NORTHERN MESSENGER.

14

LITTLE TEMPERANCE WORK. "BY MRS.' N. C. ALGER.

8

A

"I do wish you would help me finish my dinner, Tressie," said Grace Marshall. "You see, baby wanted my lunch-box, so mamma put my dinner in a paper. said that would save bringing home a box this rainy day; but she put up such a lot, I can't eat it. Oome over here and help me.' "Thank you, you're good," replied Tressie Welden, "but I've had my dinner.' replied

"I don't care if you have," said Grace, "you might pity me, for manna says I must not throw food away, and I'll be sick if I eat all this. I'll bring it to your desk, and put it in your mouth," and in two minutes she was by Tressie's side, dividing her paper and lunch, giving each two tongue sandwiches, two squares of cake, and an orange.

But now, Tressie covered her face with her thin hands, and did not even touch the food. Grace put her arm around her and said, "Come, now, be a good girl. You will have to go for the doctor for me if I eat it all.'

Tressie turned toward her while the tears rolled over her cheeks, and asked, "What would you do if you never, never in all your life had enough to eat? What if you felt all gone and empty through the day, and woke up in the night and there was something gnawing, gnawing inside; but you mustn't even get up and eat the raw potatoes, because there wouldn't be any-

thing for next day. What would you do?" "Why, I cannot tell--I think I should die," replied Grace, surprised and shocked, as she saw more plainly than ever before how poor and white were Tressie's hands

and face. "Yes, but supposing you couldn't die ? Then there's my mother, I couldn't leave her. What do you suppose I had for my dinner! One boiled potato ! but you mustn't tell. I always liked you, and I'll eat your good things, seeing it's you. Т never had an orange before. I don't feel as though I ought to take that."

"Yes, indeed," sobbed Grace, "you must eat it, and mine too. Why, I have them every day. I want you to go home with me to dinner to-morrow. Mamma would be so glad to have you." "Oh, I mustn't !" said Tressie, looking

frightened ; "and please don't tell folks how we live, for mother would not have any one know, because, you see, father drinks. I wouldn't have the school children find it out for anything. I oughtn't to tell, but I feel as if I didn't weigh so much already, though I'm eating a lot. It makes me feel lighter to tell somebody. I'm-so heavy in my heart sometimes, it seems as if I couldn't stand it. May I carry my orange to mother? She never has anything good to eat." "Yes, indeed," said Grace ; and she pre-

pared her own, and compelled Tressie to eat it, then went with her to the cloakoom, and saw the precious fruit safely fidden in the pocket of a cloak which, Tressie said, had to be put in a safe place every night, or it might get sold for rum.

"You're awful good to me," said the grateful child, putting her thin hand on her schoolmate's shoulder. "It seems as if I'd got somebody besides God and mother to care for me. Sometimes I think folks that have good fathers who don't drink can't be thankful enough. Just see and closing the door, she stood here ! against it, pulled down her stockings, and showed a score or more of terrible burns, some healing, others running sores ; "that is where father heats the poker, hot, oh, so hot ! then holds it on till I want to die. Sometimes he has my little sister do it. She cries, and begs him not to make her, but he says he'll kill her if she 'don't. You see he hates me because I always take mother's part, and I guess he hates us all when he's been drinking. Oh, Gracie ! why, why do the good folks let the bad folks sell rum ? Mother says lots of folks how they'd like to have their wives or their nice good mothers dragged round by their hair as my mother is, or kicked downstairs. But they pretend to love the Lord, and yet believe it's right to sell liquor."

X

"Come out, quick !" said Grace. She was not used to suffering, and Tressie's sad story and the sight of the burns made her feel sick. It seemed as though she could not breathe in the cloakroom and it was not much better in the schoolroom. She knew her father voted for high license, because she had heard her aunt, who wore a white ribbon, begging him not Think of it ! her dear papa voting for whiskey. The more she thought of it the worse it seemed, until, by the time school was dismissed, she was nearly beside herself with grief and shame. She only took time to whisper to Tressie, "Pray, Tressie, ray, and I'm sure something good will happen," then she ran all the way home, and finding her father and mother together, she delivered such a temperance lecture as they had not heard for many a day, describing Tressie's home as she had formed the picture by her schoolmate's accounts of it, giving her story of suffering almost word for word, and laying the whole blame upon the good men who voted for license. Then Grace threw herself into her mother's arms,

and cried as though her heart would break. If a cyclone had struck the house, Mr. Marshall would not have been more astonished. As his only daughter, who was usually so quiet and loving, stood before him with flaming cheeks, flashing eyes, and clenched hands, all his fine theories regarding high license seemed to vanish bere her burning words.

The united efforts of father and mother were needed to quiet the delicate child, who had taken her first lesson in the world's great sorrow ; nor could they soothe her until, when she cried wildly, "Will you do it again ? Will my dear papa do it igain ?" he replied, "Never, never, my child. I will not vote for license as long as I live." Then she fell asleep and as her Then she fell asleep and as her parents watched beside her and heard her moans, they looked at our nation's great curse in a different light from that given by a high-license standpoint.

Grace was not able to go to school the next day, but her father went in his carriage and brought Tressie and another little girl to eat dinner with her. He also made in-quiries and found that little could be done for the Welden family, as Mr. Welden would sell everything, even food sent them, for liquor. The way for assistance was soon opened in an unexpected manner. One evening the bell rang violently, and Mr. Marshall, on opening the door, found Tressie, who had run all the way from her home and could only gasp, "He's killed my dear mother," when she seemed about to fall. Mr. Marshall caught her, and gave her to his wife, while he hailed a passing carriage and was soon at her home. Mrs. Welden was lying at the foot of a flight of stairs, insensible. He took her to a hospital, where it was found that she was nearly covered with bruises, and sev-

eral bones were broken, but life was not gone. Taking two policemen, he returned to the house and took Tressic's three sisters, whom he found hidden in a closet, home with him, while the drunken father was soon under lock and key.

He was afterwards tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

When Mrs. Welden was well enough to work, Mr. Marshall took her to a comfortable cottage on a quiet street, where she found her four children dressed in new suits throughout and rejoicing that they were never to live with their father again unless he reformed. High license has no greater enemy than Mr. Marshall, and the rumsellers are afraid the town will soon vote no license.

The worst thing about Tressie's story is that it is true.

Will you not pray more and work harder that the great curse of strong drink may be driven from the land ?- Youth's Temperance Banner.

A TAHITIAN CHIEF.

In the South Seas, in the beginning of the themselves Christians vote for present century, was a man of the name of answering the questions which had been license, and thousands of innocent children Hunt, who had gone to preach the Gospel and their mothers have to suffer. If the to the inhabitants of Tahiti. The missionwhile, I guess they'd want the mis'able while, J guess they'd want the mis'able bow they'd like to have they'. I wonder spreading across the island of Tahiti and the neighboring islands. The most powerful idolatry, sensuality, ignorance and brutality, with everything else that was to break caste?" went all around un-

semed to have made no impression upon the sides stood twenty to eighteen correct those awfully degraded islanders. A translation of the Gospel according to John had just been completed, and Mr. Hunt, before it was printed, read from the manuscript translation the third chapter; and, as he read on, he reached the sixteenth verse, and in the Tahitian language, gave those poor idolaters this compact little Gos-pel: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that who ever believeth in him should not petith, but have everlasting life.'

A chief stepped out from the rest (Pomare II.), and said: "Would you read that again, Mr. Hunt?" Mr. Hunt read it again: "Would you read that once more?" and he read it corrected that once more?" and he read it once more. "Ah !" said the man, "that may be true of you white folks, but it is not true of us down here in these islands. The gods have no such love as that for us." Mr. Hunt stopped in his reading, and he took that one word " who soever," and by it showed that me and by it showed that poor chief that God's gospel message meanthim ; that it could not mean one man or woman any more than another. Mr. Hunt was expounding this wonderful truth, when Pom-are II. said, "Well then, if that is the case, your book shall be my book, and your God shall be my God, and your people shall be my people, and your heaven shall be my home. We, down on the island of Tahiti. never heard of any God that loved us and loved everybody in that way." And that first convert is now the leader of a host. numbering nearly a million, in the South Seas. This was the great text that Dr. Clough found so blessed among the Telugus. When the great famine came on, in 1877. and the missionaries were trying to distribute relief among the people, Dr. Clough, who was a civil engineer, took a contract to complete the Buckingham canal, and he got the famishing people to come in gangs of four or five thousand. Then, after the day's work was over, he told them the simple story of redemption. He had not yet learned the Telugu language sufficiently to make himself well understood in it, but he had done this : he had committed to memory John 3: 16, in the Telugu tongue. And when, in talking to his people, he got "stuck," he would fall back on John 3:16. What a blessed thing to be able at least to repeat that ' Then he would add other verses, day by day, to his little store of committed texts, until he had a sermon, about half an hour long, composed of a string of texts, like precious pearls. I have sometimes thought that I would rather have heard that than many modern ser-mons. -Dr. A. T. Pierson.

A MISSIONARY SOCIAL.

The Inland Y. P. S. C. E. News thus describes a bright missionary social. "India was announced as a subject for study. Two captains were appointed, and each was requested to enlist ten or fifteen of the members of the society and direct them in the study of that country. They were to have about three weeks for preparation, and then a contest was to be held to see which side could answer the most questions and give the most valuable information regarding the geography of India, its people, their religion, and Baptist mission work there. On the appointed evening, after a short time spent in social intercourse, the meeting was called to order, and ten or fifteen minutes spent in devotional exerrises. We then listened to a paper on The Telugus.' Then came the contest. cises. The opposing parties were seated in a semicircle, facing each other; in front were the missionary committee and the judges, while the audience seated themselves around so that they could see and hear. Two of the judges were selected by one captain, wo by the other, and those four nominated a fifth. They were to decide prepared by the missionary committee. The first question went to one captain, the second to the other, and so alternately down the line. An incorrect answer or a pause of ten seconds passed the question to the opposite side, and so on, back and forth, until a correct answer was obtained. horrible, prevailed, and the word of God answered. At the end of the half-hour

answers. The next fifteen minutes were spent in hearing, first from a member of one side, then from the other, items of information and points of interest not brought out in the questions. Speeches were limited to one minute, and most of them took less than half a minute. The decision of this part of the contest was left to the judges, and in this case it was awarded to the second side, so that each party carried off one of the honors of the evening. Evidences of careful and zealous preparation were shown during the entire evening, and we all felt at its close that we knew more of India and were more interested in her missions than ever before."

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