

Temperance

No Compensation.

A Story More Fact Than Fable.

(The Rev. F. Docker, in the 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

'Mother-like, I soon began to see that young Pearson came for something besides having his drinks. I saw that Annie had evidently fascinated him, and I became very anxious. Of course, I knew no evil against him, neither did I know any good about him, but it seemed hardly likely that a man in his position would look at a girl from behind a bar, only a "barmaid," you know, sir, for his wife, so I spoke to Annie about it, and she laughed her own sweet laugh and kissed me, and said, "Mother, what a silly thing you are; do you think I can't take care of myself? Besides," she said, "You don't know Mr. Pearson, he is such an honorable man."

'However, it went on, Pearson came more and more to our house, and I heard from somebody that he and Annie had been seen walking together a few miles from home, and I became awfully anxious about my child. So it continued for more than a year, and then one day Annie was missing; she did not come home all night, and next morning we received a telegram from her, from London, telling us not to worry as she had come up to London, and had obtained a situation which would be splendid. Then we had a letter asking our forgiveness for the way she had left home, and explaining that as she knew how grieved I should be, she had done it to save trouble, but that she was well and happy.

'A situation! Oh, Merciful Father! We found out after what that meant. I needn't tell you that Pearson didn't come to our house again. He came up to London very often; but when once we did see him, the liar told me, as boldly as the truth itself, that he did not know what had become of Annie, and that he had had no hand in her going away. He's married now, sir! Yes, married to a lady from good society, and people have forgiven him, or quietly laugh about what he did to Annie, and say he's a smart man. He's even put up for a member of Parliament, and the clergy and the publicans have all supported him, because 'he's their man,' they say. But my Annie! Several years after I found her in London; but I mustn't say any more, sir—only she died, died penitent, and I am sure she has gone to Heaven, and her child died, too—just before its mother. I've cried till I can cry no more; my heart's dry, sir; but I feel I shan't be long before I see my Annie again.

'Then as to Jim, sir; what could you expect? He became a broken old man, with shame and grief. He drank more and more, and neglected the business, and, you see, the attraction had gone—Annie had gone. Things went all wrong, and they turned him out of his situation—almost at a moment. That just killed him, sir. So I gathered what bit

I could together, and came up to London to bury my shame, sir.'

As I listened to the conclusion of her story, I asked, 'They gave you no compensation when they turned you out of the house?'

'Compensation! sir, Compensation! No. They couldn't compensate me if they had wanted; could they compensate me for my dear child?'

'It's sad, awfully sad!' I mused as I listened to the closing sentence of the widow's story.

'But, Mrs. Wilson,' I said, 'you shall not want for a friend as long as you live.' Her silent tears of gratitude was her only answer.

'And these are the men,' I reflected, 'who are screaming, liars, injured innocents, for compensation; the men, who, to satisfy their own insatiable greed, treat their managers, often enough, like dogs, and give a short shrift, in case of dismissal, the men who are making widows and orphans, filling our gaols, and workhouses, and lunatic asylums, and corrupting the political, social, and even religious life of the nation. Let them compensate their own wretched victims, like Mrs. Wilson and her child, before they ask compensation of the nation. If there is such a thing as justice in the universe, surely they will get compensation enough some day.'

'Melican Heathen.'

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our Western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door, he was asked, 'Do you drink whiskey?' 'No,' said he; 'I Clistian man.' 'Do you play cards?' 'No; I Clistian man.' He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well; was honest, upright, correct, and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a 'progressive euchre' party, and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work. 'Why, what is the matter?' she inquired. John answered, 'I Clistian man; I tole you so before, no heathen! No workee for Melican Heathen!' The poor Chinaman urged his case, got his money, and left to seek a mistress whom he could serve without disobedience to God. The woman was astonished, and it is hoped may become a better woman and Christian. The poor heathen can see the inconsistencies of professed Christians.—New York 'Christian Advocate.'

Wellington and Wolseley.

The late Duke of Wellington once said he was 'convinced that if a system of temperance could be generally established in the army, it would be greatly for the advantage of the discipline and efficiency of the troops.' During the Peninsular war, the Duke heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march, and fearing more for his men from barrels of wine than batteries of cannon, he instantly dispatched a body of men to knock every wine barrel on the head. Lord Wolseley says: 'Our men enjoyed splendid health in the Soudan, and this is due to the fact that from the time they entered the Soudan until they quitted it they were not supplied with spirits.'

..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.



2750.—Girls' apron, closing at left side of front.—This model, which is distinctly new, is at its best developed in dotted linen, gingham or duck, as well as in Indian-head cotton, chambray, or pique, trimmed with large pearl buttons. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

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Wait Till the End.

(Sarah Tytler, in the 'Christian Age.')

PART I.

The Sin and the Forgiveness.

(Continued.)

'The poor goose will take them into her arms presently,' Mrs. Leader, who had never received any serious injury, or had to cancel a grave offence, said to herself with satirical disdain.

She was not greatly mistaken. The repentant prodigals were invited to spend their mid-summer holidays at Chelsea, that the unwelcome bride might be introduced to her husband's relations. 'It will save them the expense of sea-side lodgings, poor dears,' Mrs. Dixon was so lost to all proper feeling of resentment as to observe unblushingly.

The result was a foregone conclusion. Mrs. Dixon wrote ecstatically to Mrs. Leader, that she, Mrs. Dixon could not resist telling Mrs. Leader that they were all enchanted with Augusta—such a fine creature—looked so young, with her good figure and pleasant face, so sincerely attached to dear Harry, made him so happy, managed so cleverly on their small income. If she had not brought a fortune with her, she was a fortune in herself.

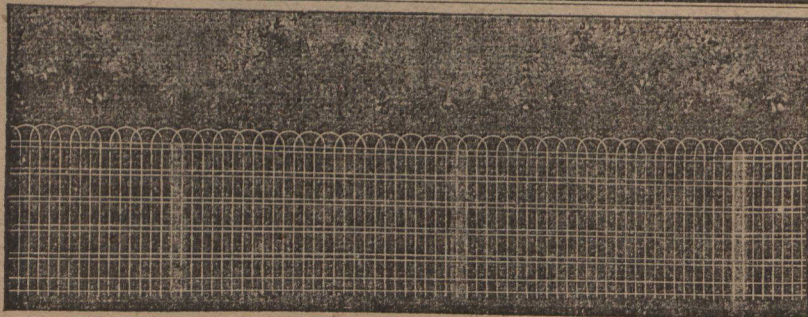
'And what do you think of your mother-in-law?' Mrs. Leader inquired curiously of her quondam friend and music-mistress.

Augusta Dixon hung her head, the tears sprang to her grey eyes. 'I think she is the dearest, most generous, unselfish woman that ever existed. I wonder how Horace could ever have found it in his heart to vex her.'

PART II.

The Storm and the Refuge.

On a bleak morning, early in March, when few people who could stay at home ventured abroad, an elderly man, with a military car-



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