



Only a Glass.

Only a glass he was asked to take—
Only one glass for friendship's sake;
Only one drink, but it caused his fall—
Done to be sociable, that was all.

'Just to be sociable'—still one more,
Binding him faster than that before;
Once, then again takes the glass of sin,
Blindly ignoring the death within.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,
Hearts may be broken, and tears may flow,
Character ruined; for pain and gall
Just in a drink he will barter all.

'Just to be sociable'—on he goes,
Sharing the drunkard's delights and woes;
Scorning, with drunkards, the power to have—
Finally sharing the drunkard's grave.

Is there no remedy? Can it be
Nought from this bondage can set one free?
Ye who have failed, though have often tried,
Know, there is power in the Crucified.

Liquor is strong, and yet far more strong
Than the strongest drink or chains of wrong
Is the love of Christ, who came to save,
Lifting the fallen, freeing the slave.

Able He is to make all things new,
'Able to keep you from falling, too;'
Then, why not let Him? Just trust His power,
Leaning on Him every day and hour.

Only believe Him—His word is true;
All that is written He says to you;
Only believe; go on in His might;
Jesus will help you the battle to fight.
—Pearl Waggoner, in the 'Lifeboat.'

Earth's Saddest Sight.

There is another prey on which intemperance seizes, which must be deplored, and that is Woman. I know no sight on earth more sad than woman's countenance, which once knew no suffusion but the glow of exquisite feeling, or the blush of hallowed modesty, crimsoned, deformed by intemperance. Even woman is not safe. The delicacy of her physical organization exposes her to inequalities of feeling which tempt to the seductive relief given by cordials. Man, with his iron nerves, little knows what the sensitive frame of woman suffers, how many desponding imaginations throng on her in her solitudes, how often she is exhausted by unremitting cares, and how much the power of self-control is impaired by repeated derangements of her frail system. The truth should be told. In all our families, no matter what their condition, there are endangered individuals, and fear and watchfulness in regard to intemperance belong to all.—W. E. Channing, D.D.

Temperance Teaching for the Young.

Nature's way of bringing order out of chaos is steadily to flood darkness with light; and we shall never get beyond this method by any spasmodic pyrotechnics, which, no matter how popular for the time, only serve to make the darkness more visible when the artificial coruscations are withdrawn. When I see our school-boys stunting their growth and drying up their brains with smoke; when I discover that their very cigars are soaked in alcohol and liquors, and that the boys are baited with beer and enticed into saloons by music, games and evil company; when I am told of their degeneracy in scholarship, so that the percentage of girls who graduate and who take honors is steadily gaing on that of boys, it seems to me that I cannot wait until the schools of Christendom focus their splendid light upon the problem of prevention. It is a glorious thing to go to the rescue of wrecked and ruined manhood with the lifeboat of re-

form, but far better to build a lighthouse on the sunken reef, warning the unskilled voyager of his danger.

In the light of twenty years' work as a teacher of total abstinence from alcoholic poisons, I solemnly aver that had I the power our system of education should be so changed that the course of study for every pupil, from the kindergarten totler to the high school graduate, should be grounded where God grounds our very being—on natural law. They should all know the laws of health first of all, since their physical being is the firm base of the whole pyramid of character.—Frances E. Willard.

Census of a Dundee Pawnshop

[The following article from the Dundee (Scotland) 'Evening Post' paints a picture, painful to look on, yet with the stamp of truth upon it. It need not be argued that Dundee is worse than other large cities. The drink evil is the same curse everywhere, though its modes of expression may vary.—Ed.]

'What kin we dae?' asked the woman.

For the space of several moments the man to whom this question was addressed ruminated. Then the gloom which had overspread his countenance suddenly disappeared, and he hastily remarked—"There's the kid's bonnet. Ye only got it last week. They'll gie ye something for it."

'By gum, I never thocht on that, Jock,' and in less time than it takes to tell the infant was dispossessed of its headgear, and handed over to the keeping of the man, whilst the woman staggered across the pavement, pushed against a swing glass door, and disappeared from view.

Such was an incident which attracted my attention one Saturday evening as I strolled along one of the crowded thoroughfares of Dundee. It was my first visit to a city, for all my life had been spent in the neighborhood of the Trossachs. After the woman had vanished I stopped, and without attracting his attention, gazed keenly at the man holding the child. He was a diminutive, repulsive, brutish-looking individual, and, so far as I could judge, a little over thirty years of age. He was in a semi-intoxicated condition, and the child he held was in imminent danger of falling to the ground.

The conversation had completely puzzled me, but I was determined to solve the mystery, and asked a passer-by what kind of a shop it was which the woman had entered. The fellow, smiling at my ignorance, replied—"That's the pop.' 'The what?' I queried. 'You must be awfu' green no' tae ken what the pop is! It's a pawnshop.' And with that my informer proceeded on his way.

I then directed my attention to the pawnshop. It had two large windows, the glass of which exposed to view a heterogeneous mass of jewellery, including marriage rings and engagement rings, watches, scarfpins, etc., besides a great collection of wearing apparel of all kinds, from the quondam handsome frock-coat to boots much the worse for year. Entrance was gained to the interior of the shop through a couple of glass doors, and as I looked these were kept in continual motion by a throng of slatternly persons arriving and departing.

Anxious to learn the result of the woman's mission, I hung about, and eventually my patience was rewarded by seeing her issue forth. A glance sufficed to show that she had triumphed, for her dirt-begrimed, dissipated face wore a self-satisfied smile. I crept nearer, and heard her say, in a loud, strident tone of voice, 'It's a' richt, Jock, I got a tanner for it. Come on an' we'll hae a haffie o' rum.'

But there was much more to follow. I glanced at the time on my watch just as nine o'clock chimed from some church spire, and I thereupon decided to keep a vigil upon the pawnshop doors for an hour. I question whether the generality of the inhabitants of Dundee have an adequate conception of the vast business done by the loan offices in their very midst, or the depths to which hundreds of the men and women they daily meet in the leading thoroughfares have sunk in the awful vortex of vice. The statement I am about to make may cause much honest doubt, but nevertheless it is absolutely true. Over three hundred persons entered the pawnshop I refer

to in the course of sixty minutes! As I have previously mentioned, there were two doors, and it was no easy task to accurately count the number of persons who passed through them. But I am within ten of the exact number when I say that 340 persons entered the shop. Think of it, reader; what a ghastly crowd they formed. Old men there were, with bent, enfeebled forms, bleared eyes, cadaverous cheeks—the sin, misery, and failure of their lives stamped upon every lineament. Young men, old before their time, hurried into the blazing interior; but the general character of the women afforded the most fearful spectacle of all. Poor, misguided creatures! From the faces of the majority all trace of a noble or tender thought had long since fled—in all probability to return no more. The God-given beauties of womanhood, of motherhood, had been calcined in the burning, all-consuming lust for strong drink. Yes, that was the reason for the great portion of these visits. I had no difficulty in arriving at this conclusion, because it was so evident. Twenty-three women were bare-footed or otherwise only half-clad. Their matted, tangled, uncombed hair, surmounting bestial features, presented soul-sickening pictures. Several were accompanied by ragged, woe-begone children, their tiny faces pinched with want, their eyes haunted with that look of fear which, being silent, conveys all the more to the careful observer.

Only about a dozen persons went in empty-handed, and reappeared with articles they had recovered; all the others were trying to dispose of goods. Several of the women utilized their shawls for the purpose of hiding the things they desired to pledge, but many, on the other hand, did not take the trouble. These were pawnshop veterans, and had forgotten that such feelings as modesty and shame are included in the gamut of human emotions. Through the constantly opening door I caught glimpses of the throng inside the establishment. Loud and argumentative voices could be heard, voices pleading for more money, and when the pleaders came out they generally made for the nearest public-house. Space forbids me to detail many of the sad incidents which I noted. There was one, however, which might be termed tragic. A young, poorly-clad, half-drunken married couple came up the street and halted within a yard of where I was standing.

'Are ye tae stand's a drink, Jean?' said the man, 'because if ye're no I'm no' gaen hame.'

'I've nae money, an' naeboddy'll gie it on tick,' replied the woman disappointedly.

'Pawn yer ring, then, an' we'll get a drink an' a bottle.'

The woman held up her left hand, on the third finger of which was a marriage ring. For a moment her good angel triumphed, and she hesitated; but evil prevailed, and five minutes later she emerged from the loan office, joined her husband, and went into a neighboring public-house.

A Delusion and a Snare.

The use of a beer as a pretended temperance beverage is a delusion and a snare. It is the first step toward indulgence in stronger liquors. Thousands who are beginning the use of stimulants with beer would never think of commencing such use with whiskey. But by indulgence in beer when natural thirst is excited by either mental or bodily exercise, or a combination of both, many begin to feel and appreciate the alcoholic stimulant it contains, and finally long for a less diluted minimum of such stimulant, and one which is more rapid and potent in its effects.—'The Christian Work.'

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