

the children, after his drinking bill was settled.

The good mother at home took in sewing or any kind of work she could find; that her strength would permit, and managed to keep them from starving; but the children were never clothed so as to be presentable at either day or Sunday-school.

One Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, found William, or Bill, as he was called, at the meat market. He sauntered in slowly, with dinner basket in his hand, and a very little money in his pocket. A few moments after a well-dressed gentleman walked in with a brisk step, threw some money on the counter, and said to the butcher in a quick, business-like voice: "Send up four pounds of steak to my house by 9 o'clock in the morning, will you? And cut it pretty thick." Then he walked out without noticing poor Bill. Bill saw him though: it was the proprietor of the saloon where he spent most of his money. Bill sat for some time thinking, until aroused by the butcher, with: "Well, Bill, what do you want, ten cents worth of liver? Do you want it charged, as usual?"

Bill got up, shook himself, and started toward the door. "No, I do not want anything to-night."

"Oh, come, man, take something home for the kids. You are welcome to it."

"No, not to-night," and Bill went out closing the door with a bang.

"Four pounds of steak, and cut it pretty thick," rang in his ears, and was all he could think of. How many weeks, even months, since he had had even a sufficiency of any kind of meat at his house, while the other man could order his four pounds of steak cut pretty thick. The man had passed in front of him, and had not noticed him either!

He stopped at a grocery store and took home a few little bundles. The children, of course, were in bed, but the patient wife sat, hard at work, trying to patch up some of their clothes. She looked up timidly as Bill came in, and was surprised to see him looking so serious and sober. Wise woman that she was, she said nothing about it, but set the remains of their scanty supper before him; he ate little of it, and prepared to retire. He was so quiet she mustered up courage to ask him if he was sick. He replied with a kindly "No."

He went to work as usual next week, and came home promptly at night; mother and children were surprised, but too glad to have him at home to ask for any explanation. He worked all week to the tune of "four pounds of steak and cut it pretty thick," and the ring of the money on the counter; he even smiled over his work; his companions joked him and wanted him to come with them at night, as usual, but he only said, "No!"

He was very excited all day Saturday, and could hardly wait for 6 o'clock; it came finally; he received his wages and started—for the saloon, do you think? No, indeed! He went straight to that beef market, walked in, threw down a dollar, and exclaimed: "Give me four pounds of steak, and cut it pretty thick!"

The butcher stared at him, and Bill was obliged to repeat his order. The butcher was a-wise man, and said: "Hurrah for you, Bill!" Bill did not seem to notice what was said, for he was in a hurry to get home.

Wife and children were surprised again; father coming home with their supper and throwing money into mother's lap was something new. He explained matters this time by telling what had happened the Saturday night before at the meat market.

"Now, Mary," said he, "I have turned over a new leaf, and it will stay turned over. I see how I have wasted my money, and you all have suffered for it. Let us have some supper, and then we will take what money is left, go out and get some clothes for the children, and start them to Sunday-school in the morning, as you and I were brought up to do."

Not one of the family ever forgot the "four pounds of steak, and cut it pretty thick" that had so completely changed life for all.

### Afraid of the Smell of Whisky

Mr. Hanson says: "On one occasion I was walking along the road with a most zealous temperance worker, when suddenly, while nearing a public-house, he seized me by the arm, and said, "Let us cross over." Without any remark we crossed; but then I said, "What made you cross the street so suddenly? We were on the better side, and we shall have to cross again to get to where we are going." He replied, "You know that

before my conversion I was a very heavy drinker, and, indeed, I regard myself as a miracle of grace; for nothing short of the grace of God could have rescued me from the slough of drunkenness into which I had fallen. But though I am now saved, the devil does not leave me altogether, and sudden desires to again taste intoxicants attack me, and the smell of them lends additional force to the temptations. When we were on the other side of the street I saw a man pumping whiskey from a large cask just outside the public-house door, so I crossed the street to avoid the smell, and as we crossed I lifted my heart in prayer to God to keep me safe." That man acted wisely. God will keep those who trust in Him, but we must not wilfully go in the way of temptation."—Christian Herald.

### Abstainer's Savings.

John Bright was once addressing a number of Sunday-school teachers, when he gave them some excellent advice on some of the matters they should bring before their scholars. Parents and teachers should consider these words carefully:—

"You might tell them as far as regards their health, nothing is more proved than that the persons who do abstain have better health by far than those who do not. More than this, it could be easily shown that if they saved the sixpence or shilling which they might spend in the course of a week on those unnecessary articles, in the course of a very short time they might amass a considerable sum that might be the beginning of some useful and prosperous course of life."

These are the cool, deliberate words of a man who always weighed well what he said; he was no firey teetotal lecturer, but a plain speaker of truth, and his modest words carry conviction with them. We know that intoxicating drinks are unnecessary, and though in many instances indulgence in these drinks does not lead to crime, yet the habit does lead to waste of money, and it, especially, affects those who can least afford to be losers in this way.

The man who has a little fund in the bank is in a measure independent of the world, and his heart is cheered by the hope that when sickness or old age comes upon him he will not have to beg for help, but, like Longfellow's blacksmith,

"Look the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man."

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

## Correspondence

Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have forty-two head of cattle; twelve cows, four pairs of steers fattening for sale in the spring, and young cattle. We are breaking in a pair of yearling steers this winter. I like to team them. We have a small sled that we put them on.

Papa and my brother Athol hauled the hay off the marsh the first of the winter, next they put in the ice, then hauled the wood, and now we three boys are all going to school. When it is too cold or stormy to go to school we study at home. Of all my studies, I think I like arithmetic and Health Reader the best. Our Health Readers teach much the same as the Scientific Temperance Lessons that were in the "Messenger" and The Catechism on Beer. I wish that man who gave us such a good instructive letter on the deadly cigarette would give up his pipe and tobacco before he teaches his boys to use it.

I. B. P. (aged 13.)

Chatsworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my sixth birthday, and my mamma promised to write me a letter to you to-day. The letters are to me the best part of the "Messenger," then the stories for the "Little Folks." We give away most of the papers to those who do not get it, but the last half year we kept them, and mamma bound them together, and they made a fine book for us. We like to hear the stories over and over again.

Mamma cuts the children's hymns out of the "Weekly Witness" and pastes them in my scrap book, and I have learnt every one. We like to sing "Marching On."

I have only one brother, John, who will soon be four years old. We are far from school, so I am not going till John is able to go with me. We both go to Sabbath-

school in the summer, but we get a ride there with our pony, Jackie. In the winter we get a lesson at home every Sabbath afternoon, and learn the Golden Texts. We like the lessons this quarter, for they are all about Jesus the Good Shepherd.

We live on a farm, and have lots of pets, lambs and calves, a puppy we call Rollo, and a big old cat, Tom, who will get in our little waggon for a ride and enjoys it too. One of my presents to-day was a pretty china tea-set from my Sabbath-school teacher, another was a birthday book for my little and big friends to write their names in. I hope all the little letter friends will have as happy a birthday as I had to-day.

ANNIE P.

Dear Editor,—I think Clara is getting quite a shower of compliments for her description of crossing the prairie. I was interested in her letter also. Every Sunday our teacher tells us a little story to illustrate the lesson. I will tell you a story she told us one Sunday.

There was a poor beggar sitting by the wayside. One day a fairy was passing by. She went up to the beggar and offered him a number of precious jewels and riches, which she held in her hand. The beggar refused to take them, so the fairy passed on. As soon as she was gone the beggar called for her to come back and he would take the jewels. The fairy replied: My name is Opportunity. You have had your opportunity, and now it is gone forever. So the fairy passed on her way. Now can you tell what this story is meant to illustrate? Well, I will tell you. We are all like poor beggars, and Christ offers free salvation to all who will receive it. If we refuse, we are more foolish than the beggar on the wayside. If we receive it, we shall have eternal peace, happiness and salvation. Why not accept him before it is too late?

Ever since I can remember I have saved cards and papers. When I get a whole lot mamma gives them to the hospital or poor people.

A LITTLE HELPER (aged 12.)

Gilbert Plains, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—We live at the west end of the Gilbert Plains, between the Riding and Duck Mountains. We came here last May from Portage la Prairie. This is a new country. We are about thirty-six miles from a railway and a little over a mile from school. We have taken the "Messenger" for nearly six years, and we like it very much. After we read it we lend it to some of our neighbors. Perhaps we may get some of them to subscribe for it. I saw the wood and mind our two cows and the hens.

GEORGE (aged 11.)

Strathlorne, N.S.

Dear Editor,—In my former letter I spoke of the valley of Strathlorne, in which I live, but I did not give a very definite idea of where it is situated. Well, it is in the County of Inverness on the west coast of Cape Breton Island, an island famed for its beauty of scenery and its unlimited natural resources; famed for its great mineral wealth; famed for its healthy, sturdy Scotch inhabitants. They came early in the century, finding it an unbroken forest, with no settlement nearer than fifty miles. They erected rude houses and cleared patches of land. Then by sheer dint of hard labor, they soon became prosperous, and in a short time they were able to erect better houses. My great-grandfather came to this country about 80 years ago. He cultivated the soil bit by bit, and at his death he left about 500 acres of good land to his family. Thus did our forefathers toil, and thus they succeeded in founding respectable homes for their heirs and descendants, and to-day Cape Breton is a flourishing little island, and mining experts say that Inverness particularly is rich in minerals, gold having been found at Cheticamp, Whycomagh, and several other places. It has also fine farming districts and great pasture lands. Cape Mabon, a short distance from here, is noted for its fine pasture land. In the summer the scene from this cape is delightful. On a fine day, in addition to the beautiful settlements of Strathlorne, Lake Ainslie, and the Mabons, one can see the cosy Island of Prince Edward away across the Strait of Northumberland, a distance of 30 miles.

MORRIS McL. (aged 12.)