



Sandy Brown

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

(G. Jameson, in 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER III.

'That's a nice young gentleman, Helen. What do you think?'

'Oh, he'll be nice enough, I suppose—just mind your promise. Nae use blamin' me for drinkin' when ye're waur than me. Ye ken wha pawned the blankets—an' quotin' Scriptur' to the man, like a saint! I tell ye, Sandy, ye're ower keen o' the dram, an' ye should be honest, an' say sae.'

'Helen! you'll see! I've often said it—this time I mean it—with the help of God.' 'Aweel, Sandy, we'll see.'

'I'll go down to McAulay's about that job. Tidy yourself up a bit, woman, will you?'

McAulay's was the brightest place in the district. It was a spirit-shop into which not a few of Sandy's hard-won sovereigns had gone, and out of which a few shillings might come at an odd time, for work done.

McAulay wasn't a bad fellow. He was licensed to sell, and he liked to be civil—even generous, as Donald, the constable on the beat, could testify, having had not a few 'nips' given, to hold his tongue if now and again a customer leaving McAulay's revealed a passing infirmity in his feet.

'Well, McAulay, what about your job, now?'

'It's you, Brown—what's wrong wi' that lock?'

And while Sandy, feeling very resolute, worked away, one and another dropped in, and soon the talk was general and breezy enough. At first McAulay didn't notice Sandy's abstinence, but soon it was referred to. Sandy declined treats, but worked on and perspired terribly. 'Mid all banter, some of it sore enough, he held his own ground. Long Tom, the fine young slipper-maker, was soon in the thick of it:

'Ay, Sandy, an' you were at the Hall, last night, I suppose? Word powerful? How many, did he say again, convartit at fambly prayers? Oh, yes, it was fourteen—ay, it was fourteen, I just forgot—An', of course, you're saved, Sandy? But what does Helen say? I saw her this afternoon, an' I'll back she wasn't saved then. But, never mind, Sandy. Stand to it, ma ballochan! Only, McAulay here will be a poorer man, that's all. Another half, Edward; we must support the Three Flags all we can if you are to lose Sandy's custom.'

So Tom rattled on. They all liked him. His songs were easily the best to be heard of an evening in McAulay's 'Family Department'; and, if you kept off his one 'sore point,' Tom was 'great company.'

McAulay himself affected to look sad, though he winked hard over his shoulder to let Sandy 'have it hot'; but it was no use. All the length he would yield was to take some lemonade, while he assured Tom he had not been in the Hall since that night Tom had made such an ass of himself by hanging up his coat on the lamp-post, preparatory to going to bed on the street!

That turned Tom's flank at once. It was his sore point off which his friends usually kept; and when he now looked hard at Sandy the look was returned in such a way that Tom didn't care to say more just then, for everybody in The Open knew well that Sandy was 'a hardy little chap'—very handy with the mits.

McAulay, playing the part of the Greek chorus, summed up the situation with a very common-place remark, bustling noisily with his glasses and bottles, under cov-

er of which, as indeed he hoped and intended, most of those present took their leave, making room for a relay of fresh patrons of Mr. Edward McAulay.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day, Saturday, I was through The Open early in the forenoon. Brown was at work. His wife had washed her wrapper, and now looked ever so much better. The drink effects were not wholly gone; but, all round, everybody was brighter, and already one or two extra articles of furniture were in evidence.

Sandy's first appearance at our Sabbath evening service was truly heroic. Men of the type wanted were usually scarce, so that a 'freshman' was a real catch. Not long before this we had wiled in an old tailor; and it was a treat to see the old fellow coming in, so full of conceit was he of the needle, all aglow in blue surtout, and a grand tall hat, newly off the iron, whose frequent dressings were only too plainly marked on the aforesaid hat. But friend Thimble mysteriously disappeared one night; and no pressure availed to bring him back.

'It's all very good; but I can see it quite well.'

'See what?'

'That these old women are already setting their caps for me; and I won't stand it.'

Poor old Thimble! He was so serious, too. And soon he passed out of our ken.

Happily, Sandy was not so touchy. No such considerations troubled him who was so far down that even God might forget him. His coming meant life or death—and he chose life. Still wearing his wife's boots, his red and black small check cravat well spread over his breast to cover scanty shirt, no waistcoat, jacket buttoned firmly—in he came, like an arrow, head low on breast, straight to the back of the hall, into a seat behind some others—ashamed, yet resolved. As now and again I caught his piercing eye that night, how could I have dreamed that in years to come his own words, from that very platform should be for the healing of weary, laden souls!

His fight was hard and long; but God upheld him. In vain he gathered up a house again—his wife broke it up. She certainly, as Tom had wittily remarked, was not saved. To Sandy it was no fun; she nearly drove him mad. Why that man did not return to drink God alone knows. Sure am I tens of thousands have—just at that trembling stage. He held on, poor fellow, fighting sin within and without; and, but for grace omnipotent, he had fallen in the fight.

(To be continued.)

A Prohibition Railway.

Louisiana is the proud possessor of a railway along the line of which liquor cannot be sold—the only prohibition railway in the world, so far as we know. In 1890 the St. Louis, Watkins and Gulf railway was built by Mr. J. B. Watkins, of Lake Charles, from that point to Alexandria, one hundred miles. Mr. Watkins bought and incorporated all the town sites along the line, and the deed for all lots sold contains an anti-liquor clause, which clause has been upheld by the Appellate Court. The case which called forth this decision deals with the only violation of the law in thirteen years. Would that this country had more railway builders like Mr. Watkins!—'Union Signal.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Correspondence

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

What men in the Bible were called by the following names, and by whom:—

1. 'A mighty man of valour.'
 2. 'A man greatly beloved.'
- By names which mean:—
3. Drawn out.
 4. A piece of a rock.
 5. Laughter.
 6. Father of many nations.
 7. Grace of God.

BIBLE RIDDLES FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

'Out of the eater came forth meat,
'Our of the strong came forth sweetness.'
'With the jawbone of an ass heaps upon heaps,

'With the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men.'

These can be found in the second half of the book of Judges.

A BIBLE 'SHIELD.'

F ear not.

A sk.

I will do it.

T he Lord is my helper.

H e that keepeth thee shall not slumber.

Hajin, Turkey, Aug. 27, 1903.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of a friend in Dundee, Canada, I have been receiving the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. My brother Fred and I enjoy reading the stories in it very much. Hajin is quite a large town in the Taurus mountains. It is so enclosed by mountains that it is something like living in a well, and we have to look straight up to see the sky. The town is peculiarly built up on both sides of an immense rock or hill, so that the only level part of the town is on the ridge at the top, and the rest of the houses are built like stairs, one above the other, the flat roof of one house serving as a dooryard for the next one above. I have four brothers and one sister, and they were all born in Hajin, except my sister Isabel and me. I was born in Tarsus, and am in my twelfth year. Isabel was born in America while we were visiting there three years ago. My brothers' names are Fred, Alexander, Norman and Arthur. We had a pleasant time camping for two weeks up on a mountain three hours' distant from Hajin. Besides ourselves and Miss Spencer, there was only a shepherd encampment near us. They supplied us with milk and fresh goat butter every day. We found some pretty fern fossils and rock crystal there.

JESSIE E. MARTIN.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and I think it is a lovely paper. I was up to Orillia this summer for part of my holidays, and I must tell you what a fine time I had. Orillia is on Lake Couchiching, and we were in bathing nearly every other day; we were out on the steamer 'Longford,' and the scenery is beautiful along the lake. I am ten years old, and I am in the senior third reader. My birthday is on April 12.

NOBA J.

Lincoln, California, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I live away out here in California. As I have not seen any letters from California, I thought I would write one. I live in the little town of Lincoln. We have four churches, two hotels, seven or eight stores, and a nice large school-house. I go to school every day when it starts. I am in the seventh grade, and I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on July 15. There are nine grades in our school. One of our relatives sends us the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. My father owns a hotel, candy-store and a barber's shop, and a nice home. I have five sisters. My big sister works in the store, and my sister and I wait on the table. I have waited on table ever since I was ten years old. We live about thirty miles from Sacramento, and about