Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 20 MONTREAL, MAY 15, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Two Stewards A Parable

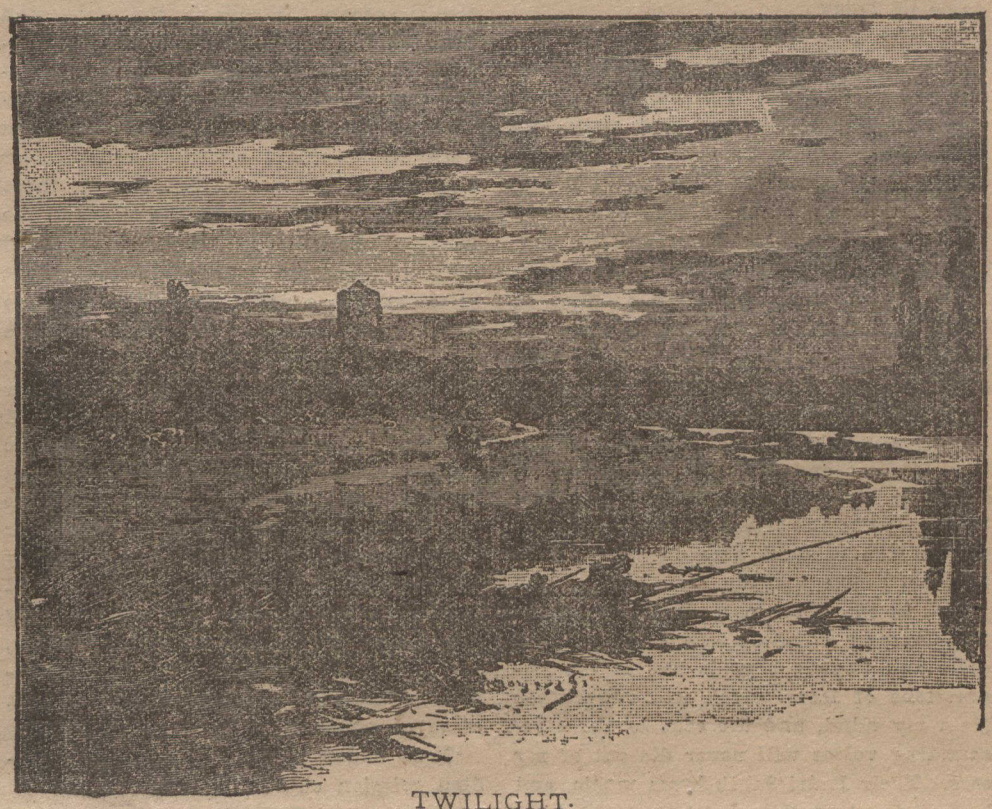
(The 'Christian Endeavor Herald.')

The problem of Christian finance is a problem of Christian stewardship. Let me illustrate by a parable: A very wealthy landlord appointed two stewards to take charge each of one-half of his estate. In the beginning he gave each steward $10,000 to invest in the improvement and utilization of the land. The landlord lived at a distance, but had a means, unknown to his stewards, by which he kept in touch with all that was done on his estate. The one steward, whom we shall call the wise, communicated with his master concerning every cent of expenditure, and sought faithfully to reproduce his master's thought in all his work. When in the course of time the whole of the $10,000 was invested, and he drew upon his master for further funds, he found to his great delight that his draft was at once honored, and an even larger amount than before put at his disposal.

The other steward, to whom may fitly be applied the term foolish, was a very energetic man with a great many ideas of his own. He found it took too long to consult his master on every detail of his plans, and so he rushed ahead, doing what he deemed wisest and best. It was his master's money and his master's estate; so long as one was spent upon the other he thought his master should be satisfied. Thus, only too soon, all the money was gone, and he drew upon his master for more; but to his great surprise and dismay the draft was returned unhonored. It never occurred to him that the explanation might be that his master was dissatisfied with his method of expenditure (though such was indeed the case). What conclusion he arrived at I cannot say. He may have thought his master had gone suddenly bankrupt; but yet that could not be the case since his fellow-steward had all that he needed, and to spare. Whatever the cause of this strange withholding of supplies, his plans must not suffer. It now became a matter of personal reputation. He would be humiliated if his fellow-steward, who was somewhat of a crank in his views about things, should be able to go on without stint, while he was compelled to let all his great schemes lie unfinished for lack of money. No, the money must be gotten somehow. If his master would not give it, then he himself must raise it. So he set himself to devise ways and means; and this is the point where he finally lost all sight of his stewardship, and gave shape and substance to the new money problem of 'How to get the money we want.' There were people all around him who had plenty of money to spend. Some of them, truly, were people utterly indifferent to the interests of his master, if not actually opposed to them; but they had money, and that was the pressing need just then. So he planned a series of entertainments on his half of the estate and charged admission to them. They were very popular, and great crowds came, and the revenue was good. For some time the programme was unexceptional; all the selections were sacred; but the crowd presently tired of these and refused to come, so the foolish steward had to introduce some secular features. Thus it went on, until he found himself compelled to descend to all sort of indignities and absurdities for revenue purposes only. Every little improvement necessitated some new scheme for getting a silver collection, and it took so much time to raise the money that the poor man, worried and wearied to desperation, had no time left to look after the estate. At last, head over ears in debt, with the estate hopelessly mortgaged to his master's enemies, he was called away to give an account of his stewardship.

Meanwhile our friend, the wise steward, had simply kept on working along his master's lines, doing well what he had to do under his master's approval and direction, and drawing from his master's inexhaustible bank account all that was required in lavish abundance. He had no worry as to ways and means, but gave undivided and unharrassed thought to the development of the estate. Every investment is paying now in rich returns of fruitage to his master, and when he is called to account he will go gladly, knowing that it means also to his reward.

Brethren, the parable is true, and the interpretation thereof sure. I leave to you its application. One word in closing to show what can be done. The Y.P.S.C.E. of Parliament Street Baptist church, Toronto, were once asked to hold a 'Pumpkin-pie Social' to raise some $37.75 of church indebtedness. They objected, not to the pumpkin pie—which is a wholly worthy institution—but to the principle of coaxing money for the Lord's work with sections of pie—pumpkin or any other kind. They were advised that it was easier to raise objections than money, and, accepting the implied challenge, they offered to secure the money in a week by direct contributions. They made a draft on God's bankers for some of his money. It was honored of God, and at last reports $60 had been given and there was more to follow. All honor to these young people and their faith in God's methods. Let their example be followed by every society in the land.



TWILIGHT.

('Sunday Reading.')

Ding dong, ding dong for Evensong,
How sweet the sound doth sweep along
The peaceful meadow!

The river flows melodious by,
Whilst painted on its surface lie
The sunset's splendors.

In scattered groups the weary sheep
Now seek their rest in peaceful sleep,
Whilst shadows deepen.

The grey clouds make the sun's soft bed,
The nightingale, when light is fled,
Pours forth his praises.

Ding dong, ding dong, Life's Evensong
Will ring for each of us ere long,
To sweet rest calling.

God grant, when shades of death are near,
That through the stillness we may hear
The angels singing.

A Sunday with the Famine Orphans.

As many of the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' are interested in the girls and boys who have been saved from the famines in India they shall now have the pleasure of hearing how these children spend the Sunday in that far-away land, where so few of the people have even heard the name of Jesus.

A lady who was visiting in Dhar recently has written, telling us about a Sunday she spent there. She says, 'Early in the morning, before half-past seven, we were on our way to the preaching hall; on the road we passed the girls from the Victoria Orphanage in their blue skirts and bright red saris, those who could read carrying their New Testaments and hymn-books under their arms, all looking so bright and happy, and salaaming (bowing) profusely as the Miss Sahibas (lady missionaries) and the Padri Sahib (the Rev. F. Russell, the missionary) went by.

'Arrived at the hall, we found the Christian workers and the boys already there, and soon the girls came marching in, two by two, up to the front, where they squatted on the earthen floor in true native fashion. The singing was hearty, and joined in by all present. How they sang! The singing of those one hundred Bhil girls and twenty boys is one of the impressions of Dhar which will never fade from my mind, and the echo of those resounding voices will never die out of my ears. Their Padri Sahib loves music, and he has inspired them with something of his own enthusiasm, and they sing as though they loved it. As one listened, one felt that it was genuine praise from the heart. The sermon was a preparation for the Sunday-school lesson which was taught at the close of the church service. Then followed the Sunday-school. The order followed was that of the Canadian Sunday-schools, if we except the leading in prayer by one of the girls. These girls have no hesitation in praying publicly, though they have not been taught to pray in public meetings; they do so spontaneously. It was a great surprise to the missionaries the first time they heard one of the girls pray. The missionary asked for 'someone' to lead in prayer, and to his astonishment one of the girls responded. Since then it is quite a usual thing for one or another of them to thus take part in the public services.

'Sunday-school over, they returned to their home, the new Victoria Orphanage, which their own hands helped to build, for they did all the heavy work of carrying earth, bricks, water, etc.

'These Bhil lassies are taught to work, not only to do drawn threadwork and embroidery, but also to cook, grind, draw water, wash, bake, and when occasion requires, to do the rougher part of helping to put up buildings; they also learn to read and write and do simple arithmetic. After the missionaries' breakfast the girls and boys were invited to the house for more singing. They trooped into the drawing-room, which they soon filled to overflowing. The smaller ones wedged themselves in around the organ close to the Padri Sahib, whom they dearly love. For over an hour they sang; then Mr. Russell taught them to chant the Lord's Prayer, and it was remarkable how quickly they picked up the tune, and how reverently beautiful it sounded as they softly sang it; when they had sung themselves and Mr. Russell hoarse, they went home, having been given a hymn to learn for their Sunday afternoon's work. At five o'clock we were all once more in the preaching hall, this time with a larger congregation, for many heathen occupied the back seats. The text was, 'Enter ye in at the strait gates; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.' It was a Gospel sermon. Christ's offer of pardon and life was proclaimed with no uncertain sound. Sunday after Sunday, as well as on Wednesdays, these heathens wander in from the city and the villages about, and listen to the Word faithfully and prayerfully preached. Just as the service ended a heavy shower came down, and lasted for over an hour. We stayed in the hall, and, of course, the organ was opened once more, and the hour was filled by more singing. How they did it I don't know. I think they must have been as hoarse as crows, but they kept on heartily and lustily just as long as the rain continued. A break in the downpour gave them a chance to get home, and they kilted up their skirts in Bhil fashion, and simply flew over the swampy, muddy roads, and not a moment too soon either, for before the laggards among the runners had reached the Orphanage, the rain came on again.

'Thus ended that Sunday in the Canadian mission circles in Dhar.'

The Victorian India Orphan Society commenced its work amongst these famine orphans six years ago, and the missionaries' faithful labors amongst the children have been most abundantly blessed. The majority of those now in the Orphanage are happy, consistent Christians; a number of the older girls have been married, five just recently, to Christian converts, and thus Christian homes are springing up to shed around them the light of the Gospel in that dense heathen darkness. Surely there must be many who would like to give a helping hand in this work of saving the little destitute outcasts of India for Christ; there are so many of them, and we should like to do so much more than we are now able. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, visited the Orphanage towards the close of last year, and was so much impressed by the work carried on there that he has since sent the Silver Medal of India to Dr. Margaret O'Hara, in recognition of the excellent work done among the famine sufferers, an honor rarely bestowed.

Contributions can be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, to whom all questions should be addressed. Membership fee of the Society, $1.00 a year; entire maintenance and training of a child, $17 a year.

Subscriptions from 'Northern Messenger' readers not previously reported:—Presbyterian S.S. Extension, British Columbia, $15; Y.P.M.S., La Riviere, Man., $9; Mrs. Hobman, $1; Junior C.E. Society, Tara, Ont., $17; Mrs. A. McKinnon and her son, $5; Presbyterian S.S., Sidney, Man., $8.50; Mrs. M. Henderson, $1; A Friend, Orillia, $1; Mrs. J. W. Symington, $2; 'Prosperity' Y.P.S.C.E., $2; Friend, Melita, Man., $18; A. P., Cramahe, Ont., $2; A Friend, St. Eugene, Ont., $17; Mrs. J. Dewar, $1; Gibson Mission Band, $9; Mrs. Sparks, $1; Mrs. H. Jicklings, $1; Mrs. McElrea, $1; Outremont Sunday-school, Montreal, $20.

A Missionary's Escape.

Since the death of Captain Allen Gardiner and his companions in 1851, no more remarkable event has occurred in connection with the South American Missionary Society than the almost miraculous escape and preservation of Mr. W. Barbrooke Grubb from a sudden or lingering death, which occurred just at Christmas, in the far distant region of the Paraguayan Chaco, where seven missionaries of this Society are living amidst thousands of savage Indians, 'enduring hardness' as well as perils as 'good soldiers of Jesus Christ.'

An Indian, called Poet, very intelligent, and to whom special kindness had been shown, was suspected and accused of dishonesty. He denied the charge, and appealed for proof to his own tribe. Mr. Grubb set out for their 'toldo' with him. They had to walk many miles, and as they were passing through a wood Poet lingered a little behind and shot an arrow at Mr. Grubb, which wounded him in the back and severely injured a rib and part of the lung. Poet then fled with the stores and left Mr. Grubb to die. With great difficulty the latter was able to crawl slowly along to the bank of the river, where he was recognized by a passing Indian and carried to a toldo near at hand, where he was kindly cared for during the next three or four days, while a messenger was sent a hundred miles to the mission station to bring help. This arrived as speedily as possible, and not too soon, as Mr. Grubb would have sunk from weakness; but Mr. Graham, our medical missionary, and his helper brought their wounded chief home by easy stages on horseback, and found at every toldo good Indian Samaritans ready to help the Indians' friend. Mr. Grubb is recovering that health and strength which he has for seven years expended in the cause of Christ and his Gospel, not only without stint, but with the most exemplary self-abnegation and devotion.—'Christian.'

Postal Crusade.

For papers to India, acknowledged with thanks; $5 from Mrs. McEwan; $1.50 from A Lover of Missions; $1 from A Tenth River, Cowansville; $1 from Mrs. David Killam; $1 from Mrs. J. N. Wisner; $1 from Mrs. Utting.

A letter has just come with an order for the paper, 'Post-Office Crusade,' but the thirty cents has been abstracted. I cannot be responsible for anything but postal notes or post-office orders. It has been a surprise to me that money hitherto has come as safely as it has. Sometimes fifty cents in silver is sent in an envelope. During the year, from April to April, 1902-1903, $157.00 has been sent in.

A friend of mine, a treasurer of a mission circle in Westmount, lately had $15 lost, sent to her by registered letter. Another received a letter with a bank cheque for missions. The envelope had been slit across the top. My friends please be careful to send money as safely as possible.

M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Love Found at Last.

(Hobart May, in New York 'Observer.')

'Get out of my way, Jake! What are you bothering around here for now? I'd like to know of what earthly use you are, anyway. Get out of my way, I say, and don't let me see you around here again before night,' and with a rough push, the child was forced out of the house, and the door slammed violently behind him.

Jake limped slowly away with a heavy heart, and a sorrowful, longing look in his large grey eyes. Why didn't his mother love him as other mothers loved their boys? He tried so hard to please her, and would do anything that he could to help her, but she had no patience with him, and always called him a bother.

When Jake was four years old, he had suffered from an attack of rheumatism, from which he had never recovered, but which had left him deformed, one foot being so drawn from its natural position, that he walked on the side of his ankle, and he had always been weak and sickly. This trouble, instead of making the boy dearer to his mother, who was a rough, unfeeling woman, had always aroused her anger and disgust.

'He never has earned a cent, and probably never will. I don't know what I have ever done that I should be cursed with such a son,' Jake had heard her say to one of her neighbors only the day before, and he had shrunk from the cruel words as from a blow.

As Jake moved slowly along the street, a carriage passed him, in which sat a boy of about his own age, holding the reins, while his mother leaned forward with her hand on his shoulder, talking to him with such a sweet, loving smile on her face.

'O, if my mother would only look and talk to me like that,' and the poor, lonesome child, so hungry for love and appreciation, sobbed as though his heart would break. He walked aimlessly along, not caring where he went, only desirous of getting through the day in some way, and keeping away from home until night. The June sunshine was warm and bright, and in watching the birds hopping about in the trees along the street, and peeping through the fences at the beautiful flowers, Jake was gradually forgetting his troubles. Suddenly he gave a cry of delight.

'O what beauties, and I don't believe they belong to anybody either.' In a vacant lot on the outskirts of the city, he had discovered a mass of wild roses. The sweet pink blossoms, among their green leaves, seemed to nod and beckon to him to come in, and he clambered over the broken wall, and picked as many of the flowers as he could carry.

'I wonder if I can't sell these. Jennie Vines sells flowers most every day, that ain't half as pretty as these, and if I could only take some money home to mother, maybe she wouldn't be so cross to me,' and Jake turned toward the city again, holding his treasures with gentle, loving hands. Stopping before a large, imposing building, where he saw several young ladies on the lawn, he ventured in, and walked timidly toward them.

'Won't you please buy my roses?' he asked, going up to one of the girls, whose soft brown eyes and kind expression seemed to give him courage, and holding the flowers out to her.

'O girls, aren't they lovely? Let us take them all,' she exclaimed, as she noticed the boy's lameness, and in her pity for him, wished to help him all that she could. The building that had attracted Jake was a boarding school and the girls on the lawn were students there.

'What a shame it is,' said Laura Mills, the girl who had taken the flowers, in a low voice, 'that that child can't have the care he needs. With proper treatment, his ankle might be straightened, and he could walk as well as anyone. Just think of his going through life in that way, when it isn't necessary.' Laura spoke in an undertone, not wishing Jake to hear her words, as she thought they might hurt him, but she didn't speak low enough. He heard every word. Starting forward he cried:

'Do you really mean that? Could my foot be cured so that I could walk straight, like Dick does? Then maybe mother would care for me too,' and Jake looked eagerly at Laura, fearing that her answer would blot out the bright picture.

'Yes, it could be done, but it would cost a great deal of money, more than you would be able to spend for it, I am afraid. If you could go to Dr. Lawrence, I am sure he could help you.'

'How much would it cost?' asked Jake, and he thought of the flowers he might yet find to sell.

'It would probably cost a hundred dollars,' answered Laura, but she heartily wished she had said nothing to him about it, when she saw the look of despair which settled on his face. One hundred dollars! He felt that he could never earn that amount, and the tears filled his eyes as he turned away. But Jake did not realize what good friends he had found, and the interest they all took in him.

'Can you bring us some more roses tomorrow?' asked Laura, as she slipped a shining silver dollar into his hand.

His spirits rose at sight of the money, and promising to bring the flowers the next day, he started for home with the precious dollar clasped tight in his hand, and numerous schemes for making a fortune passing rapidly through his mind. Suddenly, a new thought occurred to him. Wouldn't it be better not to tell his mother anything about his money, but to keep it to himself until he could go to the great doctor and be cured, and then when he was well and strong, he could go to her and tell her.

If she knew about it now, she would spend his money for himself, and he would never be any better, or any more deserving of her love and kindness. The next day, when he took the roses to the school, he carried back the dollar they had given him the day before, and sitting on the grass at Laura's feet, he told her his story, and asked her to keep the money for him, and all that he could earn he would bring to her until he had enough to take him to the hospital, to be cured.

Laura promised to keep the money for him, and the girls would gladly have helped him, but most of them had small supplies of spending money, and often, during that summer, they denied themselves in different ways, that they might buy Jake's flowers, and pay him well for them.

For a month Jake came to the school every day, with flowers, which he managed to procure in some way. When the roses were gone, he wandered still farther into the country, and brought back great bouquets of golden rod, and starry-eyed asters. During the latter part of July the girls often looked and waited for him in vain. His explanation always was:

'I was too sick and tired yesterday to walk so far, but I will try not to miss another day,' and the girls noticed, with troubled hearts, that he grew paler and paler, and seemed to walk more slowly and with greater pain each day that he came, but his little fortune was growing rapidly, and he was looking anxiously forward with a longing heart for the time when the required sum should be complete.

'One week more, Jake, and then I will take you to see Dr. Lawrence,' Laura said to him one Saturday morning, and the child went away in an ecstasy of delight. He wandered down to the river bank, and seeing a few faded pond lilies in the bottom of a boat, and learning that any quantity of them might be procured a little way down the river, he asked one of the fishermen, whom he knew, to let him go out in his boat with him. The man, knowing something of Jake's story, took him with him, and they returned with a boat full of the pure, white, fragrant blossoms.

Jake didn't dare take the flowers home, as he knew his mother would destroy them, so the fisherman told him he might leave them at his house until morning. He took care of his flowers, and started for home, but he was so faint and dizzy that he couldn't walk. He staggered across the yard, and lay down by the side of a hedge, which separated the fisherman's yard from the street.

When Jake opened his eyes again the sun was just rising, covering the tops of the buildings and trees with a beautiful red glow. He was stiff and cold, and when he tried to rise, found that he could scarcely stand. He dragged himself across the yard, stopping several times to lean against a tree and rest, and taking his lilies from the tub of water, he hung them over his arms, and started for the school, which was not far away. As he reached the stone steps, his strength failed and he fell with the lilies still tightly clasped in his arms. There they found him. Through the branches of the trees above him, the sunlight fell, lighting up the tangled hair and the poor sad face.

The gray eyes were wide open, as though gazing at the flowers which lay, sweet and cool, just before him. The pain and sorrow had left them, and a look of contentment and happiness filled them. He had gone to that home where he would never more long in vain for tenderness and love.

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.

A Three-Fold Cord.

(Marion Brier, in 'American Messenger.')

The prayer-meeting committee were holding their first meeting after the semi-annual election of officers and committees. They had made out a list of leaders for the next six months and two of the committee now sat back with an air of having accomplished their work and being ready for general conversation. But the chairman still looked thoughtful. 'Is there anything more?' she inquired, presently.

'Why, no; I think not,' Irma Harding replied, looking up from the book of engravings that she and Lois Sterling had commenced to look over. 'I was on the committee before, you know, and we just met and made out a list of the leaders and had the cards printed. That was all we did, except to find supplies when any of the leaders were absent.'

But Gertrude Winters did not seem satisfied. Lois noticed the two perplexed little wrinkles between her eyes, and she closed the book of engravings and leaned back in her chair. 'What is it, Gertrude?' she inquired. 'Have you some other plan?'

'No,' Gertrude answered slowly; 'I haven't; I wish I had. But it does seem to me that we ought to do something,' she went on. 'There seems to be so little interest in our society now, and there are so many of the outside young people who need help, and we are not giving it to them. Some of the young people about here are getting pretty wild, you know, and it does seem as if our society ought to help them in some way, but I've thought and thought and I don't know what is the best way to go to work to do it.'

The other two faces reflected her own thoughtfulness when she paused. 'I know it,' Irma said. 'There are a number of the boys about here who are getting into bad company and beginning to drink, I'm afraid. And so many of the girls are so silly; they don't seem to think of anything but dresses and parties and beaux. I confess that I haven't much patience with them.'

'But don't you think it is because we have all felt just that way about them, and we have been so utterly out of sympathy with them, that our society has failed to help them?' Gertrude asked reflectively.

The girls discussed the subject for some time, but could not seem to come to any decision. Finally Gertrude proposed that they all think and pray about the subject during the week, and then meet again the next Saturday evening and compare notes. The girls agreed, and went home with thoughtful faces.

So the next Saturday evening they met at Gertrude's home again.

'I know by the way Lois's eyes shine that she has a plan,' Irma explaimed as soon as they were seated. 'I move that she give her report at once; for I'm sure I haven't the ghost of an idea.'

'Neither have I,' Gertrude added with a perplexed face. 'I've thought and thought, but I'm not a bit wiser than I was a week ago. So if you can't help us, Lois, I don't see but we will have to give it up.'

Lois hesitated a little before she spoke. At last she said, 'Yes; I did think of a plan that seemed to me a good one. It was to divide our society into little "prayer circles" of three members each; and then to have each circle choose some one who needs help and promise to pray for them every day and try in every way they can to gain a good influence over them and to help them to become Christians.' Lois's cheeks flushed and her eyes shone with enthusiasm as she spoke. She was a timid girl and not at all used to taking the lead, but this plan was very dear to her.

Gertrude's face lighted up. 'I believe that is just the plan we need,' she exclaimed. 'But do you think the members will take hold of it? They seem so little interested,' she went on rather doubtfully.

But Lois's faith was too strong to admit of doubts. 'Oh, I'm sure they will,' she said confidently. 'I don't believe there is one of them but will do it. And I think we will find that they will become more interested themselves as soon as they begin to work and pray for someone else, too,' she added, softly.

So the committee went to work at dividing the society groups of three members each. Presently Irma paused in her work of writing down the names. 'Shall we put Belle Blair and Grace Willis down?' she inquired, holding her pen suspended in the air. 'They don't come to the meetings half the time, and they are just as silly as those other girls are. I don't believe they could help anybody.'

Gertrude looked up thoughtfully. 'Yes,' she said, 'put them down. I believe it will help them, whether they help anyone else or not.' So their names went down.

'Put brother Hal and me on together,' Irma said presently. 'There are so many things that we can do together. And put that boy who joined the society last month, Ernest McGill, I think his name is, on with us. I don't believe he has got acquainted with a person in the society, and he always looks so lonesome and homesick.'

At last the list was completed and at the business meeting the next week they presented the plan to the society and gave the leader of each circle the names of the two other members who were to make up the prayer circle.

There were a good many surprises during the next week in the vicinity of First Church. George Hanson was surprised when the elegant Hal Harding, who had never seemed to see him before, gave him a hearty handshake when he happened to meet him in the post-office, and then walked on down the street with him. He was still more surprised a few days later when he found himself in company with Ernest McGill spending the evening at Hal's home. Just how it came about that he was there he hardly knew; but he did know the he was enjoying himself very much.

George was a country boy who had come to the small city the year before. At home he had been a church-going boy with good habits, and was a general favorite among the young people. For the first few weeks after he reached the city he had attended church each Sunday; but it seemed to the homesick boy that that hour was the most lonesome one in all the lonesome week. Just how lonesome only those can know who have been unnoticed strangers where they expected to find a friendly welcome.

The weeks went by and George attended church less and less regularly. Meanwhile he was finding the welcome and the companionship that he had failed to find in the church among a wild, dissipated set of young men. At first he struggled against their influence, but the long, lonesome evenings with no one to speak to soon drove him back to their companionship. He began to grow hard and bitter toward the church and hastily concluded that it cared nothing for him.

So at first he was inclined to resent Hal's friendly advances as patronage. But in spite of himself he greatly enjoyed the evening at Hal's home. The music-loving boy was delighted with the duets that Lois and Hal sang, and he readily promised to bring his violin some evening and accompany the piano. 'I'll write to mother about this evening,' he reflected, as he leaned back listening to the music. 'I haven't spent many evenings lately that I wanted to tell her about.' And a shade of regret passed over his face at the thought.

Meanwhile Ernest was enjoying the evening no less than George. He had been in the city but a few weeks and was passing through the same experience of loneliness that George had, but he had not allowed it to drive him from the church. He had brought a card from his home society and had joined the Christian Endeavor Society soon after his arrival. Their little society at home had been very active and earnest and he had felt a good deal disappointed in the city society. But this evening his eyes were shining. 'And to think,' he reflected self-reproachfully, 'that I had made up my mind that there wasn't any real Christianity in the church here!'

Pretty, frivolous Sadie Warner was surprised that Wednesday evening when Belle Blair and Grace Willis came after her and coaxed her to go to prayer-meeting with them. 'Prayer-meeting!' Sadie exclaimed. 'I didn't know you girls ever went to the prayer-meeting!'

'Well, we haven't,' Belle admitted, 'but we are going now.'

Sadie looked at them curiously; but she got her hat and gloves and went with them, as she did again the next Sunday evening to the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Mary Brown, the young girl who was sewing for Mrs. Winters, was surprised when Gertrude insisted upon her laying her work aside and going for a drive with her one afternoon. That ride behind the swiftly-flying team of black horses seemed almost like a bit of heaven to the tired seamstress. She was still more surprised the next Sunday evening when Gertrude invited her to go to the Christian Endeavor meeting with her and introduced her to several of her friends there. Mary had usually slipped into church every Sunday evening, but she had hitherto felt that she was an alien in the fashionable church, and had about decided not to go any more. But as one after another grasped her hand and welcomed her that evening, she made up her mind that she would always be in her place there.

Miss Byrnes, the homesick little music-teacher, who was getting so discouraged and beginning to fear that she could never make a place for herself in the crowded, indifferent city, was surprised when Lois ran into the little room where she did light housekeeping to spend the evening.

It seemed so good to talk with someone who was interested and sympathetic, that little by little the story of disappointment and disocuragement came out. Miss Byrnes was still more surprised when two other young ladies called upon her that same week and five new pupils were added to her list. The next Sunday she went to church with a grateful, happy heart, and was again surprised at the cordial welcome she received; for she had attended church there often and had seldom been spoken to before.

But we cannot begin to tell of all the people who were pleasantly surprised that week, nor in how many cases it proved to be the beginning of a change in their lives; nor of the new earnestness and enthusiasm that the members of the society received as they worked and prayed for others.

The work went on quietly week after week and no one can tell of all that was accomplished. But anyone who had visited the formal, listless society before the movement commenced and who visited it again six months later and saw its earnest, enthusiastic members, and noticed how the room was crowded, and how many new members had been added, and how they all seemed to love their society, would know that some transforming power had been at work among them.

But those who were acquainted with the individuals were still more impressed with the changes that had occurred. George Hanson's face had lost the look of dissipation that had been creeping over it, and held instead an earnest, manly expression. He had become one of the most active members of the society, bringing to the work there the genial manner and bright social qualities that had made him a favorite with the wild set with whom he had once been so closely associated.

Trying to help another had awakened the nobler natures of Belle and Grace, and both they and Sadie were much changed. Mary Brown's once tired, discouraged face held a look of calm and peace. The hard, bitter look that was beginning to come into Miss Byrnes's face was all gone. And these were but a few among the many who had found a new meaning in life during those weeks.

Unspotted from the World.

While travelling in a coal mine district, I noticed how very dingy the town appeared. The coal dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs, everything. But as a foreman and I were walking near the mines, I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field.

'What care the owner of this plant must take of it,' said I, 'to keep it so free from dust and dirt!'

'See here,' said the foreman, and taking up a handful of coal dust, he threw it over the flower. It immediately fell off and left the flower as stainless as before.

'It has an enamel,' the foreman explained, 'which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such a place.'—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Dick's Bearskin.

(MacGregor Jenkins, in the 'Congregationalist.')

We camped on the edge of the foothills, beneath the rugged sides of the Snow Mountains. We had ridden hard for several days, bringing together the scattered cattle in order to drive part of them into sheltered inclosures for the winter. The early autumn darkness had come upon us, and all our party were gathered about the camp-fire, except two, who were taking care of the little herd a short distance from camp.

Two of us must relieve the watchers at midnight, so, with a friend, I waited by the fire after the others were asleep. The fire burned low; my friend nodded, and I knew he, too, had fallen asleep. I was fast growing drowsy when I was suddenly aroused by an unusual sound. I aroused my companion, and we listened intently. Once more it came across the prairie with the soft night wind—not from the quarter where we knew the herd to be, but far off to the south. I piled more wood, and the bright flames leaped high into the darkness. Instantly we heard the far-away cry again, unquestionably a human voice. A shot was fired from a revolver, and the sleepers rolled out of their blankets.

We gathered with the fire at our backs and peered into the darkness. We could soon shout back and forth to the wanderer, and presently we heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the long grass. Then we saw before us an indistinct figure on horseback. It stopped at some distance from our fire, and a boyish voice asked, just a bit tremulously:

'What outfit is this?'

We told him who we were and asked who he was.

'I'm Bill Nolan's boy and I'm afraid I'm lost,' he answered.

Then he urged his tired pony forward, and we saw, to our amazement, a boy of perhaps twelve years mounted upon a tiny bronco. He carried, held tightly in his arms, a little girl of five or six. She was wrapped in a bit of horse blanket, and her tear-stained face was close to her brother's shoulder.

'Careful, fellers,' he said, 'she's little and awful sleepy. All right, they'll take care of you, Bab,' he added, reassuringly, as the little girl hesitated to come to us. We lifted her tenderly down, and her brother, dismounting, led his pony close to the fire.

He was a manly-looking little fellow, clad in a rough shirt and leather leggings. Well on the back of his head was set a tattered sombrero, many sizes too large for him. We learned that he had left home early in the morning to find his father, who was camped near us. He had let his little sister climb up before him for a short ride. When he tried to leave her she had begged to go further and he had finally consented. All day they had ridden over the prairie, and so delighted was she with it all that he had to let her get down to pick the flowering grasses. In this way they were delayed, and in the dusk had gone astray. Long had he hunted in the darkness for his father's camp. The little girl soon became alarmed, and in spite of her brother's efforts to comfort her, sobbed bitterly. Finally, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep in his arms. Burdened in this way, and not a little alarmed himself, he had journeyed on until he had seen our fire.

While the hungry boy ate the supper hastily prepared for him he made anxious inquiries for his father. He had left home some days before to cut a load of timber in a wooded ravine above in the mountains. His absence had extended a number of days beyond the time set on his departure, and those at home were anxious. So Dick had set out to find him and, at the last moment, had taken Bab with him. He knew well where his father was camped, but in the darkness had failed to find him. He was determined to push on at once after him.

Only the day before I had passed Nolan's camp in a ravine a short distance away, and I offered to pilot Dick to it. Leaving Bab sleeping peacefully in a roll of blankets, we started out. Before we reached the ravine it began to rain, and as we turned up into it from the grass grown lowlands we could hardly thread our way along. Presently we came to a little clearing, where we saw a waggon indistinct in the darkness and heard the startled neigh of a horse. There was no light and no sign of the man I had seen only the day before. We rode into the little clearing and called. Only the echoes answered, and, far off in the woods, the hooting of an owl.

Dick took my lantern and went toward the waggon. Both horses were securely tied to it. We found the bed of hemlock boughs carefully spread under a bit of canvas. We dug away the moist ashes from the fire only to find it cold and lifeless within. A bucket of water stood near, and a bit of bacon lay ready to be cooked.

After our investigations were completed, Dick turned to me, and, with trembling voice, said: 'He hasn't been here all day. He must be hurt.'

We shouted again and again to no purpose. We were chilled by the rain and we knew a search in the dark would be fruitless, so we kindled a fire and waited for morning. I must have fallen asleep and slept very soundly, for when I woke it was just dawn. Dick had saddled both our horses and had coffee ready. We ate our scanty breakfast and Dick told me his plans. He thought that his father had met with some accident which had disabled him, and that we would find him between the camp and the place where he had been cutting the timber. This seemed to me likely, and we started out, Dick taking his father's rifle with him.

We found a distinct trail and followed it up into the mountains. Crossing a stream, I suggested that we each follow up one bank, keeping within hailing distance of each other. I had gone hardly half a mile when, glancing back, I saw Dick in a small clearing. Something interested him. He had dismounted, and his pony stood with bridle reins on the ground. I was above Dick at an abrupt point, and, as I looked down, all at once my little friend became the central figure in an exciting tableau.

Some distance ahead of him, at the foot of a great tree, stood a grizzly bear of considerable size. I could distinguish a great wound on his shoulder and what looked like a broken ax on the ground. High up in the tree was the discomfited Nolan, unconscious of our approach and watching

his jailer, who stood guard below. I was too far off to be of any assistance. I could only watch Dick and wonder at his courage. Silently he crept near the bear. When within close range he knelt down and took careful aim. There was a loud report and a snarl from the bear. Dick had not missed his mark, but had failed to reach a vital point.

Bruin turned one longing gaze at his captive in the tree-top and then dashed down the incline toward Dick. I could not but think that Dick would lose courage. But I was vastly more frightened than he. He had jumped to his feet after firing his first shot, but when he saw the bear coming toward him he knelt once more and waited. Nolan dropped from the tree, and seizing the broken axe watched the boy's heroism. When his enemy was only a few rods distant Dick fired once more. The bear fell, rolled over, and staggering again to his feet made one last rush toward the unflinching lad. He let the bear come within a few yards and once more took aim. It seemed to me he never was going to fire, but at last the report rang out, and the bear fell limp and dead almost at his feet.

The next instant Nolan had his boy in his arms. Dick was pale and weak, but the proudest boy I ever saw. He did not seem to rejoice nearly as much in his own safety as he did in finding his father well and unhurt. The little drama he had acted in so nobly was very short after all. I reached the scene just as father and son met.

We learned of Nolan's being attacked by the bear whom hunger had driven down from the mountains, of his effort to defend himself with his axe, and of his subsequent vigil in the tree-top. Late in the afternoon we all reached our camp, and Dick proudly showed my companions his prize—a giant bearskin. He told Bab it should be hers, and this generous offer enhanced if possible her high opinion of her 'big' brother.

After this we saw much of Dick. During the following winter he came to our ranch to study, for, he said, 'I want to know more than how to shoot a rifle.' He had known only the wild, free life of his father's ranch, but we soon learned he was a manly little gentleman. He won our hearts, and we were as proud of Bab's big brother and his bearskin as Bab herself.

Boniface Outwitted.

An enterprising publican in the East End of London gave a treat to the children of his regular customers. At the close of the proceedings a speech was made in praise of the host, and the pianist struck up the strains of the familiar song, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'

But many of the children belonged to a Band of Hope, where they had learnt to sing some very different words to the tune. Judge of the consternation of the publican as he listened to the words:

'Shut up your public-houses,
Shut up your public-houses,
Shut up your public-houses;
We don't want any of them.'

The children sang lustily, and Boniface was heard to mutter something about 'ungrateful brats!' But it was plain that the arrow had gone home.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Girl on the Train.

(Minna Stanwood, in the 'Wellspring.')

She was going West to spend the summer with friends in Iowa. She had on a trim travelling suit and a becoming hat; she carried a stylish suit case and a couple of magazines. She seated herself comfortably, after her father and mother and sisters had left her, and began to notice her fellow-passengers. There were the usual number of elderly lone women, looking more or less at ease, a sprinkling of summer girls, a fraction of a sprinkling of summer boys, mothers with small children, and, oh, well, the ordinary make-up of a summer train.

But, stay, across the aisle was a young man reading a book. He appeared to be absorbed in the book, and the Girl took the chance to observe him closely. He was up-to-date as to clothes and travelling accessories, and appeared alert and capable. He still seemed absorbed, and the Girl, who had no brothers and admired all men for her good father's sake, began to speculate about him. First she gave him a name, a high-sounding one. Next she made him rich and well-bred. Then she would have him educated, intellectual, and successful. He was probably on a business trip now which involved large interests. Finally, she made him high-principled and noble—in short, a Christian gentleman. But just then her wandering thoughts were interrupted, for 'the gentleman' looked up suddenly, caught the Girl's eye, and raised his hat. It was done so courteously, so deferentially, that the Girl did not like to resent the liberty, and, indeed, she was confused, and, well—she bowed in return.

Instantly she was ashamed and frightened, and she turned her head away to look out of the window. Reproachful, agitated thoughts crowded her brain. Why did she bow? She had done wrong. How grieved, how shocked, her mother would be! She must be more careful in the future and not stare at strange men. And now the first flush of surprise at herself was over. Presently the Girl began to excuse her conduct. She had really done no harm, she reflected, and, besides, she knew several nice girls who encouraged attentions from strangers, 'just for fun.' But she had no intention of doing such a thing. Certainly not. But she was sure, oh, vanity of vanities! she was sure that she had seen admiration in the man's eyes. A smile crept over the Girl's face, and she fell to day-dreaming. She recalled romantic situations she had read of, in which charming girls had captivated the fancy of disguised princes and dukes. And 'the gentleman' looked swell enough to be a prince at the very least. She was entranced in her tenth-rate-novel plot when somebody took the vacant seat beside her. It was 'the gentleman.'

Who shall reckon with the powers of evil? Who can write the full history of one vagrant thought? The Girl was so interested that she did not even know when they reached Springfield. She had intended to notice when the train stopped there, for a certain reason. But it now happened that she did not see a young man on the platform, or know that he stepped aboard her car and walked down the aisle and took a seat behind her. She did not know that he sat there looking at her and at 'the gentleman,' mystified. That he grew provoked, scornful, and that when he overheard a bit of their forced and foolish conversation he arose, muttering a shameful word under his breath. It was 'Flirt!'

For weeks he had planned this little surprise for the Girl. He had known her in her home, in her church, in the quiet social life of the pleasant town, and he had admired her and believed her to be all that a girl should be. When business caused him to remove to Springfield, he had sincere regret at leaving this girl, and he had cherished the thought of her as a pure and very precious thing. Now he went down the aisle, and dropped his box of chocolates into the lap of a fretful child, and laid his roses by the side of an old lady with a draggled widow's veil over her bonnet.

At Pittsfield, he swung off the train, lonely and bitterly disappointed. In his heart he put many savage adjectives before the name of the Girl. For he did not know that the Girl had learned her lesson; that her high-woven fabrication of princes and princesses, of coronets and castles, had suddenly tumbled to pieces when 'the gentleman' asked her to leave the train with him and go to the theatre. That with the reasserted dignity of pure girlhood she had turned sternly upon the 'gentleman' and bidden him leave the seat and never, never dare speak to her again. He did not know that the Girl, in deepest mortification, resolved never again to give any strange man the right to insult her. He did not know that in sincerest repentance she asked God to forgive her error. He never knew that her heart went out from that day to other vain girls as it never had before, or that her warning voice stopped many a silly one on the brink of entanglement.

As for the Girl, she often wondered why the young man with whom she had had such a sincere friendship did not answer the letter she wrote him from Iowa. She never knew that for the 'fun' of a few minutes she had sacrificed the respect of an honorable man.

Care of Books.

The University of Paris has left on record a noteworthy example. The librarian would not lend a book even to Louis IX. unless he left same valuable in pledge for its return, and gave a bond to one of his chief ministers that 'its return should duly take place when he had finished it.' Would there were some such rules protecting private collections to-day! Surely we might all profit by this admonition frequently seen in books of the colonial days: 'Read Slowly, Pause Frequently, Think Seriously, Finger Lightly, Keep Cleanly, Return Duly, with the Corners of the Leaves Not Turned Down.'—'Harper's Bazar.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Headless Doll.

One day when Belle Gray was on her way to the High School, she saw a little girl about four years old, sitting on the steps of a small house, holding in her arms the body of a large doll. One arm was gone as well as the head, and it had no clothes on; but the little girl was kissing and talking to it.

Belle stopped to look at her, and laughed.

'What a doll!' she said. 'You must like dolls if you can play with that thing without a head.'

The little girl looked at her a moment, and then, bursting into tears, ran into the house.

Belle was sorry she had said anything. She thought of the little girl a great deal that morning. On her way home at noon she stopped at a toy store and bought a doll's head with long, curling hair.

In a trunk at home were a great many doll's clothes that Belle had put away. She took the best of these, and packed a little trunk with them.

On her way to school she stopped at the little frame house, and asked to see the little girl. But she was asleep. There she lay on a bed in a corner, with her cheeks stained with tears. The doll was beside her.

'She cried herself to sleep,' said the mother. 'Her heart was almost broken when she found out that her doll was not pretty, after all. It is the first doll she ever had. I found it in a bag of rags given me by a lady for whom I wash every Monday.'

Belle took the poor ugly kid body up, and in two minutes it had a handsome head on. It was dressed in a pretty lawn, with a ribbon sash, and a white apron trimmed with lace.

Then Belle put the doll on the bed again, close to the little girl's hand. And we can all fancy how happy that little girl was when she waked up.—'Little One's Annual.'

How Bobbie Helped.

(From the 'Children's Missionary Magazine.')

They were two as pretty little chatterboxes as one could wish for, and dressed in light-grey, with red trimmings, they looked so nice, it was no wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Missionary were so fond of them. They were not really the children of these people, but two little waifs bought by them in a far-off Congo village. In this village it was a very common occurrence for children to be brought to the missionaries with a request that they buy them. These two little ones had been found nestled in some rocks, had been taken from father, mother, sisters and brothers by a native of the country, and brought many miles down the river to the home of the missionaries. One they named 'Bobbie' and the other one was so tiny and had such cunning ways that she was always called 'Baby.' Their ages were not known, but they seemed very young and did not talk for some months after they came to Mr. Missionary.

Now, Mrs. Missionary was very ill, and it was decided that she must go home, where she could have good treatment from a physician, but she did not wish to go and leave the boys and girls in her school; she loved them very dearly, and it was a pleasure to teach them of the Saviour. Then there were 'Bobbie' and 'Baby,' dear little things, she would be sorry to leave them, too. 'But why leave them?' suggested Mr. Missionary. 'We cannot take our school children, but we might take these two little ones.'

So it was decided, and when Mr. and Mrs. Missionary left for home, 'Bobbie' and 'Baby' went with them. It was a long, tiresome voyage, but the little ones won all hearts on board the steamer, quite a number of people wanting to relieve the Missionaries of their care and promising fine homes and the best of care for them. Every pleasant day they were taken on deck for an airing, and were praised and flattered so much that it was a wonder they were not spoilt.

Among the passengers was an old gentleman, very haughty and proud, and said to be immensely wealthy. He had very little to say to any of the other passengers, but several times when 'Bobbie' and 'Baby' were on deck he had stopped and spoken to them, and 'Bobbie' always said 'Hello' when he saw him coming, but 'Baby' (who did not make friends as quickly as 'Bobbie') would never speak to him.

One day—a foggy, disagreeable day—when no one knew what to do to pass away the time, some one suggested that Mr. Missionary should tell them a little about Africa. He was always willing to tell people the story of these poor Congo people, so he told them of the country and of the people there who know nothing of a loving Saviour. He told them of the little children there who are sold into slavery. He told them of the horrid cannibal feasts held there, and

the strange customs practised by the natives; then he told them of a little band of men and women labouring at Luebo and Ibanj among these poor heathen, and of the good which, through God, had been accomplished; of the happy faces of the people round about there, now that they had 'God's Palaver,' as they called it. Then he told them of the thousands upon thousands crying for evangelists to come and teach them, but there were just a few there to do the work and no money at home in the treasury to send out helpers.

When he had finished, the old gentleman pushed back his chair, and with a frown on his face, muttered, 'Plenty of heathen at home, no need to go to Africa,' forgetting that Christ's command was to go into *all* the world.

Another day, just the day before they landed, Mrs. Missionary and the two little ones were on deck. 'Bobbie,' as usual, perched on the arm of her chair, his favourite position, while 'Baby' nestled in Mr. Missionary's arms. It was a lovely day; everybody was feeling happy, for the captain had just announced they would probably be in port in the morning; even the old gentleman had thawed out, and pushing his chair up nearer to 'Bobbie,' commenced to talk to him. As soon as he did so, the little rascal shouted at the top of his voice, 'Hello, plenty of heathen here!' It was too much for the old man's dignity; he laughed so heartily that the tears ran down his face, and Mrs. Missionary could not refrain from laughing, too. Their laugh brought on a conversation between the two, and many questions of the old man in relation to her life in Congo were answered by Mrs. Missionary. 'Madam,' he said, 'I will give you £20 for 'Bobbie.' What! sell one of the children! How could she do so? But £20 would educate a boy or girl in Congo land, so they could help their fellow creatures to know the Saviour; she would think about it, talk with her husband, and let him know in the morning.

It was decided to let 'Bobbie' go, and in the morning the old man gave Mrs. Missionary a cheque and 'Bobbie' became his. As he handed her the check he also gave her a sealed envelope, and told her not to open it till she reached home. She put it in her satchel, and in the excitement of meeting the loved ones at home it was forgotten for some time. Letters came, from time to time, from the friends in Congo land, always with the same cry, 'We need men and women here to help us;' and there was always the same cry at home: 'No money for foreign missions; it must go for pleasure,' and the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Missionary and of many others, too, were saddened by the indifference of many to the grand work of saving souls, and they prayed that some heart might be touched to give toward this cause.

It occurred to Mrs. Missionary one day that she would write to the old gentleman and inquire of 'Bobbie;' then she remembered the envelope in the satchel; perhaps it contained the old man's address. So she opened the envelope, and what do you think she saw? Just a folded paper, on which was written: 'Plenty heathen in America; the biggest one begs you will accept this for your work in Congo,' and inside was a cheque for £200. With tears in her eyes, she knelt and thanked God for this gift. Then, finding his business address on the letterhead, she sat down and wrote the old gentleman a letter. He quickly answered her and told her of his love for 'Bobbie;' but, better still, of his love for the work in the foreign field, and it was his desire to pay all the expenses and salary of an outgoing missionary. 'Bobbie' still whistles, sings and talks, the merriest, happiest *little gray parrot* you ever saw.

Ted's Conscience.

One day Ted's mother gave him two slices of buttered bread, telling him to give one of them to his little sister. He carried out the order. That night, when he went to bed, he was evidently disturbed in his mind, and remorseful about something, and his mother questioned him in a way to bring out the truth. 'I—I wasn't nice to Peggy about that bread and butter,' he owned. 'Why,' asked his mother. 'Did you take the bigger piece?' 'No,' he answered; 'hers was a little bigger than my piece was, but mine was a good deal butterer!'—'Child's Hour.'

Upwards.

'A rich man,' says Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, 'was showing a friend through his house, and, after scaling a high tower, pointed in a northerly direction, and said:

'"As far as your eye can reach that is all mine."

'"Is that so?" said the friend.

'"Yes. Now turn this way; that is also mine."

'"Indeed?" said the friend.

'"Now look southerly—that is all mine, and westerly, that is mine also—in fact, on all four points of the compass, as far as the eye can reach, it is all mine."

'His friend, looking at him, paused and said:

'"Yes; I see you have land on all four quarters, but," pointing his finger upwards, "what have you in that direction?"

'The rich man was unable to answer.

'How many there are who are rich in this world's goods, but poor in the inheritance of life eternal.'

Thoughts for Little Folk.

When a child is patient and persevering, and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will get on in life.

If he is in a hurry to spend each penny as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift.

If he is obedient to his parents, he has the promise that his 'days shall be long in the land.'

If he is lazy and indifferent, and neglects his duties, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him.

If he loves his Bible, and his Church, and his Sunday-school, he will be good and useful, and occupy an honorable position among men.

Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, careful, generous, and good? Are you trying to be?—'Early Days.'

LESSON VIII.—MAY 24.

Acts xxvi., 19-29.

Golden Text.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts xxvi., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 18.—Acts xxvi., 9-32.
Tuesday, May 19.—Acts xxv., 1-12.
Wednesday, May 20.—Acts xxv., 13-22.
Thursday, May 21.—Acts xxv., 23; xxvi., 7.
Friday, May 22.—Acts xxvi., 8-18.
Saturday, May 23.—Acts ix., 1-9.
Sunday, May 24.—Acts ix., 10-22.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

19. Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision:

20. But showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

21. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

22. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come;

23. That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles.

24. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice: Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

25. But he said: I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

26. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

27. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

28. Then Agrippa said unto Paul: Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

29. And Paul said: I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

Paul remained a prisoner at Cesarea two years, until Felix the governor was succeeded by Porcius Festus. Three days after Festus came into his office he went up to Jerusalem, and the leading Jews at once saw him and sought to have Paul brought up to that city, their plan being to waylay and kill him. The new governor effectually checked these plans by announcing that the Apostle would be kept in Cesarea, that he himself was soon to return there, and that, if they had any charges to bring against Paul, some of their number should go back with him and make their accusation. The Jews accepted this suggestion, and certain of them went with Festus, and made many charges against him, 'which they could not prove,' and which Paul denied. Festus was, however, willing to favor the Jews somewhat, and asked Paul if he would return to Jerusalem for trial, but Paul appealed to Caesar. As a Roman citizen he had a right to make this appeal, and Festus declared that he should go as he desired. Shortly after this Festus was visited by King Agrippa and his wife Bernice. This was Herod Agrippa II., the brother-in-law of Festus. His capital was Cesarea Philippi, not to be confused with the Cesarea where Paul was now a prisoner. He had authority to appoint the high priest and is said to have incurred the ill-will of the Jews by his fickle exercise of this power. He sided with the Romans in the war that saw the close of Jewish national life, and died finally at Rome in the fifty-third year after he became king.

Festus, the new governor, was a better man than Felix, and, though his rule was brief, he exercised his authority wisely and justly. He sought the advice of Arippa, explaining that the charges against Paul concerned questions of Jewish belief, and were not such as concerned his relation to the state, yet Paul had appealed to Caesar. What, therefore, was Festus to write to the Emperor concerning a charge against his prisoner?

So far as Agrippa had any religion he was a Jew, and, when Festus had thus laid Paul's case before him, he desired to hear the latter for himself. So the next day, with great pomp, the king, his wife, the governor, the soldiers and the chief men of the city, entered the judgment hall, and at the command of Festus, Paul was brought in, with his shackles upon him. Paul expresses his satisfaction at being permitted to speak before the king, who was fully informed in Jewish customs and questions. He then shows how inconsistent is the case against him, and outlines his religious life. The events of this lesson occurred A.D. 59 or 60, at Cesarea, the capital of the Roman province of Judea. Though we have only a portion of Paul's address in this lesson, it is possible to subdivide it for purposes of study.

1. Paul's obedience to the Call. Verses 19-21.

2. His Preaching was Scriptural. 22, 23.

3. Festus Interrupts Paul. 24.

4. Paul's Reply. 25, 26.

5. Paul and Agrippa. 27-29.

Paul has just described his conversion and related what the Lord spoke to him on that eventful day, years before, when he was on his way to Damascus. He has told that he was commanded to preach to the Gentiles, and now tells King Agrippa that he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but that he has proclaimed the Gospel at Damascus, at Jerusalem, in Judea and among the Gentiles. He indicates also what he preached: That men should turn to God, and that they should 'do works meet for repentance.' He does not go into detail and say that he taught that men could come to God only through Christ, the Mediator. Paul was a preacher of Christ, not of merely good morals and good works. The good works he mentions last, as you notice, indicating that they were the fruits of a Christian life.

'For these causes' the Jews sought to kill him. In the first place, he called upon the self-righteous Pharisees to repent, thus offending their pride, and then, as we have seen, he preached to the Gentiles, thus arousing the fanatical hatred of his own race. In our lessons during the first quarter we learned that Paul met Jewish opposition also when among the Gentiles.

How was it possible that Paul could endure what he had passed through, and escape all the dangers that had beset him? He answers this question that might naturally rise in the minds of his audience by saying, to quote the Revised Version, 'Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day, testifying both to small and great,' etc. The Apostle now proceeds to show that he had said nothing except what Moses and the prophets said should come. They had foretold the coming of the Messiah, and Paul had showed how Christ fulfilled these prophecies. It had been prophesied that he must suffer and be the first to rise from the dead, and show light to the people and unto the Gentiles. In Isaiah xlix., 6, as an example, we read, 'I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.'

At this point the governor exclaimed in a loud voice, interrupting the Apostle, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.' The idea of the resurrection and the spread of spiritual truth among the Gentiles was more than Festus could comprehend. In astonishment and perhaps disgust at what seemed to him a fanatical faith, he broke in upon the Apostle in this way. By much learning Festus perhaps meant a constant pondering over the Scriptures. The more literal rendering of 'much learning' is 'many writings.' Paul had just been referring to the writings of Moses and the prophets.

The Apostle does not make a countercharge, but in a dignified way answers, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.' He then calls the attention of Festus to the fact that the king at his side knew of these things. This was, whether intentional or not, a good way of preventing further interruption from Festus. King Agrippa was learned in all matters pertaining to the Jews, and could therefore vouch for the correctness of the Apostle's statements of facts, whether he understood their spiritual significance or not. The words of Christ and the great facts of his life were talked of all over the country, by both the friends and enemies of the Saviour. Now he turns to the king himself and puts a question to him, as though to further corroborate his statements. The king was asked directly if he believed the prophets. Then, knowing what his answer would be, and wishing perhaps to avoid a further interruption, Paul answers for the king, 'I know that thou believest.' Immediately the force of Paul's argument strikes Agrippa, as it would seem, and he exclaims that he is almost persuaded to become a Christian. Paul's answer would indicate that he took Agrippa's answer literally. 'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.'

Paul was standing in chains, yet, except that those before him were free, he saw nothing to desire in their position, wealth, or power. Knowing the joys of a true Christian, he rather longed that his auditors might experience the spiritual joy and peace that were his. He looked upon the king, but remembered that for himself there was an incorruptible crown laid up, which he should enjoy eternally.

Paul's address was thus closed, and at once King Agrippa, the governor and others went aside to consider the case. It was decided that Paul had done nothing worthy of death or bonds, and that he might have been liberated had he not appealed to Caesar. Now, however, he must go to Rome. Thus the very hatred of his enemies, and their persecutions were bringing about the fulfillment of the promise that he should go to Rome, and were aiding the Apostle to spread the Gospel more than ever.

Next week we take up the first fourteen verses of the 8th chapter of Romans.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, May 24.—Topic—Power and Prayer. Acts i., 13, 14; ii., 1-4, 41.

Junior C. E. Topic

JESUS' TEACHINGS ON PRAYER.

Monday, May 18.—Praying alone. Matt. vi., 6.

Tuesday, May 19.—Praying with others. Matt. xviii., 19, 20.

Wednesday, May 20.—Praying boldly. Heb. iv., 16.

Thursday, May 21.—Praying humbly. Luke xxii., 42.

Friday, May 22.—Praying in sorrow. Ps. cxlii., 1, 2.

Saturday, May 23.—Praying constantly. I. Thess. v., 17.

Sunday, May 24.—Topic—What Jesus teaches me about prayer. Matt. vi., 9-13; vii., 7-11: Mark xiv., 38.

Temperance

A Fight Against Odds.

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

CHAPTER I.

The Kilgour family were seated around the dinner table. The dining-room was a picture of cosy comfort, and the dinner of crisp bacon, mashed potatoes and early asparagus had evidently been enjoyed. As Mrs. Kilgour is dispensing the dessert of rhubarb pie she wonders aloud why Claude is so late.

Mr. Kilgour, leaning back in his chair, looks happy and satisfied. He wears the uniform of a railway conductor. His train, the Wabash flier, starts east at 1.48 p.m., and he does not get home until 2.20 a.m., so this dinner is really his breakfast, for he does not rise until eleven o'clock. A portly, handsome fellow, with pleasant blue eyes, he looks almost as young as his eldest son, Ralph, seated at his left.

Ralph is a square-jawed, resolute, rather solemn-faced youth who appears several years older than his actual age—barely twenty-one. On a guess you might venture him to be either a Methodist theological student or a speculative devotee of philosophy. In actual truth Ralph is a rising sport—the pet, intimate and confidant of the racing and gambling set of a decidedly fast and sporty border town. Underneath his quiet and rather heavy-set exterior rests a dominant and peculiarly winning personality, which makes him a favorite with men of all classes, while a certain will power and strong common sense steer him clear of the pitfalls among which he daily treads. Strange to say, though in close and constant companionship with men addicted to all the vices of the 'horsey' type, Ralph does not drink because 'that sort of thing is so beastly disgusting, don't you know.' He does not smoke because he cannot bear tobacco—'makes me sick as a dog.' He does not gamble because he 'can't afford it. It's the ruination of good sport, anyhow.'

Perhaps Ralph Kilgour's example had done more to ruin certain of the soft-headed youth of Riverton than that of any ten weaker men, for in attempting to follow his dangerous leadership along the path that he trod with such robust confidence, they found, to their sorrow, that out of a thousand there was but one Kilgour.

Beside Ralph sits the daughter of the household, a winsome girl with chestnut hair, wonderful eye-lashes shading lovely brown eyes, and a skin like a pink rose-petal. There is nothing remarkable about Alice save her dainty beauty and a social ambition which has cost her many a heartache. How could she dream that there were keener pangs in store for her than the snubs of a banker's daughter or the cold recognition of lawyer Lireby's angular young wife?

Willie is a wiry, skinny, eel-like youth of seventeen, with a screwed-up face, twinkling brown eyes like his mother's, and a certain sweet, engaging personality. He is just now very much in love with Dr. Meredith's daughter, an estimable young lady some eight years Willie's senior.

All eyes are turned as the hall door is banged open and a small boy dashes in, calling, 'Is everything eaten up, mamma?'

Claude is well worth a second glance, for a handsomer, finer looking lad is seldom to be seen. His boyish young form is as straight as an arrow. Even at the immature age of twelve, his wonderful chest and shoulders, narrow hips, and tapering feet give promise of almost perfect manly symmetry. A noble head crowned with a wealth of short yellow curls (which Claude hates), a high forehead, great blue eyes with extreme beauty of feature and coloring make Claude a mark whithersoever his handsome limbs may carry him. He is, indeed, known in his native town as the 'Infant Apollo,' a title bestowed upon him by a Detroit paper in describing his prowess at a small boy's international running-match held a few years earlier.

Claude is a good and a gifted boy, the ecstatic pride and joy of his own family, scarcely less so of his teachers and associates. He is head-boy in the second form of the collegiate. He is soprano soloist in the vested choir of Little Trinity. He is his Sunday-school teacher's darling, and his boy-friends' hero.

The Kilgours are not a religious family, nor yet one of exalted moral ideals. They take pride in being square and upright in all their dealings, and in a respectability amounting to a certain style and position in their little city. The children have always attended Little Trinity Sunday-school, and the boys have all belonged, as a matter of course, to the Trinity Boys' Brigade, graduating as they grew old enough into the ranks of the Frontier Fusiliers. Ralph had been of the gallant Riverton Sixteen who had gone to South Africa with the first contingent, where he had distinguished himself for conspicuous bravery at Paardeburg, and since his return he had been granted the rank of lieutenant.

'Well, I must be off,' remarked Mr. Kilgour, at last rising from the table.

'Take care of yourself, Will,' said his wife, lovingly. 'Have they dismissed that drunken engineer yet? Why don't you report him?'

'Come, now, Nellie, you wouldn't want me to be the means of firing the poor wretch?' laughed Kilgour as he kissed his wife's cheek and pressed it to his for a brief moment.

'Good-bye, Allie, dear,' kissing his daughter, 'I've got you that pass, and you can start on your jaunt as soon as Wednesday.'

'Good-bye, my dear boys. Be good lads,' and he shook hands with them each, running his fingers through Claude's bright locks.

What instinct was it that made them all, even to Ralph, follow their father to the porch, and kept them everyone watching his gay footsteps till he disappeared round the corner of Brossoit avenue? They could not know that this was the last time they would ever see their bonny, noble-hearted protector alive.

Ere noon on the morrow the agonized wife and children were crouched around the closed coffin holding the mangled remains of what had once been husband and father.

In one other home in the little city, two old heart-broken parents and a stricken sister were weeping for the untimely taking away of an only son and brother. Walter Gray had been fireman on the ill-fated Number Five, and was the only support of aged parents and invalid sister.

In St. Thomas two other households were plunged into grief that cannot be told.

And the cause of this woeful desolation?

'The engineer was intoxicated!'

It is but a fortnight later, and again we find the now sad-faced little group gathered about the dinner-table. As they try to swallow the appetizing fare before them, each thinks of the jolly feasts of by-gone days, and the food chokes them.

Finally Ralph pushes away his plate, and speaks: 'It's like this, mother, the insurance, with what is in the bank, amounts in all to barely $4,000. The question is, shall we take $2,200 and pay off the mortgage at once or let it run on the remainder of the term, or sell out and rent elsewhere?'

'Don't let our home go!' they all spoke in chorus. 'Dear father took such pride in the place.'

'We're all agreed, I guess, on that point. Well, mother, shall we pay up at once, or let it run? We're paying Morton six per cent, and until we can see our way clear to a safe investment, that almost swallows up the bank interest on our entire resources.'

'O Ralph, dear, it wrenches my very heart-strings to think of letting your father's home go, but don't you think it an undue extravagance for us to keep a handsome little property like this in our present circumstances? We could live very comfortably indeed in a much less pretentious house and neighborhood.'

The boys gathered round their mother.

'No, indeed, mother darling, as long as we fellows live you'll never leave the home which father intended as a gift to you on your silver wedding.'

(To be Continued.)

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

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

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

The following are the contents of the issue of May 2, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Manchurian Embroglio—'Evening Post,' New York.
Sir George Kekewich on the Education Bill—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Marconi at Cape Cod—The 'Morning Leader,' London.
In Reply to British Criticism of Australia—'Review of Reviews' for Australasia.
Death of a Powerful Chinese Statesman—'The Standard,' London.
Trans-Isthmian Canal—Canada's Position—The 'Morning Post,' London.
The Child's Wish—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Illustrious Order of Servant Girls—'The Telegraph,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Sir Hubert Parry on Music of the Seventeenth Century—New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'
What a Painter Admires in a Painting—'The Literary Digest.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Lament for the Little Boats—Poem, by Caroline Duer, in the 'Mariners' Advocate.'
Where Lies the Land?—Poem, by Arthur H. Clough.
Something in the City—Poem, by F. R. S., in the Westminster Budget.'
Longfellowniously Obtained—J. T. Trowbridge, in the 'Atlantic Monthly.'
Only a Railway Train—By A. G. Hales, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Gulliver the Second—'Public Opinion,' London.
Miss Yonge—'The Pilot,' London.
'Tam'—By J. J. Bell, author of 'Wee MacGreegor,' in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Canon Scott-Holland on Joy—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'
Bret Harte—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Reasonable Service—'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Much-Talked-of Book—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Ahrensmeyer, the Mind Reader—By A. G. Hales, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Telepathy Once More—'The Nation,' New York.
Our Place in the Universe—By Sir Oliver Lodge, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
The Flamboyant Period in Cookery—By Mrs. Pennell, in 'The Cornhill,' London.
A Discouraging Experience with a Universal Language—'Evening Post,' New York.
The late Quintin Hogg—'The Commonwealth,' London.

Correspondence

Swan Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian church and to the Union Sunday-school. There are eight of us in my class. I go to day school, and am in the second book. Swan Lake is quite a lively place, and it is growing fast. In winter my brother and I hitch 'Sancho' in the sleigh, and he pulls us down the hill; when a team comes he barks at it, and sometimes he gets away and runs home. We have an Indian school on the Reserve near us; they have a teacher, and a great many Indians are learning to read and write, and the older ones are learning to farm. We live on a hill, and it is very pretty in summer time, as there is such a nice view. My birthday is on Sept. 20. JEAN K. I. H.

Sombra, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Clay creek flows through our farm. It flows in front of our house, so we need a bridge. I must tell you about our flood. One Monday morning we woke up and the creek had risen to the gate and inside the fence in some places. It was over the road in front of our place. We could not get out for quite a few days, and when we did get out we had to cross in a canoe until we made a small bridge. I forgot to tell you that we saw the big bridge go away in the morning; we have got a big bridge now. For pets I have two cats, Tiny and Zelisia, a bird named Sweet, and a white dog named Cute. I am in the junior fourth class at school. We belong to the English church. My birthday is on June 14.

VIRGINIA ALFREDA Y. (age 12).

Elkhorn, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little town near the western boundary of Manitoba, on the C.P.R. main line. The C.P.R. are going to make a great many improvements on the railway this summer. They are going to build a round-house, a new station and make some more switches. We have a large Indian home in our town, which holds about a hundred scholars. I am not going to school this summer, for I am herding the cattle. I am in the fourth book. The country around Elkhorn is a very good place for farming. Most of the farmers have half a section of land and lots of cattle.

DAVID JAMES E.

Cardigan, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. We live about eighteen miles from the city of Fredericton. Cardigan is a small settlement. Besides the farm houses, there are two churches, Methodist and Baptist, and a schoolhouse.. I have three cousins, two of whom are twins, seven years old. I can hardly tell them apart sometimes. Their names are May and Oney.

H. VICTORIA E.

New Liskeard, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm about fifteen miles from New Liskeard, and the mail is sent up to a post-office near us (lately started) once a week, so we don't get our mail very often. We have been up in this country since last fall. I think it is very nice living up here in the woods, the trees are so nice and green. The kind of wood is mostly spruce, cedar, tamarac, birch, balsam and some others. There are a few wild animals up here, such as lynxes, bears, wolves and deer, but they will not hurt anyone unless they are attacked. Our nearest neighbor is just across the road. We live about two miles and a half from the White river.

BEATRICE EDWARDS (age 11).

New Boston, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—My father has lately returned from California, and he brought many curiosities home with him. I go to Sunday-school and day-school. Our school house was burnt down on Feb. 18, 1900; the new house is much nicer. New Boston is not very large. There are two railways going through New Boston, the Santa Fé and North-Western. I noticed one little girl that has written a letter said her birthday was on April 12. I wonder if anyone's is the same as mine, April 10.

BESSIE B. (age 12).

Milberta, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a bush farm four and a half miles from Milberta, which is quite a village. Our house is on the banks of the Armstrong river, and in the summer we catch speckled trout twelve inches long in it. There are also a great many moose, deer, bears, wolves, wild cats, rabbits, beavers and partridges, and quite a variety of fish. I would like to know if I can correspond with anybody through your paper.

SARAH L. W.

(No; but you may write and ask any correspondent what she thinks about some interesting question through the 'Northern Messenger.'—Ed.)

Dryden.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' a short time ago, a letter from a little girl in Los Angeles, who wanted to know something about Canada. Well, you know, I think Canada is the best place I ever heard of. She need not be afraid of freezing while sleigh riding, for it is great fun, and warm fun, too. I would like to roam through the orange groves a while with her, if I was sure there were no rattlesnakes there, and I would make oranges scarcer. Here in this new country of Wabigoon, oranges are cheap at forty cents a dozen, and as we do not grow apples yet, they are very dear, too; but Canada is quite famous for fine apples. We live on the banks of the Wabigoon river, and we are getting lots of good fish now. There are acres and acres of blueberries and strawberries here, also raspberries and saskatoons. Black and red currants can be grown, too, and we have fine rhubarb; so you see we have plenty of fruit. I would like to hear the answer to the question asked by the old gentleman in the 'Messenger' of April 10. Four of our family are just getting over the scarlatina, so I have not been to school, for which I am very sorry. I had my share of scarlatina four years ago. We are looking forward to the beautiful wild flowers; it is perfectly beautiful when the June roses are in bloom. ELLA MAY A. (age 12).

(A really good letter.—Ed.)

Willow Brook, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on December 10. We are twenty miles from Yorkton. Insinger creek runs by our house. All the summer we caught fish eighteen inches in it. We are two miles and a half from the school. I cannot go to school in the winter, as it is too cold. In the summer the dews are so heavy, that when I get to school I am very wet. But now papa has got me a nice little Indian pony, so I can ride to school. His name is Sandy. In summer there are a great many wild flowers and fruits here. We have quite a few house plants. I have a very nice dog named Ring, and also a cat named Judy. I am very fond of reading, and have read over a hundred books. Some of my favorite books are: 'Little Men,' 'Little Women,' 'In His Steps,' 'The Jucklins,' The Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Driven Back to Eden.'

ELOISE T.

Your Own Paper Free.

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

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00, for Great Britain, Montreal, and foreign countries, except United States, add 50 cts. for postage.

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking for the Sick.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer lays down these rules for 'Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent,' in the 'Ladies' Home Journal': 'In cooking for the sick a moderate heat is necesary to bring out and intensify, rather than destroy or keep within the delicate flavorings of the materials used. Where receipts call for butter it must be added to hot dishes after they have been taken from the fire. All fried things must be avoided. Gruel or semi-starchy foods, require long, slow cooking. Meats must be cooked, but not overdone. Under no circumstances should raw beef tea be used. Pasteurization is necessary to remove the danger of disease germs.'

The homekeeper goes about with a pleasant face and no flourishing of trumpets, even if things do not go just as she would have them. There are hitches and hindrances at times in the best of homes, but the homekeeper is master of the situation, instead of letting the situation master her. A guest wondered when her hostess did her work. She never heard a word about it, and yet the house was always tidy and things moved on in well-oiled grooves. This young woman had a way of getting things done and keeping them done, so that her own comfort and that of her family were not disturbed. It is a great art, this way of homekeeping, and well worth cultivating by those who are just starting in their blessed ministry as wives and mothers.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Three Pillows.

When I visited one day, as he was dying, my beloved friend Benjamin Parsons, I said, 'How are you to-day, sir?' He said, 'My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows, infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love.' Preaching in Brighton, I mentioned this some time since, and many months after I was asked to call upon a poor but holy young woman, apparently dying. She said, 'I wanted to see you before I died. I heard you tell the story of your friend and his three pillows, and when I went through a surgical operation, and it was very cruel, I was leaning my head on pillows, and as the surgeons were taking them away, I said, "May I not keep them?" They answered, "No, dear child, we must take them away." "But," said I, "you can't take away Benjamin Parsons's three pillows. I can lay my head on those —infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love." '—Paxton Hood.

Australian Recipes.

Corn Flour Cake.—Take two cups of corn flour, one of well clarified dripping, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, sift in just a little plain flour, flavor with a few drops of essence of vanilla, and one well-beaten egg; rub in the dripping, mix with the egg, and a little milk, till it is about the consistency of butter. Put into a well-greased baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. When cold cut in squares and use for a tea cake.

Rothsay Pudding.—Highly Commended. Quarter pound flour, quarter pound bread crumbs, quarter pound suet, one ounce of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one gill of milk, one tablespoonful raspberry jam, one egg, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix the flour, bread crumbs, finely grated, suet and sugar in a basin, then stir in the jam. Beat up the egg and milk and stir it in. Mix the carbonate of soda and the vinegar together; beat it in, and when well mixed, pour into a buttered basin. Tie up carefully and boil for two hours; turn out on a hot dish, and serve either with sifted sugar or custard sauce.—'White Ribbon Signal' (Sydney).

Wangernella Pudding.—One cup bread crumbs, one cup raisins, three-quarters cup suet, one cup milk, half cup sugar, three tablespoonsful raw sago, one teaspoonful carbonate soda, pinch of salt, and spice to

OUR No. 1 FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

(Made by Sanford & Bennet, New York. Value, $2.00 cash.)

You can get this pen very easily by showing this copy of the 'Northern Messenger' to your friends. Take their subscriptions at the rate of 20c each to the end of the year. Ten subscriptions at this rate makes $2.00. Send us the $2.00 and we will send you the fountain pen free, and will send the 'Messenger' every week to the end of the year to each of your ten friends. They will enjoy the story that will begin about the middle of May.

CONSOLATION PRIZE—If any of those who start out to get the above club find that they cannot get them all, we will send our Number 2 Fountain Pen, so long as they send us at least five subscriptions to the end of the year at 20c each. This pen is highly recommended by the manufacturer. The nib is gold-plated, flow of ink free, without leaking. A delightful pen to write with. Surprising value. Of course, this pen does not cost as much as our No. 1, and will probably not wear so long, but it has been used by several of the managers of departments in the 'Witness' Office with great satisfaction. Every one that sees it wonders how we can offer it on such easy terms.

Postage on the 'Northern Messenger' will be charged extra for Montreal District or for foreign countries, except the United States and its dependencies, and Great Britain and Ireland, whose mails carry the 'Messenger' free of charge.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, MONTREAL.

A NEW STORY.

The New and Thrilling Story which begins in this issue of the 'Messenger' will be run serially for the next three months.

NEW STORY SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

We will send the 'Northern Messenger' to new subscribers **on trial** for the three months containing the new story, and have arranged for extra copies of this number in order that those who have failed to secure it for their friends may still be able to do so.

At 10 CENTS EACH.

Those getting up clubs at this rate will be entitled to retain 5c out of each subscription as a commission and to cover costs, etc.

PRIZES.

Besides the commission we will award

A $1.50 FOUNTAIN PEN

to the sender of each of the three largest clubs at this rate, sent in during the next four weeks. Write immediately for samples and blank forms,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

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

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

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

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

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

taste. Steam for two and a half hours. Add milk last.

Cottage Pudding.—One cup of sugar, one egg, piece of butter size of egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, pinch of salt, two cups of flour and one cup of cold water. To be eaten with sauce made of one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, one egg; beat altogether, and add slowly one cup of boiling water and cook till clear.

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

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