



'Quit Ye Like Men.'

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fear the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, sect, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God and do the right.

These inspiring words were written by the late Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, on the text 'Quit ye like men.' What a stimulus their rousing ring should give in the discharge of every duty alike in the phlegmatic, the desponding and the despairing.

Ruined: A Wife's Story.

(Concluded.)

Shall I ever forget the day when he first found out that I drank? He came in unexpectedly that afternoon. I was staying in with baby; he was ailing and fretful with his teeth, but he fell asleep, poor lamb, as soon as I had fed him. And there I sat, with the child in my lap, beside the fire, and sipped, and sipped, till everything about me got hazy. I forgot the baby, and forgot that I was not dressed for afternoon, and that I was expecting callers; I forgot everything, and I think I must have been nearly asleep, for Bob told me afterwards that he came in just in time to save the baby from rolling off my lap into the fire.

I remember hearing him cry out, and I have some sort of recollection of his laying me on the sofa, and when I came to myself, hours after, he stood looking down at me with a look I can never forget—never! He didn't say a word, but there were tears in his eyes. Then I cried, too, for we women are sure to get hysterical over everything. But mine were only maudlin tears; they didn't flow from real penitence or sorrow. No; I was only ashamed of being found out, and a bit afraid of what Bob might say.

He was very patient and forbearing with me even then, but I can see plainly now that his heart was broken. From that hour he grew old and haggard and grey.

He begged me to sign the pledge, but I could not bring myself to it. I reminded him that the doctor had ordered me drink twice a day, but I promised to keep strictly to the prescribed allowance. But again and again and again the appetite got the better of me, till Bob was nearly desperate.

Then he declared that he would cut off the supplies, and would not have any drink brought into the house even for visitors. But I was angry, and sulked and fumed, and refused to entertain even his own intimate friends if he carried his restrictions to such a length. And so I won my way again—as I always did. I piled a heavier weight on my husband's shoulders than he was able to bear. I caused him constant anxiety night and day, and to all his entreaties, his reasoning, his prayers, I only made spurious promises of amendment.

Will you believe, neighbor, that when the crash came and Bob told me that we were ruined, my first thought was: How was I going to get my drink? To such depths of selfishness had I descended.

You could never understand what I suffered when the bottles and casks all ran empty, and Bob gave me orders that no more were to be brought inside the doors.

The girls had all been dismissed except the

little nurse-girl, and I dared not send her for drink, for I knew she would tell. Shame, and fear of Bob's anger, kept me from sending the children, so I went out myself.

It was only the other day, but it seems like years.

I went right away, almost to the other end of the town; and there I drank away a good part of the little money that Bob had given me for housekeeping, begging me to use it carefully.

I don't remember leaving, but I have a recollection of someone coming forward and asking me if he could assist me in crossing the street. It was Dr. Corman, our minister. He was afraid of my getting taken up, and hurried me off to Bob's office, because it was nearer than here. I stayed there till my husband was ready, and then he brought me home. It was the last walk we took together, and I shall never lean on that arm again.

Do you wonder that God has called him? He saw how unworthy I was of a pure, faithful love like Bob's; how I repaid the sacrifice of his brave, true life.

Dr. Corman says there is hope for me yet, but I know that this stony weight of remorse can never be wholly lifted.

When Bob is taken away, kind friends are going to send me to a retreat, and the dear children will go to Bob's mother. It is my only chance. I am so weak I could not resist the drink even now if it were placed within my reach.

Bob asked me once to go away to one of the inebriate homes, but I scouted the idea. I am humbled now; I dare not refuse it any longer. There are the children—Bob's legacy to me. For their sakes I must do what I refused to do for his. But, oh! how the prospect appals me! How I shrink from the terrible fight that has to come. It seems to me it would be easier to face death than the life that lies before me now.

Oh! neighbor, if you moderate drinkers could but once feel this awful craving, this overwhelming temptation, I don't think you would look down on us who have gone astray with such scornful eyes.

It is so easy to slide down the hill; so hard to climb it again. It needs no strength to weave habits into chains, but it needs a superhuman strength to break them. Remember this, neighbor, and tell it where you go—especially at those tables where the decanters shine so prettily, and the different colors sparkle in the dainty glasses, and the hostess's eyes sparkle with pride and admiration as she views her well-spread table. Tell her that a serpent lurks in every glass as truly as when Solomon detected his trial there, and his fangs will surely be fastened in the life of those who yield to his fascinations.

This is to be my life work—should God spare me—to warn others of the pit into which I have fallen; to save other women from plunging themselves into the gulf of ruin in which I have wrecked Bob's life and mine. For Dr. Corman says that even in our town there are scores of houses—respectable, like ours—in which this self-same tragedy is going on every day. God help us all, if this be true.

There, you have heard my story, and you cannot tell me now that I am guiltless. When you hear others pitying me, you will know that the keenest sting of my sorrow is the knowledge that my own hands pressed into the cup its bitterest dregs.—'The Alliance News.'

He went up as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives—

'Master! it is good to be,
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Earth's Awakening.

(Lizzie Kings, in 'Cottager and Artisan'.)

Under her blanket all snowy white,
Old Mother Earth lay a-dreaming.
Then Spring passed by, with her smile so bright,

And Sun through the bare trees gleaming.

The sunbeams played on the Earth's brown breast,

And peeped in the shady places.
Till she roused her up from her winter rest,
To smile in their merry faces.

She robed herself in her gown of green,
With buttercups 'broidered on it,
And pussy-cat tails, with silver sheen,
She wore on her new spring bonnet.

Mild daisies bowed at her royal feet
To the music of bluebells ringing,
And little wood violets, shy and sweet,
Came, their offering of perfume bringing.

Our brave old mother! with regal mien,
She lifted her stately head,
And rose once more—every inch a queen,
From the winter past and dead.

* * * * *
So may we rise when our winter's done,
Our season of storm and stress,
Clothed in the grace that God gives alone—
'The beauty of holiness.'

[For the 'Messenger,']

Some Troublesome Stains.

As the busy mother turns out her chestful of last summer's dresses to see which can be worn again by the ever-growing owners, which must be 'passed down the line,' and which are good only for repairs elsewhere, visions of summer laundering, and ugly stains come to mind. For children will sit on the grass, must do so, of course, and grass stains will surely have to be reckoned with. Blood stains, too, are another trouble; for when Tommy's nose does bleed, it always seems to choose a time when he has his best white blouse on or his new linen suit. As for the thorn-pricks, and scratches inevitable on a day's picnicking, while they may be bravely borne by lads and lasses, they are apt to leave their mark in spots and smears, that are the despair of the busy mother, who, with all her care, finds some of them only when they come from the wash, hopelessly set by the hot water.

It is said that for grass stains, a simple treatment, always practicable, is to put the stained part in cream of tartar and water, before immersing the garment in the soap-suds. Another method claimed to be efficacious is to wet with coal-oil instead of the solution of cream of tartar. Still another laundress says the desired effect is produced by sponging the spot with alcohol before putting into the regular wash.

As to the blood stains, even inexperienced housekeepers know that if these have not yet been wet they can be removed by first washing in cold water; but I have found this very troublesome and tedious, especially when the stain has been made some days. I find nothing better than to touch each spot with coal-oil and then wash out at once in warm soap-suds, when the spot comes out like magic, leaving none of that pink tinge that the cold water process does. Ammonia is, of course, capital for blood stains used just like the coal-oil, but would take out the pattern from certain colored prints. Even for white things it is not better than coal-oil, is dearer, and not so likely to be on hand when wanted.

However, it certainly should have a place in one's emergency cupboard, for there are times when ammonia will be used where coal-oil could not do at all. I remember a young friend telling me that on the eve of starting on a long journey, their horse bolted and, in stopping it

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