



Why He Didn't Get Out.

(Elizabeth Allan, in 'Morning Star'.)

Bert and his father turned down a side street in the village of Lorton to get home a little sooner, for there was a promise of rain in the sky. As they passed Jonas Bowman's half tumbled-down cottage, two bare-headed children burst out of the door with a frightened look on their faces.

'Where are you going?' Mr. Rosewell asked; 'don't you see it's going to rain?' 'Father's come home drunk, an' he's awful cross when he's that-a-way.'

'Poor children! poor children!' said Mr. Rosewell. Then presently he said, 'Poor Jonas!'

'I don't see why you pity Jonas, father,' said Bert, hotly, for his heart swelled out with indignation at the pitiful sight of Lou and her little brother. 'I don't pity him one bit. Why doesn't he stop his drinking?'

'Don't you know why he doesn't stop?'

'No, sir; do you? He just doesn't want to.'

'That's far from being the reason. He wants to stop, but—wait until to-morrow, Bert—no, I believe I'll show you right now, while you are interested in it, for I want you to remember all your life why Jonas doesn't stop drinking. Never you mind about the rain.'

Mr. Rosewell quickened his steps, and, to Bert's surprise, they stopped at the county jail. 'I would like to speak to Jim Dowd,' said Mr. Rosewell, and the warden took them along a narrow, dark passage, and unlocked a cell door. Evidently it was not the first time Mr. Rosewell had visited this prisoner, and the dejected-looking man seemed glad to see him.

'Jim,' he said, after a little talk about the village matters. 'I have brought my little boy here to ask you a question. I hope you'll not think he is jeering at you, for, indeed, it is a very important thing that he should get his question answered.'

'Ask, away, child,' said the prisoner; 'and as for fun, if you can get any out of me, you're welcome.'

But Bert was dumb with uncomfortable surprise.

'He wants to know, Jim,' said Mr. Rosewell, 'why you don't come out of this disagreeable place; he thinks you are very foolish to stay here; he proposes that you come and walk with us, and enjoy the sight of God's green world. Please tell him why you don't do this.'

Mr. Rosewell's manner was so grave and earnest, and the boy himself looked so puzzled, that the prisoner saw there was some meaning in this strange question. He got up and went to his barred window. 'Try these,' he said to Bert, significantly, and Bert laid a rather trembling hand on the cold, inexorable iron.

'Now try my door,' said the prisoner, and Bert found that he might as well beat his fist against the grim stone wall as to hope to move that solid door a hair's breadth. Jim Dowd looked at Mr. Rosewell.

'Thank you, Jim,' he said; 'that was just the answer I wanted you to give. Now you will be doing me a kindness if you will tell this son of mine if there is anything harder to break out of than these stone walls.'

'There certainly is,' answered the prisoner, gloomily. 'You know yourself, sir, how hard I tried to break off from drinking; but I might just as well have tried to break those iron bars, or make a hole in that door, as to stop the habit. It had me bound, hand and foot, and that's why I am here to-day.'

Mr. Rosewell got up and shook hands with Jim.

'Thank you very much,' he said again.

'I hope my boy will remember this as long as he lives, and for yourself, my friend, remember that with God all things are possible. He let Peter out of a prison as strong as this; and he has helped many a man to stop drinking. Will you try his help, Jim?'

'Thank you, sir,' said the poor man, very huskily, and his visitors went away.

'Now you know, Bert,' said his father, 'why poor Jonas does not stop drinking. He is in a cruel jail, fast bound by the drink habit.'

The Spectre in the Highlands

(Edward Garrett, Author of 'A Nine Days' Wonder,' etc.)

I'm sitting at a farmhouse door

Above the banks of rushing Spey,

Around me rise the purple hills

In golden lights of closing day:

I hear the cattle's sleepy low,—

I watch the home-bound laborer pass:

And at my feet a happy child

Is playing in the daisied grass.

The white walls of a little town

Below me in the vale I see,

Its houses clustered round its church,

As children round a mother's knee.

And 'tis the hour when lovers meet

To whisper in the shadowy lane,

While all around on every side,

Stretch fields of waving golden grain.

It is a scene of simple peace—

Fit background for sweet, wholesome lives,

For honored age and blooming youth,

For household rule of cherished wives:

The very graves about the church

Seem only soft and pleasant beds

Where, after long and happy years

Tired folks may gladly lay their heads.

Yet what is it that bids me dream

Of a dread city's sullen roar:

Where starving little children watch

In terror by a swinging door,

Whence brutal shouts and laughter come,

And change, as fateful passions rise,

Into the yell of frenzied men,

Or wretched women's frantic cries?

And all around, dark alleys wind,

A household in each noisome room;

With shapes of misery and shame,

Crouching and wallowing in the gloom.

While lean old men and puny babes

Crawl out to gaze with hungry eye

On loathely morsels—all too dear!—

Which in the filthy shambles lie.

And here and there, in chambers vile

Are red stains never made by dirt,

Stains marking where some tortured life

From drunken hands got deadly hurt.

While on discolored walls are stuck

Rough pictures of the murderer's face;

And festive neighbors gloat upon

The horrors of the hideous place.

O why upon my shrinking mind

Do all these awful visions rise,

While scenes of silent loveliness

Are stretching far before my eyes?

It is because these golden fields

That wave around the gray church spire,

Are changed by Mammon's cruel hands

From food to a consuming fire!

For Mammon reaps this ripened crop

In pile on pile of russet grain,

And spells are worked till it becomes

A tyrant's ruler of man's brain;

Till hearts grow hard, till hands grow

cruel,

Till all of good is trampled down—

These golden fields of barley build

The guilty taverns of the town!

The thirteen saloonkeepers of Ottawa, O., frightened by the many local option elections in the state, have formed an organization to enforce obedience to all ordinances and laws regarding liquor selling, with the hope of averting a local option campaign in that place. But '13' is an unlucky number.

Fruit vs. Alcohol.

(The 'Daily Express'.)

'The more fruit you eat the less alcohol you crave.' Such is a recent scientific theory.

In the first place, the amount of water in fruit is considerable. In water melons it is no less than 95 percent, in grapes 80 percent, in oranges 86 percent, in lemons 90 percent, in peaches 88 percent, in apples 82 percent, in pears 84 percent, in plums 80 percent, in strawberries 90 percent, not a fruit in the whole category containing less than 80 percent.

The irresistible conclusion, considering these facts, is that fruit plays an important role in diet as a thirst quencher.

Certainly when fruits are freely represented in the diet, less fluid requires to be consumed; and fruits would appear to be endowed with a subtle inimitable flavor, which is ample inducement to imbibe fluid in this most wholesome form. The question so prominent in most people's thoughts as to what to drink might, therefore, on sound physiological reasoning, be answered, eat sound, ripe, juicy fruit.

It is noticeable that as fruit enters into the diet the indulgence in alcoholic drinks is undoubtedly very much diminished.

The flavoring of fruits, although of little nutritive value, are undoubted stimulants to the appetite, and aids to digestion. The marked anti-scorbutic properties of fresh fruit, due to the vegetable acids and their salts in the juice, are of great importance. For the most part these acids are combined with potash, and hence a free diet of fruit preserves a healthy alkaline condition of the blood, and there is consequently a reduced tendency to the depositing of acids in the tissues.

A Man is Known by the Company he Keeps.

The infection of bad company may be found described in many of Shakespeare's plays, and in 'Henry IV.' it is very tersely placed before us.

'It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.'

And also in 'Julius Caesar,' Act 1, Scene 2.

Thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it may be disposed, therefore
'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their
likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

There is wise advice in 'Troilus and Cressida,' Act 2, Scene 1.

'Keep where there is wits stirring, and leave the faction of fools.'

In 'King Henry IV.' Shakespeare places in a fresh setting the first verse of the 13th chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

'He that touches pitch shall be defiled therewith, and he that hath fellowship with a proud man shall be like unto him.' For Sir John Falstaff says to the Prince: 'There is a thing, Harry, which those have often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st.'—Sir William Baileys.

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