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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

### STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER

When I was a very little boy I was playing before my father's law office and I repeated a very bad word that another boy came along and told me. My father heard it, and he came out and whipped me for it; and so I stopped from swearing before I became a swearer.

Again, when I was about nine years old, I drank some "cherry bounce" that I saw standing on a sideboard in my grandfather's house. My good mother saw me, and she corrected me very sharply, and told me that if I ever drank any intoxicating drink again, she would punish me still more severely. I obeyed her, and so I stopped before I began to love any drink that has alcohol in it.

There are a great many reasons why a boy should not begin to be a tippler of wine, or beer, or ale, or anything that can make you drunk. One reason is that it is hard to stop drinking when you get in the awful habit of doing it. A careless workman who was working on the eave-trough of my house fell off, and he could not stop till he got to the ground; and he died a few days afterward! That is the way it is with thousands of drunkards;

They begin to tittle and the habit makes them slaves, and they confess that they "can't stop." One of my neighbours was arrested by the police last week for striking a man when he was drunk. He says that he "can't resist the temptation of liquor now." Poor fellow; he ought to have stopped before he began.

So it is with lying. A first lie twists your conscience and the next lie comes easier; and before you know it you are a confirmed liar. Sinning is a toboggan slide. Don't begin.

All through this year all the boys and girls who read these words will be getting better or getting worse. Those who resolve that with God's help they won't begin bad practices will have a happy year. Those who say, "Oh, I don't care," will soon be disobedient boys and on the downhill road. Don't you forget this good maxim pin it fast to your memory: "I will stop doing wrong before I begin."—*Canadian Royal Templar.*

### WHICH WAS THE HERO?

"What's a hero?" asked little Bob.

"A hero?" said his brother Frank.

"Why, it is one who does something very brave and great. I am going to be a hero when I'm grown up."

"Are you really?"

"Yes," said Frank, nodding. "I shall be a soldier, and go out to the wars and fight. You'll see me coming home some day, Bob, wearing, oh, such a lot of medals!"

"Well I s'pose I can't be a hero, then," said Bob, sadly. "'Cause I don't want to be a soldier. I shouldn't like to kill people."

Frank laughed. "You're a regular little coward, Bob, that's what you are."

That afternoon they had a visit from cousin Jack, and when they were out in the orchard he pulled out a box of cigarettes and wanted them to smoke. Frank took one, and smoked it, too. It was horrid, but Jack would have laughed at him so if he had refused. Bob said no, and although both Jack and Frank tried to make him take a whiff, he wouldn't.

That evening Frank was ill; his mother thought it was a bilious attack, until Frank who was feeling very miserable, told her the truth.

"And did Bobbie smoke?" she asked.

"No, mother," said Bobbie, promptly.

"How was that?"

"Why, you and dad said we mustn't."

"That's my brave boy," replied his mother. "Before you go for a soldier, Frank, you will have to learn obedience," she added, for she had overheard their talk in the morning. "But tell me which you think behaved most like a hero today?"

And Frank was obliged to admit that Bobbie had.



HOW THE GIN MILL WORKS.

### THE DRINK TRADE.

The accompanying illustration and comment are taken from the "Gin Mill Primer," a capital little book by J. W. Bengough, containing such pictures and fables. It is published by William Briggs, 29-33 Richmond Street West, Toronto. Price, 25 cents. Just the thing for the temperance campaign.

### HOW THE GIN MILL WORKS.

This is the Gin Mill at work. It is not just of this shape, as a fact, but this view of it is quite true all the same. The Gin Mill takes the form of a House, on the Main Street of the Town. Some of them are Fine and Gay, and are all ablaze with Gas and Brass and Glass; and some of them are on Side Streets or Lanes, and are Low Down Holes that smell of filth and bad beer. But the work they, high or low, is of the same sort, and the cut makes it quite clear. Do the Gin Mills grind Corn? No, my Child, they have to do with Corn Juice. They grind boys and men, and hearts and homes, for they are set up to deal in Drink. You say it must be that they are of some use, though they have harm in them? Well, my Child, if they serve one good end, I do not know what it is, nor can I find out. All they do is what you see done in this cut. There you have the Gin Mill in full blast. You see pure boys and clean men go in at the front door. When they get in, the Drink Fiend gets hold of them, and they are made into sots as you see, then come out at the back door, and off they go to work all the ills I have told you of. What do you think of this land that knows of God and Christ, and keeps up such a thing as the Gin Mill by force of the law?

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

The work of character-building is worth all that it costs of time and toil. Beautiful lives are worth more than palaces. Bright, buoyant, well-balanced girls and boys are what we want among the crowds of weary ones whom we meet everywhere in life.