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NOTICE.

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Temperance Department.

ANOTHER SOUL GONE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Written on the death of a great man, who died through drink.

There's another grand soul
Cut down by the scythe that King Alcohol swings.
And the fiend of the bowl
A song of rejoicing and merriment sings.

Such a masterful mind!
To be drowned and dethroned by the demon
"Drink's" hand.
No wonder, O wind!
That your song is a wail, as you speed o'er the land.

A king of the earth!
But his masterful intellect crowned him not
man.
Do you know his mind's worth?
Then behold it, and show me his peer, if you can.

Poet, satirist, wit:
Three gems from the crown that his intellect made.
God formed him to sit
On the high mountain-tops, where but few feet have strayed.

Was there no hand to save?
Was there no one to lift up this beautiful soul
From the gloom of the grave,
And defeat the dark fiend of the maddening bowl?

O women! O men!
Can we sit idly down, and let this work go on?
Up, soldiers, again!
Hear you not the war-cry, "There's another soul gone?"
Temperance Advocate.

"ALONE IN A GREAT CITY."

"Alone in a great city!" This was Frank Taylor's sad experience. Early left an orphan, and without near relatives, circumstances had compelled him to leave the country town where he had many friends and acquaintances, for a situation as clerk in a large builder's house in London. It was a great change for the country youth: formerly he had never needed to spend a lonely evening; in D— plenty of pleasant homes had been open to him, and on the Sunday kind friendly greetings had been a pleasant and an easy thing.

In London it was very different; his fellow clerks were much older than himself, with families or circles of their own to which they did not care to introduce the stranger. His lodgings were comfortless, and the evenings were miserably dull and lonely.

On Sunday it was even worse. Instead of joining a church on first settling in town, and thus opening a door for friendly fellowship, he had foolishly spent some months in roaming from one place of worship to another—now to hear that particular preacher or see such and such a special service—till his religious feelings were deadened, and in disgust at the cold treatment he received in strange churches (for which he was himself mostly to blame), he more frequently than not spent Sundays in the Jarks or his own room.

This was a first step in a downward course.

As solitude became more irksome (and no solitude is so terrible as that of one alone in a great city), for the sake of companionship he took up with men from whom in the old time he would have shrunk. There were plenty only too glad to do the devil's work, and to lead the young man astray. And alas, Frank's religion had been more of the head than the heart, more a form than a consecration of heart and life; when temptation came he had only his own strength to resist it, and he fell.

"Something is wrong with our new clerk," observed the foreman of Messrs. R. and S., builders, to his wife one evening; he called Frank Taylor "new clerk," though he had now filled that office a year. "When he first came I liked the looks of him uncommonly, and tried to draw him out a bit, but he was so shy and reserved that I felt rather shut up; yet now, for all his quiet, gentleman-like manners, he's gone and taken up with some fast young men at Mortmain's opposite; and if they don't lose him his situation before three months, my name's not Joe Larkins."

"What has he done?" asked Mrs. Larkins.
"Done! nothing that sounds much as yet; only been a little late in the mornings, and looked as if he hadn't had his sleep out. But I know the signs only too well—bloodshot eyes, shaking hands, nervous manner. They've made him join their 'free-and-easy' club at the 'Sun,' and that means ruin."

"Perhaps he hasn't any friends; it must be very dull to live in lodgings," said Bella Withers, Mrs. Larkins' pretty young sister.

"That's no excuse," interrupted Mrs. Larkins. "Didn't Joe live in lodgings alone ever so long before we married, and did he go and join any of your 'free-and-easies'?"

"Perhaps this young man is of weaker stuff, and besides," added Bella wearily, "Joe had you to look forward to, and that kept him steady you know."

"True, my girl, the thought of your sister did help me in those lonely days; I've often thanked God for keeping me steady through those two years. I was just at this young fellow's age, when a man's whole life is often either made or marred. Poor chap, I'm sorry for him," and honest, kind-hearted Joe Larkins, in his thankfulness for his own mercies, began to ponder how he might benefit his erring neighbor.

When we are really wanting to do good, God opens up a way for us; and an opportunity for serving Frank Taylor came to the foreman almost immediately. The next evening as he was leaving the yard, he, being the last to go, observed the "new clerk" a little in advance of him. While debating whether to go up and speak, he saw Taylor reel, then clutch at a wooden railing for support; in a moment Larkins was by his side, and had taken his arm within his own.

"Thank you, Mr. Larkins," said the young man, as he quickly recovered from his giddiness. "I feel tired and stupid; 'I'll just drop into the 'Sun,' and get a glass of something hot. Will you come in with me?"

"Certainly not; and if you're wise, you'll just come along home with me and have tea; or I'll walk with you to your lodgings and see you safe in. But if you'll come to my place 't would be a real kindness, for the missus and Bella will be out, and I'm only a lone fellow for the evening."

"I'm that all evenings, unless I turn into the 'Sun,'" answered Taylor, sighing, and letting his new friend take him where he pleased.

"Do you find it pay?" asked Larkins, walking in the direction of his own home.

"Pay?" echoed Frank bitterly. "Why man you don't know what it costs. I'm sick of the 'Sun,' of the fellows I meet there, of myself, of everything. I'm sick even of my life! Pay! it has cost me peace of mind, it is swallowing up my earnings, it is destroying my health."

"And your soul," added Larkins, solemnly, as the young man paused.

Taylor started, and for the moment seemed as if he would go back; but they had now reached the foreman's door, and he was inside the cosy little parlor before he could utter a word.

How pleasant it looked after his dreary lodging. Mrs. Larkins, like a good little wife, had left a bright fire in the grate, on which

the kettle was singing its well-known domestic tune; the table was spread for tea, everything was in perfect order, and just ready for the master's use; to Joe's amusement there were cups and plates for two.

"I told the missus," laughed he, filling a teapot and then cutting away at a ham, "that I wouldn't stand being left to myself, and would bring home somebody; I only said it for a joke, but it's turned out true, and I'm very glad."

There was no resisting the kindly tone and welcome. Frank Taylor's reserve all thawed beneath it, and soon he was pouring into his companion's ear all the temptations that had beset him, and the depths to which he had fallen.

"I could give up every sin but drink," he said, in conclusion. "I detest Mortmain's young men when I am in my right mind; I resolved to leave them; then came these long lonely winter evenings, and a fearful craving that only drink can satisfy. I cannot master it—it has mastered me."

Joe spoke, as one speaking from the heart, in simple earnest language of God's hatred of drunkenness, of the Saviour's self-sacrificing life and death, of the help that is given by the Holy Spirit to those who seek it.

"That is the awful part of it," cried Frank, despairingly; "I know that just sins like mine brought the Saviour to the Cross, that there is no heaven for the drunkard; and, believe me or no, it is true that I have prayed again and again to be delivered from the power of this sin."

"I do believe you," said Joe, laying his hand kindly on the other's; "but after your prayer, have you shunned the 'Sun' and the people you met there? Have you done all you could to resist the sin; or have you been content with praying against it, and then gone drifting into the arms of temptation?"

It was a searching question, and arrested Frank's attention. Had he done all he could to resist the sin? And his conscience answered, "No." Had he done all he could to foster in himself a religious life, a nearness to God? He remembered his formal acts of worship, his misspent Sundays, his unopened Bible, and again conscience answered, "No." Had he not rather played with temptation, even while insulting God by praying against it? If drink was now his master, had he not become a slave, little by little, and of his own free will? It was a revelation of himself, such as he had never had before.

For an hour or two the foreman and his guest talked together; never since he had left D— had anyone thus cared for his soul; and though, as yet, Frank despaired of the future, never before had he been so fitted to receive salvation as now, when humbled by a knowledge of sin and weakness.

"I must give an hour or two to my books before my missus returns," said Joe, when the clock struck seven; "I've got some worrying measurements to make right. No, you shan't help me; I didn't ask you in for that. Either sit in the arm-chair, or if you like, here's a ticket for a lecture on John Bunyan at our school-rooms, that will last about an hour. Would you care to hear it? and then come back and tell us all about it over supper."

Frank Taylor shrewdly guessed that Joe would work happier and quicker when feeling quite alone. "A lecture on Bunyan; yes I'll go; there's sure to be something worth hearing."

"If you're wise you'll join the course," said Joe; "there's always a good lecture on. If once you put your mind into good and sensible things, the 'Sun' won't have a chance."

Scarcely any lecture could have been better fitted to impress the conviction already awakened than the one on Bunyan to which Frank listened. As he heard of a man plunged so deeply in the mire of sin that extrication seemed impossible, yet by God's grace and forgiveness being cleansed from its filth and walking earnestly Zionwards, hope and courage rose. Through the blood of Jesus there was pardon and help for him and the thought of such infinite love touched his heart and awakened a new sensation of gratitude. And the story of the dreamer's life, as it proceeded, taught him many a wholesome lesson. Not in one moment had Bunyan overcome all temptation and weakness, many times did he wrestle in agony with sinful thoughts and feelings, and came off at length a con-

queror, God helping him. Frank thought of his own quiet evenings, and how he had misused his time and opportunities. Never would he forget the picture drawn by the lecturer of the persecuted man, in prison for conscience sake, alone in his dreary cell, unheeded save by his Bible and his God, consecrating his time to a work which should prove a good influence so long as language lasts, and making his painful loneliness a means of blessing future generations.

Then and there Frank resolved, by God's help, to become a follower of Christ, and resist temptation even unto death. "God assisting me, I have done with drink for ever," was his determination as he left the room and turned down Joe Larkins' street.

That night made the two men intimate as under every every-day circumstances it might have taken long to do. Frank Taylor kept his resolve; and also became a frequent visitor at the Larkins' new abode. In fact, having found a pleasing, modest girl, whose influence would he knew, be all on the side of godliness and temperance, he very wisely determined to win her for his very own. And in due time Bella became Mrs. Taylor.

THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have singed themselves and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Law sits behind, and sanctions its burning. It pays a princely revenue to the government. Women flaunt their gauzes in it. Clergymen sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of the country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet, every year, sixty thousand persons in this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of wives in despair, of loves bruised and blotted out, of children disgraced, of almshouses filled, of crimes committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember that this has been going on for thousands of years, wherever wine has been known, what are we to think of the men who still press into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifests so little sense, and such hopeless recklessness.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way of danger. There is a notion abroad among men that wine is good,—that when properly used it has help in it,—that in a certain way it is food, or a help in the digestion of food. We believe that no greater or more fatal hallucination ever possessed the world, and that none so great ever possessed it for so long a time.

Wine is a medicine, and men would take no more of it than any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste; and agreeable in its first effects. The men who drink it, drink it because they like it. The theories as to its healthfulness come afterwards. The world cheats itself, and tries to cheat itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world as not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alcohol, which never adds to tissue, and the men who make a jest of water-drinking, all know perfectly well that wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will until that millennium comes, whose feet are constantly tripped from under it by the drunkards that he prone in its path. The millennium with a grocery shop at every corner is just as impossible as security with a burglar at every window, or in every room of the house.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon weary knees to touch not the accursed thing. Total abstinence, now and for ever, is the only guarantee in existence against a drunkard's life and death, and there is no good that can possibly come to a man by drinking. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings, or destroy you.—Dr. J. C. H. H. H.