

this kind of information, Harry? Do you get it by going to church Sundays?"

"Do you own such a book as this?" he asked, drawing a little New Testament from his pocket.

"I can't say that I do."

"If you'll read it it will give you more knowledge than all the other books on the subject you can get together. It is a small book and easy reading; but you want to read it with a candid mind. If you say you will read it I will give it to you."

"I'll try it, and if I finally conclude to give it up I'll hand it back to you."

"I sincerely hope you will persevere for one reading at least, and I am confident that whatever you regret it will not be the time you devote to this book.—Justice.

LEWIS THURSTON.

It was the night for conference and prayer in the church at Dayville. The members had been desired to tarry, after the meeting was over—as a case of discipline was to be brought before them. Every eye scanned the little company, wondering who the unhappy subject might be, until the bowed head of Lewis Thurston arrested the attention of one and all, and fixed upon him as the culprit.

The silence was at length broken by a deep sigh from the old deacon, who sat near the desk, as the pastor arose, and in a saddened but gentle voice said:

"I am most glad that brother Thurston is here to-night, to answer for himself to the charges made against him. Brother, will you prepare to rise and defend yourself? It is a long time since we have heard the sound of your voice in this room."

The person thus addressed raised his head, and attempted to speak, and fell back again into his seat, utterly overcome. A second attempt proved more successful, as he arose and addressed the assembly.

"I know you will not wish me to call you brethren, I have so disgraced many of you. You know my weakness! I am not worthy to be numbered among you, and I bide your decision. Do with me as you think best." He bowed his head upon his hands, and wept aloud; others wept also, while little Ruth Thurston, who had unfortunately accompanied her father, looked as if all the life in her body was concentrated in her eyes. How anxiously she scanned every face, as if to read their inmost thoughts, gazing most earnestly upon Squire Beers, one of the most prominent members of the church.

This is only one page of a very sad history. Let me tell you more.

Lewis Thurston had been a steady, industrious man, bright in intellect and always working with a right good will, but spending, unfortunately, as fast as he earned. In the meantime he had married, and like thousands of others without money, was fond of company and open handed, and somehow he spent his wages, he could hardly tell how, and at the end of the year had scarcely a dollar in his pocket. Still he managed to keep out of debt, thanks perhaps to his wife, and it was wonderful to see how small a sum, under the good wife's management, gave the appearance of taste and comfort to their little home.

On one very hot day in August, Lewis Thurston, after some hours of hard work at the swath, with the perspiration streaming down his ruddy face, happened to come in contact with Squire Beers, who, himself overheated, commanded him to go to his house and bring something to drink. "Brandy, Lewis, rum is too heating such weather as this!" Of course if he did not obey, he would run the risk of being discharged, and with his pledge still new in his pocket, and his covenant vows fresh upon his lips the young man went, soon returning with the brandy, and in a moment of exhaustion drank of the proffered cup, although he well knew that he had broken them both in so doing. Oh! if the first glass of spirit that passes the lips of man or woman could be turned into present poison, what thousands would bespared degradation.

Now Squire Beers was a man strong of head and felt no little contempt for one who could not measure his capacity for strong drink short of drunkenness. Often he had boasted of having drunk all kinds of spirits for the last twenty years without the least ill effect.

Never before in Lewis' life had he walked home unsteadily, but to-day his head was as weak to bear as his will to resist, and at its close he had fallen by the way.

The next day Lewis Thurston was discharged. His reputation as a good hand made it easy to get work, but the church of which he was a member properly took notice of his transgression, and Lewis himself was too generous to extenuate it in the least; and though the temptation had often been resisted, there were times when he was very weak, and could not resist the fatal appetite, and out of this experience he was, as we have found, called upon to appear before the church, where the tempter and the tempted were again brought together, for the first time in many months.

When the church members were requested to tarry, Squire Beers made a very impatient gesture to leave, but at the pastor's motion to remain, he took his seat restlessly by the door. Only to Him who knoweth the thoughts and intents of the heart, were Squire Beers' thoughts known just then.

At last, after a profound silence the ice was broken, one and another of the members expressing themselves freely.

Lewis Thurston was a quiet listener. It was now his turn to speak. The words came rapidly, as if they had been burning up his very soul, and must have vent:

"Members of this beloved church, you are right when you say that its welfare is the first thing to be considered. And yet we may not agree always upon the best way to keep it 'a spotless bride for Christ.' I expect to receive my deserts at your hands—I wish also to recommend a way that you may not have thought of. Though I have sinned openly and inexcusably, yet there has not been a moment since God through Christ forgave my sins at this altar, that I have not cared for the welfare of this particular church, nor would I wilfully have injured the weakest among you, for whom Christ died.

"Yet here I must say there is a sin greater than mine. Hear me and I think you will say I am right. My crime is drunkenness, but do you know who taught me to drink? Before I went to work for a brother among you, did I ever touch the demon? I was poor but honest, and proud of my habit in that respect, with my newly signed pledge in my pocket, until I was laughed at and treated with contempt as a coward by one who should have been my friend. To avoid this contempt, which I felt daily, hourly, I drank. Oh how often have I prayed, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' You have had it in your power to uplift me: It is too late now—and worse than that, a brother's hand has mixed the cup! Who is under 'the woe of him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips, that maketh him drunken?' Has he nothing to answer for? And said I not right when I pronounced it a greater sin than the one you have laid against me? I will not excuse myself. My sin is written on my own conscience as well as upon your church book—but in the book of remembrance I believe it will be found in very different characters by him 'who suffereth long and is kind.' Leave it with him, for he will be charitable toward his guilty offender. One thing I do ask. Spare your condemnation while you hug to your bosom the cause of my sin! And you, who have young men in your employ, I plead with you before it is too late, see to it that you do not make of them what I am! My words would be to them to-night: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not'—for 'in the end it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.' These truths spoken may make you more incensed against me, but they are my due. I have done."

Little more was said. Squire Beers shook like an aspen at every word of Lewis Thurston's, stabbing his guilty conscience as they were uttered. Not a hand was extended as the poor, unhappy man went out into the night with no longer a home in the church, and had it not been for Ruth, who held her father closely by the hand, Angel Ruth as he called her, whispering softly, "I love you, if nobody else does," he could not have stood up against this mortification.—Mrs. G. Hall in *Christian at Work*.

A SALOON can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring-mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boys or mine—our boys or our neighbors? Will you give your husbands and sons, or must other women give their husbands and sons, that the mill of ruin may grind on? How long will Christian people sleep over these things?—*Christian Instructor*.

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi. 2). In which two verses in the Old Testament do we find the promise here referred to by St. Paul?
 2. Where is it said that God "giveth songs in the night"? Which is called the "song of songs"? And how many songs did Solomon write?
 3. What was done with the body of Joseph after his death?
 4. Which of the kings of Israel is said, by St. Peter, to have been also a prophet?
 5. How many people returned from Babylon under Ezra, to rebuild Jerusalem?
- SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.
- The initials of the following make a command found in the twelfth chapter of Romans. Consider I and J as the same letter.
1. One of the minor prophets—a herdsman of Tekoa.
 2. What the word Bible means.
 3. One of the minor prophets—son of Beeri.
 4. A prophecy of one chapter.
 5. An epistle of St. Paul written to the people among whom he was put to death.
 6. A friend of St. Paul—Bishop of Crete.
 7. Tenth minor prophet.
 8. History of the early Church.
 9. A disciple of St. Paul who ministered at Ephesus.
 10. A general name for the Holy Scriptures.
 11. The eighth of the minor prophets.
 12. The oldest book on record.
 13. An epistle of St. Paul written at Rome.
 14. An epistle addressed to the scattered Jews.
 15. The "evangelical prophet."
 16. A prophet whose name is given to two books of the Bible.
 17. One of the four greater prophets.
 18. An ancient Latin version of the Scriptures.
 19. The brother of James the Less—called also Thaddeus.
 20. The book relating to Levitical services.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

1. In Gen. ii. 11, 12, where it is said to have been found gold in the land of Havilah.
2. Rom. 5. 12. In I Corinthians xv. 51; and I Thessalonians iv. 15-17.
3. Isaiah (Isa. vi. 1; St. John xii. 41).
4. In I Cor. x. 4.
5. Phebe (Rom. xvi. 1, 2).
6. In Mal. iii. 17; and Prov. xx. 15.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—ROSE OF SHARON.

R-ye	O-ak	S-hittim.
O-nions	F-lags	H-ysopp.
S-pikenard		A-lmug.
E-bony		R-ose.
		O-lives.
		N-uts.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, and Hannah E. Greene.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS.

We are glad to see that the change we have made this year in the *Messenger*—its publication fortnightly instead of only twice a month—is appreciated. Here, for instance, is what one superintendent writes:—

KINGSBY FALLS, Jan. 6, 1886.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, P. Q.

DEAR SIRS,—Received from you by yesterday's mail three numbers of the new series of the *Northern Messenger*, with which I am exceedingly pleased and for which please accept my thanks. As a paper for Sunday-schools it certainly seems very appropriate, and most pleasingly suited to supply the great need so long felt by Sunday-schools and all other institutions of a like nature, founded for the purpose of giving children of all lands Christian instruction. Enclosed please find \$2.50 for ten numbers of this new series for one year. Again thanking you for sending the samples,

I am, dear sirs, yours very truly,
S. H. HADDOCK,
Supt. of Baptist S. School.

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The books we are giving as premiums to our workers are meeting with the letters' approval, as testified by the letters of thanks we have received. It takes some time to make up the lists and despatch the various books selected, but all who have earned them may rely on receiving them with as little delay as possible. Following is the list of books and how they are obtainable:—

To the person who sends us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or ten renewals, at the regular price of 30c per copy, we will give, as may be preferred,

Life of Oliver Cromwell (Edwin Paxton Hood); Brief Biographies (Samuel Smiles); or Tom Brown at Rugby (Thomas Hughes).

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Tom Brown at Rugby, better edition, (Thomas Hughes); Tennyson's Poems; Burns' Poems; Jean Ingelow's Poems; Sir Walter Scott's Poems; The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico (Illustrated); The Conquest of Peru (Illustrated); The Discovery of America (Illustrated); The Early Days of Christianity (Farrar); Life of Gordon (Forbes).

Those who send us TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or forty renewals, may choose one of the following:—

Illustrated Natural History (J. G. Wood); Story of William the Silent and the Netherland War (Mary Barrett); Life of Queen Victoria, illustrated, (Grace Greenwood); Cyclopædia of Eminent Christians, illustrated, (John Frost, LL.D.); Fox's Book of Martyrs (Illustrated); Anna Maria's House-keeping (Mrs. S. D. Power); The Revised Bible.

FOR FORTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or eighty renewals, we will give either

Hake's Life of Gordon; Doré's Bible Gallery; The Boy's King Arthur (Sidney Lanier); Every Man His Own Mechanic (Illustrated); or The Revised Bible (with maps).

We again find it necessary to state that the full price of 30c must be sent for each copy by all who wish for a book, for we cannot give a commission and make a present also. Write distinctly, and say which book you would prefer.

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