## THE PRINCE WHO WOULD BE A MINISTER.

It is natural to associate thoughts of princes with battles on sea and land and political contests, but it is seldom that they are connected in our minds with the pulpit or the platform. These seem to be too pacific for kings or the sons of kings and queens. But Prince Leopold, the fourth son of Queen Victoria, has a taste for these things, and, it is said on very good authority, desires to enter the ministry. He has no profession as his elder brothers the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, and, as he resides chiefly with the Queen, aids Her Majesty considerably in the transaction of business. He is fond of art and music and is of refined tastes. He entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford, in the ordinary way, and studied there.for three years on exactly the same footing as other students, with whom he mixed freely. An honorary degree was given him at the termination of his career. During the past two years he has given several addresses, which have received special attention and much commendation from the press. The last was at the formal opening of the Firth College at Sheffield, recently, when he recommended rich men in Sheffield and elsewhere to follow Mr. Firth's example in erecting and endowing educational institutions, on which largely depends the country's pro-He seems to have ther, "Albert the inherited the tay ood," v beginning to g life and a prefill. May eminently useful of



Temperance Department.

## JOLLY JOE THE CARPENTER AND LITTLE KATE.

Joseph Jones, the carpenter—who was more commonly called by his commades Jolly Joc"—was one of those individuals who, though always carning good wages, are always poor. How he could therefore be called "Jolly Joe," deserves investigation. How could it be jolly for a mechanic to live in a meanly-furnished room, possessing hardly a necessary of life? It cannot be jolly to have no fender, no fire-irons, no washstand, no bed for the child four years old (save a made up one in the corner of the room), no decent bed-clothing for Jolly Joe and Jolly Joe's wife and little baby, no nice little ornaments on the chimney-piece, no carpet on the floor, no fire in the grate, no chairs save one, no singing kettle on the hob, and no bread in the cupboard. No; I don't see what jollity is to be had out of all these, especially when we remember that Joe's little one was very ill, and that he had no money, and more especially when we know that Joe's wife was ill as well and that the baby was very naturally in bed with her, and far from well also. Given a man who can get work, and who is free from any visitation of God which prevents him following his calling, and whose home presents such a scene as Jolly Joe's did on the foggy November evening of which we write, and most juries would give it as their opinion that unless his wife were a very bad woman, Jolly Joe was a drunkard. Now poor Mary Jones, lying ill in bed with her baby, was a good, thrifty soul, who made a shilling (when she got such an amazing sum) go farther than most folks, and so we must admit the truth that Jolly Joe drank. He was only Jolly Joe at "The Carpenters' Arms" round the corner, where his was the loudest voice, the stronggive it as their opinion that unless his wife Jolly Joe drank. He was only Jolly Joe at "The Carpenters' Arms" round the corner, where his was the loudest voice, the strongest arm, the merriest song, the foulest oath, and the wildest threat. Away from his companions he was Miserable Joe; and on looking on the wreck his vice had made, he would seek refuge in "The Carpenters' Arms" once more, in place of the arms of tul if you get her to take even that." those who loved him in spite of his faults. "All right." quoth Joe.

And then little Kate, the little maiden of four years old, was sick unto death, and Joe loved her very much, for even drunkards can love; and so we may suppose that Joe was very anxious about her when he left the workshop on this dreary November night. And so he was. He had borrowed half-acrown of one of his "mates" in case little Kate should require anything to tempt her failing appetite, and no one could have had firmer determination to do his duty for once in his life than had Jolly Joe.

But he and those who lived near him had

to pass that "house round the corner," called

"The Carpenters' Arms." "Halloo, Joe, where are you going?"

Joe was walking straight on. "Come on, Jolly Joe."

"No; my little girl is very ill," replied Joe "and the wife and baby are far from right. I can't come to-night, mates. I've only got what will do for us to-night. Little Kate may want a trifle of something

nice, and the wife——"
"Oh, you come in here, Joe. We don't ask you to pay for anything. Come and have a glass to freshen you up, at our express"

pense.

Still Joe hesitated. He did not consider who it was said that "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

"Come along, Joe. Only one glass, and we'll drink her health."

And Joe went. Oh, for some to have whispered in his ear, if perchance he might have taken heed—"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sit-teth in the seat of the scornful." But with ungodly sinners and scornful ones Jolly Joe went and sat in their seat; he being, truth to tell, as scornful and ungodly as they. And then it was the old, old tale. Jolly Joecame out of "The Carpenters' Arms" drunk, a bottle of gin in his pocket to refresh him whilst sitting up with his little one, and worst of all, his half-crown expended. Joe was not so drunk but he could walk upright and talk steadily, and although poor Mary could tell from his breath (no drunkard can conceal this test) that he had been drinking, still she was thankful that he appeared able to nurse the little one.

"The doctor will be here soon, Joc. Please to make a fire for me. I have been with her until just now, and only came to bed to get five minutes' rest. You've got some coals, dear, haven't you?"

Jolly Joe had got no coals. If gin would have done, he could have accommodated his wife. So he stammered out an excuse, and poor Mary sighed and wearily closed her eyes, seeing too well how matters stood, only saying—"Look after Kate, Joe, for a few minutes, will you? She spoke to me just

So Joe the Jolly drew the candle to the edge of the table, and sat down to look after little Kate.

But Joe might snap his finger and thumb and chirrup all night without one answering sign or smile from little Kate. The dark hair now was bathed in perspiration, and the great black eyes gazed vacantly beyond Joe, and the sweet closed lips felt none of his kisses. Who knows whom those glorious eyes saw, or whose angel kisses fell on her ips also !

Then came the parish doctor: quick and very short in speech, for he had no time to lose, but a kind-hearted man for all that.

He felt the child's pulse, and laid his hand apon her head.

Rubbed that ointment in?"

"Yes, sir," faintly replied Mary.
"Eat anything?" "No, sir-her teeth are clenched."

"Spoken lately?" "Just now, sir; but not in her natural

roice." The doctor steeped down and examined the little one's mouth.

went into his pocket.

"I—I—can afford it," said the ashamed Jolly Joe.

"Do so then, and immediately, if you want to save the child. And see you give it has a save the child. to her, even a drop at a time, and be thank-

"And keep sober, sir," returned the doctor, "for a man like you is a poor nurse for a tender thing like that. Were it not that I am sorry for your wife and children, I would have reported your doings to the authorities. As it is, I regard your child as my own patient; so don't brag in the public-house that you can make me do as you please, as I hear you have been doing. You are more than half drunk now, sir; take care you get no worse. Mrs. Jones, you lie still, and see your husband follows out my directions. I will see to you before morning." And the bustling doctor patted the baby on the head and left.
"You've got the money for the beef,

love?'

"Oh, lots. A pound did he say?"
"And coals?"

"Quite enough. You see I forgot-"Forgot Kate! Oh, Joe-"No, not forgot. But look here, I'll go

'Come here first, Joe."

"Yes, love."

"Don't get any more to drink; I feel so very ill. Think of little Kate."
"Don't worrit yourself, dear. Trust to

me." And Jolly Joe really meant it.

In the street Jolly Joe thought much as follows—"Surely I can get credit for a pound of beef and a hundred of coals, or if

not I can borrow another half-crown. I wish this gin was at Jericho; but then I've

spent my money now, and can't get it back again. Oh, poor little Kate!"

Ay, poor little Kate, indeed, when the butcher would not trust the drunkard, the coal-dealer would not trust the drunkard, and his besotted companions were too intoxicated

to listen to the drunkard. Oh, poor little Kate, indeed, when he came home with empty hands, and raking the ashes of the dead fire together, got them nto something like a glow, and making sure that his wife was sleeping, quite confident that he was fulfilling his errand, pulled out his bottle of gin and drank his fill.

Not long did the anxious mother doze.

"You got them, Joe?"
"There's the fire. You go to sleep; I'll look after Kate."

"No, I'll get up soon. Cut it up, Joe, and put it in the pan, with just a little water in it; I shall not be long before I come to look after it. Oh, look after Kate for me for once, Joe, for I feel so very ill. And I've watched her so many nights that I do

crave for a little rest now you are at home. Is the beef on?"

"Directly; all in good time."

Mary knew something was wrong by the tone of Jolly Joe's voice, and by a strong effort rose. There were the dying cinders, and there was not the beef.

There was just another thing. One strong maternal effort to reach the little form lying so still on its ragged bed, and then nature had her way, and Joe lifted the insensible form back to the bed where the now sleeping baby lay, and lifting his bottle again to

his lips, snuffed the candle and sat down against his child to nurse her.

Ah, poor little Kate! The great solemn eyes were now gazing still more earnestly at some unknown object far beyond, and when the thick drooping lashes fell, they only fell to reveal the glorious eyes again-eyes which never fell on Joe, but which seemed searching for something which they had lost for a moment and hoped to find again.

She wanted support; Joe could get her no eef-tea. Would gin do as well? Of course beef-tea. Would gin do as well? Of course it would. It warmed and cheered him, and would do for the child. Of course it would.

Drop by drop, and then by the instrumentality of a teaspoon, did Joe pour the fluid down,-meaning well, no doubt, and taking a gulp at the medicine now and then to prove to himself how well he meant.
"Why, she's better already."

"Where's Kate?" said a feeble voice. It was Mary's.

"Come and look, old girl. Why, here she

is, as well as ever she was."

"Let me see her. Oh, Joe, you have broken my heart! And I so ill too."

"Better than ever, I tell you."

Jolly Joe did not at all exaggerate. slight quiver ran through the little frame, then the pale face flushed to fade again, the dark eyes flickered, the thick black lashes closed, and lo! poor little Kate was indeed better than ever. She was better, for she

The doctor entered, and leading the weeping mother to her bed, gently made her lie down, and placed her baby in her arms; then kneeling by the body of the child examined it, and mournfully drew the coverlid over its face.

"Joseph Jones, you can't deceive me. You've been giving that child spirits."

"Well, you see, sir, we had no money." "Not for her! No-

"And I thought gin would do as well." "I knew it; and you have murdered her," whispered the doctor. "Hush! go and attend to your wife, if you are sober enough, and let me consider whether a coroner's jury ought not to send you to trial for this."

But Jolly Joe was fast asleep; and the good doctor sat alone with the living and the dead, until the dull grey dawn broke, and dead and living were confided to other hands.

It was time, indeed, for Joe to give up the bottle, and he did it; but in his agony he afterwards told the writer what his experience at the funeral was, and nothing more awful can be imagined. Sentences in the beautiful service for the burial of the dead seemed to sound as though some whisper in his ear supplemented them, so as to accuse

him of being a murderer.
Thus, without irreverence, we give a few instances. The man's name was not Joseph Jones, but that is all the alteration made in the story. To him, according to his own account, some of the burial service was as fol-

lows:—
"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—by the hands of her father—blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Man that is born of a women hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery-

by the hands of her father."
"Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Him-self the soul of our dear sister here de-

parted—by the hands of her father."
These instances are enough to show the unavailing agony of the man's mind.

It was not too late to repent, but it was too late to bring the little child to life again, and for as long as I knew him afterwards Jolly Joe was Jolly Joe no more. He would spend his spare time in visiting the dead girl's grave and shedding tears of bitter penitence over it, kissing the ground under which he thought her lips might lie and stroking the turf as he had often stroked the dark tresses from her brow. He would burst into tears in the street until people took him for a madman, and in agonies of grief cast himself down on the place where she had died, and refuse to be comforted. But all this never brought poor little Kate to life again, and it is as well so. had an unconscious mission, and all unconsciously it was well performed. Treading with tiny footsteps the glittering streets of Jerusalem the Golden, she rejoiced at wearing the victor's crown whilst hardly feeling the soldier's cross.

But what a lesson for us! Are you a drunkard! Then, in all affection, we bid you take warning. You may go on sacrific-ing fortune, health, reputation, and friends, and then may go to the public-house and say that you may as well "make merry," for you have nothing else to lose, then the thing you loved so well and thought most secure may by taken from you, as was poor little Kate from Jolly Joe, and words of love being wasted, you may be driven from vice with a whip of scorpions.—British Work-

SMOKING ALCOHOL.—It is not generally known that alcohol is used in the manufacture of cigars, but it is a fact. The cigars that won the prize medal at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia are sprinkled with New England rum. Brandy and wine are used in some brands, and the fatal al-cohol in nearly, if not all. I have taken the trouble to ascertain these facts, and to verify them. I had long known that there was an intimate relation between tobacco and alcohol—hence, beside the saloon, there is sure to be a cigar store; but it was not until I found that men attempting to reform were forced to throw away their cigars, in order to succeed, that I began to look carefully into the matter. The case is now plain; every man who puts a cigar in his mouth has some of the effects of alcohol. No doubt this is one of the reasons why it is so hard for some smokers to give up the habit; and why it is so common for smokers to become drunkards. It is time the light of truth was let in upon this whole business.-Watch-