

with tears; there was sobbing all over the house, and those who had been making sport of the long apron were weeping with the rest. Curiosity, mirth, and laughter had changed to solemn thoughtfulness. One after another broke down in penitence and confessed his faults; sinners voluntarily arose to ask the people of God to pray for them, confessing with sorrow their wickedness and their abuse of the Lord's goodness and the precious privilege they had enjoyed; and the most powerful revival ever known in that neighborhood commenced with that meeting.

I went home a happier child; and I think the Lord there called me to his service. This was my first effort in public confession of Christ before men; and though I was young and did not understand the ways of the Lord, nor know how I could follow out the teachings of Scripture, yet the Lord understood my motives, and I was blessed, and taught that the Lord uses the weak things of this world to confound the wisdom of the wise. I have since seen many instances where the Lord has blessed the ignorant and lowly on account of their humbleness and submission rather than those whose ways have been more in accordance with the thoughts and desires of men.

The long apron passed from sight years ago, and is probably forgotten by all except the one who wore it; but the power that filled and encouraged the heart of the despondent old preacher, and which so strangely moved the feelings of the people and changed the whole spirit of the meeting, might be traced back, not to the long apron, which had no more value than the long robes and sacerdotal trappings with which some professing Christians now array themselves, but to the public confession of Christ by a young disciple, and to her broken, child-like prayer by the old rock on the hillside in Vermont; yea, farther still than that, to the presence of the Comforter who is sent into the world to abide for ever, not only to comfort the children of the Lord, but also to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.—*Pebbles from the Path of a Pilgrim.*

GEORGE MORTON AND THE MILL.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"What will you do now, Mrs. Morton?" asked lawyer Hartley of a suddenly bereaved widow, as he called at her request soon after her husband's funeral to give counsel regarding the settlement of the considerable estate the deceased had left.

"I shall stay on here, of course, and the younger children will remain with me for the present. But George has an excellent opportunity to go into a general lumber business in Breed's Point. You know his experience here in our own mill since his boyhood will be of great advantage to him, and that and the money you say he can have at once as his share of the estate will give him a fine start."

"Why does he not continue in the lumber business here? He will have its old prestige, his own mill, machinery, his own teams, and his own wood-land, which, as you know, has some of the finest timber in the State. Then, as to cheap and efficient help, there are plenty of men in the vicinity who will be glad to work for him—in fact, they are in a measure dependent on him for work."

"Yes, I know, but George wants to get into a larger and busier place. It is very lonely for him here."

"It is the fashion in these days," replied the lawyer gravely, "for our young men, brought up on the fine old farms, among their outlying hills and valleys, to strike out for some railway centre. It is an epidemic, and, I suppose, must have its run. Happy and fortunate are the few sensible young fellows who escape the miserable infection. Now, Mrs. Morton, let me tell you how it will be with George. He will give up this splendid old farm and mill, and then these small farmers who have heretofore depended on your family for employment, especially during the dull seasons, will be compelled by sheer necessity to pick up and move to some factory village, where their children can work in the mills to help eke out a subsistence. The fine school in this old district will have to be given up on account of the large reduction in the number of pupils, and the

two or three families that are better off will feel lonely and isolated, and will think it a duty to go where their children can have better advantages; and in short order this fine farming district all along this lovely river and these rich hillsides will become depopulated, just because they are a little remote from the dirt, din, and deviltry of a railway centre. Take my advice and urge George to remain here and save the old neighborhood from speedy and utter decadence."

"I don't think, Esquire Hartley, I have any right to stand in the way of George's rising in the world. He says it is a rare chance that is now offered him—no less than a business partnership with Captain Munyan."

"Not Capt. Jack?"

"Yes."

"It will be his ruin," said the man of law decidedly. "I know Jack Munyan. He is like the graft of false-hearted apples that used to grow on the old 'grindstone tree' over on my grandfather's farm; don't you remember?"

They both smiled. "Yes," said Mrs. Morton, "and I remember your father thought your mother was out of her head when she said one day, just as they had begun to keep house, 'How I wish I could have a pan of baked 'grindstones' for tea!'"

"Yes, I have heard the story. But this Jack Munyan: I know he belongs to a good old family, but he is the false-hearted graft of it. He is very affable in manner, but he has bad habits; he is dishonest; he is totally without principle. He will lead your son astray—mark my words. Keep George at home!"

The young man, however, was not content to be kept at home, and soon the coveted partnership was effected.

George boarded at the village in the same family with Munyan. He kept one of his horses there, and usually when he went home, as he did nearly every Sunday, Munyan went with him for company. At first they drove over early and accompanied the family to meeting. But soon that became too much of a bore to Munyan. Then they would drive over later, and the family remained at home to entertain them and to get them up a fine dinner. That was the first entering wedge that caused the family downfall.

One day, as the two young men went driving through the fragrant, woody ways, musical with all country sounds, in the twilight of the long, lovely afternoon, Munyan produced a bottle of brandy that he had brought along "to keep their spirits up," as he said; and this soon became a regular practice. After a time, as the days grew short, George's eyes began to be opened; he was conscious that he was on a wrong and dangerous track, and next time Munyan asked him to drink he astonished the scheming, unprincipled fellow by stoutly refusing.

"I've broken square off—as short as a pipe-stem."

"Wait until New Year's," replied Munyan, "and I will swear off with you. It would be a great deal easier for us to go snacks together; we shall be likelier to hold out; and I don't want to waste all this good stuff."

So once more George was overpowered, and got up with his usual Monday morning headache. But New Year's came along apace. There was a great dinner at the Widow Morton's, Munyan, as usual, being the honored guest, and as the two young men set out for the village in the pale winter moonlight, Munyan, of course, produced a flask of liquor.

"It's cider brandy," said he, "twenty years old. Old man Nickerson, your neighbor, insisted I should take it. I went over to his house, you know, to ask about those pine logs. He said it was excellent for rheumatism, and it seems to me I feel a few little twinges."

"But we have broken off," said George. "Well, I'll tell you what," replied Munyan, "we'll have our last blow-out to-night, and then break the bottle and shake hands over it."

It was their last. Presently the high-spirited horses became frightened and ran, the sleigh went over an embankment, Jack Munyan had a leg broken, and George Morton, the promising young lumber dealer, either from chagrin or because in a dazed condition from his bruises, ran off through

the woods and disappeared, no one knew whither. Neither his idolizing mother nor any one of his friends have seen him since. There were vague, unreliable traces of him at first, or of a person resembling him, but nothing satisfactory, and the anguish of the uncertainty to those who loved him was worse than a certainty, however sad.

The years have rolled by, and old lawyer Hartley's prediction has been verified. The old "No. 6" school is depopulated, the fine farms are overgrown with bushes, the once spacious, comfortable dwellings are in ruins, the poor stricken mother long dead, the children scattered, the Morton estate vanished—a large portion of it, one way or another, through the hands of the sharper, Munyan.

This simple narrative carries its own moral. It is unwise in very many cases for our country boys to leave their clean, spacious, productive homes and flock to the crowded villages and cities. The old, old story of bad companionship is again told. Break evil habits short off. Don't wait for a birthday or a New Year, or until you come to grief in some way, to begin to do right. Now is God's accepted time, and what other time will do as well as his?—*American Messenger.*

A SHOEMAKER REPROVED.

The late Oberconsistorialrath Woltersdorf once knew a shoemaker in Berlin who had attained to faith after many temptations and conflicts. Now this man imagined that only such as himself were genuine believers, and that others were but half Christians. Spiritual pride and uncharitableness continually increased in his heart. One day Woltersdorf sent for him, and had himself measured for a pair of boots. He then ordered a pair for his son, who was fourteen years old. The shoemaker consequently wanted to take his measure also. But the father refused with the words, "There is no need of it; make his boots on my last." And when the shoemaker declared that this would not do, if his boots were to fit, Woltersdorf looked seriously at him, and said, "So it will not do. You insist upon making a pair to fit each person, and yet you want the Lord to fashion all Christians on the same last. That, too, will not do." The shoemaker was startled, but was afterwards grateful for the sermon.

LIKE A TIRED CHILD.

Like a tired child
Who seeks its mother's arms for rest,
So lean I in my weariness
On Jesus' breast.

And, as that mother soothes
To sleep her weary child,
"Peace, be still," is said by Christ,
Who calmed the tempest wild.

When bowed my head
'Neath some o'erwhelming, sudden grief,
I seek that same dear Friend, and find
A sweet relief.

When friends forsake,
And life indeed seems drear,
I want my Saviour then to come
So very near.

That I can plainly see
Beyond the mists below,
A land of pure and perfect love
To which I go.

When in my sky
No star is hung to light my way,
E'en though my strength may have grown weak,
I kneel and pray.

Thus strength I gain
To help me on from day to day;
New faith, new hope, till every cloud
Has passed away.

Dear Saviour, mine!
I know that Thou art just;
Then teach me this sweet lesson, Lord,
To fully trust.

—Alice Nelson, in *Christian Intelligencer.*

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| 1 copy | \$ 0 30 |
| 10 copies to one address | 2 25 |
| 20 " | 4 40 |
| 50 " | 10 50 |
| 100 " | 20 60 |

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order, payable at Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y. State, or secure an American Express Co. order, payable at Montreal.

PRETTY GIRLS
are getting plenty, and it is fashionable to be
HEALTHY AND STRONG,
BE SURE TO BUY FERRIS'
GOOD SENSE
CORSET WAISTS.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
Burrone at front instead of CLASPS.
Clamp Buckle at hip for Ease Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off Cord-Edge Button Holes—won't wear out.
FIT ALL AGES—Made in
FAST BLACK,
drab and white.
Mailed FREE on receipt of price, by
FERRIS BROS.,
Manufacturers,
341 Broadway, New York.
For Sale by ALL LEADING RETAILERS.



BOILING WATER OR MILK.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

THE SOWER HAS
NO SECOND CHANCE.
Good sense says make the most of the first.
FERRY'S SEEDS
have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—Merit Tells.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1892 tells the whole Seed story—Sent free for the asking. Don't sow Seeds till you get it.
D.M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.



"COD LIVER OIL;
WHOLLY OOD LIVER OIL; AND
NOTHING BUT COD LIVER OIL."
THE ONLY ABSOLUTE OIL.

PETER MÖLLER'S
Norwegian Cod Liver Oil



Pure—Sound—Sweet—Scientifically Prepared
—Having the agreeable flavor of freshly boiled Cod Livers, a dish much esteemed by European gourmets—Free from odor—As easily taken as a draught of water—Leaves no after taste—Followed by no nausea or eructation.

MÖLLER'S OIL IS NOT AN EMULSION,
Various drugs and consisting of Gum, Sugar, Essential Oils, Chemicals, Water and some Cod Liver Oil, producing an uncombined mixture, disapproved of for obvious reasons by physicians.
But a Pure and the Only Absolutely Pure Oil in the World.

Put up only in flat oval bottles hermetically sealed. For sale by druggists. "Moller's Cod Liver Oil."

W. E. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York, Sole Agents.

AGENTS' Sample Book for 1892, contains the latest and most beautiful Silk Fringe, Gold Edge, Hidden Name, Fancy Shapes, &c. Cards (not pictures) free. Send 3c stamp for mail. Address

STAR CARD CO., Bolton Centre, P. Q., and your name on twenty-five lovely new style Cards, 10c. Typewriter given free to our agents. Address: EUREKA CARD CO., Bolton Centre, P. Q.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'."