LET YOUR PRINCIPLES BE KNOWN.

BY PHŒBE PARMELEE.

A half-dozen, half-discouraged members of our temperance union were entering upon the third year of work in a cause we could not give up, even if we could see few good results from our labor. The principal reason why we clung to a seemingly lost cause was because we really were a Christian union. I do not say this boastingly, but only to name the force that kept us trying in the face of unpopularity, lack of means, and probably, lack of talent.

Our president, an earnest woman, kept repeating: 'Well, let us hold together: it may be the Lord will have something for us to really accomplish after a while. may be like soldiers in camp, drilling and waiting. At any rate we can keep up the

forces numerically.'

A sad-eyed old lady with white hair and gentle voice once remarked very earnestly and feelingly: 'We can always let our principles be known at home and abroad. We wondered why her voice choked, but attributed her agitation to the fact that she spoke but seldom and was somewhat

A young lawyer came to our little town: he was our first attorney, and while we hoped there might be no unseemly disturbance of the peace in our community, whereby he might profit, we still hoped he could find enough to do to keep him among us. He was strictly temperate, enterprising and added something by way of dignity to our hitherto unprofessional town. His wife was an accomplished lady, quiet and pleasant, and the mother of two lovely baby boys. They both expressed themselves as in full sympathy with the law and order part of the population, and our union began to ask hopefully; 'Do you suppose the time has come when we can do something with our drug-store?' or, 'Don't you suppose a lawyer on the right side could see some practical points for enforcement of Our president almost gleefully remarked: 'Of course Mrs. Drew will come in and be one of us, and her joining may

One of the other members, a woman who expressed her mind on all occasions, in season and out of season, said bluntly: 'I am not so sure that members who come in because some one else does, or because they think it will be popular, are the ones who will be of much use in the cause. We want those who can stand the 'tug of war;' but as I'm committee on membership, I'll go and see Mrs. Drew. It's very likely she has already been in some other union.

So we hopefully parted to meet in two weeks at the house of the gray-haired, sadeyed old lady. When the day came, Mrs. Drew entered the meeting with our 'committee.' We went through the half hour of devotional service, and through the business of our programme, and came to the taking in of new members.

'The secretary will present the pledge for signature—if there are any here who are willing to become members of our union,' spoke the president, confidently, almost deeming her latter clause an unnecessarily polite addition to the business

'The pledge?' questioned the lady, to whom it was handed. 'Oh, yes! I believe I am strictly temperate, but there are times when alcohol is indispensable-medicines. you know. I never have signed a pledge of course I am willing to do all in my power, but, well, you know I have never joined any society of this kind, it hasn't been possible in fact. I have felt that my first duty was to my husband and family, and, well, to be plain, our business in terests demand that we should be neutral, so to speak.'

Mrs. Drew was complacently unconscious of the looks of surprise exchanged. The woman who usually expressed her mind appeared to be gathering her thoughts to make a speech fitting the occasion; the rest of us were speechless, especially over the paradox in her words. 'Couldn't sign the pledge and work for temperance and purity because my first duty is to my

family!' We looked at each other in dismay, and from some unknown cause, all our eyes were directed to our patient, constant, oldest member. Her face was twitching, a purpose was forming in her eyes; we all saw it with a sort of wonder, she had talked so little we did not know how she would

express herself.

Let me tell you something; I feel as if my time to speak and work had come. When I was young like you, with two little boys like yours, my husband moved to town to do carpenter's work. He had learned the trade when a boy, but had not worked at it; but when we came we found there were more carpenters than work. He didn't feel like going back to his father's farm where he had lived, and he was a man who had a good deal of force and wanted to succeed in anything he undertook.'
'There were temperance societies in those

days -some of the good church people asked us to join one, but James thought and I thought we mustn't do anything which might take away his work, and our living-you see there were so many workmen ready to pick up any job of work, and there were so many saloons, and so many drinking men who needed work done. It was my nature to let people do as they pleased if they didn't interfere with me. didn't think it my duty to try and do anything for others' boys, but just to take care of my own and bring them up right.

We began to see the trend of her story and became interested; Mrs. Drew evidently no longer considered the talk so

'I didn't make a stand, and James didn't make a stand, except the one that we wouldn't join a temperance society. didn't talk temperance in the family, much, either—and the boys grew up before we knew it, and they didn't know we had very firm temperance principles. I heard them laughing about other boys signing the pledge; and then I was scared and wanted to tell them it was right to take a pledge, but I couldn't; I didn't know how, when I had never done it myself. Oh, how I wished I had, then! How often I have wished so since. I would sign ten thousand pledges if I had them back where your little boys are now.'-

She clasped her hands over her aching heart and sighed with remorse and anguish that wrung our own hearts. Then she unclasped them and threw them out with a

gesture of despair.

But they are gone: Gone from me! They are not dead—I see them sometimes; but I feel, I know, that the influence I might have had over them is wasted, gone, lost! Mrs. Drew, sisters, don't be afraid to cast all your influence on the right side in everything. Even if you think your own are so safe you needn't worry about them; just the same put yourself on the right side and stay there—for the sake of other mothers' children. I tell you, you and yours will gain a blessing. One of my I tell you, you boys reproached me, not long ago, for not having taught them what evil was, for not having held them with all my might! I can't tell you, mothers, how I felt then ; it will always hurt here; I shall never lose the pain in this world.'
She ceased speaking, her eves cast down

and her hands again clasped over her heart. How we remembered the familiar atti-

None of us stirred or spoke until we heard the rustle of a paper. Mrs. Drew still held the pledge in her hands and was placing it over the hard back of a book. She found a pencil in her bag, but she could not see to write her name until her eyes had been cleared from a mist of tears; then she wrote it down with a hand which trembled, but not from any uncertainty of purpose.

There was an exultation—no, an exaltation of feeling very different from that which possessed us when Mrs. Drow had come into the room an hour before, and our president expressed it when she began quiveringly to sing: 'There's a wideness in God's mercy.' The rest of us were too choked to join her, but when the last soft, frequently fail when preaching for an hour sweet tones had ceased our member who or two to a spellbound audience, seated always has something to say, started, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;' and silently and seriously every one of us went home, realizing that she had something more to do than just to help keep the union together. — Union Signal.

For whom the heart of man shuts out, Sometimes the heart of God takes in, And fences them all round about With silence 'mid the world's loud din, POTBOUND MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS GREENFIELD, OF LUDHIANA.

May I draw your attention to a natural law in the spiritual world,—a law that governs every living organism in God's kingdom: viz., the thing that lives must grow. If growth be checked or stopped, death in part or whole must follow.

Those of you who love flowers, and cultivate them either in window, garden, or greenhouse, know the delight of seeing some favorite plant develop, -the fresh young, vigorous shoots clothed in spring freshness, the swelling buds, the exquisite blossom, filling the house with fragrance and your heart with a pure joy. But a time comes when your pet plant begins to droop, the leaves look lifeless, the halfopened buds cannot expand. In vain you water it and change its position. What is wrong? Alas! the root nourishment has failed. The plant has not room for its energies; it is potbound. You hasten to provide a larger pot and fresh mold, realizing that the very life of your lovely plant depends on free scope and fresh supplies. In other words, the law of life, which is growth, demands both sustenance and space. Should you not realize the need, the 'thing of beauty,' which should have been a continuing joy, will, if it does not actually die, remain stunted and dwarfed, a miserable parody on what it might have been.

Now, will you follow me while I speak of potbound missionaries'?

A girl in the fresh vigor of her young life offers herself to your Society, or some other kindred one, to go out as a missionary. You accept the offer, and with it the responsibility of standing between her and the Church as the medium pledged to supply her needs in the foreign field. You have planted a vigorous shoot. She enters on her life work, learns the language, loves the people. Houses and homes open to receive her, pupils multiply. After two years of hard work she finds her hands more than full. She asks for help, for a grant for a teacher; it may be, even, for another lady to share the work. But, alas! there are no funds, and no help forthcoming. The life she is laying down -aye, and is most willing to lay down for the Master-must be confined in narrow limits. She may not multiply her influence and usefulness fourfold by putting into the field trained native teachers. No; she is left to stagnate,—potbound.

Or, again, you send out a lady medical nissionary, one whose sacred duty it is to help the sick and suffering, and so com-mend to them the love of Christ. It is not long before she finds the edges of her pot, especially if you have not first carefully considered her possible needs. Medicines, instruments, a dispensary, and, before long, a hospital, with assistants, matron, and nurses,-all these will be urgently required to enable her to develop work worthy the name of a medical mission. Deny her these, and you will look in vain for the flower and fruit you thought to gather from this eminently Christlike branch of your work. Her work, too, will fall into the ranks of potbound missions.

Or, perhaps, you send out a lady to work mong the villages,—to itinerate, visit in village homes, and preach the gospel; to start village schools, too, and gather the children in. She finds a wide field, and very soon a warm welcome. Home come letters telling of eager children ready to learn, and women anxious to hear, and she asks for-shall it be said? oh, reckless extravagance !-- a horse and carriage to convey her from village to village, and funds to pay some school-teachers. Then she asks, too, for a Bible woman to go with her, to take up the gospel story when her voice fails; and one's voice does not unor two to a spellbound audience, seated not only on the ground in front of you, but on the roofs all round, who inadvertently send down a shower of dust and straws on your devoted head.

What, think you, will be her dismay when the letter goes back deploring that want of funds make it impossible to comply with such exorbitant demands, and that she must confine herself to such work as her own unaided strength may accomplish?

O friends! that you could realize the longing that comes over us in the presence

of those eager crowds, hanging on every word as we tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love; how we feel constrained, impelled, energized, to go forward! But

we need your leave to grow.

Now, I am speaking advisedly when I say that the rate of progress in missionary work depends largely, under God's blessing, on the prayerful and practical sympathy of the Christian church at home. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' You must farm liberally if you wish a liberal return.

I wish I could feel sure that you are all in dead earnest about the work of preaching the gospel to every creature. many of the present generation will you preach the gospel to? Are you all satisfied that you can claim exemption in God's sight from the great commission, 'Go ye'? And if you can, does not your very exemption lay a double responsibility on you to strengthen those in the field? Are you only playing at missions by giving two hours a month to a working party, or the price of a new bonnet to the subscription list? Has the hopeless despair of the heathen world ever caused you a groan or a heartache, or one act of real self-denial? Dear friends, the work of your missionaries is not merely interesting; it is heartstirring.

I think if, for every missionary who is giving his or her life in the mission field, we have one missionary heart that was pouring itself out in full devotion to the same cause at home, we should not have to complain of potbound missions. And if every missionary collector, every member of our working parties, every subscriber, had a missionary heart,-a heart throbbing in sympathy with the heart throbs of Jesus, -we should see the windows of heaven opened and such a blessing poured out that there should not be room to contain it.—From 'Female Missionary Intelligencer,' England.

"MESSENGER CLUB RATES."

The following are the CLUB RATES for the NORTHERN MESSENGER:

1 (opy.			 \$0	30
10	opie	to one	address	 ž	25
20	-44	: **	44 ,	 4	40
50	. "	**	".	 10	50

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

THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS is earnestly called to the instructions given in every paper that all business letters for the Messenger should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and not to any personal address. Attention to this will save much trouble and will reduce the chances of delay or irregularity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS Rolled Gold Plated Ring (worth S1), your name on 20 new and pretty Cards, silk franged, gold edge, hidden name, etc. Agent's Sample Case and a 25c present, all for 10c. Samples, etc., 3c. Address STAR CARD CO. Knowlton, P. Q. IF YOU WANT to get cheap Jewellery. Novelties, or a Watch, at about one-half regular price, write for Catalogue and private terms. Address, HALL BROS. & CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

BABY'S OWN &

PLEASE MENTION THE "NORTHERN MESSEN-GER" WHEN REPLYING TO ANY ADVER-TISEMENT THEREIN. THIS WILL ALWAYS BE ESTEEMED A FAVOR BY BOTH ADVER-TISERS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of 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."