



**Only a Glass.**

Only a glass he was asked to take—  
Only one glass for friendship's sake;  
Only one drink, but it caused his fall—  
Done to be sociable, that was all.

'Just to be sociable'—still one more,  
Binding him faster than that before;  
Once, then again takes the glass of sin,  
Blindly ignoring the death within.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,  
Hearts may be broken, and tears may flow,  
Character ruined; for pain and gall  
Just in a drink he will barter all.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,  
Sharing the drunkard's delights and woes;  
Scorning, with drunkards, the power to save—  
Finally sharing the drunkard's grave.

Is there no remedy? Can it be  
Nought from this bondage can set one free?  
Ye who have failed, though have often tried,  
Know, there is power in the Crucified.

Liquor is strong, and yet far more strong  
Than the strongest drink or chains of wrong  
Is the love of Christ, who came to save,  
Lifting the fallen, freeing the slave.

Able He is to make all things new,  
'Able to keep you from falling, too;  
Then, why not let Him? Just trust His  
power,  
Leaning on Him every day and hour.

Only believe Him—His word is true;  
All that is written He says to you;  
Only believe; go on in His might;  
Jesus will help you the battle to fight.  
—Pearl Waggoner, in the 'Lifeboat.'

**A Question Fully Stated.**

Here is a concise statement of the question of voting to license a saloon. The man that is willing to drive this bargain will vote to license it; the man that is not willing to drive this bargain will vote against licensing it. Read it.

To license a thing is to endorse it, and to grant it a privilege to exist that it did not have before. To endorse a thing and voluntarily create such a privilege is to become a party to all of its probable results. To become a party to a thing is to become equally guilty with any one else with whatever is wrong or evil in the thing. To voluntarily become guilty of the wrong there is in a thing for a price is to put a price on our manhood and the integrity of purpose, on our duty to wife, child, mother, sister, brother, innocence, society and God and to sell out all of these things for the price stipulated.—'National Advocate.'

**Ruined: A Wife's Story.**

You have come to condole with me, neighbor? It's kind of you—but sympathy hurts me, because I don't deserve it.

'No, I don't deserve sympathy, for it is my own hand that has brought this trouble upon me. Not that this makes it any easier to bear; no—it adds to its bitterness a thousand-fold. A trouble that God sends may be borne with hope and patience, but a trouble that one goes out of one's way to fetch is a heavier burden by far.

You don't believe it? You think sorrow has caused my mind to wander? Listen to my story, and then judge.

You think that my dear husband upstairs died a natural death, but I know his breakdown was premature, and it was I who caused it. I am virtually his murderer, though I never intended any evil.

My dear, dear husband! I would have given my life for his, and yet I drove him to the brink of despair. And God saw him standing there, and mercifully called him away to rest. But I am left to suffer.

Yes, the doctor said it was failure of the heart, but it was accelerated by worry. And this might have been spared him but for my folly.

You know, of course, that he was bankrupt? Bankrupt! It's an awful word.

I remember once, when I was in town, I had to wait for a long time outside a shop, and just opposite—across the street—was another shop, which had over its door 'Bankrupt Shop.' And there were advertisement sheets hanging there with lists of 'great bargains' from the stores of the poor tradesmen who had gone under.

I didn't think much of it then, but it makes my heart ache to remember it, now I know what it is to stand in the world ruined.

Yes, ruined! That was the word my poor husband used to moan out in his sleep, and mutter under his breath in the day; it was always on his mind. He was ruined, and I was the cause of his ruin.

I was, I tell you.  
You should have seen the pretty little cottage he took me to when we were first married. We lived so far apart that I had never been able to visit it beforehand, so he did all the arranging. He had taken such pains to make it comfortable, and I couldn't turn any way without seeing some evidence of how he had studied my tastes and remembered my habits. And, of course, I was pleased; but, all the same, I wasn't satisfied. The size and style of the place didn't suit me, and I made up my mind even the first night that I would coax him to remove to a larger house in a more aristocratic neighborhood.

So we went on. Bit by bit I got more expensive furniture, and my dressmaking and millinery bills frighten me to think about now. Sometimes Bob would remonstrate a little, but he was a gentle, peace-loving man, and somehow I always ruled him; he could never bear to cross me, or say me no.

I soon made a host of friends, and then I began to entertain a good bit. And one can't entertain in any style without incurring considerable expense. It was then that I began to run up wine bills.

My husband was a very abstemious man; in fact, before we were married, he had been a teetotaler, but I soon ridiculed him out of that—it looked so peculiar, for we were not thrown among a teetotal set. So he drank a little when we had company, just to please me, but he looked sterner over the wine bills than I had ever seen him before. You see, I had gone in for the very best brands, and when he suggested that we might do with something cheaper I flew into a rage. I told him it was false economy for a business man to stint in his housekeeping, for it was imperative that we should keep up appearances, if he wished to be patronized by the best families.

Then the children began to come, and, of course, we had to have a servant, for I found a charwoman quite insufficient when I had a baby on my hands. In our next house we engaged a nurse, and when we came here we needed another girl, and a lot more furniture, too. And all because I was too selfish to listen to expostulation or reasoning. My poor, poor Bob, to be burdened with such a wife!

Ah! and this is not the worst; no, not nearly the worst.

When I had my family, I took up the old-fashioned notion that it was necessary to sustain my strength with stout; everybody told me this would help me more than anything. But, in spite of the stout, I used often to find my health and spirits flagging, and then I flew to port wine, and even sometimes to the spirit flask. And so I imbibed the terrible appetite for drink. And, neighbor, it is indeed terrible.

You're surprised? Very likely, for poor Bob was always at such pains to conceal every evidence of my fault.

(To be continued.)

**A Bagster Bible Free.**

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**Waterproof Cloth.**

An exchange gives the following directions for homemade waterproof garments, which may prove of service:—

These garments keep out wind and shed rain quite as well, and are more pliable than rubber coats. The whole cost is nominal, as the materials are quite inexpensive. Four yards of unbleached muslin suffice for an over or driving coat. First make the garment, except sewing on the buttons. Make it very simply without lining. A pattern can be obtained from a linen duster. To make it waterproof: In two quarts of raw linseed oil melt a pound of beeswax, and when scalding hot thoroughly saturate the loth; when dry, rub outside and inside with boiled linseed oil. For work about the farm in rainy weather, make a garment like a shirt, only shorter, reaching a few inches below the waist line, fasten the whole length of the front with buttons and button-holes. If a dark color is preferred, use denim in place of unbleached muslin. A waterproof apron for cleaning house and wash days costs 45 cents or 50 cents; a homemade one not over ten cents. Fit it to the form, with gores, and treat the same as coats. Strips and squares of this waterproof cloth are very useful about the house, I should have said, half the quantity of oil and beeswax will serve for an overcoat of medium size.

**The Country Woman and the City Woman.**

We believe that the woman in the city gives more attention to the care of her health, to the development and preservation of her body, than the country woman does.

One reason for this is that she has better facilities and more conveniences for doing so. But the chief reason, we believe, is that she has a higher appreciation of the value of health and a well-preserved body.

The country woman knows little about physical culture, and if you try to tell her about it she will say, Bosh and nonsense! and will doubtless inform you that she has enough exercise in doing her work. Housework is splendid exercise, but yet cooking, washing dishes, sweeping, making beds, and so on do not bring into play all the muscles of the body. Even the proverbial overworked farmer's wife would find herself rested by taking a few exercises that bring into play muscles that the treadmill of her household duties never make use of.

To tell a country housewife, especially she of the strenuous type, that she ought to lie down every afternoon for a bit of rest or a short nap, is almost to insult her. No, 'she is not so lazy as all that,' and the woman who does pause in the midst of household duties to lie down for a few moments to rest the fretted nerves and relax the tense muscles is a 'lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing housekeeper,' in the opinion of her energetic, never-resting neighbor. But nevertheless while the one woman is recuperating herself mentally and physically, keeping her face young and her brow free from wrinkles, by her afternoon siesta, the other woman is becoming worn and old and wrinkled, and preparing for a premature breakdown. Her floors may be scubbed cleaner, her kitchen tables scoured brighter, but it will be at the expense of herself, physically and mentally.

Of course, it is not always possible for a woman to have even a few minutes to rest in the middle of the day. Even the city woman, who is generally supposed to have nothing to do, is not always at leisure to have an afternoon nap. Especially if she is a business woman she has neither the time nor the opportunity for it. But she will generally take a walk at noon, go out for her luncheon, something to make a change in the routine of her work, and the change itself is restful.

Then the country woman does not give the attention to bathing that the city woman does. This is largely because the country woman has not the facilities for taking a bath, and then she has never gotten into the habit of knowing the luxury of a daily bath. She thinks if she takes a bath once a week she has done herself credit.

To tell the country housewife that she should take a cold bath on rising every morning, or at