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MARGARET WILSON.

THE MARTYR MAIDEN OF GALLOWAY.

"The bonny lassie" as her neighbors called her, was brought up in a pretty farmhouse at the head of a green glen, embosomed amid the purple hills of Galloway, where Gilbert Wilson, her anxious father, would fain have shielded his wife and bairns—two gentle girls and a brave-hearted boy—from the persecutions that were beginning to scatter the families of the faithful and make their hearthstones desolate. There was a lovely prospect from the little homestead: the glen stretched itself away, in field and meadow bare and hollow, while the glittering burn gleamed forth here and there in the bright sunshine. Behind the farmhouse and around the glen stood the purple hills, looking as if they would fain shut out all evil from the dwellers in the valley, to whose hearts they brought home the strengthening word, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people ... for ever." Yea, truly, and in love! not only does He stand as a wall between them and their foes, but also when He sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver," when, as in those days of persecution, evil men were saying, "Thou, God, carest not for it."

But the teachings of nature and grace were alike unheeded by the fanatical and brutalized soldiery, who, as the historian tells us, sought out the wretched fugitives in their rocky hiding-places. If a conventicle was held in a house, the preacher was liable to be put to death. If it was held in the open air, both minister and people incurred the same fate. The Presbyterians were hunted like criminals over the mountains. Their ears were torn from the roots. They were branded with hot irons, their fingers wrenched asunder by the thumbscrews, the bones of their legs shattered in the boot, and women were scourged publicly through the streets.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many apostatized from the faith of their fathers, and among these was Gilbert Wilson. So it came about, that while the hearth was desolate in many neighboring dwellings, the blue smoke still wreathed about the chimneys of the farm-house at Glenvernoch, where Gilbert and his wife sat mournfully by their silent fireside. They had, in happier days, brought up their children to count

all things but loss for Christ's sake; and now both Margaret and little Agnes, with their steadfast brother, allowed themselves to be driven out homeless, to take refuge among the rocks and caves from the furious soldiers, rather than renounce their cherished convictions.

Seven weary months of homelessness passed by, and the two girls were at length captured, sheltering for the night in the cottage of another Covenanter, an aged

widow named Margaret McLauchlan. Oh the wailing that went up from the farmhouse at Glenvernoch when it was known to the Wilsons that their girls were taken prisoners! Both Margaret and Agnes stood firm at their hasty trial. Wilson succeeded in raising money to ransom his younger daughter, on the score of her extreme youth, for she was only thirteen; but the most exorbitant ransom would not avail to rescue Margaret, who had attained the

age of sixteen years, unless she would abjure her faith. "I cannot," said Margaret; "I am one of Christ's children." During her imprisonment she wrote a long letter to her friends, full of the deep sense she had of the love of Christ to her soul, and of her ardent attachment to His cross and crown, and to Scotland's Covenant.

When the day of execution dawned, the stakes were driven deep into the sand in the Bay of Bladnoch, almost within sight of her home. Crowds of people gathered round the edge of the Bay, and far up among the sheltering rocks and hills the saints of God were kneeling on the heather in earnest prayer. From their dwelling of rocks they could see a company of soldiers, commanded by Major Windram—black Windram he was called—lead two women to the fatal spot. One was the aged widow, Margaret McLauchlan, the other was Margaret Wilson, in all the beautiful promise of her youth. They could see the elder martyr fastened to the stake nearest the cruelly advancing tide, and Margaret Wilson so placed that her sufferings might be sufficiently prolonged to awe her to submission. They watched the tide advancing, and saw the aged widow bow her head in the waters and die, just as the first wave broke about Margaret's feet.

"What think ye of you sight?" said a heartless soldier to her, as he pointed to the dying martyr.

"I think I see Christ yonder, wrestling in one of His members," was her answer. "Think ye it is we who are the sufferers? He sends none to the warfare on his own charges."

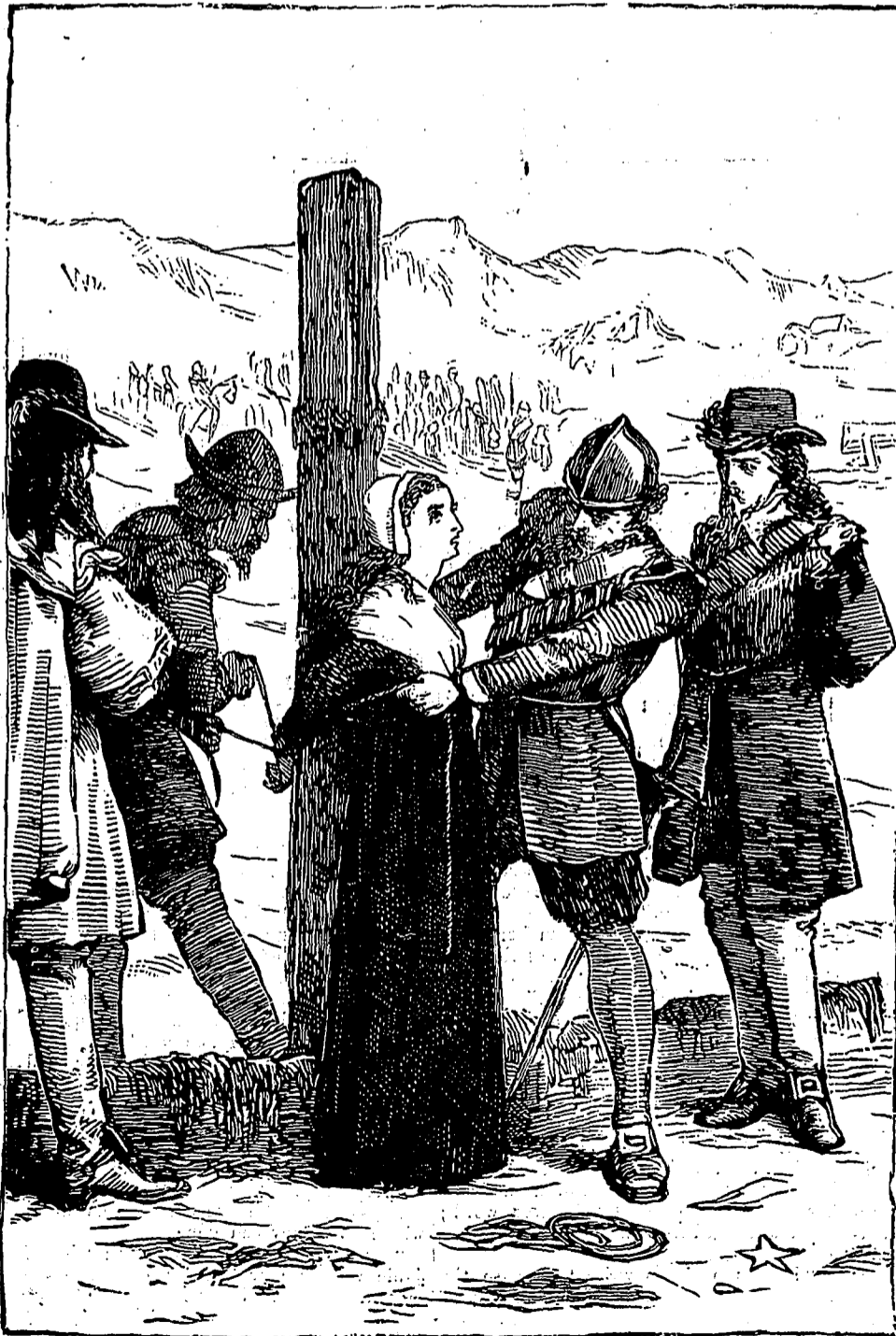
Then, as the tide advanced, slowly but surely, from knee to waist, the watchers on the heights could hear her voice in song. From waist to breast, from chin to lip, the waters slowly rose, while she sang with clear voice the well-known Psalm—

"Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be;
In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,
Dear Lord, remember me!"

"Oh, do Thou keep my soul, my God,
Do Thou deliver me;
Let me not be ashamed, since I
Do put my trust in Thee."

The breathless crowd gazed in silence at the scene—a silence that was at last broken by the agonized father, who cast himself at Windram's feet, crying, "My child! my child! Save my child!" So piercing was his cry that Windram's heart relented, and he ordered her to be released just

(Continued on eighth page.)



MARTYDOM OF MARGARET WILSON.

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER II. — Continued.

For answer, his father, lifted him gently on to his knee, and put his strong arms around him, as though to defy even the thought of Death to touch his precious boy; and when the tea-things came in, Willie woke up from a cosy nap, lively and smiling; but his smiles could not banish from his father's mind the thought that, for the first time in his life the child had appealed to him for help in vain. Willie had turned to him, hoping his clever father would relieve him from the fear of lying for ever underground; but what could his father tell him, since he had determined the child should never hear of Him who says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die"?

CHAPTER III.

"OUR FATHER!"

Intense hunger often prevents sleep, and though Davie felt tired and faint, he was still wide awake that evening when he crept away from an approaching policeman to rest within one of the recesses made by the seats upon the bridge. Away in the distance he saw everywhere the lighted windows of homes, but he—like the King of earth and heaven—"had not where to lay his head." It was cold and damp, curled up on the stone seat above the river, and some might even have preferred the warm, safe prison cell; but to the street boy liberty was next to life. He was free—free to look up at the golden stars, and wonder vaguely concerning their calm, sacred beauty; free to look down at the flowing waters, and think of a boy he had seen drawn up out of the river drowned.

"Anyways he ain't hungry," thought Davie; "I mind he were often short of cash like me, before he got drowned; wonder what's come of him now!"

The next moment he was conscious of a faltering step beside him, and the starlight showed him dimly the bent figure of an aged woman, with a little basket on her arm. He saw she was poor and feeble, so he felt there was no need for him to make his escape.

"Why, my lad!" said a weak, quavering voice, "ain't this a blessing that we've got into this cosy place out of the rain? It's just beginning to come down, but we shan't feel it much if we creep under that there shelter."

"The bobby will be by," said Davie. "I spects I can give him the slip, but he'll see you, and he'll turn you out, sure enough."

"He's turned his light on here a while ago," said the woman.

"I don't think he'll look right in again, and if it rains hard, he'll turn into the cabmen's shelter at the top; I hope he'll let me alone just this one night."

"They'll take you in at the Union," suggested Davie, "if you hain't got no tin."

"Why ain't you there, child?" she asked.

"Oh, I couldn't—I wants to feel free."

"And so do I, lad; I've lived off the parish, and I hoped to die off the parish, but our Father—He knows better nor I do. Maybe I've got stuck-up of late, for I'm over seventy, and I've earned my living, and nursed my good man till he went to glory; and what with charing and needle-work and washing, I never wanted no parish relief; but I've got the rheumatiz this three month, and I couldn't do no work nor pay the rent, and I'm two month behind, so the landlord he sold

no appetite to eat a morsel. So here it is, dearie, and do you eat every bit of it; dear now! where's your mother, to leave you alone, and you such a little wee boy?"

"Haven't got no mother," said Davie, snatching at the food, "and I ain't little; I'm bigger than I look in the dark. But I say, you'll be hungry maybe to-morrow, and then you'll want this."

"No, lad; it ain't no good keeping up my pride—the Lord knows better nor I do, and since He sends me there, I'll go there; He'll come along of me, I know. I'm a-going to apply there in the morning, only I just wanted one night more to feel free like afore I goes to the — Workhouse. I likes being out here better than being shut up there, so I says to

Reckon you wouldn't sit so close to me, if you'd a-known I'm out of gaol to-day."

"I don't know about Jarvis," said Betty; "but whether you've been in gaol or not, I know the Lord does love you. Why, He used to touch the lepers—poor creatures nobody wouldn't have about them, and who had to get out of the way of everybody."

"Just like me," said Davie, "Guess He wouldn't touch me though; I'm horrid dirty, but I means to wash in the morning."

"You don't know my Lord Jesus, you don't know nothing of Him if you think He wouldn't touch you; why, boy, we touch Him when we pray to him."

"Pray—what's that?"

"Talking to Jesus; He likes us to tell Him all we feels, and all we wants."

"All we wants? my eye!" cried Davie, "I wants something more to eat, and a new suit, and kittens, and lots. Where does He live? Guess if I go to Him, some one will drive me off."

"No, nobody can," said the old woman, "there ain't nobody can drive us off from God."

"God! is it Him as you means? —I can't get to Him."

"Yes you can, and He will hear you and help you."

"Tell me how." The boy crept close up to her, his face upturned to hers in the darkness.

"I can't tell you much, laddie; I'm only old Betty, and don't know nothink. But God did teach us one prayer, and I knows that right enough. You say it after me—say it quick, 'cause something queer's come to my tongue, and I feels a bit sleepy. Our Father."

"Our Father," said Davie, in wondering, hushed tones.

"Our Father," came again more feebly from old Betty, and again the boy spoke it after her. But she did not speak again, only leant back against the wall, and her basket rolled from her hand.

"She's gone to sleep, sure enough," said Davie. "Guess I'd like to tell Him all I wants. But it don't matter about me; I'm used to sleeping out of doors; but she's too old for it;" and then his face looked up to the sky where the dark cloud hid the stars, and Davie uttered his first prayer—"Our Father, can't you find a place for old Betty to-night?"

He dropped fast asleep by her side, so sound asleep that he was not conscious when in the gray dawn of morning a policeman flashed his lantern into the recess, and found a little ragged boy asleep on the seat, wrapped round in Betty's shawl. But the old woman slept more deeply still, for though she had been turned from her earthly home, One whom she loved had drawn nigh unto her in the darkness, and lifted her away to our Father's house, "where the many mansions be."

(To be continued.)



OLD BETTY AND DAVIE ON THE BRIDGE.

me out to-day, and told me to go to the Union."

"What a shame!" cried Davie. "I'd like to shoot the old fellow."

"Ye mustn't talk like that, child; I ought not to have been behind with my rent, but this poor hand got terrible bad a while ago."

"Won't it get worse if you stay here? the rain is getting in to us now."

"It don't feel over bad to-night; I feel somehow stiff and chilly, but I'm not in pain, thank the Lord."

"Well, I'm glad you're come," said Davie. "I likes company, and I'm that hungry I can't sleep."

"Well now, that's queer. I've got half a loaf as a neighbor give me—poor dear! she wanted it bad enough herself—and I can't get

myself, Betty, you shall say one more prayer out of the Union, and then you goes in to-morrow! I'd a-hoped to have died out of the House, but sure and I ain't no call to be discontented and to grumble—it's nothing to what the Lord went through."

"Who's the Lord? do you mean the Lord Mayor?" asked Davie, with his mouth dangerously full.

"Why, laddie! our Lord—our Lord Jesus."

"He ain't our Lord," said Davie, "I ain't heard nothink on Him."

"Not heard of Jesus! why, there's nobody loves you like Jesus does, laddie."

"Nobody loves me at all," said Davie, "nor I don't want them to; Jarvis pretended to care a lot for me, and he got me in gaol.

SEA GULLS.

The sea gull is usually "whole-footed," that is, more or less web-toed; although many of them are no swimmers, being far outdone in that graceful accomplishment by the awkward, waddling duck. Its buoyant body eminently fits it for flying, in which gay and fascinating employment it spends most of its days, apparently never wearied on its long and strong wings. It is thickly dressed with oily feathers, which effectually protect it from the assaults of the beating rain, the dash of the breaking wave, or the penetrating moisture of the sea-fog. It is also fitted out with a sharp-pointed bill, slightly crooked or hooked at the end, with which it captures its prey. See this one, for example, as he shoots down like a dart upon the water, where his keen eye has descried a little fish. There! he rises again, with the wriggling captive in his bill. Now, you think, he must retire to some near rock or bending bush on which to eat it. But no; without any assistance from foot or folded wing, this capable bill has no trouble in instantly disposing of the little wriggler; and the work of plunder goes right on again.

At times you will see them in idle groups, alighted on some projecting sand-point, as though refreshing themselves from weariness of wing; but the true explanation is, that they are waiting or watching for signals that the rapacious blue-fish, or the bonito, are driving another school of helpless youngsters of other tribes to the surface, in the seizure of which they will lend a hand. For they are apparently always hungry, with no set hours for dining. These domestic gulls are said not to be divers; but they are, notwithstanding, frequently seen, in striking for a fish, to disappear entirely for a moment or two beneath the surface. They are no waders, like the snipe or the sand piper.

In color, some varieties are pied, or parti-colored, while others are gray or brown. Reeds, or rushes, or the long grasses, afford them shelter for their nests; while others of them seem quite satisfied with the open sand, where they unconcernedly drop their eggs, leaving them, as the ostrich has been said to do, "in the earth, and warming them in the dust, forgetful that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them." Take care! don't tread on that little congress of unfledged young ones on the beach before you. They look so much like the sand itself that you must look sharp to see them. But you may handle them with impunity, as they make no outcry, and their good easy mothers are probably far away,

fishing; or, if near by, they will not fly into your eyes with unappeasable fury, like the fierce eagle or the falcon.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TWO BOYS' VERBS.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

Tom Fuller and Ed. Horton were making a snow image. They had worked all one cold day at their Sphinx, as they had called it, for no particular reason. Toward night they were giving it

before he exclaimed: "I am going to have a good education first, then I will have money, for brains and money give a man power and position. Father says that every time he points out Judge Wells, who was a poor cartman's son. Bolton, the banker, he too started out with only will and pluck. Why can't we do what other poorer boys have done?"

"Sure as you live now, Ed, we can do that same," roared Tom, slapping the Sphinx's broad cheek with his shovel; but just then the supper-bell rang, and the gha-

Sphinx once rose and melted.

Where were the boys? They had gone after their verbs. I will "have" had been Ed Horton's, and he had gained by his talents, money. Wealth and knowledge easily gained him political power, and men began to call him greatly successful. Tom's verb had all along been I will "be" whatever is just, worthy, upright, and pure; true to myself, helpful to other men. Moderate wealth and also a certain power of character had come to Tom. He had because he was.

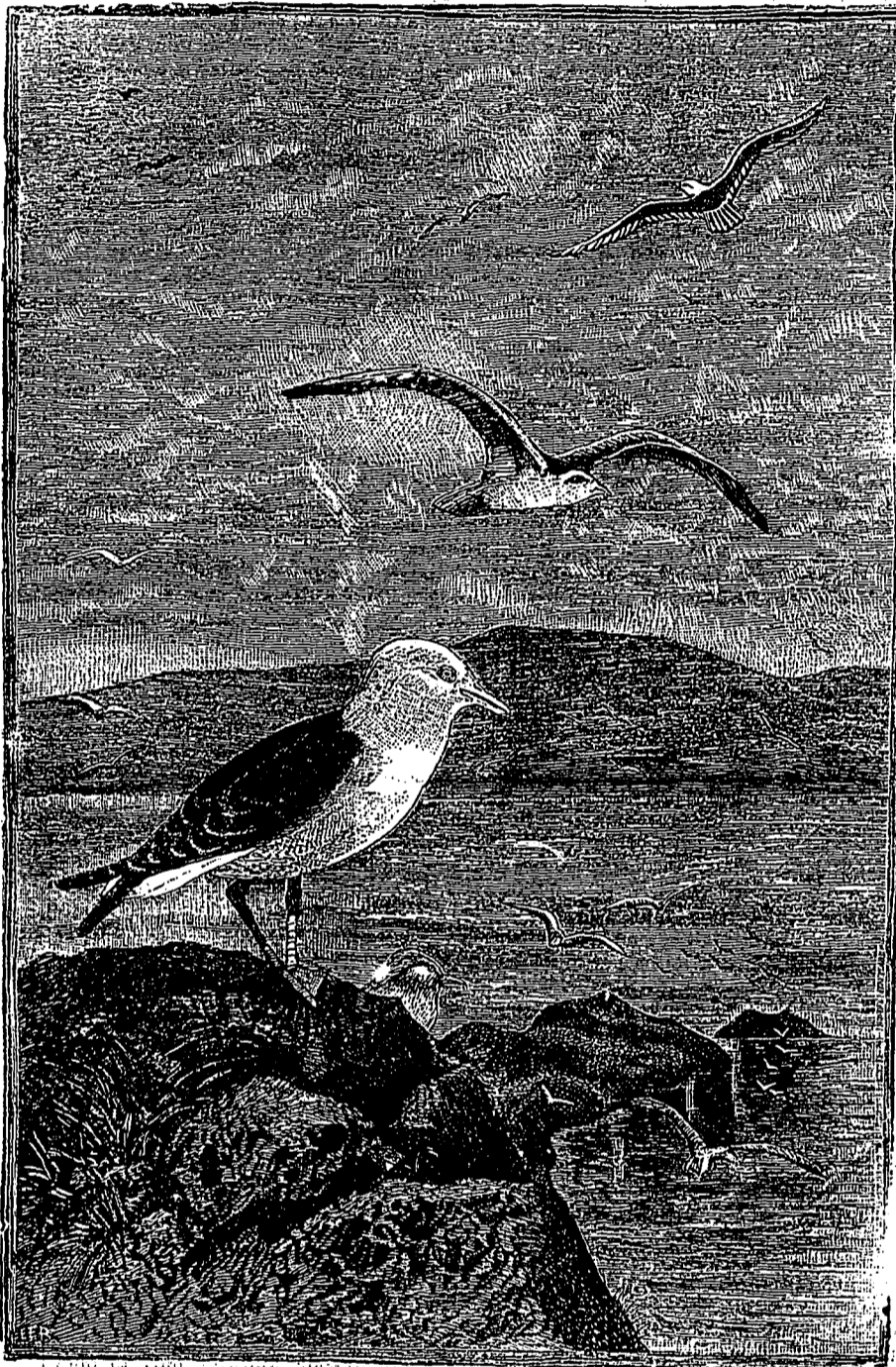
One cold November evening, Tom, who was a physician with a large practice, was coming home from a call when he passed crowds of noisy men rejoicing over a great political victory, for it was election night. He heard Horton's name everywhere, and he knew his old schoolmate had gained a long-coveted office. Coming suddenly to a brilliantly-lighted liquor-saloon, he found the entrance blocked by a swearing, shouting, half-crazy crew already drunken. Glancing in he saw Horton dispensing unlimited whiskey to these his political adherents.

"Poor Ed! poor Ed!" sighed Tom. "He took a wrong start someway, and now he does not seem to care what he is so he gets what he wants. He is cheating himself. He is a shrewd politician, but he is getting to be a fraud as a man. I wish he could begin life over; but it is too late."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ABOUT THE BANYAN TREE.

The Bauian or Banyan tree is of enormous size. Each tree forms a small grove; for each branch sends out small tender fibres which are actually roots, and when these reach the ground they root themselves, and in time become thick trunks. As this process is continually going on it is easy to see that one tree becomes in a short time a series of trunks which form delightful alleys with cool retreats most desirable in hot climates. The Hindoos think much of this tree—they look upon its sheltering branches as emblematic of the outstretched arms of God affording them safety and contentment. The Brahmins pass much of their time beneath the pleasant shade and meditate upon their religion. And where there is no temple, the Banyan tree is made to take its place, and worship is conducted under its leafy ceiling.—*Little Folks.*

IT IS THE performance of every duty, and the exercise of every function in the fullest manner, that constitutes a happy, valuable life.



THE SEA-GULL.

the last touches and chatting about matters in general.

"Nobody would say we lacked perseverance if he knew how much snow we had managed to-day," said Ed.

"No, indeed," returned Tom. "Professor Wilson said yesterday that neither of us lacked will nor energy."

"What of it?" asked Ed.

"Oh! he meant, of course, that it only depended on us to decide what we would be hereafter," returned Tom hacking away on the Sphinx's nose with comical gravity.

Ed dumped a new load of snow

ly white monster was declared to be a beauty, then left for the night. As the boys turned away, Ed Horton said, laughing: "If the Sphinx would only open her cold lips and tell us our fortunes. I would just like to see twenty years from to-day, for instance."

Two bright, winning fellows they were, and no man or woman could have told which was more likely to be the better man. They were equal in scholarship, and if Ed was ambitious Tom was earnest.

Twenty years went by; parents and teachers were dead; a great factory stood where the

(Continued from first page.)

as the waves were breaking over her head. Two young men, who were strong swimmers, reached the stake and disengaged her apparently lifeless form.

At this moment the watchers on the hills heard the valley ring with such a shout from the multitude on the shore as showed the tension of their pent-up feelings.

Windram would have spared her on this expression of loyalty; but his comrade, Grier of Lagg, crueller than "Black Windram," insisted on the oath, which her conscience forbade.

The brave girl was thrust rudely back into the sea with the words of her dying Saviour on her lips, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

It is not easy to decipher so much as her name to-day on her crumbling tombstone, all moss-grown and lichen-stained as it is; but it is written on the hearts and memories of young and old in her native land.

Let earth and stone still witness bore, There lies a virgine martyr here, Murder'd for owning Christ supreme.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY. DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PICTURES. 1.—THE INFANT MOSES.

2.—THE BUGLE CALL AFTER THE BATTLE. is a scene of a different nature. On an eminence in the field where the battle had been fought is the bugler on horseback sounding the call to form into line.

3.—LASSING WILD HORSES is another exciting horse picture. The herd of wild horses are dashing down a slope pursued by the Mexican rangers who are throwing the lasso around the necks of some of them.

4.—"SIMPLY TO TRY CROSS I CLING." This is an old favorite. Most of our readers have seen it in one form or another. The cross surrounded by a flood of light, the figure clinging to it with upturned face full of hope, the waves dashing against the rock on which the cross stands, and the dark hand pulling away the piece of wreck that might have been a support.

5.—HARBOR SCENE AT NIGHT.—This is one of the most striking of all. It cannot be described. The play of light and shadow is exquisite.

6.—AT HOME IN CAPTIVITY. This pair of pictures represents the orang-outang first, in his native jungle as ferocious an animal as well as can be imagined, and in his cage in the menagerie having a grand frolic.

7.—AFTER DUCKS. This represents an Irish spaniel dashing through the reeds after a duck, and makes a very pretty picture.

8.—GOING TO SCHOOL is a very pretty picture of a Normandy peasant girl dressed in the picturesque costume of her country with books and basket going to the school.

9.—PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.—This excellent portrait we presented year before last to subscribers of the Witness on certain conditions.

10.—THE LION'S BRIDE.—This picture of Gabriel Max's represents a young girl, who had been accustomed to feed this lion for so long a time as to make them warm friends, but was at last killed by him, apparently out of affection.

WHO CAN GET THESE PICTURES? Everybody who chooses to work for them!

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.

Sept. 14, 1884. [Ps. 40: 1-17.]

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-5.

- 1. I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. 2. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I delight to do thy will, O my God."—Ps. 40: 8.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ps. 40: 1-17....The Waiting Sufferer Delivered. T. Ps. 22: 1-31.....Christ's Complaint and Triumph.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. Mercy Remembered. 2. Obedience Promised. 3. Confidence in Danger.

LESSON NOTES.

I. V. 1. I WAITED PATIENTLY.—"In waiting I waited"—an expression of patience and trust in distress. V. 2. HORRIBLE PIT. MIRY CLAY—compare Jer. 38: 6-12. Christ's endurance of suffering, his earnest prayer for deliverance, and his Father's answer to his prayer in bringing him up from the grave and exalting him to joy and glory, are here described.

II.—V. 6. SACRIFICE—a bloody offering. OFFERING—without blood, as a peace-offering. BURNT-OFFERING—one wholly consumed by fire. SIN-OFFERING—one made to atone for sin. These four embrace all the kinds of sacrifices known to the Jewish law.

III.—V. 11. WITHOUT HOLD NOT—a prayer of Christ that God would give him support and deliverance in his sufferings. V. 12. EVILS—suffering in Gethsemane, in the judgment-hall, on the cross to save man. MINE INIQUITIES—punishment laid on me—a frequent meaning of the word. (See Ps. 31: 10; 38: 4; Isa. 53: 11.)

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God will hear the cry of those in distress. 2. That his mercies should be acknowledged and remembered with gratitude and praise.

LESSON XII.

Sept. 21, 1884. [Pa. 103: 1-22.]

A SONG OF PRAISE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-5.

- 1. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. 2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Ps. 103: 2.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ps. 103: 1-22.....A Song of Praise. T. Ps. 104: 1-35.....Perpetual Praise.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. Remembering God's Benefits. 2. Recounting God's Goodness. 3. Calling to Praise.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. ALL THAT IS WITHIN ME—all my powers and affections. Deut. 6: 5. V. 3. DISEASES—God cured the sickness of his body and forgave his spiritual diseases, his sins, and helped him to overcome them.

II.—V. 6. MERCIFUL—compare Ex. 34: 6. V. 9. WILL NOT ALWAYS CHIDE—as soon as the sinner repents God will pardon. V. 12. REMOVED—put far from us, as no longer having anything to do with us.

III.—V. 20. The Psalmist now calls upon all God's creatures to render him praise. HARKENING—listening intently for the faintest intimation of his will. Deut. 28: 17. V. 21. HIS HOSTS—his armies. It denotes both power and multitude.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God is the giver of all my mercies and blessings. 2. That God's goodness calls upon me for gratitude and praise.

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