Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 45 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 8, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

MAKING FOR THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

(Drawn for 'Toilers of the Deep,' by F. W. Burton.)

President McKinley's Words to the Boys of America.

(By Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Our country is one in which there is entire freedom of speech. The newspapers discuss not only the public actions of our officials, but picture their private life and their individual failings with a completeness of detail known in no other land. In the main this newspaper criticism is doubtless a wholesome influence in our political life. But at times so much has been said of the shortcomings of our public men that many readers lose sight of their faithful service, and come to suspect the motives of all men in office.

When I resigned my government post under Mr. McKinley, the President, as he said a word of good-by to me, spoke of his interest in the boys of the United States, and of his wish that they might have a high appreciation of a life spent in their country's service.

'Some years ago,' he remarked, 'I had an experience with a boy of eighteen which made a deep impression upon me. I was in Congress at the time, and under the operation of the law an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis was at my disposal. I was anxious to send a good representative, and looked about the district for a bright, capable boy, ambitious for a naval career.

'None of the candidates seemed promising, and I finally decided to submit the choice of a cadet to a competitive examination. A day or two after this announcement had been made and a date had been set for the examination I received a visit from a boy who desired the appointment.

'He was an alert, active, fine-looking fellow, who at once won my heart; and as he seemed most eager for the appointment and excellently qualified for the life, I sincerely regretted that I had not met him earlier, so that I might have given him the appointment outright. As it was, I urged him to enter the examination, and felt sure that with his fine preparation he would have no difficulty in winning the place.

'A few days later I received a letter from the young man, stating that he felt he would be most unhappy if he failed of the appointment, and requesting me to withdraw the announcement of the public examination and appoint him without competition. Enclosed in the letter was a cheque for several thousand dollars, drawn on a New York bank to my order.

'Never,' said the President, 'in all my public life have I suffered a moment of such humiliation as the reading of this letter cost me.

'When I felt that I could speak calmly, I sent for the boy, gave back to him his letter and his cheque, and explained that my relations with him were at an end.

' "And, now," said I, "let me ask you one question: What have you known of my life, public or private, and what have you known of other men in office, which could make you, at your age, imagine that a Congressman of the United States would accept a bribe"

'I was profoundly moved myself, and the boy was deeply affected, perhaps more by my manner than by my question. Amid his sobs he explained that he had desired a place in the navy beyond all other things; that he had read in some paper that all Congressmen accepted money for such appointments, and that he had consulted a politician in the neighboring village, who assured him that the payment of such a sum as he had tendered would secure the appointment he sought.

'I sent the boy away,' said the President, 'with such words as I thought might minister to his self-respect, and might give him correct ideas of his relations with honest men. But the experience has ever since left a sore spot in my heart. I had never before realized how a bad man and a careless newspaper could pervert the ideals of a boy's mind.

'God knows there is enough of selfishness and of greed in public life, as in all our human relations, but I wish there were some way in which boys in their school-days might be shown that these qualities are stumbling-blocks, not stepping-stones, in the way to political success. I would have our boys taught that to serve the government faithfully is one of the noblest of callings; I would like to see them led to some better appreciation of the service of good men in public life, and I would keep before their minds the fact that dishonesty and trickery work out the same consequences in political life, upon those who use them, which their practice brings in any other calling. I would have the boys of this country know that its public men are honest men, and that they have high ideals and noble ends in view.'

The man who spoke these words will never speak again. In his death he has drawn to him, in larger measure than any other American of his generation, the love and the confidence of his fellow countrymen. It would be fortunate indeed for our future if these words of his to the boys of America might be heard by them and received in the spirit of him who spoke them.

Diamonds Pay for Bible Translation.

Some time since I was sitting at breakfast in the house of a well-to-do friend in the South. After breakfast the letters were brought in, and I noticed my hostess appeared to be almost overcome with excitement and emotion at one packet which she had just received. In a moment or two she came up to me and said: 'I feel quite excited this morning, and, at the same time, overcome with joy; and I want to tell you about it, as it especially concerns you.'

I was naturally, of course, interested, and my curiosity was greatly aroused as to how any packet of books which she had received could in any way concern me.

She said, 'Do you remember, over a year ago, sitting opposite to me at the luncheon table, after the morning meeting at——?' (a certain convention which we had both attended).

I said, 'Yes, I remember it very well. '

'Well, it relates to that time. As you sat opposite to me on that occasion I noticed that you were particularly observing the many rings I had on my fingers. They were very costly, and set with large and valuable diamonds. I thought I saw such a look of grief upon your face when you saw my rings, and I had so felt the power of the appeal you had previously been making in the convention for the definite consecration of ourselves and all we had to the Lord that, although you never mentioned them to me, I felt so miserable about wearing them that I determined at once to give them up for the Lord's work. I accordingly sold them, and realized a good sum of money for them. This money I have laid out in engaging a certain man, a well-known scholar, to translate this book, the Bible, for the use of the Jews. During the whole of last year in his spare moments he has devoted himself to this task, and I have been most prayerfully supplicating God to help him in this difficult but blessed work. And now for some little time I have been expecting to receive the first copies of this work. This morning's post has brought them. Here they are. Look at them, and, as you look at them, remember that this edition, both in the translation and in the printing, has all been paid for by the sale of the jewellery which was given up to God as my act of consecration since that time when you sat opposite to me at luncheon, and I saw the look of grief, as I believed, on your face at the sight of my diamond rings.'

You may naturally imagine how very astonished I was. Certainly I had noticed the rings, but I was not aware that any exceptional or peculiar expression had appeared on my face at the time that I noticed them. Possibly, or probably, God had then given me some expression which I was not personally conscious of, but which He had used to do a work that He wanted to do. Certainly there was no particular credit due to me. I praised God for the way in which He had led His dear servant to consecrate herself and I could not but recognize how wonderfully His Holy Spirit can use a look or a word to work out a wonderful purpose when there is a right heart which lends itself to the leading of His Holy Spirit.—'The Life of Faith.'

News.

News ! news of a great disaster !
The fall of a favored race :
Menial, man, and master
Fallen in dire disgrace.

News ! news of an awful famine,
And myriads down in death :
A plague that has blasted nations,
And stifled man's vital breath.

News ! news of a mighty battle !
The Prince of the world of Light
Slaying the hosts of darkness,
And wounding the Prince of Night.

News ! news of a coronation !
A kingdom of love and peace :
The King of a world's salvation,
A reign that will never cease.

News ! news of a Royal Pardon
For rebels condemned to die !
Whom terrors and fears but harden :
For all who in faith reply.

News ! news of a golden fortune !
A rich and a free estate :
A right to a Royal portion,
Above all that earth calls great.

News ! news of the coming glory !
The King in His Royal car.
He cometh ! tell out the story.
Go, publish the news afar !

News ! news of a birth ! Beloved,
Say, is it thy birth ? Behold !
The angels of God will publish
Such news through the Streets of Gold.

—William Luff, in 'British Messenger.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Nov. 10, Sun.—The path of the just is as the shining light.

Nov. 11, Mon.—Keep thy heart with all diligence.

Nov. 12, Tues.—The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord.

Nov. 13, Wed.—My mouth shall speak truth.

Nov. 14, Thur.—Wisdom is better than rubies.

Nov. 15, Fri.—I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

Nov. 16, Sat.—Be wise.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Countrywoman's Club.

(By Hervey White, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Lucinda Evans was hitching her white horse, Mack, to the post in front of Blake's grocery when the quarrel reached its climax. Dave Babbitt was in his waggon, and Townsend, the harness-maker, was on the sidewalk.

'The lot is mine, and I intend to keep it if it costs me the farm to do it!' Dave was saying, with determination.

'You'll find I can spend as much money on lawyers as you can!' Townsend sneered.

'I bought the land and paid for it.'

'And I had a mortgage on the house.'

'That mortgage is void.'

'You will have to prove that in court.'

'Get up!' said Dave, savagely, to his horses, and Townsend was left standing triumphant.

'What an ugly expression on Dave's face,' meditated Lucinda. 'I've always thought Dave handsome, but to-day he looks capable of murder.'

She entered the dingy little store and waited till her turn came to be served. The ill-

THEY HUNG CURTAINS UP.

ventilated place was foul from the sickening smell of tobacco smoke and tobacco juice. Then the staring publicity was hateful. Lucinda particularly commiserated a Bohemian woman who was nursing a baby in that bad air; another woman was shrinking in the semidarkness of a corner, with a look of restless weariness in her eyes.

Lucinda kept thinking of these women all the slow, dreary way home.

'It's a shame, Mack! It's a shame!' she kept saying to her horse. 'They get so lonely on the farm, and then go to town for a change, and have to wait in that place for their husbands; and there's that nice little house standing empty, with those two men quarrelling like children!'

A sudden inspiration came to her. She stopped the horse.

'If there were only some one to do it! Why can't I? After all, it's a woman's work, and goodness knows I'm lonely and need interest!'

Her black eyes shone and her cheeks flushed at the idea.

'Emma Hendricks can help me,' she said. 'I'll drive back to Plainview now.'

So Mack was turned three miles out of the way, and finally left to look over a fence at Dave Babbitt's two plough horses, who were rubbing noses together. Meanwhile Lucinda talked, and Dave frequently shook his head.

'So you think you can't do it,' she said, after a while.

'No, Miss Evans. I'd like to do it, but I've no authority. The house must stand vacant till the question is settled in court. It may be a year, or two years.'

'But I want the use of that house.'

'Well, I'm sorry, Miss Evans, but—'

'What if I take possession?' said Lucinda. 'Will you have a right to put me out?'

'No; but—'

'Will Mr. Townsend have a right to put me out?'

'MR. TOWNSEND MADE THEM A STRONG KITCHEN TABLE.'

'I should guess not!' said Dave Babbitt, decidedly.

'Well, then I'll take possession,' said Miss Lucinda, with spirit. 'And I'll keep the house in repair till the question is settled. Get up, Mack!' and away she drove.

'A spirited woman,' said Dave Babbitt, looking after her.

From this day Mack began a life of new activity. Every morning he was put into the shafts. There was not a house in the township that Miss Lucinda did not visit, and at every place she insisted on getting something for the new club-house. 'I want every woman to give something, then she will feel she has a right there; and I want you to come whenever you can, and help Miss Hendricks with the carpet-rags. Miss Hendricks is always there, and though she can't work much with that crippled hand, she will always show the rest what to do, and make you welcome and give you a good cup of tea.'

And the donations Miss Lucinda received! And the trouble she was put to to make use of them!—for each woman would expect to

'HE HADN'T A WORD TO SAY.

see her contribution every time she came to the club-house. Carpet-rags and pieces for bedquilts, and picture-frames without any pictures, and pictures without any frames! One woman gave an old bureau, and another a chair without any bottom, but Dave Babbitt promised to mend it. Another gave a lamp, and another a wash-stand; dishes, cups and saucers were accepted; another chair, a small table, a baby's crib, a perambulator, a huge old-fashioned bedstead. One Bohemian woman brought forth from a chest six yards of beautiful golden-brown silk and insisted on making it into a curtain for the front window. There were a clock and two rugs and some pillows. Everything a house could demand was gradually gathered together and arranged in the cottage on the corner.

How did Miss Lucinda first get in? She went with several of the women, and they put a small boy through the window, and then they handed him a screw-driver. He did the rest. Then they had new locks put on the doors and put the keys in their pockets.

Every day Emma Hendricks was there from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. The women brought her farm supplies for salary: vegetables, pieces of ham, chickens, pies, apples, sausages—all she could eat, and more, too. So she sold the surplus, by Lucinda's advice, and this was the beginning of the system which provided her with a small salary as custodian.

Soon there was an awakening in the country; the women were becoming acquainted. On Saturday afternoons they came with their husbands; the little house was overflowing, and babies and children romped in the yard. If there had been six rooms instead of four, the club-house would not have been too big for the donations.

The members whitewashed the walls them-

'EMMA HENDRICKS ROSE.'

selves; some Bohemian women brought their stencils and put on elaborate borders with indigo blue mixed with milk. They hung curtains up at the windows, and worked with a will on the carpets till they were stretched, bright and clean, in the front rooms; the kitchen and bedroom floors had already been painted. The pictures were hung, the bed was put in the bedroom for sleepy babies; chairs, tables, table-covers and cushions made the club-house comfortable. Lamps were brought that there might be evening parties; soon the women were arranging for a cold supper, by means of which they hoped to raise money to buy a stove for the kitchen. Some women had given books and magazines, which were the beginning of a library; and the village women formally presented an old couch, neatly recovered.

The three village stores vied with one another in giving presents to the Countrywoman's Club. Mr. Townsend made a strong kitchen table. Dave Babbitt made a cupboard for the dishes. Miss Hendricks always was thanking some one, and as for Miss Lucinda herself—she drove Mack through the town on a fast trot, sat up straight, and looked ten years younger.

It was in November that the harvest celebration was held. The women gave an entertainment and supper to raise money for a new base-burner stove and enough good coal for the winter. The lodge hall was rented for this festivity, but even it was not big enough for the crowd. The farmers flocked

in as if to a circus, and the quarters chinked incessantly at the door.

When the last of the exercises had been applauded, Miss Lucinda rose to make an announcement.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' she said, quite as if she were beginning a lecture, 'it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Babbitt, who has a few words to say about our present club-house.'

'Excuse me, Miss Evans,' said Dave Babbitt, 'but Mr. Townsend is going to speak first.'

'No, no; Babbitt,' said Townsend, rising from the audience.

'Babbitt! Speech! Speech!' called the audience, in excitement.

'Well, it's just this way,' said Dave. 'Mr. Townsend and I have come to an agreement about the house now occupied by the Countrywoman's Club. It's been a long time since he and I could agree upon anything, but our friends, the women of the club, and especially Miss Lucinda Evans and Miss Hendricks, have made us see what we didn't see before. In fact, Mr. Townsend and I are friends.' Here he was stopped by applause.

'And we're going to stay friends,'—more applause,—'and we think, Mr. Townsend and I, that these women have one of the finest institutions in this county,—yes, the finest in the whole State of Kansas,—and we hope the women of every township throughout the United States will form one like it when they hear of it. And they ought to be made to hear of it. It ought to be written up for the papers.'

Here the applause discomfited the speaker so much that when attention was resumed he hadn't a word to say.

'Go on! Go on, Dave!' called Townsend.

'You do the rest, Townsend,' said Dave. 'I never was so beat in my life!'

'Well, friends,' said Townsend, coming forward, 'Dave and I are going to compromise, and here are the terms of the agreement, namely: jointly to deed over to the Plainview Countrywoman's Club all rights to the house.'

'That's it! That's the compromise!' said Dave, and the cheering began now in earnest; cheers for Townsend and Babbitt, and cheers for Miss Evans and Miss Hendricks, and cheers for the Countrywoman's Club.

When the tempest subsided both men had disappeared from the platform; the last seen of them, they were shaking hands and laughing over their attempts at speech-making. Then Emma Hendricks rose, her maimed hand hidden under her shawl.

'And I propose, ladies and gentlemen,' she said, speaking clearly and distinctly, 'that before we begin the supper we christen the new club-house Compromise Hall, in honor of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Townsend and their future relation in friendship.'

'Hear! hear!' shouted everybody together. 'More cheers for Compromise Hall!'

Then they all began moving the chairs and bringing out the boards for the table, and really that first club supper was so pleasant that it was for weeks a favorite subject for conversation at the Countrywoman's Club.

The club is a considerable institution now, for the men last fall built a long shed on the lot for the temporary shelter of horses and buggies; and also a lean-to for the library, which contains nearly two thousand volumes, all contributed as gifts by the members. Miss Hendricks is librarian and custodian at once, and Lucinda is president of the club and the most influential woman in the county.

A Doer of the Word

(Ida M. Budd, in Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

PART I.

Brother Bloomsbury sat leaning back with his hands clasped before him, the elevated index fingers meeting at their tips to form the sides of a triangle.

This was Brother Bloomsbury's favorite attitude when he was in a peaceful frame of mind; and he was in a supremely peaceful frame of mind that Sabbath morning. His eyes had a rapt expression, and he occasionally nodded an emphatic assent to the words of some brother or sister, or to a remark from the class-leader.

Beside him sat his wife, a quiet little woman in plain but very neat attire, and next her their daughter Mirabeth, or Beth, as she was generally called, a comely maiden of seventeen.

How good it seemed to be there! One after another rose and spoke earnestly and tenderly of the peace within, and the glow of the sunshine, the sweet notes of the wild birds and the fragrance of blossoming roses, floating in at the open windows, seemed blended in one glad harmony, as though nature sealed each faithful testimony with her own deep, fervent amen.

Brother Bloomsbury had been one of the first to speak.

'Brothers and sisters,' he said, 'I am always glad to tell what the Lord has done for me. "He hath brought me up out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." Yes, friends, he has given me a deeper experience than that of mere justification. He has sanctified me. I am living in him day by day in perfect love, without sin. I am his, body, soul and spirit. Praise his name!'

As he resumed his seat some one started the hymn:

I am Thine, O Lord,
I have heard Thy voice.'

Then Mrs. Bloomsbury rose. 'That hymn expresses the desire of my heart,' she said, in a sweet, sincere voice. 'I want to be drawn nearer my Saviour. I want to find in him perfect rest and freedom from sin; to follow him willingly and work for him faithfully all the days of my life. I know that for his sake God has forgiven my sins, but I realize that he has more than this for me. I am seeking a deeper work of grace. I ask your prayers that I may receive it.'

'Amen!' came simultaneously from the lips of pastor and class-leader.

Beth did not speak. She had not yet publicly confessed Christ, although she had been almost ready to do so a number of times. Besides being naturally diffident, she felt a dread lest something in her life should seem inconsistent to others, and lead them to doubt the sincerity of her profession.

And then Beth was puzzled. Her father professed a state of grace to which her mother had been vainly aspiring, and yet her mother seemed the better Christian. Perhaps Beth herself could not have told why this was so, for she certainly did not believe her father's profession a sham. But it may be she thought, though she did not put the thought into words, that he was mistaken about some things.

'I am still trying in my weak way to serve the Lord.'

It was David Hastings's voice from the other side of the room, and the faces of two or three of the younger ones present relaxed in a half smile. When David stood up every one knew what would be the first thing he would say.

David himself had resolved many times that he would not use that particular form of expression again, but some way it would seem to come out every time.

A flush of embarrassment overspread his face and he stammered: 'I—I—want to be a better Christian. Pray for me.'

Then he sat down and wondered if he hadn't better stop trying to speak in meeting altogether, since every one else could speak so much better.

When all who seemed inclined to do so had spoken, a stranger rose from her place near the door, a calm-faced woman of middle age, and in simple, earnest words told of the joy she found in the service of Christ. 'I am glad,' she continued, 'that though our work for him does not always seem as successful as we would like it to be, yet he knows and values our intentions, and he is able to bring success out of failure.'

David Hastings found a crumb of comfort in this thought, and Brother Bloomsbury nodded energetically.

The class-meeting was dismissed presently, and the people went up stairs for the preaching service.

'What a good man that one that everybody called "brother" seems to be,' remarked Millie Hastings on the way home from church. She had come to spend the summer with her brother and his wife, and was as yet unacquainted with the people of the place.

'Oh, you mean Bloomsbury. Yes, he does "seem" to be,' assented David, with some emphasis on the 'seem.'

'Why, David!' his wife exclaimed in a tone of mild reproof.

'Well, he does, don't he?' persisted David.

'Why, yes; and he really is,' rejoined Mrs. Hastings.

'I noticed he didn't include his pocket-book, when he said he belonged to the Lord, "body, soul and spirit," ' David went on.

'Well, I'm thinking it would have sounded rather queer if he had,' said Mrs. Hastings.

'I'll allow it would—from him,' returned David.

'Body, soul and spirit would seem to include about all there is of him,' the lady continued.

'Nonsense!' her husband replied. 'Bloomsbury's pocket-book is as much a part of him as either of those.'

'Well, David! I seriously advise you to read the third chapter of James when we get home,' Mrs. Hastings said.

'All right, Jennie, if you'll find it for me. But just the same, when Bloomsbury is willing to put his pocket-book in when he tells how devoted he is, I'll begin to take some stock in his profession of a deeper experience,' declared the pertinacious David.

'Who was the lady that spoke in class-meeting this morning, mamma?' Beth Bloomsbury asked at the dinner table.

'A number of ladies spoke, Beth,' her mother answered smiling. 'I presume you mean the one back by the door, who spoke of the Lord knowing our intentions.'

'Yes. Wasn't she nice?'

'She seemed very earnest,' Mrs. Bloomsbury replied. 'I do not know who she is. I spoke to her as we came out, but did not learn her name.'

'She is going to speak in the church this evening,' Beth said. 'I heard Mr. Carrol ask her after Sunday-school.'

'Indeed!' said her father. 'I wonder if she has proper credentials. I must say I think Brother Carrol a little unguarded in

asking a woman he has never seen before to occupy his pulpit.'

'I suppose if it was a man he had never seen before it would be all right, papa,' laughed Beth.

'There, don't be saucy, puss,' her father answered.

PART II.

'I think I'll walk over to Brother Hastings' for a little while,' Mr. Bloomsbury announced after dinner. 'I want to have a talk with him.'

David Hastings was sitting under the big elm tree in his front yard when Mr. Bloomsbury came up.

'How do you do, Brother David?' said the latter in the somewhat condescending tone he was accustomed, perhaps unconsciously, to use in addressing those who were, as he would have expressed it, 'younger in the faith' than himself.

'How do you do, Mr. Bloomsbury?' David responded civilly, but without effusive cordiality. 'Will you come in?'

'No, thank you, David. It is so warm let us stay here. The fact is I came over to have a little talk with you alone.'

'Oh,' and David assumed an attitude of attention and waited for Brother Bloomsbury to begin.

'Let us see; how long is it since you were converted, David?' he presently asked.

'Nearly five years,' David replied.

'Well, my lad, don't you think it about time you stopped trying "in a weak way" to be a Christian?'

David flushed hotly, but waited a little before replying. Then he said rather stiffly, 'I'm afraid, Mr. Bloomsbury, if I stop trying in a weak way I'll have to stop trying at all. It might be about as well if I did,' he added. 'I don't seem to get on much.'

'You don't understand me, David,' Mr. Bloomsbury returned (so kindly that David looked up in surprise). 'I mean that it is possible to get where we let the Lord do everything for us; where we give him our weakness and he turns it into strength. We just trust him and he works through us. You believe in the doctrine of Christian perfection, don't you?'

'Why, I'm not sure that I do,' returned David. 'I've always thought it was useless to look for perfection in this world.'

'Oh, yes! for absolute perfection, but we do not mean that. Our human judgment is liable to mistakes and our natural frailties lead us into error sometimes; but what we mean is that we are so entirely given up to the Lord that we will not knowingly and wilfully do anything displeasing to him. I wish you could come into this state, Brother David.'

There was something different in Brother Bloomsbury's voice and manner from anything David had ever noticed before, and when they parted soon after, he said to himself: 'I guess I've been a little hard on Bloomsbury. I believe he thinks he's sincere, any way. If only he didn't pinch that pocketbook quite so hard.'

And Brother Bloomsbury, as he walked toward home, was thinking complacently, 'Well, I've done all I can for him, whether it does any good or not.'

Oh, no, Brother Bloomsbury! you hadn't done 'all' you could, but you didn't know it then, though you found it out later.

A goodly congregation assembled in the church that evening. The unknown lady of the morning followed Mr. Carrol down the aisle and passed to a seat in one of the pulpit chairs amid interrogative glances and whispered words of inquiry.

Curiosity was satisfied, however, when Mr. Carrol, instead of taking his text, announced that he had learned at a late hour that a prominent worker of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was visiting in town over the Sabbath and had asked her to speak to the congregation that evening. He then introduced Miss Le Claire.

Brother Bloomsbury moved a little uneasily as the minister made the announcement. If he had known he would have stayed at home, for Brother Bloomsbury drew the line at foreign missions. Not that he considered them wrong. He had no doubt the missionaries were, most of them, very good people, but he felt no call to help support them. He had decided objections to sending his money so far from home. He much preferred to pay it where he knew what use was made of it.

And so he sat unmoved while the speaker pleaded the needs of the benighted sisters in heathen lands. He didn't believe very much in women speaking from the pulpit, any way.

David Hastings listened with sympathy in his heart. He looked at the bright, girlish wife beside him, to whom he had been married less than a year, and thought how dreadful it would be, should he be taken away, for her to be subjected to the cruel neglect and indignities suffered by the poor girl widows of whom Miss Le Claire was speaking.

It was the Lord's design, she said in conclusion, that each of his followers should bear some part in the work of spreading his gospel through all the world.

It might be little that each could do, but he who multiplied the little lad's loaves and fishes to the feeding of the multitude could just as truly multiply the small offerings of loving hearts to the saving of countless souls.

And while it was impossible for each to obey literally the command, 'Go ye into all the world,' it was possible for all to help, with their money and their prayers, those who do go, and so fulfil their part of the great commission.

When she had finished a collection was taken.

David glanced across to where Brother Bloomsbury sat very straight with his arms folded.

'I'll warrant he don't give a cent,' he said to himself. And he didn't.

David felt the silver dollar he had just taken out of his pocket.

It did feel quite large to go into a missionary collection plate all at once.

'But there! I'll give it for Jennie's sake,' he decided as the plate was presented before him. 'It's what I'd like somebody to do for her if she was in the same place.'

After the collection Miss Le Claire asked for four ladies to take the names of those who would form a local auxiliary. The pastor suggested Sisters Bloomsbury, Walford, Brown and Hastings.

Brother Bloomsbury moved almost unwillingly to allow his wife to pass, with a negative motion of his head in reply to a questioning look, which he interpreted as asking his permission to put her own name on the list.

'How did you like the address, Charles?' Mrs. Bloomsbury asked on the way home.

'Oh, it was just about like all missionary talk, and ended, of course, with an appeal for money just as they all do. I'll tell you, Margaret, though you already know, I don't really believe in women speaking from the pulpit. You know Paul speaks against it.'

'Well, the Lord seems to honor their work, at all events, and it doesn't seem as though they could do so much good if they were displeasing him,' was Mrs. Bloomsbury's reply, which was as near as she ever came to dissenting from her husband's views.

'I think it must be grand to be a missionary,' said Beth after they had reached home, as they sat together for a few minutes before prayers.

Her father gave a startled glance toward her. What if he should be obliged to give more to the cause of foreign missions than he had ever dreamed of? What if this, his only child, should hear and respond to a call to labor across the sea? And her father well knew, though she was not as yet a confessed Christian, that if she should hear such a call she would allow no ordinary hindrance to prevent her from responding.

The Sin of Simon Gould

(By Maggie Fearn, in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—AT THE CALL OF DUTY.

The mighty waves rose inky black, tipped with effervescent hissing white foam. Beyond and above the clouds were like shrouding palls, and the wind seemed to leap from one to another, from sky to sea, like a viewless creature impelled by some secret power to goad them to outbursts of maddened fury. The day had been a fresh one in early autumn, but as it waned the storm gathered, the great storm, as it grew to be spoken of afterwards, and now by ten o'clock the stretch of wild shore faced a fearful warfare of raging elements.

A storm of wind and rain and furious waters—and over and through all the sudden booming of the minute-gun which struck terror into the hearts of the dwellers near the coastline. An awe-inspiring sound and summons at all times, it was tenfold more so in the midst of that terrible night storm. The women knew with a sick sinking of their hearts what the issues might be; not only for the stranger seamen and probable passengers aboard the ship, but for the brave men of the sea whom they called fathers and husbands, who would go forth to the noble work of succoring those in danger at the call of duty. The men themselves, as the ominous booming struck upon their ears, realized it equally well, yet, men-like, they pushed the rising thought of danger persistently aside, and gave their best and keenest energies to the response which those signals of distress demanded.

The guns had scarcely thundered out their second appeal before another sound, as familiar as the gun-call, broke though the wildness of the storm. It was the ringing of the lifeboat bell.

Clamorous, though somewhat muffled, the bell clanged out its challenge, and in a few seconds the shore near the lifeboat house was alive with the hurrying forms of eager men, some flinging on their oilskin garments as they ran, so determined were the whole of them to gain their destination before the bell ceased to ring. There was no drawing back from a feeling of fear, or by a knowledge of imminent danger. Each man was ready to do his duty, and was jealous for a place in the boat. Before the last stroke of the bell a group of hardy shoremen, more than sufficient to man her, stood by the taut, beautiful craft that would soon take her place on the seething mass of waters as lightly and easily as a sea-bird.

Straining every nerve and muscle in the excitement of preparing for the immediate launch, the faces of the men looked terrible in the grip of the intense feeling which surged within their breasts. In their cork jackets and broad sou-westers, as seen in the uncertain light of an occasional lantern, they appeared almost too uncanny to be human,

living men; yet no storm picture by any master-hand ever produced a scene more vividly realistic of a warfare between life and death. Fact wields at times a forceful tragedy as strong as fiction can ever hope to paint.

Amongst the group stood two men of some marked individuality, though of a contrasting type. One was young, broad-shouldered, and athletic, with tanned features and muscles of iron; the other was past his prime, and his hair had grown grizzled and thin at the temples, but his grip even yet was as a band of steel. Both possessed a more than common influence with his mates, yet it was absolutely distinct in character. Simon Gould's was spoiled by reason of the black bottle which, even at that hour of supreme danger and terror, partially obtruded from his pocket. Matthew Macey's power for good gained pre-eminence because he had taken a solemn pledge against whiskey bottles and their like for ever.

For the third time that warning boom came with its volume of appeal across the waters, and at the same moment the eyes of every man in that group by the lifeboat were turned in the direction of Simon Gould. He had seized one of the cork belts, and was applying it to his own person. He had won the right to take it, and what could be urged in disfavor? Yet there was anxiety only too apparent in the gaze of the other men.

'Matthew! Matt! Oh, Matt!'

It was a woman's voice calling from out of the darkness, and Matthew Macey swung himself round sharply. A white, piteous face gleamed for an instant out of the sheltering folds of a great woollen shawl—a young girlish face, sweet and fair but for the expression of strained agony stamped upon the features.

'Jess, darling, Jess. You have no business here! Go along home, my lass, or the storm'll be like to kill you.'

'The storm won't kill me, but maybe the fear and the fright will,' answered the girl with a choked sob. 'Oh, Matt, you're never going in the launch to-night! Tell me you're not going,' she cried helplessly.

'I can't, Jess,' he said, speaking with eager haste and working the while. 'You know when you married me you vowed you'd never stand between me and my duty. It's hard to leave you, Jess, but there's duty to-night.'

'Maybe, or maybe not,' answered she. 'Oh, Matt, I never want to see you turn coward for my sake, but I couldn't have dreamed it would be so hard to let you go.'

She stood silent a moment to recover breath, then jerking out the words with difficulty, she said:—

'Will Simon Gould go too?'

'He has the right if he chooses, for he got the third belt,' Matthew replied, but he sent the words through his set teeth curtly.

'Because he was at the "Anchor," next door,' Jess retorted bitterly. It was seldom she spoke an illword of any, but there are moments when human patience and forbearance are drawing a taut tension, and was she not giving up her best in life when she was giving up her stalwart young husband?

'Matthew, if he goes there'll be trouble. He isn't fit for the work to-night, Matt; I can see it in the lowering of his eyes. There'll be mischief if Simon goes.'

'Hush, Jess!' Matthew returned, hurriedly. He feared lest her hasty words might meet another ear than his, but there was small need for any precaution during the violence of such a storm.

'Then he will go and you also! Oh, God.'

Her voice broke in a wordless wail. There was no irreverence in her utterance of that sacred name. God was her one refuge left. Jess Macey gave up her will when she called thus dumbly upon God, and Matthew understood it. He snatched himself away from his chosen duty for an instant, and caught Jess in his arms, straining her to his heart and pressing his lips passionately to hers in the close fervor of a kiss such as she never forgot. Then he put her from him, and in another minute Jess, looking round, saw the crew run the lifeboat down the shingle and send her swinging off upon the crest of a mighty outgoing wave, which bathed her from stem to stern in an enveloping sea of spray. When Jess looked again the boat and her living freight had been greedily swallowed up in the storm and the night and the black darkness.

CHAPTER II.— BY THE SHIP'S SIDE.

On her perilous way went the brave lifeboat, beating through the waters. Now she was lifted high on some gigantic billow in mid-air between earth and heaven, then again she lay for a moment rocking in the very trough of what might prove to her and her gallant crew the valley of destruction. There was no strength to be spared for words, and the men knew it, and apart from that the fact that the thunder of the hurricane and the roaring of the waters would swallow up all lesser sounds, rendered speech futile. Simon Gould was at the boat head. Who could steer like Simon Gould? If any man knew a safe course through those nests and lines of devastating rocks and quicksands it was he, and his mates acknowledged it. They never grudged Simon his due. But they knew something else about him equally well. They knew that when Simon had tarried long at the 'Anchor,' and when he applied that ominous black spirit bottle with constant frequency to his lips, his eye was not so clear, or his hand so steady, or his judgment so reliable as they should be. Many an anxious thought and glance were sent in his direction as the small but dauntless band of men ploughed their way onward, but not one of the crew gave even a whispering voice to his half-formed fears. And the grim steersman uttered no word either. He seemed to be in no doubt as to his course. Simon Gould could take heavy potions, and still, from long force of acquired habit, take his turn at steering with moderate safety. Still there was always the question, and the sin was there.

On, on they went, until, carried high upon a rocking billow, the huge form of the distressed vessel could be distinctly seen some hundred yards to leeward. A shout went up from the hoarse throats of the anxious struggling crew, as they saw that their efforts might soon be successful, and the hope of taking succor and safety to those in peril nerved them to fresh exertions. But they also realized, with a knowledge gained by many a past experience, that the most dangerous part of their work was yet before them.

The next fifteen minutes marked for each man what might have been an epoch in any ordinary lifetime. The strain of pulling against almost impossible seas was light when compared with the cautious strength needed to approach within easy distance of the doomed ship. The danger of being drawn into the seething vortex of waters was imminent, but Simon's practised eye and hand served him even then. The rest of the crew saw it, and their anxiety grew less. Simon was yet master of himself and the boat, God be thanked for that.

At last the gallant little band had their boat sufficiently near the great struggling vessel to admit of communication between the two, and then the rescue work began in earnest—an earnestness that was evolved from a keen realization that it meant either life or death for one and all. The half-despairing passengers and crew of the foundering ship were as speedily as possible transferred to the lifeboat, until when there were still some six or seven yet hanging over the ship's side, waiting with fevered impatience for their turn, the coxwain, with reluctance, but uncompromising decision, declared it impossible to take another on board, for already the lifeboat was too heavily weighted for saftey.

It seemed inhuman to go landward leaving those poor perishing creatures to an almost certain death, for though the promise to return and fetch them was hopefully and eagerly given, all knew in their hearts what a dim possibility such an issue would be. A piteous groan rent the air; a groan from despairing men and women both in the lifeboat, and from the huge black hulk looming ominously above her bows. There was only the short half-hour, perhaps, of death in life to be lived out, and then a grave in the heaving, seething waters—only that, and God, but still God!

'Here, cox'ain, take the baby. For God's sake and the sake of the children that maybe, are sleeping safe in your own house ashore, take the baby!' shouted a hoarse voice from above, and a seaman leaned over towards the even then moving lifeboat, and held out a strange bundle in an oilskin wrapper.

The crew involuntarily paused at that imploring cry. To turn back was an impossibility; to keep the boat within safe communication with the wreck was almost equally so. But Matthew Macey's heart swelled to bursting. He stretched out his arms.

'Throw the child to me, and trust me to catch it or die with it,' he cried imperatively. 'One, two, three.'

It was the only chance of saving the child, and the stranger accepted it eagerly enough. Matt's hands had all but grasped the curious black bundle, when he felt a heavy body lurch against him with a suddenness that threw him a little off his guard, and caused him to swerve aside, caught at the same moment by a thunder of wind and spray.

'Give me the child,' said the thick gruff voice of Simon Gould, and with a dexterity which seemed incredible he caught the helpless atom of humanity, and held it in a grip of iron.

But where was Matthew Macey? Through the awful darkness anxious eyes strained their vision, striving to peer into the space beyond, but only blackness and darkness and tempest met them. The spot where but a minute before Matt had stood was vacant, save that the wild seas washed over it again and again.

'Here, cox'ain!' cried three or four voices simultaneously, 'there's a man washed overboard, and its young Matt Macey.'

The hurricane choked the words before they reached the ear for which they were intended. Six men might have been washed overboard at the bows without the cruel knowledge making itself apparent to those two yards to the leeward. It was some three minutes, possibly, before the stern truth could be made plain to the coxwain, and then what could be done for Matthew? Not a sound had fallen upon the terrified ears of those who had witnessed the awful tragedy —not a sound other than the beating of the

murderous waves upon the gallant little craft and the thunder of the winds overhead.

Back over the black, seething waves went the small lifeboat, with its life-saving crew, taking in its care a half dead group of rescued strangers. It had bravely done its gallant work; it had accomplished another of those daring deeds of bravery for which its name had already become famous; but one strong, tender heart that had helped to launch her an hour or so before was lying for ever stilled under the seas that so soon would again murmur in mellow monotones upon the familiar shore.

The crew instinctively avoided Simon Gould both during the return voyage, and when the lifeboat gained the shore. Simon still held the small black bundle firmly in the grip of one circling arm, and made no attempt to speak to any of the men. It was Simon's way mostly, but there were those who remarked upon it that night. Matt Macey was not with them, and the unspoken thought in each heart was one and the same. The thought was this:—'Was not Simon Gould to blame? Was not Matt Macey's awful death wrought by the sin of Simon Gould?'

The exhausted passengers and crew of the wrecked vessel had to be immediately cared for, and the men were not slow to do that part of their duty also, and when that was done, and the drenched and suffering strangers were being well cared for by the sympathetic wives of their rescuers, the lifeboat crew stood together discussing the possibility of making a second attempt to reach the wreck. The decision was not left with them, however, for a gigantic hurricane of wind tore up a huge mountainous billow and crashed its volume of water over the shivering timbers of the ill-fated ship, and when the bursting clouds and billows for a moment lulled their fury, and the shoremen strained their gaze in the direction of the wreck, they could see nothing but a great waste of boiling ocean foaming over the shattered sunken hulk of the once noble vessel, and the remnant of human life that had perished with her.

The lifeboat did no more work that night, and the men who had manned her were free to care for those on the land and not the ocean.

CHAPTER III.—SIMON GOULD'S REPENTANCE.

All through their hurried labor of landing the ship-wrecked strangers thus cast upon their temporary care, the lifeboat men were bearing poor Jess Macey upon their hearts, and wondering how the girl-widow would meet the shock of awful desolation which the storm had helped to bring her. They only regarded the storm as an accessory to the terrible accident. One and all held Simon Gould responsible for the death of handsome Matt Macey.

And who was to tell Jess? There was not one but shrank from so cruel a task, and minute by minute as it passed rendered the work the more to be dreaded. Jess had been persuaded to return home after the launching of the lifeboat, and strangely enough had not heard of its return. But she would know it soon; there could be no keeping the truth from her.

Into the midst of a whispering group of excited men and women stepped Simon Gould, and it was noticed that he still held that strange living bundle of baby humanity in his arm. The baby had almost been forgotten in the more imperative need of caring for the apparently more important claimants upon their sympathetic charity. Now two or three kindly mothers pushed their eager way to Simon's side.

'To be sure there's a poor helpless baby as needs looking after,' said one woman pityingly. 'Here, Simon Gould, give it to me, dear little soul.'

But Simon's arm did not relax its grip of the animated oilskin bundle.

'Has no one told Jess Macey yet?' he asked in his gruff, curt voice. No one of his neighbors had ever seen Simon Gould exhibit any of the soft emotions which move the heart.

'No. Who's to tell the poor lass?' more than one answered, and the women shook their heads pitifully.

'I'll tell her,' said Simon Gould.

It was as if the shock of the storm had focussed around his words. They all stood dumb. Simon Gould to tell Jess Macey of her awful sorrow! Simon Gould to be the messenger of sympathy to a bereaved woman? The thing was preposterous.

'No, no,' said one man hurriedly, one who had been Matt Macey's friend, 'no, it ain't fit work for you, Simon. Jess is as feeling lass and it would do better for a woman to break the bad news out to her, and give her a bit of comfort at the same time, poor thing?'

'I'll tell her,' repeated Simon, and his manner was not that of a man who would bear a refusal or remonstrance. 'Who's so much right as I, can you tell me that?'

Again they were speechless before him. If he chose to claim so terrible a privilege none could deny him the right; only afresh their hearts bled for Jess Macey.

They watched while Simon strode stolidly away, and it was remarked that he carried the baby with him. When he reached the neat little house which Matt had so proudly chosen and prepared for his young wife, Jess heard the sound of footsteps and flew to open the door. She paused and stood without speaking, when she saw Simon Gould with a baby in his arms. Instinctively she moved nearer to him, and with a rare intuition such as comes to the most callous at intervals, he put the helpless baby into her cradling arms, and she laid it upon her bosom.

'It's Matt's gift to you,' he said slowly. 'He'd like you to care for it.'

'Matt? But where is Matt?'

She looked dazed. Simon Gould waited a little before speaking again.

'Matt did his duty,' he said at last.

'He's dead! Oh, Matt! I felt when you said good-bye that I'd never see you again.'

Her voice sank into a sobbing wail. Jess was not a woman to make her grief obtrusive. At that moment the baby began to cry. Simon stood with his hat in his hand, looking on the ground.

'Maybe you think it queer for me to come and tell you about Matt,' he said, 'but you'll see why presently. I tell you I wasn't fit to go out to-night, and I wouldn't have gone only I was cursed obstinate with the drink I'd taken. It might have been all right if I'd kept to my own work, but when that bit of a baby was put over the ship's side I just went clean crazed. I never had no child of my own'—Simon's gruff tones grew gruffer, perhaps to hide the unwonted tumult in his heart—'I might have been a better man if I had, I can't say. As it was I put out my arms to catch the baby and touched Matt, and someway the wind took him afore he knew it, and we never set eyes on him again. That's all I've got to tell you except——'

He stopped; Jess neither moved or spoke. Simon Gould's voice was curiously hushed when he went on—

'Except that something's made another man of me. I threw my old black bottle in the sea to-night—nobody saw me do it——'

'God saw you.'

'I'll never touch the drink again. I'll strive by God's help to live a sober life—by God's help.'

He repeated the words dreamily. Strange words to be on Simon Gould's lips; his lips were unused to name the name of God save with an oath and a curse.

'Ay, by God's help,' Jess repeated, 'Matt would have said that—by God's help.'

Simon Gould looked at her.

'You can still believe in the love and mercy of God?' he said, 'even now that Matt isn't—"here?"'

'Yes, I can still believe.'

'And you do not curse me, and send me from your presence as an evil shadow that has made your heart and life as black as night? It was "my" sin that sent Matt to his death. It was "my" sin that made you a widow before you were a year a wife. It was "my" sin, Jess Macey.'

Then Jess broke into merciful weeping, holding the baby close to her breast.

'Oh, Matt! Matt! God knows how I loved you—you so brave and noble and true! But if God needs you I can spare you. And hear this, Simon Gould. If your sin sent my Matt to glory you've wrought him no ill And if, maybe, it makes a different man of you, God be thanked. There'll be hundreds of times when my heart will ache to bursting with its hunger for a sight of his dear face, and the sound of his voice, but I'll think of you, and that will help me bear the pain.'

Simon Gould stood with bowed head. Another watching might have seen a tear fall on his rough beard.

When the years had gone by, the neighbors were wont to say at times:

'How poor Matt Macey's death changed Simon Gould. To see him now with that child that he brought home with him on the night of the great storm, no one would think how he used to be a terror and disgrace with all his drunken ways. They say that he'll make a gentleman of the boy, and give him the best of book-learning. Well, it's a grand thing to see such a change; and Jess Macey looks to him as she would to a father of her own. It's wonderful how some things do come about, and good out of evil.'

Rainy Sundays.

(By Jessie E. Baldwin, in 'S.S. Times.')

'I do think,' said Bess Bradley to her dear friend and confidante, as they walked to school together one bright Monday morning, 'that rainy Sundays are just horrid,—don't you?'

'No,' said Gladys, with a laugh; 'I think they are very nice.'

'Why, Gladys Merrill! how can you say so?' said Bess, turning an amazed look upon her friend.

'Well, if you have any doubts about the matter, I will say to you what Philip said to Nathaniel, "Come and see."'

Not many weeks after this, Bess opened her eyes one Sunday morning to find a steady downpour of rain, and, for the first time in her mother's recollection upon such an occasion, came down to breakfast with a smile on her face.

'Bess looks as if she had seen some sunshine behind the clouds,' said her brother Mack, teasingly.

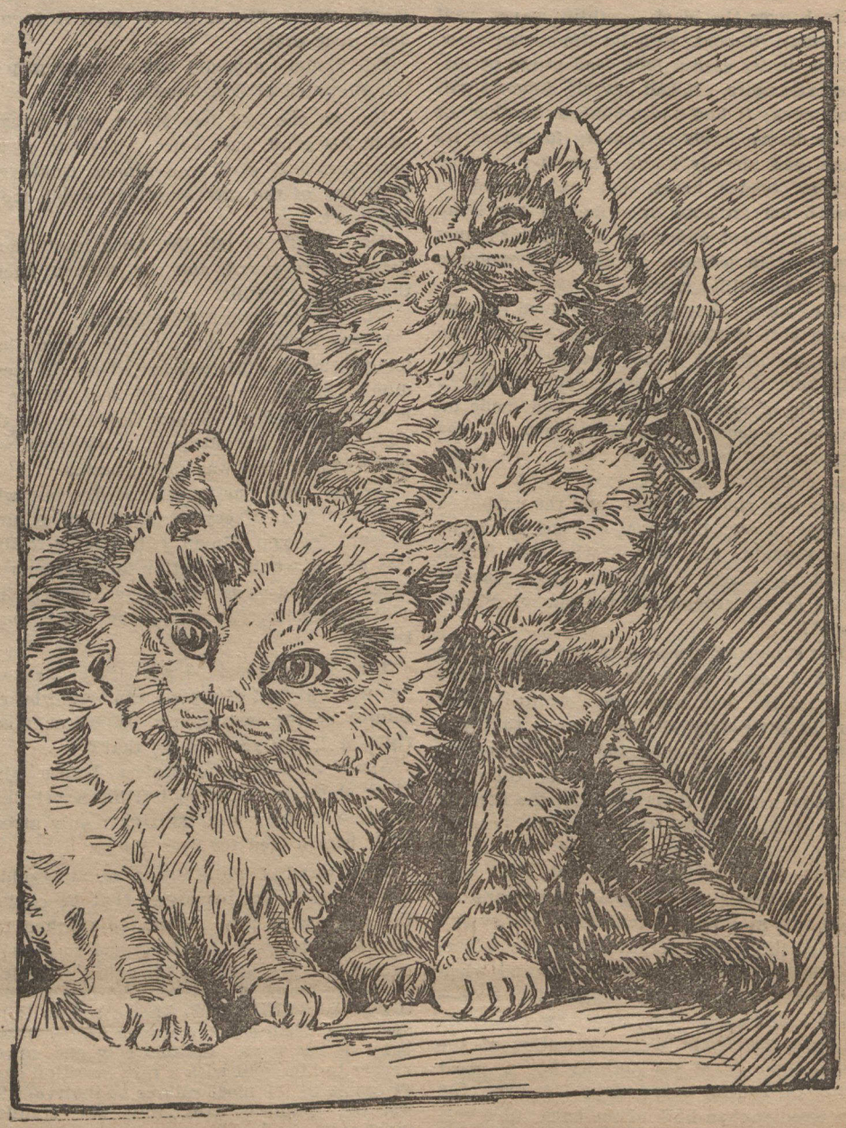
'No, I haven't,' said Bess; 'but I've been invited over to Gladys Merrill's this afternoon, to learn how to find some.'

Papa and mamma exchanged a look of satisfaction, but said nothing.

Promptly at two o'clock Bess was ushered into the dining-room of the Merrills, which presented a bright and cheery appearance in contrast to the gloom outside. Gladys and her brother were seated at the table, which was covered with a bright red cloth, and an open fire sent its ruddy glow over the whole room. Upon the table were a number of books, several bibles, and pen and ink. Bess received a hearty welcome and after being denuded of her out-of-door wraps, was given a seat between Gladys and Geoffrey.

'Oh, what pretty scrap-books!' she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon several spread open upon the table. 'Where did you get them?'

'Mamma made them,' said Gladys. 'The leaves are strips of holland, which you can get at any place where they make window-shades, as they only throw them away. Some, you see, are a foot wide. Mamma cuts them into equal-sized sheets, and sews them together, and puts on a cardboard cover, over which she has sewn bright-colored silesia or cambric. After putting a pretty picture on the front cover, the book is ready for the pictures.'



TWO PETS.

—'Our Dumb Animals.'

'But where did you get all these lovely pictures?' said Bess, as she turned the pages over in admiration.

'We cut them out from papers and magazines, and on rainy Saturdays trim them off neatly and paste them into the books,' said Gladys.

'But if you do all this work on Saturday, what do you find to do on Sunday?' said Bess, puzzled.

'Oh, we find lots to do,' said Gladys, laughing. 'You notice up to a certain page each picture has some writing under it, with the name of the book, chapter and verse where it was found. My book contains flowers, trees and plants. Geoffrey's is all animals and birds, and the others are different things. Do you see that lovely bunch of pansies? Well, I hunted in the bible for half an hour, and couldn't find a thing, so mama said a verse about flowers would do, and so I wrote this one: "The grass withereth,and the flower thereof fadeth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever" (I. Pet. i., 24, 25). I had no trouble about the rose and the lily, unless it was to take a choice.'

'Yes,' said Geoffrey, 'and that was my trouble about the horse, the sheep and the lamb; but I have a number of them in my book, and so could use a number of verses. I have just found a good one for this splendid-looking horse who is rearing and prancing.'

And Bess watched him as he wrote, in a clear, round hand, 'He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength' (Job xxxix., 21). Upon the opposite page, under a

gaudy picture of a peacock with outspread tail, was written, 'Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?' (Job xxxix. 13).

'You'd be surprised, Bess,' said Gladys, 'to find how many verses you can find about things you wouldn't think were in the bible. In one of the other books I put a picture of a little baby sitting on a basin, and seeming to be a little cherub coming out of the clouds, but it was an advertisement for a certain soap, and the clouds were lather, and this is the verse I found for it: "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap."'

'I think this is just splendid!' said Bess. 'Can I help any?'

She was given one of the unfinished books and a bible, and the hours flew by only too quickly.

Mrs. Merrill's entrance, carrying a plate of rosy apples in one hand and leading little Paul by the other, put an end to their work. They gathered around her as she seated herself by the fire, and between bites answered her questions.

'I want each one of you to give me the name or names of some personage mentioned in the bible beginning with the letter 'A,'' she said.

'Abel,' 'Aaron,' 'Abraham,' 'Adam' and others were called out. When no others could be thought of they were passed on to 'B,' Little Paul waited silently and eagerly until 'P' was reached, and then shouted:

'Paul Philip Merrill!'

The tea-bell stopped them before they reached the end of the alphabet, but Mrs. Merrill said they would finish next time, and then go back and tell all they knew about the different ones mentioned.

Declining a warm invitation to stay to tea, Bess departed, declaring she never would say again that rainy Sundays were horrid, and that she also knew what she was going to do on the very next rainy Sunday.'

How Blind Children Play.

Many young people who have good eyesight of their own will be interested to learn how little folks who have no sight at all can get on. A writer in 'Little Folks' gives a very interesting account of their doings:

'At the place called Swiss Cottage, in the northern part of London, there is a large and splendid building called the Blind School. Many of the blind boys and girls of London are sent to this school to be taught to read and write and to learn some kind of work, so that when they grow up they may be able to earn their own living. A visit to this blind school is a very wonderful and interesting experience. When the author of this article went with his friend, the photographer, they were shown into a large playground. A number of girls were playing together, and at first it was impossible to believe that they were blind. Most of them were romping about just like ordinary children with eyesight. They never ran into one another, nor stumbled against corners, so that they seemed to see exactly where they were going. Several of them were playing with skipping-ropes, laughing and shouting with great enjoyment. Two girls would wind the rope slowly and steadily, until another girl would run in and begin to skip, while the rope turned faster and faster, and at last the skipper was out of breath. And yet these girls were blind! How did they manage to run towards the rope just at the right time and not get entangled, or jump at the wrong moment? That is a puzzle for little folks who can see when they skip!'

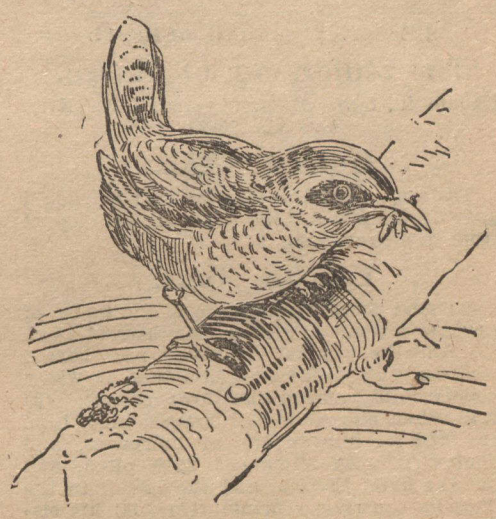
If.

(Constance M. Lowe, in 'Our Little Dots.')

If I could only understand,
The language pussies talk,
Why, straight away to Tabby-land
I'd start to take a walk;

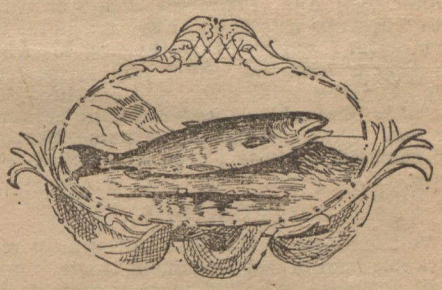
And when with pussies two or three
I'd had a pleasant chat,
I'd know just how it feels to be
A little pussy cat!

If I could only understand
What little birdies say,
I'd take a trip to Feather-land,
And twitter all the way;



Then would the birdies talk to me,
And, sure, when I had heard,
I'd know just how it feels to be
A pretty little bird!

If I could only understand
What little fishes say,
I'd ask the road to Coral-land,
And quickly swim away;



And when with little fish and eels
I'd spoken all I wish,
I then should know just how it feels
To be a little fish!

But I can only understand
What little children say,
And so in happy Baby-land
I think I'd better stay;

And as with many a girl and boy
I've talked and laughed and smiled,
Why, this is what I most enjoy—
To be a little child!

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 17.

The Childhood of Moses.

Exodus ii., 1-10. Memory verses 7-10. Read Acts vii., 15-22.

Golden Text.

'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'—Prov. xxii., 6.

Lesson Text.

(1) And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. (2) And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. (3) And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein, and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. (4) And his sister stood afar off to wit what would be done to him. (5) And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. (6) And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children. (7) Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? (8) And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother. (9) And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it. (10) And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

Suggestions.

'We come now to the birth of the most remarkable man of Old Testament times, if not of all antiquity, who did more to mould all future ages than any other man who ever lived. On the further side of Christ stands Moses, as on the nearer side stands Paul. The one we may say inaugurated the religion of revelation, and the other established it. The one prophesied of Christ both by his character and by his words and works, while the other interpreted Christ in his preachings and writings, and illustrated Christ in his life and death.'—Pentecost.

'By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the King's commandment.' (Hebrews xi., 23) Moses was the son of Amram and Jochebed, both of the tribe of Levi. He was born just after the cruel edict of Pharaoh had been issued that the Israelites should cast all their infant sons into the river to be destroyed. The descendants of Jacob and his sons had increased so greatly during their long stay in Egypt that the king had become afraid lest they should rebel against him and overthrow his kingdom. In view of this he determined to destroy their strength by killing off all the baby boys for some years. It was an anxious time for Jochebed while she managed to hide the little Moses for those three first months. He was such a beautiful and promising looking child, she felt sure that God would in some way protect his life. When the time came that she could no longer hide him, she took a covered basket made of bulrushes and, after plastering it well with slime and pitch to make it waterproof, she laid her precious babe in this tiny boat and committing him to the watchful care of Jehovah she set the little ark in the rushes by the river's banks. Her mother-love had devised this scheme for touching the same chords in another woman's heart. It was not in vain. That morning a beautiful princess with her maids of honor went as usual to bathe in the sacred waters of the Nile. This was the daughter of Pharaoh whose capital was built on a branch of the Nile in which there were no crocodiles. Pharaoh's daughter saw the curious little ark floating on the waters and at once sent one of her maids to fetch it. As she lifted the cover, what was her surprise to see a little weeping babe. Perhaps a sudden gleam of sunshine lit the face of the little lad and he smiled up at the princess. Be that as it may the princess fell in love at once with the tiny waif whom she recognized as a Hebrew child. God was watching over the destiny of this little one for whom he had planned such great things.

The baby's sister, Miriam, aged eight, was waiting near to see what would become of the little one. No doubt the mother's heart had foreseen the probable end from the beginning and had instructed Miriam in her part. As the ladies were standing wondering what should be done with the child, the little girl timidly advanced and suggested that she might call a Hebrew woman to nurse the little Hebrew child for the princess The princess seemed pleased with the implication that this beautiful child now belonged to her, and readily assented to Miriam's suggestion, whereupon the child ran and fetched her mother telling her on the way all the things that had happened.

Pharaoh's daughter handed the little Moses to his own mother and told her that she would give her good wages if she would nurse this child for her and bring him back when he was old enough to live at court with her. With a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to God, Jochebed took her child and returned to her home. No one could molest her now, even Pharaoh's edict could not harm her loved one, for she was under the protection of Pharaoh's daughter, the imperious princess whose slightest wish was law. No doubt this incident greatly lessened the persecution of the babes, and thus even in his infancy Moses began to be the deliverer of his people.

The name Moses means 'drawn out,' the princess gave him this name because she drew him out of the water. We should learn to trust God as Moses's mother did, and help may come from the most unlikely sources. The mother no doubt made the best of her opportunities while she had the little child with her, teaching him to love and honor Jehovah, the only true God, and teaching him the history of his own people. Every mother has the same great responsibility to God and to her children, to teach them to love and trust the giver of all good, and to teach them the Scriptures as far as possible. Little did Pharaoh's daughter think that morning that she was to be God's instrument for preserving the life of one who was to become one of the greatest men this world has ever seen. Little do we know what day or hour God may send us to do some little thing on which may hang the most mighty results. We must only be ready each day and each hour, moment by moment, to obey God and ask him to guide us continually. Every life is precious in the sight of God.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Nov. 17—Topic—Missions: preaching and hearing. Rom. x., 13-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GIVING MUCH.

Mon., Nov. 11.—The world's need.—Isa. lv., 1-3.

Tues., Nov. 12.—Our gospel meets the world's need.—John vi., 33-35.

Wed., Nov. 13.—God is blessing us.—Ps. 65, 9-11.

Thu., Nov. 14.—Let us return thanks.—Ps. 100, 3-4.

Fri., Nov. 15.—Much is required.—Luke xii., 48.

Sat., Nov. 16.—Give as unto God.—Col. iii., 23.

Sun., Nov. 17.—Topic.—Missions: generous giving.—Gen. xxviii., 16-22.

The Teacher's Interest.

The following suggestive incident, illustrating the great importance of a Sunday-school teacher bringing himself in close personal touch with his scholars, is related by 'The Examiner:'

'The teacher of a Bible-class of adults, a man of great intelligence and of high social position, observed a gradual falling away of attendance and a lessening of interest. He inquired of a candid friend if he could suggest the reason. The latter replied, "They have an idea that you don't care anything about them personally, that you just come here to teach the lesson because you think it your duty." The teacher at once adopted a different course. He made it a point to shake hands with each member of the class, both coming and going. He addressed them by name. He asked after their health and that of their families, and did all in his power to establish a personal interest between himself and them. Nor was all this a form merely. The outward acted on the inward, and he felt a new and real concern in their welfare. The effect was soon apparent. The attendance was enlarged. The scholars valued the instructions more highly, for man hears with the heart, and every session was prized as a privilege that must not be lost.'

The Cigarette.

HOW A HIGH CLASS BOY BECOMES ONLY SECOND RATE.

'A good method is to place the cold hard facts of the results of cigarette smoking before the boys and leave them to exercise their reason and will power,' was one of the pithy remarks made by the Rev. James Muller, of Philadelphia, during the course of a conversation with a 'Witness' reporter. Mr. Muller has a matter-of-fact way of stating facts, which impresses the truth of the argument upon the mind of the hearer in the nicest possible manner, and leads almost unconsciously to the serious consideration of the argument presented. This faculty, combined with a charming ease of manner and lack of self-consciousness, is probably what has contributed largely to Mr. Muller's success in dealing with the cigarette problem.

'I do not approve,' continued Mr. Muller, 'of the method of coaxing resorted to by so many people when dealing with children. Older people instinctively resent being coaxed, and why should it be inflicted upon the younger ones. They have reasoning faculties and have the right to exercise them and choose for themselves what course they will pursue.

'There is no scarcity of plain facts,' he said, 'regarding the evil influence of the cigarette habit, and there is no difficulty in children understanding them. For example, there are any number of large business firms in Canada or the United States which absolutely will not employ boys who are addicted to the use of tobacco in any form. Bank managers will tell you, at least they have told me, that they do not care to have a boy who smokes about the premises. Every shrewd business man will choose the boy who does not use cigarettes rather than the boy who does.'

'Why is that?' was asked.

'Well, in the first place, it is a perfectly useless habit. It does no good and leads often to deception, and downright falsehood in word and act. The boy who smokes is acting a lie from the beginning. He is lying to his mother and to his own sense of what is right. It tends to make him secretive and unreliable.'

'Now, no boy wishes for a moment to be second grade or unreliable. If he smokes he at once places himself in the ranks of the second grade people. He cannot take the place of a boy who does not smoke. Moreover, it really makes him less active in mind and moral force than he would be if he never touched the poison. He loses quality, as it were, and he can be no longer classified as a boy of first quality. He is like damaged goods in the business world, and can no longer take his place as a boy whose faculties have never been injured, any more than a scorched piece of cloth, can compete in the bargain counter with new fabrics. No man

wants a damaged boy, any more than he wants damaged goods.

'This, then, is the great point in presenting the subject. Having these cold facts to consider the boy cannot help but call his reason into judgment. His reason tells him that the habit is a foe which damages him personally and makes him a cheaper boy and a cheaper man in the community.'

'Do you notice any improvement in late years in this line?' Mr. Muller was asked.

'A very great improvement,' was the reply. 'By the American customs returns we find that the import trade has fallen off about thirty percent in the last three years. In Canada I believe there has unfortunately been no improvement, but a couple of years of organized effort will work wonders.'

'About what percentage of schoolboys are found smoking?'

'I am sorry to say nearly fifty percent. It is rather hard to arrive at an estimate because there are many who use the cigarette moderately who are not called habitual smokers. There never was a greater mistake for it is only a question of time till the boy who now smokes two a day, will smoke ten. All who use the weed are smokers and it is not safe to make exceptions.'

'How long has the habit been in existence?'

'About twenty years, if I remember rightly.'

'Is the cigarette of American origin?'

'No, it is of Spanish invention, and was introduced from Cuba. Is it any wonder the Spanish nation has degenerated when we consider that nearly every man and woman is a cigarette inhaler? There probably never was a nation more addicted to falsehood and deceit.

'I think the Spanish war rather assisted the American people in combating the evil, by reason of the fact that nearly every young man who was rejected by the army surgeon was a cigarette smoker. It is clearly proven by prominent physicians throughout the United States that the habit is very injurious to the nerves. I suppose I am telling you nothing new, but the truth is acceptable at all times. The lungs, the heart, and the brain suffer in a greater or less degree from this deplorable evil. A large percentage of deaths from fever and blood poisoning are due to cigarette-smoking. The blood is poisoned and has lost its recuperating power.'

'What method would you suggest to get the boys to give up the habit?'

'Well, in the first place, a plan that in my experience has always worked well is to distribute pledge cards among the schools in your city. These the boys take home to their parents. The question of signing, of course, is left to their own free will and reason, and in nine cases out of ten the experiment is successful.

'It is a grave evil and it should be the ambition of every one interested in the welfare and the health of our youth to assist them in fighting it. It is an easy matter to win over the boys if we only do it in the right way.

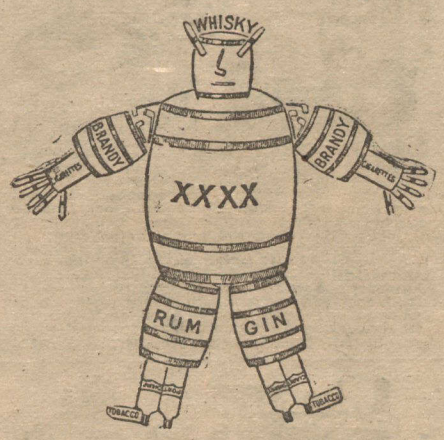
'In my experience, in dealing with children I have always found that it never pays to try to force upon them reform of habits peculiar to their age, but do it gradually in a manner that will tend to show the boy that without his manly assistance you cannot accomplish your purpose. You will generally find that he will come to your rescue and in a manner highly satisfactory to both.

Follow Them Up.

'A publican's son' taking part in a discussion in the 'Nottingham Daily Express' on 'The Churches and the Drink Traffic,' referring to a correspondent who suggested that every minister should take twelve of his congregation to help him in the work of regeneration, says 'That sounds all very fine, and if they could be induced to fall in with that suggestion much good would come of it, but to arrange temperance meetings with nothing but long speeches to people who are all, or nearly all, abstainers is of very little use. Now if each parson—and I make no distinction of sect—with his twelve disciples will each select their man or woman and follow them up, to the death if need be, some good—much good, I might say—would be the outcome.' If the men and women selected were not the drunkards in a mission district, but the 'pillars of the church,' who, after a long day in the city with its share of 'refreshers,' and a heavy dinner with its wine accompaniment, close the evening with the prevalent spirit drinking, there would be some heart-searching revelations that would touch the spot in regard to our degeneration as a nation.

Britain's Idol.

I'm armed with 'bacca and brandy;
I stand upon gin, wine, and rum;
I'm crowned with a keg of prime whiskey.
To my liquid embrace will you come?



The Britisher's favorite idol am I.
Stop! Bow down and worship,ye who pass by!

—'Sunday Companion.'

A Sensible Young Woman.

A young couple at Philadelphia were preparing for marriage—the day was fixed and invitations sent out. Just a week before the time the lady smelled whiskey in her lover's breath. She at once declared the engagement off, and nothing could induce her to change her mind. He brought a suit for breach of promise.

The judge instructed the jury that 'It is a woman's privilege to annul her promise of marriage if she believes, in good faith, that good reasons for so doing have arisen since she entered into the contract.' The jury considered whiskey-drinking a good reason for breaking the contract, and found for defendant. Wisely the brave young woman said:

'I'd rather have to work all my life and die an old maid than marry a man who drinks whiskey.'—'Sunday Companion.'

A Drunken Herd of Swine.

Mattieu Williams used to tell how that he once witnessed a display of drunkenness among three hundred pigs, which had been given a barrel of spoiled elderberry wine all at once with their swill. Their behaviour was intensely human, exhibiting all the usual manifestations of jolly good-fellowship, including that advanced stage where a group were rolling over each other and grunting affectionately in tones that were distinctly expressive of swearing good-fellowship all around. Their reeling and staggering, and the expression of their features all indicated that alcohol had the same effect on pigs as on men; that under its influence both stood on the same zoological level.

Correspondence

NOTE.

By an error last week the little poem 'Never Say Fail' was published as if written by 'Pearlie K.,' whereas Pearlie K. copied it from some source and enclosed it with her letter for the 'Correspondence column.'

The Editor requests the children who send copied poems always to write the author's name at the end or to state the source from which it was copied.

Golden Grove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Golden Grove, so I thought I would write one. I have two pets, a dog and a cat; the cat is black and white. The dog is black and yellow. I go to day school and am in the fourth grade. I have nearly a mile to walk. We had a new school house built. I think it is very nice. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. We have Sunday-school all the year. We had a Sunday-school picnic this summer; we had races and games, and plenty of good things to eat. We take the 'Northern Messenger.' I think it is a very nice paper. The leaves are falling quickly, the trees will soon be bare. I am twelve years old, my birthday is on March 12. JACK S.

Golden Grove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and have two sisters and three brothers. One of my brothers and my two sisters and I go to Sunday-school. We had a picnic, but I was not there but my cousin said that they had a fine time. We get the 'Northern Messenger,' and we think it a very nice paper. I read it as soon as I get it. I have a cat, called Spot, and two dogs named Jeff and Nep. We had a new school house built and it is very nice. We have flowers in the windows and some are in bloom. On the walls we have pictures and flags. Among the pictures are those of the King and Queen. I am in the third grade. My birthday is April 19, and I am ten years old. JENNIE M. B.

Golden Grove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, near a lake. I have one sister and two brothers. We have five cows, a horse and a calf. My pets are a dog and three cats. I go to day school and Sunday-school and to church. Our Sunday-school had a picnic this summer, and I enjoyed it very much. My school teacher's name is Miss Waters and I like going to school very much, am in the third grade and I study reading, writing, and composition, spelling, geography and arithmethic. My sister and one of my brothers go to school with me. My birthday is Sept. 17, and I am nine years old. GEORGE J. McB.

HOUSEHOLD.

Habits of Speech.

'Why do educated parents allow their children to contract habits of ungrammatical speech that will have to be conquered in after-life?' asked a spinster of a mother.

'Because they hate to worry the poor little things about such matters when they are young and should be care free. It seems cruel to be all the time correcting them and keeping them on their good behavior. They will have to learn the rules of our dreadful language all too soon as it is.'

'Yes,' said the spinster, 'and in addition to learning to speak properly they will have to unlearn the tricks of speech in which they have been allowed to indulge all their little lives. I know,' laughing, 'that there is much ridicule of "old maids' children," but I believe that my theory in this is correct. It is a positive unkindness to let your child double his negatives and say "ain't," when several years from now he will be harshly reproved for such lapses. The child must learn to talk anyway, and is it not as easy to teach him to say "It is 1," as 'It's me?" And is it not as simple for the little tongue to lisp "I saw it," as "I seen it"? I love baby-talk, and should not correct a child for his mispronunciation of hard words. As he grows older he will himself see his mistake in that line and change them. But I insist that it is a parent's duty to make the difficult path to grammatical speech as easy as possible by never allowing the little ones to stray from it in the beginning.'—'Harper's Bazar.'

To polish patent leather, remove every particle of dust, and apply a mixture of one part linseed oil to two parts cream. It should be well mixed and applied with a soft flannel. Rub leather well with a soft, dry cloth.—'Housekeeper.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

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

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