

bed of her money and clothes and wanted to die, to "just go right home and don't bother no more about it"

These are lives so long steeped in the dregs of wretchedness as to be almost tiresome to their owners, because they are so hopeless.

Then there are the careless children,



NAN'S FRONT DOOR.

for whom there are regular seasons. Many such rescues happen in the spring when the little folk begin to play on the loose logs and rafts in the basins with the first fine weather, but the majority occur in the summer bathing-time.

Frequently some sad victim of a boy, as he might be thought, just drawn from death's door, may be seen playing gayly at tag, waiting for his clothes, which are spread out to dry in the sun.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life Saving Association.

His most gallant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row-boat by collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers of the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

"When you drown," he says, speaking feelingly from experience, "not a thing you ever did but it comes up in your head. Then, may be, after that, you hear a kin' o' noise like music in your ears."

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover dock, and Kelly's of a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.

The boys are sorry that we do not have a chance to see them in the actual heat of their occupation. They offer, if we wish, to go through the form of a rescue, by having one of their own number fall in and two others get him out. We do not of course, accept so barbarous a test of hardihood, for it is early spring and the water is icy cold. We are satisfied to hear from them their manner of doing it.

The life-line is thrown as near the sinking person as possible. Two of the patrol go into the water. One puts the line about the subject with a "half hitch," the other helps support him to land. If he struggle and seize the rescuer so as to endanger both, the latter sinks a little, when the drowning man lets go his hold in alarm. In some cases it has been necessary to strike him, so as to render him partly insensible.

The drowning person is always to be approached from behind, turned upon his back, and drawn in by the hair, the rescuer swimming on his back also. This plan is recommended by the best authorities, and it may be well for some of our young readers to bear it in mind.—*St. Nicholas*.



Temperance Department.

THE HARMFUL INDULGENCE.

How does it happen, when every year in our Conferences the question is asked "Do you use tobacco?" and the almost universal answer is, "I do not," that so many ministers are openly or privately given to the habit of smoking? Is it because our young men take the same view of the matter that one of our New England preachers has, who says he left off six months before his ordination, so that he could declare affirmatively that he did not use it, and commenced again six months after his vows of ordination were taken, seeing how freely it was used by his brother ministers?

We leave it to the medical profession—for such eminent physiologists and practitioners as Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London—to deal with the physical effects of tobacco. Persons not yet the abject slaves to its use will do well to read such papers as that of Dr. Richardson in the July *Contemporary Review*, upon narcotics. Within our observation not a few persons have, by the use of tobacco, ruined their digestive system, exasperated other forms of disease, brought on a sudden death or greatly shortened their days; and all this in addition to the vulgar habit to which they have helplessly submitted, the discomfort and disgust which they have given to others, and the sad example of self-indulgence which they have been constantly setting. Of the necessity for the use of this narcotic as "instinctively selected and chosen to meet human wants," Dr. Richardson says: "There is no logical sequence. It is all confusion, assumption, apology for human weakness, exaltation of human weakness, sanction of temporary and doubtful pleasure, compromise with evil, and acceptance of penalties the direst, for advantages the poorest and least satisfactory."

But it is upon this moral side of the subject we wish to say a few plain words. We have known but few parents, especially religious men, and particularly ministers, who were pleased to have their children follow their habit of tobacco-using. We have known fathers to punish in their children what they daily practiced themselves. We cannot comprehend how a Christian minister can look upon the fair face of his little boy and breathe the sweet breath of his lips, and endure to think of him as the victim of this offensive and dirty indulgence; how he can patiently think of his entailing upon himself this very expensive habit, of the possible social associations and perils into which it may lead him, and the painful physical maladies it may engender. As it often occurs that in the second generation such an appetite becomes a positive mania, how must he look upon the passionate desire for this narcotic which has been wrought into the very blood of his child? How can a father with an honest face rebuke in a child what he permits constantly in himself and in the child's presence? Even if he arbitrarily enforces his laws in this respect at home, does he not know that he is tempting his child to practice deceit and to cover a forbidden indulgence which he justifies by the practice of the parent himself?

Just in proportion as a clergyman reaches mature years, and a conspicuous position in the church, his example in this respect becomes all the more pernicious. The younger ministers, enjoying his society, seek to win his friendly recognition by uniting with him in this social indulgence. Herein is to be found, probably, the reason why so many young pastors who were clean of lip at their ordination have since become saturated with the poison, and scented with the malaria of tobacco. It is pitiful in the extreme to know of any instance of a conspicuous minister of the Gospel who has so disorganized his system as to be unable to live without such a daily indulgence. It would be better to die an honest death

than to drag others down to a common ruin by such a protracted suicide.

We have known Christian parents to bewail the visit to their homes as guests of tobacco-smoking ministers. Men whom they have respected and loved, under whose pastoral labors they have taken great delight, have embarrassed them beyond expression in their domestic discipline. There are boys in their homes just at the most susceptible and temptable hour of their lives. These boys meet the solicitations of the streets. They associate with companions who esteem it a manly act to smoke. They are quick to receive a challenge, and very reluctant to refuse one. The parents, by loving entreaty, by kind expostulation, by careful teaching as to the physical and moral evils entailed by the habit, and by strict commands, have thus far withheld their sons from the vicious practice; but now when a doctor of divinity, a beloved and popular minister, in their own home and before their eyes, indulges himself with a great manifestation of self-satisfaction, what can these abashed and grieved parents say to the boys? We have known an eminent divine, spending a Sabbath at a ladies' college, to leave such a sickening odor of his cigars in his room, that, for days, bed-clothing and room had to be exposed to open windows, before this strange "odor of sanctity" had passed away. What effect upon the minds of these pure young women must this helpless slavery to a vulgar habit have! What kind of enforcement does it give of his earnest exhortations to purity, to self-denial and holy consecration?

It is easy to frame excuses. There is no doubt that the habit may become by the perversion of the system a necessity of comfortable existence. But what is the minister to say to the poor victim of intemperance that stands trembling by his side? What will he say to his unhappy brother who has fallen into the habitual use of chloral or morphine? His appetite may have passed beyond human possibility of reform; but we believe and teach a gospel that works miracles.—*Zion's Herald*.

UNDRESSING LITTLE NED.

"Where is 'Whiskey Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five-cent express wagon?" repeated the man in tones of surprise.

"Yes, I want to know."

"Well, now, it is a curious case," he slowly continued; "we all thought he had gone to the dogs, for sure he was drinking a pint of whiskey a day; but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half under ground."

When you go home at night and find that all's right with your flesh and blood, do you go to bed reasoning that the rest of the world must take care of itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again, as night comes down, and hope it may not lose any of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

So "Whiskey Bill" was hunted up. An enquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whiskey Bill' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set my eyes on the old crowd for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. But one could see that by your face."

"I hope so. I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive

me! but I was drunk when she died, half drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home, went out and got drunk?"

"No; I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial, I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of my children, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest is not quite four years yet. I got the oldest ones to bed all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I had never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do this; and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had the clothes off and his night-gown on, I was ashamed, broke down; and when the oldest saw the tears in my eyes, and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck, I dropped the name of 'Whiskey Bill' right there and then forever."

"And little Ned?"

"May be I'd have weakened but for him," replied the man, wiping his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had; and the big children were waiting; and when I took him in my lap and kissed him, I called Heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I have been trying hard to live a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whiskey Bill' again."

The four children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night, ma up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep."—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

SHUT THE EYES TIGHT.

Harry had been quite sick, and was obliged to be very careful of his diet. One of the orders was that he was to eat nothing but what was given to him.

One day little Jennie came in eating a piece of cake. Oh how nice it looked to the little hungry boy, who felt, as you do when you are getting better, that he wished to eat all the time! He knew if he just asked his dear, obliging little sister, she would gladly give him "the biggest half." But he didn't. He only said, "Oh, Jennie! you must run right out with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut tight, so I shan't want any."

Now that was a great triumph for a boy only seven years old. Some great boys of seventeen could not have done as well. They are far from shutting their eyes tight when temptation to taste wrong things is before them. They rather suffer their eyes to lead them straight into the mischief.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," is an excellent prayer for us all. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," and you never will be likely to fill a drunkard's grave.

So many boys think, "What's the harm in looking?" but it is just here they are made prisoners by Satan. The "eyegate" is one of the most important points he attacks. If he can pin your eyes very intently on some charming but forbidden object, he gets a serpent's power over you. You have heard how those dreadful snakes charm dear little birds and rabbits with their glittering eyes, until at last they drop down powerless into their terrible coils.—*Temperance Banner*.