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Lillie Pozer

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A Smackman's Story.

I was one of the biggest drunkards in the fleet; every one knew what I was, and thank God, they know what I am. I'll tell you how it came about.

Well, you see, this 'ere mission-ship comes to our fleet, and the men were all talking about it. I was fonder a deal of the Coper than of any Gospel-ship, and I vowed I'd never set foot on her deck. But a few weeks after the mission-ship got in company with my vessel. I tried to beat off from her, but the wind held me, and I couldn't.

By and by the mission-skipper sang out to me, 'Come aboard and have a cup of coffee!' I didn't like to say no. It looked surly like

I don't know how it was, I found her right close to me.

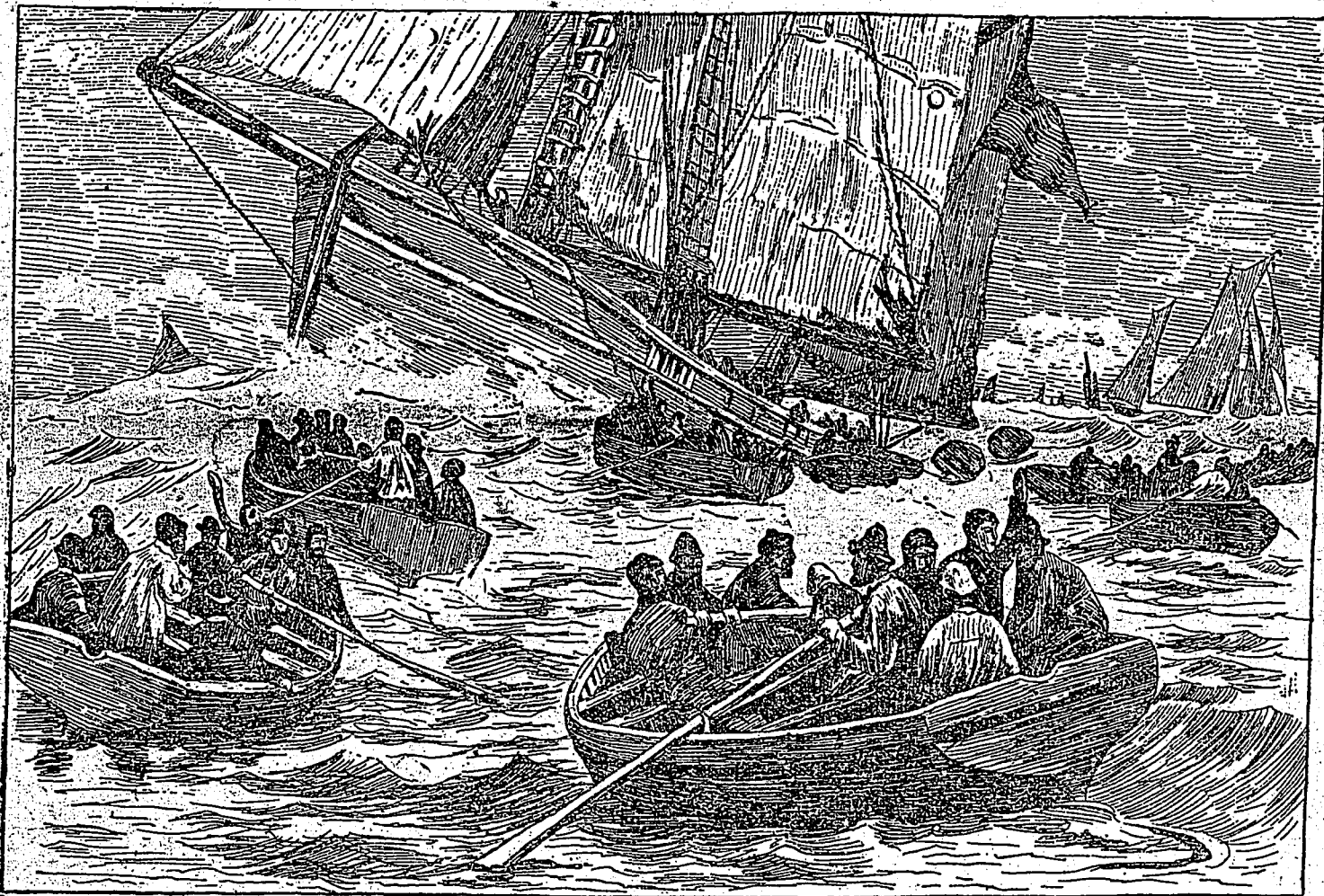
Then the skipper came on board, and talked straight to me. He saw in a minute that I was ashamed of myself. I talked loud and big, though I'd been perfectly wretched all the time I'd been drinking.

He saw how it was, and got me on board his ship. Then when I heard about Christ saving the chief of sinners, I said, 'That's me,' and broke down like a baby, saying, 'If he'll save me here goes, I'm in for it.' I tell you he did, though I was a rare bad 'un.

'Now, thank God, I'm saved, and my crew are all on the Lord's side. There's my son, and his son, three generations of us, and we're all serving the Lord, bless his name!'

determine to be prompt and thorough, equally with a young man, if she expects a day's wages for a day's work. She must give the full measure of her day, not snipping off a few minutes here and a few minutes there.

She must finish up whatever she undertakes. Our sex are so quick that we sometimes fall short by reason of our flashing and snatching at things, instead of going to the heart of them. In business, loose ends cannot be tolerated. A girl is held as strictly to account for every error as is her fellow-employee, who is a boy. If Miss— makes mistakes, omits words in her type-writing, fails to sell goods, does or does not anything opposed to the code of the estab-



GOING TO SERVICE ON THE MISSION VESSEL.

So I went, firmly determined to hear nothing about religion.

We had a comfortable chat over the coffee, and then I said I'd be off. I was afeared what was to come. 'No,' said the skipper, 'we don't do it that way on board this ship. We don't have any leave without a word of prayer.' Whether or no, I had to give in, and, for the first time in my life knelt in Christian prayer—though of course I didn't pray. I got up pretty quick after prayer, I can tell you, but the words read from the Book stuck to me.

Next day he sang out to me to come aboard again, but I said, 'Not for me; I was miserable enough yesterday.'

For nearly a week I kept to windward of the mission ship, and she couldn't get near me. I got on board the Coper, and was soon as drunk as ever. I gave the holy ship a wide berth for a long time, but one morning

The man's life bore witness to the truth of his conversion, and it was amply borne out by the evidence of his comrades in the fleet. —'Toilers of the Deep.'

A Word to Business Girls.

A host of girls are employed in business, in one or another capacity. As saleswomen, as stenographers, as clerks in offices or assistants in counting rooms, young girls are entering upon careers of industry, and occasionally of money making, as their brothers do. Their bright, alert faces, their gentle voices and dainty costumes quite transform dingy places of business, and old-fashioned people own that a new element has been introduced into commercial and professional life, with the very general employment of women.

A girl, hastening her business life, should

be prompt and thorough, equally with a young man, if she expects a day's wages for a day's work. She must give the full measure of her day, not snipping off a few minutes here and a few minutes there.

The next thing to be spoken of is rather more delicate. I do not like to say that the business girl should always be consciously on her guard about her behavior, because her behavior should be habitually so above criticism that conscious guard would hardly enter into it. But a girl thrown daily and freely into the company of men, both married and single, necessarily obliged to spend hours with some who may not be so honorable as the right-minded and chivalrous Christian gentleman is, always and everywhere, needs to have a high ideal and to live up to it.

It is safe for such a girl never to accept