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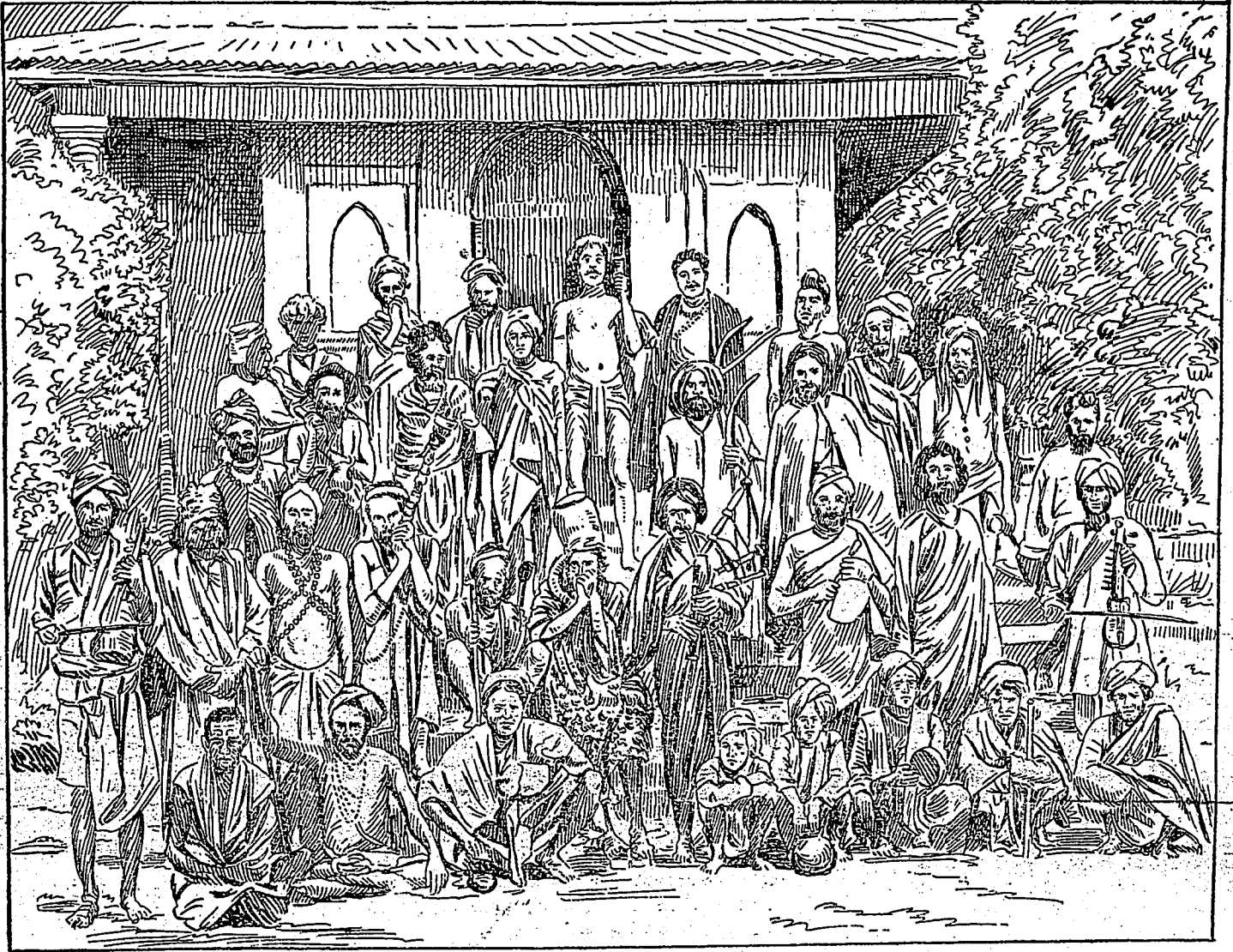
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GROUP OF SADHUS AND WANDERING BEGCARS.

A Group of Hindu Devotees.

(By the Rev. C. Hope Gill.)

This group represents twenty-nine religious devotees of India, with some of their chelas, or pupils. Five of the latter are sitting on the ground to the reader's right. These devotees are sometimes called fakirs; but that is a Mohammedan term, as these are all Hindus, we should more correctly call them Sadhus (holy men), Bairagis, Yogis, Gosains, and wandering beggars.

We do not often see such a variety grouped together. The photographer must have used his cleverest arts to beguile them into such submission and mutual amity, and at his bidding they evidently donned their best clothes, or at least most of them; they are not always so respectable.

The man in the middle, clothed in a leopard skin is a chief personage among them. His tall hat, of hide, into which his long, unkempt hair is coiled, denotes his importance. An attendant behind carries some antlers, his master's badge of office. He has wooden clogs on his feet, with little button pegs passed between his toes to act as laces. In his hands he holds the bowl of his hookah, or tobacco-pipe, which he is smoking or sucking through his fingers. The man next but one to his right is holding in his hands and smoking a long and gorgeous hookah, resembling a mace; it has the tobacco at the top, and is sucked through rosewater at the bottom.

The group contains three travelling musicians. Highlanders will recognize their national pipes (what a libel!) in the middle, but might listen in vain for their swirl. On the right is the native edition of the violin, and on the left the most primitive instrument with only two strings.

There are three figures to be noted at the bottom of the picture. The man on the reader's left shows three horizontal marks showing his devotion to Siva, and has his head completely shaved with a razor. Next to him is a Brahman, wearing the sacred thread of the twice-born, and also a large rosary. With his right hand he grasps a stout stick, and under his left hand is lying his short iron staff, with a ring attached; an instrument of awe to the people. The next man has a plentiful supply of salmon-colored clothing, the robes of the holy, and is holding a water gourd with a handle, in which he receives alms and doles of rice.

Many of these so-called ascetics are disreputable in their character and decidedly dirty in their habits. In our picture we see two or three with filthy, matted locks, which have never been cut, combed or washed; and many more whom we should like to introduce to a barber. Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness; and the Hindus generally are a cleanly people, who seldom miss their daily bath; but in the case of their religious devotees, dirt appears to be considered a necessary accompaniment to sanctity.

These men live upon the charity of the people. They obtain a reputation for sanctity by making long pilgrimages, smearing their bodies with ashes, and sometimes imposing penances upon themselves. They have a great influence over the common people, who fear their displeasure. 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness'—'Church Missionary Gleaner.'

A Remarkable Story.

In Backargunj, work was carried on by the Baptist Mission from 1829, but up to 1840 no result followed whatever. Numerous were the Bengali tracts constantly distributed. The crowd, which took the tracts to their homes, did not know, and we did not then know, that one amongst those who carried home a tract was a great teacher of the people, who, in most cases, were so illiterate that they were unable to read. This man carried the tract twenty-five miles into the interior, through rice-fields and swamps and marshes. He took it into his native village, where he collected some sixteen of his disciples, and asked them to sit round the mat on the floor of his hut, and then one read the tract. We cannot trace the subject dealt with in the tract, but we believe it was the story of the raising of Jairus's daughter and the necessity for prayer. Now, in a cottage there was a woman ill with fever, and they gathered round

her and prayed with her, and God rewarded their prayers by restoring her to health. Then this Bengali urged his followers, though lowcaste people, to proceed to obtain more books from the towns. In time they had collected five or six tracts, which they sewed together and made into one little book. They had no Bible, no missionary, no colporteur, no one to follow up the work, but from those tracts they evolved a little creed, a tiny creed which, though perhaps crude in character, helped to give those poor people the truth, and wield them into one body in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The creed was in three simple sentences, which were calculated to attract and influence the imagination as well as the enthusiasm of an illiterate people. It was in Bengali, and you will see it sounds somewhat remarkable. It was, 'Satya bolo,' Speak the truth; 'Sanga cholo,' Come with us; 'Guru dhoro,' Cling to the Master. And if you notice these three little sentences in one, you will see that they evolve a creed. 'Satya bolo' means Speak the truth.' In a nation where the very gods are liars, and the people would lie for the smallest gain, and were without righteousness, they learned, as soon as they had found the light in those tracts, to become a truth-loving people. The second clause urged to fellowship, and the third to abide in Christ. So this three-fold cord, a cord not easily broken, bound this little people together. For five years there was no missionary in the neighborhood. At last a visit was paid to the mission station, and the Bengali, with seven others, went to the missionary and said, 'We have read these books. We want to learn something more of Jesus. Will you tell us more?' For three weeks the missionary kept them, teaching them out of the word of God, and when they left that town and returned home they left baptized believers, carrying with them the first bible which went into their neighborhood. A few months later twenty-one others came on the same errand and were baptized.

That tract was a wedge that was driven in, and it opened a vast gap through which missionaries could pass into the interior to regions where they would never have labored unless God had opened the door. On going round, they found these people were not like the Athenians. They seemed interested, and truly wanted to know the Lord. Then the first place of worship was erected and the first service was held, and when the people gathered round in their new little building—a mere thatched building, supported by little posts, with mat walls all around, and the missionary put the question, 'How many of you want to follow the example of the twenty-nine men who have been baptized into the Christian Church? no less than 115 put up their hands that Sunday morning, and were baptized. The first little Christian church was organized, and was followed by a work which has spread and spread until to-day there are some 7,000 Christians in that district who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. In nearly every house you will find tracts, copies of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Holy War,' and other Christian literature, on little shelves around the walls. Some twenty percent can read, and in sixty-four villages, which are largely Christian, the yearly visit of the missionary is looked upon as an annual festival, where they gather in God's house and attend the services of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Light in the Home.'

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime, and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as guilty as any which has been practiced by the bravos of any country or any age.—John Ruskin.

'Me Die For Missionary.'

When I went to Ambrym in 1890, at that side of the island where there is no missionary, we saw the people on the shore all lying under arms. We hesitated to go near, and whenever we approached them they would rush to the shore and draw up their canoes. For hours they continued doing this. At last two lads came off in canoes with shaking and trembling limbs, and one called out:

'You missionary?'

'Yes, I am a missionary.'

'You true missionary?'

'Yes.'

'You no got revolver?'

I bared my body and showed that I had none.

'You no come steal boys or women?'

'No, we have come to tell you about God. Thereupon he shouted:

'Yes; me savy (know) you! You true missionary. You bring Missi Gordon, who comes here long, long, ago.'

I said 'Yes,' and with one rush the two lads came in their canoe and leaped into our boat, calling ashore:

'Missi! missi! missi!' and something else that we did not understand. The cry was taken up and echoed throughout the entire island—you heard it everywhere—

'Missionary! missionary!'

The people laid aside their weapons, and we soon landed, the natives rushing into the surf and taking the boat up on the beach.

As soon as I got out I saw a painted, forbidding-looking savage making toward me. I kept my eyes on him, for I did not know what he was after.

He seized me by the arm, exclaiming in burning, broken accents:

'Me die for missionary. Me want a missionary. Me no got a missionary. Me die for missionary!'

Oh, how the iron entered into my soul as I felt the grip of the poor savage and heard his pleading cry, for, alas! we had no means of helping him.

I said, 'We cannot give you a missionary.'

'Do, do, do!' he said, looking appealingly at the young men with us.

I said they were for another island.

'No. You stop 'long o' me. Me die; me want missionary to teach me.'

If God's dear people could have seen and heard him with their own eyes and ears, then how soon his desire would have been fulfilled!

At length we went to the boat, and he said:

'When you come with the missionary?'

I said, 'we cannot come for a year.'

'Oh,' he pleaded, 'not say twelve months. Me want missionary; me die for missionary. Not say year.'

Three weary years have passed, and we have not one for them yet. Such is the desire on many islands. Oh, to enter with the gospel and see its blessed effects! — J. G. Paton, in 'Christian Work.'

A Fine Old Fashion.

(Ada Melville Shaw.)

I read about a fine old fashion, this morning, and I wondered if it would ever come about again. I have not many times seen its like in this mighty Babylon, where little children grow bent in gathering cigar-stumps, and old men with bag and hooked stick, haunt the garbage-boxes. Neither have I seen its like in the open country, where the hungry 'tramp' begs his way from farm to farm.

Truly it is an odd fashion—a fashion of gleanings. And the One who set it, spake on this wise, as if by authority: 'When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not

wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard. Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God.'

Winter is upon us. The poor and stranger are among us. Are we gleaning—cleaning up every corner, gathering every grape, hoarding every dollar? Why not live awhile after this old fashion of days when men lived according to the word of the Lord?

Even Christians forget. And mother saves all her old dresses, with little half-worn skirts and coats, and uses her spare minutes in making rag carpets, rugs and patchwork quilts. How about the children of the poor, for whom she might have used those spare moments to mend the garments and shape them over for their shivering forms?

Some young woman, busy all day 'down town,' on a sufficient salary, sits up half the night to sew for herself, when just around the corner another girl almost starves and wholly despairs for want of that work.

A brother is in need, and borrows from his wealthy brother in Christ, and pays him again—with interest. The lender's money must be 'earning' all the time, even if it earn by another's whitened hairs and shortened life.

'I am the Lord your God!' What mean these words following each command in that chapter of laws?

Do they not mean: 'I have given you all — cannot you spare the gleanings — the cleanings? I fed you out of my abundance when you could not feed yourselves—will you starve my poor?' My harvests are limitless, my grapes are grapes of Eschol; do not be afraid of the future, give, give! I emptied heaven of its most priceless treasure for you—cannot you leave a few grapes for my needy ones?

Oh, housewives with your loaded attics, stored boxes, your carefully boarded materials that 'may come in some day' — you 'thrifty' people who have no absolute need to scrimp and save—you keen business men who pride yourselves on the calculations that make every fraction of wealth bring forth another fraction—get you quit of the fashion of this world and learn of him who said, 'Give! Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom.'

Better, indeed, be out of the world than out of this fashion.

You believe it not? Then have you made the Lord a liar, for the pattern and the promise are his and unto you that read.—Standard.

Saved From Fire.

The 'Canadian Link,' tells a story of a Chinese convert who had learned the secret of taking every difficulty to God in prayer, and expecting a direct answer.

His heathen neighbors were collecting a large sum of money to be spent in idol-worship to preserve the houses on their street from fire. They asked this Christian to contribute, but he answered that he trusted no more in idols, but only in the living God, and that he felt safe from all danger under his protection.

Soon after their expensive ceremony was over, a fire broke out in that very street, and more than a hundred houses were burned to ashes. Still this Christian believed that God would answer his prayers and save his home. Amid the jeers of heathen men he knelt down and asked God to show these people that he was able to save from bodily harm, as well as save souls.

The fire came nearer and nearer, until only one house stood between his and the blazing ruins. Just then God sent a sudden change of wind in answer to that prayer of faith. The fire was conquered. 'According to your faith be it unto you.'

A Brilliant Idea.

CHAPTER I.—HEAD TO HEAD.

'Now, this is what I call just proper, you and I having supper together, "head to head," as the French say. This is how we shall be when we're ever so old, Mabel—when I'm a nice middle-aged medical gentleman, and my old maiden sister keeps house for me. You're cut out for an old maid, everybody says that. And they always say it of the nicest girls, so you needn't mind.'

Mabel smiled. Whatever Claude had said she wouldn't have minded it much. He was so handsome and merry and kind that everybody, from grandma—who had brought up the three orphans from mere babies, and could be alarmingly stern when she chose—to the gardener's odd man, seemed inclined to indulge and spoil him.

Clang-a-lang! went the door-bell.

'Post!' cried Claude, jumping up from the table and making a headlong dive at the door, 'Christmas cards.'

'Oh, no, not yet!' laughed Mabel, 'Why, this is only the fifteenth. Ella home from Robinsons', more likely.'

Almost as soon as she had finished speaking, Claude was back again waving an envelope triumphantly above his head.

'The rule of the game is,' he observed,

She was opening the letter as she spoke, and roiced inside was a crisp, rustling sheet of paper, with the magic word 'FIVE,' printed very bold and black in one corner.

'A five-pound note, as I'm alive,' gasped Claude. 'Who's it for?'

'It is to buy things for the orphans' Christmas tree! Oh, how good—how lovely of him!' cried Mabel, with sparkling eyes. 'He says he knows how interested I am in it, and how hard I've been working, and he wants to do a little bit of Santa Claus business on his own account. Oh, I am so glad!'

'He is a proper good sort, I must say,' remarked Claude. 'Grandma will be pleased! Shall you write and tell her, or wait till she comes home?'

'Oh, I don't know. She'll be back on Thursday; perhaps I'll wait. I think we ought to buy some nice things with this, Claude—I mean things that will do for the elder girls. It is quite a fortune, isn't it?'

'What shall you do with it in the meantime? You had better give it to me to take care of for you,' suggested Claude, with an elder brotherly air.

'I shall lock it up in grandma's bureau drawer till she comes back,' said Mabel. 'She left her keys with me, and it will be quite safe there.'

Cling-a-ling! went the bell again.

bound volumes exposed to view, the gold and colors of their covers quite visible through the white, semi-transparent 'pin-flores' in which they were wrapped.

'There are six volumes of "The Children's Friend," to start with,' said Claude. 'The youngsters are sure to like them; and I can see some of "Pansy's" too.'

'How nice to have them all in that whitey paper!' observed tidy Mabel. 'But what queer stuff it is! It's crisp and crackly, like the paper my bank-note is made of.'

'So it is,' said Claude. 'It's almost exactly the same. What a pity we can't make some five-pound notes for ourselves! Mabel,' he added, impressively, after a minute's silence, 'I've got an idea—a brilliant idea, that'll be no end of fun! Just lend me your bank-note for an hour or two and I'll astonish you.'

CHAPTER II.—A 'LITTLE BRICK.'

'She's a disagreeable pig, that's what she is!'

'Oh, Claude,' expostulated Ella, 'I'm sure Mabel is never disagreeable.'

'She is now—precious! It's that old bank-note coming has made her so horrid uppish. Anybody'd think I wanted to steal her old five pounds.'

'Why, what's the matter, then?'

'It's just this. I've got a most splendid—a perfectly scrumptious idea for Christmas cards—the best joke of the season. You know that funny sort of stiff tissue-paper that comes round new books? Well, it's almost exactly like bank-note paper. And I want to make two or three imitation five and ten pound notes with it, in India ink; different words, of course, all about Christmas wishes and that sort, but to look just like the real thing at first sight, and be a jolly take in, you know. And Mabel won't let me look at hers for just five minutes or so, to get the size, and see how the wording goes.'

'I suppose she's afraid of something happening to it,' said Ella. 'But that would be a lovely idea, and you write such beautiful copper-plate that I am sure you could do it splendidly. And it couldn't hurt her note.'

'Of course not! I say, Nelligen'—after a pause.

'Yes?'

Ella tossed back her fair hair, and looked readily up from the book she was reading, for her special pet name and the confidential tone in which it was uttered, suggested that 'fun' of some sort was coming. 'You could help me, you know, if you liked.'

'Could I?'

'Why, yes. In the first place you could get me a sheet or two of that paper I was talking about. Mabel won't let me have even that—some nonsense about giving the books to grandma just as they came, as if taking off their outside wrapper could hurt! But she'd let you look at them, I daresay; and then you could slip off one or two of the papers. And you could get hold of the note for me at the same time just as well as not.'

'I'm afraid I couldn't do that,' Ella said, hesitatingly. 'You say Mabel has locked it up in grandma's bureau.'

'Well, I daresay you know where she keeps the key?'

'She would be awfully cross if she found out,' said Ella—'grandma, I mean. I don't think I could dare—and—I don't think it would be quite right besides.'

'Oh, there, you're just like the rest of the girls!' cried Claude, in accents of disgust. 'Always afraid of something!'

'I'm not afraid,' protested Ella. 'Only,



'IT'S FROM UNCLE FRED.'

'that the one who guesses right has the prize. Consequently, the first Christmas card of the season is awarded to Mr. Claude Harwood, of "The Laurels," Rushington.'

'Oh, Claude, is it for you really?' asked Mabel, as her brother slipped the missive under his plate, and made a show of composedly continuing his supper.

But she was well up to all his tricks, and with a deft movement suddenly tipped up the plate, and pounced upon the letter under it.

'"Miss Harwood"! she read. "Ah, now, if I didn't think so. Why, it's from Uncle Fred! and—oh, I say, Claude, what's this?'

'That's Ella for certain!' said Mabel. 'How surprised she'll be!'

'Wrong again,' said Claude, as a servant entered with a large, square, brown-paper parcel in her arms.

'From Barton's, Miss,' she said.

'Oh, I know,' said Mabel. 'It's the school prizes grandma ordered last week.'

'Let's have a squint at them,' suggested Claude.

'Better not,' said Mabel. 'Grandma mightn't like it.'

'Fiddle!' retorted Claude; and in two minutes the string was untied, the brown paper unfolded, and about two dozen smartly

I don't exactly see—but I'll do my best, Claude, I'll try.'

'Oh, don't trouble,' said Master Claude, coldly, as with his hands in his pockets and his nose in the air, he marched towards the door. 'I can do without your help. But it's always the way if a fellow thinks to take a girl for a chum—'

'But I will—I will!' cried poor Ella, eagerly, unable to bear such a tone from her idolized brother, Claude. 'I'll go now, Mabel is having her music-lesson in the drawing-room. It's a good opportunity.'

She put down her book and ran up the stairs. Grandmama's keys, left for the first time, as a great honor, in the charge of trustworthy Mabel, were hidden away, as Ella knew, at the back left-hand corner of her sister's top long drawer. She easily secured these, and then slipped into Mrs. Harwood's own room, which adjoined that occupied by the girls.

The parcel of books were lying on an ottoman by the window. Ella soon extracted two or three of the coveted crisp white covers; and then she went over to Mrs. Harwood's bureau and unlocked drawer after drawer in search of the five-pound note. But it was in the upper part, after



SHE UNLOCKED DRAWER AFTER DRAWER.

all, that she discovered it, tucked away in a pigeon-hole, in the same envelope in which it had arrived. Ella took out the note with trembling hands, and put back the letter where she had found it.

The reward for her trouble was to be called a 'little brick,' by Claude, but even this, sweet as it was, did not wholly do away with an uncomfortable conviction that she had been doing wrong, and she felt that she should be very glad when the note was safely back in the bureau again.

Claude shut himself up in his room and worked away at his copying for two or three hours that morning, and at dinner-time managed by sundry pantomimic gestures to convey to Ella the intelligence that it was getting on splendidly.

'Where is the note now?' whispered Ella, anxiously, as soon as she got a chance. 'You haven't left it anywhere about, have you?'

For answer, Claude tapped his breast-pocket significantly. Into its deepest recess the bank-note, folded small, was crammed.

Early in the afternoon a school-fellow called for Claude to go out skating, for the ice, after long waiting, had at last been pronounced thick enough to 'bear.'

The boy was rushing away to get ready, when Hannah, who had been their nurse when they were babies, and still looked after them in a general sort of way, called out, 'Don't go to the park in that shabby suit, Master Claude! Your grandma said you were not to go out of doors in it again.'

'All right, nurse,' answered Claude. 'I'll get into my other in two ticks.'

He tossed off the old blue coat and trousers and donned his grey ones with almost the celerity of a professional transformationist, leaving the former, we regret to say, in a heap on his bedroom floor; then down the stairs he clattered again, the front door banged, and he was gone.

It was not until Claude had been enjoying himself for a good hour upon the ice, that he suddenly recollected the five-pound note in the pocket of the jacket he had so unceremoniously discarded. But, 'That will be safe enough!' he said to himself, 'Nobody will meddle with my things while I am out.'

As soon as the boy reached home, however, he ran upstairs to make sure that all was as he left it. To his alarm the blue serge jacket and trousers were nowhere to be seen.

'I say, nurse, what have you done with my old suit?' he anxiously asked. 'Taken it away to mend?'

'It was not worth it, my dear,' answered Hannah. 'Mistress said it was to go to the rummage sale at the Deepside Schools, and as a man came this afternoon to fetch away anything we had to spare, I let him have it.'

Claude felt as though he were suddenly plunged into a hot bath. Then he turned quite sick with fear.

'You shouldn't have sent my clothes away like that, nurse, without telling me,' he said, 'There was—there might have been something in the pockets.'

'I made sure of that, Master Claude, for I felt in every one. There was nothing but your knife, and some bits of colored chalk, and an old padlock. I put 'em all on the dressing-table in your room.'

'When is the sale to be?' asked Claude, with his brain all in a whirl of desperate plans for getting the jacket into his own hands again.

'To-morrow afternoon at three,' replied Hannah.

And Deepside was four miles away.

CHAPTER III.—AN EVIL COUNSELLOR.

Before Claude Harwood went to sleep that night he had made up his mind to get over to Deepside by hook or by crook next morning, and regain possession of that old blue jacket, or, at least, of the precious contents of the breast pocket, which Hannah had somehow overlooked.

But, alas for his plans, the first post brought the information that grandma expected to reach Rushington by the 10.50 train, and wished Claude to meet her at the station, and carry her bag.

'Well, anyhow,' he thought, 'I can go to the schools directly after dinner—nobody will think it queer of me to want to have a peep at the rummage sale—and perhaps I shall be able to drop upon the jacket before it is sold to anybody.'

But the hope was rather faint, and Claude's apprehensions grew more vivid as the hour for meeting his grandmother drew nigh. Full of anxiety, which he did not communicate even to Ella, the boy seemed so dull and quiet and unlike himself during his walk home with Mrs. Harwood after her four days' absence, that she taxed him with being unwell, and decided he had 'one of his colds coming on.'

In vain Claude protested; ineffectually he begged to be allowed to go and see the fun at the Deepside Schools. The wind was in the north-east, grandma said, and a snow-storm threatening; she did not want to have him laid up at Christmas.

It need not be said that Mrs. Harwood was not in the house many minutes before Mabel told her the news about Uncle Fred's wonderful present.

'And such a nice, kind letter he sent with

it,' she said. 'I'll fetch it and show it to you. I put it in your bureau to be safe.'

Ella glanced anxiously at Claude as their sister ran out of the room, but he was sharpening a pencil, and did not look up. His face was very white.

It seemed a long time before Mabel came back, and when she did her cheeks were as red as Claude's were pale, and her eyes wide with dismay. 'It's gone!' she gasped, 'Grandma, it isn't there. Only the envelope and the letter. My five-pound note is gone!' 'Nonsense!' said grandma, sharply. 'Let me go and look. It cannot have disappeared unless hands have taken it. And I have known and trusted the servants for years.'

She at once rose and left the room, Mabel close at her heels. The other two followed, but at a distance.

'What will you do?' asked Ella of Claude, in a terror-stricken whisper. 'It is too late to put it back in the drawer now.'

'I can't think what we are to do! I—I didn't like to tell you before, Nellie, but that stupid Hannah has sent it to the rummage sale!'

'Mabel's bank-note!'

'Hush! somebody will hear you! Yes; in the pocket of my old serge coat. We shall never see it again!'

'Oh, Claude, let's tell them!' begged Ella. 'Let's own up at once, before it gets any worse.'

'No, no! I've seen grandma in a passion once, and I wouldn't again, for anything.'

'But perhaps someone else may get blamed.'

'No, they won't; you heard grandma say just now that she had trusted them for years. No, let's keep mum, and it will blow over.'

'There's Susan,' Ella reminded her brother, still far from easy in her mind as to the course he recommended. 'She hasn't been with us very long, and—'

'Hold your tongue, do! You'll get us in no end of a row. They're coming back.'

Susan was the school-room maid, a poor, uneducated girl, whom Mrs. Harwood had taken into her employ only a few weeks previously, as a sort of charitable experiment. She was the eldest of a family of orphans, who had been managing for themselves since the almost simultaneous death of their parents about eighteen months before. She was timid and shy, some folks thought not over-bright in her mind; but what wits the poor thing possessed had been nearly frightened out of her by her experiences in her first place, where abuse from morning till night from her mistress, and not infrequent flinging of boots, shoes, and other portable trifles at her head by her master had been her daily portion for nearly a year.

Rescued from this misery by Mrs. Har-



'HER DAILY PORTION.'

wood, Susan naturally felt her new life under the kind, if somewhat severe, rule of the lady of 'The Laurels,' to be a sort of heaven on earth, and did her best to please everybody about her.

'The first thing to be done,' said Mrs.

Harwood, 'is to ascertain from Uncle Fred the number of the note he sent; and then I mean to have every box and drawer in the house searched. But don't mention a word about the loss to any of the maids, children; if we want to find the thief we must come upon her unawares.'

With a distressful face Ella sought her brother when he was alone.

'We shall have to tell, now,' she said, 'we really must!'

'Nonsense, silly!' persisted Claude, 'The search won't do anybody any harm, for the note won't be found. You take my advice, and keep quiet.'

And once again poor little Ella, in whose heart the spirit of right, which is the Spirit of God, was striving to save her, yielded to the tempter, and promised still to keep the joint fault a secret.

A few days elapsed before Uncle Fred's answer respecting the number of the note was obtainable, and it arrived at last when the children were all out on the ice with their companions, bent upon enjoying the result of a hard frost, ere the thaw which was already beginning should put an end to their fun.

Armed with the information she required, Mrs. Harwood proceeded to call upon and question each of the domestics in turn as to whether they could tell her anything of the missing note.

They every one denied all knowledge of the affair, and declared that they had not touched Mrs. Harwood's keys in her absence, or even knew where Miss Mabel kept them. But, Susan, her mistress privately noted, seemed rather confused, though she asserted as strongly as any that she had not been near the bureau.

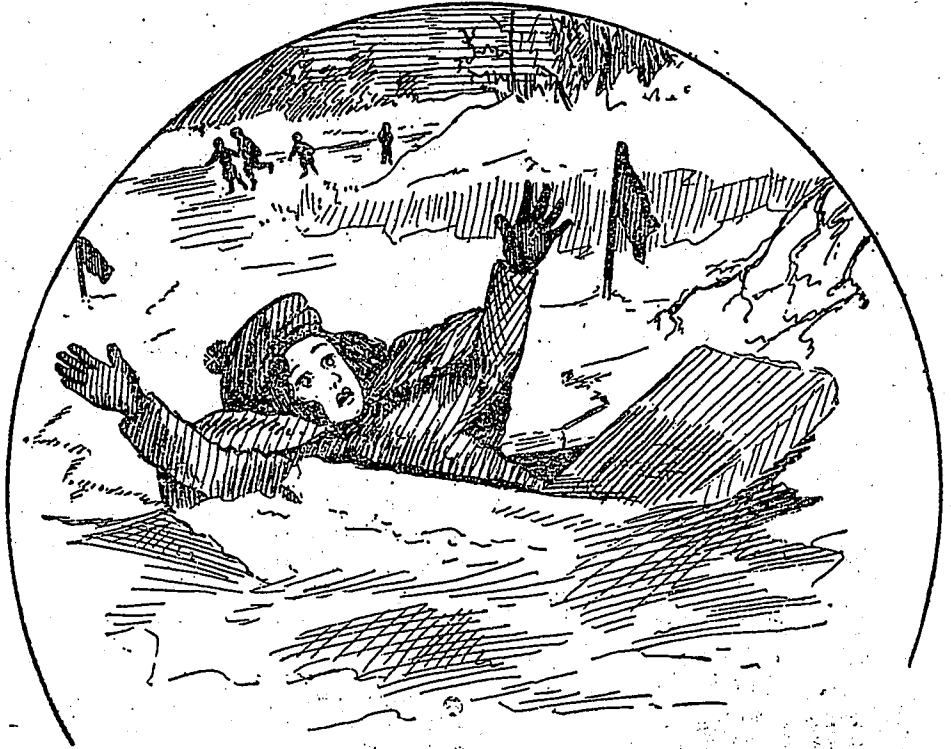
One and all expressed perfect willingness to have their boxes searched in the presence of a police officer, and this examination was as soon as possible carried out. Each passed triumphantly through the ordeal until Susan's turn came, and then, to the amazement of every one except her mistress, the missing five-pound note—Uncle Fred's gift be-

worth anything, or not; and I said I'd arst you, mum, only—only you've been so busy every day I didn't like to trouble you, and—' 'Say no more, Susan!' interrupted Mrs. Harwood, sternly. 'Your story bears the stamp of falsehood on the face of it. I have no alternative but to give you in charge at once for the theft.'

Suddenly they saw her fall and throw up her arms; but she did not get up again, and they could see that the ice was broken, and that she was sinking through.

'Get somebody—get help!' cried Constance and Mabel in a breath. 'She will be drowned!'

And they both ran shouting to the more



'THEY SAW HER THROW UP HER ARMS.'

CHAPTER IV.—CONFESSIONS.

The sun was sinking like a ball of fire behind the leafless trees that encircled the frozen pond, and his red rays lit up a glowing, happy face with peach-like bloom.

'Let's have one round more, before we go home!' said Ella to her friend, Constance Reeves.

'Yes! But not that way!' said her sister, Mabel. 'Oh, don't go that way, Ella. Don't you see the little red flags up that show the

frequented part of the pond; while the cold water saturated Ella's clothes, and sucked her down into the black gulf beneath the broken ice.

Some children of the poorer class were sliding near the edge of the lake, and one of them—a pinched-looking, blue-nosed little mortal—realized the great danger that Ella was in.

He pulled off his red worsted comforter—his sole protection from the winter cold—and also divested his little brother of his; then he knotted both scarves together, and going out carefully over the thin ice, threw one end of this improvised rope to the sinking girl. 'Catch hold!' he cried, 'and I'll pull you out.'

But, alas! in his zeal poor Harry ventured too near the hole. The treacherous ice gave way again, even with his light weight, and he too was plunged up to the neck in the cold flood.

But help was now at hand, and a rescue was presently effected.

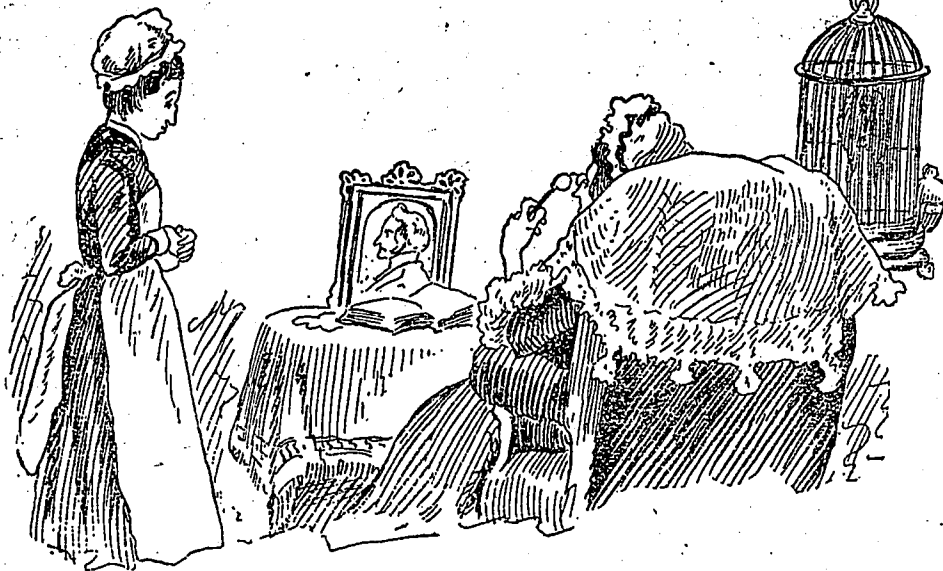
Ella never quite lost consciousness, and her first anxiety was for the brave little lad who had done his best to save her life. But when taken from the water he was white and still.

'Bring him to our house!' she begged. 'Don't let him go to the infirmary. Let him come home with us.'

The little crowd of children who followed the party from the pond met on their way another crowd going in the opposite direction.

The centre of this second group was a pale young girl, sobbing bitterly, with a burly policeman walking at her side. Ella caught sight of her face as they passed. She recognized poor Susan, and with a shock even more horrible than had been her plunge into the cold lake, she realized what it meant.

Two voluntary confessions of wrongdoing were poured into Mrs. Harwood's ears before bed-time that night, and during the still hours of early morning another came unconsciously from the fevered lips of little



'SUSAN SEEMED RATHER CONFUSED.'

yond a doubt—was found lying just underneath the girl's best hat!

'I didn't steal it, ma'am, really I didn't!' sobbed poor Susan when Mrs. Harwood taxed her with her guilt. 'My little brother found it. I—I didn't even know it was what you call a bank-note—I'd never seen one afore!'

'Found it!' echoed Mrs. Harwood, incredulously, 'Where did he find it, pray? And how came it to be concealed in your box?'

'I don't know where, ma'am. But he gave it to me, he did, when I was home a-Sunday, and—and he didn't know if it was

ice is beginning to crack there, and isn't safe?'

'Oh, stuff!' cried careless Ella. 'What an old fidget you are! That only means it won't bear grown-up men, it's all right for little things like us.' And she skimmed away, like a merry bird.

Constance followed her a little way, but soon turned and came back to Mabel.

'I don't believe it's safe!' she said. 'I'm almost sure I heard it crack.'

'Ella! Ella!' they called. 'Come back—come back!'

But Ella heard not, or did not heed.

Harry, who was lying, tossing with delirium, in Claude's own room.

'Is it worth money, Susie?' he muttered. 'Oh, don't tell 'em it was in the jacket, else they'll take it away from us. Hid away in the lining—nobody knew it was there—nobody wants it, Susie! Oh, don't tell, don't tell. We'll have hot meat and 'taters Christmas Day. Don't let Susie know it was in the jacket. Give me your scarf quick—she'll be drowned!'

For Susan's little brother, and none other, had actually been the purchaser at the rummage sale, for the sum of fourpence, of a certain serge jacket, that was worth more than five pounds.

Harry—poor, fragile little fellow—was dangerously ill for many days, but when at last he came to himself he was in a kindly nurse's arms.

Susie, the poor, dull creature, whom they



A KINDLY NURSE.

had all rather despised, proved also a faithful helper; and during Harry's tardy convalescence the Harwood children vied with one another as to who should be most kind and attentive to the little invalid and his wronged sister.

Again and again they told her how sorry and ashamed they were to think that their own naughtiness, and want of truthfulness, should have caused her the dreadful humiliation of being taken through the streets by a policeman. They begged, both of them, that their Christmas presents might take the form of money; that they might give that, as well as the contents of their savings boxes, to Susan, for her poor little sisters and brothers at home, and as part reparation for all she had suffered. And so earnest were they in denying themselves for this purpose, that Mrs. Harwood, though seriously displeased with the children, inflicted on them no other penalty. Harry, too, when he was well enough, had to ask forgiveness for having kept back the truth about where he found the note. But Ella and Claude both felt that his fault was as nothing beside theirs, for they knew how strong his temptation had been.

To them, each and all, Susan said the same thing, 'Never mind about me—that don't matter a bit. But getting wrong, and being false, do grieve the dear Lord so, and that's what I can't a-bear!'

The orphans' treat was postponed until February, because Mabel was so anxious that Harry should be there. It was a tremendous success, and the outcome of it was that owing to Mrs. Harwood's influence, both Harry and his smaller sister became permanent inmates of the Home.

When, in the spring-time, a bazaar was held in aid of the Orphanage, Claude added quite a nice little sum to the takings of Mrs. Harwood's stall by the sale of 'Five-pound note birthday cards,' at threepence each; so his 'brilliant idea' turned out a not unprofitable one after all.—'Children's Friend.'

'First Be Reconciled.'

Two smiling middle-aged faces looked at each other across the library table. Mr. Clover was recounting to his wife the prospects of success which had opened in his business this fall.

'Yes, my dear,' said he, 'we must do something unusual by way of a thank-offering this year. What shall it be?'

'How much shall it be, first?' said Mrs. Clover.

'Well, say a thousand; we can spare it as well as not.'

'I know what I'd like to do—have the church refrescoed and some new carpets put in. That stained ceiling and that worn path up the aisle do distress me.'

Everything in Mrs. Clover's house was fresh and shining. Her eyes were spoiled at home for shabby things abroad.

'Well, I'd like to beautify the church,' said Mr. Clover. 'I'll speak to some of the committee after prayer-meeting, and tell them what we propose.'

'Will they let us?'

'Let us? Well, I guess so.'

'And let us have some choice about colors and carpets, I hope?'

'Oh, you'll see; you'll have it all your own way.'

Mrs. Clover looked beaming. In fact, two very happy people went to prayer-meeting that night.

'Nice folks,' said Ebenezer Grist, the sexton, as he saw them pass up the aisle; 'but sometimes there's a little of the "strut and crow" about 'em, too!'

Indeed, good Mr. Clover was meditating a little speech in the meeting, which perhaps might have had the echo 'crow' only too audible in it for captious ears.

But the speech never was made, for he had not been five minutes in the meeting before there came some words out of the New Testament which seemed to pull his heart right down from its place of jubilation, and stick it full of thorns. A shadow fell over his ruddy face, and his wife, who did not in the least understand it, immediately reflected it in her own.

The words which had this unhappy effect were:

'Therefore, if thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.'

And there sat across the aisle, nearer the door, but still within reach of every uneasy side-glance, a brother who had something against Mr. Clover. It was only poor old Deacon Simon. His face was thin and severe; his hands shook; his hair was white; his clothes were shabby. He had been made deacon because of his burning zeal; but the severity of his spirit had not made him popular in the church. He was often at odds with his brethren. Poor Deacon Simon, who often stood testifying for old ways of righteousness, and whose sensitive spirit was so often rasped by the indifference with which his testimony was received!

Only last month he had objected to a Children's October Sunday, where there should be autumn leaves, and kindred 'frivolities' brought into the church. Then Brother Clover, who looked so good-natured, but had a choleric temper of his own upon occasions, had fired up and spoken hasty words to the deacon, words as rude as a blow. They had been received in silence; they had never been apologized for; there had been little intercourse between the men since.

'I won't apologize,' said Mr. Clover, now, to himself, 'I told him the truth, and no-

thing else would have stopped his talk and served our turn.'

'If thy brother have aught against thee—' hummed the unwelcome words in his mind.

'He was going to spoil a good thing. We couldn't stir hand or foot in this church if somebody didn't put down his domineering spirit; I'm glad I did it.'

'If thy brother had aught against thee—' repeated the echo.

'He'd no business to lay it up against me. He ought to thank me for telling him the downright truth.'

'Leave there thy gift before the altar—' repeated memory again.

'Stop a good thing because I don't please an old curmudgeon like that.'

'First be reconciled with thy brother—' sang the inexorable verse.

'There's no such thing! Might as well try to be reconciled with an old bear. There's no use wasting words with him.'

'Then—then come and offer thy gift.'

'Pshaw!—pshaw! What a fool I am! I haven't heard a word Doctor Parsons has been saying. Now, whose going to offer prayer? Dear!—if it isn't Simon.'

There were few of the customary greetings between the Clovers and their neighbors when the meeting was over. Without waiting to see any member of the business committee, Mr. Clover hurried headlong out of the church. His wife lost no time in asking for an explanation.

'Oh, I'm all upset; I'm such a fool.'

'What is it?'

He knew he would have to tell her in the end, and besides it was really a relief for him to do so. She asked some close questions.

'Tell me just what you said,' she demanded.

'Well, he said we were just teaching the children to make play out of worship. That made me mad, and, says I, "Deacon Simon, if you'd been there when they brought the children to Jesus to bless, you'd have been one to rebuke them, as sure as fate. That's just your spirit right through."'

'What did he say?'

'Not a word, though he kind of flushed up. Guess he was mad. You see, I was. The way I spoke was as bad as the words.'

'You've got to ask his pardon.'

'Yes,' groaned her husband.

'You might as well do it now. I'll go the rest of the way home alone; you go right back and find him.'

'It won't be a mite of use, Ellen. The moment he hears of the church being re-decorated he'll be mad again. He can't abide anything now.'

'But you'd have done your duty. I'll go right off.'

Mr. Clover turned, slowly but obediently. There was nothing of the 'strut and crow' in his manner now. He looked quite cowed and humbled.

Deacon Simon lived quite out on the edge of the town. There he had inherited a farm and homestead. He had toiled hard over his stony acres, and they had yielded him but a scanty living, yet he was deeply attached to the old place, as everybody knew.

Mr. Clover was surprised as he entered the old-fashioned hall to find the carpet taken up, and only a big packing-box ready to be nailed up standing there in place of furniture. The parlor, too, was bare, except for some chairs piled up, two-and-two, as if for removal. One of these was given him, and he was asked to wait for a few moments. Presently he heard the deacon's well-known voice at evening devotions in the next room. And these were the words that trembling old voice was speaking.

'O Lord, we thank thee that thou hast blessed us with the shelter of this home so

long. Now, go with us as we go from hence. Thy will be done. O Lord; thou hast been our dwelling-place in all—in all—
And here there was a break, and, in the silence, the sound of a woman's sobbing was audible.

A new idea broke upon Mr. Clover's mind, and greatly agitated him.

'Can it be that Martin has foreclosed that mortgage?' he thought. 'Yes, it must be; I heard that the deacon was hard pressed to raise his interest. Nothing else would have moved him out of this old place. I declare it's too bad. It's awful!'

His errand was forgotten; he was in a fever of desire to do something helpful. When Deacon Simon came in he went toward him with extended hand and such earnest sympathy in his voice as no troubled heart could have refused.

'Brother Simon,' he said, 'I hadn't heard when I came, but it's just come to me that you're going to give up your home.'

'Yes; I'm obliged to. It's the Lord's will.'
'Oh, no,' said Mr. Clover, 'I can't believe it yet. Wait—wait; I want to talk to you.'
Deacon Simon drew another chair from the corner, and seated himself.

'I came,' said the visitor, 'to ask your forgiveness for the rude way I spoke to you at the meeting last month. I'm ashamed that I spoke so; ashamed that I showed such a temper. Do forgive me!'

The deacon looked bewildered for a moment, then he seemed to recollect.

'Oh, that,' he said, 'I didn't lay it up against you. I might, perhaps, if I hadn't had so much trouble since; but other things put it out of my mind. I haven't anything against you, brother; I'm used to finding the church folks differ from me.'

He looked so meek, worn and patient—the old man who had been sometimes stern and severe—that Mr. Clover's heart was broken. 'The Lord forgive me,' he said.

'And me too' said old Simon. 'I know I've been too dogmatical with my judgment, and tried the brethren. I can see it all, now I'm going to leave.'

'To leave! You don't mean you're going to leave the church?'

'Why, yes; we're going up country to my wife's folks—for a while at least. We've lost our home here, you know, and I don't see just how to begin again, yet, I'm an old man to begin again.'

'But we can't spare you. We can't spare you out of the church. We can't spare you out of the prayer-meeting.'

Deacon Simon looked searchingly at Mr. Clover's honest, earnest face, and presently tears dimmed his eyes.

'You really mean it; you're saying it in earnest,' he said. 'Well, thank the Lord. Seems to me now I can go in peace. I made sure everybody would be glad, and it hurt me most of all just now. I—I have loved the church. Nobody prayed deeper out of his heart for it than I.'

'No; and I tell you we can't spare such praying; we won't either, if I can help it. Come, I want to talk this all over. I've got some money to invest. This is the very place I've been looking for to put it in; near-by the town, rising in value every day. Martin's going to put it in the market; I'll buy it of him, if you'll stay here and keep it for me.'

The deacon could not keep the light from rising in his face, but he said steadily,

'The farm won't bring you the interest on your money; I've done my best on it, and I know.'

'Never mind, it'll be trebled in value in ten years for building lots. And, besides, wouldn't it pay if there was some capital put into it, you know—fertilizers and new

machines? Wouldn't I like to try the experiment? But I couldn't do it alone. Won't you stay and help me out in it?'

Deacon Simon had been a proud man. He had never asked sympathy or help in his life. To have them poured upon him unasked in this hour of desolation was very sweet to him; sweeter than he had words to express. His heart clung to the old place. He could not refuse the friendly offer thus made to him. 'What a joyful day this will be for us,' he said, as he bade his visitor good-night.

'You won't mind, Ellen,' said Mr. Clover to his wife that night, 'if the church is not decorated this year, will you?'

'No,' she replied, 'it can spare the paint better than it can Deacon Simon's prayers.'

'You don't think I've fetched the gift off the altar by changing my plan with it?'

'No.' And presently she repeated: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' — M. E. Bennet, in 'Christian Work.'

The Bountiful Giver.

Now sing we a song of the harvest;
Thanksgiving and honor and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,
The fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To deliver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it in mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

And they have been gathered and garnered
Some golden with honor and gain;
And some as with heart's blood are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

Oh, thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating,
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.
—Waif.

Correspondence

Humberstone.
Dear Editor, — Will you please give Ella R. my address, as I would like her to send me some of her papers. My address is, Kittie Carley, Humberstone Post-office, Ont.

Kenilworth.
Dear Editor, — I am a little girl, seven years old. I go to school, and am in the second form; I like going to school. I take the 'Messenger' and I like it very well. I live on a farm, I have one brother and two sisters. I have no pets; but my father has nineteen young pigs and six cows. I hope my letter is worth printing. I shall try and do better the next time. With many good wishes to your paper, I am yours,
MYRTLE L.

Black River Bridge.
Dear Editor,—We take your paper, and like it very much. My brother and I have twenty-nine ducks, and eighteen turkeys. We go to school every day and have lots of fun playing baseball and football. When it is wet we play prisoner's base. In winter we take our sleighs to school and sleigh-ride. We live near the water, and in summer it affords us lots of enjoyment. We go in swimming and out rowing; and in winter we go skating, but the skating does not last long, as next snow spoils it. We go to Sunday-school as well and enjoy it very much. We have a Christmas tree in the church at Christmas. I have read many

books, the best being 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and 'Adventures in Australia.' I like to read your paper, and enjoy the Correspondence. Yours respectfully,

CLARENCE

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I read letters from Pender Island, B.C., written by a little girl named Nellie. I have a pet, it is a hen. My father was sick all summer, but he is better now. We had twenty-five barrels of apples. There is a new house being built in this place, next to us.

I have one sister, and no brothers. Your little reader,

NELLIE,
Age eleven years.

Hardwick Village, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think I ought to print you a letter. My sister takes your paper, and there are the best stories I ever heard.

I go to school.

When I am a man I am going to see you. My cat, Georgiana Foster, and the kittens, Romeo and Juliet, send, with myself, best wishes. Please print this in your paper for,

XANDIE AMBROSE,
Age 6.

Hardwick Village, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a constant reader of your valuable little paper; a messenger of all that is pure and good.

I live by a lovely bay. We have had a wild-storm, lasting from Saturday till to-day; the breakers coming in from sea make an awful sound as they break on the shore; the foam from a distance looks like a line of white clothes.

You wish to know what are your correspondents' pets; mine are books; (my favorite being 'In His Steps,' and 'The Wide, Wide World'.) And also babies. I have always had a passionate love for infants. They are so pure, and innocent and lovely; there is something wonderfully beautiful even about the plainest child. If you do not confine this letter to the waste basket, Mr. Editor, may I write again? As you do not publish the full name, I remain your friend,

S. ELM. W.

Ellisboro, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I read with interest every week the letters from little people in the 'Northern Messenger,' and think I would like to add one to your column. I live with my parents in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley. My father keeps a store. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a pony called Diamond, and am very fond of riding. I am earning money from papa to buy Christmas presents with, so that they will be really mine to give. Nearly all the people around here voted for prohibition; we are hoping to have it in the North-West. We have a cat called Tabby, who goes to temperance meeting sometimes. I wonder if all the little girls who read your paper, have read 'Teddy's Button.'

Yours sincerely,
BIRDIE E.

Pasqua.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old and I have been reading the 'Messenger' Correspondence for some time. I have two cats and a kitten, white as snow; its name is Polly. I have also a dog whose name is Sport, and two ponies, named Dance and Fred. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and I get the 'Messenger' and 'Pleasant Hours.' I have been sick with a sore throat the last three weeks, and could not go out. I remain yours truly,

ETTA. A.

Howick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. My father is a farmer, and we have five milch cows, and seven calves. In our family there are three girls and three boys, and myself. One of the girls is married, and she has got a dear little boy. He is at our place to-day, and my sister is minding him, while his mother and my mother are at a paring bee at my aunt's.

For pets we have a little white kitten called Muri, and a grey and white cat, named Rose, and one called Jennet. I am the only one of the family going to school. I remain your little reader,

ANNIE G.

LITTLE FOLKS

Clever Ravens.

If you look at your maps and find the Arctic regions, you will see at once how much nearer it would be to get to China, if one could go this way, than it is to go round the Cape of Good Hope or through the Suez Canal. Many attempts have been made to find a passage called the 'North-West Passage,' and one of the most interesting accounts of these voyages is that of H.M.S. 'Investigator,' commanded by Captain (afterwards Sir) M'Clure.

As this ship entered the Arctic regions it got between two enormous

animals fed on the dwarf willows, reindeer moss, and coarse grass found on the plains. The writer of the book says that it would take a volume to describe the novel and interesting habits of these animals seen in Mercy Bay.

The animals were very wary, and although they were short of food on board the ship, it was difficult to get near enough to shoot a deer or hare. Often when they did shoot a deer, before they could get a sled to get it to the ship, the wolves would have eaten all except the head and a bone or two. 'Half-a-

dog, however, looked upon these as especial perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who, nevertheless, outwitted him in a way which amused every one. Observing that he appeared to be quite willing to make a mouthful of their bodies, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way just as mess-tins were being cleaned out, on the dirt-heap outside the ship.

The dog would immediately run at them, and they would just fly a few yards; then the dog would give another run, and again they would appear to escape him but by an inch, and so on, until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore, a considerable distance off. Then the ravens would make a direct flight for the ship, and had generally done good execution before the mortified-looking dog detected the imposition that had been practised on him, and rushed back again.'—'Child's Companion.'

How I Ceased to Circulate:

THE STORY OF A CASH.

(By the Rev. D. MacGillivray, M.A., B.D., in 'The Westminster'.)

I first saw the light when I was dug out of the copper mines in South-Western China. The copper block of which I formed a part had been stolen from the mines by smugglers, but sold by them again to the Government officials, who knew about the smuggling but were afraid to punish the law-breakers. When I got to the Mint at the capital I was melted in a furnace and poured out into moulds, and so assumed my present shape. I now entered upon a very active life; the trouble and turmoil I willingly endured, for I felt that now I was more useful than I had ever been. I soon found a temporary home in a mandarin's silken purse. Then his little son begged a cash to buy candy. The mandarin handed me over to his son, who at once went in search of the candy-seller, who was easily found by the sound of the gambling sticks, which he kept rattling up and down as he wandered through the official's purlieus in search of customers. The lad tried his luck. If he succeeded in drawing out the correct sticks he would get the candy free; if not, he for-



THE POOR DOG WAS DECEIVED BY THE BIRDS.

icebergs, towering like mountains on each side; it seemed to the captain and crew that the vessel would be crushed to pieces—just as you would crack a nutshell between nutcrackers. They escaped into a bay which they called 'Mercy Bay,' being thankful for their deliverance from so terrible a death. In the bay they had to stay, surrounded by ice and snow all winter.

But they found much to interest them. On the land there were plenty of reindeer, hares, and birds. The

dozen wolves were always waiting ready to cut off a straggler or pick up a giddy fawn. The deer huddled together to protect themselves from the wolves, and to keep warm, and the hares did the same.

But one of the most interesting stories told is that which forms the subject of our picture.

Some Arctic ravens established themselves as friends of the family in Mercy Bay, living by what little scraps the men might have to throw away after meal-times. The ship's

feited a cash. He failed, and so I passed from the lad's hand to the wooden purse of the vendor, a bamboo tube tied to the side of his basket.

This man sold peanuts as well as candy, and found at night his stock of peanuts exhausted. So he went straight off to a farmer and bought a bag of peanuts. In order to pay for this, however, as I was not enough, he put a string through the square hole in my centre, along with four hundred and eighty-nine other cash, the usual number on one string. In that way I had plenty of neighbors. The one on my left was over six hundred years old, and the one on my right about four hundred. As I was not yet a hundred years old on my last birthday, I felt very strong in comparison with them. What a story some of them could tell if they only would! As we had telephonic connection by string, we passed many a pleasant hour in conversation, though the dust was sometimes bad and affected our throats, for our master left us lying on the floor all the time.

One day, having our ear to the ground, we heard a man scattering salt in the yard in the absence of the farmer. When he returned and saw the salt, he was greatly alarmed. 'Surely,' exclaimed he to his wife, 'I have some great enemy who means to get me into trouble.' True enough, he hadn't been in the house five minutes, when in rushed a vile ruffian crying out, 'Ah, you villain! I have found you out at last. You have been smuggling salt; and out there is the proof!' Now salt is sold only by the Government, and smuggling is a grave offence. The fellow who scattered the salt in the yard did so in order to make a false charge and get a heavy price from the farmer who was in deadly fear of a lawsuit. After a long and heated wrangle the farmer agreed to pay ten dollars in cash, if the accuser said nothing about it; and thus the infamous matter was ended. I, together with many of my fellows, found my way up the sleeve of this precious rascal. But some he placed in a cash-bag over his shoulder.

That worthy was a slave of opium, and at once used me and some of my comrades to buy himself a good smoke of opium. The merchant at the close of the day's business counted up all and slipped us into his strong box. While lying

there we overheard many interesting conversations carried on by his customers, until at last, the box being full, he put us all on a wheelbarrow and shipped us to the bank, where he exchanged us for a lump of silver.

While in the back room of the bank I saw the banker come in one day with paper and incense, and after bowing on his knees before a paper idol on which "was written 'God of Wealth' he kindled the paper and incense. Foolish man thought I, as if that paper idol could control my movements, and make him rich! I soon saw that the banker had a surer way of getting rich than worshipping idols. In his backyard he had a tubful of false cash, and one of the clerks was kept busy slipping these in among the good cash on the string. In this way good cash were replaced by bad cash, and soon one of these was my right-hand neighbor. Lean and thin he was. Although his Majesty's mint had not given me a very handsome face, I thought these scrawny wretches were hideous. Of course these thin cash were illegal, but the banker being a man of influence, made the poor folks take the doctored strings for good ones. So he didn't altogether trust to his idol, did he?

One day as a string of us was being handed out to pay a traveller for a lump of silver he had sold to the bank, our string broke and four hundred and ninety cash scampered off in all directions. When they were gathered up and put on a new string no one noticed that there were only four hundred and eighty-nine in number. I, who was the missing one, was hiding away between two bricks in the floor. In a few days I was quietly picked up by a farmer's lad, and appropriated for his own use. He carried me about for awhile in his ear, until the notion strikes him to buy a handful of peanuts, for which he pays me over to the vendor. Dear me! I thought I was worth more than that, but it seems not.

The next time my owner went to the temple to worship he tossed me into the collection plate of the priests, as 'incense money,' supposed to help them buy incense for the god. But the priest sent off to the grocer's and used me and a lot of others to buy a pack of cards with which to gamble in the back room of the temple. Thieves and hypocrites! It's a wonder they did not use me to buy opium.

One day a beggar, filthy, ragged,

and scabby, had taken up his position square in front of the grocer's shop, keeping up a piteous whine, and effectually stopping the grocer's trade until he could be induced to move on. The grocer, with scowling looks, quickly tossed me to the shivering wretch, and the nuisance was immediately abated.

My beggar friend liked gambling as well as the priests. New Year's day, at the temple of the city god, he saw a priest's device to make money. Taking aim at a hole in a square board, he flung me at it. If he succeeded in putting me through the hole, that would be a sign that he would have good luck during the year, and I would become the property of the priests. But, instead of passing through, I rebounded from the board quite outside the railings, but the beggar failed to ascertain my whereabouts. So, cursing his luck, and the priest's, too, for making the hole so small, he went his way to forage for his morning meal.

Presently an old and wizened miser came poking along with his stick, and dislodged me from under some rubbish. He took me home, and soon I found myself crushed under a pile of three hundred strings, which he had hoarded so long that their backs were breaking with rust. Here I thought I should remain forever, but the miser died and left his money to a spendthrift son. What with wine and gambling and opium, the two hundred and ninety-nine strings were soon gone, and our turn came soon. One time we had a narrow escape from the brass-founder. He came and offered silver for us, and said he would melt us down into teapots and tobacco pipes. But the young man's servant stole the string of us when his master was out. He gave us to his wife, and she, for safe-keeping, opened a hole in the bed, put us in, and plastered up the hole.

There we were fraternizing with the rats for many a year. I never heard what became of my owner; doubtless he came to no good end. When I next saw the light I beheld a perfect stranger. First came a terrible scraping, and then I saw the mason pulling the bed to pieces. It was old, and he was building a new one in its place. 'Well, here's a lark; we've struck luck,' cried he; 'some cash hidden in the bed!' He took us home at once, and told his wife. 'Well,' said that good woman, 'they must have special virtue. We had better make a charm out of them for our cousin who is going to America.' Thus I came over the ocean as part of a sword charm, supposed to have power over devils. But the cousin presented us to his Sabbath-school teacher, and thus I now rest from my wanderings on the walls of a foreign house, degraded to the standing of a mere Chinese curio.



Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXVII.—THE PLEDGE.

1. What have you learned about alcohol, tobacco and opium?

That they are all poisons, and always poisonous, and that the only safe way is to let them entirely alone.

2. What would be a good thing to do in regard to these things?

To sign a promise that we will not use them.

3. What do you call such a promise?

We call it the total abstinence pledge.

4. Why should we sign such a pledge?

For our own sake, for others' sake, and for the Lord Jesus' sake.

5. Why for our own sake?

Because total abstinence is right, and because the pledge makes us stronger to abstain.

6. Why for others' sake?

Because our example may help some one else to total abstinence, and it is always our duty to help others to do right.

7. Why for Jesus' sake?

Because he has bidden us keep ourselves pure and to help others.

8. What does the bible say about keeping ourselves pure?

That the body is God's temple, and he who defiles this temple, God will destroy.

9. What did Jesus say about helping others?

Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

10. What shall we pledge ourselves not to use?

First, anything that contains alcohol.

11. Does that mean beer and cider?

Yes. Both of them, and wine, contain alcohol and cannot safely be used.

12. What else shall we not use?

Tobacco, which is a most filthy and injurious thing.

13. What other evil habit are boys and girls tempted to form?

The habit of profane or indecent language or indecent acts.

14. What does God say about profanity?

'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'

15. What does Jesus say about being pure?

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

16. What does this mean?

It means that we must not say a bad word, think a bad thought, or do an impure deed.

17. How can we avoid doing these things?

By keeping our thoughts full of what is sweet and clean. Weeds and flowers can never grow in the same place at the same time.

18. What is the triple pledge?

A promise not to use alcohol, tobacco, nor profane or bad words or deeds.

Hints to Teachers.

This lesson should be taught very carefully, impressing the solemn importance of the pledge. Try to present as strongly as possible total abstinence as God's plan and every child's duty. And at the close, after a brief, earnest prayer, which the children should repeat, sentence by sentence, after their teacher, the pledge may be taken. It should be recognized as a solemn promise given to God himself. Each child should have his pledge-card always to carry in his pocket; but the names and addresses of all should be carefully taken in a special book, ready for reference at all times, that the children may be visited and guarded in all love, for Christ's sake.

The Lion's Den.

(Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'Ma, who's that sitting in the fence-corner?'

The blacksmith's wife finished pinning the

heavy sheet on the clothesline and then pushed back her bonnet.

'That man yonder?' she nodded contemptuously. 'What is the matter with you, child, that you don't know old Sam Denby? He's dead drunk, that's what he is; that's what he generally is, poor wretch. I do pity him, for a fact.'

'Why, Ma? He don't have to drink; it's his own fault,' said the blacksmith's daughter, Silvy; she was helping her mother to hang out the Monday's wash.

Mrs. Forbes shook her head.

It was his fault once, of course; but he's in the lion's den, an' now he can't git outen it himself, no more nor Daniel could.'

'God sent his angel, and shut the lions' mouths,' suggested Silvy.

'Po! Sam ain't-seen no angel though; he sees t'other sort—devils is what Sam sees, when he has 'lirim tremens.'

'Maybe God means people to help Sam, seein' there ain't no angels 'round,' suggested Silvy, again.

'Much good anybody can do Sam,' said the blacksmith's wife; 'there ain't nothin' left to tek hold of.'

'Did you ever try, mother?'

'Here! Ketch hold and move this here basket,' cried Mrs. Forbes, sharply, 'and don't jaw me so much. I never could work and jabber same time.'

Silvy obeyed, and the work went on quietly, except for the flap, flap of the damp clothes in the breeze. But when the basket was empty the girl leaned her bare elbows on the fence, and looked at the man lying in the grassy corner.

He was dirty and ragged, and unkempt, but her mother was mistaken—he was not drunk, and Silvy was startled at hearing herself spoken to by him:

'You are the gal that sings in the choir at the Methodist church, ain't you?'

'Yes,' said Silvy, 'Do you go to church?'

'Sometimes I slips in to hear the singin',' said the man; 'I used to be a good hand at a tune myself. There's one you sings as allus makes a baby of me.'

And in a quavering, but not untuneful voice, Sam began to sing:

'The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm.'

'That's 'bout all I know of the words,' he said, 'cept the chorus:

'Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land;
A shelter in the time of storm.'

'Wait a minute,' said Silvy, with a flush on her face, 'I'll get my gospel hymns and sing you the rest.'

But it was not for her hymn-book alone that she sped back into the little cottage. Her father had come in from the forge, and she stood pleading with him and her mother for some plan which had suddenly formed in her young heart.

'What's the use of our singing, "Throw out the life-line," if we never do it, father?' she exclaimed, the tear-drops running over, while she looked into his face appealingly.

'That's true,' said Forbes. 'Well, girl, you can try, but it looks like a wrist like yourn couldn't hold any life-line, after you'd throwed it.'

Silvy was already back at the fence. She sang one after another of those precious hymns, standing there under the old walnut tree, at the end of the village street. It was the far end, and there were few passers-by, but if there had been many, Silvy would not have noticed them; her whole heart was centred in this new venture.

'Mr. Denby,' she said, after she had shut the book, 'father says you are to come around to our house to-night, and sing some with us, to my melodeon.'

Sam Denby burst into tears. Perhaps they were maudlin, but they were signs of shame, and, however weak, of repentance. He would not promise, though the girl coaxed him; but when the evening shades fell, and the glow was dying out of the forge, they saw him hanging round in sight of the cottage, and the blacksmith went out and brought him in to the neat sitting-room, where Silvy's little melodeon stood.

The 'life-line' had been thrown out, but, alas, the hands of the poor drunkard had lost their grip. His desire to be decent might be strong, but that terrible thirst was stronger still. His fear of the consequences might torture him, but that was nothing to the torture of the drink-devil within him.

There was no earthly help for Sam, and he knew it.

No 'earthly' help; but, gentle hands were drawing, drawing, drawing him within reach of that divine help, upon which he had for a life-time of sin been turning his back. For it is one of the blessed characteristics of Christian endeavor that it multiplies itself like leaven. If you make one effort to save the perishing, unless you throw away that one effort you will make another, and another and another. It is contagious, too, when you begin really to save a lost soul, in God's earnest; you do not wait, like the woman in the parable, to call in your neighbors to rejoice with you over its recovery; oh, no; you call them in to help you in the search.

For a few times Sam Denby came to the blacksmith's cottage and joined in the hymn-singing. He was pleased enough, poor fellow, to find himself in decent company, to be called 'Mr. Denby,' and he loved music with all the soul whiskey had left him.

But in a short while he was lying in the gutter, all the more beastly drunk, perhaps, because of his short abstinence.

Well, our little village maiden learned then, shedding bitter tears over the lesson page, that it was no child's play to 'throw out the life-line.' But it only cast her more upon the great Helper, whom, perhaps, she had fancied she could do without, in her first success. The little bed-room above the kitchen became a place where she wrestled, like Jacob of old, in secret prayer; and when she went to the League meetings, it was with one entreaty: 'Pray for Sam; oh, pray for Sam.'

And now the poor drunkard began to be girdled about by praying neighbors. Their faith was not larger than a grain of mustard seed; they were more surprised to see Sam sober than to see him drunk; but since they had promised Silvy to pray for him, they no longer passed him by like a cast-off. If he was sober, they encouraged him; if he was drunk, they looked after him; other places besides the blacksmith's offered themselves to him for an evening resort, and everybody, with one accord, urged him to come to church. When he did come, they gave him a hearty welcome, from the dapper young usher to the old preacher; the very children put their wee fingers in his, taught by tender-hearted mothers.

And one night, when God's Spirit was present in great power, moving sinful hearts to come to the Saviour, a bent and feeble form presented itself for the prayers of God's people, and a great wave of emotion swept over the congregation—it was Sam Denby, the drunkard!

'Lord, thou hast promised that those who come to thee shall in nowise be cast out. Fulfil that promise, Lord, to this poor sinner! Thou hast promised that they who look to thee for strength shall tread upon the lion and the adder; that the young lion and the dragon they should trample under foot. Lord, make thy word good to this man, whose temptations are fierce like the lion and poisonous like the adder. Heavenly Father, didst thou not send thy angel to shut the mouths of the lions which roared against thy servant Daniel? Oh, God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, defend this brother of ours from evils worse than wild beasts.'

So the old preacher poured out his heart to God, with his hand on the bowed head of the poor drunkard; and the people wept aloud. But the little maid in the choir did not weep; she was standing on a mount of vision; her face beamed with triumph, and over and over she whispered to her father: 'God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths.'

Was it strange if the blacksmith should fancy that God's angel must look like his daughter Silvy.—'Temperance Advocate.'

Prof. Hein, of Zurich, Switzerland, writes with reference to the Swiss archery competitions as follows:—The Swiss have been distinguished in archery for centuries. I had occasion, a short time ago, to speak with one of these far-famed huntsmen. This clever marksman assures me that all who attain skill in shooting are strictly temperate men or abstainers. Even temperate men have to become abstainers for about a week before entering into a schutzenfest (competition). The best marksmen not only abstain from alcohol, but live exclusively on milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. They must also go to bed betimes at night, and many of them do not smoke tobacco. Heavy smokers are never first-class marksmen.



LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20.

Manasseh's Sin and Repentance.

II. Chron. xxxiii., 9-16. Memory verses 12, 13. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'—I. John i., 9.

Home Readings.

- M. II. Kings xxi., 1-16.—The Lord's denunciation of Manasseh.
- T. II. Chron. xxxiii., 1-25.—Manasseh's sin and repentance.
- W. Isa. i., 1-20.—A call to repentance.
- T. Psa. li., 1-19.—A penitent's prayer.
- F. Psa. xxxii., 1-11.—'Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.'
- S. I. John i., 1-10.—'He is faithful and just to forgive us.'
- S. Psa. xxxviii., 1-22.—'I will be sorry for my sin.'

Lesson Story.

Manasseh, son of the good King Hezekiah, was twelve years old when his father died, and he reigned fifty-five years in Jerusalem. But he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and re-introduced the abominable idolatries of the heathen. He rebuilt the high places which his father had taken such pains to break down, and made an image which he set up in the Temple. He offered his children as sacrifices to the idols and dealt with evil spirits and wizards, in every way insulting and defying God.

Jehovah, through his prophets, warned Manasseh, to turn from his wicked ways, but the king would not listen to warnings or believe the threats. So God sent the Assyrians to take Manasseh and his people captive.

When Manasseh found that God kept his word and punished him, he cried to God for forgiveness in great humility and affliction. His repentance was sincere, so God forgave and brought him back to his own country. Here he sought to make amends for his awful sin in leading the people astray. The king fortified his country and cast out all the idols and images and the forbidden altars. He repaired the altar of the Lord and renewed the temple service and commanded all Judah to serve the Lord.

Thus did Manasseh seek to repair the damage he had done to his people in leading them away from God, but sin always leaves results. Manasseh's son followed in his early footsteps, and the people yet more easily led into sin, again made themselves abominable before God. However, this had lasted only two years, when Amon, was murdered and his little son Josiah, one of the 'three perfect kings,' was set upon the throne of Judah. Josiah reigned in Jerusalem thirty-one years, in peace and godliness.

Lesson Hints.

'Manasseh'—put in power when only twelve years old. His father having governed the kingdom in purity and righteousness, Manasseh had seen nothing of the awful results of the impure idol worship, and was led into it by evil counsellors, almost before he was old enough to comprehend its depth of iniquity. He had begun wrongly by not taking God as his Counsellor, and serving him, and having turned from God it was very easy, to go on in the downward path. But the bad son of a good father has more to answer for than the son of a bad father could have under the same circumstances.

'Worse than the heathen'—he who has known God and turned away from him is fallen lower than the meanest man who never knew God. (Heb. vi., 4-6.)

'The Lord spake to Manasseh'—through the prophets and through the ancient law. God speaks to us through his own word, and through his servants who live by that word.

'The Lord brought'—their enemies upon them as he had warned them he should do if they continued to disobey him, (Deut. xxviii., 18, 36, 37.)

'The thorns'—a sharp, thorn-like hook

was thrust into the lip or nose of the captive, to lead him behind his conqueror

'He besought the Lord'—he had learned the lesson which the affliction had been sent to teach him, he repented and turned to God as did the Prodigal Son in our Saviour's parable. (Luke xv.)

'And prayed'—every affliction is sent to teach us how to pray and to draw us nearer to God.

'He was intreated'—God hears only sincere prayers; this was a sign of true repentance on the king's part.

'Brought him again'—as God had allowed the Assyrians to take his people captive so in the hour of their repentance he compelled the Assyrians to let them go again.

Questions.

1. What kind of a man was Manasseh's father?
2. What kind of a man was Manasseh?
3. What led Manasseh to turn to the Lord?
4. Could he ever undo the wrong he had done?
5. What does this teach us?

Suggested Hymns.

'Yield not to temptation,' 'Have courage, my boy, to say No,' 'My brother, the Master is calling for thee,' 'What shall the harvest be?' 'Blessed be the Fountain of Blood!' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

A king has a mighty influence either for good or evil. Verse 9.

The Lord entreats before he afflicts, and his afflictions are tempered with mercy to bring the wanderer back. Verses 10-12.

Let those whose sins have caged them in the castle of Despair take courage from the case of Manasseh. Verse 13.

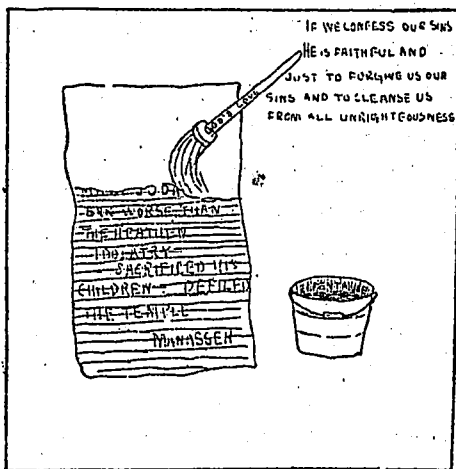
By faith Manasseh repaired the city of David, and fortified Jerusalem with wall and army. By faith he destroyed the gods he formerly had worshipped, and the altars on which he had offered sacrifices. Verses 14, 15.

By faith Manasseh rebuilt the altar of God which had been forsaken and forgotten. By faith he offered sacrifices thereon, most acceptable to the God who had loved him from first to last. Verse 11.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

Manasseh's sins make a black catalogue as we write them down; for, it is written that he made Judah to err worse than the heathen, worshipped idols, sacrificed his own children to them, and introduced an idol into God's own house. But there came to him sincere repentance and God's love dipped in genuine repentance blots out all the bad re-



cord. If it had never been there to blot out though, how much better it would have been. Then Manasseh would have come down as one of the great and good kings, the glory of his people and the trusted and used of God.

It is good to have the sins blotted out, but a life is wasted and opportunities lost. Better not to have them. Be God's from the beginning.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Nov. 20.—Praise the Lord!—Psa. cxlvii., 1-20.

The Teacher a Perpetual Counsellor.

(By L. Sandys.)

My heart aches for the boy whose teacher says indifferently, 'Oh, I have lost all trace of him since he left my class!' Scholars look for religious counsel from their teachers, and I recall an incident which opened my eyes to this fact. One evening one of my boys came to say good-by to me, as he had accepted a position in a distant city. The room was filled with callers, so, though I had a nice little chat with him about his prospects, nothing was said on religious subjects. After his departure, I was told that he had said to a mutual friend, that he had been disappointed in his visit, as, there being so many present, he had not been able to have a word with me. Well, I was surprised, for I had devoted myself to him during his visit, and could not conceive what he meant, until the conviction forced itself upon me that he had expected something more than the usual kindly inquiries about his worldly prospects—hence his disappointment.

This thought haunted me, and, finally, not without a vague misgiving as to how it would be received, I wrote him a long letter, telling him what I thought would be his special temptation, reminding him that he must look to and ask for higher aid to keep him from falling into the many temptations he would meet with, and telling him how sorry I was that I had not had an opportunity of saying all this to him before his leaving.

This was the first break in my class, and my heart sank within me as week after week went by and I received no answer. I could only pray and wait. One day it came, and tears of joy filled my eyes as I read: 'I have written many letters since I got yours, but they did not require the same depth of thought or frame of mind that was requisite in answering your welcome letter; for I could not write a common-place, everyday kind of answer to you.'

Ah! fellow-teachers, can you not sympathize with me here? Was it not better to have him think for weeks over my letter than answer it immediately, and then forget all about it?

And now, while we are on the subject of answering, let me impress upon you that there are some scholars who will never answer your letters. But that is no reason why you should conclude that your's are not welcome, and cease writing. Of course, there is always an awkwardness in a one-sided correspondence; but I have found that a very easy way to remedy this is to write a letter that does not require an answer; for example, with a brief introduction such as 'I was thinking of you when preparing this lesson,' give him a brief explanation of it, concluding with a sincere expression of interest in his spiritual and temporal welfare. In this way, knowing your scholars' special weaknesses and temptations as you do, a door of influence is open to you as to no one else outside of the home circle—a door which neither time nor distance need ever close. Beware how you shut it!—'Sunday-school Times.'

A Tribute of Thanks.

(Vesta Leroy.)

We thank Thee, dear Father, for health and for strength,

For the love of kind friends that are round us;

We thank Thee for blessings Thou daily hast sent,

For the ties that have lovingly bound us,

We thank Thee for pleasure's cup filled to the brim,

We thank Thee no less for deep sorrow, Or that Thou in Thy wisdom hast veiled from our sight

The scenes of each longed-for to-morrow.

We thank Thee that Thou hast been with us to guide

Our wavering footsteps aright,

Or when we have stumbled, hast stooped to raise up,

And lead us through error's dark night.

We thank Thee, that, though erring wanderers here,

Thou hast kept us still safe in Thy care, Hast tempered our gladness with shadows of grief,

Yet shielded from lonely despair.

—'Housekeeper.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Thanksgiving Season.

Preparing a turkey—The turkey should be a fine hen turkey, in preference to the male bird. It should be drawn and made ready for stuffing the day before. The best stuffing is always the dry, Philadelphia stuffing, which becomes sufficiently moist with the juices of the bird while it is roasting. This stuffing is never heavy or soggy, as wet stuffings are apt to be. It falls apart like well-cooked rice when served. To make this stuffing use two quarts of stale bread, freed from the crust and rubbed into fine crumbs. Season it with two even tablespoonfuls of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley, two of powdered summer savory and one of powdered sage. Rub a cupful of butter roughly through the seasoned bread crumbs and stuff the turkey. If the stuffing is made the day before Thanksgiving, cover it with a napkin wrung out in cold water, to keep it fresh until the next day, and stuff and truss the turkey just before it is put into the oven to roast. It makes a great deal of difference with the flavor of the turkey, as well as the flavor of a chicken, if all the fat that can be reached is taken out of the bird. It is of no special value in cooking, but, on account of its strong flavor, it must be put in the soap-fat.

Pumpkin pies.—Stew as much pumpkin as you want to make pies. Sift and measure it, and for a quart of the pumpkin, stir in a quart of brown sugar, a quart of rich milk, and six new-laid eggs, that have been beaten up till they are all of a froth. Now, put in your salt, and cinnamon, and ginger — a pinch at a time till it is well seasoned. The seasoning and the baking are the important considerations. Your oven must be hot at first, then after the pies have been in about six minutes check your heat and let your oven cool off a little, or the heat will puff the pies up, and they will fall as flat as pancakes.

Temperance Minc Pie.—One and one-half pints of chopped meat, three pints of chopped apples, one-half pint of vinegar, one-half pint of fruit syrup, two pints of sugar, one pint of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and a grated nutmeg. Before putting on the top crust, drop over each pie bits of butter.

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A Gold Watch Easily Earned.

Since remodelling and enlarging the 'Messenger' its circulation has almost doubled. Most of the leading Sunday schools of the country distribute it regularly. Many of them regard it as a most valuable auxiliary to their denominational paper, and others find it all-sufficient. Nowhere else can a school get a large twelve-page weekly paper, illustrated, at 20c per annum, which is the Sunday-school club rate for the 'Messenger.'

Yet there are many schools which do not take it, chiefly because we are unable to learn who has the choosing of the paper.

We have decided, therefore, to depend on our subscribers to bring the 'Messenger' to the notice of pastor, superintendent or librarian, as the case may be, who has charge of the Sunday-school papers in any Sabbath-school within their reach.

Where the 'Messenger' has not been taken within the last two years, we will make it easy to obtain a club by offering to send the

"YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED."

(A Consecutive Story by the Advertiser.)

Chapter II.

Joseph Rodgers' Jack Knives are the very blades
For the Jolly Jack Tar and the Jack of all Trades.

Are we too honest in describing our goods? It's our way and we like it. Last week we offered a Pocket Penknife, but though it is the best of its kind it is not as suitable for farm work, for instance, as the stout knife we offer in this chapter.

The accompanying cut gives a very fair idea of this knife, and it hardly needs further description. It

has but one blade but that is sharp enough to cut paper and almost sharp enough to shave with. Yet it is strong enough for the usual hard work for which a Knife is used on a farm. It is not a boy's Knife and small boys had better buy something not quite so sharp. But boys that understand handling a good knife will find this the best they could buy. The handle is smooth and almost black and is made from selected horn. It is of exactly the same size and appearance of the cut. The hole at the lower end is to admit of its being attached to a chain or by a plaited cord according to the true sailor fashion. It is not what one would call a fancy knife but it is strong and keen and serviceable, and will last a life time. These knives are steel to the backbone and will stand sharpening and take a good edge while there remains anything to sharpen, which is more than can be truly said of most knives made.

THE PRICE AND CATALOGUE NUMBER.—When ordering these Knives refer to our Catalogue number "Rodgers' Jack, No. 2." We have not found this Knife anywhere for less than 50c, except in wholesale lots. Therefore our price is 50c, and we prepay postage to any address in Canada. For twenty-five cents extra the name will be engraved on the shield. As readers in the U.S. will have to pay a heavy duty upon these English Knives, they will please not answer this advertisement. Two or more of these Knives in one box will be sent at 45c each. Send money by post office or express order, or by registered letter, addressed, **THE MAIL ORDER CONCERN, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.**

P.S.—One of these Knives and one of the Penknives offered in Chapter One of last week's issue will be sent under the same cover, for 90c.

TO
COUNTRY BUYERS
OF
CITY GOODS
at City
Cash Prices.

A regular boy's knife, also made by Rodgers and Sons, of about the same shape as above, but smaller and lacking the name plate, will be included for 40c extra. Our catalogue number for this knife is Boy Rodgers No. 3. We are not selling any other knives just now than those listed above and in Chapter I. Any of them would make exceedingly welcome Christmas gifts.

N.B.—Chapter III. will interest the ladies.



EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and Dyspeptic. Sold only in 1/4 lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA



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

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

paper for distribution throughout the entire school for three consecutive Sundays free of charge, on the order of any pastor, superintendent or librarian, and when the order for the year comes to hand with the club rate, will award a premium to the one endorsed by the officers of the school, as having been instrumental in securing the club, as follows:

A club of 50 or over—A Teacher's Bagster Bible, worth about \$2.00.

Club of 100 or over—A Pastor's Oxford Bible or Presbyterian Hymnal, worth about \$5.00 or over.

A club of 200 or over—A Sterling Silver Waltham Watch.

A club of 300 or over—A Sterling Silver Waltham Watch and Chain.

A club of 400 or over—A Gold Filled 20-year Waltham Watch.

A club of 500 or over—A Gold Filled, 20-year Waltham Watch and Chain.

CONDITIONS.

1. The Sunday-school ordering the club must be one that has not taken the 'Messenger' during the past two years, and a statement to this effect must accompany the order.

2. An express or post-office order for the amount must also accompany the order.

For further particulars, address

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Office of the 'Northern Messenger',
Montreal.

P.S.—A complete description of these premiums will be published next week.