

## THE BREWER.

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."—Genesis iv. 9, 10.

The Brewer sat in his lordly home,  
And a gentleman was he;  
A kindly man, and a Christian man,  
And hogave right liberally.

And all around him spoke of wealth,  
The costly and the rare  
Bedecked his rooms, and his lovely child  
Sat perched upon his chair.

Her golden hair fell softly down;  
Her tender eyes of blue  
Looked into his own with anxious gaze,  
And an earnest purpose, too.

"Papa," she said, with a troubled voice,  
"I'm so very sad to-day,  
For I heard them say such dreadful things  
As I came along the way.

"There were several drunken people there,  
At the corner of the street,  
Near the 'public-house' at the Manor Square,  
Not able to keep their feet.

"A woman lay down, she looked quite dead,  
Stretched out on the dirty flags,  
And boys and girls were screaming round,  
And children dressed in rags.

"And as I passed they looked at me,  
And one cried out with a sneer,  
'There goes the Brewer's child, my lads:  
Hurrah! for her father's beer!'

"Have a pint to taste, it is fine and strong,  
Little Miss," said a horrid man—  
His eyes were bleared, his nose so red—  
But I took to flight and ran.

"And a pale, thin woman who looked quite wild,  
Came near as I hastened on,  
And she shrieked, 'A curse on the Brewer's child  
A curse both deep and strong.

"He's rich, and high, and grand, and great!  
And she's dressed like a queen so dear.  
While all mine lie in a drunkard's grave  
The fault of her father's beer."

"Then nurse ran after, and said, 'Don't mind,  
They are all of them raving drunk.'  
Papa dear, was it indeed your beer?"—  
The face of the Brewer sunk;

He hid his head in the golden hair,  
While his heart seemed like to break.  
"Not yours, papa, oh! say not yours,  
Say no, for your Eva's sake!"

But before him passed each corner shop,  
With its shining, flashing flame,  
(Where none come out, as they enter in)  
Each headed by his own name!

That curse on his child, his loved, his own,  
Seem'd laid at that father's door!  
"Oh, God!" he cried, "can this be true,  
I've grown rich on the ruined poor?"

"I've brewed the draught that has thousands  
slain,  
While I slept on a pillow of ease,  
With conscience lull'd, and a happy brow,  
Not thinking of them, or these?"

And down on his bended knees he fell,  
And he clasp'd his darling near,  
And vowed if the Lord would avert the curse,  
No matter the cost, nor how dear,

He would never more be the evil means  
Of sending poor souls to hell,  
He would dig for bread, give up his gold,  
But serve the Lord, and well!

Oh! men of wealth, who sip the sweets,  
No fancy sketch is here;  
There are thousands who curse the brewer's  
gains,  
His children, and his beer;

Widows, whose staff of life is gone,—  
Children, who roam the street,—  
And young and fair,—now soiled and wan,—  
And tottering, aged feet!

And what is your plea for the harvest day,  
When the score of your work is told?  
What treasure stored for eternity?  
The beer you brewed? Your gold?

The churches you built? The missions raised?  
The fortune that made your fame?  
'Tis all unfit to offer to God!  
'Tis tainted with sin and shame!

He wants not your bricks, nor stone, nor spire,  
Nor grand cathedral dome,  
Whose belfry tolls your victim's knell—  
"Lost! Lost! to heaven and home!"

A shoeblack, righteous, sober, true,  
Is nobler, scrubbing feet;  
'Twere better to die in a pauper's bed,  
'Twere better to sweep a street,

Than drive in gilded coach and four,  
And feast on richest cheer,  
And know the price is murdered souls,  
Slain by that poisonous beer.

Yea, better to be the publican!  
Your brother, with lesser share,  
For he only fires the shot that kills;  
But the bullets you prepare!  
—George Reynolds.

## TAUGHT BY A HEN.

BY THE REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D.,  
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Yes, I have been taught by a hen, this week. And the lesson has done me good. You must know that the hens in India are members of the family. They live in the houses of the Hindus, as much as the children. They feel perfectly at home, and the children pick them up in their arms, as we would a kitten, and they have no hesitation in laying an egg in the best place in the house they can find. I have known of a native gentleman who took off his gold-bordered gauze turban and carefully placed it upside down on a mat in the corner of the room while he was eating his dinner; and when he rose and wished to put the turban on quickly, he found the pet hen quietly sitting in it laying an egg!

But to return to my lesson. One of my young native assistants came in from his village, six miles out, where he is endeavoring to instruct a congregation of those who have lately renounced heathenism, and placed themselves under Christian instruction, and presented the diary of his month's work for my inspection. For we wish to know in how many, and which of the surrounding heathen villages each native assistant has preached during the month, what chapters he has read and expounded in the school-house, and so on, in order that we may give the better counsel and direction for the next month. His diary was, this time, written in three different colors of ink. I asked the reason.

"Well, sir," said he, "you see our pet hen was determined to sit."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, we would not let her, and kept all the eggs out of her reach."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, sir, one morning—it was the 10th, for you see the color of the ink changes then—I came in from my morning preaching in a heathen village a mile north, and found that that hen had come in while my wife was in the kitchen, and jumped on to my low writing desk, and scratched off the small brown-stone ink-bottle into a corner. The ink had all run out; but there she was sitting on that bottle, determined to hatch that, if we would not give her eggs. I had to fight to get it away from her, she was so resolved to sit on it. The ink was all gone, and as I had no more black ink, I had to use blue."

"Well," said I laughing, "how is it that, a week later, you changed again to red?"

"Why, you see, sir, I kept the blue ink-bottle hung up on the wall out of reach for a week, till I thought she had forgotten about it. At all events I forgot, and went out one day and left this bottle open on the desk, just as I had been using it. And, sir, when I came back, there was the old hen with this ink-bottle under her in the same corner as before, and a streak of blue ink on the floor all the way up to the corner, and the bottle empty. I had nothing but red ink left in the house, and so I had to use that until I could come in here and get some more black ink."

"Well," said I, laughing again, "what have you done with the old hen?"

"Why, we thought that if she was so determined to sit, we had better furnish her with eggs to sit on. She is sitting on seven eggs in that very corner now."

"Well," said I, "she gained her point by a firm persistence in attempting to do her duty according to the light she had, and it is a lesson that you and I may well heed for ourselves."

I have thought it over a good deal since, and I keep extracting comfort from it. We missionaries, here in India, have some very poor material to work upon; and some that seems to our eyes promising, and we do not know that it will not spring into life, any more than mistress hen comprehended the fact that the ink bottles would not hatch. We work on, with zeal and earnestness. The Master sees our persistent effort; knows that it is perhaps fruitless on that material, and honors our purpose of service to him by substituting more promising material.

There is a village of people fifteen miles from here, for whose conversion I have worked hard for some years. I did think them promising; but they remain still unmoved, and now seem almost as though they had no germ of life in them, but we have worked on. To-day comes in word from five families, living a mile north of them—of a higher caste and of much more intelligence, but among whom we had not worked, except casually—saying that they wish to embrace the religion of Jesus, and be taught to follow him. "Yes," said I, when the news reached me. "We have been in our ignorance perseveringly sitting on ink bottles, and now God has given us eggs!"

Does not many an earnest minister in Christian lands labor and pray and yearn for the conversion of certain individuals in his flock; and, though these, perchance, remain cold and hard and lifeless, does not God often honor their honest labor by sending to them other souls as seekers, of whom, perhaps, they have never thought?

"Sow in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

"Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky."  
—Madanapalle, India.

## EFFIE'S INVITATION.

FANNIE S. TILTON.

She was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked school-girl, and as the town's people saw her sauntering home from school with one and another friend, they would nod smilingly toward her, and say to each other,—

"There goes a pleasant little girl. Good scholar, too; and she does have about the best time in a quiet way when school is out."

But even these kindly-disposed people didn't give Effie credit for some solemn thoughts which crowded upon her as she considered her responsibilities in life. Only a few months before she had given that life to her Saviour, won by his great and marvellous love for her; and, as always happens, she wanted all her friends and school-mates to participate in that love. She had found a new pleasure in the weekly prayer-meeting of the scholars, although she had always been a regular attendant before her conversion; but now she was one of the workers, and their heads were full of new plans for winning others to Christ. Only last Thursday all the Christian boys and girls had pledged themselves to ask at least one school-mate, who did not usually attend the meetings, to come the following week, and to secure their attendance if possible; and now the week was almost gone, and still Effie hadn't given her invitation. Don't think the child meant to shirk! Oh, no! but there were so few of her friends whom she had not previously invited, and they occasionally attended the meetings. So this had been a great subject for Effie's prayers, and as yet she had received no answer. One or two positively refused, and others carelessly answered, "Perhaps."

She was thinking of this on Thursday afternoon as she hastened up the street to school, and realized that she had only one more recess for her effort, when she was suddenly joined by a tall youth who just then emerged from one of the yards fronting the street. They had hardly exchanged friendly greetings, when there came a great choking in Effie's throat, and her heart thumped as loud as the school-house bell, for she knew that here was her opportunity. Like a lightning-flash all the old excuses went through her mind: "What will he think? I know he won't go; I shall only get laughed at," and so on indefinitely, as all the while they were gaily chatting and rapidly nearing the school-house. Almost before she knew it she said as they turned in at the gate,—

"Won't you stop to our prayer-meeting to-night? They are very interesting, and Charlie B. leads this time."

A wondering look passed over his face, but he answered in quite a new and gentle tone, "I don't know. I can as well as not. Do you stay?"

"Oh, yes, always," was the prompt response, as they hastened to their respective desks.

Outwardly Effie was calm and studious

and attentive all that afternoon, but there was a subdued inward excitement, which was only partially quieted by the frequent petitions which arose from her inmost heart; and as the closing bell was rung, and twenty or more of the scholars repaired to their usual place of meeting, she didn't even dare to raise her eyes to see if Bert C. were coming.

Yes, he did come; and that was only the beginning. He came again and again, and in a few months he had asked his school-mates to pray for him, and soon joined the church he had always attended.

Can anything ever sound sweeter to Effie's ears than Bert's words one afternoon, after they had been to the meeting and were quietly talking it over on their way home? As they parted, he suddenly grasped her hand and said,—

"How can I thank you? You did it!" and was gone.

Effie is not the only gay and happy school-girl who looks up and thus lifts up her companions.—*Zion's Herald.*

## WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hezekiah Butterworth in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister, is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. "I know not," once said the Great Governor Andrew, "what record of sin may await me in another world: but this I do know: I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

Shall I tell you how to become a popular boy? I will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy.

## THE GREATEST OBSTACLE.

THE GREATEST OBSTACLE to the correct application of sanitary principles is either the ignorance or carelessness of those likely to be benefited. Men of general intelligence will allow their farmyards, cellars, ponds, drains, etc., to be breeders of disease, which may endanger not only their lives but that of the neighborhood, simply through carelessness, or fear of temporary expense, and through ignorance often of the serious consequences involved. If the masses of the people possessed proper education in sanitary matters the death rate, in the rural districts especially, would be very much lessened.—*Canada Health Journal.*

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