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NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIX., No. 7.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1894.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE, HIS IMMENSE ENTERPRISES IN TRADE AND PHILANTHROPY.

(From Arthur Warren, in McClure's Magazine).

When I asked a number of men in Chicago, 'If you were to select one man as representative of your Western life, ideas, ability—representative in success, and representative in personal character—whom would you name?'

There was no variety in the response. It came always, 'Philip D. Armour,' or 'Phil Armour,' as the case might be.

Mr. Armour will never, in any circumstances, talk about himself; and on any theme he is a man of few words. Once, when I asked him if he would say in the

fewest possible words how he had accomplished so much, he replied: 'By keeping my mouth shut.'

Why should Philip Armour be interesting? Because he is the richest person in Chicago? No!

He is a great administrator. He has the nature of one who could 'stand by Cæsar and give direction.' In America the greater part of our highest ability is attracted into business life. The great public problems in this country are municipal rather than national, local rather than imperial; and so the men of imperial minds have been turned into those fields of action from which they are not excluded by the narrow traditions of our public service. Armour is an imperialist in his ideas and in his acts.

He is one of the greatest manufacturers in this or any country. In this capacity alone he employs twelve thousand persons, pays six or seven mil-

lions of dollars yearly in wages, owns four thousand railway cars, which are used in transporting his goods, and has seven or eight hundred horses to haul his waggons. Fifty or sixty thousand persons receive direct support from the wages paid in his meat-packing business alone, if we estimate families on the census basis. He is a larger owner of grain elevators than any other individual in either hemisphere; he is the proprietor of a glue factory which turns out a product of seven millions of tons a year, and he is actively interested in an important railway enterprise.

Mr. Armour is a great organizer. He thoroughly understands the art of appointing captains over hundreds, captains over fifties, and captains over tens. His house is directly represented in every important city in the world. Mr. Gladstone, from a dingy building in Downing Street, in the heart of London, reaches out over a world-encircling empire. A few words scrawled by his pen upon a slip of paper will affect the destinies of nations. Philip Armour is, in the world of business, not unlike a prime minister. In business there is no democracy. The sway of the individual is absolute. Philip Armour, in his La Salle Street office, reaches out over realms as wide as those whose affairs are directed by the premier in Downing Street. Telegraph wires for his private use bring the financial news of the world directly to his desk. Within call are his heads of departments, who serve him as a cabinet council. He can, by merely summoning a clerk, receive the latest news from markets as far afield as India or Peru, and he can similarly despatch his instructions to any quarter of the earth.

Armour is in every way a large man—large in build, in mind, in nature. He is

nearly six feet high, and with a kind of stately bulk which turns the scales at something like two hundred and fifty pounds. He moves easily, but he thinks in flashes. He has a big, powerful head, broad over the eyes, and dome-shaped, a head that is full of character and determination. He has the strongest, and at the same time the sweetest, face that I have ever seen in a man. It is the face of one who is so much the master of himself that he can afford to be gentle. His voice is kindly in its tone and low; and while his eyes twinkle and around them are the lines of good humor, there is in them all the shrewdness, all the searching quality that you can imagine a



DR. GUNSAULS,
President of Armour Institute.

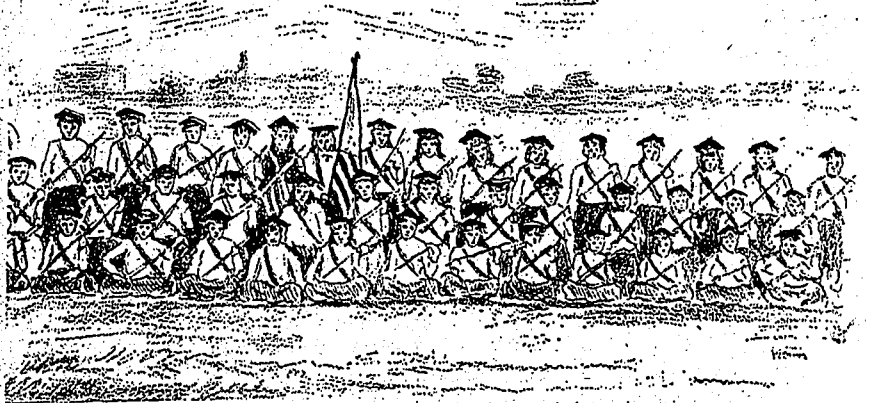
man of his record to possess. They are the eyes of an analyst of human nature.

You see the perfection of organization everywhere in the enterprises of Armour & Company—at the packing-houses, where, as an enthusiastic foreigner says, 'the live pigs go in at one end of a machine, and chains of sausages come out at the other end; where beees and sheep are dressed and swung into the chill-rooms within ten minutes after they have ambled into their pens; where no scrap of serviceable material is wasted; where every man among the thousands has his allotted task and

(Continued on Last Page.)



THE COOKING SCHOOL, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.



THE GIRLS' BRIGADE, ARMOUR MISSION.

WORLD'S EXHIBITION

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

I did not in the last lecture by any direct experiment show that a soap-film or bubble is really elastic, like a piece of stretched india-rubber.

A soap-bubble, consisting, as it does, of a thin layer of liquid, which must have of course both an inside and an outside surface of skin, must be elastic, and this is easily shown in many ways. Perhaps the easiest way is to tie a thread across a ring rather loosely, and then to dip the ring into soap water. On taking it out there is a film stretched over the ring, in which the thread moves about quite freely, as you can see upon the screen. But if I break the film on one side, then immediately the thread is pulled by the film on the other side as far as it can go, and it is now tight (Fig. 19). You will also notice that it is part of a perfect circle, because that form makes the space on one side as great, and therefore on the other side, where the film is, as small, as possible. Or again, in this

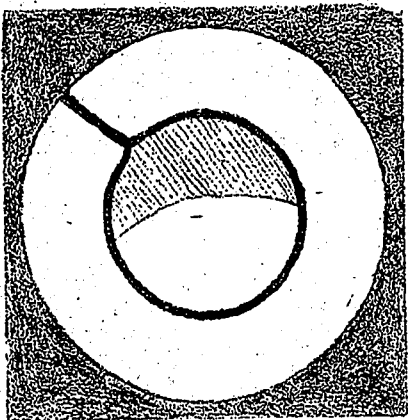


Fig. 19.

second ring the thread is double for a short distance in the middle. If I break the film between the threads they are at once pulled apart, and are pulled into a perfect circle (Fig. 20), because that is the form which makes the space within it as great as possible, and therefore leaves the space outside it as small as possible. You will also notice, that though the circle will not allow itself to be pulled out of shape, yet it can move about in the ring quite freely, because such a movement does not make any difference to the space outside it.

I have now blown a bubble upon a ring of wire. I shall hang a small ring upon it, and to show more clearly what is happening, I shall blow a little smoke into the bubble. Now that I have broken the film inside the lower ring, you will see the smoke being driven out and the ring lifted

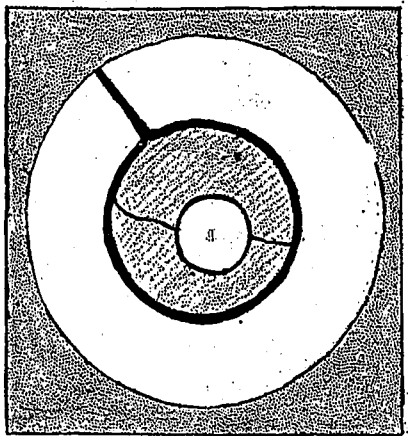


Fig. 20.

up, both of which show the elastic nature of the film. Or again, I have blown a bubble on the end of a wide pipe; on holding the open end of the pipe to a candle flame, the outgushing air blows out the flame at once, which shows that the soap-bubble is acting like an elastic bag (Fig. 21). You now see that, owing to the elastic skin of a soap-bubble, the air inside is under pressure and will get out if it can. Which would you think would squeeze the air inside it most, a large or a small bubble? We will find out by trying, and then see if we can tell why. You now see two pipes each with a tap. These are joined together

by a third pipe in which there is a third tap. I will first blow one bubble and shut it off with the tap 1 (Fig. 22); and then the other, and shut it off with the tap 2. They are now nearly equal in size, but the air cannot yet pass from one to the other because the tap 3 is turned off. Now if the pressure in the largest one is greatest it



Fig. 21.

will blow air into the other when I open this tap, until they are equal in size; if, on the other hand, the pressure in the small one is greatest, it will blow air into the large one, and will itself get smaller until it has quite disappeared. We will now try the experiment. You see immediately that I open the tap 3 the small bubble shuts up and blows out the large one, thus showing that there is greater pressure in a small than in a large bubble. The directions in which the air and the bubble move is indicated in the figure by arrows. I want you particularly to notice and remember this, because this is an experiment on which a great deal depends. To impress this upon your memory I shall show the same thing in another way. There is in front of the lantern a little tube shaped like a U half filled with water. One end of the U is joined to a pipe on which a

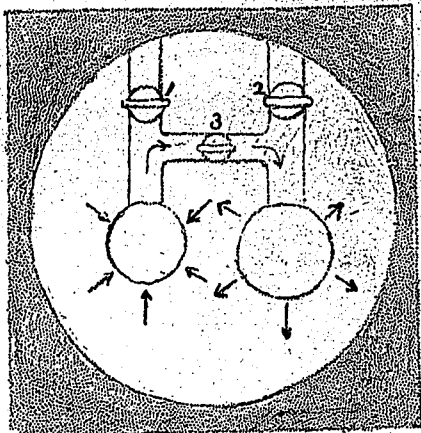


Fig. 22.

bubble can be blown (Fig. 23). You will now be able to see how the pressure changes as the bubble increases in size, because the water will be displaced more when the pressure is more, and less when it is less. Now that there is a very small bubble, the pressure as measured by the water is about one quarter of an inch on the scale. The bubble is growing and the pressure indicated by the water in the gauge is falling, until, when the bubble is double its former size, the pressure is only half what it was; and this is always true, the smaller the bubble the greater the pressure. As the film is always stretched with the same force, whatever size the bubble is, it is clear that the pressure inside can only depend upon the curvature of a bubble. In

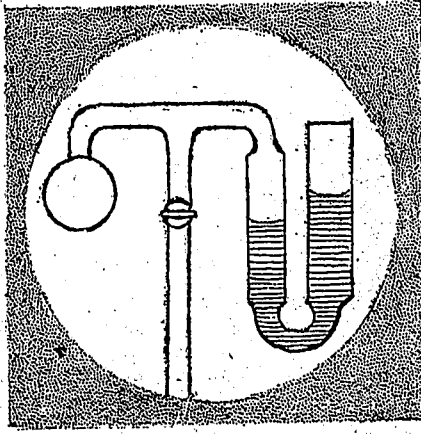


Fig. 23.

the case of lines, our ordinary language tells us, that the larger a circle is the less is its curvature; a piece of a small circle is said to be a quick or a sharp curve, while a piece of a great circle is only slightly curved; and if you take a piece of a very large circle indeed, then you cannot tell it from a straight line, and you say it is not curved at all. With a part of the surface of a ball it is just the same—the larger the ball the less it is curved; and if the ball is very large indeed, say 8,000 miles across, you cannot tell a small piece of it from a true plane. Level water is part of such a surface, and you know that still water in a basin appears perfectly flat, though in a very large lake or the sea you can see that it is curved. We have seen that in large bubbles the pressure is little and the curvature is little, while in small bubbles the pressure is great and the curvature is great. The pressure and the curvature rise and fall together. We have now learnt the lesson which the experiment of the two bubbles, one blown out by the other, teaches us.

A ball or sphere is not the only form which you can give to a soap-bubble. If you take a bubble between two rings, you can pull it out until at last it has the shape of a round straight tube or cylinder as it is called. We have spoken of the curvature

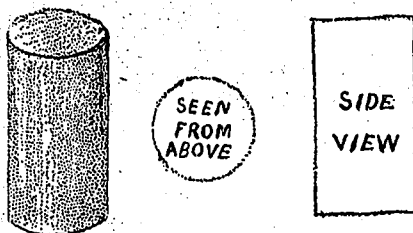


Fig. 24.

of a ball or sphere; now what is the curvature of a cylinder? Looked at sideways, the edge of the wooden cylinder upon the table appears straight, i.e., not curved at all; but looked at from above it appears round, and is seen to have a definite curvature (Fig. 24). What then is the curvature of the surface of a cylinder? We have seen that the pressure in a bubble depends upon the curvature when they are spheres, and this is true whatever shape they have. If, then, we find what sized sphere will produce the same pressure upon the air inside that a cylinder does, then we shall know that the curvature of the cylinder is the same as that of the sphere which balances it. Now at each end of a short tube I shall blow an ordinary bubble, but I shall pull the lower bubble by means of another tube into the cylindrical form, and finally blow in more or less air until the sides of the cylinder are perfectly straight. This is now done (Fig. 25), and the pressure in the two bubbles must be exactly the same, as there is a free passage

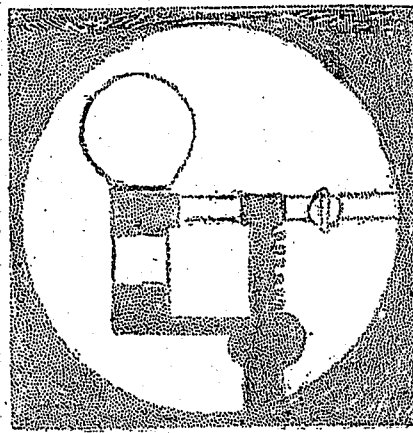


Fig. 25.

of air between the two. On measuring them you see that the sphere is exactly double the cylinder in diameter. But this sphere has only half the curvature that a sphere half its diameter would have. Therefore the cylinder, which we know has the same curvature that the large sphere has, because the two balance, has only half the curvature of a sphere of its own diameter, and the pressure in it is only half that in a sphere of its own diameter.

I must now make one more step in explaining this question of curvature. Now that the cylinder and sphere are balanced I shall blow in more air, making the sphere

larger; what will happen to the cylinder? The cylinder is, as you see, very short; will it become blown out too, or what will happen? Now that I am blowing in air you see the sphere enlarging, thus relieving the pressure; the cylinder develops a waist, it is no longer a cylinder, the sides

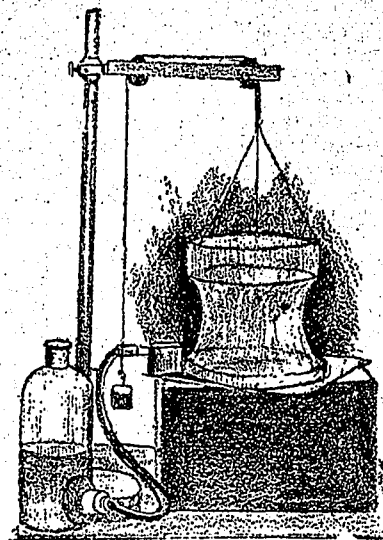


Fig. 26.

are curved inwards. As I go on blowing and enlarging the sphere, they go on falling inwards, but not indefinitely. If I were to blow the upper bubble till it was of an enormous size the pressure would become extremely small. Let us make the pressure nothing at all at once by simply breaking the upper bubble, thus allowing the air a free passage from the inside to the outside of what was the cylinder. Let me repeat this experiment on a larger scale. I have two large glass rings, between which I can draw out a film of the same kind. Not only is the outline of the soap-film curved inwards, but it is exactly the same as the smaller one in shape (Fig. 26). As there is now no pressure there ought to be no curvature, if what I have said is correct. But look at the soap-film. Who would venture to say that that was not curved; and yet we had satisfied ourselves that the pressure and the curvature rose and fell together. We now seem to have come to an absurd conclusion. Because the pressure is reduced to nothing we say the surface must have no curvature, and yet a glance is sufficient to show that the film is so far curved as to have a most elegant waist. Now look at the plaster model on the table, which is a model of a mathematical figure which also has a waist.

(To be Continued.)

ONE THING NEVER DIES.

To-day, upon Palm Sunday, Jesus comes riding into Jerusalem in the midst of palm-branches and hosannas. Next Thursday, He is prostrate in Gethsemane. Next Friday, He is hanging on the cross. Next Sunday, He is rising from the tomb. The great experiences come quick on one another. Joy crowds on sorrow, sorrow presses on the steps of joy. To each comes the quick end. Each is but born before it dies. But one thing never dies—the service of His Father, the salvation of the world, the sum and substance of His life! Set upon that, with His soul full of that, joy comes and pain comes, and both are welcomed and dismissed with thankfulness, because their coming and their going bring the end for which He lives more near.—Phillips Brooks.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study; it 'weakens his eyes,'
But the 'right sort' of book will ensure a surprise.
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's 'tired as a hound,
Very weary of life and of 'tramping around';
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head 'aches to split,'
And his back is so lame that he 'can't dig a bit.'
But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon;
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.

Do you think he 'plays possum'? He seems quite sincere;
But—'isn't he queer?'
—St. Nicholas.

THE GREAT MEETINGS IN MONTREAL.

Never have there been such meetings in Montreal as those held during the month of February under the direction of the Rev. B. Fay Mills. Every afternoon for three weeks the great St. James church was thronged. In the evenings almost every foot of standing room was occupied, while from the Sunday gatherings hundreds were turned away. A sketch of Mr. Mills's life has already been given in the *Messenger* but the following interview with him by a *Witness* representative reveals many new points of his character and method of work.

'He is young,' says the interviewer, 'he has blue eyes like a girl; there is a cordial in his smile. Not so young in years—about forty. Young in heart; confident, buoyant, happy.'

'The brow is broad and clear, the mass of fair hair waves and curls. If you were in trouble you would like to have that face near you. It is so serene, so sure that all is right, though the seeming might put doubt in the heart.'

'A short man, with a quick step, a clear-glancing eye, a voice soft, musical, but with tones in it that can be very decisive; an easy manner; the gentleman as well as the famous evangelist.'

'While I'm eating you ask me questions,' said Mr. Mills, after he had been heartily greeted at the C. P. R. depot by the Rev. Dr. Williams, the Rev. Mr. McWilliams, the Rev. Mr. Dewey and Mr. Yuile, and had been installed in his rooms at the Windsor Hotel.

'I was invited once to preach in a little town called Middleboro. The people came to hear. I received other invitations. I received more invitations than I could fill. I went back to my church, and said, 'Give me three months in which to find out if it is the Lord's will that I should become an evangelist?' The church said, 'If we give you three months you will never come back to us.' I replied that if the church did not give me what I asked I would resign. I got the time, and I became convinced that this is what the Lord would have me to do. That is why I am in Montreal.'

'We are a conservative people in Montreal. From what you know of the field here, do you think the effects of your visit are likely to be permanent?'

'Why, I am a conservative myself, the bluest of the blue,' said the evangelist, laughing, as he ate his breakfast. 'I am quite decorous, I assure you. I do not come here with any sensational methods. I have been a pastor for seven years. I know how it feels to have dignified methods, and regular work. Anthracite coal is a little hard to kindle, but when it is lighted it burns longer than other sorts. That is all the difference. The effects will be permanent in proportion as the churches do their duty. If they do not do their duty they will not be permanent. The churches will reap as they sow. If they go into this work as though it was theirs, as though it was their regular work, not a mere novelty with which they had not a vital interest, there will be permanent results. I worked in a place where there were several churches in a group. One church got a hundred members as the result of the work; another only got fifteen. You can draw your own conclusion. It must not be assumed that the work is mine, or that this is a form of work which is only calculated to produce transient impressions. If the pastors, when the work of the evangelist is done, will carry it on just as part of their regular work, expecting success and results, then the impulse which the evangelist gave—and that is what the evangelist is, an impulse—will make for permanent results. I remember in Boston once, a minister got up and said he did not think there was any permanency in Moody's work. 'I got the names of one hundred and two enquirers,' he said, 'and out of the whole lot only two have remained as church members.' Another minister got up and said there was quite a coincidence in the fact that he got an equal number of enquirers names, but whereas his brother had only two left he had lost only two out of the whole number. If you only put a little capital into a business you cannot expect great results. Put a million into it and you will do a little better. There is merit in the concentration of capital. Only put

a little energy into this work and the results will not be miraculous at all. But let there be zeal and concentration, and it is bound to tell.'

'In your opinion, then, it is not a reproach to a city well supplied with ministers to bring an evangelist from outside?'

'Let us see,' said Mr. Mills, serenely, 'The evangelist is a specialist. You have specialists in other walks—in law, in medicine, for example. It is a special function. It requires experience. Every pastor was not made to be an evangelist. Some pastors, when they preach two sermons on Sunday, feel that they must take a holiday on the Monday. I have preached three sermons a day for seven weeks. I do not say this to commend myself, but to indicate that you can train yourself to endurance, as you can train a particular muscle. If you took a pastor from one of your churches, and asked him to conduct a series of meetings, he would be neglecting his own special work, which may have been very valuable. The evangelist comes as an impulse. I do not call myself a free lance. I am the minister of the united churches for the time being. And this

I might preach three times a day upon it for three months but could I do it for three years? I think not, and therefore, the evangelist comes properly as an arousing and strengthening impulse, doing a work which the regular pastor could not do so well, because he has not had the special training and experience in the work.'

'You preach the simple truths of the gospel?'

'I preach the gospel in a direct, simple way, but I do not claim that there is any virtue in that, because each age has its own form and way of presenting the truth. I do not aim at any sensational effects at all, and I appeal to thoughtful, rational people.'

'What means do you take to find out the numbers converted after a campaign such as you propose to inaugurate?'

'We give our enquirers tickets, and the people are supposed to write their names upon them, and the church of their choice. The counting I leave to the pastors. But there is the fresh consecration of Christians who may not have been living as close to God as they should have lived, as well as the conversion of the ungodly. That enters into the calculation.'



THE REV. B. FAY MILLS.

united effort by an evangelist from outside is good in this way—that it shows the Roman Catholic and infidel world that there can be union amongst the Protestant denominations. The conduct of a work like this requires training. I am speaking, remember, of the evangelist in the general. I know a good deal more about the management of this work than I did when I first began. You might ask in one way, and get fifteen to respond. You might ask it in another way, while the impression made was at its best, and you might get a hundred. Perhaps the average pastor might not notice the difference in the two ways. But the difference is vital. The pastor may have plenty of talent, and yet he might not be able to conduct a work like this. That is no reproach to the pastor. For myself, I have made a study of this work. You do not need in work like this to prove the inspiration of Scripture, nor is it necessary to go into scientific questions. What you want is for Christians to be Christian, and for the unconverted to become Christians. That is the meaning of the work in brief. Now, for that purpose, you have a certain line of thought to pursue. The material is limited.

'Mr. Mills's last word was. 'I bring no novelty. I preach the gospel of Christ to rational people. I am very glad to talk to a *Witness* representative. That paper has a sterling reputation.'

The story that has often been told about Mr. Mills having been a gambler and a drunkard previous to conversion is quite without foundation.

'I never engage in newspaper controversy' said Mr. Mills to a *Witness* representative on another occasion, 'but I will be glad if the *Witness* will contradict the story, which I see has been printed in several of the Montreal papers. The remarkable nature of my conversion, as given, is all right, but that I ever was a gambler or a drunkard is quite untrue.'

'Previous to my conversion, I was in San Francisco, engaged in the real estate business, leading undoubtedly a worldly life, but the idea sought to be conveyed that I was low down in sin—that is, that I was a drunkard and a gambler, has no foundation in fact. I have no desire whatever to glory in this, but this story so often meets me, and has been circulated so widely, that it would be well, I think, to set the matter right.'

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE.

Success is a relative term, and so is failure. All depends. Adam was not a great success in Eden, but showed up pretty well at the World's Fair. Nobody can tell about Adam's failure, save he takes account of Christ's success, a world redeemed, and the infinite glories of salvation.

People fail from not knowing the right time. Cromwell didn't wait till 'the iron was hot'; he said, 'I'll strike, and make it hot.' Grant knew, when Lee was ready to surrender. Some other fellows didn't, and so, kept the rebellion alive a long time. The man who knows when to call the market, when to speak the needed word, when to sell stocks, when to do, and when not to do, succeeds like everything.

One minister whom I heard when a boy inspired me to think of the ministry, by his wonderful gift of emphasis and intonation. He swayed people by the art of pressing the real meaning out of words. I have heard of a poor dry goods clerk who became a prince merchant at last, by just getting and keeping a corner on smiles. Everybody wanted to trade with 'that smiling clerk.' He could say 'good morning,' 'how well you are looking,' and 'how elegantly that dress made up for you'—these things, so graciously, as to make every lady who entered the store radiantly happy. There is a how of doing a thing, which is almost as important as the thing itself. How to make bread is better knowledge a hundred times than bread making. Anybody can mix dough, few, comparatively, can make good bread.

A friend of mine, a clergyman, happened in, to see how a sick man was; found, that a council of doctors had given him up, said indeed, that he must die. The clergyman remembered that the inborn, the prevailing and inevitable characteristic of the sick man was to joke. He loved to laugh. So he was told a 'side-splitting story.' The story made him laugh, then laugh again, until the exercise caused physical reaction, and the man recovered. Success was in knowing the man, and the man's most sensitive mental nerve.

How to do a thing! The man who found John B. Gough at the side of the vessel one day, in the English channel, didn't know, at all. They were in quite a sea, vessel rolling, Mr. Gough hanging on, and throwing overboard all inward resources, when the man came up, and asked this question: 'Mr. Gough, do you—think—the Asiatics—will be less sen—si—tive to—to—to superstition, w-h-e-n brought into contact with our western c-i-v-i-l-i-z-a-t-i-o-n?' This man had the philosophy of failure—put.

So, too, the man who doesn't know when, and where, and how, to speak, to sing, to laugh, to pray, to call, the most terrible of all, doesn't know when to go, or how to say 'good night.' There he stands, at the door, the visit is over, he wants to go and everybody wants to help him, but he doesn't know how.

It doesn't cost a college course, a year's study, a single text book, or a dollar, to learn how to fail. Just be a fool. Kick a good deal, be morbid, let your nerves go loose and unstrung, keep up an individualism that is critical and rasping; echo all the harsh notes and discords, find fault that a man like Stead comes into the horrible dirt, poverty and crime of Chicago and tells us all the very sharp things that the Master said about other cases as bad, stand by the 'good old times,' and whine a good deal—you will succeed—as a failure.

But the world will move right on, all right, it has got that habit; and every good, pure, sweet thing will go with it, on to God-appointed destiny; and when at last 'two shall be grinding at the mill, the one taken and the other left,' you will be the one left. I hope not, for I wish you a happy New Year, and the good art of success.—Henry A. Delano, D.D., in *Ram's Horn*.

A SURE CURE.

How can we tell how properly, to graduate the penalties? asks Neal Dow. Find out what doses of fine and jail will make the grog-shop business unprofitable and uncomfortable, and stick a pin in there. That is precisely the medicine sure to cure when administered in suitable doses.



'A DEAR LITTLE BIT OF MUSLIN AND LACE.'

GRANDMOTHER'S FIND.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER, IN 'FRANK LESLIE.'

What did grandmother find to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim,
Where the cobwebs hang their draperies gray
And the afternoon's light steals softly in?
What was the treasure she prizes so?
A baby's cap from the long ago.

A dear little bit of muslin and lace,
Yellowed and worn with the touch of years,
But, oh, she can fancy the winsome face,
And her soft blue eyes are dewy with tears.—
The dear little face of her first-born boy—
And her pale cheeks flush with a mother's joy.

'Tis such a queer, little, quaint device,
With sewing the fairies might have done;
Beyond all value, beyond all price,
Is the baby cap of grandmother's son;
For over his grave the daisies are white,
But grandmother's heart is happy to-night.

'For oh,' she says, 'he is happy, I know,
And heaven re-echoes with pattering feet,
And I sometimes dream that I see the gleam
Of the golden curls and the faces sweet,
Oh, better a home up there for him,
Where sorrow can never enter in!

Wonderful relics we found to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim—
Silks in lavender laid away
That dames in the old times courted in—
Garments of many an old-time beau,
Worn in the days of the long ago.

Grandmother's spinning-wheel spins no more;
Silent it stands in its corner dim;
Quiet its rests, its labors o'er,
And the afternoon light steals softly in;
But the wee little cap in grandmother's hand
Has drifted her back to babyland.

[For The MESSENGER,
A BRIGHT BOY.

Robert is just five and one-half years of age, and as a neighborly guest he often breaks bread at our table. When it suits his pleasure better to sup with us at six o'clock than to dine at home at the same hour, he prevails with his mother, using the argument that a plain cold supper is far more healthy than a hot hearty dinner.

During one of these more healthy suppers a few days since, he related the story of the birth of Jesus, the latest lesson of the infant department of the Sabbath School. It was a very sweet story as it came from his childish lips with great detail of circumstance and a sprinkling of unpronounceable historic names, which, however, did not in the least daunt his enthu-

siastic recital. The name of Joseph arrested his continuity of thought. To his little mind a flood of light ran through the entire story, for a few months previous he had met my brother in our home and heard him familiarly called by that name. The face of the child became illuminated, he had caught a key note to that Sunday School tale, and looking up quickly and with intense earnestness, he exclaimed, 'Miss H— was that Joseph any of your relations?'

Of course the bare truth had to be spoken, but the little fellow was led down from his pinnacle of light with all possible ease and care.

J. S. H.

Albany.

STRONG BOYS.

'The glory of young men is their strength.' There is no doubt about it, but what gets many a fine fellow into trouble is a confused idea of what strength is. A boy is a young man, and never too young to glory in being strong.

Coming home from a long journey a few years ago, I was fairly panting with emotion as I approached the house where I was to see my baby, 'Jack.' I rang the door-bell and waited, hoping that he himself would open to me, and I braced myself instinctively, for I knew he would spring into my arms. He did open the door, and knew me instantly, and—without an atom of emotion, gravely doubled up his little fat arm and said, 'Papa, feel my muscle,' and I did. He is a great tall boy now, with a mighty biceps, but is not so proud of it as he used to be.

'Strength' means many things to many men. Some glory in arms, some in legs, some in 'wind,' 'quickness'—all sorts of things. But what did Sullivan's wonderful arms and legs and wind and cleverness amount to, since, after all, he was too weak to keep sober? or O'Leary's splendid muscles, after his stomach gave out? What is the good of being rich if one is a fool, or powerful and a coward, or fleet if he cannot endure? I have seen a great, lusty, handsome boy clubbed to death with a ridiculous cigarette. I have seen a glorious man, who would have faced an army and fought to the death, go down to drunkenness and shame before a bar-room loafer's sneer.

You see what I am coming to. Strength is symmetry; in a watch not speed, but 'time,' and for that the 'going' of it is not

more important than the holding back. In music, not noise, but harmony, in which dots and rests and pedals are as true as notes. In a man not muscle only, but poise, balance, escapement, health, or culture, which means all these. And a young man who intends to hold the citadel of his life with power, needs every defense that his Creator gave him at the beginning.

'What do I smell on your breath?' a boy's mother asked him, as she kissed him when he came in from 'the party.' 'And your cheeks are flushed. O my boy! did you drink wine?'

'Yes, mother; I refused it, but they insisted, and I took it rather than seem eccentric. You know I don't care for it.'

The wine might not have hurt him, but one line of his defenses of character had gone down, for a young fellow, however amiable, who changes a refusal of wine to a drink of it, in order not to be eccentric, has a breach in his line, and is evermore in peril until it is mended.

But the wine did hurt him, for precedents are mighty things in social life or law, and he became a politely steady drinker, but 'not at saloons.'

A year or two later he dropped into the drug store for a glass of brandy 'for a cold,' and another line of his defenses had gone down. Another year or two, and he just went into the saloon 'with Brown' and had a cocktail, for he was 'overcome by the heat,' and another barricade was broken down; but he despised a man who would 'carry a bottle.' Another year or two and he carried one, and hid it 'for morning.' And years later he was one of the chattels of the saloon—a poor lost drunkard.

That does not always happen, perhaps not often comparatively, but what I have just sketched did happen, and I know the man.

And it is very likely to happen, and almost always it is a generous, lovable, capable fellow who goes down like that, and he always glories in his strength, until he finds it shame.

A strong man is always a gentle man, and no good place in the whole social world is shut to gentlemen.

And from this flying railway train in Illinois, I send you this loving admonition, with a prayer, from an old boy who went from the sweetest home in the world to the hell of drunkenness, by being mistaken about 'strength,' until one night he staggered up to Jesus, and he performed the greatest of his miracles—made strength of weakness.—*Jno. G. Woolley, in the Pansy.*

THE EASTER GUEST.

BY M. L. DICKINSON.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird:
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I know the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, o'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber:—to take Thee in:

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself, a small, dark place.
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now, let me come nearer, O Lord Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign—I will worship and serve my guest,
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter tide.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Listen! The earliest bluebird sings again
His prophecy of spring above the snows;
And in our heart already summer glows.

So the first violet in a sunny nook,
Lifting its face in April's frosty hours,
Tells of the coming sisterhood of flowers.

And when the Easter bells from tower to tower
Proclaim Christ risen, still our faith replies,
'Since he is risen' we shall also rise.'

The winter of our sorrow passes by;
The springing of our hope is drawing near.
Listen! His message in the bells is clear.

REV. ISAAC O. RANKIN.

EASTER FLOWERS.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

We are his witnesses; out of the dim,
Dark region of Death we have risen with Him.
Back from our sepulchre rolleth the stone,
And Spring, the bright angel, sits smiling thereon.

We are His witnesses. See, where we lay
The snow that late bound us is folded away;
And April, fair Magdalen, weeping anon,
Stands flooded with light of the new-risen Sun!
—*St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.*

EASTER.

Not alone in earth's dark caverns
Shines the sun of Easter morn;
Lo, amid the deeper shadows
Of the soul, the Light is born.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
'The Lord is risen! The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time.

LUCY LARCOM.

FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS.

'Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired on Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything.'

'Well, let me see,' said Auntie. 'Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?'

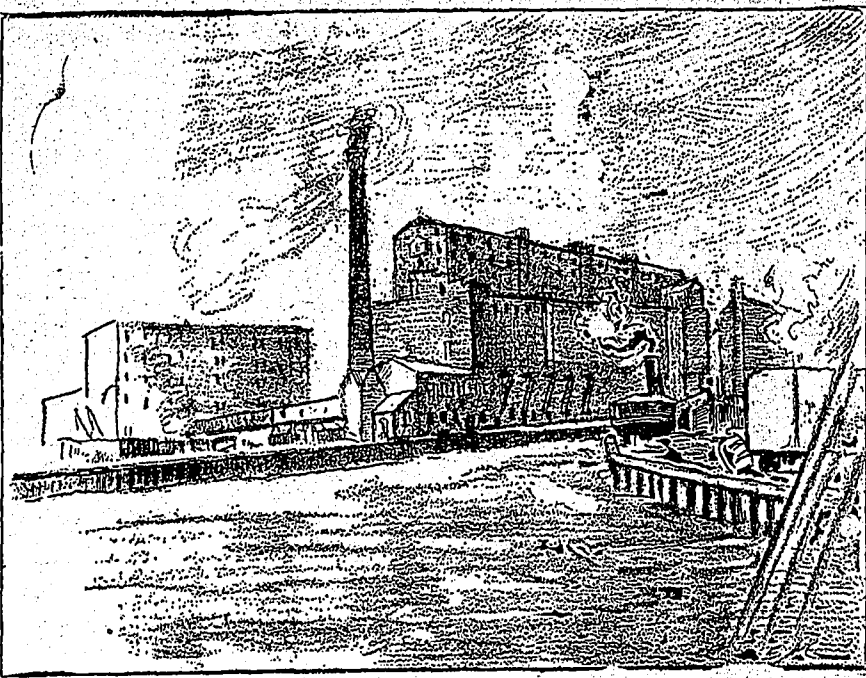
'Yes; Adam.'

'I'll tell you a B,' said auntie; 'Benjamin. Now a C.'

'Cain.'

'Right,' said Aunt Sarah.
'Let me tell D,' said Joe, hearing our talk; 'Daniel.'

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—*Mayflower.*



THE ARMOUR ELEVATORS.

performs only that, but performs it with the precision of a machine; so that four million animals are annually killed and carved there, and despatched in fragments to the ends of the earth, with less ado and loss than an ordinary farmer would be put to in slaying and dressing a single porker.

One of Armour's mottoes is: 'Get the best.' He says: 'Good men are not cheap.' He pays men twenty-five thousand dollars a year for directing certain chief departments.

Mr. Armour's private office is a most unpretentious place. It contains no furniture save a roll-top desk and two or three chairs. This private office was constructed two years since at the instigation of Mr. Armour's sons, Ogden and Philip, who are his present partners, and who saw that the constant interruptions to which their father was subjected made demands upon his health and time that were incompatible with his advancing years.

A few months ago there was a movement to crush Armour in a grain 'corner.' He had contracted to deliver several million bushels of grain at a given date. Delivery of this sort, as is well known, means delivery in the elevators, not in the cars. Armour's granaries were full. The combination would not let him have a bushel's room in any other structure. And still he had three million bushels to move from the far West, and there were but thirty days left for the completion of the undertaking. When he discovered the 'freezing out' designs of his competitors he gave himself no anxiety whatever. He rang his office bell. A clerk responded.

'Send for Mr. —, the builder.'

Mr. — duly made his appearance.

There was a brief conversation. Twenty-eight days after that the newest and largest grain elevator in the world was in Armour's possession. It had been built for him in the interim by an enormous force of men working in three eight-hour shifts each day. The three million bushels were stored on the twenty-ninth day, and there was space to spare for a million more.

Armour always has a large store of cash in reserve. He can draw upon it instantly. He is a general who never dissipates his resources, and who is never cut off from his base of supplies.

The Armour Mission was established by a fund bequeathed by the late Joseph Armour. This fund Philip doubled, or quadrupled—the amount is not essential; the spirit is. The fundamental idea upon which it was based was the establishment of a Sunday home. There is a great hall where a Sunday-school assembles, and there are class-rooms opening into this. There, every Sunday, eighteen hundred young people gather and spend really happy hours. The place is the centre of life; cheerfulness is its characteristic. There is no denominationalism. One can hardly say that there is a creed, except it be: 'Worship God and love your fellow-man.' There is certainly no dogma. There is no distinction as to race; neither as to color. There is no sermonizing. Every Sunday afternoon Mr. Armour goes down to the Mission and spends his time there among

the children—especially among the younger ones. In those hours he is at his happiest. Connected with the place is a free kindergarten, and there is also a free dispensary.

What is the Armour Institute? It is easier to say what it is not, than what it is. Some would call it a Technical Training School; some, perhaps, a College of Science and the Liberal Arts; I should say: 'It is a place for developing character.'

He had seen that there are thousands of boys and girls who have to begin working-life with the simple preparation of our common schools. What Armour saw was the necessity for bridging over the gap between the common schools and the college. He met the necessity by creating the Institute.

A large and handsome building of red brick, trimmed with brownish stone, and open on all sides to the light and air, is the home of the Institute. It stands at the corner of Thirty-third street and Armour avenue. It is a hive of pleasant lecture-rooms and spacious laboratories. It is administered in two divisions, the 'Scientific Academy' and the 'Technical College.' In the one are taught Algebra, Plane Geometry, Solid Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, the English, French, German, and Latin languages, Greek History, Roman History, Modern History, Commercial Geography, Physical Geography; while in the other there are courses in Mechanical Engineering, Electricity and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, and Metallurgy. And there are also what is called the 'Department of Domestic Arts,' where instruction is given in cooking and sewing and dressmaking; the 'Department of Library Science,' where the formation and management of book-collections is the chief theme for study; and the 'Department of Architecture,' the 'Department of Kindergartens,' and the 'Department of Commerce.' A superb gymnasium crowns the whole.

The Institute was opened in September last with six hundred pupils. There is no gratuitous instruction, but the terms of tuition are so low that any one who is determined to get an education can easily defray the cost of it. If he or she have no money for this purpose, then the term charges can be worked out, or an undertaking can be given that after graduating from the Institute and finding employment the charges will be paid in the course of time. For there is this healthy fundamental idea about the work—it is devoid of all appearance of charity. The standard is high. An education earned is the only one that can be properly valued by its possessor.

The Rev. Doctor F. W. Gunsaulus, who had been for six years pastor of Plymouth Congregational church in Chicago and is now the president of the Institute, is a man after Mr. Armour's own heart. He is thirty-seven years of age, a man of inexhaustible energy, of shrewd executive power, of lofty character, and an ardent enthusiast in all good work that tends to make life brighter. As a preacher Doctor Gunsaulus is remarkably eloquent, forcible, and helpful.

An important conversation occurred between pastor and parishioner, after the latter had returned from a visit to London, and had seen there the splendid work which is being done by Quintin Hogg and other philanthropic men. Armour declared that he would like to give Chicago an institute combining the features of the London Polytechnic with others of his own design. He outlined his plan; then he turned calmly to the reverend doctor and said:

'Do you believe in this?'

'I would give my life to such a work,' exclaimed Doctor Gunsaulus.

'Good. Then I will put a million and a half behind it.'

While he was showing us the Institute he wanted me to see the electricity room, especially.

'I set great store by this,' said Mr. Armour. 'In a few years we shall be doing everything by electricity, and these young men are getting ready for the coming changes.'

It was easy enough there at the Institute to see that Mr. Armour believes in youth.

He does not have much confidence in the chance of reforming grown men. One of his favorite expressions is: 'I want to get into partnership with that boy.'

Another is 'Let every youngster know that he counts for one. Don't make him wait till he has a vote before you tell him that.'

Up at the top of the building we found a cookery school.

'This is a vital spot,' said Mr. Armour. 'We do not sufficiently appreciate in this country the national importance of cooks. There are plenty of people who can paint well and sing well, but there are few who can cook well. In this room we prescribe for domestic happiness.'

On another occasion I asked Mr. Armour if he had ever taken an active interest in politics.

'No,' he replied; 'but a few months

ago some people in Chicago got it into their heads that they would like to have me mayor during the Exhibition year. But that isn't in my line. I have never been in politics. I don't know much about politics. I have made it a principle of life never to engage in enterprises whose details I have not mastered. Perhaps I might make a fair mayor of Chicago, but I know I am a first-class butcher. I think, if you will permit me, I will stick to the stock-yards.'

For a man of many millions, Mr. Armour's life is an amazingly simple one. He has a good-sized house on Prairie avenue, but there are many men in Chicago worth, say, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, who live with more ostentation than he.

Armour honors a mother, and when he goes to the Mission and sees the future mothers of the country—the most of them tots of very tender years—he is apt to say: 'We can't be too careful of this raw material.' His own mother is a sainted memory with him, and his father, a sturdy-natured man, was a most careful trainer of humanity. The parents were farming people.

'A man should do good while he lives,' said Mr. Armour himself. 'Wills are easily broken and set aside. I built the "Armour Flats" to yield a yearly revenue to the Mission. There's an endowed work that cannot be altered by death, or by misunderstandings among trustees, or by bickerings of any kind. Besides, a man can do something to carry out his ideas while he lives, but he can't do so after he is in his grave. In those flats across the street we've tried to carry out the home idea, as I call it. Build pleasant homes for people of small incomes, and they will leave their ugly surroundings and lead brighter lives.'

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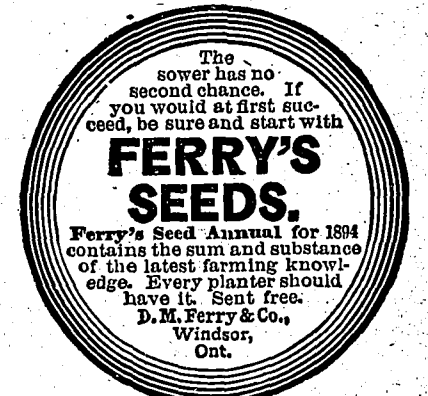
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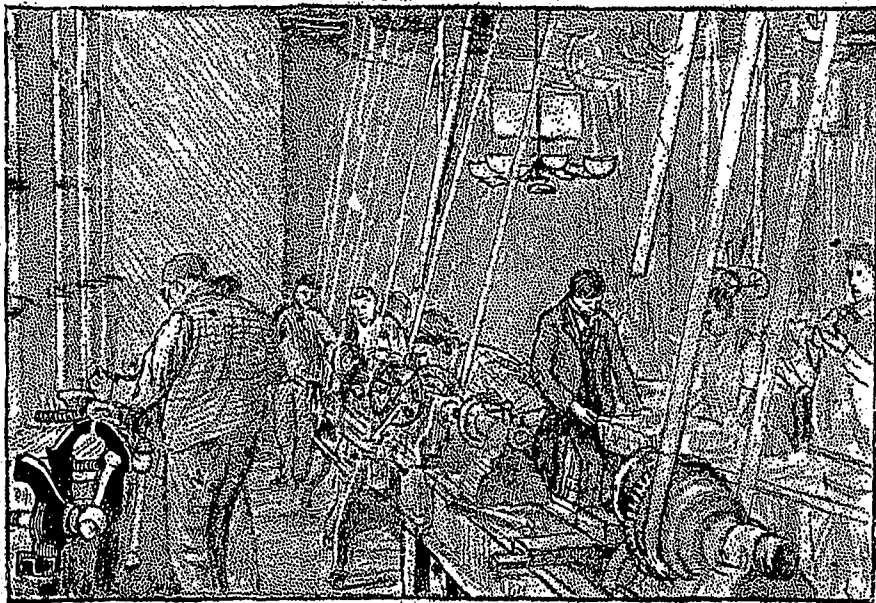


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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at the 'Witness Building,' at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Douglass, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed to John Douglass & Son, and all letters to the Editor should be addressed to Editor of the "Northern Messenger."



THE MACHINE SHOP, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.