



### The New Catechism.

What is the chief lawbreaker of the land?  
The bar-room.

Where are the schemes hatched which promote civic corruption?  
In the bar-room.

Where does the midnight assassin go to prepare for his murderous work?  
To the bar-room.

Where do the police go in search of the skulking thief or murderer?  
To the bar-room.

What lays its hands upon political parties and dictates who shall be nominated and elected?  
The bar-room.

What impoverishes the industrious workman, and fills him with the spirit of discontent?  
The bar-room.

What takes the bread from the mouths of starving children?  
The bar-room.

What clothes with rags women raised in refinement and affluence?  
The bar-room.

What despoils young manhood, and sends it reeling and staggering down the street?  
The bar-room.

What crowds our prisons to their utmost limit?  
The bar-room.

What peoples almshouses and insane asylums with pitiable objects?  
The bar-room.

What destroys the respectability and influence of men, and sends them reeling to the drunkard's grave and to a drunkard's hell?  
The bar-room.

What destroys more homes, and causes more family trouble than anything else?  
The bar-room.

What is the greatest enemy of the church, the nation, and the home?  
The bar-room.

What is the greatest hindrance to every reform?  
The bar-room.

Can both the church and the bar-room prosper in the same territory?  
No.

Can a man, knowing the awful work of the bar-room, be a Christian and sign bar-room petitions, rent property for bar-room purposes, or vote for men committed to and in favor of the liquor traffic?

This question we leave for each reader to answer for himself. In the light of experience and constant failure along other lines, does not electoral action present the common-sense method of destroying the bar-room?—S. S. Hardin, in Kane Co. 'Leader.'

### Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News.')

#### CHAPTER I.

#### A NIGHT OF UNREST.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

(Continued)

'You are a difficult man to deal with, Mr. Armstrong, when you are riding your chief hobby. Right or wrong, you do not leave your antagonist much ground to stand upon. I don't say I am at all convinced of your side of the question; but I am practically used up, and I will let you enjoy the comfort of the proverbial "last word." But I shall doubtless return to the fight another day, none the less obstinate in my own belief.'

Mr. Armstrong held out his hand.

'Don't, Miss Deborah. If only you could estimate how much good material you are letting ravel you would be grieved to the soul, as I am. I admire your zeal and Christian work so largely that I want this great blem-

ish removed from what is otherwise so worthy. Think it over upon your knees, pray over it, and answer your God, face to face, about this great question of personal responsibility.'

Miss Deborah experienced a strange sensation of unrest and perplexity as she let her hand lie for a moment in the minister's warm grasp. She thought as she turned away what a pity it was that Mr. Armstrong should allow himself to centre his soul's best energies on extremes of fanaticism, and questionable fads. While the minister as he walked slowly onward prayed that this alert, capable Christian, this active, influential member of his church, might have her spiritual sight unveiled to the soul-danger of those who walked life's pathways so near to her. How puzzling it is that two Christians, both sincerely in earnest in their desire to serve Christ well and worthily, should be separated as far as the opposite poles of thought upon such a question of vital import.

Then they both remembered it was Saturday evening, and the minister went home, and to his study, to finish preparing his sermon for the morrow; and Miss Deborah hastened to get ready to meet her class in the afternoon. The lesson was upon temperance, and that had evoked the argument between her and the minister. She sat down to study it with more disturbed feelings than any previous treatment of the subject had ever called forth. But Miss Deborah was not one to change her opinions until she saw good reasons for doing so. Therefore she strove to follow the study of the subject upon similar lines of thought to her previous methods; and retired to rest, hushing the clamour of spirit-voices which seemed to call to her in notes of warning, and vainly hoping that sleep would quiet the restless throbbing of her tired brain. But sleep would not for a time be wooed, and when at length Miss Deborah sank into a brief unconsciousness the thoughts of the day interwove themselves with the visions of the night. She dreamed, and this is what she dreamed.

She seemed to be sitting in her customary chair at her writing table, with her pen in her hand. Her thoughts seemed centred upon the young girls in her class, and under, and above, and through all there reigned one absorbing fact—the knowledge of which held her in its awe-inspiring grasp, and yet at the same time brooded over her with an infinite calm. She knew—though how the knowledge came to her she had no conception, only she knew—that her limit of earthly life had been revealed to her, and that she had but a few more brief days wherein to live. She was calm, as if she were sitting there writing her customary daily letters of average importance, as she had done for many a month and year; and yet a great unspeakable hush of more than mere earthly significance enwrapped her waiting soul. Around her reigned an absolute silence; and God was in the stillness. She felt no fear, and knew no dread. Only that one great fact stood out from all others in its overmastering impressiveness—the fact that on the next Sunday she would be far away from all the familiar surroundings of earth and earthly friendships.

Before her on the table were several letters, which she had just written, and the envelopes bore the names of some of the girls in her class. There was the name of Lottie Carlton, whose father kept the 'Golden Eagle'; and through the sheltering envelope Miss Deborah seemed to see the words she had written. She had told Lottie that it was the last letter she would ever write her, for she was to enter upon that great veiled mysterious new life, far from this earth, very, very, soon; and on the next Sunday, and every Sunday afterwards, someone else would sit with them in the classroom, and teach them the weekly Bible lesson. Then she urged the necessity of taking Jesus Christ into the inner heart and life, and lovingly pointed the girl to the Saviour of the world. Miss Deborah saw all this, and yet her soul was not at rest as she read. Other letters lay near, all seemed to contain the same message and warning, lovingly and prayerfully written; but it was not enough. Her soul cried out that it was not enough. A shadow rested upon the written words. Then in her dream, she seemed to see those letters opened and read by the girls whom she knew and loved, and upon the faces of some great passionate tears were scorching the

checks, and the letters were pushed aside, while the hands that held them locked themselves in some dumb agony. She saw Lottie Carlton, with her beautiful face full of a dreaded evil determination; and she heard her well-remembered voice saying, 'Of what use is it to offer the Gospel with one hand and with the other put away the only thing that would stand as a shield between a tempted soul and condemnation? Miss Deborah means well enough; but if she doesn't help me to conquer the love of drink, which is fast getting the better of me, and if she puts her hand out to keep me from taking the pledge, there's no power on earth can save me. And there's no Christianity, and no Gospel, and no Christ for me. Oh, why can't she see it? She is a good woman, surely she is a good woman; why can't she see this?'

The words ended in a wail which almost broke Miss Deborah's heart; but Priscilla May's voice, speaking despairingly, caught her attention. 'She can't know what an awful thing the drink curse is,' Pris. was murmuring. 'I suppose folks that have never had it burned into their souls don't understand. If Miss Deborah lived year in and year out in such a home as I do, I guess she'd think differently of such things. If only she'd have asked me I'd have signed, and then there might have been a chance for me. But it seems as if the only and easiest way to get a little happiness, and lose one's misery for a bit, is to take to the drink. Mother's beginning to think so, too, I know; and if it comes to that, I shall, I'm sure. There's no use trying to do what Miss Deborah asks me to do—to meet her in heaven. I'm more likely to go somewhere that would shock her.' Then Ellen White's wild, sobbing protestations broke above the rest. 'Oh, God, if only I could love the good and hate the evil! If only I knew of something that would be a sort of anchor to hold by! If only I could get to Christ, I should be safe; but there is the drink, the poison, and curse, and power, and temptation of the drink ever keeping me away from what is right. My poor, wretched mother, dragging out the last of her days, without reason and without any hope, is but the living picture of what her child will one day be. For unless I give up the touch and taste of what has ruined her I also shall be lost. Miss Deborah might have helped me if she had chosen; but she would not. And how could I sign the pledge which she despises, and feel her looking coldly upon me for my weakness? I would not. God knows I could not; and yet if she had helped me I might have been saved.'

The voices died away; the vision grew indistinct. Miss Deborah woke. It was Sunday morning.

(To be continued.)

### The Indian Chief and the Firewater.

A missionary who was working among the North American Indians, after holding a service, attended a council which was being held. He spoke very plainly of the evils which intoxicating liquor—fire-water—had brought to them. The head chief of the band sometimes indulged in fire-water, and being a cunning orator, he arose, and said:

'You said to-day that the Great Spirit made the world, and all things in the world. If He did, He made the fire-water. Surely He will not be angry with His red children for drinking a little of what He made!'

The missionary answered: 'My red brother is a wise chief; but wise men sometimes say foolish things. The Great Spirit did not make fire-water. If my brother can show me a brook of fire-water, I will drink of it with him. The Great Spirit made the corn and the wheat, and put into them that which makes a man strong. The devil showed the white man how to change the good food of God into what will make a man crazy.'

All the members of the council shouted 'Ho! ho! ho!' And the chief was silenced.—'Christian Age.'

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