

Temperance

Courage.

(The Rev. C. B. Clark, in the 'Michigan Christian Advocate'.)

Sound the bugle, loud and long,
Marching on a million strong,
The conquering prohibition throng
Leads the way.
Girded with redeeming might,
Led by an unerring light
They shall in the glorious fight,
Win the day.

Sundered are old party ties,
Politicians, keen and wise,
See the angry billows rise,
And quake with fear;
For they know their doom is sealed,
To the new the old must yield,
The way is clear.

Truth shall strike a final blow,
Smiting down a common foe,
For the dread saloon must go
The country o'er.
By a power that is divine,
Moving forward into line
God unfolds His great design
More and more.

And a brighter day is near,
In the Heavens the signs appear,
Filling human hearts with cheer,
As they see
Inscribed upon our banners bright
In letters of undying light
That God will lead us in the right
To victory.

The Cripple of Connor's Lane.

Warwick Little-Falcon, author of 'Rammlie Readings,' in 'Everybody's Magazine.'

One of the most interesting cases that came under my notice during my workhouse chaplaincy was the little girl Peary, whom I had the pleasure of seeing pulled through a difficult and ugly operation. In those days I ran out and in among the poor in Connor's Lane. It was then I saw the little girl Peary for the first time. You never saw a sweeter little face than the face of the little cripple child.

Nellie Peary was an only child, and she would be sitting at the door watching for father, or running about the door with the help of a stick.

She was always glad to see me, and used to beg me to come into the house and wait for father's return. It would be quite impossible for one who had not seen it, to realise how that little cripple girl of about fourteen years of age kept the house spotless-

ly clean and cooked her father's meals. Exhilarating it was, too, to see, on a summer evening, the little girl hobbling along to meet her father, and to see the father, a great, strong man, taking her up and carrying her just as a mother carries a baby. His rugged affection for the child was intense, and was fully reciprocated.

But alas! I discovered that it had not always been so. I soon learned from the neighbors, on going my rounds, the sad story of the child's misfortune.

Alex. Peary was just a laboring man, earning about sixteen or eighteen shillings a week. When he married he was a sober, well-doing young man, but he learned to drink soon after, and when drunk he was the terror not only of his young wife, but of the whole of Connor's Lane. Night after night he would come home brutalized with drink and treat his wife and child with the grossest cruelty.

Poor Mrs. Peary was a delicate woman, and when her little girl was about eight or nine years old she sunk under the cruel treatment, sickened and died.

Peary pulled himself together for a short time, and the loss of his wife seemed to have made a deep impression on his mind. But it was short-lived. In two or three months he was as bad as ever.

If he was a terror in his drunken fits to his wife, he was more a terror now to his little girl. The child had at that early age to begin to learn to prepare the father's meals. Occasionally a kind neighbor woman would look in and help the little girl to tidy up the house.

As the child grew older and stronger she used to go at night to meet her father, and many a night she would bring him home all the way from the public-house. Especially would the child always try to lure him home on the evenings on which he received his wages, before he had made too big a hole in his meagre earnings. It was on one of these Friday evenings that the awful accident happened that had left the child the cripple that she was when I found her. The father was drinking in the public-house, and little Nellie was waiting outside at the door, occasionally stealing a glance round the door to see if father was coming. There were other children there, and every few minutes the publican's apprentice would come out with a wet towel in his hand, and, shaking the cloth at them, he would run after them to frighten them away.

At last Alex. Peary came staggering out, a great deal worse from drink than usual. As little Nellie came running forward to seize his arm he gave a lurch and tossed her rudely into the gutter.

She picked herself up and, weeping bitterly, she followed at his heels. It was an intensely dark and dreary night. It had rained nearly all day, and the poor flickering light of the two or three mean lamps in Long Street seemed to make the darkness drearier still. Up the long street the drunk man reeled homewards. Several times on the footpath he staggered up against the passers-by, who pushed him out of their way, and he went reeling out into the open roadway.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD.

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



2567.—Ladies' tucked dressing-sack, with elbow sleeves.—Flowered lawn, silk or cretonne, make this a neat little model for morning wear. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

2017.—Misses' shirt-waist, tucked in box-plait effect.—Very simple in construction is this model for the young girl developed in heavy white linen.—Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

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Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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Affected People.

Amongst the various kinds of 'affectations,' one of the most truly ridiculous is that of knowledge. Densely ignorant, these people assume to possess the key of all wisdom, and, if you will believe them, know everything there is to be known. They are never at a loss. They have read every new book as soon as it appears; they have studied every subject from the rudiments upwards; they have gone through every question perplexing your mind so painfully, and come out at the exact spot where truth is to be found. They would as soon confess to a murder as to any kind of ignorance, and are as insufferable with their affected universalism as the others are with their pretended know-nothingness. It is rank waste of time to talk to them, for they only muddle the brains of the unlearned, and irritate the temper of the knowing.

The affectation of excessive timidity which screams at slight causes, and flings itself help-



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