

possessions. He only had one other child, a daughter.

In early childhood, when the little boy was brought from the nursery for dessert, as was the custom, the father gave him a glass of sweetened wine and water as a token of parental love. While under the training of a private tutor, this became an every day treat for his rapid progress and diligent attention to his studies.

The mother remonstrated, saying: 'I fear you are sowing the seeds for future reaping in giving Frank wine. But the judge ridiculed her fears, saying: 'This was my father's method with me. Have I been injured by it.' Still she reasoned, 'You and Frank are very different, his nervous temperament, impulsive, emotional nature, makes him especially susceptible of impressions.'

Frank went from high school to college, standing first in every class and bringing to his proud father a prize each successive yearly holiday. It was at a reunion on his first year's home-coming, that I met him. He was frank in manner as well as name, was admired and loved by all who knew him, but especially by Fred Williams. They had gone through school and college chums and room mates; they were the very opposite in every way; Fred calm, thoughtful, slow to think or act, but firm in his resolves, and this difference by nature served to bind Fred and Frank in an unbroken friendship through life. After their collegiate course, where Frank came all through with highest honors at graduating, they both entered upon a legal course, Frank finishing a year ahead as attorney. In gaining his first important criminal case and saving his client from the penitentiary, he won the applause of the whole city. The judge gave a dinner to the legal fraternity in honor of the event. Frank was the hero of the evening. Toasts were the order of the night, and Frank's aching head and confused brain told the story of his first night's revelry. Would to God it had been his last. This was overlooked by the judge and friends, 'Excitement' they said.

Time moved on, I lost sight of my friend, he had been as a brother to me. One evening while visiting in the suburbs I took an unlighted cross street to visit the Williams home which was near, my foot struck something. Putting down my hand I touched a man's head. The body was in the gutter. I ran into a shop near by for assistance. When the apparently lifeless body was brought in I saw my friend Frank, wounded, bleeding, insensible. The shopman kindly sent a boy with me and soon the wounded man was in Fred's home and Dr. Bayard in attendance. For days he was a raving lunatic. As soon as Fred dare leave him to the care of mother and sister he hastened to tell his parents of his safety and from the judge, learn that the intoxicated son had been driven from his father's home that dark night, and in his efforts to reach the friend that he could trust for shelter and sympathy had fallen wounded and bruised. Fred turned from the father in disgust, but met his mother in the hall, who with clasped hands and streaming eyes pleaded 'Take me to my dear boy.' Her presence did more to restore him to life and manhood than all else.

A few days after a letter came from his mother's brother, of Woodstock, offering Frank a lucrative position, vacated by the sudden death of an eminent attorney. Before going, the prodigal confessed all to his loving mother. He had been with the officers at the barracks drinking and gambling until penniless.

Frank went away and in two years more

than gained his former position as one of the ablest pleaders and most successful attorneys in the province. Only once had he visited his native home, called there by the illness of his beloved mother, by whom he sat, and whose hand he held, till with the last expiring breath she blest her son. After she was laid to rest he returned home and continued to win laurels until the offer of judge was made him.

At this time the marriage of his only sister called him home. The groom was a British officer, a colonel, and their wedding tour was to England. The judge gave a grand reception to both military and citizen elite. Brandy, wine and champagne were abundant, but Frank's three years of total abstinence brought him through victorious. Crowds gathered on the wharf for the last 'Bon voyage,' as the steamer bore his sister from view.

Some weeks after I found Fred alone in the library, his face buried in his hands.

'What's the matter, are you ill?'

'No, but Frank is ruined, been drinking and gambling.'

'Frank! I thought he was in Woodstock?'

'No, he was invited by the officers to a big dinner party in compliment to him and family. He stood firm till toasts to the bride and groom were proposed. Then he drank and drank, deeper and deeper. Played and lost till all his funds were gone, drew from the bank in the judge's name, expecting to cash the paper before due. He had roused himself once more, broken the shackles that bound him, and was a man again intending to return and resume his former practice, but days of severe illness followed.'

By some means his father learned of the draft, wrote the bank official that he would not allow that paper cashed without his written order. We have all tried to persuade him to withdraw his order, but the judge says Frank shall be tried in the coming courts as any other criminal. Even Uncle Kerr went to him, they had been friends for years.

'What did he say?' I asked.

'He said, "I will teach him a lesson."'

'Did you tell him it was not a common case, for Frank intended sending the money as soon as he reached Woodstock, but he was taken ill?'

'Yes. There is no hope.'

Three days after this I received a letter from Fred saying Frank was gone. 'Yesterday morning a servant brought me a note:

"My more than brother, before this reaches you I will be in the Great Beyond. Lay me beside my sainted mother. In spirit she has been with me, said my prayer was answered, and I was forgiven. Farewell. Frank."

I hastened to his room, others were there before me. Dr. Bayard was looking down on Frank's white face.

'What is it, Doctor?' I asked.

'Heart failure and a father's—' he turned away.

As I looked upon that peaceful face with no mark of pain, his hands folded on his breast, I felt that the note to Fred had been a premonition.—E. N. Donking, in the 'Liberator.'

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### Such is Breath.

'Breath is made of air,' begins a twelve-year-old schoolboy's composition on the subject. 'We breathe always with our lungs, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath we should die whenever we slept.'

'Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get out doors. For a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonic acid. And carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs, though not just the same way. It does not bite, but that's no matter as long as it kills you.'—'Temperance Leader.'

### Beautiful Impression.

Many of us would, no doubt, be surprised could we know the impression we make upon those who know us slightly. May we endeavor to be remembered as pleasantly as was the lady described in 'Leaves of Light.'

She called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she would call again.

'Who was it?' inquired Mrs. H.

'Oh, I don't know her name,' replied the man.

'But you should have asked her,' said Mrs. H., 'so we would know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?'

'I don't know,' said the man, 'but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks.'

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which the lady had spoken to the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

### Leslie's Triumph.

(Mrs. S. V. Chambers, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

'I wonder who has been in the dining-room?' said Mrs. Wainscott. 'More than half of the bread, cake and cold fowl has been taken out of the sideboard since dinner.'

'I did it,' said Leslie. 'I gave it to some children in the park. They looked like they never had anything good to eat, and we can do without it, can't we?'

'It was kind of you to give the hungry children something to eat, but don't you think it would have been better to have consulted your mother before doing this?' said Mrs. Wainscott.

'Yes, mother, I suppose it would, but they looked so hungry I thought I would give it to them while they were out there, and you know you have always told me to be kind to the poor children.'

Leslie was not a disobedient boy, but he possessed a strong will and a tendency to self-assertion, and when he felt convinced in his own mind that a thing was right, he seldom stopped to consult anyone before carrying out his convictions. But, fortunately, this tendency was largely controlled by good impulses.

On one occasion, while travelling with his grandmother, when their place of destination was called out, he hurriedly left her, descended the steps of the car, and said to the conductor, 'Please don't start the car until