"THE DECENT FOLKS' SIN."

John Grant was a Scotchman, leal-hearted and

A blacksmith to trade, good work he could do, Obliging and steady, he no'er tasted drink, And he smoked but an ounce in the week, I think,

Katic, his wife, had a face fresh and fair, And to John, no woman with her could compare A true loving couple, not the least of their joys Was that they had been blessed with two sturdy

But in fairest of "Edens" a scrpent may lurk; And John comin' in one night from his work, Was confounded to find Katic's face bathed in

He stood quite amazed, with a mind full of fears

Then strode forward, and gently lifting her

"What ails ye, my lass," he anxiously said, Kate lifted her a pron, her wet cheeks to wipe, And out fell tobacco, some matches, a pipe.

"John. oot oor Rob's pocket a' got they the nicht.

An' I'm fear'd he'll gang wrang, for he's no daen richt."

"Whesht, Katie, ma woman, nae greetin', hoot toot. About the young scoundrel ne'er pit yersel' oot.

"An' besides," John went on with a smile on his face,

"That's no sic a sin, or a deedly disgrace Bacey's weel patronized by maist decent folks, No to gang very far-Oor Minister smokes.

As John uttered these words Katie sprang to her

"Yo ca'it 'nae sin!' and ye wonder a' greet; It's a ducent folk's sin! an' ye're gaun wi'the lave, Nor seekin' frae evils yer laddie to save.

"Oor minister smokes! o' that there's nae doot Puir Bob telled me that, juist afore he ran oot, But it's off to the manso this night a' will gang, It's no be ma faut if ma laddie gangs wrang .

Dumfounded was John, he had ne'er seen his

In such an excitement in their married life. He went round the corner, and there he did wait. Till he saw Katie enter the minister's gate. Then he went to his "study" and there stopped

"Katic's no that far wrang, smokin' leads aft to

'A decent folk's sin,' she said, troth that's nac

Smokers disna aye drink, drinkers maistly aye smoke!

'A decent folk's sin,' that's a hard nut to crack; Sic a tift she was in; a' wush she was back; A've a gude mind ta fallow her straucht up the

A'm wonderin'-' what will the minister say?'

As Katic was shown to the minister's room, She nearly grew sick by the heavy prefume Coming in from the garden, the window ajar. Where the minister smoked his evening eigar.

With a frank smile he entered poor Katie to greet.

"How are you to-night, Mrs. Grant? Take this sent.

But the moment his eyes on Katic's face fell, He said, "What's the matter? I hope you're all well !"

"We're a' weel, sir! thank ye! but a'm sair pu!

This night John an' me, hae fairly cast oot. So Katic began-no time did she waste, But plunged into her story with desperate haste;

Telling what she had found in Rob's pocket that And she said "A' told John, ye're no daein richt

In smokin' yersel; and maitters tae mend.' There Kate's heart beat as her story did end. Ho said, "Baccy's patroneczed by most dacent

No to gang very far, oor minister smokes."

Mr. Martin's face flushed, hesitating hesaid. "Your moral is plain, and easily read; And I think you're quite right every means to

employ, For keeping temptation away from your boy.

But as for him smoking, 'tis but a boy's trick. He'll soon give it up, whene'er he turns sick; It's true smoking often has led on to drink; But it cannot do that with abstainers, I think,

John and I are abstainers; there's no need for

And all that I smoke, can do nobody harm: A small mild eigar in the evening just serves To give rest to my brain, and to soothe all my nerves.

And fits me for study, or sermons to write; For you see, Mrs. Grant, my work is not light.

With the air of a queen, Katie rose from her chair And she said, "Mr. Martin, these words a' can'

And she stretched forth her hand, her eyes flashing with light,

"At this moment a picture appears in ma sight,

"Of the time when oor Saviour's blessed feet trodo

This earth, when he entered the temple of God, And that which defiled, he o'erthrew-he o'er turned.

While anger within his hely soul burned.

"Ensamples to Christians—to others ye live. Yo are his servants—his message ye give; As ye study his word, or seek guidance in prayer, Do you need a cigar for his work to prepare?"

Mr. Martin, like John, never uttered a sound, Dut sat with bent head, his eyes on the ground While repenting - shamed thoughts flashed

through his brain, But his better self rose in the midst of his pain

A gentle tap then was heard at the door. It opened, and honest John stood on the floor; A look to Katic, the next at the minister's face, Who said, as he rose, with his own ready grace-

A mother in Israel your wife is to be, Thank God for the sermon she has preached

to mo; Now a promise I'll make, and to it I'll stand, Will you join with me, John?" John gave him

An' that wi' ma heart, sir; the sermon's been plain,

The application's at hand, we'll no seek it in vain "No, John, we'll apply it, and none of the folks From this time will say that the minister smoles." I. M. BRUCE.

VISITED UPON OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

On a trip up the Hudson, this eminent divine saw an affecting sight, a tipsy man at whom the crowds were laughing. A decent, middle-aged man looked on so piltyingly that the doctor drew him out, and at last he told his own story about as follows?

He was born and bred-I use almost his own language—on a farm in Ulster, Ireland, of that class, which, while its mem-bers are but tenants, have held by a tenure so secure that they feel as independent as freeholders. He had little taste for farming; disliked the irksomeness of work and of watching little things; and this he saw was the only way to live on a farm. If it were not that the families generally did the work within themselves, and worked hard at that, they could not live.

He married a wife, a nice girl, who had served her time to a dressmaker, who shared his feeling, and they set up a little business. It was in the market town close by his own place.

"My people, said he, "were respectable. and I got credit to start with ; but I did not know the ways of the trade. My old neighbors used to drop in, and my wife and myself wished to be kindly, and we had a deal of treating, and this cost money, and we soon ran behind in rent, in our bills, in every way.

"I could not bear to go down there, and we managed to sell out, pay part, and promise the rest, for our creditors knew who we were, and we moved to Glasgow.
Were you ever in Glasgow?"
"Yes," I said, "I know Glasgow very

well." "Then you know how many mills, and works, and shops it has, and how crowded the people are together. You may think the change it was to us to go into two rooms in the High street, and have nothing but these to ourselves. But necessity has no law. I got work, and we paid a little of our debt, and I was getting a rise in wages, and we had two nice children. They have in Glasgow what they call the fair every July; for a week little work is done, pleasure is the only thing; and oh! it is too often pleasure like that poor fellow's drinking, men and women, aye, and children; why, I have seen men and women in the broad daylight lying dead drunk on Glasgow Green, and nobody sceming to mind it! Somebody had to stay at the works this week, and I was glad to earn the money. At six I came home, meaning to take Bossic, that was her name, a walk; but when I came home she was out, and the two children were by themselves and crying dreadfully. I did the best I could, put them in bed, and went to look for Bessie. I found her . . . like that man, only worse. She did not know me—could not speak. The women with her were drunk ton.

"If somebody had run a knife into me it missions." could not have been so bad. Then I found

from the publican that it was not the first | time. I had bills to pay, and it was not the last. I used to take a drink myself, not to be drunk, but this stopped me. I never tasted it again; please God, I never

From that on it grew worse—money it seemed bought little or nothing. I had no heart to work, no heart to come home, no heart to look at the children; but I earned and tried hard with Bessie. I got a minister to come, got her to promise against it, got her clothes to go out; but it was no use; if she was doing better a while, one of these drinking times, when everybody seemed to go that way, would come, and things would be as bad as ever.

"Then I thought if I left the place and came here to America it would be better, and she promised me it would. I saved the money. I sold my watch, and we came. It was useless. It seemed as if she had become another woman. Her natural affection left her. She would take the children's clothes and sell them for drink. It made her mad and it killed her. We had a little boy, our baby; and she was found dead, when I was at work, with the child, we called him Thomas for my father, sitting on the floor by her trying to awaken

He took longer to tell this than I have done, for he could not keep back the tears.

I expressed my sympathy with him.
"Thank you, sir," he replied. "That's
years ago, but I can't forget it yet. Only there's one thing, I never said a hard word to Bessie; thank God, I never did," said he, and I could well believe it as I looked at the honest face. "But oh! when I think of her going before her maker in that

way !" he added with flowing tears.
"Well, I hope," I said, "the children will be a comfort to you."

that I regretted my words.

"One," said he, "the second, is;—she and is without inscription. is a good child. The oldest is not steady:

Not the missionary cause I can do nothing with her; and my boy, the little boy I told you about, can't be kept from drink. That's my trouble now. I gave up the place I had in Jersey, and I TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED am going out to Ohio, to a town where I STATES.

am told liquor is not to be had, to try to

Our subscribers throughout the United States into his very nature, so that he couldn't Montreal. help it. Oh, sir," he said, turning to me directly, and becoming eloquent in his vehement feeling; "fathers and mothers ought to be told when they are drinking they are putting the desire into their childron that will ruin them, and they will be scourged with the whip they themselves make"

make. We parted with some words of hope to him, some entreaty that he would not even yet lose heart, but believe in the Saviour from sin, direct his children to him, and get strength from him. If he sees this page he will know that I am trying to act on hi honest, true words. Oh, that they could be put into the ear and heart of men and women in Ireland, in Scotland-wherea "Glasgow Fair" is a national disgrace—in England, in America! Who would not wish for abstinence societies, tracts and books, ministers' sermons, young people's pledges, humane laws! One almost criss out for anything that would stop this slow, cruel murder of home-love, of men, of we men, of little children, of hope, of peace, of immortal souls! One little bit of the misery is "a thing to cry over," but what pity and indignation should move us as we look at the whole field of horrors, the oulraged, the mangled, the dying, and the

THE LORD'S TREASURY.

dishonored dead!

BY ELLA A. DRINKWATER.

On each side of the doors of a certain Sunday-school room are placed boxes box-ing the inscription, "The Lord's Treasury,"

One afternoon, at the close of the school, one of the teachers paused, blocking the way of those behind her, to drop her contribution, remarking in a loud aside:

"I never see Miss Goldsmith give any thing here, for all her talk in favor of

"If she ever does give," was our mental

rely, "she does it when she enters the roman, and every one's back is towards her.'

IE any one in the school had known how small was the amount of spending money Miss Goldsmith possessed, they would screely laive credited the disclosure; ne ertheless, she was constantly dropping her mite into the Lord's treasury.

One of the boys in her class was losing his interest in the prayer-meeting. She hal heard him envy another boy the possusion of a little red hymn-book used in the meeting. After long deliberation that would have been ludicrous over so small aum had it not been so serious a matter to her, she gave him the book; and every Thursday evening she sees him in his place, eagerly watching for the number of the hymn to be given.

One of the young men's Bible class made a skeptical remark about the Bible,—an apparently honest doubt. As such remarks were not allowed in the class, -nor was ils. teacher fitted to cope with them, -Miss Coldsmith pondered how she might help him, and finally succeeded in deducting from something-her simple food, it may -the price of "The Bible and Other Ancient Literature in the Nineteenth Cenmay," which she sent to him, and was told by his sister, that, when she made his bed, Le found the little book under his pillow, There he had been reading it the night be-

Hearing of the sickness of a poor old Ehool superintendent, she brought more ressure to bear upon her purse, and sends im a religious journal every week. His reippled hands will not allow him to turn its pages; but, as he turns them with his tongue, does he doubt that her fifty-two cents a year are cast into the Lord's trea-

There was a long pause before he spoke, and then it was with so much evident pain both of these, is deeper than the home The Lord's treasury, although including mission, broader than the foreign mission,

Not the missionary cause less, but, as we

save him. It breaks my heart a second where International money orders cannot be time; and I can't altogether blame him, for recured can remit by money order, payable at at the time I took some, and his mother Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y. State, or secure took too much, and it looks as if it was put an American Express Co. order, payable at

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