

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 20208

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'HE HASTENED TO MEET HIM.'

The Prodigal Son.

There was once an idle and dishonest son who did not love his home or his good, kind father, and who would not work in the fields with his elder brother, so he said one day to his father.

'Give me all that belongs to me. Let me have my share of my riches, to spend just as I like.'

So the father gave him half of all that he had, and directly after, this ungrateful and selfish son went far away from his home, and wasted the money so quickly that he was soon a beggar.

He was so wretchedly poor and hungry that he was glad to be allowed to look after some pigs, so that he might eat the husks upon which they were fed.

And now this foolish son began to wish he had never left his home, or grieved by his disobedience his good, kind father.

'Why, even my father's servants are better off than I,' he would say; 'for they have more than enough bread to eat, while I have nothing but husks!'

At last he was so wretched thinking of his beautiful home, and of all the love and happiness he had thrown away, that he could bear it no longer, and said,—

'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants."'

So he arose and left the swine, and went back to his father. Yet as he ran along the road he thought,—

'Perhaps my father will be so angry that he will not let me even come near him.'

But no: as soon as that kind, loving father saw the poor ragged son coming back to his home, his heart was so full of pity and forgiveness that he hastened to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him. And then he called the servants, and bade them bring a robe and a ring and shoes for his feet, and get ready a feast to welcome him.

Bearing Testimony.

(By Sara Virginia Dubois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')
Intelligencer.)

The beautiful steamer, the 'Northern Star,' was sailing over the smooth waters of the broad Atlantic, with its mixed company of old and young upon deck.

A group of young men had assembled together; now and then an oath escaped from one and another; while snatches of song, fit only for city slums, and even to be deplored there, grated upon the ears of those about them.

A gray-haired clergyman gazed sorrowfully upon them, and a motherly-looking woman, with eyes brimming over with tears, half rose from her seat, as if she would remonstrate, then suddenly sat down again, with the half-formed resolve dying upon her lips.

Suddenly there rose above the din, a clear contralto voice, and every eye fastened itself upon the sweet girlish form as she sang—

'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It cannot suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.'

There was a momentary hush at the close of the stanza, and when she again began, a dozen or more voices had joined her:

'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.'

The chorus of voices on the closing stanza was full and deep, for the young men had joined now, and the young singer still led them:

'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of Glory,
Shall reign eternally.'

'My dear young lady,' said the aged clergyman later, 'how was it that you were inspired to sing as you did, that beautiful song?'

'Sir,' she answered, 'I am one of the King's Daughters, and one of our resolves is, always to bear Him testimony. As I stood there listening to His name reviled, I thought of His words upon the cross: "Father, forgive them," and then the words of the song came to me, and before I could analyze my purpose, I was singing, as you heard me.'

It is a grave mistake ever to excuse ourselves on the plea that we cannot do anything. The sovereign God, 'whose we are, and

whom we serve,' has assigned to us all tasks, and we fall short of our duty if we fail to testify for Him.

And there is no task He assigns us, nothing He asks us to do, for which He will not supply the required grace. Let us do our share in spreading abroad the principles of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Finding One's Life-work.

By what signal methods the Holy Spirit sometimes indicates to a soul what its life-work is!

Professor B— was a most highly educated German musician, both vocal and instrumental. Trained in the conservatories of Germany, he had come to New York, and was engaged to drill young men for chorus choirs and for the opera. He was regarded as an enthusiastic, successful leader. Returning from a visit to the fatherland, he was about to resume his work in New York with a class of five hundred men. Stopping at the hotel, and having a little leisure, he walked out for a stroll. He heard singing. So fond was he of music, he stopped to listen. It was the voice of a lady singing the hymn, 'I'm praying for you.' The expression was very tender and beautiful. He stepped into the entry of the mission chapel—for such it was—and listened to the close of the song. He walked away thoughtfully and serious. Suddenly he stopped and soliloquized with himself: 'B—, what have you been doing with your life? The work you are doing now is not the work for you! Training men to sing in the opera to gain simply human applause! God has something else for you to do. You owe your life to him. Your talents should be used for his glory!' As he walked and reflected, he decided at once: 'It shall so be, God helping me, I will use what he has given me for his glory.'

He went to the manager with whom he had engaged, and tendered his resignation, to take immediate effect.

'Why, what is the matter, B—,' said the manager, 'are you sick?'

'No.'

'Don't I pay you enough?'

'Yes.' He was receiving seventy-dollars a week.

'I will give you a hundred dollars to go on.'

'No, I cannot go on at any price; I am not satisfied with my life as it is. I am going to change my method,' and without meeting his class, he said good-by to his manager and returned to his hotel to meditate and decide what he should now do. He resolved to take up the first offer that came to him that should call him into work for God in training the human voice to sing for him in the worship of the sanctuary and the prayer-meeting.

He left his room, went to the clerk's office, and asked for a daily paper. In looking over the advertisements he came to this: 'Wanted—An organist who considers the salary as less important than the opportunity to render music in the sanctuary as an aid to the worship of God. Apply to — church, Buffalo.' He at once exclaimed: 'That means me, I'll go.' He left the next day for Buffalo, applied for the position, was accepted, and remained two years.

On going to Buffalo he had not become a Christian, but had simply, as he felt, called a halt upon a life which, after listening to the song referred to, had become distasteful to him; and had resolved on finding his life-work in living for God, by what seemed to him to use his talent, as a trainer of the human voice in song for the true worship of God, whom he must learn to know. While engaged in his service as organist, he listened attentively to the instruction from the sacred desk, and from the study of his Bible, was led to consecrate himself to Christ. And now with a changed heart and life he entered upon his life-work with new enthusiasm of soul.

Professor B— is laboring in the cause of Christ still in the United States. He has given addresses in the various cities East and West, and seems like an apostle raised up of God to bring about a reform much needed in making the service of song in our sanctuaries more truly an aid to the worship of God in spirit and in truth. Such, we are told, the Father seeketh to be his worshippers.—New York 'Observer.'

The Music of the Spheres.

(By Edward Whiteside.)

A poem blossoms in the lowly wood,
Beside the poet's way,
Where only a wayside weed is seen
By the farmer making hay.

A picture glows on the wayside rock,
When the artist passes by;
The harshest din, when the singer comes,
Glides into melody.

An angel shines forth in the marble block,
When it meets the sculptor's view,
The darkest cloud, to the seer's sight,
Is tinged with the rainbow's hue.

On Nature's page this lesson's writ
In letters clear and bright,
That the world is filled with love and truth,
For him who reads aright.

Thro' all the saddening sounds of life,
To him who rightly hears,
O'er all the discord, all the strife,
Rings the music of the spheres.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
Follow the Architect Divine;
In all the weary ways of life
May His pattern still be thine.

Reading the Bible.

In an address at Mildmay, London, the venerable George Muller spoke concerning the Word of God:

'The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the Word in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from the experience of fifty-four years. The first three years after conversion I neglected, comparatively, the Word of God. Since the time I began to search diligently the blessing has been wonderful. I have read since then the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh, it always seems like a new book to me. Since July, 1826, I cannot tell you how great has been the blessing from consecutive, diligent daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had a good time over the Word of God.'

In reference to the plea of lack of time for this duty, Mr. Muller said.

'Friends often say to me, "Oh, I have so much to do, so many people to see, I cannot find time for Scripture study." Perhaps there are not many, beloved brethren, present who have had more to do than I have had. For more than half a century I have never known one day when I had not more business than I could get through. For forty years I have had annually about thirty thousand letters to answer, and most of these have passed more or less through my own hand. I have nine assistants always at work, corresponding in German, French, English, sometimes Danish, Italian, Russian, and other languages. Then, as pastor of a church with twelve hundred believers, you may suppose how great has been my care, and besides these things I have had the charge of five immense orphanages—a vast work; and also at my publishing depot, the printing and circulating of millions of tracts and books, and copies of Scripture.

'But I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God. Then I throw myself with all my heart into His work for all the remainder of the day, with only a few minutes' interval for prayer.'—The 'Christian.'

Patience.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich;

she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those we have injured; she delights the faithful and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and improves the man; is loved in a child; praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.—Bishop Ho-ne.

A Thoroughly Patriotic School.

From a town in Western Ontario we have received an appreciative letter accompanying a club offer for our Maple Leaf Department. The writer goes on to say.—

'I received the brooch, and it is really exceedingly pretty and attractive. I lent it to show as a sample in the schools here, and I am sure in a few days I shall have another order to send in for them. How many must one get to entitle us to the little silk flags?

'I have also asked the masters in our High and Public Schools to take up this flag offer, getting the boys to work it up as soon as possible.

'A pupil in the High School is taking subscriptions for the pins, and our headmaster of the High School and headmaster of the Public School are looking after the flag. They would like samples of "Weekly Witness," "World Wide," and "Northern Messenger." We are too far off for a daily. I am very glad to have the paper circulated here. We can put it into the hand of any child, and the high tone taken cannot but influence for good.'

Any school, day school or Sunday School, can work both the Maple Leaf offer and the Flag offer together with excellent results. While the community is reading the good weeklies received free for one month, with the Maple Leaves, all will be ready to listen to your plan for securing a fine bunting flag for the School-house.

Send in an order for ten Maple Leaf pins or brooches, at ten cents each, and get your flags and badges extra. Then see how easily the flag can be won.

GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Elgin A. Co., N.B., May 14, 1906.

John Dougall & Son,

Dear Sirs,—I received my pin, and am much pleased with it.

Yours truly,
FRANCES SMITH.

Palmerston, Ont., May 12, 1906.

Messrs. J. Dougall & Son,

Montreal, Canada:

Sirs,—I received your letter and pin on the tenth of May, and think it is well worth the money. I am more than pleased with it.

Wishing you and your papers every success, I am respectfully yours,

ADDIE McCORMICK,
Palmerston.

St. Eustache, Que., May 14, 1906.

John Dougall & Son,

Dear Sirs,—The Maple Leaf pins and brooches, also the badges and flags, arrived last Thursday. We are all delighted with them, and I thank you very much for the two you sent me as a premium. I was not expecting anything like that, but I am very glad to have them, they are so pretty.

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain, yours truly,

W. WOODWARK.

N.B.—All club orders to be accompanied by the list of addresses to which we can send the papers. Persons ordering pins may, where they already get our papers, choose a friend anywhere in Canada to receive the month's FREE subscription to the two papers in their stead. This is a chance to interest your friends in what interests you.

BOYS AND GIRLS

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Plates to lay your bread on!" Cecilia held her cup still half-way to her lips. "And if you'd be puttin' your bread on a plate, what would you be puttin' on the saucer?"

This was a tough problem to solve. Puddin' pondered over it awhile, but gave it up in despair, and went down to the courtyard. His mother, hastily donning the red waist, which, being the only waist in her wardrobe, was always honored with the selection, went out to her work in the factory a few blocks off; not, however, before she had taken a generous swallow from the bottle on the mantel.

Had she looked back a moment later, she would have seen Cecilia shaking her fist, amid a burst of tears, at the offending bottle. "Oh, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!" she sobbed out. Sobbed, so long as there was no one there to know it—she would have scorned to shed a tear if it could be seen.

That bottle! how well she knew the demon that lurked in it. The children of the tenements are old beyond their years, and Cecilia, in all her thirteen years, could not remember a time when she did not know what that bottle meant. What was the secret that her mother held close to her heart, which never even in her most intoxicated moments she ever hinted at—the secret that Cecilia prayed that seven-year-old Puddin' might never know,—but that her father had died in the penitentiary where his drinking had finally sent him, and where his shattered constitution gave way. She knew how good her mother could be when she was sober—she knew too, only too well, how ugly when she was drinking, and how many days' work was lost because of it. She didn't mind it that she must do the work of the home,—how faithfully she did it, the floor and table always gave evidence,—if only she could help Puddin' along; she longed for the time when she would be big, so that she could take Puddin', and run away, anywhere. Even her mother's occasional blows did not disturb her much, but let so much as a finger be laid on Puddin', and she was up in arms, and it must have been the blood of the brave ancestors of whom her mother had told her, that swept up in hot surges to her face. Many a time she went hungry that Puddin' should not lack, and remembering her fierce rebellion when two years before she had had to leave school, she tried to teach dull little Puddin' all that her acute brain had taken in so readily.

She remembered with a start that it was almost school time, and knowing how much rather Puddin' would be tardy than timely, she made a hurried excursion to the courtyard, and found him calmly sipping a chip on the puddle under the spout of the pump. Despite the jeers of the other boys, she escorted him to the entrance of the Court, and then wended her way back to the pump. Mickey Daly, one of the loungers at the centre of social life, announced her coming. "Say, here comes the Saint!"

"The Saint!" echoed one of the boys with a mocking laugh. "A saint with red hair."

Cecilia placed her hands on her hips, and pursed up her lips as she stopped to look at the group. Not only Mickey's own hair was almost as vividly red as her own, but his face was adorned with unnumbered freckles. The boy who had called her hair red had a pug nose that seemed to be seeking a loftier atmosphere than that of Flanery Court, and

she noted, in her casual survey, that he had a hairlip. Then she gave a short derisive laugh. "You're a fine lookin' crowd to be talkin' of red hair!"

Perhaps it was his own shortcomings in this respect which instantly made Mickey her ally. "If any one of you say a word about her, I'll—I'll fight the hull of you!"

If the boys were astonished at this sudden assertion of friendship, Cecilia was more so. She evidently doubted the depth of the feeling, for she said shortly, "If I don't like what they say, I can fight them myself."

The boys watched her, as she walked off, and Mickey noted that there was a rather respectful tone to their remarks; he was even conscious of a certain pleasure in the high-sounding name he repeated to the crowd, and in the way they repeated it syllable by syllable.

Cecilia Angelina Sweeney! Never in the history of the Court had such a name been known there. "How do you spell it out?" asked one of them, curiously.

Mickey's voice took on a tone of surprised reproof. "How do you spell the name of a blessed saint? it's heathen you must be! S-e-e-a-l-y, that's how!"

"St. Cecilia." The boy with the pug nose repeated it contemptuously. "There ain't no such saint as that!"

Mickey doubled up his fists and started forward—any argument could be settled, according to Court ethics, by muscular effort; the pug-nosed opponent, evidently not anxious to meet the renowned Mickey, or rather, Mickey's renowned fists, proposed to ask Jim. So the crowd repaired to the shop, where Jim, with his mouth full of pegs was industriously putting a new sole on a pair of boots that were adorned with many other evidences of his art. He lifted his eyes as they came in, and hospitably moved on, so that one of them could sit on the bench with him. He listened attentively to the query. "You want to know if there was ever a saint by the name of Cecilia?"

The boys nodded.

Jim paused a moment to give his answer due weight. He was quite used to having questions of all kinds submitted to him, for he was far and away the best-read man in the Court; in the first place he was known to take a daily paper, an unusual, and, according to the ideas prevalent, a quite unnecessary indulgence; and besides, he was frequently seen evenings, poring over a book by the light of his little lamp, a book borrowed from the free library not many blocks away. And if the reading of books, in preference to spending the time in the groggery at the entrance to the Court, is not a proof of wisdom, what, argued the Court, can be!

He hammered in a few pegs thoughtfully. Then he fetched from behind the curtain a box, filled with bits of newspaper art, and, sorting them carefully, picked out one of a girl with uplifted eyes, and a halo, playing on an organ. It was a crude print, but the boys looked at it curiously.

"That's her," Jim explained simply, and pointed at the name printed below.

Mickey stifled the desire to triumphantly announce, "I told you so," to ask, "And what is she playing the pianner for?"

"That's an organ." If Jim had required an added indorsement to his statement that the player was really a saint, he needed but to mention the organ. The boys all went, with a regularity that they denied every other function of life, to the church about ten

blocks away; there they heard the playing of the organ, the only music they knew save that of the itinerant musician, whose wheezing tones so laboriously ground forth bore no resemblance to the rich harmony of the church instrument. So organs, and church, and saints all seemed to belong in the one sacred category.

Jim read aloud the bit beneath the print, that she was the patron saint of music, and the tradition that she had even invented the very first organ. "And every girl," he went on "who is named Cecilia, was kissed at the christening by the saint herself, and 'tis said there's never a one afterwards, but what has the music in her."

He looked around to see if they were duly impressed with the lore he had just woven, and was satisfied with the result; even he of the pug nose, remarked thoughtfully, "And do you think she was kissed by the saint herself?"

"Sure!" Jim responded solemnly. "It's in need of a saint this Court is, anyway."

And whether it was because the boys felt that the Court actually did need the presence of a saint, or, because the bit of nonsense Jim had told them impressed the minds more ready to believe the marvellous than the real, but "The Saint" they called her from that day forward, until they did not flavor it with even a tinge of sarcasm, but simply forgot that she had another name.

III.

WITHIN JIM'S WORKSHOP.

Perhaps it was because of the high, gloomy buildings, perhaps because so little sun could creep through, that winter always seemed to come to Flanery Court before it came to the great city beyond; perhaps, too, it might be because coal was a luxury there, that they shrank with anticipating dread from the first blasts of the North Wind's breath.

Cecilia had early learned that the fire in the little stove must be allowed to go out after breakfast, and must not be rekindled until near evening, unless, of course, she and Puddin' could pick up enough half-burnt coal from the factory yards and down by the railroad tracks to allow the unwonted indulgence of a fire all day. So, often, in the days of early winter, she almost shyly sat in Jim's shop, enjoying the warmth, and the endless strain of talk and stories with which Jim regaled his guests. She noticed, too, that the colder the day, the more guests Jim had, the reason therefore her shrewd mind was not long in guessing; sometimes, she felt a savage satisfaction in this kinship of poverty; at other times she would flush with an inexplicable feeling of pride and she would clench her hands angrily, and without a word, run across the Court, and sit in gloomy and cold, but triumphant solitude in the dreary back room she called home.

Jim was always glad to have the child come in; he was clever, Jim was! he often would reply to his callers' unvoiced thoughts, and when he narrowed his eyes and looked straight at you, you had an uncomfortable feeling that, as Mickey explained one day (when Jim had caught him in a falsehood, not altogether an unusual thing), "His eyes looked through your head and come out the other side." He often looked that way at the Saint, who returned his gaze, and every one's else, with an unflinching and direct look. Once in a while, too, he let her read the paper aloud to him as he worked and if she mispronounced many of the longer words, why, just as Jim said, what difference could it make, when they knew what was meant? And how she drank in the knowledge gleaned this way, only Jim knew, when days after, a word or two showed she had remembered each word she read.

She stood with her nose flattened against the glass in the shop door, late one afternoon, when it had grown too dark to see the print. Next to the stove, nodding sleepily over his clay pipe, sat an old man, who, coming in to get warm at noon, had found the place too enticing to leave. Mickey, Puddin', and

a few more of the boys, were sitting comfortably on the floor, resting their backs against the wall, and watching Jim's little hammer go up and down. But even Jim's sharp eyes failed him in the gloom, and he dropped his work, and, spreading his knees far apart, he rested an elbow on each, and clasped his hands lazily.

"Tis short days we're having," he remarked amiably, 'not more than five o'clock, and dark enough to be lookin' cross-eyed. And not light enough to work until after breakfast.'

'Say, Jim,' Mickey's voice sounded as if he were propounding a most serious question, 'if a feller don't get any breakfast, what time would he go to work?'

The Saint turned and answered the question promptly, 'If a feller didn't go to work until he got his breakfast, and he didn't get any breakfast, he wouldn't be gettin' to work at all! Any fool would know that! What I want to know is, what makes the days short?'

'And don't you know that now! and you with a saint's name!' Jim's voice was full of surprised reproach. 'The boys here'll tell you.'

Mickey, not relishing the Saint's sarcastic answer to his own question made a grimace in the dark as he said, 'Any fool would know that! It's because it's winter.'

Jim put his hands on his knees, and straightened out. 'And I suppose there ain't none of you that knows what makes it snow?'

'Tis a queer thing how little you all know! When a very good man dies, or for that matter, a woman either, but they must be mighty good! the angels get together and march around with their harps, and sing fine songs, to make them welcome. Now, wouldn't it be a fine procession, if their wings were all ruffled up! Indeed it would not! so, each time, they comb 'em out smooth, and it's the little feathers that come out that come floating down here to us.'

'I was wondering,' Cecilia spoke with a mingling of loyalty and unbelief, 'if all the good people die in the winter? We don't have snow in summer.' But before Jim had a chance to reply, she peered suddenly through the glass and said, 'There's my mother—she's sick.'

Mickey had gotten up to look too, and seeing Mrs. Sweeney staggering across the yard, he laughed derisively. 'Is that what you call sick! she's—' but before he had a chance to finish it, the Saint's right hand had doubled up, and taking Mickey unawares, she tipped him backwards across the bench, where he sprawled amid the jeers of the boys. Before Jim had recovered from his surprise, she had seized Puddin' by the hand, and hurried out.

Mickey rubbed his head, where it had come in unpleasant contact with the floor, and the boys who had jeered saw written on his face the threat that once out of Jim's province, he'd pay them well. 'If her mother is sick, there's a pile of sickness around,' he sneered. 'Say, Jim, did ye ever hear of any saint whose mother got drunk?'

'Well, I won't say I did and I won't say I didn't,' Jim responded with fine diplomacy. 'How else could a body get to be a saint, if it ain't by having such trouble?'

Evidently, Jim wasn't in the pleasantest frame of mind, and the boys got up to go; even the old man beside the stove managed to wake up enough to ask the time, and then decided he, too, would have to be looking around for something to eat.

It was an hour after, when Puddin' came in, and sat down on the bench with the remark, 'Cecie sent me here—said she was comin' by and by.'

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. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

As a Flower.

(By Lucy Larcom.)

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Darkness is passing; the Sun is in sight;
Morning with splendor is piercing life
through,
Arrows of radiance, and spear-tips of dew.

Glad is the world in the Holy One's birth.
Lo, the new heavens! and lo, the new earth!
Scattered and fled are the phantoms of night:
Christ is the victor, and Christ is the Light!

Open your heart, and His love will shine in,
Cleansing and healing the hurt of your sin.
Who can resist Him, the Savior, the Son?
Hell flies before Him, and Heaven is won.

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Bloom and bear fruit in the glory of right!
Be of His Presence a perfume, a ray,
Child of the morning, and heir of the day!

Doing Small Things Greatly.

Character is great and worthy in itself, and not because of the greater or less fame of a deed through which it manifests itself. Lincoln's patience watching through the agony of a nation is the same quality as the patience of a mother watching the night through beside her sick child. The sad sacrifice of Gordon at Khartoum for the sake of England and of Egypt is of the same heroic quality as the sacrifice of the missionary among the Arabs or the Chinese, of whose name and fame the world hears but little. It is not the kind of thing through which we show ourselves, but the kind of self we have to show, that counts with God.—'Sunday School Times.'

John Mahaffey's Schooling.

(By Grace Boteler Sanders, in the 'Standard'.)

One early morning, when near the end of my tiresome journey, I was much annoyed by a laughing crowd, which clattered into the train, thus ending my quiet slumber. It was composed of college boys, hearty, happy youngsters who were just returning from their winter vacation. I listened listlessly to their jest and song, which grew tiresome even to them after a while, but I knew their destination was near, so determined to 'grin and bear' it.

'A story,' called their spokesman. One answered by a lively tale, which was followed in quick succession by half-a-dozen more.

'Let's hear from you, Rob,' they cried suddenly.

A handsome boy, much older than the others, smiled thoughtfully.

'Did you ever hear about John Mahaffey's schooling?'

'No, indeed. There can't be anything wonderful in that fellow's career. He's just like all the other mountain boys as far as I can see.'

'That's all you know about it.' Robert Haines seated himself in the centre of the admiring group and began his story:

'During my first term at Jackson College I watched with much interest for the approach of the winter term. I had heard many accounts from the boys.

"When the mountain students come in you'll see a sight," drawled in my roommate, but when I asked him to explain he only laughed. "Just wait and see for yourself!"

'So I did. And such a crowd. It was different in those days. They came on horseback, on foot and every other way. Great rawboned men in homespun; blushing girls in linsy gowns.

'I was only a youngster and I laughed aloud when this funny procession filed into the chapel on Wednesday morning. The awkward figure nearest me turned. I felt the red blood rushing up to the roots of my hair as those honest blue eyes looked me through and through. It was then I made my acquaintance with John Mahaffey.

'I saw him many times during the year.

Through the primary classes, he a boy of sixteen, stumbled; he didn't care for our jeers, or if he did we never knew it, for he plodded on, chopping wood by day, studying hard at night.

'At the beginning of the next year John was in the same old place. Things went merrily for a while, but one cloudy spring day, as I hurried across the campus, I spied him sitting behind the woodpile, the very picture of hard luck. He was idly "shying" chips at the farthest tree and apparently had not seen me until I stood beside him.

"What's up, John? Prex given you your walkin' papers?'

'He shook his head.

"I'll have to leave, I guess I've done the best I could lately, but seems like it taint no use. My moncy's all gone an' no more com-in'."

"Apply for the student aid fund."

"It's all gone."

"Get more work."

"All promised for the term. President's wife said he'd sent so many down thar fur work that thar ain't a nail or a board out o' kilter on the place."

"Write the old man for more money."

"No use." John shook his head dolefully and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"You don't know my folks, Haines. Daddy lives on top the highest hill in the settlement grounds, so poor it won't hardly raise beans. Hilly? Why they have to prop the pumpkins an' all that to keep 'em from rollin' down hill. They're pore folks, but las' fall Daddy give me \$50. Take it, son, an' be a Lincoln," he said. 'Twas a fortune to him, Haines, an' I've wasted it 'stead of improvin' myself. I'm goin' home to-morrow and tell him what a no 'count son he has."

"Will you come back again this year?'

"Huhn, maybe, never. I'm goin'. Good bye!" Pickin' up his ax he hurried away, The next day I heard he was gone.

'I guess old John had a pretty blue week after he got home. The weather was still cold and the mud knee deep. Visitors at the cabin were many, but he paid little heed to them. One evening his book lost its charms and he listened involuntarily to their drawling tones.

"Wil' cats air gittin' so bold they're wusen lions. A she cat come right up t' my back door las' night. The snows staid on s' long they're well nigh starved."

'A sudden inspiration seized him. He heard again the white-haired professor's words: "Perfect specimens of wild cats are very rare. Hagenbecks are advertising for several pair at a large price, but it is almost impossible to capture them."

"I'd like to know why," said John to himself as he hurried from the room. "I'll give 'em a trial anyhow."

'He climbed to the loft and found two strong steel traps; they were rusty, but he cleaned them carefully. Then baiting each with a plump chicken—feathers and all—he took a torch and ran down the hill. He saw where the cats had been scratching, so he hid the traps near, confident that he would succeed. Sometimes our most carefully laid plans fail, and so next morning the empty trap dangled baitless. The second day came with the same result. The trap seemed to mock at him on the third, but on the fourth day before he reached the turn of the road he heard a snarling, screeching cat. Immediately a hundred glorious plans flitted through his brain. Breaking into a run, he made for the place and found two cats were prisoners instead of one. He hurried home for help, I can tell you; then with the assistance of his father and brother built a strong cage. He never stopped until they were loaded on the waggon and on the way to Jackson College.

'Old Prof. looked over his glasses in wild-eyed astonishment when he saw them.

"They are really—ah—very fine specimens. Certainly I will write to my friend at once."

'The letter was written and in a few hours the cats were on their way to the city. Meantime John waited breathless for his reply.

'But for the trainmen there was excite-

ment "to burn." At the next station they loaded a lot of kegs, and when the agent opened the door there sat Mrs. Cat, eyes as big as saucers, on a keg in the corner. Mr. Cat came to meet them, snarling fiercely. In front stood the broken cage from which the prisoners had escaped.

"I'll tell you he slammed that door shut in a hurry and sent the car on to Cincinnati a-flying. The charges were only 80 cents, but the wild-cats in a special car went on their way unmolested. The station agent telegraphed ahead and they were met at the depot by a professional trainer with a tarpaulin, and between them the animals were safely landed in the museum.

Professor Andrews, the owner of the place, after reading the letter was much interested in the story and the boy. He told the comical tale to everyone who came in and before long every Sunday school in the city was taking up collections for John. Then to cap the climax, Andrews visited the school, and it ended by his promising to see John through the whole course. He graduates next June, and a smarter man never left the college doors.

"He ought to have—er—a couple of cats on his coat of arms—er—after he makes his fortune," drawled Harold Jones, the son of a wealthy pork packer, who had been listening disdainfully.

"That's all right," interrupted the boys. "No amount of money can buy brains, but brains carve their own way to success."

"Next year John will be practicing law before the greatest judge of the land. I say all honor to the boy who allows no obstacle to hinder his success," said Haines.

"It's all right for them who are obliged to labor, I suppose," drawled the young fop, pettishly, I did not hear the answer of his companions, for at this point I left the train, their loud expostulations ringing in my ears.

'Wanted, a Boy.'

(By Mary B. Reese.)

'Wanted, a boy!' 'tis written above
Coveted places of highest renown;
But the ladder of labor must ever be trod
By boyish feet ere the sign comes down.

There are humble names half hidden now
On the school day roll, 'mong many a score,
That yet will shine as the lights of fame,
Till the boys are wanted on earth no more.

The forum is echoing burning words
Of orators destined to pass away;
You will be wanted instead of them soon,
Men of the future are boys to-day.

Is There 'Time Enough?'

When working at Flushing, L.I., Mr. Davidson, the evangelist, was striving to impress upon his hearers the necessity for prompt action in the matter of preparing for eternity. He said, "You tell me, 'There is time enough.' I will show you whether there is time or not:

'Will all those in this audience who were converted before they were twenty years old please to stand up.'

There were about 800 persons present, nearly all adults, and about half of the audience rose in response to Mr. Davidson's request.

Then, requesting these to sit down, the evangelist asked all who were converted between the ages of twenty and thirty to stand up, and thirty-two responded to this call.

Then he called for those who had been converted between thirty and forty years of age, and twenty-six persons stood up.

Those who were converted between forty and fifty were next asked to rise, and only six persons stood up.

And when Mr. Davidson asked for those who were converted after the age of fifty, there was not a single response.

This was certainly a startling object lesson; far more impressive than any general statement of fact or opinion which could have been presented. It was the testimony of the people themselves to the fact that after twenty years of age the chance that a

man or woman will repent and turn to God is a very slight one and that it diminishes steadily with the increasing years.

If a sick man was informed by the doctor that there were only 64 chances out of 800, or even out of 400, that he would recover, he would feel that he was in a pretty hopeless condition. And, if that audience was a fair average, as it probably was, its testimony indicates that a man or woman who is over twenty years of age has at the most not over 64 chances out of 400, and after thirty years of age only 32 chances out of 400, of turning to God.

The offer of mercy in Christ Jesus is open every day and every hour of the day to all men, but, as the days and hours go by, man's power to throw off the burden of self and yield to Christ grows less and less. Christ is able to save to the uttermost, but man's capacity for salvation is limited, and can be entirely squandered.

The Windmill.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.
—Longfellow.

A Remarkable Story.

Years and years ago, as a student preaching in a small village, I had made at the close of my sermon something like an earnest appeal, I suppose, to the small company present, saying, 'My friends, come to Jesus! I would that you would come to Jesus!' and afterward as I stood out there in the little country road, a lad came up to me and said:

"If you please, sir, will you tell me what it is to come to Jesus?"

And, though a preacher, the words a little astonished me, and I scarcely knew how to put the Gospel in a sentence to the lad; and, as I stood there was upon the pathway before us in the road a sparrow hopping from point to point, from road to hedge, and from hedge to road, and the thought came to me to say:

"My young friend, Jesus is nearer to you than I am; he knows more about you than I do. I wish you would go to him straight—just straight. He can hear everything you say, knows everything you are doing now. I do not want you to go like that sparrow; I want you to go to Jesus as straight as the crow flies."

How little did I think that I should ever hear the words again! Some few years passed, and I was in my first pastorate, and late one evening my servant came to me and said:

"If you please, sir, there are two foreigners, I think they are Frenchmen, who want to speak to you."

And going out, by means of my poor knowledge of French, and their poor knowledge of English, the following story came out:

They had been lying seriously ill, apparently unto death, in a yellow fever ward in the West Indies, and there in the next bed to one of them lay a young soldier; and this young fellow, finding that they were coming back to their own land through England, asked that they should find me out, if possible, with this simple message, 'Tell him that I have learned to go to Jesus as straight as the crow flies.'

My friend, Jesus knows all about you. He is only waiting for your own surrender. Will you not come to him—go to him straight—go to him straight as the crow flies? Come to Jesus, my friend, come to Jesus!—Principal Cave.

Expiring Subscriptions.

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

A Lawyer's Remarkable Will.

The following document, a will framed with perfection of form and detail that no flaw could be found in its legal phraseology or matters, yet 'devising' only those beauties and blessings which the Great Father long ago devised to all human creatures, was recently rescued from a large collection of other legal, but less interesting, papers:

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of brooks and the golden sands 'neath the waters thereof, and the odor of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way, to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood, and all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods, with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance or care.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make everlasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithes or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.—The 'Farmer's Advocate.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Goody Two Shoes and the Birds.

(By S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Goody Two Shoes was feeding the birds, her hair and skirts all blown askew by the warm spring wind, and her little fat, sturdy legs were firmly planted to keep her from being blown away by the same playful wind.

Goody was very fond of feeding the birds, and they were friendly with her, even the 'Britishers' would flutter about her feet for crumbs. Uncle Jim said it was because she rooted round on the ground with them, and sat down in the dust to play with them, that they took her for some queer little yellow-and-white bird.

Sitting on the fence watching, was Dickie. If he was envious of the friendliness between Goody and the birds (birds never took to Dickie) he hid it beneath sarcasm, as he said,

'Pooh! you think you're awful smart feeding those two or three old sparrows. You ought to see the man on the Common, he has hundreds of squirrels and pigeons and sparrows all over him, and in his pockets and on his arms.'

Goody looked at him severely as she said,

'I don't b'lieve he has hundreds of um. You never saw a hundred birds in your life, Dickie.'

'Well, there's just heaps of them. You just ought to see them, Goody.' Then a thought struck him.

'Let's go, Goody. We can just take the 'lectric and go right in to the Common.'

'Oh! mamma wouldn't like it. She left me alone with Mary.'

'She'd let you go with a man to take care of you like me,' said Dickie, from the height of his ten years.

Goody was wild to go, and it took but little teasing to make her steal into the house, take her hat and coat from the hat-rack, and steal out again.

It was with a guilty heart that she ran the length of the street with Dickie and climbed into the car. It seemed so funny to be

riding in a car without mamma, that she almost guessed she must be homesick; but Dickie talked a steady stream, and pointed her out places, so that it seemed but a very little while before they were getting out of a car in the subway. Then they climbed up out of the big hole, and there was the Common all before them with its grass fast growing green, and its paths over which people were hurrying to and fro.

'My! what a lot of folks,' chirped Goody, holding fast to Dick's hand as she hopped and skipped along beside him.

'Course there's lots. This is a



big city and there has to be people in it.'

'Oh, see, Dickie, there's something runned along the ground. Was it a rat?'

'A rat, no Goody, it was a squirrel; look at him, there he goes up that tree. Isn't he a beauty?'

'Will he bite us Dickie?'

'Bite? No, you silly. Of course he won't. He'll bite a nut, that's all. Come on Goody, there's the man I told you of over there.'

The children stood wide-eyed to watch what many people watch every day—the man with the pigeons, fat, sleek, well-fed birds, which waddled and pecked and cooed about his feet. Some perched with fluttering wings on his outstretched arms, to feed from his

hands, and one, even, perched on his head, pecking at the crumbs on his cap.

Farther up the patch a man with a pocketful of nuts was coaxing the squirrels to feed from his hands, to sit on his shoulder, and even to feed from his pockets. And this, within touch of the bustle and roar of the heart of the city.

'It's puffy lovely,' sighed Goody. 'Does he find 'em so every day?'

'Sure,' said Dickie, 'and sometimes there are several of them, the men I mean, at a time.'

'Spose one of 'em would come to me?' asked Goody wistfully.

'Does the little lady want to feed the pigeons?' asked the man.

'If you please, sir,' said Goody prettily.

'Then come here little one near me.'

Goody stepped over daintily. There was a wild flutter among the pigeons, and then they settled back again, and while Goody held out her hand with the grain in it, one snow-white bird rose, and, with fluttering wings, picked from the tiny hand.

'The dove of peace, and the little child that leads us,' murmured the old man, while Goody sighed with rapture.

But the afternoon was getting away, and Dick and Goody had yet to get home, and Goody wanted to reach home before her mother, so her mother would not be frightened.

'Oh, we'll get home,' said Dick valiantly, 'don't you fuss.'

But he found it was much easier to take a car from home, and come in to Boston, than it was to take a car from that crowded noisy station underneath the ground.

Car after car he let go past, not knowing which one he wanted to take. It grew noisier and more crowded. People eyed the two children with curious gaze, and Dick, in desperation, was going to ask the stern official, what car he wanted, when he felt a grip on his shoulder, and heard the well-known voice of his young Uncle Ted, as he said:—

'Hullo, where are you eloping to

with this young lady at this hour of the day?

'O Uncle Ted!' shouted Dick, throwing himself at that person. 'I was almost lost. I didn't know sure what car to take, and we've been here hours, and Goody is afraid her mother'll be scared, and it's been horrid all round.'

'Young man, it's always horrid in the end to do what isn't right, and you two young ones probably ran off by yourselves this afternoon, and now you're paying for it. But come along with me, and I'll see this time if I can set you right again.'

Little Mr. By-and-By.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again.
Glum if he must leave his play
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-by,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care.
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful 'Why?'
When he's asked to come or go;
Like his sister—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

—Clinton Scollard, in 'St. Nicholas.'

Bobby and the Little Dresden Maid.

They travelled thousands of miles, each of them, to meet in a New England dining room.

Bobby came from Africa, in company with three hundred of his feathered relatives and friends, spending many dreary weeks of homesickness and seasickness on a sailing vessel. But he was a baby when he came away, and it is not likely he remembered anything about his home among the cocoanut and palm trees. However, sometimes when he has been naughty enough to be punished he grumbles to himself in a low unintelligible jargon, which Aunt Maria declares to be his original African language.

He is not often naughty, but is, as a rule, a jolly, happy, little

chatterbox, making fun for the family from morning till night. He begins his chatter early in the morning, as soon as any one enters the dining room. 'Good morning! Haven't you had your breakfast?' 'Why, good morning, Bobby! Haven't you had your breakfast?'

'No,' he replies, promptly and gruffly, in a deep bass voice. But when his seed cup is filled, he says, 'Thank you! Thank you!' in a high, shrill tone of delight.

He dresses in a coat of gray feathers, with coat tails of brilliant red, is very pretty and loves to be admired. He is friendly with all the family, calling each one by name, and never makes a mistake.

'Molly! Molly!' he cries in a voice so like Aunt Maria's that Molly rushes in replying, 'Yes, mamma, here I am,' only to be greeted by a laugh from Bobby. Aunt Maria is quite as likely to be cheated and to think that Molly or Uncle Jim called her.

When Mistress Fluff enters the room, crying 'Meow,' Bobby instantly remarks, 'Hello, Kits, what's the matter? What you want?'

But if poor old Bruce, the dog, dares to show the tip of his nose inside the dining room door, he receives orders, 'Go out and lie down!' And many a time he is awakened from a comfortable nap under the chestnut tree by a shrill whistle and a call, 'Come, Bruce!' Thinking his master has come home, he gives himself a shake and bounds across the yard to find no one, and to hear the derisive laughter from Bobby's cage.

The Little Dresden Maid did not arrive until many years after Bobby had become a member of the household. She came home from Germany and took up her abode on a corner of the dining room mantel. She came in the evening after Bobby had been carefully covered for the night with a gay patchwork cover. In the morning, after he had eaten his breakfast, he took his usual morning walk, up one side of the cage, across the perch, up and down, across and over again, finally stopping in the highest perch. And then his bright round eyes caught a glimpse of something new on the corner of the shelf, almost touching the wires of his house. He sidled

up to that corner of the cage, cocked his head on one side, and looked long and lovingly.

'How-d'ye-do! Glad to see you!' said Bobby. 'Come and take a walk, dear!'

This meant that he wanted to have the door of his cage opened. Then out he walked, climbed up near the Little Dresden Maid, and resumed his conversation.

Every day since the Little Dresden Maid became Bobby's neighbor she has received a call from him. She stands and smiles and looks so pretty, while he chatters in his sweetest tones!

'How d'ye do? Glad to see you! Don't you love me? You're a darling. Haven't you had your breakfast?'

But when he is heard to say 'Shake hands,' to the Little Dresden Maid, some one goes to the rescue for fear a sudden clutch of his strong claw might pull the tiny figure off and shatter not only the china image, but a very pretty friendship.—'Tribune.'

'Little Boys Make Men.'

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help the missionary thunder
Roll all the big world through.
I'd have them look behind them,
When they were small, and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men.

The bud becomes a flower;
The acorn grows a tree;
The minutes make the hour,—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I'm growing
As quickly as I can,
And a missionary boy like me
Is bound to make a missionary
man.—Exchange.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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

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NOTE — Premiums, Clubs and other special subscription offers are not available for the City of Montreal and Suburbs.

Correspondence

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, although I have taken a great interest in the correspondence page. I noticed that most of the girls mentioned some of the books that they had read. I have read so many that it is hardly worth while beginning to name them. I am thirteen years old, and am in the first form in the High School. I have two brothers and one sister, all older than myself. One of the girls mentioned that she was reading some of Shakespeare's plays, and some of Sir Walter Scott's works. We have been taking up the play of Julius Caesar at school for literature, and I liked it very much. At present we are reading Scott's 'Talisman.' I noticed a few conundrums:—

From a word of five letters take two and leave one. Ans.—Stone.

How would you make a slow horse fast. Ans.—Tie it up.

What is so brittle that even to name it would break it. Ans.—Silence.

As I was crossing London Bridge I met an English scholar, and drew off his cap and

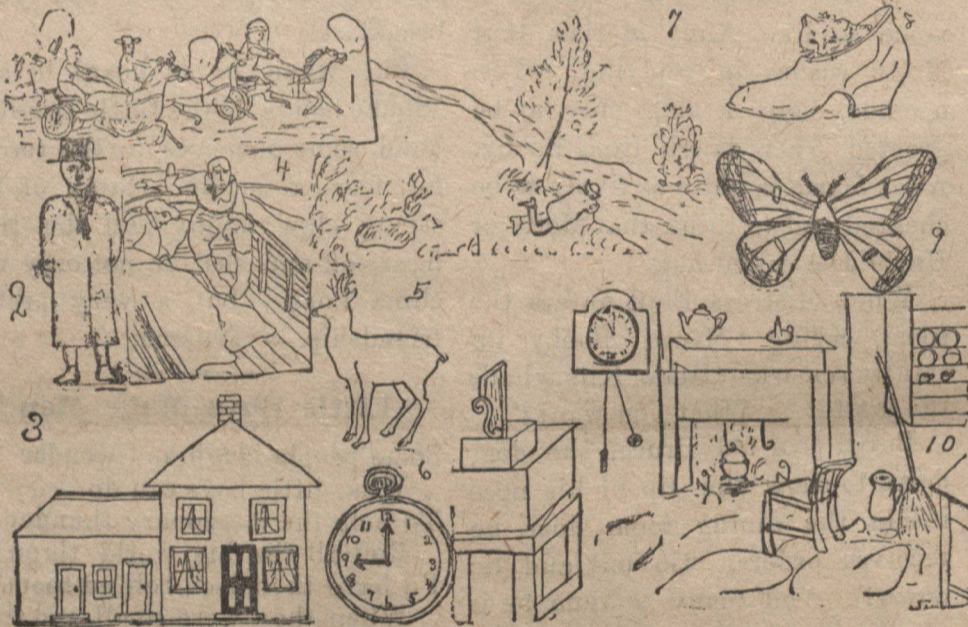
H., Ont.
Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl 11 years old. My birthday is on the 19th of July. Has any other little girl a birthday on that day? I go to school every day, and am in the Junior third grade. I saw that Joseph W. T. asked two questions, but I can only answer one. It was: 'What Psalm has only two verses?' It is the 117th Psalm. E. Donaldson had three puzzles. I only can answer two of them. One was: 'What can run, but cannot walk?' The sewing machine. The other, 'What has a tongue, but cannot talk?' A waggon.

S. DAVIS.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As this is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' I won't say much news. I go to school, and am in the senior fourth. My teacher's name is Miss L. I like her very much. I saw some riddles in some of the letters. I will answer some of them. The answers to two of E. Donaldson's riddles are: First, a river. Second: A boot or a waggon.

The answer to Eva M. Nichol's riddle is a churn.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Racing.' H. Millar, A.M., Ont.
2. 'A man.' Bertha McKercher, A., Ont.
3. 'Our house.' Kempton Milburn (8), C., N.B.
4. 'The man at the tiller.' Stanley Metcalf (15), (a diligent reader), B., Ont.
5. 'Deer.' Nelson Taylor (8), R. M., Ont.
6. 'Watch.' Margaret Breed, P., Ont.
7. 'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech'
10. 'A cheerful room.' Alex A. McInnes, W.B., C.B.

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

8. 'Puss in slipper.' Lottie Miller (10), A. M., Ont.
9. 'Butterfly' Gladstone Armstrong, O.S., Ont.

drew off his gloves. Tell me the name of that scholar. Ans.—Andrew.

When is a girl like a country in South America? When she is chilly (Chile).

ETHEL McNEEL.

O. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger.' I get it at Sunday school. I like it very much. I saw some riddles in the last paper. I am going to try to answer some of them. What is big at the bottom, little at the top, the thing in the middle, goes wibetywop? Ans. A churn. What comes once in every minute, twice in every moment, not once in seven years. Ans. M (the letter).

Little Nancy Etticote with a white peacock, and a red rose, the longer she stands, the shorter she grows. Ans. A candle.

I have five sisters and two brothers. Papa is in Arizona.

I am ten years old, and I am in the sixth grade. My birthday is October 26th.

BLANCHE MATATALL.

The answer to Joseph W. T.'s riddle is the 117th Psalm.

The answer to Willie MacDonald's riddle is: There are only two apples on the tree.

We have a dog, her name is Trixy. We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday school, and like it very much. I have read quite a lot of books, the names of some are: 'Black Beauty,' 'Good Luck,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'The Little Lame Prince,' 'Foolish Chrissy,' and I am reading 'Lobo Rag and Vixen.'

LIZZIE M. GOODMAN (age 13).

H. H., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is my first time of writing to the 'Messenger.' Please excuse my mistakes as I am not a good hand at letters, as you will plainly see, for I am only seven years old, and only began school two and a half months ago. I am in the second reader. I am the only son in our home, and a little girl is starting with us. I have Christian parents. My papa raises the tunes in the church. There was a great revival here this

winter; nearly all the Sunday school children were converted. The superintendent was overjoyed with the success. I have been taking the 'Messenger' ten months, and I like it very much. My papa and mamma are delighted in reading it, especially the story of 'Rasmus, or the making of a Man.' Mamma takes great interest in the household hints, and to see amongst them how to preserve milk. I will end with a riddle: 'Nine sheep went up the gap, nine more following, that six and seven twice eleven, two and three, how many is that?'

FREDDIE BLUNDELL.

S. R. W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have been taking it in our family ever since my oldest brother was a small boy, and he is now thirty-four. We enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. I have one sister and four brothers. There has been a railroad built through here this last summer. It is the first railway that has ever been built through here, and we expect to have the train running through here next summer. I go to Sunday School and church. I go to school, and am in the seventh grade. I like my teacher very much. I am twelve years old. My birthday is May 16th.

The answer to E. Donaldson's question:—Why are A, E, and U the handsomest of the vowels? I think it is because they are all in beauty.

Answer to Jessie Robb's question: Which is bigger, and why—Mrs. Bigger or Baby Bigger? Baby Bigger, because it is a little Bigger.

Answer to Eva M. Nichols's question: Big at the bottom, little at the top, thing in the middle goes wibetywop. Churn.

What Psalm is it that has only two verses? The one hundred and seventeenth Psalm.

Answer to Willie MacDonald's question:—Comes once in every minute, twice in every moment, not once in seven years? I think the letter M. I am going to send a riddle:—

In October I'm found,
In November I'm seen,
And no other months in the year am I around.
I'm Single,
I'm Double,
I'm always in Trouble,
But never in Despair.

I hope some one will answer my riddle.
MARY S. DEXTER.

P. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday school, and I enjoy it very much. Mother thinks the stories are very good in the 'Messenger.' I am 12 years old, and it is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in front of the lake St. Louis, and it is very nice in the summer. Hoping to see my letter soon in the paper.

MARGARET E. LLOYD.

V. D., Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the fourth book. I like reading, and have read a good many Henty books, and like them best of all. We do not have much fun at school, as there are just about twelve that go. My sister and I drive a horse and cutter, and it was pretty cold some mornings, but it is melting now. I generally read the 'Messenger,' and think it is all right. We take quite a few papers, and I read a lot of them. I have four sisters, and I have one brother who has been at the mountains all winter. We always have a Sunday school picnic on July 1st. We are going to get a new teacher this April. I will give you a puzzle. What did Mrs. William Shakespeare say to her husband when the lawn needed mowing?

GEORGE N. V. M. CONNELL.

N. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a nice paper. I will be 12 years old the 30th of September. I am in the 4th grade. I have read a great many books, some of them are: 'Kathleen,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'No such word as fail,' and many others. I am going to send a riddle. 'A colored waiter was carrying a platter of turkey, he let it fall. What harm did he do to four countries?' I like the story of the lost bank notes very much. LENORA R. DURLING.



LESSON XIII.—JUNE 24, 1906.

The Quarterly Review.

Golden Text.

Never man spake like this man.—John vii., 46.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 18.—Matt. vii., 15-29.
 Tuesday, June 19.—Matt. xii., 1-14.
 Wednesday, June 20.—Luke vii., 1-17.
 Thursday, June 21.—Mark iv., 1-20.
 Friday, June 22.—Mark v., 1-20.
 Saturday, June 23.—Mark vi., 14-20.
 Sunday, June 24.—Luke ix., 28-36.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

It matters little whether Jesus speaks or acts, both far transcend the ordinary. His parables are miracles. His miracles are parables. The world has never seen a parable speaker or miracleworker like Jesus. That is what gives unfailing fascination to the review of His words and deeds. . . . In the conclusion of the Sermon on the Mount Jesus sums up the fundamental principles enunciated, and shows in lost pictorial language the consequences of adherence or divergence from those principles. The essential is to do the will of God. And this is not the technical performance of specific acts, but rather the being of a certain temper of mind and heart which will on occasion express itself in certain ways and deeds. It is by this means that the conditions of permanence are met. It is to build on bed-rock. By this means strength and security are assured. Any other course is to build on sand (Lesson I). The Sabbath was the 'bloody angle' in the contest between Jesus and the Pharisees. He took issue with the spirit-destroying literalism. Of set purpose He broke the tradition while at the same time He showed the people the ideal way of keeping the Sabbath. He wrought seven conspicuous cures upon as many Sabbaths, as if to show the merciful character and uses of the day (Lesson II). In a night of irreligion, in a most unexpected place, a cereus of faith bursts in radiant bloom. In the garrison, a proverb of dissipation, in the commandant's quarters, characterized by imperial hauteur, is found a humane, humble, benevolent, believing soul, the moral beauty of which causes an ejaculation of surprise and admiration from Jesus' lips. The scene changes. At sundown, Jesus climbs the path to Nain. Life and Death met on that highway. A body of a youth was being carried to the tomb. 'Weep not!' are Jesus' first words; His next reveal His power to assuage grief. 'Young man, arise!' (Lesson III). Asceticism finds little encouragement in the habits of Jesus. He was social. He declined no invitations. In this instance He is the guest of Simon, the Pharisee. Economy of courtesy was shown Him on His entrance, and a cavalier spirit maintained. Availing herself of the freedom of the Oriental banquet-room, an outcast woman entered. What attracted her was that Jesus was there. She was weary and had come for the rest He had promised. The common civilities, water, kiss and oil which self-righteousness had omitted, penitence supplied. And it did not fail of its reward. 'And He said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven!"' (Lesson IV). The gospel is a seed. It may be written or spoken. The accidents of form are multiple, but at heart of it there must be the divine principle of life. The seed requires a sower. Whoever presents gospel truth in such man-

ner that its power accompanies it is a sower of the seed. As multiplex as are the seeds and sowers so are the soils. Good ground may be defined by contrast. It is not way-side, stony, thorny. It is a soil that will receive the seed. A morally earnest and honest heart is good soil (Lesson V). The parable of the wheat and the tares is fundamental. It asserts that there is no existence of good or evil apart from personality. Moral qualities have human souls as their only sphere. Virtue and sin root and bring forth fruit in men. Those who have learned of Jesus and have had His kingdom set up within have become the wheat with which the earth is sown (Lesson VI). The meeting of Jesus and the demonized unfortunate makes one of the most vivid pictures of the New Testament. What the Master had just done in nature He proceeded to do in human nature. He produced a calm (Lesson VII). Extremes met in the fortress-palace of Herod Antipas on the occasion of his birthday banquet. Nazaritish abstemiousness kept vigil in the dungeon. Herodian wantonness blazed and reeled in the banquet chamber. Self-oblivion devotion below is matched by overweening ambition above. The forgiving spirit is offset by thirst for blood of one whose life was a rebuke (Lesson VIII). Five crackers and two dried herring! Talk of feeding five thousand with them! But add to the scant bread and fish the almightiness of Jesus, and the proposition ceases to be ridiculous (Lesson IX). He who had limited His disciples' commission to the Jews could not Himself go beyond them to work a miracle for a heathen, unless to the complete satisfaction of the disciples the party could be shown to be an exception. That is the true meaning of Jesus' course with this Gentile woman. She endured and proved herself a daughter of Abraham by faith (Lesson X). Jesus' question, 'Who do men say I am?' revealed a medley of opinion. Jesus expected that, and could not have been chagrined by it. It is as if He had said, 'The people say this and that, but what do you say?' Then rang out the sublimest creed of all the ages, as the 'mouth of the apostles' cried: 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God!' (Lesson XI). The transfiguration is the heavenly Amen to the earthly confession of the divinity and Messiahship of Jesus. Hardly had that comprehensive creed framed itself upon Peter's lips and been consented to by the apostles than they were all shaken by the revelation of the ignominious death in store for the Messiah. The ineffable scene on Hermon settled a faith that was tottering to its fall (Lesson XII).

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 24.—John Eliot, and missions among the Indians. II. Tim. ii., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONS ON THE CONGO.

Monday, June 18.—God will open rivers. Isa. xli., 17-20.

Tuesday, June 19.—He cutteth out rivers. Job. xxxviii., 7-11.

Wednesday, June 20.—Waters in the wilderness. Isa. xliii., 19-21.

Thursday, June 21.—By the rivers.—Ezek. xxxiv., 11-13.

Friday, June 22.—As rivers of water. Isa. xxxii., 2.

Saturday, June 23.—A tree by the river. Jer. xvii., 8.

Sunday, June 24.—Topic—A trip up the Congo.—Ps. lxxii., 8-11.

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Are Your Scholars Safe?

The faithful teacher not only makes an interesting lesson, and turns the scholars' hearts, but he deals personally with them about deciding for Christ. A story from real life, by the Rev. C. E. Mandeville, D.D., of Chicago, is a very suggestive one for Sunday school workers.

'A bit of experience in my early ministry made a deep impression on my mind, and one which has helped me over some hard places many a time since. It relates to my first great revival and had much to do with its success and with the success of many in later years. Like many other young ministers, I was timid, and shrank from doing what I felt I ought; and this was especially true when I was impressed that I should speak to someone in the congregation during special services.

One night I left the altar and went down the aisle fully determined to speak to someone, and as I neared the back seats I fixed my eye on a group of young ladies, and the one nearest the end of the pew, I had heard, was to be married in less than two weeks. I was impressed that I ought to ask her to give herself to the Lord; but something said to me: 'Don't do it; her head is too full of other things now to think of religion. Wait until she gets married and you'll have a better chance.' I yielded to the temptation and returned to the altar feeling like a coward, as I was.

A little over a week from that time news came to the parsonage that Miss — was dead. She was buried in her bridal robes. At the funeral, when I looked down into that beautiful casket at the face of the dead, my heart was smitten with condemnation and a question propounded itself: 'How changed might be the condition of this precious soul had you done your full duty on that night of opportunity.'

But a little while after this, in the same series of meetings, I was going down the opposite aisle in search of someone whom I might speak to about the interests of his soul. I had not gone far before my eye rested on Major —, the principal merchant of the town. 'Why not speak to him?' whispered a voice. 'But,' said another voice, 'he's old enough and wise enough to seek the Lord without your help. If you should speak to him he would be offended and never come to another service.' So I passed on and went the full length of the aisle; but on my return, when I reached the pew where the major was sitting, something said: 'Remember the fate of the young lady.' This man may likewise be beyond human help in a few days.' My soul was greatly stirred. I said: 'I'll speak to him if it kills me'; and, without further parley with the devil, I leaned over and asked him a few questions, the last of which was: 'Will you go with me to that altar and seek salvation?' Like a man, as he was, his answer was prompt: 'I will'; and as we went there was a decided sensation in the audience.

Only a couple of weeks after this eventful night a messenger came in great haste to inform me that the major was very ill and wanted to see me at once. I went and found him near death's door, but calm and peaceful. God's will was his will, and he was ready for the summons. Three days after he went to his reward. When I looked into the casket which held his mortal remains a feeling of great satisfaction came over my soul, and I said: 'Thank God that I had the strength and courage to do my duty to this man at that supreme moment.'

Oh, that we all could realize that

'Time is flying and souls are dying.'

Our friends and neighbors are slipping from us and we from them. What we do must be done quickly.

That woman who died 'because she had nothing to look forward to' might possibly have been a member of some modern Sunday school we know of. Oh, ye superintendents, plan some little surprise, vary the order of things, do them a little differently. Then watch the effect—eyes brighten, hearts quicken with pleasurable anticipation. It puts new zest into the work, and everything seems worth while.

Temperance

A Temperance Psalm.

A modern alphabetical psalm on the virtues of total abstinence is furnished by Dr. Cyrus Edson, to the 'North American Review.' It is one of the best essays of its kind in print:

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip.
 B for Beginning, who takes just one sip.
 C for Companion, who urges him on.
 D for the Demon of drink that is born.
 E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
 F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.
 G for Guilt he afterwards feels.
 H for the Horror that hangs at his heels.
 I for Intention to drink not at all.
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.
 K for a Knowledge that he is a slave.
 L stands for Liquors his appetites crave.
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.
 N stands for No that he tries to say.
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
 P is for Pride that he drowns in his glass.
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
 R stands for Ruin that hovers around.
 S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.
 T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
 V for Vagrant he quickly becomes.
 W for Wanting of life that's soon done.
 X for eXit regretted by none.
 Youths of this nation, such weakness is crime,
 Zealously turn from the tempter in time!

Start in Right.

(By Beth Irving, in the 'Temperance Banner.')

Have you a hobby? Is there any subject in which you are more interested than others? I was greatly entertained the other day by a bright boy, in whose home I was visiting, who has a fine collection of geological specimens neatly arranged in a cabinet. He took great pride in exhibiting them to me, explaining where and how he obtained them, and I was surprised at his knowledge on the subject of geology. He showed me specimens of beautiful crystals, gerodes, corals, ores, and a large piece of famous Picture Rock brought from the banks of the Mississippi River. Its bright colors give it its name.

He brought out his favorite books and pictures, and then exhibited his pets. Among the latter was a fine Newfoundland dog, who performed several cute tricks that his young master had taught him.

One of this treasures, which he drew from his vest pocket, pleased me more than all the others. It was only a small card, on one side of which was the figure of a fine, healthy boy, and surrounding him were these words: 'I will never use tobacco in any form.' On the reverse side of the card were printed the words: 'Tobacco tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, vice, ill-health, insanity and death.'

'You mean to keep this pledge until you become a man, I suppose?' said I.

'Longer than that,' he replied, with a smile. 'I mean to keep it always.'

Judging from the earnestness of his tone I think he means what he said. No tobacco heart for any boy or man who keeps such a pledge, no poisoning of the blood or mental trouble from cigarette smoking. I wish, with all my heart, that every boy in the land would sign such a pledge; if they would they would never be in the condition in which I saw a young man not long since. He was the only child of loving parents, but they were obliged to send him away from home to an insane asylum, where it took three strong men to hold him and keep him from injuring himself and others. Excessive cigarette smoking had affected his brain, and unbalanced his mind. How I wished when I saw him that I could send out a warning cry to reach every

boy in the land, not to touch the little, innocent looking, but exceedingly harmful cigarette. Boys, don't smoke.

To the Point.

A butcher not long ago delivered a whole temperance lecture in a single sentence.

A young lady called upon him, and with much misgiving asked for a dollar toward paying a temperance lecturer who was to speak for the W. C. T. U. He replied:

'There's your dollar; I've sold more meat in one day since this town went no-license than I used to in a whole week when we had the saloons.'

Sandy's Resolve.

(Concluded.)

'Stay,' said Sister Agnes, 'it's not all his fault. Haven't I warned you more than once that if you didn't give up the drink it would some day bring greater trouble upon you? If you had kept outside the public-house there wouldn't have been any fine to pay.'

'That's true, Sister; and I begin to think I was a fool to spend so much money in drinking and gambling.'

'I'm glad you've started to think,' said she. 'If men would only think more they would drink less.'

The sailor bent down his head and seemed to be turning things over in his mind.

There was silence for a brief space, and Sister Agnes inwardly prayed that his thoughts might be guided into penitence for his faults and a real desire to abandon all wicked ways.

Suddenly Sandy started up with a brighter look on his face, and with his own merry laugh cried out, 'I'll tell you what I'm thinking. When I get out of this I won't let that chap have any more of my money; I'll bank it myself! I've resolved never to spend another farthing over strong drink, nor yet let anybody treat me. I know I can earn good wages if I like, and I mean to take a leaf out of the landlord's book and bank my money.'

'That is a good resolution, Sandy, and I should like you to confirm it by signing the pledge at once in my book. You may yet live to bless the day when your friend at the Crown and Anchor refused to lend you nine and sixpence. The Bible says that the Lord's judgments are right, and that it is in faithfulness that He afflicts us. Now He is dealing very faithfully with you in not permitting anyone to pay your fine; you'll have to spend a quiet week in gaol and it will be a grand opportunity to think over your past life and seek forgiveness for all your sins through Jesus Christ. Ask Him to give you a new heart and take away all desire for drink; and believe that He is able and willing to do it.'

'You talk like my mother,' said Sandy; 'she believed in God and heaven, and used to pray for all her children. I'll not forget your words, Sister, and I think I've learned a lesson that will last for a life-time.'

Two years passed, during which Sister Agnes heard nothing of Sandy. Once again it was a cold December morning, but a much pleasanter one than that on which we first made her acquaintance. The ground was dry with frost, and the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky. She had to go to a street near the docks to take some relief to a family of orphan children. She was looking into a shop window to choose some suitable garments for them, when she felt a hand lightly placed on her shoulder. Turning round she saw a well-dressed man, who greeted her with a smile, holding out his hand.

'Don't you know me, Sister? I knew you the moment you turned the corner of the street.'

At the sound of his voice memory reproduced the scene in the gloomy cell where Sandy M'Dermot had bemoaned his inability to pay the fine for being drunk and disorderly.

'Oh, yes, I remember you perfectly, and I'm glad indeed to meet you outside the Police Court.'

'I'll promise you that you'll never get a chance again to talk to me inside! Do you remember the publican's message? Well, that week in prison made a new man of me. I've never tasted drink since then, and I'll tell you what I do—I bank money myself! I'm on a larger ship, and earn more than I used to, so at the end of each voyage I put my wages into the Post Office Savings Bank.'

'Are you going to be at home for Christmas?'

'Yes, and my leave lasts till over New Year's day. Won't my wife and children be glad to get Daddy back! Last year at this time our ship was out on mid-ocean, so this is my first Christmas at home since I signed the pledge. I'm taking Mary a new dress, and I'm going to get a rocking-horse for Harry and a doll as big as a baby for Rosie.'

'So you've proved the truth of what I told you, that it was because the Lord loved you that He allowed you to get into such a fix?'

'Yes, I'm thankful to-day that He sent such a head-wind that I was compelled to change my course. While I was drinking I had poor clothes, poor food, and poor lodging, but now I'm well-clad, well-fed, and can afford to lodge at a decent place. I praise God for His mercy, and I don't forget to thank you for all the interest you took in me. And look here, Sister, I'd like just to give you five shillings for any poor, needy folks you're going to visit.'

'God bless you, brother,' said Sister Agnes, 'I'm on my way now to some dear little orphan children, and your kind gift can't be better spent than in helping them to have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.'

With a grip of the hand such as only a sailor can give, Sandy took leave of his friend and went down the street gaily whistling the tune of 'A life on the ocean wave.' Sister Agnes went into the shop to make her purchases with the welcome crown-piece in her hand, and a song of praise in her heart to Him who had graciously ordained that by means of the bitter discipline of prison life one of Alcohol's captives should be set free.—L. W., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

Sixteen Thousand Dollars.

'Uncle John,' in the 'Abstainer's Advocate' tells a good story which well illustrates how the 'old age pension' business might be settled if working men only had some sense: There was an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who stated that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year, at five per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's savings (365 sixpences) nine pounds, eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest, and thus went on, year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a-day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds nineteen shillings and ninepence sterling. Great was the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might have been worth this noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have had a house of his own and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy to others, or have used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.

It is simply beyond belief that any Christian man can say one word in favor of a beverage that poisons the blood and ruins the soul. The history of drinking is written within and without in mourning, lamentation, and woe. War cannot equal its ravages. Pestilence cannot rival its statistics of desolation. It stands alone as a record of sorrow and shame.—Joseph Parker.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Resting.

I'm sorry, now, I gave so very little thought
 To all the helpful lessons which my patient
 mother taught.
 Now older grown, and she has gone, I often
 long to tell
 Her how they all come back to me, each one
 remembered well,
 For in the work and cares of life that come
 from day to day,
 I find I stop to ask myself, 'What was my
 mother's way?'

There never seemed to be with her a doudgery
 of life,
 She got along so quietly with all its cares
 and strife;
 She always sang, about her work, and 'mid
 perplexing things
 The farmhouse walls re-echoed, 'Rise, my
 soul, and stretch thy wings.'
 I never hear old 'Amsterdam' but that I think
 how oft
 It bore my mother's soul from earth to un-
 seen things aloft!

When sitting in her rocking-chair, her lap
 with mending piled,
 She used to say, 'I want to rest, now read a
 Psalm, my child.'
 I learned by heart about 'the hills,' and 'lift-
 ing up my eyes,'
 'Those pastures green' and 'waters still' the
 Shepherd's love supplies,
 And all about 'Abiding 'neath the shadow of
 His wing.'
 For God our refuge is, our strength, I read in
 everything.

Sometimes I hurried through the Psalms, tak-
 ing but little heed,
 And then her thanks, so kindly said, encour-
 aged me to read
 Some of the words that Jesus spoke, for that
 was mother's way
 To read from Psalms and Gospels both upon
 the busiest day;
 For at such times she needed a much longer
 rest, and so,
 While but a child, I learned the favor'd pas-
 ages to know.

These precious words of quiet come to my
 own soul, now I
 A busy woman, full of work, my daily duties
 ply.
 I sing her hymns when fretted with ceaseless
 rounds of care,
 I repeat the Psalms and Gospels when in my
 sewing chair,
 I wonder if she knows it, and how glad I am
 each day,
 That my mother's way of resting was such
 a helpful way.

—'Congregationalist.'

Useful Boys.

(Mary C. Stetson, in 'Woman's Home Com-panion'.)

A great deal has been written about teach-
 ing our girls how to work before they assume
 the duties of a home. I go further than this,
 and insist that a young man should have
 much the same training. Making bread and
 pastry may be omitted, but there are times
 which are liable to come into a man's life—
 for instance, sickness in the family—and he
 needs his breakfast. He ought to be able to
 cook a beefsteak, make coffee and toast, and
 pour boiling water on oatmeal. Boys are
 teachable. Only speak about the knowledge
 being a necessity to camping out, and see
 how capable they will soon become.

Many delicate women in the past have
 done all the housework, washing, sweeping,
 dish-washing and cooking, for a family of
 boys, while these boys, in hours of recreation,
 were working off surplus energy by tossing
 balls over barns, throwing hammers and
 swinging in a home-made trapeze. This is all
 wrong. Boys in such a family should do much
 of the housework.

Again, what a blessing these home-taught boys are when they go out into the world.

They can fully appreciate a tidily kept home,
 and can lend a hand when it is necessary. One
 of the most refined and intellectual clerical
 gentlemen I ever met was stopping in a home
 where the mother did her own work. One
 day, when he saw that she was exhausted
 with much serving, he asked, 'Where is that
 basket of clothes which need ironing, that I
 saw here to-day?' She demurred, but he in-
 sisted, and he stood in that hot kitchen and
 ironed and sang, and sang and ironed, until
 the work was done. Does some one think he
 must have been effeminate? Well, if it is ef-
 feminate to be a soldier and fight in ten hard
 battles, perhaps he was. If it describes him,
 he makes it a good word. He had a good moth-
 er, who had helped fit her son for this very
 place. It was an action worthy of Phillips
 Brooks.

I know another instance of a man being
 entertained at a convention where the home
 was entirely cared for by one pair of hands.
 Before he went down to breakfast he opened
 the window and threw the bed open, as his
 mother had taught him years before. When
 he went back to his room he thought, 'Why
 should I not relieve this woman, on whom I
 have no claim at all, as I would relieve my
 own mother?' Later in the day, when the
 woman could find one free minute, she went
 up-stairs, to find the room immaculate, the
 work done. Do you wonder that her eyes
 filled with tears, that some one had seen she
 was over-taxed, and had tried to lighten her
 burdens?

Importance of Good Dressing

Keeping dressed up—how we mortals rebel
 against it! How vigorously small Susie pro-
 tests, screaming and stamping, when her hair
 is combed; how Johnnie kicks and snarls
 when face-washing time comes round; how
 father fumes over unyielding shirt bands and
 refractory collar buttons, and how poor moth-
 er sighs and fusses over shirt fasteners
 that won't fasten and hooks and eyes that re-
 fuse to be friends!

And what jubilation there is when a vaca-
 tion in the country—the real country—af-
 fords release from restraint, formality and
 starchy things!

What joy to go about in lazy comfort, no
 longer be-girdled, be-flounced, be-ribboned
 and becollared!

And yet—let us admit the truth. It would
 be unfortunate indeed if we were allowed
 such freedom every day.

Rusticating is all right in vacation time;
 being free from the 'burden of dressing' is
 good for us at intervals; but it is well that
 we are not permitted for very long periods to
 indulge our lazy propensities.

The longing to throw off restraint and to
 escape the necessity of 'keeping dressed up'
 is the cry of the primitive in us and should
 not be allowed to dominate our tendencies to-
 ward civilization.

We need the discipline of 'keeping dressed
 up.' The compulsion that requires us to be
 careful of our personal appearance and that
 keeps us on the alert lest our skirts fray
 at the hem and sag in the back is very, very
 good for us.

It is well that collars and ties, pins and
 girdles, occupy a share of every day's activi-
 ties. It is through 'bothering' with these dif-
 ficulties and others like them that we are
 kept in the current of civilization.

Superficial as it may sound, attention to
 looks and dress is one of the allies of human
 advancement. Keeping alert about one's per-
 sonal appearance helps one to keep alert about
 other things.

Observe carefully and you will see that the
 woman who 'eases down' in the matter of
 looks soon 'eases down' in her aims and as-
 pirations along other lines.

When a woman grows indifferent as to the
 hang of her skirt and the fit of her waist;
 when it is no longer a matter of interest to
 her whether her collar is pinned straight or
 crooked, you may be sure that woman's men-
 tality is sagging somewhere and will soon
 sag in innumerable places.

The woman who 'lets herself go' as to
 clothes and who cares not about the arrange-
 ment of her hair shows a distinct lack men-
 tally—yes, and in a sense, morally. For who

will contend it is moral to neglect the appear-
 ance of the soul's habitation? And who will
 say any one has an all-round mental de-
 velopment who has no patience, no accuracy,
 in dressing?

You may talk all you like about your
 gifted, clever, eccentric woman friend, who
 has so many important matters to consider
 that her brain can not accommodate so su-
 perficial a thought as dress, and who would
 not condescend to waste time pinning a veil
 or hooking a grille.

The woman who hasn't enough ambition,
 accuracy, or gumption to get her clothes on
 correctly is deficient in one department of
 mentality, at least. Often she is lazy, yes,
 out and out lazy—so far as that one particu-
 lar kind of effort is concerned.

It requires too much exercise of will to
 'keep up'; too great attention to details and
 to pins that must be put in 'just so.'

I care not how cleverly your friend plays
 or writes, sings or recites, nor how fluently
 she discusses Ibsen, Maeterlinck or Bernard
 Shaw. No matter what her gifts! If she has
 not the gift of making herself presentable,
 attractive, sweet, she lacks, and lacks, griev-
 ously.

What you term eccentricity in her you
 would call just plain slovenliness in a woman
 without talents. But talents do not beauti-
 fy her fault.

This same verdict applies to the man who
 neglects his personal appearance, whether
 through lack of ambition, laziness or the
 mistaken idea that such efforts are of small
 importance.

Attention to looks, to dress, when be-
 stowed with reason, is a means to the de-
 velopment of several virtues. There is men-
 tal and moral discipline in it.

So it is good we may not rusticate and be
 lazy every day. It is good custom requires
 us to be careful as to our attire. It may not
 always be comfortable. In the words of
 small Susie, who, after the maternal scrub-
 bing with soap and water, declares she hates
 the 'feel of being clean,' it may seem 'sort o'
 stiff.' But the odds are in favor of the 'stiff
 feeling' so far as progress and development
 go.

So go back to your pins and your hooks
 and eyes; your dressmakers and tailors; your
 collars, ties and girdles. Smile at the disci-
 pline and accept it, for it is good.—Chicago
 'Journal.'

Selected Recipes.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOMATOES.—
 Place one tablespoon butter in a frying pan,
 when hot drop in a small onion, chopped fine,
 and when this browns put in eight small to-
 matoes, sliced. When cooked soft, drop in six



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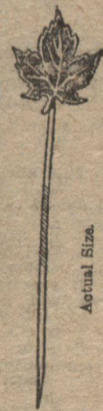
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Religious Notes.

The Hon. Eki Hioki, Japan's chargé d'affaires at Washington, at a recent banquet in Boston, Massachusetts, spoke very decidedly in favor of religious teaching in Japan. The following quotation in his remarkable speech is taken from a report in the 'Christian Herald.' Mr. Hioki said: 'We of Japan believe in the efficacy of religion; it is with us a creed of no less than a rule of life; and it is because we appreciate its sanctity, and the importance that religion plays in the foundation of character, in making men steadfast in the hour of trial, and courageous in the day of adversity, that we, following the priceless example of your own republic, exercise no interference in religion. By the 28th article of the constitution of Japan the freedom of religious belief is guaranteed. A man's religion is a matter between himself and his conscience, and he may worship his God in his own way, secure in the knowledge that his faith will be respected. Japan has never been a land of religious conflict, or religious persecution. We have no wrongs to revenge; we have no past, with its historical burden, to menace the future.'

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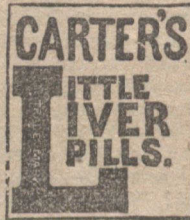
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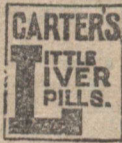
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The most learned and most dominant elements of Japan are quite ready to receive the message of Christianity with an unbiased mind, and to examine it with critical and impartial consideration.

The Japanese mind is an inquiring mind; it insists upon knowing the why and the wherefore. The messengers of a new faith must be men not only versed in their faith, but also men of broad and tolerant views; men who are familiar with the great questions of the day; men who can attune themselves to new voices and new thoughts; men who can bring the doctrines of Christianity into harmonious relation with the development of history, and show its influence upon modern culture. The modern missionary does not need to go forth with scrip or staff. He stands in no fear of bodily harm; neither contemptuously nor reviling shall be his portion. He must be not only a teacher of the Word, but guide, philosopher, and friend as well. To such, I am sure, Japan will extend not alone the hand of respect, but also of friendship: willing to give deferential and attentive ear; not rejecting lightly, but embracing eagerly, if it shall satisfy that spiritual craving that is the common heritage of humanity; that finds its expression in the east no less than in the west.

John G. Wooley, the enthusiastic temperance advocate, has recently returned to the United States from a great world tour, in which he made a special study of the liquor evil as it exists in many lands. He has come to the conclusion that the use of liquor is decreasing among what is called the middle classes, but increasing with the idle rich and the idle poor. He thinks New Zealand has, on the whole, the most satisfactory laws dealing with the matter of liquor drinking. Its local option measure he considers very good. The entire absence of the bar in Japan seems to have impressed him very much.

The English Bible Society has supported 900 colporteurs, who sold during the year nearly two and a quarter million volumes. It also supported 670 native Christian Bible-women employed in connection with about forty different missionary organizations in the East, and it helped to maintain 100 European Bible-women, most of whom are working in London back-streets. An excellent example of the scale on which the Society conducts its business was evidenced at the last monthly meeting of the committee, when orders to be placed with various printing firms were sanctioned, amounting to no less than 653,000 volumes.

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Rebuked.

The following incident, related by a mother, well illustrates how even a child may be taught so as to miss spiritual food: 'Isn't you going to give me my little bit of Bible?' asked our astonished four-year-old child the last time we overslept, and had to hurry off without explaining to her the one verse of Scripture I teach her every day. I don't mean to oversleep again!

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