

picture of my jolly friend Will Norton, as I saw him a moment later, when, after asking for him at the book-keeper's desk below, I had mounted the elevator and stepped off at the sixth floor as directed. He was at the farther end of the long, closely-stocked room, with note-book in hand, engaged in the annual work of taking account of stock. His face was pale and worn, and his eyes hollow and sunken. The change in his appearance was so great, in fact, since I had seen him last that I scarcely recognized him and was on the very point of asking him to direct me to his own whereabouts, when he glanced up, strode toward me with a quick look of recognition and cried out in his breezy way:

"Well, I declare! If there a'n't Hal Ainsley! How are you, old boy? Did you blow this way on the gale?"

When the process of dislocating each other's arm had progressed sufficiently according to the national custom usual on such occasions, I acquainted him with my purposes and received in return a hearty assurance of his assistance.

"Wife will be delighted to see you," he said, in his beaming, hearty manner. "Here's my card with address; just get your traps and go down. I wish I could go along; but I'm booked for all night in this abominable inventory business. Tom Drake, one of our best men in this department, has taken it into his head to go off on one of his sprees just at this crisis, and all hands are terribly pushed. The fellow is a great favorite with the firm—sharp as tacks, and lightning on figures—but about once in every three months he starts off on a tangent without a word to anybody, and gets beastly drunk. He don't show his face here till he's all right again, and the firm appear to take no notice of his having been absent. They're downright mad this time, though; for we're always rushed to death at the close of the year, and particularly so this season. I shouldn't wonder if he lost his position, and it serves him right for being such a fool as to let whiskey muddle his brain."

"But, Will," I protested, as he ended with a sudden spasm of coughing which left him with a frightful pallor, "you are in no shape to stay here and work all night. What's the matter with you anyway? You look as if you had just been bled. Where did you get that cough?"

"Oh, that's nothing; taken a little cold, I suppose," and he laughed uneasily.

I noticed, however, that he resumed his seat on the broad window-sill and that his whole frame sunk together as if there were not vigor enough in any part of it to brace up the rest.

Of course I refused to leave him, and, after a hot supper together at a neighboring restaurant, we returned to the sixth floor of Tenpenny & Locke's hardware house, and in a few hours' combined work accomplished his task. Before midnight we were both in bed in Will's snug little home.

Tom Drake prolonged his carousal till the season of hurry was over and the patience of his employers exhausted. Hearing of their anger through one of the boys, he was ashamed to present himself in the house again, and I was installed in the vacant place.

My friend's cough grew worse; but it was not until his reduced strength scarcely sufficed to carry him through the labors of the day that he consented, by the joint entreaties of his wife and myself, to consult a physician. He then heard what he had secretly long dreaded to hear—the fear of which had been the cause, in fact, of his persistent refusal to allow a doctor to look into his case. Consumption—a constitutional taint in his family—had already developed beyond its incipient stages and was doing its fearful work with him. But the physician promised him certain relief and possible cure if he would follow his advice. He must be nourished with a generous diet; he must exercise slightly in the open air before breakfast, practising muscular and respiratory expansion; and he must drink a small wine-glass of pure Bourbon whiskey and lemon-juice two or three times a day.

The remedies were taken up vigorously, but the last named with a wry face at first.

"Faugh, what a vile mess!" he would exclaim with a genuine shudder as he gulped it down.

I tasted it myself one morning, at his solicitation, and found it nauseous and bitter indeed. "No danger of contracting a taste

for whiskey while one takes it in this form," was my comment.

But we were rejoiced at the present effect of the remedies and took no thought of the future. My friend Will, from being pale and emaciated and weakly, began to "pick up" amazingly, as the boys at the store used to put it. His face became suffused with color; his lank form filled out to the dimensions of his clothes once more; his eyes sparkled with spirit and fun as of yore, and his step took on the old, elastic spring. Everybody exclaimed at the change. The happiness of Jennie, the little wife of whom Will was so proud and so fond, was complete. These were glad days. Will's fine nature had retained all the bubbling effervescence of boyhood and when we were all in the little home together there was generally a rattle of quips and jokes and merry banterings.

"Come here, Hal," called Jennie one morning, just as breakfast was being brought on the table. "I just want you to see this boy pour down the whiskey. He used to pretend not to like it; but now he takes a double quantity just as easy!"

"Two whiskeys to one lemon juice, I should think," I said, observing the large glass which Will held in his hand, and into which he poured what appeared to me a far too generous supply of the liquid.

"That's what I call a very dry joke, old fellow. No homeopathy doctrine for me! If a small dose is good, a large one must be better—eh, Jen?" answered Will, tossing off the medicine (?) with a laugh.

The two years that followed were prosperous ones for both Will and myself. Each rose to a better position in the house of Tenpenny & Locke, and each received a higher salary to correspond. Will and Jennie moved into a larger house and a finer neighborhood and took me along in their wake; but not to stay long, for a strong magnetic current from another direction seemed to sway my movements at about this period and the following fall found me submitting graciously to its domination in an abode of my own.

I now began to travel for the house, and for two or three years I saw my friend Will and his wife but seldom. What I did see caused me no little uneasiness. I began to fear that poor Will's restored health had cost him and those he loved too dearly. On one occasion, when I was home from a long trip in the interior of the State, I chanced to come upon him unexpectedly as he was issuing from a little rubbish closet on one of the upper floors of the warehouse. It was a corner seldom visited by any of the employees, and as Will's business lay on the first floor entirely, I blurted out my surprise at finding him there. He laughed in a constrained way wholly foreign to him, and said something about "just peeping in there to see if that was the closet in which the firm kept their skeleton." His manner disturbed me, and when he left the room I entered the dark hole myself and shut the door. Lighting matches and peering about in the gloom, I found what my fears had already suggested—an alarming array of empty bottles of various sizes and colors, bearing such labels as "Cordial," "Bitters," &c., but all smelling alike of whiskey, the fluid which nearly filled a bottle nearest the door.

I had been contemplating a serious protest with Will upon the subject of his indulgence in liquor, for it was becoming apparent to those most interested in him that the habit was certainly growing upon him. I had indeed spoken a word or two now and again, cautioning him to have a care over himself for the sake of his wife, if for no other reason, and suggesting that the necessity for whiskey no longer existed, even if his improved health was in any great measure due to that stimulant, which I doubted; but he had always laughed me quiet, assuring me that "there wasn't the least danger of his losing his head, he wasn't such a weak fool as that."

I was thoroughly alarmed now, however, and I resolved to look after him as closely as I could, and to awaken him, if possible, to a sense of his peril. I sought an opportunity to see him alone, and entreated him with all the earnestness with which the importance of the subject inspired me to stop and think. I reminded him of the flattering estimation in which he was held by the firm on account of his rare business qualifications, and of the absolute certainty of his attaining the highest position in their gift in course of time, unless he chose deliberately

to ruin his whole future by allowing a drinking habit to overcome his better sense. I pictured the sorrow and grief of his friends, and above all of his dear wife, in case of his downfall, and at last obtained a promise that he would let whiskey alone for the future, though he declared with the greatest sincerity that "he really had no taste for the stuff, and only took it when he felt limp and needed bracing up."

Some months afterward, coming into a small property by the death of an uncle, I left the firm of Tenpenny & Locke, and started a retail store of my own in a distant town. Will had been promoted to the head clerkship in the wholesale house, and soon after I left became a partner in the concern. Misgivings had entered my mind that he had broken his faith with me. Subsequent events proved my suspicions too true. His ever-pleasant face and breezy joviality had won him hosts of friends, and customers from the smaller towns always sought him out and were made welcome with extravagant wine-suppers, tickets to places of amusement, and the like; while poor Jennie, the little wife, though now surrounded by many of the higher refinements of life, and taking her part in the fashionable society of the city, saw but little of her husband except at meals.

A career like this could have but one ending; but strangely enough, what anxious friends foresaw so plainly and remonstrated so earnestly to prevent, poor doomed Will refused to see at all, and went on the well-worn road laughing in the face of danger.

Another business change separated us by more than a thousand miles, and I have seen no more of poor Will for nearly four years. Last week I received a letter from a friend of us both with this paragraph:

"You ask of Will Norton. It is a sad story. He became so extravagant and dissipated that the firm dissolved partnership. His fine house and everything he had was mortgaged for more than its value, and he hasn't a dollar in the world nor a situation of any kind. His wife is heart-broken and overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. The worst of it is, that the poor fellow's nervous system is so shattered by drink that he is not fit to take a position if one were offered him, and business men as a rule are not very fast to make such offers to a man who has fallen so low as he has."—*Illustrated Christian Worker.*

REASONS FOR DRESSING PLAINLY ON THE LORD'S DAY.

1. It would lessen the burden of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.
2. It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display.
3. If there were less style in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.
4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.
5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.
6. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations to vanity.
7. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations to be envious and malicious.
8. It would save valuable time on the Lord's day.
9. It would relieve our means of a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.—*Exchange.*

HELPING A FELLOW UP.

Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground. "What are you doing, Tommy?" "Oh! only helping a fellow up!" "That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto through life, to help a fellow up."

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man that is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are, if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.—*Selected.*

LIFE'S BEAUTY.—Maps are sometimes beautifully adorned with elegant vignettes in their corners, yet their value depends, not on these artistic embellishments, but on the correctness of the lines in their centres. It is even so with a man's life. Exceptional acts of heroism or virtue may adorn it, but its true beauty and value depend on its hidden character, the formation of which, after the pattern of our divine Exemplar, is its main design. If Christ be its King, conscience its director, and fidelity its abiding habit, it is a true life, whether it is spent in a palace or a log cabin, in aristocratic or peasant circles; and whether its deeds be such as those at which men gape and stare, or so common-place and obscure as to be noted by no eyes but those of the all-seeing Lord and Master of life.—*Christian Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

133. What king sent for a man to come and curse the children of Israel, and who was the man?
134. What is the first prophecy of Christ in the Bible?
135. What is the meaning of *Periel*, and why was the place so named?
136. In what city did Samson die?
137. Of what time is it said, "In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes"?
138. At what place was Christ's first miracle performed?
139. Who was the general of David's army?
140. In whose reign was Jerusalem made the capital of Palestine?
141. By what death did Job die?
142. In whose reign did the ten tribes revolt and form a separate kingdom?
143. From what nation did Gideon deliver the children of Israel?
144. To what tribe did David belong?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- Whose faith and courage saved her people's life?
Who won a battle trusting in the Lord?
Who gained a sharp rebuke for jealous strife?
Who perished by a traitor's cruel sword?
Who checked his rage to prove a prophet's word?

The initial letters take—they form his name
Who did his foe's unwilling praise proclaim;
Then take the initials, and they give the same.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

109. When Abraham bought the cave of Macpelah from the children of Heth, Gen. xxiii. 3, 16.
110. On the east coast of Palestine south of the Bay of Acre.
111. Jeroboam, Nadab, Basha, Elah, Zimri, Omri and Ahab, 1 Kings xv. 9, 1 Kings xvi. 29.
112. Zedekiah, 2 Kings xxv. 7.
113. At Antioch in Picidia, Acts xiii. 51.
114. A lion killed the disobedient prophet, 1 Kings xiii. 24.
2. A lion killed the man that disobeyed the prophet, 1 Kings xx. 35, 36.
3. Lions killed Daniel's enemies, Daniel vi. 24.
4. Bears killed those that mocked Elisha, 2 Kings ii. 24.
115. Proverbs, i. 10.
116. By Elisha, 2 Kings vi. 6.
117. Seven years, 1 Kings vi. 38.
118. At the battle of Ebenezer, 1 Sam. iv. 11.
119. Rehoboam.
120. Of Saul and Jonathan, by David, 2 Sam. 1. 23.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

- MANOAH.—Jud. xiii. 2.
- Nos. 6, 5, 1, 2, 3, Haman... Esther vii. 10.
" 3, 4, 5, 6, Noah... Gen. x. 1.
" 6, 2, 1, Ham... Gen. x. 6.
" 1, 2, 3, Man... Gen. iii. 24.
" 1, 2, 4, 3, Moon... Josh. xv. 55.
" 3, 2, 5, 1, Naam... 1 Chron. iv. 15.
" 3, 4, No... Jer. lvi. 25.
" 4, 3, On... Gen. xli. 45.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 9.—Archie McDonald, 6; Herbert Wm. Hewitt, 9; William C. Wickham, 9; Mary E. Coats, 10; Gracie A. McKinnon, 6.