

dresses of fashionable ladies, sometimes sleeping in the market, sometimes in doorways, and even in that den of horrors, the casual ward. My father sent me money and I drank it away, until he heard how I was living; then he cast me off and died, they said, broken-hearted about me. I did not care—I could not—I only wanted to drink and forget all unpleasant things.

'Ah! it was good to drink, for then all I had lost came back to me; then I was back at school innocent and happy; then I was learning my business and enjoying it; then best of all, the time came back when "he" loved me and we spoke of the happy life we hoped to lead when we were wedded and had a home of our own. To wake from such dreams to what I had sunk to was torture, and the dreams only came with the drink. It is no wonder I loved it, gave up all for it, never could leave it, and I love and crave for it still.'

While she was speaking the excitement of the drink gradually left her; a grey awful shade was stealing over her face, and she was silent for a brief space of time. A spasm of pain aroused her, and she said, 'Call Bet! call quickly!'

I went to the door and shouted for her friend; as if waiting for the summons Bet was speedily in the room and looking down upon her.

'More drink, Bet,' she said, 'more drink, I'm dying for it.'

But even Bet saw the time for more drink was gone for ever as she sank, shudderingly, upon her knees by the ragged bed.

'More drink!' again cried Maggie, 'only once more! Bet, don't be hard-hearted now! Minister, give me the last thing I shall ask for!'

'Let me read—let me pray with you,' I entreated; 'pray for yourself, or it will soon be too late.'

'I don't want reading, I don't want prayer—it "is" too late for these; I want whiskey, and I must have it. It has been home, love, Bible, mother, father, religion to me. Let me have some once more, only once; I tell you I'm dying for it. Ah!' she screamed, 'I never thought of it until now, but I'm going where they are always "dying for a drop," and begging for it in vain.'

With one terrible convulsive spasm the grey shade settled down upon the face, never to be lifted any more.

Out, most gladly, into the wild night to buffet with wind and rain, thinking, as I strove on homeward, that I would not be concerned with the making or sale of strong drink for all the money that ever was coined; thinking also how such makers and vendors would meet those they had lured to destruction before the Judge on the Great White Throne.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

'Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and flee away.'

### The Difference.

A broker, returning to his office after a lunch with a client in which a good deal of wine had been drunk, remarked complacently to a visitor, 'The world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him.' The visitor looked at him significantly and replied, 'Yes, sir, and he looks different to the world.'

### A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

### The Starless Crown.

Wearied and worn with earthly care, I yielded to repose,

And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose.

I thought while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,

I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,

'Arise, O sleeper, follow me!' and through the air we fled;

We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,

And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on he went; my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;

I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet my eye.

I know not how we journeyed, through the pathless fields of light,

When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;

We passed through streets of glittering pearl, o'er streets of purest gold,

It needed not the sun by day, nor silver moon by night;

The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,

And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;

And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne.

'All worthy is the Lamb,' they sang, 'the glory His alone.'

But, fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,

And as I gazed, He smiled on me, with wondrous love and grace,

Slowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last

Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length was past.

And, then, in solemn tones, He said, 'Where is the diadem

That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?

I know thou hast believed on Me, and life, through Me, is thine,

But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;

For every soul they led to me, they wear a jewel now;

And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,

If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

'I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,

But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone

Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,

And thus in blessing those around, thou had'st thyself been blest.'

The vision faded from my sight; the voice no longer spake;

A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break,

And when, at last, I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,

My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed amid that vision's awful night.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below—

That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show,

That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,

And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,

'To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me.'

And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine.

'They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine.'

Lady Frederick Cavendish, in a recent address at Lincoln, expressed herself of the opinion that if women took up the battle of Temperance, that battle would be three parts won. She felt there were five dislikes. The first dislike was that of joining anyone and working with them; the second was that of taking a prominent part in the matter; the third was a very common one, and it was that they feared to be thought extreme. Then there was the terrible dislike of affronting anyone. Fifthly, there was a very insidious dislike to having extra responsibility. She did not think those were five great difficulties. She also went on to say that their part in the work was to stop the drink amongst their own sex, and she urged those present to do something in a spirit of self-sacrifice, so that others might benefit.

### 'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Jan. 11, of 'World Wide':

#### ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Supernatural in India—By S. Eardley Wilmot, in 'Temple Bar.'

A Trip through Siberia—Correspondence of the Boston 'Transcript.'

Gold and Diamonds in British Guiana—'Mining Journal.'

Arcadians of West Virginia—Washington 'Star.'

Roosevelt, Aristocrat—New York 'Evening Post.'

Control of the Canal Route—New York 'Tribune.'

Lord R. Ashley on Municipal Duty.

The Birmingham Riot—By an eye witness.

Our Overseas Cousins—by Alph. Gagnon, in the 'Revue Canadienne.'

Arbitration on a Business Basis—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

International Trade Problems—Papers read before the American Economic Association.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Late Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A.—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

Sir Henry Raeburn—'Morning Post,' London.

Spurious Pictures—'Daily Mail,' London.

Metal Lace—New York 'Times.'

#### CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Persian Epigram—By Edwin Henry Keen in 'The Outlook.'

Bunnet—By Gerald Gould, in 'Westminster Budget.'

Mr. Sun's Story—By Richard Le Gallienne, in 'The Cosmopolitan.'

Winter Trees—Poem by Katharine Tynan, in 'The Spectator.'

A New Life of Queen Victoria—By the Duke of Argyll—'Daily News,' London.

The Reading Public—Part I.—By Andrew Lang and 'X,' a Working Man, in 'Cornhill Magazine.'

Bacon-Shakespeare—New York 'Post.'

A New History of Queen Mary—'The Academy,' London.

Modern French Fiction—'The Pilot,' London.

#### HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Centenary of the Steam Engine—By H. G. Archer, in 'Daily Mail,' London.

The Stars and Their Names—The 'Spectator,' London.

Frost on the Pane and Elsewhere—'The Literary Digest.'

### 'WORLD WIDE'

ONE DOLLAR.

Only 75 cents

TO JANUARY 1st, 1903,

If paid before January 31st, 1902.

Subscribe Now,  
before the price is advanced.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'WITNESS' BUILDING,  
Montreal.