

Temperance

Why it Healed.

A laboring man was brought to a hospital with a badly lacerated hand. An old cotton hook had gone entirely through the palm, carrying with it rust and dirt. As time passed on, the hand became very much swollen, turned back, and the surgeons feared that the hand would have to be amputated. As the hand became no worse, the surgeons delayed operating on it; and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

'Young man,' said the surgeon to the patient as the danger was passing away, 'do you use alcohol in any form?' 'No, sir.' 'Do you use tobacco?' 'No, sir.' With a wave of his hand and a nod of his head, the surgeon said: 'That is what has saved your hand.' Tissues degenerated by stimulants cannot resist the attack of accident and disease, as can tissues that are formed only of wholesome and nutritious food.—*Crusader Monthly.*

The Cripple of Connor's Lane.

Warwick Little-Falcon, author of 'Rammlie Readings,' in 'Everybody's Magazine.'

(Concluded.)

He had just come to the darkest and dirtiest part of the street when he lost his balance and toppled over, his head striking the ground with an ugly thud. Just at that moment a vehicle of some kind came dashing at full gallop down the street right in the line where the poor drunk man was lying.

The little child saw in a moment that her father would be run over, and threw herself right before the galloping horse, and uttered piercing heartrending shrieks. The driver saw the child in an instant and tugged madly at the reins to pull up the horse, but he only succeeded in stopping the horse when one of its heavy hoofs had crashed down on the child and broken one of her legs.

The drunken man crawled over in his stupor, and gathered the little girl up in his arms, and there the poor little thing lay, sobbing, when the crowd gathered round.

Under the guidance of a friendly policeman, the drunken man staggered forward to the hospital, bearing the uncomplaining child in his arms.

Well, that was the turning point of Alex. Peary's life. He was at the hospital every day until his little girl was sufficiently well to be let out, and in all the years that have followed since he has never stood in the inside of a public-house, and he has never tasted strong drink.

But the best part of the story is yet to tell. One day, in going my rounds, whom should I stumble against but Doctor Barr in Long Street.

'Why, Warwick,' said he, 'who would have anticipated the pleasure of meeting you here?' 'Well, I don't know,' I said; 'but I am as glad to see you as you are to see me.'

And thereupon he began to tell me about an awful operation he had just performed—breaking a leg and resetting it—the most difficult thing of the kind he had ever done. As he described the whole thing to me, the cripple girl of Connor's Lane was in my mind all the time. She was a beautiful child. What a splendid thing if the poor crooked limb could be made straight. I told the doctor the whole story. The child's leg had been healed for years, but she appeared to be a cripple for life.

I soon enlisted his interest and sympathy, and we went off together to the lane to see the child. Doctor Barr made a careful examination of the fractured limb, and pronounced at once that it had never been rightly set. If it were broken again and rightly set, the little girl would be a cripple no longer; he was sure of that.

Thus it came about that I got the consent of the father, and the operation was successfully performed. I watched over Nellie for about fourteen weeks in the hospital, and

when at last Doctor Barr let her out of his hands, her poor broken, crooked limb, with which she had suffered for years, was straight and well.

And now, well, Nellie is growing up, and there is a good boy, who is a Rechabite—and Nellie's father will need to watch or she will be slipping off; but I think he is so fond of his little girl that he will follow her wherever she goes.

He who has no mind to trade with the devil should be so wise as to keep away from his shop.

Doing and Undoing.

A young man lay dying in a London hospital. The Chaplain stood beside his bed, and, seeing the look of trouble in his face, stooped over him, and said, kindly, 'Can I do anything for you?'

The young man looked up at him, with sad eyes, and answered, 'Can you undo?'

Dear friends, will you think of these words, and in all your doings remember—you can never undo?

Another death-bed scene: A young man was passing away from a world which has been made, not better (as it might have been), but worse, by the time he had spent in it. He said to those standing by his bed, 'Gather up my influence, and bury it with me!'

Remember, O remember, your influence can never be 'gathered up,' can never be 'buried with you.'—*The Visitor.*

What the Robins Told the Apple Blossoms.

(By Ida Buxton Cole.)

'How fragrant and pretty this old orchard is since we came,' said the Apple Blossoms, one morning, as they shook their petals in the warm sunshine.

'I wish you could live Blossoms always,' remarked Mrs. Robin, 'and then you could never cause any harm.'

'Any harm! Why, what harm do you mean?' inquired a proud Blossom, 'what so pure and sweet as we! What harm can we do?'

'But you are not always Blossoms,' ventured Mrs. Robin.

'So much the better for the world,' returned the Blossom, 'for when we go then come the tiny green apples which grow into ripe, rich fruit, a blessing to mankind.'

'That's very true,' replied Mrs. Robin.

'Then, Madam Robin,' said the proud Blossom, 'please explain your remarks about harm.'

Poor Mrs. Robin looked at her mate, then she cleared her throat, and in a low, sweet voice began: 'All apples are not blessings; some of them are taken to vile mills and made into a drink they call cider. On the cider even little children become . . .'

'Let me whisper a story so low that the winds cannot carry it,' said Mr. Robin, 'this same Farmer Towne who owns you and all the others in the orchard, had a son who learned to like the cider; by-and-by, when he grew up he thought cider wasn't strong enough and he took drinks they keep in saloons, and he died a drunkard's death.'

'Oh, yes, oh, yes,' sobbed Mrs. Robin; 'I well remember it; one morning I heard him tell his mother he never would have been a drunkard but for the cider.'

'Oh, oh,' declared the Blossoms, 'we won't be used in that way.'

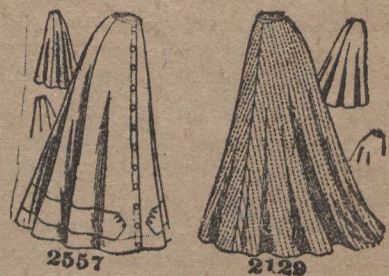
They were so excited about it that they shook many petals to the ground. A passing breeze carried the shower of petals right into the face of Farmer Towne, who was sitting under the tree and sleeping soundly, unnoticed by the Blossoms or their friends, the Robins. He sprang up, rubbed his eyes and looked the Blossoms in the face, while he said resolutely: 'No, no, you shall not be put to so vile a use.'

'I am proud of you,' said Mr. Robin to his wife, 'it's just like you, always doing good,' and then they hopped side by side on a branch and sang their loudest to tell the whole orchard of the farmer's decision.

'It was a dream, of course,' said Farmer Towne to his wife, 'but they seemed so like real voices that I answered them then and there, and I'll keep my word.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



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Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No., size, name of pattern, as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

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Having Things Handy.

There is a great difference among housekeepers, even the best, in being neat and orderly. Housekeeping is perhaps as much of a knack as an art, and though order and system are productive of good results in the main, all cannot conform to one and the same method, nor with the like results. One may be so hampered by circumstances as to render it impossible to perform much that she may desire to do.

Again, as much depends on the house to be kept, as on the housekeeper. Too many houses have ill-arranged rooms, and are nearly destitute of labor-saving conveniences, and the housewife finds her time and strength tasked to the utmost to do the necessary things, without any opportunity for the ornamental. It would be unreasonable to expect from a woman in these circumstances the same despatch, neatness and gratifying results that are attained by her more fortunately situated sister. There are many farmers' houses that do not have the conveniences that a living house ought to have. The poor