

But there was no holding back now; the die was cast; and they must stand to the issue. Mr. Eldridge tried to speak pleasantly to the lady on his arm, as he ascended to the supper room; but the words came heavily from his tongue, for his heart was dying in him. Soon the company were around the table, and eyes, critical in such matters, taking hurried inventories of what it contained. Setting aside the wine and brandy, the entertainment was of the most liberal character, and the whole arrangement extremely elegant. At each end of the table stood a large coffee-urn, surrounded with cups, the meaning of which was not long a mystery to the company. After the terrapin, oysters, salad and their accompaniments, Mr. Eldridge said to a lady, in a half hesitating voice, as if he were almost ashamed to ask the question:

"Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"If you please," was the smiling answer. "Nothing would suit me better."

"Delicious!" Mr. Eldridge heard one of the gentlemen, of whom he stood most in dread, say: "This is indeed a treat. I wouldn't give such a cup of coffee for the best glass of wine you could bring me."

"I am glad you are pleased," Mr. Eldridge could not help remarking, as he turned to the gentleman.

"You couldn't have pleased me better," was replied.

Soon the cups were circling through the room, and every one seemed to enjoy the rich beverage. It was not the ghost of coffee, nor coffee robbed of its delicate aroma; but clear, strong, fragrant, and mellowed by the most delicious cream. Having elected to serve coffee, Mrs. Eldridge was careful that her entertainment should not prove a failure through any lack of excellence in this article. And it was very far from proving a failure. The first surprise being over, one and another began to express an opinion on the subject to the host and hostess.

"Let me thank you," said a lady, taking the hand of Mrs. Eldridge, and speaking very warmly, "for your courage in making this innovation upon a custom of doubtful prudence. I thank you, as a mother, who has two sons here to-night."

She said no more, but Mrs. Eldridge understood well her whole meaning.

"You are a brave man, and I honor you," was the remark of a gentleman to Mr. Eldridge. "There will be many, I think, to follow your good example. I should never have had the courage to lead, but I think I shall be brave enough to follow, when it comes my turn to entertain my friends."

Henry was standing by his father, when this was said, listening with respectful, but deeply gratified attention.

"My son, sir" said Mr. Eldridge.

The gentleman took the boy's hand, and while he held it, the father added:

"I must let the honor go to where it really is due. The suggestion came from him. He is a Cadet of Temperance, and when the party was talked of, he pleaded so earnestly for the substitution of coffee for wine and brandy, and used such good reasons for the change, that we saw only one right course before us, and that we have adopted."

The gentleman, on hearing this, shook the lad's hand warmly, and said,

"Your father has reason to be proud of you, my brave boy! There is no telling what good may grow out of this thing. Others will follow your father's example, and hundreds of young men be saved from the enticements of the wine cup."

With what strong throbs of pleasure did the boy's heart beat, when these words came to his ears. He had scarcely hoped for success, when he pleaded briefly, but earnestly, with his mother. Yet he felt that he must speak, for to his mind, what she proposed doing was a great evil. Since it had been resolved to banish liquor from the entertainment, he had heard his father and mother speak several times doubtfully as to the result; and more than once his father expressed regret that any such "foolish" attempt to run in the face of people's prejudices had been thought of. Naturally, he had felt anxious about the result; but now, that the affair had gone off so triumphantly, his heart was outgushing with pleasure.

The result was as had been predicted. Four parties were given to the bride, and in each case the good example of Mrs. Eldridge was followed. Coffee took the place of wine and brandy, and it was the remark of nearly all, that there had been no pleasanter parties during the season.

So much for what a boy may do, by only a few right words, spoken at the

right time, and in the right manner. Henry Eldridge was thoughtful, modest, and earnest-minded. His attachment to the cause of temperance was not a mere boyish enthusiasm; but the result of a conviction, that intemperance was a vice, destructive to both soul and body; and one that lay like a curse and a plague-spot on society. He could understand how, if the boys rejected, entirely, the cup of confusion, the next generation of men would be sober; and this had led him to join the Cadets, and do all in his power to get other lads to join also. In drawing other lads into the order, he had been very successful; and now, in a few respectfully uttered, but earnest words, he had checked the progress of intemperance in a circle far beyond the ordinary reach of his influence.

Henry Eldridge was a happy boy that night.

FIDELITY OF A JACKDAW.—Some years ago a man named Sylveter, living at Melbourne, Derbyshire, possessed a tame jackdaw, between which and a person named Clark a kind of friendship sprung up. Clark was a mechanic by trade, who worked at Melbourne, and periodically walked to Derby "to take in his work." Almost every time he went, the jackdaw accompanied him there and back. The bird flew fifty or a hundred yards, settled on a bush or tree, and waited until Clarke came up to it, and then flew somewhat further—and so on. Occasionally it alighted on his shoulder, and was carried a short distance. Arrived at the town in this manner, Jack waited for some time near the warehouse where the work was taken in, and, when Clark made his appearance at the door to come back, he was soon spied by the observant bird, which returned with him in the same manner as it went—a distance there and back of sixteen miles.

Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping.

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JOSEPH I. TUCKER,

Dec. 17, 1854. Lloyd's Surveyor.