

called Christians (not Protestants) becoming drunk they learn to despise Christianity. Because of these habits a common Moslem name for Christians is 'hogs.'

Bishop Thoburn, of India, says that 'the drink sold under government license in many parts of India is simply a curse to the poor creatures who in their ignorance spend their last penny in purchasing it. It is one of the most important questions of the day whether the millions of the eastern tropics are to be debauched and crushed by a traffic which recognizes no conscience, shows no mercy and is amenable only to a gospel of financial greed.'

In India, Burmah and China the trade in opium, fostered by Christian nations and forced by them on the unwilling and bitterly protesting heathen, even exceeds the evil done by strong drink. Hudson Taylor says that opium in China 'is doing more harm in a week than the united efforts of all our Christian missionaries are doing good in a year.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Master's Work.

(Hope Daring, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

Two men stood on the street of a busy western city, talking eagerly of the three decades that lay between their graduation from college and the present. Thomas Lee, a merchant and one of the city's leading men, drew a long breath.

'How well you have fulfilled the promise of your consecrated young manhood, Ashley. When I think of your twenty-five years as a missionary, and all you have accomplished, it makes my own life seem empty.'

A grave smile curved Enoch Ashley's lips. With the wisdom won by companionship with God he said:

'Not so, old friend. During my fortnight's stay in Morgan, I have heard much of what you are to your fellow citizens. The Master's work is everywhere; your field of labor may seem a restricted one, but therein you work for the Christ.'

'Thank you for that reminder. So you go back to China next month. May God's presence in your heart bring you power to win souls.'

They talked a little longer, then parted. Thomas Lee passed on towards his place of business. He walked slowly, basking in the warm spring sunlight and thinking, with joy, of his friend's work in the foreign field.

Suddenly his steps stayed him. He was passing a saloon, one of the dens of iniquity wherein evil strove to hide her hideousness under a cloak of assumed beauty and luxury. With his hand upon the door was a young man whom Mr. Lee knew well.

'Good morning, Fred. May I speak with you a moment, please?'

Mr. Lee made the request without a moment's hesitation. While his lips framed the words he was vaguely conscious of wondering what he should say to Fred Martin that would, even for that time, carry him by the saloon.

'Workers together with God.' Why should one such fear the lack of all needed help? Ere the young man reached Thomas Lee's side, a topic of conversation that was of interest to both had come to the mind of the older man.

'It's about the free reading-room, Fred.' Mr. Lee began, affably. He walked on as he talked, and the other fell into step with him.

'You know we are keeping it open evenings. Some one volunteers to take charge, as we pay the matron only for day service. Could you go some evening this week? There is not much to do, only to see that order is preserved and the tables kept in readiness for readers. It's a good thing to have a young man in charge; he influences the half-grown boys who go there.'

'Why, I can go this evening,' young Martin said, after a moment's hesitation. 'I used to go there myself to read, but somehow I've dropped off.'

'Better take it up; a habit of reading good literature is one of a man's most valuable pos-

sessions,' Thomas Lee said, with a smile that woke a response on the other's face.

'Would you not be willing to take a place on the committee which has the room in charge?' Mr. Lee went on. 'There is a vacancy, and, as chairman, I have been asked to name some person for the place.'

After a little explanation of the duties of the committee, Fred Martin agreed to take the vacant place.

It took the couple but a few moments to reach Mr. Lee's store, but the time was long enough for the merchant to win from the other a promise to resume his neglected church attendance, and also to invite him for dinner the following evening.

They parted with a cordial handclasp. Thomas Lee entered his place of business, saying to himself:

'He is safe for to-day; I feel sure of that, but I must look after him. Poor boy! He has no home, no parents. But he is ambitious and clean-minded. I will help him to develop into the kind of a man that the Lord meant that he should be.'

In the meantime Fred Martin was also communing with himself. His head was thrown well back as he hurried on, eager to reach the office where he was employed and announce the successful transaction of the errand upon which he had been sent, and which had been attended to before his meeting with the merchant.

'I wonder if Mr. Lee noticed where I was going. It—it makes me think of what my mother used to tell me about guardian angels. I believe Mr. Lee was sent to save me. I never went into a saloon alone, but I have been there with so-called friends in the last month. Well, I'll never go again. If a man like Thomas Lee is willing to trust me, I will show him that I am to be trusted. I will look up, up toward the heaven where my mother is and towards God.'

Ah, truly, the 'Master's work is everywhere.'

The First 'Band of Hope.'

Leeds has the honor of having given birth to the first 'Band of Hope.' Mrs. Ann Jane Carlile and the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliffe were the two who founded the movement, says a writer in the 'Strand.' They seem to have conceived the idea almost simultaneously, and Mr. Carlile went to Leeds to consult Mr. Tunnicliffe, who was stationed there in 1847. The two agreed that the best way of making temperate men and women was to make Temperance a factor in childhood. They called a meeting of young children, and after addresses it was decided to start a 'Band of Hope,' whose members should all sign a pledge to refrain from strong drink. No fewer than 200 boys and girls signed there and then. Probably there are no fewer than twenty million people who have signed the pledge in various countries since that gathering.—'Alliance News.'

Fifty temperance women of the north and west sides of Chicago have organized to open club rooms for street car men, with the idea of attracting employes from the saloons. The plan is to rent rooms in the vicinity of each car barn, where the railroad men can rest while off duty.

Jubilee Coupons Pouring in.

A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for the rest of this year with the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture. See the coupon on another page.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Now I Lay Me.'

(By the Rev. W. Russel Collins, in the 'Episcopal Recorder'.)

'Now I lay me'—low and sweet,
Said the prayer, with lisping tongue;
Tired little baby feet
Cease from toddling—day is done.

Day is done; yes, night is here;
Darkness follows hours of play;
Gowned for bed, each little dear
Learns at mother's knee to pray.

'Now I lay me'—soft the hymn,
Falling sweet from baby lips;
Eyelids drooping, light grows dim,
Soft cheeks warm the pillow slips.

'Down to sleep,' so soft they lie;
Safely, fear they naught of ill.
Angels guard them, from the sky,
Glad their watches to fulfil.

'Now I lay me down to sleep,'
Both are glad the day is done.
'Pray the Lord my soul to keep';
Tired of day—this day of fun.

Yes, 'tis a day of play time now,
Of romping, laughing, singing, fun.
But ev'ning shadows come not slow;
E'en babes are glad the day is done.

'Pray the Lord my soul to keep';
Lightly, now, they say the prayer,
Heedless of the meaning deep:
Free of sorrow; free of care.

The day is done—the day of fun;
The day of worry, toil and strife,
Comes with the west'ring of the sun,
The welcome eventide of life.

Tired of day, we welcome night;
Glad we hail its quiet and sleep.
Yet, fraught with ill and dark its flight,
We pray Thee, Lord, our souls to keep.

Household Hints.

Betty's Mince Meat.

Betty planned to make a good supply of mince meat. It would keep through the winter, and Jack had a weakness for mince pies. Since Betty had mastered pastry, she felt that pies would give her very little trouble. So she went vigorously to work stoning raisins, shredding citron, cleaning currants and Sultana raisins, and boiling and chopping beef.

Of this beef she bought a lean piece, weighing a generous pound. This she boiled and minced, and put with it half a pound of beef-kidney suet, which she had freed from strings and crumbled. Two and a half pounds of tart apples were peeled, cored, and chopped, and this, with a pound of seeded and chopped raisins, a pound of well-cleansed currants, half a pound of Sultanas, carefully picked over, a scant half-pound of finely-shredded citron, and a pound and a quarter of brown sugar were mixed with the beef and suet. Then in went the apples. A tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace, half a tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice, half a nutmeg grated, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt were stirred in, and last of all a pint of grape juice was put in to moisten the mince meat. When it came to this stage of the proceedings, Betty discarded her wooden spoon, washed her hands again, rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and plunged her plump hands into the mixture, beating and stirring, until she was sure the compound was thoroughly blended. Then she turned the mince meat out of the big yellow bowl in which she had made it and into a stone crock with a cover and set it in a corner of her cellar.—Christian Terhune Herrick, in 'Success.'

Enamelled bathtubs are easily cleaned with warm water and soap. A few drops of gasoline on the cloth is also excellent for this work.