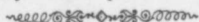


all the haunts of vice, and dens of crime and infamy, as well as in the police courts, prisons, asylums and almshouses, there are unnumbered examples of persons who might serve as warnings to people who are willing to be warned. Thousands and thousands who are to-day staggering down to dark, dishonored graves, were intelligent, respectable and honorable men before they were ensnared in the fatal coils of this deceptive and deadly vice. They were warned, they were cautioned, but they were self-confident and needed no admonitions, and so have gone on to their doom. Others are following them. Thousands on thousands are taking the first steps which lead down this dark and dangerous way. When will men learn wisdom? When will they learn to perceive what is before them, as well as what is around them? When will they be warned by the examples of others? When will they learn to say, as they see the wreck and ruin wrought by intemperance upon others, "*It is time for me to quit!*"



Mrs. D. A. Campbell, North Seguin, Ont., writes: I cannot praise your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. They are superior to any I have ever used. My daughter was a terrible sufferer with sick headache, for twelve months, and no medical aid could relieve her, but by the use of two boxes of your Pills she is completely cured.

THE GIRL WHO CLEANED THE STEPS.

Thomas Champness, in an address at Exeter Hall, while speaking of the young servant girls in the west end of London, said, "I am the son of a household servant. My mother was a London servant maid, and I love these peasant women and poor farmers' daughters who come to London. We see the mothers coming to the station to see them off, and we know something of what they feel. Early in my ministry a gentleman said of me, 'His preaching is only fit for servant maids.' I have learned this lesson, that if there are no servant girls in the congregation it is a poor quarterly collection!"

"We find that a girl who comes from the country, knows when there is a preacher who is alive, and a congregation that can pray and

sing. You have thousands of young girls, who are doing service in the West End, for whom you should care. They make some of the grandest women in the world. I am proud that my mother was of that class. I want to tell you a story. I find folks remember my stories even when they forget my sermons. I do not have to go to books for them. I meet with them in my daily walks.

"Some years ago there was in the North of England a family of farmers well-to-do. They came down in the world, as many farmers have done in recent years. The sons emigrated, but the girl said she would not emigrate, she would go out and seek a situation; and she became, not a governess, not a 'companion,' but just a straightforward servant girl. This girl did a nobler thing to come and work in a big town and earn wages as a servant girl, than to idle at home.

"One day when she was cleaning the steps, a bricklayer came by. He saw this nice girl cleaning the steps, and he said, 'I will see her again.' So he managed to find out what place of worship she went to, and it turned out to be a Methodist chapel. So he said, 'I will go there.' And when he went there for something he liked, he got something he did not like; he found out he was a sinner and needed a Saviour; and moreover he found out that Mary would have nothing to say to him so long as he was unconverted. He gave himself to Jesus Christ, and then he asked her if he might come and see her a bit. And so they 'made it up'—you understand what I mean—They got married.

"He worked at his trade some time, and kept on saving money, till bye and bye he said, 'I shall build a house for myself.' His ambition was to build a house fit to receive the Methodist preachers. He built his house, and when it was finished he took his wife and children in a sort of little procession from the old house to the new. When they got to the front door, he said to his wife:

"Dost thou see those steps, Mary?"

"Aye, surely!" said she.

"Well, Mary, them was the steps thou wast cleaning when first I saw thee, lass. The master's house was pulled down, and I went to the auction and bought the steps. I said, 'When thee has a house of thy own, those steps shall be in the front for thee to walk over.'