"But how could they—such great men?"
"How could they? Why couldn't they
do what a poor simple woman can do? And there's the good Lord to help them. It's no harder for your great men, as you call them, to lay down their cares at night, and make it their religious duty to go to sleep, than it is for you or me to lay down ours. God gives us the day for work and study, and the night for refreshment and building up in sleep. If we overturn God's arrangement, I don't see but we must

Aunt Rachel was imperturbable. She sat at her sewing with a calm and quiet manner, assured she had been uttering God's truth; and I am not certain that she had not. I felt she was Spirit-taught, and really envied her that simple, childlike trust, which spread itself like the light of heaven upon her face and diffused an atmosphere of peace all round her. - American Messenger.

# MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"Get up, Dolly! Get up there, now!" and old Mr. Deacon shook the reins over the old mare's back.

But Dolly never evinced either by look or gesture that any remark had been addressed to her. On the contrary, her gait became slower than before. "She don't like the errand we are on any better than myself, do you, Dolly?" asked the old man.

The preceding day the bell in the village church had rung out—as it had done for so many years-the invitation to come up and worship the Lord. The congregation filed in slowly and quietly, and as the minister opened the old Bible and announced his text, "At the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man," the majority of the worshippers settled themselves comfortably back in their pews, some to take their usual nap, others to lay plans for the coming week, or to take a retrospect of the one just gone.

But as the minister proceeded with his discourse, plans, crops, and even sleep were all forgotten by his people.

Their pastor was mightily in earnest After speaking on the influence for good or evil we all wield in this world, and of the Christian being responsible to God for his example, he continued: "My brethren, there is one subject which has been very near my heart for some time, to which I would like to call your attention—and that is the growing evil, in our midst, of intemperance. I do not mean drunkenness. ] mean the habit of taking liquor when you wish it, or letting it alone, as it pleases you.

The congregation looked from one to another. They were going to have a temperance sermon! Such a thing had never before been known in the old meeting-

Parson Brown saw the glances and interpreted them aright. But he was a man who never apologized for speaking the truth. He felt he was God's servant standing there in the Master's place, and the Master to whom he would have to give an

account, was speaking through him. "It is to you moderate drinkers," he went on, "I want to speak, some of you bearing the name of Christ and who think you are neither injuring yourself nor others. It is not the miserable drunkard, who staggers along our streets, that is to be feared as an example. No one will copy him. On the contrary, every one shun and loathes him. But you, who can drink one glass and feel no craving for another -yet, by that very fact, and your example, you may be another man's ruin, one who cannot take that one glass without falling. And then you will speak deridingly of that one, because he cannot control his appetite. My friends, I think we will all be astonished, at that last great day, when we find how often we Christians have been a stumbling block in our brother's way. Perhaps God will require the life of that brother, who fell through your example, at your hands. What will you answer him? To his Master every man standeth or falleth, but God holds every one of his children accountable for the influence he or she

The congregation moved very quietly out. There was not the usual greetings exchanged. One of the old patriarchs, who was in sympathy with the pastor, ventured

rest yonder,' all would have gone well the remark, "The trumpet gave no un- father was so great that his eyes were getcertain sound to-day!" but it fell on unresponsive ears. In fact, the congregation was angry that they should be preached at, as they expressed it. So, on Monday morning five of the influential members met at farmer Deacon's house, and resolved that it was their duty to remonstrate with their pastor for his sermon of the previous day, and appointed Mr. Deacon a committee of one to visit Mr. Brown and convey their feelings to him.

This was the cause of Mr. Deacon's disquietude as he rode along this evening. He was fond of his pastor; and he had a very unpleasant duty before him. As he tied Dolly to the parsonage gate he sincerely wished the meeting was over. He was ill at ease when scated in front of the minister who received only monosyllables in reply to all his kind inquiries about the

a desperate plunge, and clearing his throat we wanted, that is, I-ahem! the people wanted me to come and talk to you. In around the miserable room. fact to remonstrate about that sermon you preached yesterday." And Mr. Deacon cleared his throat and mopped his face vigorously.
"Why should you remonstrate, my friend?"

"Well, we think, or rather-that is brother Elder thinks, and so do I, that ministers should not meddle with temperance and such things. They should preach

the Gospel,"
"That is just what I have been endeavoring to do. Whether men will accept it or not, I have tried to preach the whole counsel of God. And, my dear friend, can you not see for yourself the evil I spoke against is all around us. Is it not time for Christians to protest against

"But you know, parson, all of your congregation are not prohibitionists."
"No," answered Mr. Brown, "but they

profess to be more than prohibitionists. They profess to be following in the footsteps of One who gave up his life for them. Do you think it is asking too much for them to give up moderate drinking for the sake of others?

Farmer Deacon thought he was not progressing very rapidly with the parson.

And the account of the meeting he had te carry back would not be very satisfactory to the men he had been sent to represent.

As he arose to go, the minister suggested a prayer for God's guidance in the matter, and as the good man prayed the farmer was impressed by the realization that it was all a matter of love to God. If that occupied the heart then all that are counted self denials will be pleasures and privileges done for him.

As the farmer shook hands with the minister at parting, the latter knew by the warm clasp of the hand, that farmer Deacon was still his friend.

"Come, Dolly, get on now," murmured the old man, as he climbed into the waggon. 'I guess Elder, and those others will have to pay the parson a visit themselves. don't think they can move him. At any rate he almost turned me over to his side. But I don't know, there ain't much harm in just one glass after dinner.

Whoa, there! what's the matter with you now?" as Dolly shied and suddenly came to a stand still. In the twilight, which was gathering, Mr. Deacon could discern two figures on the roadside.

"I nearly ran over you, what are you

doing there?"
"Please, sir, it's me, Nellie Wynne, and this is father, and I can't get him home, sobbed a child's voice.

On the instant the old man's heart was touched at the sound of that voice. He knew John Wynne, and knew he was one of the men who couldn't take a glass withvillage. Now both his business and character were gone.

"Don't cry, little girl," said the farmer, "I'll try to get father home for you." And almost drugging the drunken man, he helped him to a seat in the waggon where he rocked for a few minutes and then suddenly rolled off and lay doubled up on the

Mr. Deacon tried to talk to the little girl sented beside him-but her voice was so pitiful and her evident anxiety for her

ting very moist and his voice husky. By the time Dolly stopped before the shanty John Wynne called home, farmer Dencon had done a great deal of thinking. As he glanced back at the unconscious form on the floor of the waggon, he thought of the minister's words of the day before,—"It is not the drunkard who is to be feared as an example." If John had never been tempted with the stuff would he be lying drunk there to-night?

Mrs. Wynne opened the door. Deacon remembered her as such a pretty girl years before. Now she looked—like a drunkard's wife. At the sight of the farmer her face flushed. She hated others to see their shame and misery. He aroused the drunken man sufficiently to get him out of the waggon and almost knocking his wife over as he staggered against her, John threw himself on the floor to sleep off his drunken debauch.

"Is there anything I can do for you or the children?" asked Mr. Deacon, looking

"Yes," exclaimed the woman, "destroy all the liquor that is made. If it were not for rum we would be happy. As long as there is any to be bought, John will have it, no matter what stands in his way. While there is any liquor to be got, any thing you would do for us would only go towards getting it," and the poor woman broke completely down and cried with the children who were clinging to her.

Farmer Deacon made Dolly go at an unusually fast pace till he reached his own home, and sent back a basket well filled with provisions to the hungry little Wynnes. But he did more. When Dolly stopped at the store where he had agreed to meet the men who had appointed him their representative, they all greeted him cordially, anxious to hear the result of his visit. "Neighbors," said Mr. Deacon,

am convinced that the parson is right and

"He's had another temperance sermon,

interrupted Mr. Elder.
"No, not a temperance sermon," said the farmer, with strong feeling, "but an object lesson of the strongest kind, against drinking. I have just been helping John Wynne home. I suppose he was here," looking around. "And, friends, we all have our trials of different kinds, which we bear patiently because we know it is the divine will, but there is a sorrow pressing at John's house to-night, which is not of God's appointment. The good Lord never meant for him to ruin his soul and body as he is doing by drinking liquor; I, for one, dare not see the sorrow of that family-and there are thousands of others who are suffering from the same causeand sit idle and say it is no concern of Truly, if we sit dumb, or help the evil on by our example, we are worse than the dry vines that cumber the ground. I believe God directed me to that man tonight to show me my duty. And with the Lord helping me, I will do what I can to crush the great evil out."

Mr. Elder and the other brethren saw

that the old man spoke every word from his heart and they didn't resent it from him as they did from their pastor. They were more than convinced that every word was It was the beginning of a new order things. The whole village was not revolutionized at once. It took time. But that sermon of pastor Brown's had set many a one to thinking whether or not he is, in a measure, his brother's keeper.  $\cdot E$ piscopal Recorder.

# GOOD READING MATTER.

A correspondent of the Golden Rule makes a valuable suggestion for the literature committee of Christian Endeavor So cieties. After speaking of library work he says: The next step will be to dispose of out wanting another. He had known him, the great accumulation of excellent read-too, when he was the best mechanic in the ing matter found in so many thousands of Christian homes. It is a pity, indeed, for this matter to go no further on its mission of usefulness, and especially when there are other thousands of homes into which go no such messengers of pleasure, culture, and knowledge of Christ and his kingdom. There are many practical methods of using this matter to advantage in the work at home or abroad. A "paper exchange" may be arranged by placing a table in the church vestibule. Here may be gathered choice religious papers, missionary magazines,

tracts, and reports of church and society work, all to be freely taken away by any desiring to read them.

In connection with the Sunday-school committee, possibly, efforts may be made to send certain papers regularly to families wholly destitute of religious reading. Religious and secular papers and books may be generously used in the gaols, hospitals, tenement houses, cheap boarding-places, livery stables, depots, and barber shops to be found in every locality. The same class of matter can be sent in bundles to persons in country villages in our own State, or to points in the far South, West, and North. Doubtless some persons after reading their papers can mail them regularly, every week or two, directly to certain addresses and thus save the committee labor and postage. Thousands of young minds are hungering for such reading-matter, and whether it is sent "way down upon the Swanee River," to the Indian reservation, the prairie "dugout," or the mountain cabin, words can with difficulty express the value and importance of the work thus accomplished. A literature committee should need no further inspiration, after once receiving the grateful acknowledgment of a few packages thus distributed.

In gathering matter for these various purposes, a box may be placed in the vestry or elsewhere, into which members of the congregation may drop the papers; or better still, have a sub-committee call every week at the homes of those who will contribute last week's papers. This plan has the added advantage of affording active committee work for those too young to serve effectively in other lines.

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