

When a war breaks out and the country is in danger from an enemy, it can be saved only by men who are willing to give up their personal liberty and rights, to be ordered from place to place by the government, and to lay down their lives for their country, if necessary. The idea of the lesson is, Be temperate and abstain, not for your own sake alone, but for others.

### C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Topic—Lessons from Ben-hadad's defeat. 1 Kings xx., 12-20.

### Junior C. E. Topic

WHAT WE OWE OUR PARENTS.

Monday, Feb. 9.—Honor. Ex. xx., 12.

Tuesday, Feb. 10.—Obedience. Prov. xxiii., 22.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.—Respect. Lev. xix., 3.

Thursday, Feb. 12.—Submission. Heb. xii., 6, 7.

Friday, Feb. 13.—Gratitude. Matt. vii., 11.

Saturday, Feb. 14.—Attention. Prov. v., 1.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Topic—What we owe our parents. Eph. vi., 1-3; Prov. i., 8, 9.



### How it Paid.

(Sue Elizabeth Stoeber, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Edward Cole was ten years old and the man of the house. It was nearly a year since the father had died and left the mother alone with the two children. Mrs. Cole had taken in sewing and worked early and late to keep the little home, and the children at school, but it was too much for her strength, and she was obliged to go to bed and stay there for weeks.

Edward succeeded in getting a place with Mr. Carminy, the grocer, and soon learned to be very useful. True, he worked hard, but he was well pleased to be able to bring the wages home every week. Sometimes Mr. Carminy gave him a basket of groceries, and so the little family managed to live in the plainest way, and pay the rent promptly every month.

One evening, just before leaving the store, Edward heard Mr. Carminy say to one of the clerks: 'To-morrow we will begin to sell whiskey. All the other stores do, and we must, too. The first lot has been delivered this afternoon.'

Edward's heart sank. He knew he ought not to handle any intoxicating liquor. How careful his father had always been to teach him to have nothing to do with strong drink. Edward could never forget the verse learned just before his father died: 'Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.' Nor could he forget how earnestly his father had talked to him about it.

'Never, my boy, have anything to do with those things that will not please God. Choose the good and be a loving child of the dear heavenly father. Then he will have you in his precious keeping, and you can safely trust him.'

All the way home from the store Edward was considering what he should do the next day. His heart was heavy, but he tried to put away the anxious thoughts and greet his mother as usual. There was not much sleep for Edward that night, but the more he thought the matter over the more he felt he could not sell whiskey.

The next morning he rose early and with the help of his sister Bess, eight years old, got breakfast. Then he said good-bye to his mother and started off with his dinner basket, feeling it was hardly worth while to carry it. He went the store front as usual and attended to his early duties; then, seeing Mr. Carminy had come in, he went to him in his office. It was hard to begin, but the brave boy did not wait.

'Mr. Carminy,' he said, 'you have been

kind to me, and I am sorry to tell you what I must. I heard you say that to-day we would begin to sell whiskey. I do not think it right, and I cannot do it, sir. I'm sorry, very sorry, to leave, but, sir, I am not able to do what you require.'

'Tut, tut, boy! Why this objection? I myself don't want to sell whiskey, but I must. All the other stores keep it. A merchant must look at things in a business-like way. Come, think it over. There's your mother to support. It won't do for you to give up a good place like this.'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' replied Edward, 'but I cannot do what you ask, and there is nothing but to go.'

'Well, of course, if you will persist, but you are throwing away a good chance.'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' repeated Edward. 'I thank you for all you have done for me.' And the boy could say no more, but, going for his cap and basket, walked out of the store and gave up his weekly earnings that he might 'cleave to that which is good.'

On the way he met a neighbor.

'Why, Edward, you are going in the wrong direction. Nothing the matter, I hope.'

Edward told him what had happened.

'I'm afraid you were a little too rash, my boy,' was the answer. 'You would better hold on at least till you had other work. You know you have to keep the family, and you can't live on air.'

This was poor consolation, and Edward trudged on wearily.

Bess was tidying the kitchen.

'Home so soon, Eddie! Were you anxious about mother? The doctor says she is better this morning.'

Without answering the question, Edward gently pushed open his mother's door.

'Why, my son, is it you? Anything wrong?'

'No, mother, I hope not,' answered Edward, with a smile. 'I'll come and tell you all about it directly.' Then he mounted to his little room. Taking up his Bible, he turned to the marked verse: 'Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.'

'Yes, that is what I am trying to do. I'm sure father would say it was right.'

In another place were these words: 'How much more shall your father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.'

Edward knelt and asked God to help him in this hour of trial. Then he went down to his mother's room and told her all about it. She drew him to her and said: 'Thank God I have such a son. So like his father, too. Edward, we will trust God. He is our refuge and strength.'

Just then there was a knock at the front door and Bess came running in to say some man was asking for Edward. Edward went out immediately and was greeted with these words:

'I need a boy in my store. Can you come at once? I was asking a man if he knew where I could find a boy, and he said he had met you this morning going home from your old place. Would you like to come with me? I am William Forbes of the house-furnishing store. I'll give you a third more wages than you have been getting at Mr. Carminy's, and there's a chance for you to do still better if you prove the boy I want.'

Edward joyfully replied: 'O, sir, I'll come right away. Only let me just speak to my mother, sir, and tell her I have work again.'

'That's all right, my boy. Get your dinner first and be at the store at one o'clock sharp.' And the new employer went off well satisfied with his contract.

Mrs. Cole was overjoyed, and, as she put her arm about her boy, said: 'God be thanked. He always hears the cry of his children. It pays to trust and obey him.'

That was not the end of the story. Edward proved as faithful to his new employer. He made himself necessary to the business. He rose from one position to another, until he became a member of the firm. In every position he held to his motto, the verse learned long ago: 'Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.'

## The Cause of Blindness.

(The National Advocate.)

Considerable excitement has been created in Baltimore by five damage suits against a large drug firm in that city, the charges being that the plaintiffs were made blind by drinking a preparation put up by the house called Jamaica ginger, in the manufacture of which wood or methyl alcohol had been used instead of pure grain or ethyl alcohol.

Last winter the 'Ophthalmic Record' had a long article by Dr. Herbert Harlan, of Baltimore, an eminent oculist, in which attention was called to the prevalence of blindness among people who use Jamaica ginger as a stimulating beverage. In his article Dr. Harlan says:

'Wood alcohol is certain to produce blindness when used as a drink or otherwise introduced into the system. If a large dose is taken on an empty stomach death is almost certain to follow immediately.'

'The consumption of wood alcohol by manufacturing chemists throughout the country has increased enormously during the last decade. It can be bought for 75 cents per gallon, while ethyl alcohol costs \$2.45 per gallon.'

'It is time that the men who are sending bottled blindness and certain death broadcast through the country should be stopped.'

## No Dram-Shops in the Valley

('A school-house on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley.'—Lieut.-Governor Manning, of Iowa.)

When we've a school on every hill  
No dram-shops in the valleys,  
Our streets shall then with commerce  
thrill,

Nor murderers haunt our alleys.  
The home at night shall dim the light—  
All fear of danger scorning,  
For there shall be no drunken tramp  
To burn it ere the morning.

No more the wife shall hide in tears,  
No children pine in sorrow,  
Because the want, the pain to-day  
Drive hope from each to-morrow.  
No more the bravest in our land,  
Free-hearted, strong to labor,  
Shall stain with crime his trembling hand  
Made drunken by his neighbor.

No more the costs for drunken broils  
Shall tax the patient farmer,  
Nor commerce shrink amid the toils  
When dram-shops clothe in armor.  
No more shall prisons, jails display  
Our captive sons in fetters,  
Because death's drink took will away,  
And made worse men their betters.

Then speed the shout—earth, ring it out  
Till every voter rallies,  
And cries: 'A school on every hill,  
No dram-shops in the valleys.'

## Keep Away From Bar-Rooms

(Alfred Ayres, in 'The Mentor'.)

If you would preserve your good name,  
keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your self-respect,  
keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good manners,  
keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good looks,  
keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would keep out of the clutches  
of the devil, keep away from bar-rooms.

## Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' \$1.00, for Great Britain, Montreal, and foreign countries, except United States, add 50 cts. for postage.