THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think That this is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I heard you say, "Why, that isn't very much to pay." Ah, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb; And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride; And lies a groveling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell. Honor and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame. High endeavor and noble aim. These are the treasures thrown away At the price of a drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed, As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded wine, for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do! And before morning the victim lay With his life-blood swiftly obbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas ! For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through that wretched tenement over there With dingy windows and broken stair, Where foul disease, like a vampire crawls With outstretched wings o'er the moldy walls

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food; There shame, in a corner, crouches low; There violence deals its cruel blow; The innocent ones are thus accursed To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and hlight That follows the ruinous appetite. 'Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think That this is really the price of a drink? -Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Bazar.

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

"This is rather a disappointing book, mother," said Ted Rivers, putting it down

with a little sigh.

"What is the matter with it, Ted. The

author's name is very familiar, and it looks interesting."

"Oh! it's all right in that respect, but you see in these books the boys and girls do so much it's a little discouraging. They go off in the summer and wake up churches, start book clubs, run missionary meetings, all by themselves. Now, you know, mother, I really do want to help. I do not want to be an idle soldier, but what can I do? In the first place our church here is all alive the Sunday-school don't need me, and I don't see what my work is," and the boy looked up in his mother's face with a really troubled expression.

Ted Rivers was only fifteen, but he had been for so many years the constant companion of his widowed mother that he seemed much older. He had lately publicly enlisted in the army of the Great Captain and, although a young soldier, he was a faithful one; full of the desire to be true to his colors and obedient to orders. He was none the less boyish for all that, just as fond of a game, full of fun, and a little given to mischief, so his friends had unanimously decided that "religion had made Ted Rivers a better companion than he ever was."

Now they had come away from the city to spend the summer and autumn in a little village among the mountains, where Mrs. Rivers had bought a cottage; a quiet, orderly place, whose people were industrious and independent; among whom, as Ted said, there really seemed no work for him to get at. It was on the cottage porch this conversation took place, as Ted sat on the steps at his mother's feet. Mrs. Rivers looking down into the handsome, carnest face, felt she had great cause for thankfulness that her boy so early realized the Christian profession was not a mere empty title, but a call to earnest, practical work

for others.

she answered. "How do you know the of any one's abilities, when he compared Sunday-school does not need you? Have his own advantages with theirs? man's mind, and he found that if he was you ever been there to see?"

Here the color crept into his face again determined to do anything, he could do it.

'You know I have not, mother; but what could I do? I can't take a class as you have. I am not old enough to teach.

"You certainly are not, but are you too old to be taught? Could you not go into a

He made a little grimace and shrugged his shoulders. His mother answered the action in words.

"Yes, I know it would be rather a change from dear Mrs. Mason, with your own companions at school and play as class-mates, and your attractive room. Old Deacon Small is not very well educated and perhaps not always very interesting, and the Sunday-school is pretty hot and stuffy in the afternoon, and perhaps there is just a little feeling that a fellow from the city cannot learn much from an old country

Ted laughed heartily.

"Stop, mother, do stop. You're a regular conjuror. Who told you all that?"

"I have not studied one boy from baby.

hood without understanding him a little, Ted."

"I suppose it was sort of mean to think in that way, but after all I don't believe there would be any good in my going."

There was a deepening carnestness in her manner, as Mrs. Rivers, laying her hand upon the curly head, said gently:

"Ted, dear, I am sure there is work for you in this place. It may be a very little one in your eyes, but God does not see things as we do, fortunately for us. It may not be as exciting as waking up churches or running missionary meetings, but it may lead to the salvation of human beings. I have noticed that the village boys have made you a leader among them, and I wonder how you will use your influence."

"Not much influence, mother. They think me rather a good player and enjoy using my new bats and balls.'

"It is more than that. They copy you in many ways, many more than you think. Now, last Sunday not one of those larger boys was in school, and on inquiring the reason from the good old deacon, he said they had been at one time very faithful, but had gradually drifted away, through the influence, he feared, of the young boy who came here in the summer.

The color flashed into Ted's face. "Mother," he said, indignantly, "I did try to make them go. Only last Sunday morning I wanted them to promise me they would."

"What did they say?"

He laughed awkwardly as he answered, "To tell you the truth, mother, they had rather the best of it. They said if I'd go first they'd see about it, but I'd better mothics before preaching."

risk they disce about it, but I'd better practise before preaching."
"My case is now complete, Ted, and I will hand it over to the jury for a verdict. Do you need me to point out your work more plainly, dear boy? I think not."

Mr. Divy, had the restant of planting.

Mrs. Rivers had the rare tact of planting her seed and leaving it to take root without too much troubling of the ground; so after her last words she rose quietly and went into the house, leaving Ted alone on the porch.

He was lost in thought, and not very pleasant thought either, judging by his expression. Ted was struggling with himself. He did not want to go to that Sun-day-school, so different from his own, where a cultured Christian woman met her boys each week to give them food for thought and work. Yet the last words she had said to him, when the school closed for the summer, were, "Do not forget you are a professed and confessed soldier, Edward, and be sure your influence is felt for good wherever you may be.'

He wished his mother had let him alone. hot on Sun and that shady nook by the stream was the very place to read and doze; much better than that stupid old school. He knew Deacon Small could not teach him any-

But here a new direction was given his but here a new direction was given his instructions what to do with it. "But," booking down into the handsome, earnest thoughts. Was not the old man a soldier in the same army? Had he not been fighted the same army? Had he not fought and the poung man, "suppose I lose that her boy so early realized the hirstian profession was not a mere empty the, but a call to earnest, practical work or others.

"You are wrong in one thing, I think," Suit freetion was given his instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose throughts, what shall I do then?" "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to; or others.

"You are wrong in one thing, I think," Suit fright to think meanly occurrence; you must not lose it!" This

Here the color crept into his face again and burnt redly. The struggle was nearly over. He was reading his orders pretty plainly now, for a message had gone up quickly to Headquarters, and even now the

answer was being received.
"Even Christ pleased not himself," it When he rose to his feet he had conquered, and although not another word upon the subject passed between them, his mother knew that all was well.

The usual Saturday afternoon base-ball match was more than usually exciting, and it seemed as though the boys would never be tired of discussing it in every detail. They were stretched under the trees in all sorts of lazy attitudes, quite the pick of the village boys, sturdy young fellows, willing to acknowledge Ted as their leader, but quick to assert their own independence, too.

At the first pause Ted spoke, and the sudden change of subject startled many of them into activity.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to Sunday-school to-morrow. You fellows told me to practise first, so that's what I'm going to do; but after that look out, for I'll preach for all I'm worth."

There was silence for some time, then the oldest boy among them answered him. "I like that in you, Ted; and as it would

look pretty mean to let a strange fellow go all alone, I'll join you."
"Will you, Joe? Thank you." I was a little put out at the idea of going alone, but now I'm all right."
So on Sunday afternoon Ted and Joe, manfully turning their backs on the enticements of shade and books, walked into the school and found places in Descent the school and found places in Deacon Small's class. How delighted the old man was, and when, a few minutes later, two more of the older boys dropped, half ishamed, into their old places in the class, he fairly beamed on them through his glasses. Ted found himself rewarded, for the lesson was taught with an earnest sim-plicity that went home to the boyish heart, and he entirely forgot to be shocked by the grammatical errors in the homely but significant illustrations.

The boys all promised to come again, and Sunday after Sunday found them in their places, the band gradually growing larger, until the class overflowed its boundaries and had to be given a little room all to itself. One by one those boys came back, and this time came back to stay, feeling that they were wanted, and really necessary to the success of the deacon's class.

Ted's part in this work was known to only a few; his mother, the boys, and, above all, at Headquarters, from whence that order had been received and so promptly obeyed. But, although our young soldier was not working for thanks, he felt a throb of joy in his heart when, in the spring of the following year, he received in his city home a letter from Joe

Most of it was taken up with village news, and expressed the pleasure the boys would have in seeing him back again, but crowded in at the end, boy like, was the real reason for writing it.

On Sunday," Joe wrote, "I am going to unite with our church, and so will Ed, Dick, and Will. We feel this has come to us through the Sunday-school and the deacon's teaching, but we none of us forget that it was you that led us back again. seemed a little thing to you, maybe, but it meant a lot to us.'

Fit ending for this simple story is that closing sentence in the village boy's letter.

—New York Observer.

LOSING AND FORGETTING.

A successful business man said there was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely; "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," two tuings Tearnea

determined to do anything, he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there and made it stay. He used to say, "When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well say. 'I do not think enough of my business to take the trouble to think of it again.'" "I once had a young man in my employ," said another gentleman, "who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say, 'I for-I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three years he was utterly changed in that respect."—Selected.

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