

# THE MESSENGER.

gave thirty shillings for that, which is one hundred and ninety—no, one hundred and eighty pints of beer; the looking-glass is a hundred and twenty, and so on right through. Jenny did it all; she's the leader in good, as a wife can always be if she tries. Some men are downright bad, and can't be led by anybody, but I think most men can be brought into the right way by their wives. Some don't try, some won't try, and some say they couldn't do any good if they did; but one and all ought to do their best. There's no shame in a man following his wife on the right road. I'm proud I follow mine.'

'But your sign, Ben,' I said—'do you not find that it sometimes misleads a stranger?'

'Well, you see, sir,' he replied, 'we ain't on the high-road, and most as comes this way knows the place, and knows me; but now and then a party who doesn't read and understand the sign, comes in and looks about him in a foggy way, and perhaps gropes out again, not able to make head or tail of the place; and we have had some ask for a pint o' beer at the back door. Jenny, with a smiling look, always offers them parties a cup of tea.'

'And do they accept her kind offer?' I asked.

'Not always,' replied Ben, shaking his head sadly; 'but some does, and uncommon thankful they are, and more than one have given us a blessing at leaving, and I am sure it has rested on us.'

'As it rests on all who pursue the path of sobriety,' I replied, rising. 'Persevere as you are doing now, and you will want a bigger barrel one day.'

'We are running a little into the Savings-bank big vat,' said Ben, 'and it's nice to think how the money gets a little bigger there. Thank God, sir, we've all we want, and a little over; and we are as happy as any people going.'

Assured of this, I gave him a hearty good-night, and went home reflecting upon what I had seen, and earnestly praying in my heart that the time might not be far distant when there might be more barrels like Ben's, and fewer of the brewers'. What a change would come if the latter died out entirely! How much less crime and pauperism, how much more happiness and prosperity to the drink-afflicted people! Legislation might do a great deal, and it is to be hoped it will shortly do a little to aid the cause of temperance; but, meanwhile, let all workmen who love their wives and little ones start a barrel of their own like Ben Large's, and fill it as he does with the reasonable comforts and necessities of life.

## A Christian Tablet in China.

Mr. Herbert J. Mason, of the China Inland Mission, tells in 'China's Millions' of a recent visit to Si-gan. He says:—

We are a party of three—Mrs. Redfern and Mr. Bland (both on their way to England, after nine years' service in China), and I, who am going for medical advice as far as Shanghai. From Lan-chau to Shanghai is a distance of 1,937 English miles. Leaving Lan-chau on Feb. 18, twenty-eight days' cart journey took us as far as Si-gan, one of China's greatest cities, containing nearly a million inhabitants, and possessing ponderously great walls and massive gates. From its East Gate to its West Gate is a distance of three English miles. Many times the Lord's servants have been refused permission to live there, and even expelled. Now there reside within the walls several missionaries, and a good work is being done. To meet in that great city a Christian native,

who first heard the Gospel from us in Ning-hsia, three years ago, gave us much joy.

On Sunday I preached with pleasure to quite a nice number of natives, but the remaining five days of our stay in the city were fully occupied preparing for another stage of our journey, ten days further to Kin-tsi-kuan, where we take boat. While in Si-gan I visited the place where the Nestorian Christians had their temple during the T'ang dynasty, 1,100 years ago. Quite near the tablet is a beautiful font, supposed to have been the baptismal font, and the pillars of the sanctuary are also standing in good repair. It was difficult for us



NESTORIAN TABLET NEAR SI-GAN, SHEN-SI.

to realize that upon that spot so many years ago songs of praise and adoration had been sung to our blessed God! The missionaries hope that a Gospel Hall may yet be erected on the spot. The English Baptist Mission have a nice work some little distance from Si-gan, one whole village being nominally Christian, neither temples nor shrines are to be seen, and it is now called the 'Gospel Village.' Will you not pray that 'Gospel villages' may become numerous out here?

Before quitting Si-gan, I cannot refrain from telling how good and kind our Almighty God was to us, during twenty-eight days' tedious cart journey. On several occasions when we were in imminent danger He was present to deliver. In such cases we not only prove the faithfulness of His promises relating to our daily good, and blessing on the work, but realize that He is always with us, and just when we are unable to do anything, He does everything! Oh! that we could learn to be children again, and trust Him as the infant trusts the mother.

## Another Year.

Another year is dawning!  
Dear Master, let it be  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence 'all the days.'

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven  
Another year for Thee!  
Frances Ridley Havergal.

## Arthur Dewar;

OR  
THE HERITAGE OF EVIL.

Arthur Dewar was gifted and enthusiastic. His handsome face and bright spirits had made him a general favorite in the quiet Scotch village which had been his home from infancy, and now that he was going to Edinburgh University to prosecute his studies as a bursar, every one of the neighbors were glad of his success and wished him well.

He strode in and out of the little cottage where his mother and cousin were busy packing his boxes, and danced and whistled in his excitement; but his mother sighed as she worked, and dropped many an unseen tear. 'He is so like his dear father, Mary,' whispered the widow, tenderly. 'So full of life and spirits. I could often fancy it was your uncle's voice when Arthur speaks. Dear boy! He is all I have to live for now.'

The young girl, kneeling at her side, pressed her aunt's hand silently, but her thoughts were very busy. She knew how to read between the lines of what Mrs. Dewar was saying, and how much that was sad and terrible in the widow's history was left unsaid. Though the tragedy of Mrs. Dewar's life had been enacted long before Mary was old enough to understand its meaning, she had learned enough to make her fear for her cousin's future, while she sympathized deeply with his sorely-tried mother. Arthur's father had been, as he himself hoped to be, a doctor, whose talents and acquirements made him sought for in every quarter, but intemperance had been his ruin. In an unhappy moment, when unnerved by drink, a prescription inaccurately given caused the death of a patient. In the distraction of mind which ensued Dr. Dewar poisoned himself, leaving his young widow and his infant boy to fare as they best could. All this Mary knew, and with a trembling heart she broached the proposal she had in her mind to her aunt.

'Don't you think, Aunt Helen,' she stammered out, shyly, 'that it might be a good thing for Arthur to become a total abstainer, now he is going away?'

Mrs. Dewar regarded her niece for a moment or two as if she did not quite understand what she said. Then she drew herself up with as much dignity as her gentle spirit was capable of.

'My dear, I am surprised at you,' she said. 'Arthur has never shown any tendency to the evil habits you imply, and never will, I hope.'

'I know that, dear aunt,' quickly returned Mary. 'But you know in a great city young men meet with many temptations, my father says, and it is best to be on the safe side perhaps.'

'Mary,' replied Mrs. Dewar, impressively, 'Arthur will have a mother's prayers following him, and—and,' she continued in a lower, more tremulous tone, 'there is that in the past history of his home which will be warning enough to him. If my prayers and what I have told him of my own sorrows do not restrain him from evil, no taking pledges will have any effect. Do not speak of this further, my dear. The subject is a painful one, as you must know.'

Mary felt discouraged, but she did not on that account relinquish her idea. Beneath her shyness and gentle exterior she possessed plenty strength of character, and rarely abandoned any project she believed to be good; so though she said no more, she got a pledge-card and put it in the pocket of Arthur's