

MRS. CARR'S DOCTOR.

"By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only—
Wife and husband—
And above them God, the sole spectator.

"Each man's chimney is his golden milestone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around
him."

The curtain is again drawn, and we look in upon a large, comfortably furnished bedroom. The bed is curtained round so that we cannot get a glimpse of the occupant. Presently a noble looking man enters; he quietly loops back the bed-hangings, and draws up the window-curtains so that the sunlight shines in.

A young, fragile-looking woman welcomes him with a smile. She raises her babe of a few days old, and holds him with a look of pride towards the father. While he tenderly caresses it he inquires what the doctor orders her for support? "Oh! plenty of wine and porter; but, Frank," she exclaims, "I am afraid to take it lest I should grow too fond of it!" This fragile mother needed tender care; so her husband answered soothingly: "There is no danger of my little wife becoming a drunkard."

Mrs. Carr besought the doctor to give her something else that would strengthen her, but he was of the old school of physicians, and knew of no equivalent for wine and beer. The one would nourish her blood, the other make milk. Mrs. Carr did not grow strong quickly. She had been too near the grave for that, so her strengthening drinks were continued until her babe was many months old.

After using it so long she felt weary and jaded without it; so in the forenoon she had a glass of ale with her luncheon, wine at dinner, and a glass after retiring for the night.

Her husband saw nothing wrong in this. He took as much himself, and felt no desire for more. Fortune smiled upon them. Mr. Carr's courtesy, talents, and steady business habits won him many friends. All classes respected him, and some envied him his success.

Mrs. Carr was still a pretty woman, holding her husband's affections, and having no earthly wish ungratified. It was not until the birth of their third child that a cloud was seen which in a short time was to banish peace and joy from their home.

Outsiders noticed it and guessed the cause before Mr. Carr dreamt of evil. He wondered, it is true, that his gentle wife should at times act unreasonably and cross, that the servants remained so short a time with them, and that his children were sometimes in a rather neglected-looking condition. One evening Mr. Carr invited a few friends to supper. He told his wife in the morning, and expected when he came home to dinner to find things in a forward state of preparation.

Usually Mrs. Carr got up very nice little suppers, she proving a graceful hostess, and by her ease and kindly tact making her visitors feel at home. Imagine his surprise when he entered the house to find no servant, and no dinner ready for him.

Asking his little daughter where her mamma was, he entered the nursery. Lying on the floor, with flushed face and disordered dress, was his wife. At first he thought she must be ill, but on trying to arouse her the fumes of beer told him a sadder tale.

With a groan he lifted her to the sofa, and then, moving to his child, questioned her in regard to the servant. Annie replied "that mamma and Mary quarrelled, when the latter said 'she would not stop another hour in the house,' had packed her box, and, saying 'she would return for it,' went out." Mr. Carr hardly knew what to do in regard to the expected guests; but there was still one postal delivery before night, and he would write them that his wife's illness prevented his receiving them that night.

While Mr. Carr entertained his children he thought seriously of his unexpected trouble. His wife loved him and her children; for their sakes she would see it to be her duty to abstain altogether from the use of intoxicants. The servant returned before dark, feeling sorry for the little ones left with their helpless mother. She confessed that when the cellar was locked Mrs. Carr had frequently sent her out to buy drink. Her headaches, bad-temper, and servants leaving were all the result of her drinking. Bidding the servant tell no one of his wife's weakness, he promised her a reward for her faithfulness in telling him the truth. He

sat alone with his wife while she slept off her heavy doze of beer. She awoke to find her husband pale and sad at her side. With deep shame, she confessed her weakness, adding, while sobs choked her utterance: "O Frank! I would never have come to this but for the doctor's orders." Mr. Carr told her she could reform. She must not touch a stimulant, and she would soon overcome her liking for it. She gently pleaded that he would banish it for ever from the house; but he replied "that it was no temptation to him, and he was sure she would readily overcome her desire for it."

For several months she was on her guard, adorning her home and training her children in the fear of God. All this time Mr. Carr took his moderate allowance, and when visitors were present wines were on the table. Mr. Carr did not dream that the sight and smell were a strong temptation to his wife. Alas! too strong. Again she fell, and when the cellar was locked she pawned her jewels to procure strong drink, and drank until she was delirious. To drown his sorrow her husband indulged more freely than his wont. Now and again he would awake to a consciousness of the fact that there would be a sad end to their happiness if both drank. When his wife was sober she would weep bitter tears, and on bended knees seek help to break the chains which bound her; but her husband did not banish it from their home, and the sight and smell of it would break down all good resolves. It was terrible to see the once lovely, refined woman changed into a raging fiend. Things gradually reached a climax. Mr. Carr neglected his business, friends deserted him, and piece by piece his property went from him. A true friend told Mr. Carr his duty, persuaded him to take the pledge with his wife, to sell the remainder of their property, and to remove to a distant town. Away from old associations, with a bitter sense of their weakness and dependence upon God, they began life anew. While things were in this hopeful state another child was born. Mrs. Carr did not grow strong after the birth of her babe, and one night when her husband was from home she felt herself dying. A messenger was despatched for him, but he did not reach home in time to see her die. Her last words were: "Tell my husband that God has forgiven me; that he must train our children in the strictest temperance principles, and strive to meet me in that land where there is no sin and no temptation." So ended while still young the life of one who promised to be an ornament to society and a blessing to all around her. Alas! how many blighted homes there are through the doctor's orders.—*National Temperance Advocats.*

HOW TO EDUCATE YOURSELF.

BY AMOS M. KELLOGG.

Those who undertake to educate themselves are apt to make mistakes. The reason is that they have no one to tell them what they must do, and how they must do it. If you do not do your work well at school a teacher will correct you; but when you are by yourself you are apt to become careless. Not having the companionship of others you get discouraged. As a great many boys and girls undertake to educate themselves and fail from these two causes I must warn you.

Think a great deal. The reason I say this is because thinking cures carelessness. In fact, it is not the studies I have given you that educate you, it is the thinking you do concerning them. So you must think a great deal about your studies. For example, you have your writing-book before you, and are writing the word man, you must think as you write; and after you have written the word you must ask yourself if the *m* is like that in the copy, so you must proceed as to the *a* and the *n*. Then write the word again and again, compare your writing with your copy.

After you have solved a problem in your arithmetic, you must go over the process and tell yourself why you took the steps you did; why you multiplied here and why you divided there. If you are alone you can point with your pencil and explain the steps aloud as though some one was listening.

After you have read your history and geography you should tell yourself all you can remember, if you cannot tell yourself but a little, you must read it over again. If you can get some one to talk to, tell him what you read in your history.

Besides this, you should write about what you read. When you have read in your reader or the newspapers think it over and write what you can remember.

Get some one to mark the mis-spelled words; copy those words into a little book, and punish yourself for mis-spelling by copying each one ten times.

If you think and work and work and think you will succeed. So you must try every night to have a time to think over what you have learned during the day. Begin with your penmanship and think what you wrote and whether it looks like the copy. Think of your arithmetic, the problems you solved and why you did them in the way you did. Think over your reading in geography and history. Think of what you read in the newspaper.

After you have gone along a while you will get discouraged; yes, you surely will, some of your companions will laugh at you and say they "are going to have a good time and not spend their time over musty books." They will tell you of the "fun" they had here and there. You will feel lonely and get discouraged. I shall advise you to try to find others who are educating themselves, if you can; to meet with them will encourage you. Then go to a teacher or minister and ask questions about what you do not understand. They will help you. I used to go once a week to a minister two miles distant, after I had worked twelve hours a day, to get help in my Latin reader. I always came back with a lighter heart.—*Treasure Trove.*

WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

Some months ago, five little boys were busily employed, one Saturday afternoon, tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the grounds for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, David, how silly you are! How can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your master. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played,

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er-shaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little one's talk unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off; so I am safe!"

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Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What plant in the parable of Jotham is represented as challenging the cedars of Lebanon?
2. What thorny shrub did Micah complain that the best of men were like?
3. What plant beside cassia did Ezekiel say was in the markets of Tyre?
4. What plant beside the myrrh and aloe does the Psalmist mention when prophesying of the majesty and grace of Christ's kingdom?
5. Of what wood was David's house built?

SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC.

1. The sea where the Apostles were fishing after the Resurrection.
2. A young gleaner.
3. An animal spoken of by Job.
4. The woman who told a falsehood to Peter.
5. Paul's native city.
6. The traitor apostle.
7. The Jew in whom was no guile.
8. A king who sent cedars to Solomon.
9. The new name God gave to Jacob.
10. One of the three men thrown into the fiery furnace.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 6

1. Almond. Jer. 1: 11.
2. Almg. 1 Kings 10: 12.
3. Anise. Matt 23: 23.
4. Apple. Pro. 25: 11.
5. Barley. Ruth 2: 17.
6. Box. Isa. 9: 13.

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