands and islands of Northern Britain. Wide is the Atlantic, but its waves dash with equal force and majesty upon the coast of Labrador and the cliffs of the Butt of Lewis.

The American, whose forbears spun and sowed in the old country, can teach us many lessons. He ever reminds us, in the full vigor of his new life, of the treasures of a past which we possess and only half appreciate. Finding us forgetful of all but the pressure of up-to-date conditions, he sails across the main to use wealth and influence in rescuing from decay old buildings, old institutions, even old superstitions. He shows in practical ways honor wherever genius has reared its head,—as witness the new Ruskin Hall at Oxford,—and he struggles, although sometimes it is a thankless task, to keep our eyes open to the purer forms of art, of culture, of social economics, which have been evolved at last in our old world from the slow but glorious growth of the ages.

Remarkable as it is for its wonderful scientific discoveries, few can deny that the nineteenth century has made for ugliness. The hideous factories, the machinery, the squalid dwellings of great cities vividly support the assertion.

Only during the last decade a revulsion of feeling has arisen. The Sleeping Beauty has slept her sleep, the Fairy Prince, in the form of enlightened public opinion, has struggled over every obstacle nearer to her arms, and the last of the great prophets of the century, John Ruskin, did not die without opportunity to know that his labors and those of his co-workers—Carlyle, Morris, Rossetti and the rest—have not been altogether in vain, that their splendid condemnations and appreciations will bear fruit in a dawning era.

Men's eyes see again, men's minds live again, men's hands fashion again.

Already the revival of handicrafts which flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is taking root throughout Great Britain. At the annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries in the Albert Hall in London are to be found exquisite bookbinding from Chiswick, specimens of the Della Robbia pottery from Birkenhead, fine, hand-woven linen from the Ruskin Industry at Keswick, and so many other presentments indicative of this growing artistic feeling

that it would be impossible to enumerate them here.

THE MOTIVE OF THE REVIVAL.

In these efforts there is no headstrong ambition, for, to use the wise sentences of Mr. J. A. Hobson, the economist: 'It is, in a word, a practical informal attempt of a civilized society to mark out for itself the reasonable limits of machine production, and to insist that "cheapness" shall not dominate the whole industrial world to the detriment of the pleasure and benefit arising from good

power,—machinery, has taken it by the throat and written extinction in grim letters on its brow.

The Scottish Home Industries Association has been formed to combat this power; to ensure, with all the force of practical knowledge and sympathy, a legitimate trade for these people; to fight their battles against the ills of competition and 'truck'—in fact, to keep open, for this generation at least, a wide channel for the distribution of the beautiful homespun cloth.



HIGHLAND SPINNERS GETTING READY FOR WORK.

work to the worker and consumer. Such a movement neither hopes nor seeks to restore mediaevalism in industry, nor does it profess hostility to machinery; but it insists that machines shall be confined to the heavy, dull, monotonous, and, therefore, inhuman processes of work, while for the skill of human hand and eye shall be preserved all work which is pleasant and educative in its doing, and the skill and character of which contribute pleasure and profit to its use.'

Yet, in connection with all this, by sheer force of circumstances, the home industries of Harris and Lewis, of Shetland, of Sutherland and other parts of the Highlands stand somewhat aloof; in a sense, through their tremendous importance, they represent not a mere question of art and sentiment, but a serious problem.

The people of the Highlands and islands have little land to cultivate. Their homes, most of them still built after a primitive fashion, with thick stone walls, thatched roof, no chimney, tiny loopholes for windows, cling to the rocky sides of hills. Enter any of these cabins, and through the wreaths of blue curling peat smoke you may see an old woman seated spinning by the fire, and beyond, in the corner, the family loom, where the women of the house spend so many laborious hours in their struggle for daily bread, while the men 'follow the sea,' a precarious way of life.

The work done by these crofters and cotters is beautiful and useful. That is unquestionable. The industry has existed since time immemorial, from Ossianic days, when

one came slowly from the setting sun
To Emer of Borda, in her clay-piled dun,
And found her dyeing cloth with subtle care.

But more than this, the success or failure of the industry at the present time means life or death to a people; that overmastering

In a short article like this it is impossible to sum up every detail of the manufacture, or to find scope for a description of the legends connected with the pathetic surroundings of the workers. I would, however, transcribe, as shortly as possible, for those who have not learned Highland folk-lore and Highland customs at their grandame's knee, the processes of hand-spinning and hand-weaving.

After the wool packets are opened out and roughly sorted or stapled according to quality and length of fiber, of which there is considerable variety in the same fleece, the wool is cleansed from the grease derived from contact with the sheep (and the various protective 'dipping' or 'bathing' processes to which that animal is in autumn subjected). This is done by steeping in a hot liquid.

Dried and shaken up and still further 'sorted,' the wool is then passed through the process of carding or combing, which lays its fibers in the same direction. This is effected by means of a pair of implements like hair-brushes, with the handles at the sides and set with metal teeth.

The wool is now nearly ready to be spun into thread. The distaff and spindle were, from very early times, used for this purpose. The former is a staff about four feet long, fixed in the spinner's waist belt on the left side, or more commonly in her upturned outer skirt, which thus forms a pocket in front for carrying the clews or balls of thread. To the projecting head of the distaff the wool, previously cross-carded into inch-thick loose cylinders,—in which the fiber has now assumed a sort of spiral arrangement,—is tied in an open bunch or bundle. From this it is fed out by the left hand of the spinner to the spindle, which is held at starting in the right hand, and afterward swings from it. The spindle is a rounded piece of wood, about a foot long and half an inch in diameter, load-

ed at the lower end by the whorle, which acts as 'fly-wheel,' and is generally made of stone, often a disk of steatite, about the diameter of a bronze penny, and weighing over an ounce and a half.

Some wool, drawn out from the stone on the distaff, to which it still remains attached, is twisted into a kind of thread and tied to the middle of the spindle, from which it passes upward and is fastened by a simple hitch to a notch near the spindle-head. This is then twirled by the right hand, and as it spins, dropping slowly toward the ground, it twists all the wool up to the distaff. The spinner's hands regulate the speed and further supply, and thus determine the thickness of the thread. From time to time the thread is coiled round the shaft of the spindle into a ball, and a new hitch made, till the clew is large enough to be slipped off and a new one begun.

From the number of whorles found in pre-historic remains in Scotland, their use must be very ancient, yet the spindle is still to be seen at work on the hillsides, employed for its original purpose of spinning. It is also used occasionally for twining together different colors of thread, when the spinning is done by the well-known spinning-wheel. There are niceties about the use of this little machine, such as the adjustment of 'tension' and so forth, which make some of the older workers as unwilling to let their unskilled daughters practise on it as a musical virtuoso would be to entrust his 'Cremona' to a 'scraper.'

DYEING AND 'WAUKING.'

The next process is dyeing, and whether this is done 'in the wool' or 'in the thread,'

much, and will do more, to improve this. Mineral dyes are now being used in conjunction with those of vegetable origin. Among the most useful plants and herbs for producing colors are alder-tree bark and dock-root for black, bilberry and elder for blue, rock-lichen and rue-root for red, broom, furze bark and heather for green, and St. John's wort, sundew and bog-myrtle for yellow.

The dyed thread, washed in salt water if blue, or in fresh if of any other color, is next woven into a web at the cottage hand-loom. Then comes the process of 'felting' or thickening, called 'wauking' in the north, probably from its being chiefly effected by the feet. The microscopic projections on the fiber interlock when the web is beaten wet, and as the 'wauk-mill' is apt to overdo the work, turning out a texture hard, stiff and heavy, the old process is still preserved in the Highlands of Scotland, and secures a fabric soft, supple, and sufficiently dense to be wind-and-weather-proof.

The following description is taken from a paper read before the Gaelic Society in 1885:

'In the Highland districts women make use of their feet to produce the same result (felting), and a picturesque sight it is to see a dozen or more Highland lassies sit in two rows facing each other. The web of cloth is passed round in a damp state, each one pressing it and pitching it with a dash to her next neighbor, and so the cloth is handled, pushed, crushed and welded so as to become close and even in texture. The process is slow and tedious, but the women know how to beguile the time, and the song is passed round, each one taking up the verse in turn, and all joining in the chorus. The effect is very peculiar, and often very pleasing, and

and inferior in quality, the wheel can only use the best, and this is, in the end, the cheapest.

The commercial and practical side of the question is, of course, the important side, and that is still unsettled. For some time it will undoubtedly be an up-hill struggle to find an adequate market for the cloth. Many a poor spinner has been turned away with clouded brow to carry the result of the toil of weeks to her cabin because the supply is exceeding the demand; but the enthusiasm which people who really appreciate artistic handiwork, combined with the best wearing qualities,—above all, the interest which visiting Americans have manifested, and the considerable orders for these goods which have already come from America,—encourages those who are promoting the enterprise to believe that, in time, financial success will come also.

To Help Pay.

(A true story, by the Rev. John D. Rumsey, in 'S.S. Times.')

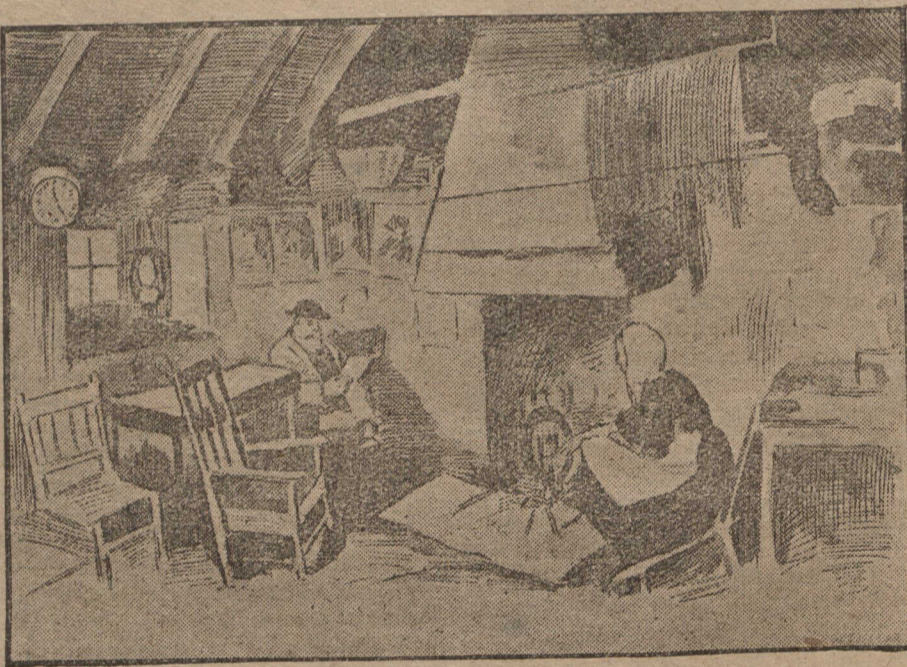
The northern part of Minnesota has been until, within a few years, almost an unknown country. But its resources could not be hid. Settlers have been pouring in, and it is now called 'The New Minnesota.' With the settlers have gone the home missionaries. And their work is real missionary labor. In this new country among settlers just starting homes, the missionary has to endure many privations, but in his work he finds consecrated unselfish people, and meets with experiences that make his life blessed. In the spring of 1897, a district missionary of a leading denomination started preaching services among the homesteaders in a certain section of this new country. Among the interested ones was a little girl of eleven years. Her family was so poor that toys, ribbons, dolls, and candy, were almost unknown to her. The best shoes she had, or could get, were broken entirely across the soles. But shoes she must have to attend the services, so, with an old fork for an awl, and a store string for thread, she patiently sewed the broken parts together. Later a church was organized, and she became one of the most faithful members.

During the past summer of 1898, she earned fifty cents,—twenty-five by doing a big washing for a neighbor, and the remainder by picking berries and carrying them four miles to sell. One day she asked of the missionary the privilege of riding into town with him. On the way she took out the hard-earned money, and timidly offered it to the preacher, saying, 'It is for you.' He, having been previously told how she had earned the money, declined to take it. At his refusal, tears ran down her cheeks, and, sobbing, she said, 'I want you to come and preach for us another year. You can't come for nothing, and this is to help pay you.' For the peace of the child he took the money, and his heart was full as he realized the self-sacrificing spirit of this little one, who, 'of her want,' had given 'all' that her neighborhood might hear the gospel.

Who can say missionary work does not pay? Who can declare that the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice no longer exists? May this incident stir our hearts, to give as the Lord would have us, that good may be done all about us, and that his name may be carried to the 'regions beyond.'

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INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE COTTAGES.

there is a final treatment in an ammoniacal liquid, called by the Highlanders 'fual,' which removes the last traces of oleaginous matter, and prepares the wool for receiving and retaining the dyes. The securing of uniformity of tint or shade has hitherto presented some difficulty, and this is partly due to the imperfection of the apparatus in common use, and to the usual habit of measuring the dyeing material merely by the handful. The ordinary dye-pot holds but a few hanks, and when the next batch of wool or thread is passed through a new decoction, and the tint tested by merely raising the streaming mass for a moment on the end of a stick, the effect in the web is often disappointing.

Technical instruction, however, has done

the wauking songs are very popular in all the collections.'

DURABILITY OF THE WORK.

While to this method of 'felting' the web something of the softness of the genuine homespun is due, it is also worthy of mention that the longer-stapled wools are less liable to become matted and hard under the thickening process, of whatever kind, than those which are of shorter fiber.

Now it is only with the longer-fibered wool that the Highland wheel can work. Its very imperfection, then, as an instrument, or rather machine, becomes of advantage as a guarantee of durability, as well as of comfort in connection with the work which it turns out, for whereas the mill can use up almost any sort of wool, however short in the fiber

BOYS AND GIRLS

More Ways Than One.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Over Sea and Land'.)

Chloe Donohue lived in a little town in Idaho. She had lived there all her life, and very few peeps indeed had she ever had of the big world outside. Chloe remembered well the rainy summer day when a strange man had walked into her father's shop and talked about 'organizing a Sunday-school in the place.' She could shut her eyes now and see the mist-covered window panes and hear again the gurgle of the water through the rain spouts; she could almost feel the very same throb of excitement with which she listened behind her father's desk and wished



with all her heart that this delightful new thing might happen.

It did happen, and after that came the church, and by and by a preacher of their own and his family.

Chloe looked up to Mr. Clayton, the tall, grave minister, and revered him as the wisest and best of men, and his wife, plump, pretty, smiling little Mrs. Clayton, she loved devotedly.

Lately Chloe had been busy reading some papers that had come to the Sunday-school in a barrel from the East. There seemed to be more things in the world to think about than Chloe had imagined.

One day she was sitting on the floor with the Clayton 'big baby' in her arms, while the

'little baby' took its nap and their mother sewed their clothes.

'Mrs. Clayton,' asked Chloe suddenly, 'what are Home Missions?'

'Home Missions?' repeated the little woman, laughing and showing her even white teeth. 'Why, we are, Chloe—you and I.'

'Are we!' cried Chloe; and then she was silent, thinking over what she had read in the Eastern papers in this new light.

Mrs. Clayton waited until her patch was finished before she said:

'What is it about Home Missions?'

'Those newspapers out of the barrel had a lot to say about them,' answered Chloe. 'I never heard of them before. It said that

was a tiny bit of a sigh mixed with the laugh.

It set her to thinking, and by the time she got home she had a plan all made. She could hardly wait for the next afternoon to come, to tell it to Mrs. Clayton.

On the corner, half-way between Chloe's father's shop and Mr. Clayton's house, lived Miss Matilda Jenks. Miss Matilda was an inquisitive, good-humored, talkative old lady, who managed to see almost everybody and everything that passed her shining front windows.

'It seems to me,' said Miss Matilda, meditatively, one day, 'that that Chloe Donohue goes by to the preacher's mighty regularly lately. Right after school every Tuesday and most Fridays she passes, and she doesn't any more than get there before Mrs. Clayton starts out calling. I wonder what it means. It wouldn't be any harm to ask the child, I suppose.'

Chloe did not mind satisfying Miss Matilda's curiosity at all.

'I keep the babies and Mrs. Clayton goes and pays visits. I do it for Home Missions.'

'Home Missions?' inquired Miss Matilda.

'Yes,' explained Chloe. 'Everybody ought to give something to Home Missions. Our church is Home Missions itself; so if you give to it you give to them. So I thought if—if I helped with the children and let Mrs. Clayton go it would be the same—'

Chloe was beginning to flounder.

'Of course, it would,' put in Miss Matilda, decidedly—'just the same. And a real sensible notion, too, I call it. I always said that all the sense in the world wasn't in gray heads or bald ones. Young folks get hold of ideas every now and then that amount to a good deal if a person only thinks so.'

The next morning Miss Matilda 'stepped down' to Mrs. Clayton's and brought home with her a big bundle of half-made frocks and shirts. Being a very skillful seamstress, her offer of service was not to be despised. And meantime her tongue worked with her needle. Everybody who came in—and many did—had the benefit of long and lively exhortation on the value of church aid.

'Now you, Mrs. Stinson,' Miss Matilda would say, 'your children are all big and you've got a free hand, and you live next door to the church. It would help along if you'd work up a cleaning bee amongst the women and set the building to rights, put it in apple-pie order for once. I don't know why you shouldn't.'

Miss Matilda was very popular, and her advice went a long way.

Her brother-in-law drove up to Mr. Clayton's door with several bushels of potatoes, and his brother-in-law followed with apples. The contagion spread, and as it spread, for some reason, the congregation in the little church grew apace.

And the result was—or, rather, a result was—that, at the end of the year, a letter went to New York, saying that this church could get on with a hundred dollars less from the Board than it had been in the habit of receiving.

When Mrs. Clayton explained it to Chloe her delight was overflowing.

'That's giving really to Home Missions, isn't it?' she said. 'I am so glad that the barrel came and put us in mind of it.'

And when Mrs. Clayton wrote to a certain Sunday-school in the East one of the scholars said:

'Dear me, if so much good can come out of a barrel of old papers let's send some more!'

everybody ought to help Home Missions; it said that this country was our country and we ought to like it to be a good one.'

Mrs. Clayton had begun another patch.

'I didn't know how I could help anything that was far off,' said Chloe. 'But if we are it ourselves maybe I could think of something. Maybe—well, I'll see.'

When Chloe was putting on her hat and coat to go Mr. Clayton came in and was telling his wife about some of his visits.

'If the babies could just keep house for themselves,' said Mrs. Clayton, 'I could help you with your calls. Babies interfere dreadfully with church work.'

She laughed and gave them a kiss apiece as if in apology. Chloe thought that there

A Silver Rouble.

('Chambers's Journal')

(Concluded.)

III.

'I was born in the outskirts of Moscow, and early in life worked in one of the many print-works in that town. I had completed my eighteenth year when I became imbued with the revolutionary doctrines held by so many of my fellow-workmen. About this time, too, I made the acquaintance of Toukanka Fedovoritch, a girl of about my own age, living with her parents at a small village close to Moscow. I cannot convey to you, a stranger, all the passionate love this girl awoke in me; suffice it to say that for two years we remained lovers, and I worked hard during that time to provide a home where I could take her to when we married. At last my hopes were crowned with success. The foreman of the department in which I worked was one afternoon passing through the engine-room, when carelessly passing too close to the moving machinery, his clothes were caught in the revolving wheels, and in a moment he was flung down a crushed and lifeless mass. This accident procured me my long-hoped-for promotion, and I took his place as foreman. Within a week of that time I was married, and the world held no happier mortal than I.

'I think I told you I had become a revolutionary—in other words, I had been for some time a member of a secret body of Nihilists; and it was only when I had been married a few months and had learned how much happiness and joy life held for me, that I began to regret my vows of allegiance to them. But as you are no doubt aware, there is no recall from those vows once taken; and had I dared openly to show that the views of the Brotherhood were no longer mine, my life I knew would pay forfeit for my apostasy.

'I had been married nearly two years, when, owing to various causes in the country, Nihilism became a stronger force amongst the people, and it was then that were first whispered those plots against high officials, and even against our 'little father' the Czar himself. I had been working late at the mill one evening, and on leaving, proceeded cautiously to the rendezvous of the revolutionary lodge to which I belonged. I had, after much hesitation, determined to announce to them my altered views; and whilst promising strict secrecy as to anything I had learnt or heard, beg them to release me from a position which had become harder than I could longer bear. I found the Council assembled when I arrived; and after stating my case, they unanimously decided that my vows must be held binding; and did I shirk any duty they might see fit to allot to me, I knew the consequence—death! I had half expected this reply to my entreaty; and I was endeavoring to shake their decision, when we were startled by hurried knocking at the outer door; and before we had time to plan any means of escape from the coming danger, the door of the meeting-room was flung open, and in rushed a body of police with an officer of the secret service at their head. Resistance was useless; and in less time than it takes to tell, we were all securely handcuffed and marched out as prisoners to the police barracks; and in a damp dirty cell of that building I had time to survey my position. I knew no compromising papers would be found upon us, as it was our rule to do everything by word of mouth and place nothing in writing; but at the same time I knew the police were in great terror of a general revolution, and would probably take the first opportunity of

showing that they meant to crush it out with a heavy and cruel hand. Bitterly did I now repent my youthful folly in binding myself to such men, and the thought of my dear wife at home waiting my coming only added to my misery. At last, after a most wretched and sleepless night, the morning broke, and I was taken before the chief of police. I saw none of my fellow-prisoners, and without waiting to hear any defence from me, the officer read out my sentence in slow monotonous tones: "Ivan Dolgatcheff, being suspected of being a Nihilist, and found attending a secret meeting of that body in Moscow, you are sentenced to five years' transportation to Siberia as a convict of the second class."

'I heard no more! I was stunned by the suddenness of this end of all my hopes, and unconsciousness mercifully ended my sufferings. I awoke to find myself again in the cell; and after a few hours, I was hurried off with many others to the railway station to begin my long exile. One idea was ever uppermost in my mind, to let my wife know what had happened to me. I had noticed that one of the police who was present at the breaking-up of our meeting glanced sometimes at me, and I was emboldened to try to gain his help. With some difficulty I approached nearer to him, and telling him where I lived, begged him to acquaint my wife with my fate. This he promised to do; and with that small amount of comfort I left Moscow for Nijni-Novgorod. Arrived there, we were packed on board a large barge covered with strong iron netting, effectually cutting off all means of escape, and for days we were towed down the Volga river. But why describe the anguish and misery of that journey? At last we reached Ekaterinburg, and here we were separated into different parties, and prepared for the long tramp of months to our several destinations in Siberia; some to the quicksilver mines; others, myself amongst the number, to the salt mines of Irkutsk.

'And now the hardest trial of all was to happen to me. Whilst standing waiting for orders at the Siberian gate, on the outskirts of the town, I heard my name was called by the guard; and on going to him, was taken to the guardhouse, and there, travel-strained and worn by grief and fatigue, I found my dear wife. She had received my message; and after selling everything in our home to get sufficient money, had set out to follow me across Russia. After hardships innumerable, she had at last found me, and owing to the kindness of the Chief Inspector at Ekaterinburg, received permission from him to say good-bye to me. Afterwards, we should be lost to each other for five long years. Need I dwell on the touching scene of our final adieus? After kissing me for the last time, she took from around her neck the charm that every Russian wears, and placed it around mine, calling down God's blessing on me, and assured me that her daily prayer would be that it might preserve me from every danger to my life. That charm consisted of a silver rouble, given to her when a child by her father, and roughly engraved by him with the image of a Greek cross. I have never seen her since! We were hurried off that afternoon.

'I lived for two years in the salt mines, doing work that killed those around me in hundreds. Day and night in semi-darkness we labored, our only rest being two hours in every twelve. For two years, I say, I suffered; but the wild longing for freedom grew in me stronger and stronger, until one day, with six others, I escaped, and found shelter in the neighboring woods. What became of

my companions I never knew. For days, weeks, months, I wandered westwards, living on the charity of the people in the occasional villages through which I passed, sometimes getting rough work to do, but more often suffering the pangs of hunger. Fortunately for me, my escape took place in the early spring, and the warmth of the summer months enabled me to live and sleep in the open air without hardship. One day, almost famished, I had begged for food at a wayside posthouse, but without avail, and driven at last to desperation, I remembered my silver charm. The temptation was too great to withstand; and I enjoyed the first food I had tasted for two days at the expense of my wife's parting gift. Can you blame me? It saved my life then, and I little thought, when I handed it to the fellow, that I should ever set eyes on it again.

'The summer of 1874 slowly passed. After many adventures I reached Tomsk, and found work. But my thoughts were ever on Moscow; and as I regained strength, I determined to save all I could to enable me eventually to reach my home. I had written to my wife; but no answer came to me, and it was two years before I had saved enough and started again on my journey. At Perm I learned that the war in Servia had broken out. Every one passing through the country was closely questioned, and being unable to satisfy one particularly troublesome police-sergeant, I was marched off to the nearest station for inquiries to be made. Afraid to give them my real name or destination, my evasive answers made them suspect all was not right, and I was drafted off to the barracks to find myself enrolled a soldier of His Majesty the Czar.

'The Servian war ended, the troubles with Turkey commenced, and my regiment was ordered to the front, to take its place in the army then forming on the south-east frontier.

'You now know my history. After being in many hard-fought engagements and being twice slightly wounded, our conquering hosts crossed the Balkans, and you know the rest. You also know why your silver rouble has such an interest for me.'

At this stage, exhaustion overcame him, and when I left, he had sunk into a heavy slumber. The following day I heard from the doctor that he had had a relapse; and feeling that perhaps my long interview the preceding day had something to do with causing this, I determined to find better nursing for him than he could possibly get at the hands of the one overworked doctor in the place.

Events favored me. The Turks, beaten back at all points, were even then falling back from the Pass; and during that day our numbers were increased by the arrival of some hundred and fifty wounded, in charge of a Red Cross ambulance. No sooner had they found quarters in the village than I went to request that a nurse might be sent to the wounded Russian. This they promised me should be done.

That evening, after my frugal dinner was finished, I walked up the street with the intention of seeing how he was going on. All was quiet in the house, and entering softly, I pushed open the door of his room. There, on the floor, her arms around his neck, with her white cheek pressed to his, I saw the hospital nurse; and at that moment I understood what it did not require words to tell me—Ivan Dolgatcheff had found his wife!

Within three months from then I was again in London, with the memory of their waving farewell to me as the steamer in

which I sailed glided out from the granite quays of Cronstadt harbor.

I often hear from them. Little children have come to them to bless their lives; but they tell me that, amongst all the gifts which Providence has given them, they still cherish most the Silver Rouble.

A Hero's Reward.

(By Eglanton Thorne, in 'Sunday-School Times,' London.)

'Is it not rather a long time since you had a visit from Hilda Bishop?' asked Cyril Ashton, putting the question with an appearance of indifference that did not in the least deceive his sister.

'It is five weeks,' replied Mabel, coolly, 'and I should not wonder if it is three times five before she comes again; indeed, to put it plainly, I doubt if she will visit me any more.'

'Whatever is the meaning of that?' he demanded, and there could be no mistake now as to his interest in the answer.

'It means,' said his sister, with irritating calmness, 'that Hilda and I have ceased to be friends.'

'You have quarrelled with her?' said Cyril. 'Then I don't think much of you, Mabel. Why, you used to profess the greatest friendship for Hilda. You thought no girl like her at one time.'

'I know I did,' said Mabel, rather sulkily, 'but I suppose I am not the only person who has been disappointed in a friend. I did not know then how obstinate Hilda can be.'

'Obstinate! She is not obstinate,' said Cyril, emphatically, 'she has a strong will, and knows her own mind on most subjects, that is all. What did you say to annoy her?'

'Oh, of course, you think it was all my fault,' replied Mabel, angrily. 'I know that Hilda is perfection in your eyes, yet I think even you would have been vexed if you had heard what she said. Indeed, it was because of you that I—that we disagreed.'

'Indeed! I feel flattered,' said her brother. 'Do explain what you mean.'

'Well, we were talking about the war,' said Mabel; 'and Hilda made me so angry. She would have it that it was an unjust war, and that we ought never to have gone into it, although, as I reminded her, the Boers began it. She said the most unreasonable things, and declared that if we were better Christians war would become impossible. As if there were no such thing as a war to defend the right!'

'My dear girl! she is not the only one who talks in that way. How absurd of you to quarrel with her on that account!' said Cyril, with masculine superiority; 'but that is just like women. They never can argue without losing their tempers. At least, very few can. I don't suppose Hilda got out of her temper.'

'She did not fly into a passion, I admit,' said Mabel; 'but she was very aggravating.'

'I expect you were more so,' said her brother, frankly. 'Why could you not let her have her own opinion with regard to the war? I don't wonder she thinks as she does. Her father belongs to a Quaker family, and no doubt he has taught her to think of all war as sinful. What of that? We men never break with our friends because they differ from us in opinion. Why, Robson and I disagree upon almost every subject under the sun. We argue tremendously sometimes, and he is never convinced by my cogent argument as he ought to be, yet we remain as good friends as ever. I advise you, Mab, to go and see Hilda, and make it up with her.'

'Thank you,' said Mabel, drily; 'I am not likely to take your advice. Hilda has such



CHINESE NEW YEAR'S MODE OF SALUTATION.

a horror of militarism that I am sure she cannot wish to remain friendly with a soldier's sister. I told her that I was proud to think that my brother was a soldier, and she said that she was thankful that none of her brothers were likely to make it their profession to destroy life.'

'Did she say that?' exclaimed Cyril. 'She forgets that a soldier often saves human lives.'

'So I told her, Cyril; but she would not see it,' said Mabel. 'I knew you would be vexed to hear it.'

'Not at all,' he said, loftily. 'I think Hilda is mistaken, but, as I told you, I do not quarrel with my friends because they differ from me in opinion.'

Yet his face had fallen as his sister repeated Hilda's words. It was strange how it hurt him to hear how she looked upon a soldier's career. Cyril was so wholly and truly a soldier that it was difficult for him to have patience with those who talk as if a soldier's duty was akin to the work of an assassin. He gloried in his profession, and was eager for his regiment to be ordered to the front, that he might fight for his Queen and country. Yet he was not moved to impatience towards Hilda. He was stabbed with a pain so deep and poignant that it revealed to him the secret of his heart. Since Hilda Bishop rejoiced that none of her brothers would ever be soldiers, it was not to be supposed that she would consent to be the wife of a soldier. And as he recognized this fact, Cyril knew that he loved her with all the strength of his true and manly nature, and could never wed any other woman.

A week later came the news that Cyril's regiment was ordered to the front. Mabel burst into tears when she heard it; but Cyril exulted as one who had won his heart's desire. Mabel, too, was proud in the midst of her sorrow. Not for the world would she have held him back. She was glad that he should go to fight his country's foes, though her heart was torn by anxiety as she looked forward to his departure. She longed to run to her old friend, Hilda, and pour into her ear the mingled joy and sorrow of her heart. But she remembered that she could not expect Hilda to sympathize with her. She would probably regard Cyril as a wrongdoer, the would-be slayer of his brethren, and with the thought Mabel's heart hardened towards her old friend.

Amid the bustle of preparing for his departure, which left him hardly a moment's leisure, Cyril feared that he would have to depart without seeing Hilda. He longed for a word with her, and yet what could he hope to gain by it? But Fortune favored his wish. On the day before he departed for Southampton, as he walked from his barracks to his father's house, he met Hilda Bishop.

'Do you know that I am off to the war to-

morrow?' he asked, as they shook hands, though he felt sure as soon as his eyes fell on her that she had heard the news.

'Yes, I know,' Hilda answered gravely, and her face grew a shade paler as she spoke. 'I am very sorry; but you, I suppose, are glad.'

'Certainly I am glad,' he replied. 'I have been longing to bear my part in this great action. Why are you sorry, Miss Bishop? Is it because you think all war unjustifiable?'

Hilda's large, frank, fearless eyes looked straight into his for a moment ere she spoke.

'Not only on that account,' she replied, 'though it is true that I think with my father that war is a great evil, and that, if we were more truly a Christian nation, we should find other means of settling our differences. I made your sister very angry by telling her that some weeks ago.'

'I know,' he replied, 'it was very silly of Mabel to take offence. I hope you will forget what she said, and be friendly with her again when I am gone.'

'With all my heart,' said Hilda, smiling; 'but I am afraid it is Mabel who will find it hard to forget what I said. She is proud of her soldier-brother that she cannot bear to hear a word adverse to his profession.'

'Oh, she will get over that,' said her brother, lightly. 'I agree with you, Miss Bishop, that war is a great evil, though, in the present condition of the world, it seems to be a necessary evil. And this being so, I am glad and proud to be called to fight for my Queen and country. Do you blame me?'

'Blame you?' The girl's eyes gleamed, and her voice trembled as she spoke; 'I admire your courage and self-devotion. How could any one blame the brave, heroic men at the front who are doing their duty at such a cost? The best thing I know about war is that it makes such heroes.'

'Thank you for saying that.' There was a fervent gleam in 'his' eyes now, and his voice grew husky. 'Will you be my friend, and pray that I may never fail in a soldier's duty, never count my life dear unto me?'

She promised, and they shook hands. Hilda went quickly homewards, keeping back her tears by a strong effort, and quite forgetful of the business which had brought her out. Cyril carried with him a light, glad heart. It did not much matter what Hilda thought about war in general as long as she followed him with a friend's prayers and sympathy.

On the day after Cyril's departure Hilda went to see Mabel, and expressed such sympathy with her and such admiration of her brother's courage, that Mabel readily forgave the words that had annoyed her, and the friends were reconciled. Mabel leaned upon Hilda's sympathy in the weeks that followed, when the news from the front was dark and gloomy, and the lists of casualties were terribly long. Mabel made much of her

anxiety for her only brother, little guessing that Hilda's heart was as sick and faint as her own, while they scanned the names, dreading to see Cyril's, or that she, too, prayed for him daily with fervent intercession.

The thing they dreaded came at last. A famous engagement had been fought which turned the tide of victory, and secured a lasting advantage to the British arms. In the list of casualties appeared the name of Lieutenant Ashton, 'seriously wounded.' The girls were together when they saw it. Hilda did not cry out as Mabel did; but when the latter looked into her friend's face she saw it blanched as her own. Never had Hilda been more convinced that war was a grievous and terrible evil, and ought not to be.

Twenty-four hours of sore suspense went by; but on the following day the newspapers told a story which, in spite of their anxiety, thrilled the hearts of Mabel and her friend with rapture and pride. Lieutenant Ashton had been wounded when risking his life to save another. A sergeant of his regiment had fallen, shot through the leg, and lay helpless on the veldt while the bullets rained about him. The lieutenant, seeing his plight, ran back, and, though the man implored him to leave him to his fate and secure his own safety, insisted on taking his wounded comrade into his arms and bearing him out of the deadly rain into the British lines. Barely within them he dropped his burden, for an explosive bullet had shattered his own right arm.

The wound proved so serious as to necessitate amputation. Meanwhile, Cyril Ashton's heroism received its meed of applause. Every one extolled his bravery; but Mabel wept bitterly over the thought of her brother being so maimed. Hilda told her that she ought to be proud of the way in which he had lost his arm. Yet Hilda herself wept much in secret, and could not always conceal from Mabel how greatly she was moved by her brother's heroism. Truly her prayers had been answered; he had not counted his life dear unto him; but how dear it was to her Hilda knew as she asked herself how she could have borne it if the bullet had struck his heart.

After his arm was removed Cyril Ashton made a good recovery. In six weeks' time he came home, looking much as usual save for his empty sleeve. Like the brave fellow he was, he made light of his misfortune. 'The worst of it is,' he said, 'that I can never hold a rifle again.'

Cyril had not been long with his sister ere he made inquiries about Hilda Bishop. He was rejoiced to learn that she and his sister were as good friends as ever.

'We have met almost every day since you left,' said Mabel, 'and we have always talked about you. Hilda takes a great interest in the war, although she disapproves of it.'

'Ah, that was your fault,' said Cyril. He liked the significant smile with which Mabel received these words.

When, at last, Hilda came, very nervous at the thought of seeing the crippled soldier, in whom she was yet so deeply interested, Mabel waited till Hilda had recovered from the shock of seeing the empty sleeve, and then slipped away, leaving her brother and her friend to talk alone.

'Hilda,' said Cyril, rather sadly, 'you see what I have come to.'

'I know you have won the highest honor,' she answered quickly. 'I—we are proud of you.'

'I don't know why you should be,' he said. 'I only did my duty. Still, I am to be promoted, and they are going to give me the Victoria Cross. Of course, I am glad for my father's sake, but I would rather have gone on fighting. However, I may yet be able to serve my country, although my career as a soldier is at an end.'

'But it is not,' said Hilda, with kindling eyes. 'You are, and always will be, a soldier—in the service of the Highest. I believe that you will yet take part in many a battle which, though bloodless, will not be easy fighting. When I said that you had won high honor I was thinking of the "Well done!" Christ pronounces on all who are willing to lose their lives in this world for his sake.'

'Ah, that is not for such as I,' said Cyril, humbly; 'but Hilda, I would fain enlist in that nobler warfare of which you speak. Will you help me? I should hardly have dared to ask you before, but, now that I am withdrawn from active service, will you be my wife, and teach me how to be a soldier of the Prince of Peace?'

'You don't need teaching from me,' said Hilda, her lips quivering, and happy tears springing to her eyes; 'but, oh, Cyril, I shall be glad and proud if I may be permitted to serve beside you.'

And then he learned how, in spite of her Quaker up-bringing, he had long ago won her heart, soldier though he was.

The Stingiest Girl.

(The Presbyterian Banner.)

'He's the stingiest old thing!' said Becky Purcell.

'Who?' questioned the other three girls.

'That clerk at Boynton's. I bought a remnant of silk; it was two yards and an eighth, and he charged me for the eighth.'

Laura Holcomb laughed. 'When I hear that word,' she said, "'stingy," I think of Kate Stilwell; and I guess I always shall.'

'One of the girls at Chase Hall?' said Stella Ward. Chase Hall was the distant boarding school which Laura Holcomb attended, and from which she had just come home for the summer.

'Yes; the stingiest girl there; or, that was what we called her,' said Laura, smiling a little.

'Tell about it,' said Becky Purcell.

'Well, Kate was a freshman last fall,' Laura began. 'She came from Hawley, and another girl came at the same time from the same place—Phoebe Williams. We didn't think much about Phoebe Williams, somehow. She was a nice girl, but she was quiet, and rather plain, and she didn't care anything about clothes and she studied all the time; she just dug! and so, you see, she wasn't exactly popular.'

'But Kate Stilwell was. She was one of the girls that are bound to be. She was pretty and smart; she was the kind of girl that can do things—anything—and before we knew it, she was on two or three of the freshman class committees, and vice-president of the music club—she played splendidly—and sub-editor of the "Chase Hall Record," and no freshman had ever been that before. And she didn't try for anything

either; she didn't push herself. There was something real sweet about Kate Stilwell, and we all liked her.

'Or we all did for awhile; but one day Sara Decker and Louis Northrop and I were speaking about her.

'"She's one of the brightest girls in school, of course," said Louise; "but do you know what I think? I think she's the stingiest, too."

'"I believe it," said Sara Decker. "I have noticed it. You know the music club is going to buy a bust of Liszt for the music room? Well, Kate Stilwell hasn't subscribed a cent, for all she's vice-president, and I don't think she means to, either. The contributions are voluntary, of course, but don't you think she's rather mean?"

'"Of course," said Louise, "and I thought she was rather mean the other day, too. Molly Orr was going to throw away a wicker table she'd had in her room till she'd got tired of it, and Kate Stilwell offered her twenty-five cents for it, and took it. The idea! Why, didn't she buy a new one? She must have plenty of money; why, look at her dresses: they are lovely."

'"That's the funny part of it. She's from Hawley," said Sara, "and there is a Stilwell in Hawley that owns the paper mills there, and he's rich, and I think it is her father, Milo F. Stilwell. Papa has had business with him."

'"Why, then, it's a sort of mania, her being so stingy, isn't it?" said Louise. "Something like kleptomania!"

'I tried to stand up for her some, but I couldn't say much, for, you know, I'd seen the same thing in her myself, and I thought if she was really a rich girl it was just horrid.

'That afternoon Louise and I came across Phoebe Williams in the library, studying French history for dear life, and we stayed a minute, and Louise led up to the subject of Kate Stilwell purposely. "What's her father's name?" said she.

'"Milo," said Phoebe.

'"He owns the paper mills in Hawley, doesn't he?" said Louise.

'"Yes," said Phoebe.

'"Well," said Louise, as we went along, "then she must be richer than Ruth Morrill; and think how Ruth is, just as generous and lovely as she can be." I was afraid Phoebe Williams might hear her, and I looked around and I knew that she had, for she was looking at us hard, and she was real red in the face. Girls that come from the same town always stand up for each other, of course, but Phoebe Williams swore by Kate Stilwell anyhow. Anybody could see that.

'Well, Kate got up a perfect reputation for stinginess. She didn't seem to care if everybody knew she was stingy, nor what anybody thought. Of course, if we had thought she was scrimped for money not one of us would have criticized her, not a girl in the hall would have been so mean as that; but when we all knew how well off she was it just provoked us. There was the camera club. Kate had a camera and Eva Payne asked her to join the club, and when Eva told her it was five dollars for the initiation fee, she said "Oh!" and she didn't join. Then there was a "grind" in the "Record": "K. S.—Kant Spend." Miss Chase didn't allow grinds in the paper, either, but that

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got in somehow. Kate Stilwell didn't pay any attention to it, but Phoebe Williams did. She thought Louise had put it in, and she went to her, as hot as could be, and asked her if she had; but Louise hadn't. I think it was Eva Payne.

'Kate had plenty of nice clothes when she came to school, but she didn't get anything more. Sara Decker said she hadn't had so much as a new collar button since she came to the hall. "And I'm just waiting to see," said she, "whether she'll wear that same old white swansdown to the General's reception."

'We were all wild about the General's reception. The General was a friend of Miss Chase, an old school friend, and he was going to pass through town on his way to Washington, and he had promised Miss Chase he would stop over night at the hall and shake hands with us girls and tell us some war stories, and, of course, Miss Chase was going to make a fine affair of it. It was in the winter, when the talk about the war was growing all the time, and the girls were all crazy about meeting the General.

'Almost every girl was going to have something new for that reception. Sara Decker had a beautiful pink silk waist, and I had a new dress, and lots of the girls did. Sara was determined to know what Kate Stilwell was going to do about it, and finally she asked her. Sara and I were in the gymnasium, and Kate came in.

"What about the reception, Kate?" said Sara. "What are you going to wear?"

"My white dress," said Kate, "the one with the rosettes; you've seen it," and she picked up her dumbbells as cool and unconcerned as anything.

'Sara didn't say anything. She just looked at me.

'We did all we could to help Miss Chase make it a lovely affair. There was a great big committee on arrangements, about fifteen of us. I was in it, and Sara and Louise, and Kate Stilwell and a lot of others. Oh, yes, and Phoebe Williams. Ruth Morrill nominated her.

'Louise and Sara roomed together, and a week before the reception they invited the whole committee to their room to talk things over and have a spread—what they called a spread. We had cake and olives and oranges, and we made fudge. They borrowed tables and chairs, and every girl had a plate, and, just for fun, they had a "favor" for every girl. They were paragraphs and verses that they'd cut out of old newspapers and books, and we read them out loud in turn. They were hits, mostly. Ruth Morrill is a great chatterbox, and hers was a verse about a gentle, quiet child that never talked any. She didn't care, nor any of us. We laughed and had a great time—till it got around to Kate Stilwell.

'Well, Kate read hers right out, like the rest of us. She looked at Sara and Louise a minute, and her cheeks got a little redder, and then she read it; and this was her verse:

"O yes, I am kinder savin' and clus;
Wal, yes, I know I be;
I'm tight as the bark of a tree;
But I tell ye I'd suffer consider'ble wuss
To spend my good money, said he."

'One or two girls laughed, but I think we felt scared a little, I did, I know, and I tried to think of something to say to smooth it over if I could. But I didn't have time to say anything. Somebody jumped up all at once, and I looked round and saw Phoebe Williams standing up. She didn't look warm like Kate; she looked pale, and we all knew

something was going to happen, and it was as still as could be.

"I'm going to speak out," said she, "I can't bear it any longer. You girls have thrown hints like this before; hints about Kate Stilwell being stingy, and I've stood it as long as I can. No don't stop me, Kate—I must and I will!" said she.

'She made me think of Spartacus to the gladiators, or Horatius at the bridge, or somebody, the way she looked standing there. "I want to ask you something," she said, "just one thing. If Kate Stilwell is stingy, do you know why she's stingy? Well, I'm going to tell you why.

"We've always been friends at home," said she, "though I'm poor and she is rich; and so Kate has known all about me. She knew I wanted to be a teacher, a governess, if I could, and the academy at Hawley is not considered very good, and Kate said if I could go to a fine private school I could get a good deal better position as a governess. And she was coming here, and she brought me with her. Yes, she just made me come. She said the allowance her father gave her was plenty enough to pay for two girls, instead of one, if we were a little economical. She wanted to do it, and she would do it; she just brought me along.

"Her family and mine knew all about it, of course, but she didn't tell anybody else, and she wouldn't let me. And she made me promise not to tell anybody about it here, either. She said it wasn't anybody's business, but I knew what she thought. She didn't want any of you girls to know she was doing it because she never wants to take any credit for anything, and she thought, besides, that I should take a better position here if nobody knew that I had no money of my own.

"I wanted to see if Miss Chase could not give me work part of the time, housework or anything; I didn't care what, so long as I could earn part of my expenses, and save Kate that much. Kate wouldn't have it. She said I would have studying enough to do without doing anything else; she said she wanted to see me get through with honors, and that she was doing it, and she was going to do it all, and do it her own way.

"Now, how do you think I felt," said Phoebe Williams, "when you called Kate Stilwell stingy? If she has been saving, she has had to be, and now you know why. I don't believe she cared for what you thought, for she's above it—but I cared. Kate Stilwell is the best girl in this school, and the noblest and dearest—and I've broken my promise to her not to tell, and I don't care, I will tell—and, oh, girls!" And then Phoebe Williams sat down and dropped her head into her hands, and burst out crying.

Laura Holcomb's own eyes were rather wet; so, indeed, were the eyes of her sympathizing listeners. "And what did you girls do?" Becky Purcell asked eagerly.

'Well, we couldn't do anything just that minute, because when we looked around for Kate Stilwell she was gone; she'd escaped. But afterward you can just imagine! We didn't apologize to Kate in so many words, for when Sara and Louise tried to tell her how sorry they were about that mean verse she wouldn't let them; she said if she'd really been as stingy as they thought she was that she wouldn't have blamed them. But there are lots of ways for girls to show it, you know, when they like a girl, and admire her, and want her to know it. I don't believe there was a girl in that school that didn't do something to let Kate Stilwell know how fine she thought she was. Ruth Morrill couldn't hold in; she went and bought her a

silver belt set with blue stones, and she invited her to go to the Thousand Islands this summer with her and her people, and I suppose they're there now. Ruth never does things by halves.

'We liked Phoebe Williams after that, too. We let her manage the decorations for the General's reception, and she did well. I don't know whether Miss Chase knew about Kate and Phoebe or not, but I rather think somebody told her about it, for she appointed Kate to make the speech of welcome to the General at the reception. Kate was the belle at the reception. She wore her white swansdown, but she looked handsome just the same. Sara and Louise—I suppose they felt guilty a little still, for they gave her a great bunch of roses, and she wore them. The General talked to her more than to anybody, and she played some pretty things from Chopin during the evening, and, altogether, Ruth Morrill said she didn't know whether it was the General's reception or Kate Stilwell's.

'Sometimes, after that, instead of calling her Kate Stilwell, the girls called her "the stingiest girl," but we all knew what it meant. It meant the best girl and the biggest-hearted girl.'

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly
thence,

(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense),
The faint pang stealst unperceived away;
How much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and alone a cure!
—Dowles.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Dec. 21, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Plum Pudding—By Canon H. Scott Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
The Meaning of the Athenian Riots—'The Spectator,' London.
The Contemnation of Schley—New York 'Tribune.'
The Day of Large Things—New York 'Times.'
Transformation of Manhattan Island—New York 'Sun.'
Magic Mirrors and Crystal Gazing—By Andrew Lang, in 'Monthly Review,' London.
Lecture by Lord Avebury to Ruskin Union—'St. George,' the journal of the Birmingham and London Fu kin Societies.
The Exodus from the Country—'The Pilot,' London.
Home Life of the Italian Royal Family—By the Rome Correspondent of the 'Daily Mail,' London.
England's Drink Problem—Boston 'Evening Transcript.'
Seven English Queens Never Crowned—By Eleanor F. Colby, in London 'Queen.'
Motto of 'World Wide' in Acrostic—By Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria, B. C.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The New School of British Music—By Ernest Newman, in 'The Speaker,' London.
A Famous Caricaturist—'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Christmas Angel—Poem, by Clinton Scollard, in 'The Century.'
A Cathedral Voluntary—Poem, 'The Speaker,' London.
An Unknown Burns Poem—'Macmillan's Magazine.'
Dr. Johnson Among the Poets—Abridged from 'Macmillan's Magazine,' London.
Our Other Selves—'The Speaker,' London.
Anticipation—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Christ Waiting to find Room—Extract from Sermon by Horatio Bushnell.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Taught to be Useful.

You would not care to claim kindred with the baboons, would you? They are ungainly, and not even amusing, like the monkeys. Neither have they a gentle temper, to

have seen at the Zoo a very popular individual, classed, we believe, as a baboon called 'Sally,' who had arrived at such a pitch of good breeding that she could take a cup of tea with perfect decorum. At her

But poor Sally did not live very long; perhaps she overtaxed her brain with those unwonted exercises.

Still, even a baboon is not without some use in the world, 'You



BABOON IN SEARCH OF WATER.

make up for want of beauty, for they are fierce and savage, and it is only when caught quite young that they can be trained into better manners, and the wild nature tamed.

A year or two ago you might

keeper's request she would pick up and count five or seven straws—according to the number he mentioned—and stretching her long hairy arms through the bars of the cage, put them in his buttonhole.

are ugly,' say the Kaffirs of South Africa, 'but we can make you serve us; you are very fond of the root of a plant called Babiana, and so are we, and we will train you to find it for us.'

They capture a young one, and after having, in some degree trained him, they tie a rope round his body and send him forth to hunt for this precious plant, which is a bulb, and only to be found in certain places.

So off goes the baboon, pulling up a stone here, diving into the clump of mimosa bushes there, and somehow or other he presently comes upon a Babiana root. Then he finds the rope pulled, for of course the natives have been following, and while for his reward he is allowed to eat a small portion of it, they consume the rest, and send him forth again.

In a still more important matter, he is taught to look for water. You know Africa is not like England. We have mostly rain enough and to spare, but that is a dry and arid land, and except at certain seasons it suffers much from drought. 'Water, water!' is the cry from both man and beast, and how is it to be got?

The Kaffirs have found out in this too a way to guide them to the right spot. They will keep the baboon they have trained without drink for a long time, and then when he is desperately thirsty let him loose with the rope round him to follow his own sweet will—only holding the other end, and following over hill, and dale, and rock, and plain.

Some wonderful instinct must have been given him, for with the keen scent, wanting to us, he is sure to discover where, beneath the surface, water is to be found, and then the hands which pull the rope hasten to profit by the discovery of the treasure. We must hope that this friend in need has indulged in a long and satisfying drink!

Be sure you do not despise any creature, however ungainly and unbeautiful. Set your minds to work, and you will, without doubt, find that God has not made anything in vain.—'Child's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is December, 1901, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Simon's Text.

(By Annie A. Preston, in 'Morning Star'.)

Simon Ballard was called a stupid boy. At school he always had poor lessons. It was impossible for him to memorize anything unless the subject appealed to his imagination.

One day one of his school-fellows was whipping a dog, the teacher begging him to stop, said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

'That's in the Testament,' said Simon, 'I've read it lots of times—to forget. Now I've heard it to remember.'

And remember it he did. Always thereafter, if a text were called for in school or in Sunday-school, the boy had that one ready, and it came to be called Simon's text.

Sometimes to tease him some of his mates would quote it before it became his turn, and then the look of blank distress upon his face was more painful than amusing; and at length they gave it over to him as his especial property.

Simon was an orphan and lived with an uncle and aunt who had very little sympathy with children. One day when she, annoyed by some unusual stupidity, said: 'I wish in mercy you would take it into your head to run away,' the child seemed to feel that he was under obligation to go, and the next day he was missing from the farm house, and his friends learned that he had gone to New Bedford and shipped on board a whaler.

For several years he sailed upon that and other ships, but he never sailed away from his text—the only passage of Scripture that he knew. To him mercy was simply kindness and tenderness, and he would not injure any person or creature, believing that if he did so he would be treated unkindly in turn.

One night in London he went with a number of his shipmates into a Sailor's Bethel and heard the bible read for the first time in years. Then the leader of the meeting asked if any one had a text in mind that he would like to hear talked upon, and Simon said at once, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

'Thank you, brother,' said the

leader, 'that is a good one. A man may be merciful to animals by treating them kindly; he may be merciful to the poor by providing for their wants; he may be merciful to the sick by nursing them; and yet he may treat himself unmercifully by indulging in bad habits. Now here is this lad who gave me the text. He has a kind blue eye, and I dare say would do no harm to any person or thing, yet he forgets that he too is one of God's creatures. He drinks liquor and uses tobacco. I can see that in his face. And I have no doubt that he uses profane language and breaks the Sabbath.'

'Come, Simon,' said his companions, 'we've heard enough of this, let's go.'

'No,' said Simon. 'I gave the text and I must stay and take the consequences.' The preacher heard the last word, and as the others left he went on talking about consequences in a way that set Simon to thinking so hard that he remained to talk with the speaker after the service.

As the gentleman took his hand he said kindly, 'Don't you know me, Simon?'

'You look like Bennie Morgan, who used to go to Miss Pearl's school way over in America, but of course you are not.'

'But I am,' said the gentleman. 'I came here at the request of the one who has charge of the mission, to speak this evening; he is a friend of mine, and my meeting with you was providential.'

The whole episode seemed to make a man of Simon. It woke him up. All that he had learned in his contact with men during his seafaring life came to his aid. He began being merciful to himself as well as to others, and staying on with his old friend he returned with him to America, and has been of great assistance in mission work among sailors in New York. And one of the truths he impresses upon the poor fellows is to learn one text to remember, and not many to forget, for, 'if you get a truth fixed in your heart you never can get away from it, and it is, or may be, a life preserver to save your soul.'

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LESSON II.—JANUARY 12.

The Promise of Power Fulfilled.

Acts ii., 1-11. Memory verses 1-4. Read Acts ii., 1-36; Joel ii., 21-32.

Golden Text.

'The promise is unto you and to your children.'—Acts ii., 39.

Daily Readings.

- Monday, Jan. 6.—Acts ii., 1-21.
- Tuesday, Jan. 7.—Acts ii., 22-36.
- Wednesday, Jan. 8.—Joel ii., 21-32.
- Thursday, Jan. 9.—Rom. i., 9-16.
- Friday, Jan. 10.—Rom. viii., 1-14.
- Saturday, Jan. 11.—iii., 13-21.
- Sunday, Jan. 12.—I. Cor. xii., 4-13.

Lesson Text.

(1) And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. (2) And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. (3) And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. (4) And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. (5) And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. (6) Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language. (7) And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? (8) And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? (9) Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, (10) Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, (11) Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

Suggestions.

The disciples waited on God for ten days. There were a hundred and twenty of them, (Acts i., 14-15), both men and women. Those were days of great preparation and searching of hearts. It meant a great deal for that little company to come apart from the world and wait obediently for the fulfilment of the Father's promise, it took great faith, too. Yet without that obedience and faith they could have obtained nothing from God.

They needed the ten days; in them they could review the past and see wherein they had failed, probably as Peter looked back over the previous six weeks he thought with bitter sorrow of his weakness in denying his Lord and prayed earnestly for power to stand true and to proclaim boldly his belief in the risen Saviour. So, also, the others must have prayed each for the power in the place they knew themselves to be weak. Those ten days were given them not only that they might confess their sins and get the way perfectly clear between God and themselves, but also that they might get right with their neighbors. Those who hold jealousy or a grudge against their neighbors or cherish pride or an evil spirit of any kind in their hearts, are not ready for Pentecost. We must be willing to give up everything before we can receive the Holy Spirit.

The word Pentecost means 'fiftieth,' it was a Jewish feast of the first fruits (Deut. xvi., 10) or harvest, held fifty days after the Pass-over. Our Lord was crucified at the Pass-over feast time which had for hundreds of years typified this great sacrifice of the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world (John i., 29). He rose from the dead and for forty days went in and out among

his disciples, then he ascended into heaven. On the day of Pentecost Christ presented to God, as it were, the first fruits of his earthly toil, the little band of noble men and women who had given up all to follow him, and who were prepared, as far as in them lay, to proclaim his truth to the uttermost ends of the earth. To show his acceptance of the offering, God sent his fire down, that each one of these souls might be a living sacrifice, to burn and shine for him, and to be lights in the world, their lives constantly pointing to that great Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world (John i., 9), our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Fire is one of the most striking symbols of the blazing righteousness of God (Heb. xii., 29; Mal. iv., 1-2; Zech. ii., 5; Ex. iii., 2-4). When John the Baptist was preaching the immediate coming of Christ he promised that whereas his baptism was with water, the Coming One would baptize them with the Holy Ghost and with fire (Luke iii., 16). This promise was literally fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, for the fire of God descended in the likeness of flaming tongues and lighted upon the hundred and twenty disciples, men and women, alike, flaming, but not consuming, just as the Lord Jehovah in ancient days appeared to Moses in the bush which was all in a flame but did not burn up at all. The fire of the Holy Ghost burns up sin and dross making the soul pure and good like gold tried by the fire. Gold loses nothing by being put in the fire, but it gains purity by having the dross burned out.

They were all filled with the Holy Ghost. God's gifts are boundless, we set the limits by the measure of our own capacity to receive. God wants to give this his best gift to every one of his children. Many Christians to-day are seeking this gift and wondering why God does not send it to them. They must first be sure that they are living in perfect obedience to God and then obey him still farther, not by continuing to plead, but by simply receiving the Holy Spirit into their hearts by faith, and then, recognizing his presence there by faith whether there is any particular feeling or not. Some natures are not emotional nor given to ecstatic joy, but the presence of the Comforter may always be recognized by the deep calm inward peace in which the soul rests. Open your heart to God, ask him to cleanse it and to make you willing to give up everything that would hinder the coming of the Holy Spirit, then take him at his word (John xiv., 16-17; xv., 26-27; Acts i., 8). Believe and keep on believing.

Questions.

- How many disciples were present at Pentecost?
- In what visible form did the Holy Spirit come?
- What did this typify?
- What power was then given to the disciples?
- How did they use this power?
- Have you received the Holy Spirit?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Jan. 12.—Topic.—Entering the Kingdom.—John iii., 1-8; v., 24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

ARE YOU MR. PLIABLE?

- Mon., Jan. 6.—Yield not to sinners.—Prov. i., 10.
- Tues., Jan. 7.—A constant heart.—Ps. lvii., 7.
- Wed., Jan. 8.—Established by God.—II. Thess. iii., 3.
- Thu., Jan. 9.—Unmovable.—I. Cor. xv., 58.
- Fri., Jan. 10.—Stand fast.—I. Cor. xvi., 13.
- Sat., Jan. 11.—Tossed to and fro.—Eph. iv., 14.
- Sun., Jan. 12.—Topic.—Pilgrim's Progress I. Are you Mr. Pliable? Phil. iii., 13-14; Jas. i., 6-8.

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How I Was Cured of the Tobacco Habit.

I feel it my privilege, as well as my duty, to give my experience for the benefit of those boys who are struggling against tobacco. I commenced when a boy, and used tobacco for fifteen years. After I was converted, I felt I could not thank the Lord for tobacco, and so gave it up. I stopped using it, but had such a hankering after it, especially when I saw others using it, and had such a sore mouth, that really I was in misery.

I kept on reading God's Word, and seeing that great promise written in Mark xi., 24, where it reads, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' I just got down on my knees and asked God to take away the desire for tobacco, and, thank the Lord, he did so. I am an old man now, and from that day to this I have not had the least desire for tobacco. I counted up what it had cost me in the year. It was about the price of an acre of wheat, which was worth something fifty years ago, and I gave the money to the missionary cause.—P. Leinster, in 'Christian Guardian.'

Cigarette Smoking and Crime.

At the recent Charities Conference in Cincinnati, E. George Torrance, superintendent of the Illinois Reformatory, made the following startling statements from his own experience:

On the first day of this month we had 278 boys between the ages of ten and fifteen. Of 63 of this number with the average age of 12, 58 were cigarette smokers; of 133 of them with the average age of 14, 125 were cigarette smokers; 82 were 15 years of age, of whom 73 were cigarette smokers.

This demonstrates that 92 percent of the whole number were in the habit of smoking cigarettes at the time they committed the crimes for which they were sent to the reformatory; but even more astonishing is the fact that 85 percent had become so addicted to their use as to be classed at the time as 'cigarette fiends.' The use of intoxicating liquor is to be condemned; it destroys manhood, destroys homes, beggars wives and children, and fills jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories, but not to one-tenth the extent of the cigarette does it start the boy from ten to fifteen on the way to become a criminal.—'Michigan Advocate.'

An English Specialist.

'Do you know how many hours a day Dr. B. works?' a hospital nurse asked me the other day.

'No,' I answered; 'but if, as you say, he is making several thousand pounds, I suppose he takes things easily.'

'Easily!' she exclaimed. 'Do you know he never does less than sixteen hours a day, counting railway journeys. Operation follows operation; and I have seen him start off by a night train after twelve hours here, and get home next morning, after attending to a case in the country, ready to go his usual rounds. And,' she added, 'he will tell you his secret is never to take any stimulant.'

The next day I asked him for myself, and his answer I shall not forget: 'But for my habit of abstinence, I could not do half the work I can now manage without fatigue of brain and body.'—'Day of Days.'

A Mechanic's New Idea.

A mechanic about thirty years of age, having a wife and four children, was wont to step into a beer-saloon close by twice a day and pay five cents each for two glasses of beer. For many months he did this, under the impression that it was necessary for a hard working man. But one day, while toil-

ing at his bench a new and better idea took possession of his mind.

'I am poor,' he said within himself; 'my family needs every cent I earn; it is growing more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see—that is sixty cents a week, even if I drink no beer on Sunday. Sixty cents a week! That is thirty-one dollars and twenty cents a year! And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see,' and here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. 'I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes for that sum.' Pausing a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of him, he then exclaimed, 'I will never waste another cent on beer!' And he never has.—'Ram's Horn.'

It's Nothing to Me

'It's nothing to me,' the mother said;
'I've no fears that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.'
It was something to her when her only son
From the path of right was early won
And madly cast in the flowing bowl,
A ruined body and shipwrecked soul.

'It's nothing to me,' the voter said;
'The party is my greatest dread.'
Then he gave his vote to the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards
made.

It was something to him in after life
When his daughter became a drunkard's
wife.

And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

'It's nothing to me,' the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
'I heed not the dreadful things you tell;
I can rule myself, I know full well.'
'T was something to him when in prison he
lay

The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

—'Christian Endeavor World.'

A New Incentive to Juvenile Smoking.

The pernicious habit of cigarette smoking among boys has recently received an unexpected impetus through the 'enterprise' of one or two firms of manufacturers, who are offering money prizes for complete sets of certain portraits of celebrities, which are given away with each packet. To the craze for 'collecting' is thus added the sinister influence of a bribe to keep on buying cigarettes for the sake of the portraits. A more objectionable temptation could scarcely be concocted, and already it is evident that there is a marked increase in juvenile smoking. In certain European countries the practice of juvenile smoking is prohibited by law. It would be well if it were so here.—'The Christian,' London.

What Message Did He Send?

An American brewery did between Aug. 1, 1900, and July 31, 1901, what no such institution ever did before since the world was made. It made and sold over a million barrels of beer. The president was in Europe when the year closed and the figures were added together. He felt so rejoiced over the news that he telegraphed his congratulations to all employees. Wonder what message he would send to the poverty-stricken men who drank the stuff, and to the women and children whose homes were cursed by it, and to the men who went into drunkards' graves soaked and besodden by his accursed beer.—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Sample Copies.

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

Correspondence

Lennox, Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this district, I thought I would write. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and like it very much, especially the Correspondence. I do not go to school. I was in Winnipeg last winter and had a nice time. I have two sisters married in Winnipeg, and one, single, at home.

MAY C. (Aged 14.)

Hoosick Falls, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken it for three years. I think it is a very nice paper. We have only been here a week. I have no pets. I had a kitty, but when we moved, we had to give her away. I have one sister and no brothers. My sister's name is Viola. I am in the advanced fifth grade. I am ten years old.

FLOSSIE M. L.

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' and I enjoy reading it. Many of the 'Messenger' readers think it is very cold in this country, can ride the bicycle or drive. My father keeps a livery stable; we have four rubber tired rigs beside others and we live on the banks of Sask.; in summer time it is a very pretty place; on the north side is a thick pine wood where all kinds of berries grow, and we cross on a cable ferry. A short distance away are two islands. We have four churches and a hospital. There are six rooms in the school I go to and I am in the second book.

MARGARET D. (Aged 9.)

Sea Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Carter. I go to Sabbath-school and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss McLeary. I am in the second reader. I was nine last Oct. For pets I have two cats, Minnie and Romp. I have a dog named Rover; he brings home the cows and makes himself generally useful. I have a pony called Maggie, and she has a nice colt called Bobs. I went to Vancouver and saw the Duke and Duchess. The city was beautifully decorated and beautifully illuminated at night. We like the 'Messenger' very much. My papa has taken the 'Witness' for years, and mama says her father took it for years.

GERTIE MAY R.

Great Burin, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and enjoy reading it very much. My brother and I go to school. I am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Mr. Guy. I like him very much. The name of our school is Avondale. It is near a pond. In winter we have fine fun skating on it. During the holidays this summer, I went with papa to St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, and enjoyed the trip very well. I have two brothers and twin sisters. My sisters are five years old.

GEORGE B. L. (Aged 8.)

Walden, Vermont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. My grandpa lives in Canada. It has been four years since I visited him. He sends me the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading it very much. My father and mother are both dead. I have no brothers or sisters. I live with my aunt and uncle. I attend the village school and as we live half a mile out, I ride to and from school on my wheel that my uncle bought for me last July. My cousin who is sixteen, has a bicycle too, and we have lots of fun riding together. My cousin is away attending High School this fall, and when she comes home she will be surprised to see my letter in the 'Messenger.'

STELLA MAY W.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just seen one letter from Toronto, so I thought I would write. I have one brother and no sisters. I go to school and I like it very much. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, Aug. 2. I am eight years old. I have no pets. We live very near the school, and my little friend that I liked best of any moved to New York.

GLADYS W.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw my letter in the 'Messenger' and was very much pleased. I suppose you think I am writing very often, but I enjoy writing to the 'Messenger' very much. A young friend of mine is going to write. His name is Jack Quinn; he is a nice little boy; we play together, and often, in the summer, we go down to the beach with our mamas. He used to be the errand boy in the 'Morning Post,' but it broke up. I am going to school now, and enjoy it very much.

ETHEL R.

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have read so many letters out of the 'Messenger,' I thought I would like to see my letter in the paper. I know a girl who takes the 'Messenger.' My name is Jack Hutchings. My father is head boss of the Great West Saddlery Company. I had a pony but he was too wild. My brother Douglas has a dog. I am the oldest of my brothers and sisters. There are four besides me. Douglas is next to me. I have a sister four years old. Her name is Marian. I have two brothers, Stewart and Harry. I am eight years old. My birthday is on July 17. At school I am fifth in my class.

JACK H.

Billtow.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very well, especially the letters. I have seven brothers and four sisters. One sister is dead and one brother too. I have taken the 'Messenger' four years. I have two cats and one dog. The dog's name is Jack.

LULA A. S.

'Sunny Side Farm,' Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to get mamma to write a letter for me to the 'Messenger.' I have been wanting to write one for a long time, but I can only print yet. I waited till mamma had time to do it for me. I'll tell her everything to say. My sister Edna takes the 'Messenger.' My papa takes the 'Daily Witness,' and my mother and my brother Willie takes the 'World Wide.' I have another brother; his name is Gordon, and I have a brother (Hilton) in heaven. But I want to write about a cat we have, and we all think she is the cutest cat ever was. She is as black as a crow and she has a dear little kitten just as black as herself. We call the cat 'Witch.' She is the best mouser ever could be. She caught a weasel and brought it to her kittens but they would not eat it; soon after that papa found her at the barn with one of her eyes hanging out (in her cheek and she was suffering so that she would not eat. They suppose she was fighting with a weasel, or, perhaps, a rat, which tore her eye out. Mamma was saying she would not catch any more rats (with only one eye) but just a day or two after didn't she come to the house with a great big rat. She could hardly carry it she was so weak, and gave it to her kittens and then ran off again because the kittens hurt her eye when they came round her. Her eye is all healed up now, but, of course, she can't see with it. We have a pretty little white dog (pure white when she is clean) her name is 'Topsy' and she has the cutest little puppies and such times as they have playing, but people always want them and when they are old enough, take them all away on poor Topsy. I go to school when I am well, but just now I have the whooping cough and can't go. I think I have the best teacher in the world. Your little friend,

LYMAN. (Aged 8.)

Genoa, Dec. 17, 1901.

Dear Sirs,—Many thanks for the nice Bible which I received from you as a premium. I am very much pleased with it.

EVA W. GORDON.

The Bagster Bible referred to above was forwarded in return for a list of four subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Parity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

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(Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald'.)

Once married, and settled in a home, however unostentatious, the question of the exchequer soon rears its formidable head, and is neither to be evaded nor ignored. To carry on the simplest household, money is an absolutely necessary factor in the machinery. Though lovers, could they be brought from the clouds to plain 'terra firma,' would scout the notion that money might one day be a persistent wedge to ruin their happiness, the little rift within the lute, fatal to the music; yet thousands of husbands and wives, in candid moments, would confess that they owed to that one cause all the heart-burnings they have ever had. A man says, grandly and sincerely, 'Whatever I earn belongs to my wife. She has only to ask. But she dislikes to ask, and if her asking precede reluctant or hesitating or surprised granting, she is covered with humiliation as with a cloak. Men seldom understand the multiform personal requirements of women. The purse-bearer holds too heavy a balance of authority. No wife should be forced into the position of a licensed mendicant in the marriage relation. No wife can enjoy this though she may seem to acquiesce.

If the home is to be a type of heaven in its sweetness and rest, the two who are responsible for it, and who carry it on, should arrive at an intelligent agreement about its financial management very early in the day. If they have been building on an unsubstantial foundation they will do well to start anew at any period in their common career.

With an eye to the style of living preferred, husband and wife may easily estimate the cost of various items in the annual bill of expense. Shelter, fuel, clothing, food, are the primitive wants. The education of children, the social ramifications of the family, a margin for charity and for travel, come later. The wife, if she defray any portion of the regular and acknowledged expenses of the household, servants' wages, schoolbills, etc., and the accounts of the grocer and the butcher, should have her allowance, paid to her at stated intervals, for the purpose. Beyond this, and in accordance with the family means, she should have something for her individual expenses, her private purse. If possible, her separate bank account even if very small, should be part of the domestic scheme.

Men constantly complain of or assert the business incompetence of women. Yet a woman may be treated like a child all her life, and if by her husband's illness or death, without previous training or preparation, she will meet the occasion, and prove herself mistress of its exigencies.

Women are born administrators and economists, and given the opportunity, they

manifest good judgment and common sense. Obligated by an unwise custom to accept the rôle of juvenility in their married lives, to explain their purchases and justify them, and to ask for what should be theirs by right, they have no chance to reveal their hidden ability.

I once knew a wife who saved bit by bit, in silver coins and coppers, out of her household expenses, enough money to buy a gold chain for her good man's birthday present. Perhaps she might have made a better choice, but she paid for it in the rain of small pieces which it had taken her a year to accumulate, and—her husband refused the gift, and compelled her to take it back and have the money refunded. An extreme instance this of Mr. Scrooge in married life.

Thrift is a virtue which should be cultivated, if not indigenous. A French woman stands aghast at the lack of it in an American, but the French woman has had the advantage of being always a recognized partner in the domestic firm. Looking forward to old age, or to the dowry of her daughters, and the establishment in life of her sons, she has been in the confidence of her husband and has assisted him to build up their united fortune. American wives are often pitifully ignorant of their husband's affairs. The husband, honestly anxious to shield the wife from every care, keeps his problems in his office, and has not the courage in periods of stress and wild weather to let her know the imperative need of retrenchment. No home can ever be perfect where on either hand there are reserves. Entire confidence is an essential of success.

Selected Recipes.

Pudding Sauce.—An excellent pudding sauce for a cracker plum pudding is made in this way: Place one cup sugar in a bowl, break in one egg whole and beat together thoroughly, heat one cup milk to boiling point, then pour over the egg and sugar and stir them together, adding nutmeg or vanilla for flavoring to suit taste. This sauce should not be made until needed, and used warm. The recipe came from a first-class cook and I have used it many times.—'Heliotrope.'

Black Hills Cake.—One cup white sugar, butter size of an egg, the white of one egg well beaten, two-thirds cup sweet milk, two teacups flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder. Leave three tablespoons of batter in the mixing dish, add to it the yolk of the egg, one tablespoon of dark molasses, one teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, and flour; pour this on top of the light part, and bake in a tin that will allow plenty of room to rise.

Tomato Soup.—Take one quart of soup stock, reduce it by adding one quart of water, and in this put one quart of canned tomatoes; boil half an hour; strain and mash the tomatoes through a coarse sieve; put in this two or three pieces of celery, one onion, and a pinch of cloves; boil together an hour. A large tablespoonful of tapioca or rice may be added, also the yolk of a hard boiled egg, rubbed fine.

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OUR MAIL BAG.

Listowel, Ont., Dec. 1, 1901.
I am a subscriber to 'World Wide,' and am more than delighted with it. I am, &c., yours truly,
F. E. STUART.

Canyon, Alta., Dec. 10, 1901.
Enclosed find \$1.50 for renewal of my subscription to 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide.' I must say a few words in favor of 'World Wide,' it is such a good little friend to the farmer who likes reading and is liable to run short of good up-to-date reading matter; its style and quality are so superior that it will bear re-reading in times of literary dearth better than anything else which I get. Yours sincerely,
A. A. ASH.

Breslau, Dec. 10, 1901.
I have given 'World Wide' a trial for about three months, and feel I could hardly do without it any more. Enclosed find 75 cents for ensuing year.
OSCAR DRESSLER.

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