THE SURE REFUGE.
Under his winits shalt thou trust.
Alono within tho depth of forest will,
Ordesert baro,
Deyond the sight of thyloved faco and form, peyond thy carc,-
Thou dost not bld mo go and trust thee there,
But foided closo within thy loring arms
Against thy breast,
Whalooter ma bends thy tender, smiling taco Iswoetly rest,
And trusting thee can say, "Thy will is best."
Liko blrding 'neath the mother's downy wing, Content Ilic.
And nesthing closo I find protection there When harm is nigh,
Sccuro I rest though arrowsswifty fis.
Why need Ifear allough sometimes about mo Fall shadows dcep?
Tha but the closer folding of thy wings
Saterrand to kean.
Safeguard to keen.
Teach me, dear Lori, yet nearer theo to creep.
Strange that wo ever dare to doabt thy love, Which holtas us don:-
And howsoever far from the
Still follows near
Tho perfect loro that has no place for tear.

## A STEP IN THE DARK.

Arthur Townloy's conscienco pricked him. Ho stood with his hands in his pockots at tha window of a privata hotel hoos
inc out upon tho busy tides of human life ing out upon tho busy tides of human hre
as they flowed through a great city thorns they flowed through a great city thorpoered into the gathering dusk. Ho was waiting for a fiend who did not come.
And tho young nerchunt's thoughts went And the young nerchane's thoughts went baok to a romoto westemn village, and to happy careloss school-days. How strange
it was that here in Manchester he should meet mother Stanford man, and that the othor should bo Aleo Sutton, once his closest ally. There wasa wide yap of years and a wider of circumstance botween past
and present. The wheel of fortune had ind present. Arthur Townley to lovels beyond his highest hopes. He had secured a capital situation im a London counting-house, had
managed to render a notable service to his grim old principal, winning favor and progrim olion thereby, and nt the cud of fifteen years of steady application foum himself a junior partaer in the concern. Aleo had become an artisan, hike his father betore
him, and there were nbout him signs of him, and there were noout him signs of
dissipation which his ancient comade disdissipat
liked.
It was here that compunction entered. The mentor vithin said that Arthur Townley had taken a step in the dark.
"Why, it's Townley! I can't be wrong! No, Tshould hnow youtaxywhere, T'm sure.
You've gone from boy to man, old fellow, You've gone from boy to man, old fellow,
but you havon't utered out of knowledge on tho journey, as I suppose I have.
The words had pullod Arthur Townley sharply up outside of a gin mance. Hic wis incapable of dospising an old acquain.
tanco beciuse of tho differenoc in condition. Much to the wonder of a reckless-looking companion who fidgetted in Sutton's rear, he blook hands wammy, and inquired after
the mechanic's welfaro. It was a pitiful, disappointing story, with, as was easily discernale, many slurs and suppres
sages, to whin Townley listoned.
sages, to which Townley listoned.
"Ivo tramped right away here from Stanford, and $\Gamma$ 'vo got a job that'll maybe last mo a montli. But I only got at it day bofore yestorday, ind it'm cloan outo' ${ }^{\prime}$ coin,
Sutton concluded with a foverish gleam in Sutton concluded with a foverish gleam in
lis eyc. "I don't Hio to spongo on any his eyc. "I don't hako to spong
man, but for old times' suke--
Stopping him with a gesture, Arthur
Townley had slipped gold into his palm. rownley hat slipped gold into his palm. stroet. Come thero at six this evening
and ask forme. Will you?" and ask for me. Will you?"
"Thank you, sir ; yes, most "Thank you, sir; yes,
will "Sutton nswered.
But tho hour fixed was long past, and the young merchant was still alone.
"Is it that through the pride of his too
ovident poverty Alec does not carc for my company?" ho soliloquized; "or did I do him an ill turn'insteded of a good one by the gift of that halt-sovereign?"
Townley was not a temperince man. habit, ho had not hitherto scen it his duaty to join the ranks of those who aro daily to join tho ranks of those who aro daty
doing battio with tho colossal curso of in-
temperance. Yet ho suddenly trembled. It was boxne in upon his spirit that drink had wrecked his friend's fortunes, that
Sutton had pleaded necessity on the very Sutton had pleaded necessity on the very
doorstep of $a$ drinking saloon, and that when opportunity had thas offered for Findly persuasion and warning he-Town-ley-had been silent, and had supplied
money for the obvious purpose of further induigence.
A servant came in to light the gas, and
with $n$ sigh Townley abandoned his vain watching.
"Terrible affair just now, sir, in Mersey street," the man said.
Tho visitor's interest was languid, but he said, "Oh, indeed!"
Dan man kindin a arunken quarrel. Done in a twinking they sny."
"Did you hear the name?"
"Did you henr the name? was the man murdered or the one ns didit, I don't know, sir.
The quick, horrible dread which had fol lowed the frist indifference was justified then! Over what precipico hadnot mistaken goncrosity sent Townley's old comrade? He rose to his feetagain, wan and agitated. Seizing his hat, he was in the street before the attendant had time to observe the alteration in his demeanor.

Queer chap; Mindrul of his own affirs, no doubt," muttered tho wondering Already nowsboys were crying evening "Awful Tragedy in Mersey street" nind Arthur Townley mhuddered as he heard them. Ho soon ascertained that it was Alec Sutton who, in mad, drink-inflamed passion, had taken a life. A dispute had nisen with the companion Townley had soen by his side, and the tempter had be come avictim. Mhe offender was in prison,
sobered by his deed. Townley obtained sobered by his deed.
admission to his cell.
"Lad, lad, T'm done for ! And-andnever give a man money to dayk with

I had been a toetotaller a week. I meant to stick to it, till Burton-poor fellow-persuaded motot tike a dram with him. If you'd have sidd, 'Don't go in
there, Alec, I boliove you'd have stopped mo. But I don't repronch you-not at $n l l$. You meant it kindly.
To wnley groaned. Ho had no words for many seconds. But ho knew rifht well that a keen sel
abiding portion.
There vere several touching interviews between the two beforo Alec Sutton stood in the dock and received sentenco of aiong term of inprisonment for his crime of man-
shaghter, mid Arthur Townlcy took upon shaughter, na arthur ayed, grief-crushed himsolf the care of an aged, grief-crushed
kinsman of his erring but repentant and emorseful friend.
The young merohant began now to examino scriously his position with regard to strong drink. There was much to enlighten himin the facts which came to his knowappared thatonceand again the infatuated artisan had promised amendment, while scofing nt the idea of total abstinence. And always his eneny had been too strong for him, and ho had failed. At last he had beon persuaded to take the pledge. It was and tho good Samaritan who had thus provailed by camest argument and gonitle suasion over prejudice and appetite had
found an opening for his convert in the crowded rapks of northera industry. Alas! Sutton's reformation was brice, and his fall wha at this time a catnstropho. His own
plane came boo to Arthur Townley's lips as ho heard at first linnd from tho grioved and disappointed patron the painful story "I broken vow.
'I did moro than lose an opportanity to spenk the saving word-I misused tho
chance. Itook a careless step in the dark." But it was the last time that drink moncy passed from Arthur Townley's lands to either friend, business acquaintanco, or subordinate. Like other city of supplying likely customers with wine or spinits, and tipping workmen for drams. Whth unhesitating decision the junier part ner puta stop to the practice. It was $n$
sharp battlo that he waged with his colleagues; but he was in dead sincority, and hegave with impressive brovity the account
"Xes, I know that it is a bronking iwith trade traditions" he enaid. We may oven lose by it, though in the long run I do not
believe we shall. But there mre higher intorests at stako thin finnoial ones. No one who gives another strong drink, or who pays for indulgence, can tell exactly what
ho is doing. Ho may be-ns indeed ho is doing. He may be-ns indeed $I$ was - dealing a deadly blow. The whole thing is cvil-a aruel curse. Thave made up my mind henceforth to leave intoxicating liquors alone. You are safe then; you can never-pardon me-be absolutely sure of safety so long as the perilous stuft is tam pered with at all."

That means that you have signed the teatotal pledge, I presume ?" put in one of the listeners.

I have ; mad I will be no party to working or continumg that mischief in Mr. Cregson, the senior partner, grasped Townley's hand

You are perfectly right," he snic. "I have had tho same thoughts myself. Let it be a yule that there is no treating in our
counting house." And in many diroctions since then the influence of Axthur Townley has been exercised with good effedt against the pernicions customs of commerce and society in the
matter of strong drink. Ho sponks from matter of strong drink. Ho spenks from
within the sombre shadow of grievous rewithin the
collection.
"It is ensy to do $n$ great wrong inndand tho indelible stamp of remorse will bo upon my memory to the end of the chapter. complish much active tood in the worid et us at least avoid the reckless handing on of a cup of ruin. Trike no steps in the dark lestyour leadingprecipitates $\mathfrak{a}$ brother League Tratt.

A GOOD MISSTONARY STORY.
The missionary story you ask about is his: Our father and mother, with two Treland in 1820. After a year or two thoy Ireland in 1820 . Atter a year or two they
went to Philidelphin, but my father's bush ness undertaking there did not succeed, atud they retumed to Oho so much the
poorer for the attempt. Soon after, they bought a farm for which they could not pay fall payment and were obliged to give a mortgatge and those who know the Scoteh-
Trish horror of dobt can understand Trish horror of dobt can understand what a burden it was until the last dollar was paid
off. Finally it was accomplished. It was when the harvest had been sold, and whon the find paymont was made, my father came home with two gald eagles above the amount of tho debt. Tho announcoment
vas made to tho family, for every child hat was made to tho family, for every child hat
been mude to feal that ho shared the responsibility, and so was allowed to share the pleasure. Then fathor took ont the ive picees of money na Missionary Society for a thank-offering and this," he added, giving mother the othex ten, "is for your new cloak." She held it thouglatfully a moment, and then giving it bach, said, "Put this with the other piece for the thank-offering, and I will turn my ald No personk desire or need was
ver allowed to come in the way of the money due to church or to Godrs work, money above the dues, froewill offeringe were md, abovo tho dues, froewin offormys were
a delight. Isabolle Thoins in Iriends a delight.-Isabolle
Missiontary Adrocato.

TEIE RIOII MAN AND HIS DOLLAR. They brought him a dollar. Ho took it m his shmay anges, and chated it as death, for ho was dying. He counted his renth by millions, and now, on his denth bed, ho looked bnok upon his misspent life, whioh had not a good or gencrous deed to brighton it. His feet were neming the
dark river, its roar whs sounding in his cars. Iark river, its roar was souncing in his chars.
In pastor entored and satby his ide. The dying min asked him, "Does tho Bible say no rich mank can enter tho kingdom of God ${ }^{\text {" }}$ "Yes" the prencher replied. "Read it to me." The man of God read, "It is easier for a camel to go through tho eyo of a needle than for a rich man to enter tho kingdom of God." "And you never prowched that to me " the dying
man oried. The prencher read on: "Eet man cried. The prencher read on: "Tet let him that glorietli glory in this that he
understandathand zoweth mes at And et you have never prenched that to mel ried the ding min, and tho chatched the that could gaide him across tho dank sea of eternity.
Tho diny was drawing to its closo. Tho matehers noved noiselessly nbout the room conversing in whispers. The son sat down by his father's bedside with dry eyes, think ing of the hundreds of thousands that would soon be all his own. No sound but the ticking of the clock disturbed the stillness of the room. Tick ! tick! tick ! Tho face of tho dying man grows whiter and his breath shorter: Tick! tick! tick! Nine oclock passes slowly by. Night is without, and darkness within, for the soul of the dying man is engaged in a dendly combat with an enemy whom man has never yet conquered.
At last, just as the clock struck the hour of twelve, the angel in the belfry of heaven olled the last hour of tho rich man's life, and the struggling form on the bediny stin, widow were robing him or the gravo, his ta tar stepped to his sido and ather to take the dolla com to den mons grasp, but in vain; the rigid cords and muscles would not relax. In denth his hand still clutched the coin with a grip liko steel. 'Mid tho waving of plumes and black orape, and the sound of funernl dirgas, he was carried to the comotery, and there, while tho min poured and the winds howled, and funeral requiems wailed upon the nir, they lowered him into the grave. "Ashes to nshes, dust to dust
And so he diodand they buried him with his dollar: - Mcssidh: Herald.

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