

# Temperance

## What Jack Hill Heard About Himself.

(By E. E. Hatchell, Author of 'Climb, Boys, Climb!', in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer'.)

(Concluded.)

Joe looked up and smiled. "Thank God!" he said. "I've prayed pretty often as I sat here that you might grow sick of him; so my prayers are answered, are they? Thank God! But tell me all about it, my boy." And Jack told him, word for word, so far as he could remember, the children's game, and indeed the words had burned themselves into his very soul. He couldn't forget them if he would. Tears coursed down old Joe's cheeks, and yet his face was smiling all over.

"Praise the Lord!" he cried. "He has revealed the truth to babes! Ah! Jack, it's a message straight from God to your soul. You have begun to realize your sinfulness; now do you realize that Jesus Christ is the very Saviour you need?"

Thus gently and lovingly the old shoemaker pointed poor lost Jack Hill to the Saviour of sinners. Then both men withdrew into the little back parlor and prayed, and when they rose from their knees Jack said, "Joe, I do believe God has heard my prayer, and has forgiven me all my many sins for Jesus' sake; but, oh! Joe, how shall I ever keep straight in the future? There's the pubs, and my mates, and—"

"And the devil," broke in Joe, "and all his hosts of evil ones, Jack," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "You haven't the ghost of a chance."

"No," replied Jack, looking crestfallen, for he did not notice the amused look on old Joe's face, "that was just what I was thinking. I don't see how I'm to keep straight at all."

"Nor do I," replied Joe, earnestly. "If it's a one-man concern you're going in for, you're no match for the devil and his temptations. I should just think not!" and Joe laughed outright. Then, drawing a well-worn copy of the New Testament from his pocket, he said:

"But there's just one thing, laddie, you've overlooked," as he opened the Testament at St. John xiv., 23, and read:

"Jesus answered and said unto him (Judas), if a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and will come unto him, and make Our abode with him."

"That's a pretty strong partnership, isn't it?" said Joe. "So, you see, it will be the Father, the Son, and you fighting the devil and his temptations! Not much doubt as to who will win, I reckon, so long as you see to it that your "love" does not grow cold, that you "keep" His "word," and give the blessed Lord an abiding-place in your heart! "Kept by the power of God" "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," that's how you are to live now, Jack. Go home now, lad, and tell the wife."

Jack went home, and there was much joy

in that cottage that evening, and late into the night husband and wife sat over the fire talking. There was a look of peace and joy on their faces that night such as had never been seen before.

"Hullo, Jack! what did you give us the slip for on Saturday night? And where did you clear off to on Sunday instead of coming round to the "Grey Horse"?"

It was Monday morning, and the men belonging to Small and Co.'s firm were gathered together to eat their dinner in one of the rooms of a half-built house they were working on.

Jack knew the moment had come when he must make his stand for Christ, and with a swift and silent prayer for help he replied, "At home, mate!"

"At home!" echoed Bill Saunders, the biggest swearer of the lot. "Wouldn't his mammy let him out?"

There was a roar of laughter at these words, and when it subsided Jack Hill said, "I've done with going to public-houses, mates, so if you want to find me you'll have to come to a different place to look for me."

"Done with public-houses!" exclaimed a voice. "Is the fellow gone clean mad?"

"No," said Jack, with a smile. "Fact is, mates, I was mad all this time to carry on as I did; I think I have come to my senses at last. But if you like I will tell you what has altered me since I left you all on Saturday."

"Fire away!" said Tim Walker, the oldest man of the gang. He knew Jack's love for drink, and out of pure curiosity he wanted to hear the story.

Jack sent up another telegraphic cry from his heart, "Lord help me!" but he did not know that old Joe was just then praying for him too, that he might, if an opportunity occurred, confess Christ that very day before his mates. A strange stillness seemed to settle down upon the men as Jack, simply, but with wonderful effect, told his story of "the children's game," and how it went home to his heart. And then he recounted his conversation with "Holy Joe," and bravely, and frankly, confessed that he was sick of living a drunken, sinful life, and had determined henceforth to be a different man, God helping him! To his astonishment he was allowed to have his way without one word of interruption. Surely God Himself had stopped the men's mouths and compelled their attention. Indeed, deep down in his heart more than one man of that group was wondering what his children thought of him as their father. Conscience was at work within them!

There was quite a long spell of silence when Jack had done speaking; then, at last, Bill Saunders said slowly, as he cut off a large piece of cheese and put it into his mouth, "I bet the kids spoke the truth, or something very like it!"

"I bet they did!" responded Tim Walker, "and p'raps the kids of some of us here say much the same of their fathers, if we only knew it!"

"I guess they do!" laughed Bill, but there was a look of shame on his face. Even swearing Bill was touched!

Worry kills as surely, though not so quickly, as ever gun or dagger did, and more people have died in the last century from sheer worry than have been killed in battle.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



2772.—Misses' tucked shirt-waist.—A stylish model made on tailored lines and suitable for development in heavy linen, madras or gingham. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2524.—Ladies' shirt-waist for bordered goods, having seven-eighths length sleeves.—This is a dainty little waist developed in dotted flannel or thin silk with a border of the silk in Oriental design. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ...., size ..... name of pattern ..... as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

### Begin in Time.

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will be formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older.

No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy, happy children. If these children are not brought up well they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean the ruin of the State in the future.—Theodore Roosevelt.

### How Will was Cured.

"I don't know what to do with my little boy," said Willie's mother. "He hasn't been well; and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore, and let him play in the sand. But how am I going to make him play when he does not feel like it?"

"I know a prescription much better than your doctor's," said a lady sitting by.

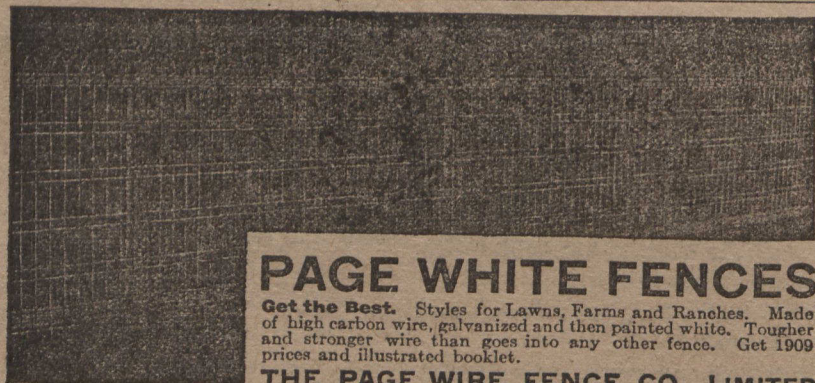
"What is it?" asked Willie's mother.

"Call him, and let me try it," said the stranger.

"Come here a minute, my son," called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. "They are just going to tease me about not playing," he grumbled to himself. "I wish everybody would leave me alone."

But they didn't say a word to him about playing. "Will," said the strange lady brightly, "if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little." Will pricked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but himself. "Do you see that little yellow cottage away off there?" asked the lady. "It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange. Will you take it?" "Yes, ma'am, certainly,"



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