

selves to Him we must consider that we have nothing that we did not receive from Him; so let us help others as He has prospered us and as He gives us opportunity. The fact is, the Lord has put it into some one's heart to help me out, and it has strengthened my faith.

The grocer tells the story: 'I was the only one who could see all around the hill,' he says. 'Of course, I knew Francis. His family was large, his salary only average, and every once in a while a little order would make my bill larger. I was interested in him at the very first, and when he kept on trading with me we grew to be great friends.'

Next came the jeweller, paying Francis' grocer's bill, saying: 'I was to send him the receipt marked 'Paid,' no questions answered. That interested me in him, and when he promoted his 'old boy' to be janitor of the block on a good salary, and wanting a boy took Overseer Francis' son, whom he had found out in Sunday-school, I began to think that grocer's order carried a tail as long as a comet, and every spark was a kind act or a blessing; for it influenced the janitor and his wife to go to church, and me and my family, too, and we all joined at the same time.'

'What the end will be only God can conceive, and I think it is so with every unselfish act done in His name.'

Cider.

A TRUE SKETCH.

(By Lillian L. Trott, in 'Onward'.)

'I shall probably join you before the year is out; I have my hands and heart full, now; Rob has come back to me, you know,' with a quiver of the lower lip. 'I'll give you the money to-day, though; you'll need it at once. And I'll give you such other help as I can, and when the Lord's own time comes you may enroll me as a member. He knows, as no one else can, not even you, Jennie, how truly my sympathies are with such a movement.'

Jennie did not answer. How could she? Years ago, when she and Alma were girlish confidants, she and Rob were lovers. It seemed but yesterday that vows were plighted and good-bys were said and Rob went off to the city.

'Are you feeling better?' she asked, to change a subject painful to both. Her friend was a comely woman still, but the lines on her forehead showed that the sister, rather than the forsaken sweetheart, had suffered when Rob found disgrace instead of the fame he went to seek.

'No. How can my health improve with such a weight here?' placing her hand over her heart. 'Doctor says my liver's out of order; I wish it were only that.'

'What do you take?'

'Oh, he prescribed, of course; his drugs do not affect me at all, and at last he told me to drink all the sweet cider I could.'

Jennie looked quickly away, but Alma caught her horrified expression.

'I didn't like the idea of it at first,' she explained; 'he insisted; however. As we make it ourselves, though, for vinegar, I can get it perfectly sweet.'

A few more words and Jennie was gone, saying at parting, 'I do hope Rob will be himself again.'

'We hope and fear,' Alma answered, 'he and husband and I. We will make a man of him is such a thing be possible.'

As the gate clicked behind her Rob stepped from the arbour.

'She chose the better part,' he said, gazing after her up the road toward the country seat where home and husband awaited her.

'Yes, it was better not to pine for you. You've spoiled one woman's life.'

From the bitterness of her heart she spoke, and Rob groaned.

'It was your fall that first led her to think of these things,' she added; 'she appeared to feel it almost as much as I, then she recovered herself, and determined not to let it blight her future. People thought she forgot you when she married Randall, but I know. Prompting her temperance work, there is always the thought of you, and the man you might have been.'

'Little-sister!' There were times when the man in him aroused and looked out of Rob's eyes, seeing his sister as others saw her, and the sorrow he had brought into her youth.

'Is Rob out there?' a tremulous hand pushed back the blind and a faltering voice questioned fearfully, anxiously.

'He's all right, father,' the younger man spoke. Father and daughter cared for him as for an infant, and he was abashed.

'I will do better, Al,' he said, suddenly. 'I do mean to this time.'

'You have always meant to,' sadly.

'I know it, I know it! I haven't the push when I'm where it is. But I'll stay away from it, away here in the country I'll bury myself out of the reach of the sight and smell of the accursed temptation.'

He did stay. All through the autumn days he busied himself on the farm, communing with nature and with nature's God. His aged parent rejoiced in this unspoken sign of returning manhood. Surely only the good could find pleasure in the society of nature. A return to the simple friends of his boyhood must mean redemption. Even Alma did not realize the frailty of the man and the strength of the foe with whom he struggled. She saw only the stern eyes,

the rigid lines around the mouth, and felt that he would fight to win.

Alma's health was improving. The cider, or Rob's deportment, or both, raised her spirits, deepened her color, and lent a charm to existence. As winter drew on she kept her 'medicine' on the sideboard. Once Jennie ventured to expostulate. 'Don't be fanatical,' was the response, 'no one was ever harmed by sweet cider.'

'How long does it stay sweet?' retorted her friend. 'At no distant day you will rue the time when you tempted your brother. He is bringing all the power of that weak will of his to resist the desire that may outbaffle him in the end. If he gives up and goes back to the city and his old ways it will be your fault. You keep these fumes before him daily, and if he gratifies his craving you will have yourself to thank for it.'

Alma was not angry. She never was with Jennie, but she did not remove the cider. Even when Joe, the boy-of-all-work, took too much of an evening, and reeled off to bed, her conscience remained passive. But in the spring, when the barrels were taken from the cellar, and Rob and Joe each drank of the dregs till legs and heads alike were affected, then she thought of Jennie and her 'whims.'

'It's no use,' Rob said after that, and left the country for the haunts of old.

'Save my one boy; I can't rest in my grave till he's brought back to the fold,' was her father's dying charge.

She has made it the mission of her life to fulfil that charge. How she succeeds time will tell. In the slums of the wickedest of cities a man has his being. In a far distant country home his sister names him in her prayers. There is no cider in that home now.

Out of every 100 gallons of beer drunk throughout the world, Germany supplies 28, the United Kingdom 27, the United States 18, and Russia, with all its millions of people, only 2 1-4.

A TRIBUTE FROM OTTAWA.

Public Confidence.

'Perhaps one hardly goes too far in saying that no other newspaper in this country, even it may be on this continent, has been conducted from the beginning with more resolute honesty, independence and desire to be just and right than the Montreal 'Witness.' The success of the paper is an evidence of the fact that character counts for success in journalism. In spite of the keenest competition and opposition it has prospered steadily, nor is it too much to say that the main-spring of its prosperity has been public confidence in its motives and character.'

"AT SEA WITHOUT IT."

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal:

Sirs—I have been a subscriber to the 'Witness' for about fourteen years, and never failed to get the paper regularly till last week. This incident has shown me how much I have grown to depend on the 'Witness' for reliable information on current topics of interest. In fact, I may say that for the week I was quite at sea as to the Transvaal war, the Canadian contingent, etc. I shall continue to say a good word for your publications, as I can.

Wishing you success, I remain,
yours truly,

OTTO HILDEBRAND,
Doak, N.B., Nov. 2

Ottawa 'Journal.'