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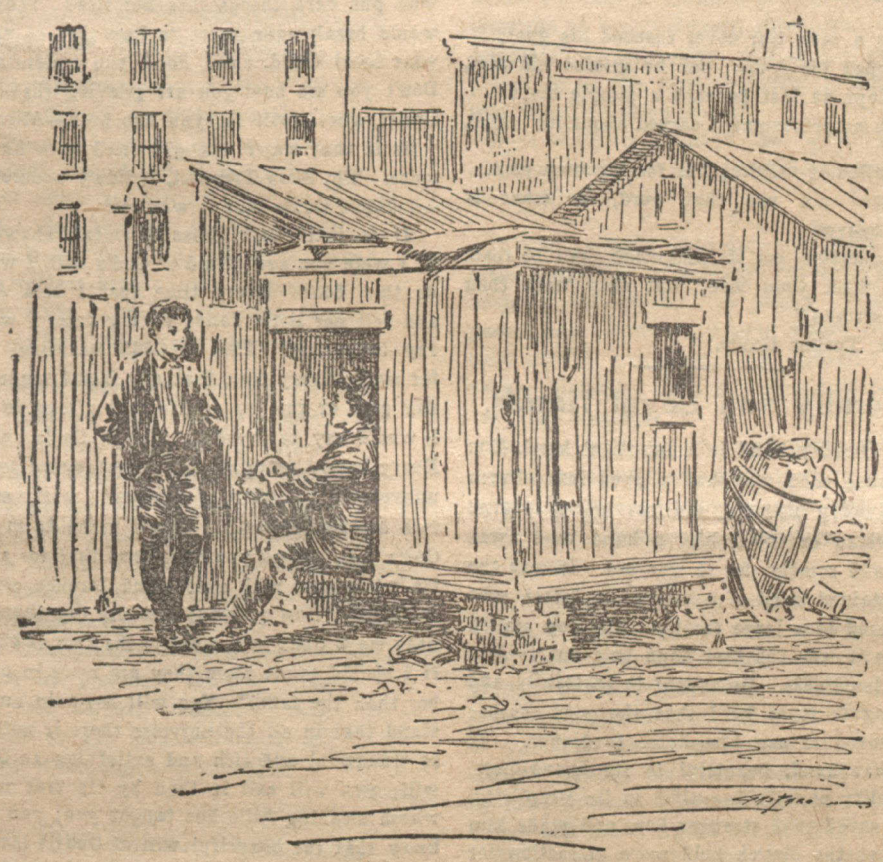
The Road That Led to Success

A Story of Fact Framed in Fiction.

(D. M. Robins, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Once upon a time—I believe that is the way all good stories begin—two newsboys lived in a certain northern city. The younger of these boys I have named 'Push,' because that name not only serves to conceal his identity, but characterizes one of his chief traits. The older brother I have named 'Lift,' because of the help he gave 'Push' in securing an education, and by way of inspiring him for his mission.



'PUSH, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOT TO DO?'

Push and Lift were homeless and friendless, and knew what it meant to be wandering on the streets of a great city, often hungry, and always poorly clad. They resolved one day that they would have a real home; so they made a bargain with a friendly merchant for a large dry goods box, and agreed, in payment, to deliver to him thirty cents' worth of papers—one each day until the amount was canceled.

The boys carried their box to an alley, and raised it from the ground by means of bricks. They hung a door in it with leather hinges, and cut a window in one side and covered it with glass. Then they made a bunk inside and lined it with excelsior and hay, and I venture to say that many an aching heart behind the 'marble fronts' on the Lake Shore Drive never knew the depths of real happiness and contentment which Push and Lift enjoyed in their humble alley home. This was their headquarters: the main office of their newspaper business; and when the days were dark and rainy, they would retire to their box in the alley, build air-castles and talk things over. They loved and trusted God—their mother had taught them that—and often, when the tide of the day was against them, they would kneel together in their humble home and pray with earnest and never-wavering faith—

'Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.'

Then, with their unsold papers for a pillow, they would sleep with a contentment which even a king can rarely know.

Often these boys went supperless to bed, and awakened to begin a breakfastless day. But they were always cheerful, laughing, and contented. They would rise in the morning, take a slice of their loaf of hope, wash it down with a cupful of fresh sunshine, and hurry away to the newspaper office to get the 'first edition.' Both boys attended the common schools and city night schools, for a time, earning their living by selling papers between school hours.

One day, at one of their dry-goods-box conferences, Lift took the floor, and said: 'Push, you know what you got to do? You got to go to high school!'

'But,' answered Push, 'you're the biggest. You go yourself.'

Then Lift explained that because he was biggest he could get a job at Eastbrook's sawmill. Said Life: 'You know, Push, that man down there said he would give me fifty cents a day. They wouldn't give you that much. You go to high school and I'll go to the mill, and I can help you through. See?'

Push 'saw.' He went to high school, and Lift went to the mill for fifty cents a day.

Push chose a course in literature and languages. He carried a big route of papers, commencing at 4.30 every morning, and as soon as the day's sessions were over he started out again on an evening route. Part of the time he slept nights on a cot in a doctor's office, where he answered the night calls. Often he was disturbed at every hour of the night. But he got through high school, and when he graduated was president of his class of ninety students. In his senior year he was also editor of the student's publication, which, by a curious coincidence, was called Push.

Lift had borrowed money to assist Push in getting through high school. So, after school was over, Push also went to work in the mill, and together they paid up all their debts, with interest. But Lift still had a burden on his mind, and he finally revealed it to his brother.

'Push,' he said, one day, 'you know what's the next move in the schedule? It's just this: You've got to go down to College City and finish your literature and languages in the Crown Point University.'

Push emphatically rebelled. But Lift insisted, and Push finally yielded. Their 'pile' was counted and turned over to Push, and one day he put all his extra clothing—his dress-suits and fine linen—into his 'vest-pocket,' and Lift escorted him out of town.

It was eighty-five miles to College City. Push walked the first half of the journey, then he 'pushed' along the rest of the way on foot. At last he walked into the office of the president of the Crown Point University, and said: 'Mr. Adams, my name is Push. I came from Pushtown, up here in the State. Just got in over the F. P. A. (that means the foot-passenger air-line). I am going to take a course in literature and languages in this university. Here is my diploma from the Pushtown High School, and here are some letters of commendation from my teachers there. These and an empty stomach are about all I have to begin with. When do you want me to commence?'

Mr. Adams had worked his way through the Crown Point University himself and well knew the trials which come to the student who thus secures his education. So he fixed things for Push in such a way that he and Lift could pay the tuition fees, etc., in easy instalments, and Push was started in the university.

The first winter in College City this young Sparton slept in the attic of an old livery stable, where the beautiful snow of a northern winter came through the crevices in the roof and on to his bed. He had no fire. In the morning, before daylight, he would dig himself out of a snowdrift, kneel by his bed and thank God for all of his privileges, and ask for divine guidance through the day. He would make some hot coffee over his student lamp, and if he had nothing else, which was often the case, he would make a breakfast from his supply of good cheer, and be out on the streets shovelling snow, hours before anybody else in town was stirring. He shovelled snow in winter, mowed lawns in summer, waited on table in a restaurant for his board, reported the university news to the Pushtown papers, and in various ways, with the assistance of Lift, he got through the Crown Point University.

During all this time Push was also acquiring that deeper education of the heart, of

which God is the great Instructor. He was a leader in the University Young Men's Christian Association, and conducted weekly prayer meetings in the college hospital. At last he graduated, and was again president of his class of three hundred students, and editor of the university publication.

A few days before graduation Push sent Lift the following letter:

Dear Lift: You know I graduated this week. I find that for two hundred dollars I can finish my studies here in literature and languages, in a post-graduate course. What about it?

Your loving brother, Push.

He received this reply:

Dear Push: Take the post-graduate course. Don't you come home till you get all the literature and languages which that institution can crowd through your skin. Still have my job. Got a raise, too. Get $4.50 a week now. You stick.

Your brother, Lift.

Push 'stuck.' He completed the post-graduate course and received his degree, and the faculty made him university librarian at a thousand dollars a year. However, he was still unsatisfied. He wanted to be a missionary. He was a good linguist, and wanted to do God's work in the foreign settlements, and among the newsboys of some of our great cities.

But God had other fields of usefulness for Push. One day the Governor of the State said to the president of the Crown Point University: 'We want a man for a special mission. He must be an expert linguist and possess other essentials of mind and heart to qualify him for the position. Pick out your man, and send him to the capitol for instructions.' In a few days Push was at the capitol getting 'instructions.' He was appointed to represent his State at the 'Universal Exposition.'

A few weeks after the exposition closed the President of the United States said to the Governor of the State: 'The government wants a man from your State University to go on a special mission to China. He must be an expert linguist, and possess other qualities to fit him for an arduous position. Pick out your man and send him to Washington.' In a few days Lift received the following letter:

Dear Lift: I am asked by the Governor to go to Washington to get instructions for position as interpreter at the United States legation at Peking, China. What about it? Shall I go?

Your loving brother, Push.

Here is Lift's reply:

Dear Push: Yes; go on to Washington. That's your missionary opening. It's the call of God. Wire acceptance, and go at once.

Your brother, Lift.

Push was soon at the office of the Secretary of State, receiving instructions. One day in autumn he left Chicago, westward bound. At the Union Station he was handed this message:

God be with you till we meet again, in earth or heaven. Lift.

Could you have seen the government transport which sailed out of the Golden Gate a few days later, somewhere on deck you would have observed Push, looking over the broad Pacific toward that country where he is trying to extend the kingdom of God to-day. If his mission in China were merely an official one, I never would have told you his story. But he will be there a real missionary of God in spirit and in service. Even now, in addition to his regular work, he is assisting in translating the International Sunday School Lessons into the Chinese language.

And what of Lift? He is an honest member of the Church in a certain inland town, and is none the less loved because he serves in the valley while his brother lifts the standard on the heights.

History proves by a thousand witnesses that the sons of poverty, coming up through the pathways of a humble life, are the people whom God is using to move the world. It looks like a long and tedious journey from the dry goods box in the alley to the imperial court of China, but 'with God all things are possible.'

'A Failure.'

He cast his net at morn, when the fishers toiled,
At eve he drew it empty to the shore;
He took the diver's plunge into the sea,
But thence within his hand no pearls he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;
He sped his arrow, but he missed his aim,
And slept at last beneath a simple stone
With no achievement carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part.
I dare not use that word, for what if heaven
Shall question, ere its judgment shall be read,
Not 'hast thou won,' but only 'hast thou striven?'

—Kate Tucker Goode.

Friendly and Loyal Hands.

The friendly hand is a beautiful hand. The shy young man who had slipped into church that Sunday morning did not smile because the woman extended him a hand that was white and comely, for it was not. It was the work-stained hand of a mother in Israel, who ministered to a large family. The boy smiled because it was the first hand held out to him in his loneliness. He caught it gratefully, and he clung to it so hard that the good mother was moved to ask him home to dinner. It was that hand, beautiful in its friendliness, hospitality equally beautiful in its simplicity, which saved that stranger boy, and made him feel that the church held more attraction for him than anything else possibly could.

It seemed such a little thing to raise the hand in the Christian Endeavor meeting, that evening, when the leader called for that kind of testimony, but one girl kept her hand in her lap. Then the girl behind kept her hand down, too, and that week she forgot to pray as often as usual. By little and little she left off reading her Bible. Her interest in the meetings began to wane; she even came to question the good of going to church at all. She decided, finally, that she could get along very well without God. All because one girl thought it was too small a thing to do for Jesus—just to put up a loyal hand for him.—'Wellspring.'

The Beautiful Will of God.

'I'm afraid of it,' the girl cried. 'God's will means such terribly hard things! Just think of the things good people have to bear! When I get to thinking about it sometimes it seems as if I can't stand it another minute. I know I shall shock you, but I'm going to tell you the truth. I don't want God's will for me; I'd rather go without the blessing than to have to suffer so to win it!'

The older woman did not look shocked; she only laid her cool, quieting fingers on the girl's nervous ones and smiled down into the excited face.

'Do you love your little sister?' she asked.

'Oh, Miss Tremont!' the girl cried reproachfully. And she added with a little catch in her voice, 'I don't believe that I could live without Allie.'

'Yet you have to punish her sometimes, just to teach her things—you've told me about it. Does she love you less for that?'

The girl's sensitive mouth quivered. 'No,' she answered, 'no matter how I punish her, she wants to keep close beside me; the worst thing that I can ever do is to go away and leave her. It hurts so to have to refuse her anything!'

'Could you bear it,' the friend asked softly, 'to have Allie remember only the times that you punish her or deny her things' To have her ignore all your care for her—all the little surprises and glad meeting of her baby wishes—all the love and thought with which you fill each day for her, and think of you only as one who put hard things into her life? Why, it would break your heart to have her so slight your love! Child, child, don't you understand? Don't you see how you are grieving the dear Christ whose will for you has been—Allie?'

'Is it that way?' the girl cried in a hushed voice. 'Oh, Miss Tremont, I didn't understand—I didn't think that it was so!'

'It is just "so,"' Miss Tremont answered. 'If I were you and afraid of God's will, I would do this, dear. Every time that I held Allie, and felt her little hands on my face, I would say to myself, "This is God's beautiful will for me." Every time that any friend made my day glad or the joy of life was strong in me, I would say to myself, "It is God's will." Every happy surprise that comes, every sweet, unexpected granting of a secret wish, every rich accomplishment, I would name to myself God's will. When you have done that for a little while you will understand David's cry of gratitude. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them they are more in number than the sand." You will begin to understand that in all the universe there is nothing so wonderful and rich and satisfying as God's will; you will call it then by its true name whose meaning Allie has taught you; you will know that the beautiful will of God is love.'

The girl looked up at her friend, but the fear had left her eyes.

'Thank you,' she said, and her voice was full of a solemn gladness. She was going home to Allie—God's will for her.

Teach This to the Children.

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through!
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright;
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key;
This is God's will for you and for me.
—Selected.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

Blackwell Methodist S. S., Blackwell, $4; Miss M. Corbett, Perch, $1.00; Two Friends, Blackwell, 50c.; Carmel S.S., per Superintendent, $2.58; J. K. Finlaysen, Paris, $1.00; E. B. A., St. John, N.B., 52c.; total, $9.60.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Cheating the Colt.

With forehead star and silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gay, half-broken sorrel colt,—
Which one of us could catch?

'I can,' said Dick; 'I'm good for that';
He slowly shook his empty hat.
'She'll think 'tis full of corn,' said he;
'Stand back, and she will come to me.'

Her head the shy, proud creature raised
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying oft, her way she took;
Then changed her pace, and moving quick,
She hurried on, and came to Dick.
'Ha! Ha!' he cried, 'I've caught you, Beck!'
And put the halter round her neck.

But soon there came another day,
And, eager for a ride—
'I'll go and catch the colt again;
I can,' said Dick, with pride.

So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill, he trudged again;
And then he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro,
'She'll think 'tis full of corn,' he thought,
'And I shall have her quickly caught.
Beck! Beck!' he called; and at the sound
The restless beauty looked around,
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.

And when beneath a tree she stopped.
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind,
Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and round the place they passed,
Till, breathless, Dick sank down at last;
Threw by, provoked, the empty hat—
'The colt,' he said, 'remembers that!
There's always trouble from deceit,
I'll never try again to cheat!'

—Anon.

The Rival Students.

('Christian Globe.')

Many years ago, in the City of Rome, a great painter, Signor Campo, had two students, both of whom gave promise of becoming, like their master, great in the profession. One was named Menotti, the other Antonio. There was great rivalry between the two students, and Menotti often used to criticise Antonio's work. Antonio, who was of a quieter disposition, and rather reserved, his whole soul being seemingly in his work, for a time disregarded the adverse criticisms of his fellow-student. But at last he could endure it no longer.

One morning, while Menotti was criticising his work, Antonio thus addressed him:—

'My friend,' he said, calmly, 'I never criticise your work, why do you criticise mine? Is it because you imagine you are more advanced in the grand art of painting that you do so?'

'Antonio, my friend,' spoke up Menotti, 'do not be egotistic. You ought to know that I am more advanced in the art than you are—a mere boy. Have I not been under the great master more than twelve months longer than you have? And yet you can say, is it because I imagine I am more advanced. Instead of speaking thus, you ought to thank me for my criticisms.'

'I require no criticisms except from the great master Campo himself. That you are a most clever student I do not dispute; but I think my work is quite equal to yours.'

Menotti brushed up his hair with his fingers, then, folding his arms akimbo, looked upon Antonio with a pitying smile. After a pause, he said:

'My friend, you have much to learn before your work can equal mine.'

At this juncture the great master, who had been behind a screen and heard all that had passed, came forward, with smiling countenance.

'My boys,' he said, 'you are both very proficient, and I am not going to allow you to quarrel as to which is the most clever. It shall be put to the test. I will give each of you a canvas, and for one month keep to your own studios, and each paint a picture. In one month's time I am giving a garden party, to which I intend to invite a number of eminent members of the profession. Have your pictures completed by that time, and to the one who proves to be the most proficient in the art I will award a golden medal.'

Both students thanked the great master, and from that day for one month they did not see each other.

* * * *

It was a lovely June day—the roses in the great painter's beautifully-laid-out gardens being in full bloom. A goodly number of guests had assembled, among whom were the elite of the profession. All appeared to be deeply interested in the competition between the rival students.

Menotti was the first to appear with his canvas, carefully concealed beneath a green cover. He placed it upon a table, and, with a smile of confidence upon his face, uncovered the picture.

A buzz of admiration passed through the throng of spectators. It was, indeed, a beautiful production, representing a dish of fruit—grapes, peaches, nectarines. They appeared so natural that some of the spectators declared that they almost made their mouths water. And no wonder, for even a bird was deceived by their richness. It actually swept down from a tree and made a peck at the grapes.

What chance was there for Antonio after this?

We shall see.

The picture was removed, and Antonio, with his canvas under his arm, carefully covered with a rich curtain, placed it upon the table, and stood back.

'Why do you not uncover it?' cried Menotti, in tones of confidence. 'I will do the office for you.'

And with this he stepped forward to uncover the picture.

But what was the meaning of this? There was no covering to the picture. Antonio's painting was simply an elegant curtain!

Crestfallen, Menotti staggered back. He had, through his eagerness, been deceived.

All the great masters present expressed their admiration of the picture, and Signor Campo, who was the judge, stepped forward, and said:

'I am proud of my two students. Their work is magnificent. Menotti's fruit was so natural that it deceived a bird; but Antonio's curtain is so realistic that it has deceived Menotti. Surely Menotti is greater than a sparrow, and I therefore award the medal to Antonio.'

Everyone present agreed with the decision. The two students shook hands, and from that day became fast friends.

Both made their mark, and both left behind them pictures which adorn many of the great Italian art galleries to this day.

Can You?

Captain John Davis commanded a vessel running to the Cape of Good Hope. On one of his voyages the vessel left the English station in good order, and all went well with the ship for some days. One morning, however, the captain did not make his appearance on deck at the time expected. After an hour the first mate went to the captain's cabin, and knocking gently at the door, said:

'All hands are on deck, waiting for orders.'

'Come in,' a voice faintly replied.

The mate entered. A marvellously sudden change had taken place in the captain. He was very ill; his face wore a pallid hue, and he was evidently very weak. To the mate's inquiry he answered by saying, 'I am very ill; I believe I am dying. You will have to take the command of the ship, for I shall never go upon deck again. But oh, can you—can you help me now that I shall have to appear before God?'

'Well, captain,' said the mate, 'I'm afraid I can't help you in that matter. As you know, I have never had a bad mark during my entire record; but I've never thought much about God and the next world; and I can't tell what to say to you, for I have had no time to think about these things.'

'Well, then, call the second mate,' said the captain.

The second mate came, and like questions were put to him, and similar answers returned. He knew nothing about religion, and had never given any real attention to it.

Others of the officers and crew were called, until, one after another, the whole ship's company had stood before the captain, who, telling them of his fast-approaching end, begged of them, if any of them knew how, to tell him what he wanted to know, how to find peace with God and to be prepared to meet him.

Alas! they were all alike in the dark as to the way of salvation.

A sad picture is presented here—a scene all too common.

These men were nominally Christians, but with the name religion began and ended; not one had been enlightened and taught by the Holy Spirit to see his guilty and condemned state as a sinner, not one knew anything of the way of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

In his great distress the captain inquired if all the men had been called down.

'Yes, every one; all the ship's company, excepting the cabin-boy.'

'Then send him to me,' said the captain, eagerly.

The cabin-boy, whose name was William Smith, was a young hand, and this was his first voyage. The unexpected summons made the little fellow tremble, for he feared lest he might have done something wrong.

'Did you go to Sunday school when you were on shore?' asked Captain Davis.

'Yes, sir.'

'Boy, can you tell me anything that may help me as a dying man soon to appear before my God?'

The astonished boy replied: 'I don't know that I can tell you anything, captain; but I've got a Bible in my chest, which my mother gave me; shall I fetch that?'

'Yes, go and get it.'

The boy returned with the Bible and asked, 'What shall I read, captain?'

'Read where you used to read to your mother,' said he.

The boy opened the Bible, and began to read Isaiah liii: 'What hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man or sorrows and acquainted with grief.'

When the boy came to the fifth verse, 'But he was wounded for our transgressions,' he paused and asked—

'Shall I read this as my mother taught me to read it?'

'Yes, by all means,' said the captain.

The boy proceeded—

'But he was wounded for William Smith's transgressions: He was bruised for William Smith's iniquities; the chastisement of William Smith's peace was upon him; and with his stripes William Smith is healed.'

'Stop,' said the captain; 'read that over again, and put my name instead of yours; John Davis instead of William Smith. Read it slowly.'

The boy read as he was directed. 'But he was wounded by John Davis's transgressions; he was bruised for John Davis's iniquities; the chastisement of John Davis's peace was upon him, and with his stripes John Davis is healed.'

'Ah! that will do,' said the captain; 'that is what I want, that gives me hope.'

Thus the anxiety, the gloom, the fear, and the crushing sense of guilt, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, gave place to hope, to firm reliance, and to peace.

This awakening of the captain was a late awakening, and though death-bed repentances are seldom real, we may hope it was a true one. For as far as can be judged he accepted Christ as his substitute, as having been bruised for his iniquities, and as having procured healing through him by his stripes.

Let the reader pause and ask himself what is the foundation of his hope of acceptance with God and entrance into heaven. Can you read in your name as did John Davis? Are you resting on Jesus as having died for you—the just for the unjust, to bring you to God? It is this alone that can give true peace. If your hope has any other foundation, it is utterly worthless; nay, worse, it is a delusion and a snare.

Alas! there are hundreds of thousands of people who attend church, and live an outwardly moral life, who have never realized the fact that they are lost and perishing sinners, and that they need a gracious and almighty Saviour to deliver them from the doom of the impenitent and the unbelieving.

Oh, for a trumpet voice to awaken these sleeping and self-sure sinners, lest they perish in their sins.

Now, now, ye that read and hear, awake, awake! Let Peter's cry be your cry, 'Lord, save me, I perish.' Then shall Peter's confession be your confession, Peter's Rock your Rock, and Peter's God your God.—The 'Sailor's Magazine.'

Sample Copies.

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

Little Kindnesses.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cleared a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without it.
And so for the smile and fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A life in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven.
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

—The 'Monitor Magazine.'

The Pritlington Almshouses.

(By Dudley Wright.)

CHAPTER I.

'No, Withington, I really cannot agree to it. The property is worth at least double the amount you mention to an ordinary person, and for our purpose it is worth at least three times what you offered.'

'But my dear Denton, if old Roberts is willing to take, £100, why should we offer £200, or, if your contention is correct, £300.

'Because Roberts evidently does not know the value of it. The place was left him by his father, who probably gave no more than £50 or £80 for it, and I for one, at any rate, am not going to be the party to taking advantage of an old man's ignorance.'

The speakers were Mr. Alfred Denton and Mr. James Withington, members of the firm of Denton and Withington, solicitors, of Gray's Inn-square. A client of theirs had purchased from time to time several plots of land at Pritlington, in Essex, and now only wanted a plot, on which stood a small cottage and shed, to complete a square. Their client, Mr. William Hill, a well-known manufacturing tailor, was very anxious to secure this plot and complete the square, for Pritlington was a rising neighborhood, easy of access to London, and with low railway freights, and it was his intention to erect a large factory on this spot, at the same time building several small cottages in the neighborhood for his workmen on other ground which he had purchased. He had, therefore, instructed his solicitors, Messrs. Denton and Withington, to try and come to terms with the existing owner to sell the place. Mr. Withington, the junior partner of the firm, who had only recently come into the business, had just returned from a visit to Pritlington, and announced to his colleague the fact that he had, after much difficulty, persuaded Roberts, the owner, to accept £100 for the place as it stood.

'Well,' replied Mr. Withington, 'if you are foolish enough to go and offer the old man £200 when he is willing to take £100 you must abide by the consequences. Supposing Hill finds out that we have given him double the sum for which we could have got it?'

'I have done business for Mr. Hill for the past eighteen years, and my father was his solicitor for ten years before that, and I know the man too well to think that he would like us to take advantage of any one. I don't suppose Roberts is very well off in this world's goods. At any rate, he is getting old now—he must be close on seventy—and it is rather rough to turn a man of his age out of the house where he was born, and where he has lived all his life.'

'Very well, do as you please, but I shall wash my hands of the transaction,' was Mr. Withington's reply, as he went out of the office.

Two days later, Mr. Denton travelled down to Pritlington to look at the property for himself, and interview the owner. He found Roberts seated in a cosy little room at the front of the house, contentedly puffing away at a churchwarden.

'Well, Roberts, I have come down to see you about this property.'

'Aye, aye, sir, it goes much against my grain for me to part with it, but I won't go against my word. Mr. Withington was down here, and I didn't mean to sell it, but he really made me. I was born here; I buried my father, my mother, my wife, and two children from here, and it is hard to leave the old place, but I gave my word, and I won't alter it now.'

'I think you agreed to sell it for £100.'

'I asked £150, but Mr. Withington is a very hard man, and somehow or other I agreed to sell it for £100.'

'Well, you see, Roberts, the property is worth more than that to our client, and so we have decided to offer you £200 for it. And,' continued the lawyer, for he perceived the look of amazement on the old man's face, 'I know you do not want to leave the neighborhood, and I have an empty place just up the road. If you like to move over there, I will let you have it for whatever you like to pay. I don't suppose you have been able to save up very much during your life. Now I must say good-bye, for I am in a hurry to get back to town.'

Before the old man could recover from his astonishment, the lawyer had left the house, and when Roberts got to the door was well on the way to the railway station. 'Well, I'm hanged,' was his comment, 'fancy them two being partners. Aye, but he's a good 'un. Thinks I've got no money, does he? Well, well, I've a good mind to let him have the place for fifty.'

CHAPTER II.

Three years elapsed, and Pritlington now presented the appearance of a busy little town. The large tailoring manufactory of Hill and Co. had been erected, and over one hundred cottages for the employees. Messrs. Denton and Withington had dissolved partnership, as it was found that their opinions were constantly clashing, and the junior partner had voluntarily withdrawn, leaving the practice in Mr. Denton's hands entirely. Roberts had removed to the house offered him by Mr. Denton, and during the time had paid but a nominal sum for rent. Mr. Denton himself had chosen the neighborhood for a residence, mainly owing to its proximity to town, and its healthy situation, and had built a large house on one of the few hills there. Business had prospered with him, and he was beloved by the poor in both town and country, for never yet had his attention been drawn to a case of distress but he had granted relief. By his efforts, drunkards had been led to sign and keep the pledge, and, in many instances, men and women who had fallen into sin and disgrace had been given fresh starts in life, and by these and many similar actions his name had come to be universally respected.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Denton always contrived, unless compelled to remain in town on business connected with his profession, to reach home by two o'clock in order that he might have lunch with his chil-

dren, of whom there were four, this day and Sunday being the only two days in the week on which the whole family could sit down together at the mid-day meal. It was evident, however, that to-day something important had detained him, for, though the clock had struck three, the head of the family had not yet arrived. Before, however, the hands pointed to half-past three, the children, who had gone to the door, called out that their father was coming up the hill, and presently the whole family were seated at the table together.

'You are late to-day, my dear,' said his wife.

'Yes, a very strange thing has happened. Poor old Roberts died last night, and I was sent for this morning by Mr. Withington.'

'By Mr. Withington!' was the astonished exclamation of his wife.

'Yes, poor Roberts must have had a keen sense of humor. It appears that after we purchased the old man's house for Mr. Hill, and Withington left me and set up for himself, Roberts sent for Withington to draw up his will.'

'Will? But he had no money, had he?'

'I thought not, but it appears he was worth over £5,000, and he has left it all to me, to be disposed of in any way I think fit, out of gratitude, he says, for getting him the full value for his farm, though I fail to see how anything special was done to call for remark in that way.'

A visitor to Pritlington to-day, on leaving the station, will find on the left hand side a row of neat almshouses built for men and women over sixty years of age, who are past work, and who have not been able to put on one side a sum out of their earnings sufficient to keep them in their old age. In the centre a white marble tablet bears the following inscription:—

These Almshouses for aged Men and Women were erected by money left by John Roberts, Born June 6, 1823, at Pritlington, where he died, July 4, 1895.

The Squirrels.

For several summers past the squirrels have had their nest and reared their young in the hollow of a tree in the front yard of the writer's residence.

Nearly every pleasant afternoon, about the time schools are usually dismissed, these little creatures crawl out of their nest for a play spell, and it is laughable to notice how like merry children they will chase each other round and round, up and down the tree, and skip from branch to branch.

A year since we had a long row of sunflowers in our garden, greatly admired by the passers-by, the flowers were so large. Suddenly I noticed they were rapidly disappearing, and wondered where they could have gone.

But the mystery was soon solved. Just after dinner one day I glanced from the windows and a queer sight met my eye. I could not at first make up my mind what it was.

It appeared to be a travelling sunflower, and sure enough it was. As it came nearer I saw it was a squirrel with one of the largest flowers—larger, really, than himself—held in his teeth by the stem, and the flower standing up before his face, as he ran along the fence until opposite the tree where he had his nest, which stood three or four feet from the fence, when he paused an instant, then with a quick spring struck the trunk of the tree and bounded up the body, holding tightly his precious treasure, until he reached one of the higher branches, when he settled himself for a nice time eating his dinner.

It was indeed a comical sight. The little fellow sitting up so cunningly and holding the large flower in his little paws, munching away until all the seeds had been eaten, then quickly dropping the remnant he descended the tree in the same lively way and started for the garden again.

This time I resolved to watch him, and was greatly amused to see him spring from the fence to the stalks of the sunflowers and climb to the very top, trying to select the best for his feast.

When he had found it he again took his old route for the tree.

This was repeated over and over, flying from talk to stalk, rejecting the smaller and poorer, and appropriating the best until the whole row of stalks had been completely robbed of every flower that was worth looking at. But the amusement it gave me was worth more than the flowers, and I did not grudge them.—E. A. Tuttle, in the 'Home Guardian.'

A Parable.

(By J. Klein.)

Said the Wasp to the Bee;
'Look at me! Don't you see
How I sting and sting, and sting,
How tenaciously I cling
To my way of seeing things,
And the pleasure that it brings,
Don't you see? Don't you see?'

Then the Honey Bee replied:
'I cannot quite decide
That it is my mission here
Woe forever to declare.
Honey-making I prefer,
This I boldly do aver,
And so I only fight
To defend the True and Right,
Don't you see? Don't you see?

'You're a coward, then, I see,'
Said the Wasp to the Bee—
'If you never, never sting,
Or abuse and venom fling,
How will creatures ever find
Just how clever is your mind—
Don't you see? Don't you see?'

Then they might have come—to stings
And have suffered many things,
If the fragrance of a flower
Had not exercised its power,
And wooed the wrathy Bee away,
And saved them from a bloody fray,
Don't you see? Don't you see?

'Peace is like the golden honey,
And worth more than fame or money.
He who made us never meant
That our lives should all be spent
Fighting, fighting every day.'
Don't you see? Don't you see?

And the Wasp, who be it known
(Though he never this would own)
Makes his living in this way—
He, too, owned the gentle sway
Of the flower Peace, and flew
To find something else to do.
Don't you see? Don't you see?

—'American Israelite.'

A Sweetbrier Spirit.

Outside, a summer rain, soft but steady, was dripping from the eaves. Inside, the group had been talking and reading and doing fancywork in the desultory fashion of people shut in by a rainy night. Presently one opened the door a moment, and a wave of the fragrance of wet, green, growing things filled the room. The one at the door turned, her face full of delight.

'Do you smell the sweetbrier down by the gate?' she cried. 'Did you ever know anything so exquisite? It's lovely always, but never so lovely as in the rain.'

One of the others—a young girl—looked up impulsively.

'It makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth,' she said.

'Why Aunt Elizabeth?' someone else asked.

The girl flushed; it was never easy for her to tell her thoughts to anyone, but she was too brave to retreat.

'Why, you see,' she explained slowly, 'there are ever so many roses that are beautifully fragrant—the roses themselves I mean, but I don't know any other whose leaves are sweet. That's why it makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth, because everything she does—not the big or happy things, but all the common, everyday duties, seem to have something beautiful about them, something that she gives them from the spirit that is in her, and that goes out into everything she says or does. I'm afraid I'm not explaining it very well, but I don't know how to any better.'

An older woman smiled down into the girl's face. 'Yes, dear,' she answered gently, 'we understand.'—'Christian Age.'

The Portsmouth Cobbler.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Many years ago, there lived a very poor man in the town of Portsmouth. He was only a cobbler; but a cobbler who deserved to be a king. Listen to the story of what he did, and you will say so too:—

He had not always been a cobbler, he had been brought up to work at ships in the docks; but he met with an accident and broke his thigh, so that he could do no more active work. It must have been a great trouble to him to know, while still young, that he must be a cripple for life, and I dare say he found it very hard to be resigned and contented. He did not know that God had other work for him to do; we never 'can' know the way God is leading us. Very often things seem very much against us, and all the while He is preparing us for some special work which we never thought of.

So the poor young man looked round to see what he could do; he tried to learn shoemaking, but he never got so far as that, he was only able to 'mend' them; he then hired a humble room in his native town, and there, for more than fifty years, he lived and worked as a cobbler.

And was that all?—only a cobbler? True, this was how he gained an honest living; and a cobbler's work, if done on the great principle the Bible gives us, 'Unto the Lord,' is just as pleasing in God's sight as others which 'we' think higher. But this was not all; he did something besides mending shoes.

He had naturally a kind and benevolent mind, and I have no doubt the love of God was in his heart, or he would not have persevered as he did in his work of usefulness; he became a teacher and a schoolmaster.

He was always fond of anything alive, children as well as animals, and, besides a number of tame birds, he took charge of a poor little nephew, a cripple, whose feet turned in so badly that he could not walk. The cobbler was ingenious as well as kind, and he contrived a way by the use of which gradually the child's feet grew straight, and he became able to walk.

Meanwhile he taught him to read, and with so much success that he began to feel love for the work of teaching. Why should he not get a few more? The child would learn bet-

ter with companions, and the streets were overrun with ragged, dirty little ones who had nobody to teach them.

So he hobbled across the road to a neighbor, and asked if he would like his children to be taught to read, as he would teach them for nothing. The neighbor stared as if he thought he was a strange cobbler, but consented to send his children to him. By-and-by these children brought others, till the small room was quite full and would hold no more.

It is not often people can do two things well at the same time, but the clever cobbler did the work with his hands, and did it well, too, while he sat in the midst of his pupils hearing them read and spell while others wrote copies and added up sums.

It was rather hot and close, as you may suppose, but he did not mind that, and in fine weather they took it in turns to sit on a bench outside the door. How he taught so many children at once is a marvel, but it is certain the children made rapid progress under this rough tuition.

How he kept them in order is still more wonderful, and it was a sore puzzle to his neighbors, for the pupils were rude and wild and had never known any control before. Now and then one would be refractory and refuse to come; then he used to follow the truant, and, with the bribe of a hot potato backed by kind words, he seldom failed to win him again to school.

While he taught them other things, you may be sure he did not forget the truths of the Bible, which, sinking into many a young heart, brought forth fruit in after years.

As the first set of scholars moved off others pressed in to supply their places; but the cobbler always chose the poorest and most neglected children, that he might, with God's help, be the means of reclaiming them from the paths of vice and idleness. You must remember he never took any money for their schooling; the love he bore to his self-chosen work was its own reward. It was what would now be called a Ragged School, but such things had no name then.

Hundreds, through the humble schoolmaster's efforts, grew up steady, respectable men and women; and, as the years passed on, tall soldiers, or sailors, or young women would often come and thank him for the good they had got from him in their childhood.

So, year after year, the Portsmouth cobbler pursued his self-denying but happy work. Do you not think he 'was' happy, though only a cobbler? I do.

At length, after more than fifty years, one New Year's Day, while preparing for his daily work, his Master's summons came: he fell down suddenly and died. He went to receive a reward, through grace, from Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

Nor did his work end here; little known as he was during life, except by his neighbors, his example paved the way for others to follow after him. People saw what could be done for poor outcast children, and they began to try, as he had done, to reclaim them.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Lady From the City.

(Helen A. Hawley, in 'Onward.')

(Concluded.)

'To think we objected,' corrected generous Letty, ever willing to bear her share of the blame.

And the party? The girls grew very keen about that, and Mrs. Langford decided it should be a dinner.

'For two reasons,' she explained. 'A dinner is the greatest honor to a guest—reason number one. Our garden will furnish so many of the dishes—reason number two. The evergreen corn and the tomatoes are at their best, the grapes and peaches are ripe, and the nasturtiums are brilliant.'

'It'll have to be very select,' Sarah said. 'We can't seat more than twelve—that'll mean eight invited. Or will you allow Letty and me to appear simply as waitresses? We could ask two more then.'

'Not on any account, my dear. If we heve the dinner somewhat after our usual fashion, not attempting too much, there will be no awkwardness.'

And thus it was. A serving table was very neatly arranged at one side, while Sarah and Letty had divided their duties so they did not conflict. One or the other quietly rose and removed the different courses, which were not too many. The table was dainty in all its appointments. There was no hurry; they lingered, for the talk was good and even brilliant. It is a mistake to suppose country people are short of brains. The minister, and the lawyer, and the doctor were college-bred men, well matched as to wives.

When Mrs. Sheldon thanked her hostess for giving the dinner, she said: 'It was a hundred times more enjoyable than those I go to at home. These people really cared to come; they had a good time, every minute of it, there was such genuine friendliness in it all. Sally, you don't know what this week of real things is to me. I seem to be dropping the burdens of living, in this dear simplicity.'

'"Near to nature's heart,"' Mrs. Langford quoted.

'Yes, something like that.'

The day before the invitation would expire, Letty suddenly came down with a cold.

'She is rather subject to colds,' her mother said, uneasily. When on the succeeding day the girl was decidedly worse, with temperature near the danger mark, Mrs. Sheldon said: 'I don't want to leave you now. Let me stay and help. I used to be a good nurse.' So she stayed and took her part. 'You are such a comfort, Betty,' the mother assured her. She stayed until the trouble was next door to pneumonia, and one hard day faint streaks of blood followed a severe fit of coughing. Letty mended after a while, but from the hour she saw that tinge of blood the troubled look settled on Mrs. Langford's face.

'Come to my room, please,' Mrs. Sheldon said, one morning, 'I want to talk with you.'

'Letty is out of danger now,' she began, as Mrs. Langford entered.

'Out of present danger—yes.' The mother sighed.

'That is the very thing I wish to speak to you about. I ought to leave here in a few days at most. The winter will be a trying one for Letty. I want to take her to California with me.'

Mrs. Langford was startled, and her first thought sprang to her lips: 'I'm afraid we couldn't af——'

Mrs. Sheldon laid gentle fingers on the lips as she interrupted: 'Please don't say it! Wait! Hear me out. What is money between us two? I do not spend even my income. Her presence would be a joy to me. I wanted to invite her from the first, but feared it would be selfish to take her from you. I verily believe a winter there would establish her health completely. You know, dear, you said her constitution was like her father's, and you saw him fade away.'

Mrs. Langford trembled. 'The doctor said she ought to have a change of climate,' she admitted.

'And you never told me!' There was something like reproach in Betty Sheldon's tone. More softly she continued: 'Do you remember, Sally, when we were twelve years old, I was invited to my aunt's wedding, and hadn't any nice dress to wear? You had a pretty new white muslin with ribbons, and your mother offered it to my mother for my use on that one occasion. It didn't hurt my feelings a bit, and I was as proud as could be. Do you remember, too, that I tore it? I do. Your mother wasn't cross about the rent. She darned it neatly and hid it in the gathers. But that rent haunted me—I've always wanted to make that dress good; wearing it was such a big event. Now won't you let me do this for Letty?' The sincerity of the words was convincing and conquering.

'Yes—yes, I will. My pride shall not stand in the way of my child's life. Dear, dear Betty!' These two mature women threw their arms about each other and cried, but the tears were not half-way sorrowful.

When, next May, Letty came home with all her roses blooming in exuberant health, she said once more: 'To think we objected to the lady from the city!' And she added, softly: 'She turned out to be an angel unawares!'

Thoughtless Jokes.

One evening, a company of ladies and gentlemen were talking in a lively, joking mood, when a young lady, who was known to some of them, was mentioned.

'Oh, yes, she is a very fine girl indeed,' said one of the company, 'but she drinks!'

'Drinks! impossible!' was the reply from several; 'who would have thought of such a thing?'

'Yes, she drinks,' was the reply; 'she drinks tea!'

But the explanation came too late, it was generally supposed to be nothing but a makeshift. Many went home under the impression that the young lady was an habitual secret drinker. The rumor reached the ears of her friends, who indignantly demanded an explanation. This was given, and many apologies made; the mischief could not, however, be undone. The very thought that such a degrading vice had been imputed to her drove the lady into a state of deep melancholy which nothing could enlighten, and her lowness of spirits and seclusion brought on consumption, of which she died.

The young man whose thoughtless joke was the cause of the mischief found himself avoided on all sides, and he was eventually compelled to leave the place in order to get a living. How many other instances could be cited of the harm done by thoughtless joking!—'Friendly Greetings.'

Your Own Paper Free.

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

Who Stole the Eggs?

Rats and mice are not favorites with most people. Their thieving, mischievous habits have always made them unwelcome, and they have come to be classed with black-beetles and other 'nasty things,' and set down as vermin. Their appearance in a house is usually the signal for the baiting and setting of traps, and pussy is ordered to watch for them night and day.

They are cunning little creatures, rats especially, and the following story seems to show that when they meet with a difficulty, they can think and rack their brains as well as any little boy over compound multiplication.

The head-master of a boys' school in Jersey kept some fine Dorking fowls, whose eggs he used often to have for breakfast. Being very fond of them, he was very much annoyed when the supply began to run short, and finally ceased altogether. What could be the reason? Perhaps the gardener took them for himself? Or could it be the boys that had robbed the nests? No one knew; no one could tell. So a strict watch was set on the stables where the fowls were kept.

One day, a small boy, whose turn it was to keep a looo'k-out, noticed three old rats come out of the ground, peep about, and then running to the nests deliberately set to work to remove one of the eggs. Rat No. 1 rolled it to the edge of the nest, and there gave it into the arms of Rats No. 2 and No. 3, who very carefully lifted it down on to the floor of the stable.

Once on the floor, the next thing was how to carry it over to the mouth of their hole. To push it along before them would probably have led to its getting cracked against the pebbles. So what do you think they did? Rat No. 1 turned over and lay on his back, while the other two rolled the egg up between his paws. No. 2 then took hold of him by the tail, and with the assistance of No. 3, dragged him and the egg over the stones safely to the hole. As soon as the three clever thieves had disappeared, the astonished little boy ran off to tell the master what he had seen. The latter would not believe it at first, but the rat-catcher was sent for, and soon the breakfast-table was again furnished with new-laid eggs.—'Child's Own Magazine.'

[For the Companion.

My Girls.

My blue-eyed girl is careful,
And seldom breaks her toys;
My brown-eyed girl is certain
To make the greatest noise.

There's nothing of her dollies
That's left but just the name;
And yet, if you'll believe it,
We love both girls the same.

The Start the Children Made.

(By Miss Julia Beck, in 'Mission Dayspring.')

The golden glory of a September day was fading into twilight in a New England town where half a dozen children were seated upon a log under a chestnut tree, with well filled baskets around them. Carol, with her chin in her hands, was looking off toward the hills.

'Oh, I think God has made such a big, splendid world!' she said, 'and everything to make us good and happy!'

'Carol is always saying queer things,' said Ted, who was sometimes a little ashamed of his twin sister.

'It is true,' Carol went on; 'just see all the trees dressed in red and green and yellow, and those big, grand old hills, and the blue sky.'

'Somebody stop her!' laughed Ted. 'Of course it's a jolly old world, and we have things enough to be thankful for, but I don't know as we are any better off than all the other people in the world.'

'Why, don't you know,' cried Carol, 'what the missionary lady told us? That there were hundreds and thousands of children in China and Japan and Spain and India who never heard of our Jesus, and don't know a single word of the Bible. Just think of that, Teddy King!'

'O well! why don't they go to Sunday school and learn all about it,' said Billy Boy. 'I s'pose they'd

rather go off hunting or nutting or something.'

'O Billy Boy! that shows that you know nothing about it,' said Dilly Dwight. 'You ought to have heard her. I could not sleep for a long time that night, after I heard how those poor children had no teachers or Sunday-school. And their fathers and mothers don't know about Jesus either, and some of them are very cruel to their children and throw their little girls into the river, because they think it will please their gods, which they themselves made. What do you think of that?'

'Well, what are you going to do about it?' asked Rupert, who always wanted to get to the bottom of things. 'Shall I pass 'round the hat and raise a million of dollars? or what are you making all this fuss about?'

'We don't expect to raise a million,' said Carol, 'but what a lot of money it would make if all the children in Sunday-school would give one cent a week.'

'But they won't,' said Dora, whom the children called Dolorous, because she always saw the dark side of everything, 'they won't! and you needn't expect it!'

'Neither do I expect it,' laughed Carol, 'and because they all won't, those of us who will must give more. They only ask us to give $3,000—all of us. And if we should just give the nuts we've picked to-day—Mr. Baker will give ten cents a quart—it would be a beginning. How many of yon will do it? raise your hands.'

All the hands went up. Some quickly, others more slowly, all but Rupert's.

The vote was carried and they scurried around for dry sticks and leaves and soon they sat around the fire eating the delicious roasted nuts.

'Now,' said Carol, as she peeled the shell from a popped open nut, 'we must make our plans or we shall forget by to-morrow. Let us see how many things we can do without and give the money to send teachers to the children.'

At that there was silence. For it is hard for children or 'grown ups' to give up things which they like, especially things to eat or drink.

It was Ted who spoke first.

'Oh, I s'pose I can stop buying peanuts for a month,' he said, 'and if that isn't self-denying I do not know what is. It makes me weep scalding tears just to think of it.'

'I ll go 'thout cho'late creams for a month, and give the money,' said little Joyce, 'and that will be forty cents.'

'Good,' cried Carol, clapping her hands. 'I don't have much money for such things but I'll go without cake for a month, and I know mamma will give me money instead.'

The children looked ashamed when Carol said that, for she had fewer things than any of the others.

'Bother!' cried Rupert, 'I was just going to say I would give up bananas, which I don't care much about, but now I'll have to give the money daddy promised me to get a knife with, or else I'd feel so small my clothes wouldn't hang on me.'

'I s'pose I can give ten cents,' said Dolorous, 'but I know it won't do any good.'

Maud Atkins had said not a word though she had more money than any of the others.

'I will give the dollar mamma promised me for a ring,' she said, 'and I'm going to invite you all to a birthday party to my house next month, mamma said I might, and you must bring all the money and I will tell the others about it. I believe we'll get a lot. Why, we must get at least ten dollars. It seems wicked and selfish for us to have so much when those children have so little.'

The factory gong sounded and the children sprang to their feet and started for home. A month later they all met at Maud Atkin's, with as many more girls and boys, and when the money was counted there was—how much do you guess? —$16.35. Wasn't that grand? The children thought so, and you should have heard them cheer.

Expiring Subscriptions.

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

Being Brownies.

'Suppose,' said Aunt May, when the children begged for a brownie story, 'that you be brownies yourselves to-day.'

'Be brownies!' exclaimed five-year-old Norman.

'Yes. Why shouldn't you?' Aunt May answered.

'How?' asked Cassie.

'They are little people who do things in a quiet way to surprise people,' was the reply.

'But brownies are boys,' insisted Marian.

'You might call yourselves fairies if you prefer, though brownies seem more like real people to me,' returned Aunt May.

'We'll be brownies,' chorused the children.

Aunt May smiled and said 'You know mamma has to get ready for the sewing circle. Could not ten little brownies' hands find some way of helping instead of hindering her?'

'Must it be something we hate to do?' asked Cassie. 'I think we might, Marian and I, take the children to the woods and amuse them there while the ladies are here. It would keep the house quiet for the ladies.'

'I'll wheel the twins out in their cab,' said Duff, though they all knew he did not enjoy taking care of babies.

'Percy and I can take the dinner out in our new express,' suggested Norman.

'I'll try to find something for the team to haul,' laughed Marian, thinking how Norah would grumble if asked to put up a lunch for the outing.

Aunt May nodded approvingly, and while the girl was getting the twins ready she slipped into the kitchen.

Marian wondered why Norah was so pleasant when she asked for bread, butter and a little cold meat, but when the maid went to add cake, pie, chicken, pickles and a sample of all the dainties that were to be served to the sewing circle she opened her eyes very wide, wondering if Norah had not turned into a brownie, too.

(To be continued.)

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 22, 1905.

Rebuilding the Temple.

Ezra iii, 10—iv, 5.

Golden Text.

The Temple of God is holy, which Temple ye are.—I. Cor., iii, 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 16.—Ezra iii, 1-9.
Tuesday, October 17.—Ezra iii, 10-4; v.
Wednesday, October 18.—Ezra v., 1-17.
Thursday, October 19.—Ezra vi., 1-12.
Friday, October 20.—Ezra vi., 13-22.
Saturday, October 21.—Hag. i., 1-15.
Sunday, October 22.—Hag. ii, 1-9; 18-23.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

If there was ever a time when the Jews might have felt excused from celebrating the Feast of Tabernacles, this was it. They had well earned a rest after their long and toilsome journey from Babylon. They were just fairly dispersed to their ancestral cities. They were busy building homes and fencing fields. Not to provide for one's own were to be worse than an infidel. Going up to Jerusalem, too, could not fail to excite the suspicion of their hereditary foes. The dread Edomite fortress called, significantly, the Scorpions, must be passed. Then, too, there was no temple on Zion yet, nor so much as an altar, even. All these well-turned arguments could be and probably were used by the conservatives against the call to observe the feast. The gains of the exile are evident in the quick and cheerful obedience on the part of the people to the call of God.

When the feast-time comes the people are in Jerusalem, under leadership of prince and priest. There was nothing in sight to make them joyous. All to the contrary. On that spot, once, gold was as stones and cedar as sycamores. Now there was nothing left but stones and sycamores. Yet in spite of all, a joyous thanksgiving-day is spent amid the ruins. Altar-fires irradiate the night. Blackened walls echo the sweet notes of silver trumpets. Antiphonal choruses, to the accompaniment of clashing cymbals, resound across the mouldering mounds.

'Oh, give thanks unto Jehovah
For His mercy endureth forever.'

How was this triumph over an environment so unfavorable achieved? If they had come separately, one by one, to Zion, its desolation might have overpowered them. But in union there was strength to resist the uncanny gloom of the place. They gather themselves as one man. They repress all idle and sentimental musings, plunging at once into religious service. They shovel away the debris, find the base, and rear again the altar of burnt sacrifice. They resume the morning and evening ritual—the whole burnt offering, typical of an entire consecration to God. Thus they are able to observe their national thanksgiving-day in spite of the unfriendliest of environments.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion. They find themselves heartened even to undertake the gigantic task of rebuilding the temple. They give out the contracts, and set forward the workmen in the house of God. Soon there is rejoicing over the completion of the foundation. Trumpet and cymbal, responsive choirs, and the loud acclaim of all the people make a praiseful torrent that breaks in joyous reverberation upon the Judean hills afar.

Just at this juncture a subtle and capital crisis occurs. The Samaritans, apparently in good faith, proffer aid and beg the privilege of co-operation in building the temple. It was an ancient and real case of 'tainted money.' It was a covert effort to infuse a heathen spirit. If it had succeeded the history of Judah from this date onward would certainly have to be rewritten. The Samaritans were a mongrel people with a mongrel creed. Their admission as a recognized and constituent element in the Hebrew Church would have lowered its tone, and eclipsed its faith.

Zerubbabel, an ever-living hero, stood out against the proposition in forceful and uncompromising attitude. His words may well be conned in these days when the mush of concession is a favorite article upon the ecclesiastical menu, 'Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God.' The Hebrew prince also showed a noble disposition to keep strict faith with the king, who had made the rebuilding of the temple possible. There was no provision in the decree of Cyrus for the co-operation of the Samaritans in this enterprise. Zerubbabel was determined that the undertaking should go forward as 'Cyrus, the king of Persia, had commended,' although he could foresee the petty annoyance and delay which would come of his decision.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. Arguments against observing the feast.
  (1) Had earned a rest.
  (2) Family interests demanded presence at home.
  (3) Invite attack of enemy.
  (4) No temple yet.
II. Obedience.
  Evidence of gain of exile.
  Joy of service spite of environment.
Advantages of congregational worship illustrated.
III. The gain of obedience.
  Encouraged to rebuild temple.
IV. A crisis.
  Proposition of Samaritans.
  Ancient case of 'tainted money.'
  Zerubbabel uncompromising.
Kept faith with Cyrus.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It is evidence of the Divinity of religion that it makes one superior to his environment. It makes a thanksgiving-day amid ruins possible. In a world where we are ever subject to the loss of friends and property, a religion that can keep one serene in mind, and even suffuse a quiet joy, is a religion exactly suited to human need.

The foundation of the old altar was diligently sought for in the debris. This was done that there might be a standing witness that the religion the exiles brought with them from Babylon was the same old faith of the fathers.

The advantages of congregational worship are here apparent. Its gains are imemnse. It can not be dispensed with.

A place for congregational worship is indispensable. Out of the material Zion of brick and mortar God shines. He who builds or rebuilds for God does one of the noblest possible things.

The lower semi-tone raised by those who remembered the first house and saw the inevitable disparity was natural. Even Herod's luxurious garniture could not compensate for the absence of the ark, the temple's very heart. In this plain and ill-furnished sanctuary God would fain lead His people from symbol to substance.

Haggai and Zechariah were the patriotic leaders of the day, encouraging the people in a task, humanly speaking, far beyond the means at their command .

This epoch is typical of all reform periods. It had its light and shade, its progress and delay. This ancient page teems with suggestions, peace promotors, and many others may here find encouragement and guidance.

'The people shouted with a great shout.' This was not on the programme. It was a spontaneous amen injected into the ritual. There is a healthful sufferance and genuine expression of approval on the contrary.

The old wept because of this disparity. The young shouted because a new era was opening. The narrative is true to Oriental demonstrativeness.

The benefits of the exile were purification of worship, exaltation of the Scripture, rise of sacred music, religious and political independence. Such gains were worth seventy years of exile.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 22.—Topic—Sacred songs that have helped. Eph. v., 15-20; Col, iii., 15-17. (A praise service)

SACRED SONGS THAT HAVE HELPED.

Jesus set the seal of His approval upon Christian song. He sang a hymn with His disciples. We have record of but one instance, but it was probably His habit. Paul and Silas sang in prison. Paul commends 'hymns and spiritual songs.' Fragments of the hymns of his day can be traced in paraphrase in his writings. Hymn-singing at the very beginning of the Church became one of its greatest forces. St. Augustine describes the influence upon him of Christian song when he says, 'The voices flowed into my ears; the truth distilled into my heart; I overflowed with devout affections, and was happy.' The study of hymnody, both Hebrew and Christian, is a very profitable pursuit. Acquaintance with the great hymns, ancient and modern, is not merely a source of pleasure. It feeds the spiritual nature.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A WOMAN PATRIOT.

Monday, Oct. 16.—The Israelites in trouble. Judg. iv., 1,2.

Tuesday, Oct. 17.—Their repentance. Judg. iv., 3.

Wednesday, Oct. 18.—The enemy. Judg. iv., 10-13.

Thursday, Oct. 19.—The battle. Judg. iv., 14-16.

Friday, Oct. 20.—The death of Sisera. Judg. iv., 17-24.

Saturday, Oct .21.—Deborah's song of praise. Judg. v., 1-31.

Sunday, Oct. 22.—Topic—A woman who helped her country. Judg. iv., 4-9.

Dealing With a Soul.

(The Living Epistle.)

There they are before you, earnest, wondering, loving little souls. A mighty Hand has already written strange, sweet truths upon them. It is yours to deepen and impress the truths already begun.

It is not a little thing to deal with the souls of little children. There must be the power to discern spirits and the tact to rightly divide the word of truth. Above all there must be the responsive love that leads to the recognition of the Spirit's work in little hearts.

A very young child sat with her mother. The shadows were gathering. There was a cry in the little heart which she did not know how to put in words, and so eager was the desire to know that she sought to express it. 'Mamma, what is it to be like a Christian?'

That mother, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not recognize the working of the Spirit in her child and put her off without any definite teaching, which just then would have sunk like good seed into the prepared soil. That question never again fell on the ears of the mother, and some day in another life she may learn how she lost the sweet privilege of leading her child into the kingdom through her failure to recognize the Spirit's work.

How eager and careful should the teacher of the Word be. A little carelessness or unbelief and the mischief is done which a life cannot undo.

Sunday School Hints.

As far as possible keep in touch with the absent scholar. It will make it easier for him to return when the conditions which keep him from the school now change. Some little message, a letter, an expression to let him know that he is not forgotten. Verily, he who remembers his scholars shall have his reward.

Temperance

Only a Glass.

Only a glass he was asked to take—
Only one glass for friendship's sake;
Only one drink, but it caused his fall—
Done to be sociable, that was all.

'Just to be sociable'—still one more,
Binding him faster than that before;
Once, then again takes the glass of sin,
Blindly ignoring the death within.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,
Hearts may be broken, and tears may flow,
Character ruined; for pain and gall
Just in a drink he will barter all.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,
Sharing the drunkard's delights and woes;
Scorning, with drunkards, the power to have—
Finally sharing the drunkard's grave.

Is there no remedy? Can it be
Nought from this bondage can set one free?
Ye who have failed, though have often tried,
Know, there is power in the Crucified.

Liquor is strong, and yet far more strong
Than the strongest drink or chains of wrong
Is the love of Christ, who came to save,
Lifting the fallen, freeing the slave.

Able He is to make all things new,
'Able to keep you from falling, too;'
Then, why not let Him? Just trust His power,
Leaning on Him every day and hour.

Only believe Him—His word is true;
All that is written He says to you;
Only believe; go on in His might;
Jesus will help you the battle to fight.

—Pearl Waggoner, in the 'Lifeboat.'

Earth's Saddest Sight.

There is another prey on which intemperance seizes, which must be deplored, and that is Woman. I know no sight on earth more sad than woman's countenance, which once knew no suffusion but the glow of exquisite feeling, or the blush of hallowed modesty, crimsoned, deformed by intemperance. Even woman is not safe. The delicacy of her physical organization exposes her to inequalities of feeling which tempt to the seductive relief given by cordials. Man, with his iron nerves, little knows what the sensitive frame of woman suffers, how many desponding imaginations throng on her in her solitudes, how often she is exhausted by unremitting cares, and how much the power of self-control is impaired by repeated derangements of her frail system. The truth should be told. In all our families, no matter what their condition, there are endangered individuals, and fear and watchfulness in regard to intemperance belong to all.—W. E. Channing, D.D.

Temperance Teaching for the Young.

Nature's way of bringing order out of chaos is steadily to flood darkness with light; and we shall never get beyond this method by any spasmodic pyrotechnics, which, no matter how popular for the time, only serve to make the darkness more visible when the artificial corruscations are withdrawn. When I see our school-boys stunting their growth and drying up their brains with smoke; when I discover that their very cigars are soaked in alcohol and liquors, and that the boys are baited with beer and enticed into saloons by music, games and evil company; when I am told of their degeneracy in scholarship, so that the percentage of girls who graduate and who take honors is steadily gainging on that of boys, it seems to me that I cannot wait until the schools of Christendom focus their splendid light upon the problem of prevention. It is a glorious thing to go to the rescue of wrecked and ruined manhood with the lifeboat of reform, but far better to build a lighthouse on the sunken reef, warning the unskilled voyager of his danger.

In the light of twenty years' work as a teacher of total abstinence from alcoholic poisons, I solemnly aver that had I the power our system of education should be so changed that the course of study for every pupil, from the kindergarten todler to the high school graduate, should be grounded where God grounds our very being—on natural law. They should all know the laws of health first of all, since their physical being is the firm base of the whole pyramid of character.—Frances E. Willard.

Census of a Dundee Pawnshop

[The following article from the Dundee (Scotland) 'Evening Post' paints a picture, painful to look on, yet with the stamp of truth upon it. It need not be argued that Dundee is worse than other large cities. The drink evil is the same curse everywhere, though its modes of expression may vary.—Ed.]

'What kin we dae?' asked the woman.

For the space of several moments the man to whom this question was addressed ruminated. Then the gloom which had overspread his countenance suddenly disappeared, and he hastily remarked—'There's the kid's bonnet. Ye only got it last week. They'll gie ye something for it.'

'By gum, I never thocht on that, Jock,' and in less time than it takes to tell the infant was dispossessed of its headgear, and handed over to the keeping of the man, whilst the woman staggered across the pavement, pushed against a swing glass door, and disappeared from view.

Such was an incident which attracted my attention one Saturday evening as I strolled along one of the crowded thoroughfares of Dundee. It was my first visit to a city, for all my life had been spent in the neighborhood of the Trossachs. After the woman had vanished I stopped, and without attracting his attention, gazed keenly at the man holding the child. He was a diminutive, repulsive, brutish-looking individual, and, so far as I could judge, a little over thirty years of age. He was in a semi-intoxicated condition, and the child he held was in imminent danger of falling to the ground.

The conversation had completely puzzled me, but I was determined to solve the mystery, and asked a passer-by what kind of a shop it was which the woman had entered. The fellow, smiling at my ignorance, replied —'That's the pop.' 'The what?' I queried. 'You must be awfu' green no' tae ken what the pop is! It's a pawnshop.' And with that my informer proceeded on his way.

I then directed my attention to the pawnshop. It had two large windows, the glass of which exposed to view a heterogeneous mass of jewellery, including marriage rings and engagement rings, watches, scarfpins, etc., besides a great collection of wearing apparel of all kinds, from the quondam handsome frock-coat to boots much the worse for year. Entrance was gained to the interior of the shop through a couple of glass doors, and as I looked these were kept in continual motion by a throng of slatternly persons arriving and departing.

Anxious to learn the result of the woman's mission, I hung about, and eventually my patience was rewarded by seeing her issue forth. A glance sufficed to show that she had triumphed, for her dirt-begrimed, dissipated face wore a self-satisfied smile. I crept nearer, and heard her say, in a loud, strident tone of voice, 'It's a' richt, Jock, I got a tanner for it. Come on an' we'll hae a hafie o' rum.'

But there was much more to follow. I glanced at the time on my watch just as nine o'clock chimed from some church spire, and I thereupon decided to keep a vigil upon the pawnshop doors for an hour. I question whether the generality of the inhabitants of Dundee have an adequate conception of the vast business done by the loan offices in their very midst, or the depths to which hundreds of the men and women they daily meet in the leading thoroughfares have sunk in the awful vortex of vice. The statement I am about to make may cause much honest doubt, but nevertheless it is absolutely true. Over three hundred persons entered the pawnshop I refer to in the course of sixty minutes! As I have previously mentioned, there were two doors, and it was no easy task to accurately count the number of persons who passed through them. But I am within ten of the exact number when I say that 340 persons entered the shop. Think of it, reader; what a ghastly crowd they formed. Old men there were, with bent, enfeebled forms, bleared eyes, cadaverous cheeks—the sin, misery, and failure of their lives stamped upon every lineament. Young men, old before their time, hurried into the blazing interior; but the general character of the women afforded the most fearful spectacle of all. Poor, misguided creatures! From the faces of the majority all trace of a noble or tender thought had long since fled—in all probability to return no more. The God-given beauties of womanhood, of motherhood, had been calcined in the burning, all-consuming lust for strong drink. Yes, that was the reason for the great portion of these visits. I had no difficulty in arriving at this conclusion, because it was so evident. Twenty-three women were bare-footed or otherwise only half-clad. Their matted, tangled, uncombed hair, surmounting bestial features, presented soul-sickening pictures. Several were accompanied by ragged, woe-begone children, their tiny faces pinched with want, their eyes haunted with that look of fear which, being silent, conveys all the more to the careful observer.

Only about a dozen persons went in empty-handed, and reappeared with articles they had recovered; all the others were trying to dispose of goods. Several of the women utilized their shawls for the purpose of hiding the things they desired to pledge, but many, on the other hand, did not take the trouble. These were pawnshop veterans, and had forgotten that such feelings as modesty and shame are included in the gamut of human emotions. Through the constantly opening door I caught glimpses of the throng inside the establishment. Loud and argumentative voices could be heard, voices pleading for more money, and when the pleaders came out they generally made for the nearest public-house. Space forbids me to detail many of the sad incidents which I noted. There was one, however, which might be termed tragic. A young, poorly-clad, half-drunken married couple came up the street and halted within a yard of where I was standing.

'Are ye tae stand's a drink, Jean?' said the man, 'because if ye're no I'm no' gaen hame.'

'I've nae money, an' naebody'll gies it on tick,' replied the woman disappointedly.

'Pawn yer ring, then, an' we'll get a drink an' a bottle.'

The woman held up her left hand, on the third finger of which was a marriage ring. For a moment her good angel triumphed, and she hesitated; but evil prevailed, and five minutes later she emerged from the loan office, joined her husband, and went into a neighboring public-house.

A Delusion and a Snare.

The use of a beer as a pretended temperance beverage is a delusion and a snare. It is the first step toward indulgence in stronger liquors. Thousands who are beginning the use of stimulants with beer would never think of commencing such use with whiskey. But by indulgence in beer when natural thirst is excited by either mental or bodily exercise, or a combination of both, many begin to feel and appreciate the alcoholic stimulant it contains, and finally long for a less diluted minimum of such stimulant, and one which is more rapid and potent in its effects.—'The Christian Work.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists. J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Correspondence

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to join your pledge, and try to keep the rules as follows:

(1). To think kindly.
(2.) To speak kindly.
(3). To do kindly.

My sister Frances, and also my friend Clara E. Murray wish to join.

ATTIE CHISHOLM.

St. R., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many letters in the 'Messenger' from boys and girls, I thought I would write one too. I am a little boy seven years old. I have only gone to school nine months, five in Hull, and four here. I am in the second reader. I passed second in my examinations in Hull last June. I have always lived in Hull until last July. We are living with my grandfather on his farm. I have two sisters. We have a little white kitten which we play with, called 'Snowdrops.' I live about one mile and a half from St. R. town. It is quite a pretty little French town. There are some fine buildings in it, especially the French church and convent. There are quite a number of stores in it. It is lit up by electric light. Part of it was burned about five years ago, but it is all built up again. I stay at my Uncle's when I am going to school, as I live about four miles and a half from the school-house. I hope that some more of the little boys and girls that have not written to the 'Messenger' will write. I enjoy reading the letters very much.

J. PERCY JOHNSTON.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years of age, and live with my grandmother in the city of Toronto. But at present I am spending my summer holidays with my sister on a farm near a small village by the name of C—, which is situated about eighteen miles north-west of Toronto.

The west branch of the Humber river runs in front of my sister's house. My little brother and I build dams across the narrow parts of the creek, and little stone castles on the banks, and there is such lots of fun.

We have a beautiful lawn and two very pretty flower beds. There is also a group of spruce trees, which form a summer house, and it is just delightful to play at house in, and have your tea out there, which I sometimes do when any of my little friends come to visit me.

I am very fond of animals, and I have three pets, a grey horse named 'Maud,' a white calf 'Fairy,' and a black kitten, that has no name except 'Kit.'

I have read quite a number of books, some of which are 'A Brave Resolve,' 'Black Beauty,' 'The Burglar's Daughter,' and 'Annie Lee.' 'Black Beauty' is my favorite.

My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a very interesting paper. I am going back to my home soon, and may go to the Toronto Exhibition. I wonder how many little girls have been there? I have been there three times already.

GRACE E.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers is the same age as I. Our birthday is on the 15th of September. I live on a farm. We have twenty-nine sheep and thirty-two lambs, besides horses, cows, hens, chickens and pigs. I lived in Hamilton about a year and a half with my Aunt, but I am home now. I have read a number of books, some of which are: 'Black Beauty,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Hiawatha,' 'Andersen's Fairy Tales,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Mopsa the Fairy,' and some others. I am learning parts of the Bible. I know the 1st, 15th, 19th, 23rd, 51st and 103rd Psalms, and part of the Sermon on the Mount. I am now learning Jean Ingelow's 'Sons of Seven.' Can any one tell me what verse in the Old Testament begins with the word 'all,' and ends with the same word? We all enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' especially what you told us about Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador, and about the life of Hans Christian Andersen. We have one of his stories in our Reader, called 'The Poor Match-girl.' We enclose 40c. for the Labrador Cot Fund.

I Remain,
EDITH MUNROE.

N.S., C.B.

Dear Editor,—As we have been taking the 'Messenger' for quite a time now, I thought it my duty to write you a short letter, and give a brief description of this place.

We have a population of about three thousand. The Cape Breton Electric Co. supplies the town with a water and sewer system; it is also supplied with electric light.

There are four Protestant churches here, and one Roman Catholic. The largest of these churches are the Presbyterian and Episcopalian.

MARY A. McDONALD.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live near the Rideau Canal, and within twelve miles of Kingston. It is extremely pretty in the summer time, and there are quite a number of enjoyable trips one can take on the Rideau Canal and River St. Lawrence. We have a pet canary which is thirteen years old. He is a very pretty singer, but I am sorry to say he is blind in one eye. We do not expect him to live much longer. I am afraid we will miss him when he is dead, for he makes the house quite lively.

KATIE DAVEY.

F. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters. There was a little white weasel in our cellar last winter. Papa has some hens. I am seven years old, and I had a party on my birthday. My auntie gives me the 'Messenger.'

DOROTHEA LYONS.

(You write nicely for your age.—Cor. Ed.)

R.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' There were quite a few raspberries this year. I was born in Worcester, Mass. My papa is working there now on a six story mill to be finished by the last of September. To-morrow my mother, brother and I are going to pick hazel nuts. I will be 11 years old on Feb. 8th, 1906. Enclosed find 26 cents for Mission Cot.

Yours Truly,
N. J. GORDON.

S., Texas.

Dear Editor,—This is a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is called the Athens of Texas, on account of its fine schools. There are five public schools, two private schools, and three colleges. Sherman has the largest oil mill in the world. I went to school last winter and got promoted twice. I am in the Low Fifth Grade now. I am eleven years old, and I go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday.

I saw Vera H. K.'s letter in the 'Messenger,' asking where the word reverend was, and how many times it was in the Bible. It is in the 111th Psalm, and ninth verse. Now I want to ask the readers what were the names of Moses's parents?

ELECTRA D. KING.

P.S.—Enclosed find 10c. for the Labrador Cot.

E. D. K.

Moore's Mills, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have been intending to write to the 'Messenger' for some time, and have at last got started. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have three dolls, their names being Jennie Maud, Lillian Clara, and Gertrude Helena. I love to read. Some of the books I have read are: 'Rosamond,' 'What Katy did at School,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I have two little brothers and a mamma. Papa died two years ago. We keep bees. We had two swarms. We have six hives.

ALICE M. L.

Folger Station.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' We like it very much. I enjoy looking at the drawings. Every day we gather flowers on our way to school to give them to our teacher Miss M. C. She is very kind to us. We get many different kinds of flowers here in spring. Here are some names of them: Violets, columbines, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, lilac, star-flower, wake robins, May flower, clintonia, Gold Thread, and many more. There are plenty of maple trees around here. I think I will try to draw something for the correspondence page. We have three miles to go to school, and on the railway, too. There is one store and post office here, and eight or ten houses, but about four miles from here is a big saw mill, and there is a village. All the lumber from the mill is drawn here to be shipped away. With best wishes to the Editor.

IDA R. PRASKY (age 14).

W.

Dear Editor,—Westville is a coal mining town. My father is a miner, and he works between seven and eight thousand feet under ground. The electric tram cars run through this town. They just began to run last fall. I have three brothers and one sister. I go to school, and I am in the sixth grade. I learned to skate last winter, and I liked it very much. I like reading, and have read the following books: 'Black Beauty,' 'Talks to Children About Jesus,' 'Danesbury House,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Little Lame Prince,' and several others.

ROSIE STONEHOUSE.

Cole Lake.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger.' My papa has taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember. We keep a store about 32 miles from the city. I have two sisters older than myself. The school is two miles from where we live. Papa drives me in the winter. One of my elder sisters is going to the high school, and the eldest of the family is working at the millinery. We have a farm, but we keep it rented all the time, and we have two cheese factories. I am 11 years of age.

M. K.

Whitby.

Dear Editor,—When I saw 'Chatterbox's' nice chatty letter I took courage to write to you also.

Yes, 'Chatterbox,' I have read 'Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf,' or rather, part of it. It is made up of a number of stories. I do not remember all the names, as I only read one. There are about five stories, two of which are 'Mr. Rutherford's Children' and 'The Christmas Stocking.' It was about a man adopting his two little nieces. It is very interesting. I started to read 'Queechy,' but there were so many characters in it that I could not make anything out of it. I think the 'Wide, Wide World' is fine.

I think my letter is long enough for the first time.

I remain, yours truly,
AMICUS.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

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

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

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

'Back River,' $2.00; Alice R. McVicar, St. Peter's, C.B., 50c.; F. E. J., E. E. J., V. M. J., Woodbridge, O., 30c.; Lila D. and Susie L. Loch Winnoch, 20c.; total, $3.00.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Guest Chamber.

A guest chamber may well dispense with the purely decorative features on which some housekeepers insist. Lace bed spreads and pillow shams are quite superfluous, so are beautiful bureau covers and satin pincushions. These are well enough, but the old Shunamite woman, great lady that she was, more accurately measured the essentials of the guest room when she put there for the prophet's use a bed and a table, a stool and a candlestick. Every guest room should be equipped with pens, ink and paper, with pins of several sizes and varieties, with a button hook, with a comb and brush, and a few needles and spools of thread. Let the hostess ask herself whether there is anything for a guest's comfort that she has omitted or forgotten. For instance, there must be an easy chair or a rocking chair, and an extra quilt or blanket at the foot of the bed. In many houses the family use the bathroom as a lavatory. It is not pleasant for a guest to take his or her turn here with the household, even if they are considerate enough to afford a half-hour for the purpose. Facilities for the toilet and hot water for morning and evening use should be provided in the guest chamber.

No room is completely furnished in which one looks in vain for a book. The Bible as a matter of course must go into every room in the house. One should always find a Bible ready for one's hand anywhere in the home. The guest room should have its own Bible and hymn-book, and a choice of some other literature, including light and entertaining books as well as grave and serious ones. True hospitality leaves guests much freedom in disposing of their time. The guest who is welcomed over and over is never a dead weight on the hostess, and no hostess in these days feels compelled to entertain a guest every minute. Books that she may read are a great addition to a guest's room.—Aunt Marjorie, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Save the Boy's.

(The Rev. J. P. Gledstone, in the 'Philanthropist Leaflet.')

A child should not be brought up to fight the demon of impurity alone and unaided by the felt sympathy of God or man; almost better throw him to the lions. No; he should have the inspiring assurance that all goodness places its resources at his command. And let him know and be sure that he has in his own heart, in the presence of the Holy Spirit, a Guide who will never fail to teach and lead him aright. He should be taught to regard that Guide as an ever-present Friend, whose counsels, if they are followed, will keep 'his eyes from tears, his feet from falling, and his soul from death.'

God sets a still small voice,
Deep every soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.

If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us
Clear as noonday we see.

To put my thoughts into a few plain suggestions:

I. Let parents teach their boys, when very little boys, to be modest. A word, a look, a touch, may be enough to lay the foundations of a pure character. The notice of conscience is thus called to a great department of life and duty; the will is strengthened to be firm upon a vital point.

II. Boys should be taught to be modest with other children. They should be persuaded to tell their parents of anything which may have appeared to them a violation of proper behaviour. There may have been nothing in it, and so a boy may be kept from becoming morbid—a most important thing; there may have been a serious danger, and he will be saved in time.

III. Boys should be taught, at least by the time they are sent to a boarding-school, something of the nature of the body, of the temptations they will have to face, and of the fearful consequences to body and soul of yielding to sin. Parents will now find that they have to contend against serious and powerful competitors for the confidence of their own children.

IV. One would suppose that there could be no difficulty in aiding boys and girls by cautioning them not to receive pictures or papers from men and women who hover near schools of all kinds to disseminate impure literature, or if they should get hold of anything of the kind, to show it at once, and without fear, to their parents.

All may be summed up thus: a boy kept under his father's roof until he is at least fifteen or sixteen; taught sufficient to make self-control a binding duty upon conscience, but nothing to stimulate curiosity; fed with plain food (not over-fed); kept busy in his mind with good things; taught to care for others and not to live for himself; and sent to bed every night thoroughly tired, will have a good chance of 'escaping the corruption that is in the world through lust.'

True, he may not escape. Some who seem to have every advantage go astray; and some who have no help, save the inner teaching of God's Spirit, stand immovable. We cannot guarantee character; yet we believe in the principle that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

Apple Puddings With Nutmeg Sauce.

Canadian Apple Pudding.—One pint of flour, a cupful of milk, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of water, two quarts of pared and quartered apples, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one-fifth of a nutmeg. Put the apples, sugar—reserving two tablespoonfuls, however—nutmeg and water into a deep pudding dish. Place in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, mix well in a sieve, then rub through it the flour, baking powder, salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; and the milk and eggs, well beaten, and stir with a spoon until a smooth dough is formed, then add the butter, melted. Remove the dish from the oven, and spread the batter on top of the apples; return the pudding to the oven, and after increasing the heat, bake for twenty minutes. At serving time turn the pudding out on a flat dish having the crust underneath and the apple on the top in the dish in which it was baked. Serve with nutmeg or lemon sauce.

Nutmeg sauce.—Mix together in a saucepan one heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch and one cupful of cold water. Pour over this mixture one cupful of boiling water and place over the fire. Stir occasionally until it boils up, then add one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half of a grated nutmeg. Simmer for one-half an hour, and after adding two tablespoonfuls of butter, strain and serve.

Selected Recipes.

Rye and Indian Bread.—Into a mixing pan put one quart of Indian meal, add one-half of a cupful of molasses, then pour over just sufficient boiling water to moisten. Cover and let stand for an hour to swell, then add one pint of rye flour, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one cake of yeast dissolved in a little warm water; add a little more water, if necessary, to make a stiff batter. Turn into the pans in which it is to be baked and stand in a warm room until the dough cracks on the top. Bake in a moderate oven for about two hours.

Mother's Raised Cake.—Two cups rising, two eggs, two cups sugar, teaspoon soda dissolved in ½ pint teacup boiling water, one cup lard and butter mixed, a little ground cloves, two tablespoons cinnamon, flour to make a good batter, two cups raisins, one cup currants. Pour into greased pan. Let it rise one hour or more. Then bake in a slow oven for one hour.

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