



The Family Circle.

THE HIGH LICENSE DOG.

BY J. SHERMAN.

A man had a dog that was vicious and vile,
He was ugly and black as could be;
He bit every soul that came in his way,
And his owner grew fat on the blood of his prey,
Till the people were frightened—but what could
they say?
The man kept the law, don't you see?

He paid his dog tax with so honest an air
You'd think him a saint in disguise;
The people looked on and said, "I declare
The life of that dog, we surely must spare;
We need all the taxes or else we'd despair."
("And here they all groaned and looked wise.")

We must pay up the doctor and funeral bills—
They've been very heavy of late:
So many were bitten, so many have died,
"We need all the taxes," these wise acres cried:
"We'll make them still higher. We'll not be
denied;
The man's love for his dog is so great."

The owner consented with radiant smiles.
As the dog, with permission given,
Went on with his work of destruction and woe,
And the owner and dog the bolder did grow
Till the streets with the blood of their victims
did flow,
While their wailing ascended to heaven.

Then the people opened their eyes at last.
"We've made a mistake," they cry;
"We must kill that dog, or our fate is sealed,
We'll have that odious law repealed;
The taxes haven't the matter healed.
That bloodthirsty dog must die."

So they went to work with a right good will.
(For the people's word was law.)
And the dog soon slept his last long sleep,
And they buried him then in a grave so deep,
That the thunder of ages might over him sweep
And he never would move a paw.

[FOR THE MESSENGER.]

A BOY'S LESSON.

"Oh, dear, those boys do beat all!"
sighed patient little Mrs. Morris as Ned
Morris, a bluff, hearty school boy of thir-
teen, came tearing into the sitting-room, a
book-bag strapped across his shoulder, and
a great three-cornered rent in his pantaloons.

"Ned, however did you tear your trousers
so, and your new pair too?"
"I'm sure I don't know, mother. I
didn't know they were torn till just this
minute," and Ned looked in blank dismay
at the torn garment.

"Go and change them, son, and when I
get time I'll try to mend —"
"Mother, mother," called a voice from
the kitchen, "I want some dry clothes,
quick! I fell in the creek down here, and
I'm just sopping wet, clean through."

Adjourning to the kitchen Mrs. Morris
found Harry, the youngest of her trio of
boys, shivering by the stove, the water drip-
ping from his clothes like a veritable
Nereid.

Under mother's patient ministrations
the wet garments were soon removed, and
the boy made dry and comfortable again,
but Mrs. Morris looked more weary and
despondent than ever, and she sighed
drearily as she thought how much her cares
were increased by the heedlessness of those
loving, thoughtless boys of her. Living on
a farm and doing every thing herself she
had to work early and late to keep home
bright and attractive for her husband and
the boys—hard, dull, prosaic work it was,
too, with scarcely a glint of sunshine to illu-
minate the dark places.

"The boys could help me so much if they
would only be careful," she sighed. "I
have tried every plan I can think of to
make them so, but nothing seems to do any
good."

Herbert, the eldest boy, attended school
in the town, three miles distant, going down
every morning and returning in the even-
ing.

"Did you bring me the yeast cake I
wanted, Herbert?" his mother enquired

anxiously, as later on he entered the sit-
ting-room, just returned from school.

"There, I declare if I haven't forgotten
it! I did intend to bring it, mother, but
there was a fire in town this afternoon and
I —"

"And the minister and his wife coming
to-morrow, and no bread in the house!
Oh, Herbert, Herbert!" wailed Mrs.
Morris, "my boy, what are you going to
do with your life? Those careless habits
will be your ruin."

Herbert looked up in astonishment. He
had never seen his patient, gentle mother
like this before. He was an impulsive,
warm-hearted boy, and the sight of her dis-
tress moved him greatly.

"Never mind, mother, I'll just tramp
back and get one. Serve me right too,
for being so thoughtless."

Mrs. Morris hesitated. It had been
raining heavily all day, and the roads were
filled with snow and water. Behind the
house the brook, swelled into a roaring
torrent, went foaming and tumbling by,
sweeping away fences and other obstruc-
tions in its path.

"Too bad to let him go back on such a
night," she mused. "I could manage to get
along, but then I am convinced nothing short
of a severe lesson of some kind will ever
cure him, and perhaps this may do it." She
cast a regretful glance after the boy as he
went whistling merrily down the road
wholly intent on repairing the mischief,
and then turned to prepare the evening
meal.

A substantial supper was on the table, the
lamps trimmed and burning when Mr.
Morris, thoroughly tired, came in. He had
been opening ditches all day to give the
water egress.

"This is the worst thaw I have seen for
some time," he remarked, helping himself
liberally to buckwheat cakes. "I have
never seen the water so high, and it is still
rising. Shouldn't wonder if Fly Creek
bridge went to-night."

"Fly Creek bridge," cried Mrs. Morris
turning pale. "You don't mean that?"

"It was never very strong at the best.
Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if the old
structure disappeared to-night."

"And Herbert?" gasped his wife.

"Hasn't Herbert come home? Oh, well,
the walking is bad, and he has probably
concluded to stay in town to-night."

"Oh, no, no! He will come home.
May even now be on his way!"

"Nonsense, wife, he would have been
here before this if he was coming. Like a
sensible boy he will stay where he is to-
night."

Hurriedly Mrs. Morris related the whole
circumstance. Pale and grave Mr. Morris
rose from his unfinished supper, lighted a
lantern and went to the stable, and soon
his wife heard his sleigh bells going swiftly
down the road. "Would he be in time,"
she prayed, "Oh would he be in time to
save her boy!"

Meantime, how fared it with Herbert?
It was growing dark rapidly when he
reached the grocery got the yeast cake and
started to return.

"It's a shame to have to turn out such a
night as this," he grumbled as he plodded
on through the rain and darkness. "I
think mother might have managed some-
how." The next moment his conscience
smote him severely as he remembered how
many times that patient mother had
"managed somehow" when his carelessness
caused her unnecessary trouble or incon-
venience. "Well there is one thing any-
way. If I once get out of this fix I don't
think I shall forget things again in a hurry."

He had now reached the bridge. The
night was intensely dark and he peered an-
xiously ahead but could not see a yard be-
fore him. He could hear the angry swirl
of the water as it dashed madly over a
little rapid just above the bridge. Put-
ting his foot out cautiously he felt for the
bridge. Yes, he touched something solid.
It was all right. The next moment he was
struggling in the foaming water.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he cried, "you
will never know now how sorry I am, and
how much better I meant to do."

Trying bravely to keep afloat he felt
something scratch his face, and to his great
joy succeeded in getting hold of a limb of
a tree which had become detached and was
floating down stream. Raising his voice
he called loudly for help. Hark, was that
an answering shout! Yes, surely, and a

light was swiftly approaching coming down
the bank.

"Here," called Herbert, wildly, "quick!
I can't hold on much longer."

"Courage, my boy," called the clear,
even voice of his father. "Hold firm and
I will soon save you."

The lantern flashed over the stream, and
by its light Herbert saw the rope thrown
to him by his father's steady hand. Grasping
it firmly the half-drowned boy was soon
drawn safely to the bank.

"Oh, mother," sobbed the penitent boy,
as an hour later he was safely ensconced
between warm blankets drinking a steam-
ing gruel, "I shall never forget those awful
moments in the water. It has taught me
a lesson I shall remember always. You
will never again be worried by my forget-
ful, careless habits."

And he kept his word. Soon people be-
gan to notice how systematic and painstaking
Herbert Morris was, it being all the
more remarkable in one so young.

"You can depend on him every time,"
was the general verdict. "A time and a
place for everything," was his motto, and
he never once failed to live up to it.

But when others praise his orderly,
careful habits, and hold him up as an ex-
ample for careless, untidy boys in other
homes, Mrs. Morris shudders as she re-
members how dearly bought was the ex-
perience which made Herbert what he is
to-day, his mother's pride and blessing.

A. M. W.

A STUMBLING BLOCK REMOVED.

"And no man puteth new wine in old
bottles, else the new wine will burst the
bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall
perish. But new wine must be put into
new bottles, and both are preserved. No
man also having drunk old wine straight-
way desireth new; for he saith, the old is
better."—Luke chap. 5, 37-39.

Frank Wright, chemist, in Kensington,
London, who at this day makes pure unfer-
mented wine, has written such a clear ex-
planation of this passage in a leaflet gener-
ally presented to the purchasers of his
wines, that I quote rather than give an ex-
planation in my own words:—

"The bottles spoken of, it should be
borne in mind, were the common bottles
of the country, i. e., skins of animals sewn
together, the seams and the inside smeared
over with a kind of pitch, to make them
air and water-tight; the old bottles, as
shown in Dr. Lee's works, being also often
rubbed over with honey for the same pur-
pose. The pressure which such bottles
would bear even when new must be small
indeed. Their expansibility under pressure
must also be very trifling; and hence such
bottles, no matter whether they were old
or new, must be quite incapable of resist-
ing the enormous force of the expansive
gas arising from fermenting fluid. It is
clear, therefore, that the choice of the
'new bottle' for preserving the 'new wine'
was determined, not by the question of its
strength or elasticity, but by some specific
quality present in the old, but not in the
new, whereby fermentation would be set
up in the one case, but not in the other.

The new bottle would not burst, not be-
cause it was so much stronger than the old
one, but because, as nothing would ferment
in it, its strength would never be tried
like the other. This determining quality
in the old bottles, for the absence of which
the new one was chosen, might be derived
from one of two sources, or from both.

First, from portions of the skin where the
pitchy lining had cracked or peeled off, be-
ing in a state of decay through exposure to
the air in a moist state; secondly, from
portions of sediment deposited from the
previous contents of the bottle, and which,
like the bottle itself, would run into decay
when exposed to the action of air and
moisture. In either case a fermenting
action would be communicated to any fluid
capable of undergoing such a change very
soon after being placed in such a bottle;
and the result would quickly be what every
chemist would predict, and which the text
describes—"The bottle would burst and
the wine be spilled."

"Wine, from which all air has been ex-
cluded by preserving it in vacuo, is so much
improved in taste and flavor by being kept
even a month or two unopened, that I
should not suppose it to be the same article
did I not know it. What effect will be
produced by keeping it for years is a pro-

blem which time will solve. At any rate,
this text can no longer be regarded as hav-
ing any special application to intoxicating
wines, and taken in conjunction with the
text preceding it, can leave no rational
doubt that the Saviour's reference in this
much-abused passage was to wine in its
unfermented and boiled condition."

"Knowing that such wine was in common
use when our Lord was on earth, can we
imagine that the wine he created at the
marriage feast had in it the elements of
corruption and decay? or that the wine he
drank and blessed at the Passover, when
he instituted the Lord's Supper, was any
other than what he there called it, 'the
fruit of the vine,' not that in which the
nutritive and life-sustaining qualities of
the fruit were changed for elements pro-
ductive of destruction to body and soul."

"And while alcoholic wine may have its
place among our medicines, the pure grape-
juice, whether fresh or preserved, is the
true type of that fruit of the vine which
we look forward to drinking new with our
Lord in the Father's kingdom."—Selected.

IN TRAINING.

"That," said a Sophomore in one of our
colleges to a visitor, "is John Black." He
pointed to a wiry, muscular young fellow,
who in boating costume was making his
way to the riverside. "He is going to
take a pull on the steam for an hour. He
is completely in the hands of his trainer
now."

"And what does his trainer do for him?"
asked the ignorant visitor.

"He regulates his whole day. John
gets out of bed at a certain minute every
morning; he exercises with Indian clubs;
is rubbed down; runs a couple of miles on
the course; takes a cold bath; is rubbed
down again, and so on until night. Every
mouthful he eats is prescribed by the
trainer. The day is strictly divided into
hours for exercise, for rest, for bathing,
and for work. The life he leads is as hard
as the life of a galley-slave."

"Why does he do it?"

"He is to run against the college com-
panion. He must put himself in training
if he wants to win the prize."

"What is the prize?"

"A gold medal."

The visitor was also a young man. He
did not want to run or jump or row for a
prize, but he had a great ambition to live a
high, noble, helpful life.

It occurred to him now, that he had not
been working so hard to that end as this
other boy was working for a gold medal.
When his companion left him, he walked
on alone, thinking of it, and he made a
resolution which may seem fantastic to
some of the readers of this article.

He would put his soul in training.
Every morning he would give an hour to
his Bible, and seek to bring his thoughts
and motives into comparison with the
thoughts and motives of Christ.

He would then exercise his judgment as
this athlete did his body, to make it stronger.
For instance, in the circle of his family and
friends, his thoughts were likely to be harsh
and censorious, for he was naturally a
severe judge. But he would compel him-
self to find some good feature in each
character, to think of it, and look at his
friends through its kindly light.

His charity, like the athlete's muscles,
would be thus strengthened by use.

The runner gave part of the day to
climbing a steep mountain in the neighbor-
hood; he thus gained power and health by
the muscular exercise and by breathing
purer air than that of the town.

He, too, would try to leave behind the
gossip, the trivialities, the coarseness on
the dead level of his daily life, and climb
to the height of some noble thought, or of
some great truth of science.

Moreover, as the daily bath was neces-
sary for the body of the athlete, so must
it be for his soul. He would, by self-ex-
amination, seek to cleanse it of all the im-
purities that might originate within, or be
gathered by contact with the world from
without.

Why, he thought, if this boy puts his
body in such severe training to gain a
coveted honor in his college life, shall I
not train my soul to win a life that is
gentle and true and merciful, and that
takes hold of the "life that is to come."—
Youth's Companion.