

Pontificate, in which case the final victory will, without fail, rest with the Holy Catholic Church.

This does Leo XIII. try to rouse the waning enthusiasm of the people for his person and authority, for ever since the stormy scene in the streets of Rome when the remains of Pius IX. were removed from St. Peter's to their final resting-place, he has felt how slight was his hold upon the loyalty of the mass of the people.

As I walk down the long aisles of the many noble churches of this fair city, I hear the voices of the priests chanting their services, but where are the listeners? Here and there I see the kneeling figure of a woman, or the white head of an old man, whose relaxed form shows that the shelter of the church has brought rest to his body, if not to his soul. But these are nearly all. The young men of Italy are not there. They scorn their priests, call them "vagabondaggio," and will have nothing to do with a religion which they represent. I often see on Sundays, passing through the streets, long processions of young men from twenty to twenty-five years old upon whose banners are inscribed the words, "Societa Antireligiosa," which virtually means resistance to the Papacy.

No; Leo XIII. pleads in vain. Italy will never return to the thralldom from which she is bursting free. Truly, this field is ripening for workers, for the land has lost its old faith, and has not yet found a new.

FLORENCE, Italy, December, 1881.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.



Temperance Department.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER I.

"Birdie, Birdie, won't you come and talk to me? I am so tired of playing here alone. Where are you, Birdie? Oh, here, far up on the upper perch. Come on my finger and talk to me," and little Rosa Leighton, with her pet canary held close to her cheek, sat down on the little rocking-chair, from which she had risen when she opened the cage.

Nothing that wealth could buy, or a refined taste suggest, was wanting in the room to make the little girl happy. The only child of wealthy parents, the costliest toys were not too expensive if they gratified her for a single day; but lavish their wealth upon her as they might, they could not buy for her the one blessing which her Heavenly Father had denied her—she was blind. Her nursery was furnished with the prettiest furniture; a carpet upon which the roses seemed strewn in graceful clusters covered the floor; a stand of choice flowers stood in the bay-window, and among them could be seen a few pet gold-fish swimming in their glass home; even Birdie's cage was perfect in its way, a beautiful new gilt one, but dear little Rosa could only feel all these things and try to imagine, from the description of others, what they looked like. It was not often that Rosa was left with only her bird for company, but one look into the parlors will explain all.

It is only an hour or two after noon, but here one might imagine that it was almost midnight, for the shutters are all closed, and in place of the bright, cheerful sunlight, light falls from the gas jets of the massive chandeliers.

In the front parlor the beautiful and envied Mrs. Leighton receives her gentlemen friends, who call to wish her a "Happy New Year."

In the dining-room a table is spread with all the delicacies of the season, and in the cut-glass decanters sparkles the ruby poison that has to-day led many a young man to take the first step in the path to destruction.

As the afternoon passes, Mrs. Leighton becomes strangely absent-minded; more than once a gentleman has to repeat a question before she answers, and each time the hall-door opens she watches almost breathlessly, and turns pale if any one speaks loudly or boisterously. Then, as the one

she is looking for comes not, she smothera a sigh of relief or disappointment, she can hardly tell which.

Once more the door opens, and this time a gentleman, who bears enough resemblance to Mrs. Leighton to be known at once as her brother, crosses the room to where she is sitting. Some one else has just entered and has spoken to her, but she does not hear him; she steps forward to her brother, and catching his hand nervously, says, in a hoarse whisper, "George where is Frank? I thought you were going to stay with him."

"So I have, Eleanor. I have been making calls all day with him, but it has been of no use; he will not listen to me; and now he is making one call alone, and I have hurried home to beg of you to let me take all the liquors from the table before he comes in."

"George, I am surprised at you. Do I want to tell everybody that I am afraid my husband will drink too much? Besides, I expect a good many more calls, and how would it sound to hear it said Mrs. Leighton had a temperance table?"

"Yes, yes, Eleanor," said Mr. Newton, impatiently, "you told me all that this morning when I urged you to banish it entirely from your table to-day. What does it matter what others may say, so long as you can keep even one glass from your husband? If you could watch him as I have to-day, drinking a little here and a little there, until he is now in no fit state to enter this parlor, you would break every decanter into atoms rather than let him have one drop more. Oh, Eleanor to-day I have felt more than ever how responsible are you ladies for the influence you exert. I'll go up to Rosa now, the little darling must be lonely."

Long before he had reached the nursery, the door was open and Rosa was all ready to meet him. "Oh, dear, dear Uncle George, I am so glad you have come. It has been such a long afternoon. Nurse went down soon after dinner, and has been up two or three times to see what I was doing, but she said there was company in the kitchen, and she wanted to stay down there. But I have had Birdie; he has been on my finger ever so long. I put him in the cage when I heard you coming up-stairs. He can't talk, you know, but he is just like somebody; I can talk to him, and he puts his head against my cheek, and when he says, 'Peep, peep,' I make believe he is talking too. I told him how, my dear darling Uncle George gave him a new cage to-day, and that mamma said it was all bright and shining—I don't know just how 'shining' looks, but I guess he does, because, you know he can see. Why, when I told him he ought to be a good bird and not scatter his seed over the floor of his new cage, he turned his head and said 'peep, peep,' so plainly that I know he must have meant 'Yes.'"

"And did his little mistress talk to him just as fast as she talks to her Uncle George? If she did, I don't wonder that he looks so tired now that he has hidden his head under his wing and gone to sleep. Now Uncle George has come to see his little Birdie, and he wants her to get up into his lap and lay her head on his shoulder and tell him all that she has been thinking about this long afternoon."

"There, Uncle George, that is nice; now I'm as happy—oh, as happy as I can be. Uncle George, do little girls that see ever get tired? I don't believe they do—there are so many things to look at. I would like to see you now, Uncle George," and the loving child clasped her arms tightly around her uncle's neck, while he smoothed her bright curls, thinking of one to whom this darling had been entrusted, who was even now laying up in store for her unlooked-for misery.

As Rosa lay thus in her uncle's arms, her quick ear caught the sound of a step in the front hall, and before he could distinguish it, she raised herself and said: "Oh, there's papa, I heard him come in; now can't I go to him? or no, Uncle George, won't you ask him to come up to me? Mamma said I wasn't to come into the parlor to-day, but I do want to kiss my darling papa; but what is the matter down-stairs, there is so much noise; do you think papa is sick? I heard him talk so loud; oh, I wonder whether he is hurt—won't you take me to him? Mamma won't care if I come down if papa is sick—let us go to him, poor papa; why, he is talking louder than ever; oh, do come, Uncle George."

Mr. Newton scarcely heeded the little girl; too well he knew what all the confusion meant, and without noticing that she was slowly following him, he hurried to the dining-room to do his best to quiet the drunken ravings of his poor wretched brother-in-law.

Opening the door, he found Mr. Leighton, the envied owner of all the splendor which surrounded him, finishing at his own table the work upon which he had been engaged all day—putting himself far beneath the level of the brute "beasts that perish."

As he entered, a scene met his eye which caused him to cross the room almost in a single bound. Among the latest of Mrs. Leighton's guests had been a young man whose gentlemanly deportment showed that his New Year had not been spent as Mr. Leighton's had. Thinking that, as it was already late, no other guests would be likely to call, Mrs. Leighton had herself come to the dining-room with him, and as her brother entered the room, she had already filled a wine-glass, and was holding it before her guest.

As Mr. Newton crossed the room he saw the young man take the glass, and raising it to his lips, empty it at a single draught.

"Oh, Eleanor, what have you done?" and as the young man turned at the sound of his voice, his face became flushed, but in his eye was a longing, unsatisfied look that Mr. Newton knew too well. "Oh, Frederick, why did I not come in sooner? Remember your promise—remember your mother. Oh, Eleanor! Eleanor! to think that my sister should have been the tempter! Isn't it enough to see your husband, hear his rude jokes and boisterous laugh? Would you tempt another to follow in his footsteps?"

"Really, George, I think you talk very foolishly. Isn't Mr. Lansley able to judge for himself, and," in a low voice, "please don't call any one's attention to Frank. I don't want any one to suppose that I think he drinks to excess. As for my offering Mr. Lansley a glass of wine, what was it? He said that he had abstained all day, but I told him that he could not surely refuse when the glass was filled and offered by a lady, and he was polite enough to accept it. Why, George did you bring Rosa down? I did not see her come in."

The two gentlemen turned as she spoke, and saw that the little girl, guided by her father's voice, had quietly stolen up to him and was already standing beside the lounge upon which he had thrown himself.

She looked like a being from another world. In the midst of all this noise and confusion she stood in her spotless purity; her bright curls fell in sunny waves over her neck, and with her sightless eyes turned toward the father she almost worshipped, she had placed her little white hand on his burning forehead, and in accents made doubly sweet by the admixture of love and anxiety, she said: "Papa, darling, what is the matter? Are you sick? I heard you come in, and you talked so loud that I was afraid you were hurt, and I knew mamma would let me come down when you were sick. Are you sick, my own darling papa?" and tenderly she smoothed from his forehead his disordered hair.

"No, Rosa darling, papa isn't sick," and quieted for the moment by the voice of the little one he loved so tenderly, Mr. Leighton put his arm around his darling child and drew her into his lap. She leaned her head against his breast with a look of perfect contentment, her anxiety all gone, for papa wasn't sick. His companions left him there, and he leaned forward to kiss his little blind child, but as his breath touched her face she shrank away, and with a shudder of disgust, said, "Please, papa, put me down, I want to go to mamma; something makes me feel sick," she slipped from his arms, and hurried to where she could hear her mother and uncle talking, while the poor father, almost indifferent, even to the shrinking away of his little child, fell into a deep sleep.

(To be Continued.)

SELLING TOBACCO.

Mr. Joseph Lingford, Bishop Auckland, whose returns from tobacco were £100 a week, sent a circular to his customers as follows:—

"Being desirous not to put you to unnecessary inconvenience, I hereby inform you that I intend to discontinue the sale of tobacco and snuff, on and after—. Believing, as I do, that the use of tobacco is fraught with much mischief, especially to

the young, and tends to foster habits of intemperance, I have for some time felt it to be inconsistent to deal in an article which, according to eminent medical testimony, is injurious to the system."

Another grocer writes:—
"Some years since, and during the time I was foreman to—, I gave up the use of tobacco, being persuaded that its use was injurious to myself. Another reason was, that many painful cases came under my notice of youths and young men being led astray by the pipe. After I had given up the use of tobacco I began to consider the question of selling it, and myself and another young man in the same shop decided that, if ever we went into business, we would never sell it. He went into business at Hull, and I am glad to say that he kept his promise nobly amidst many temptations to break it. I entered into business in this town (Darlington), and declined to take the stock of tobacco and cigars. I have never sold any, nor do I intend to sell any. I have lost some few customers by adopting this course, but I have increased my returns, and many of my customers who use tobacco, commended me for being true to my principles. I hold, sir, if it is wrong to use this article, it is wrong to sell it; but I am sorry to say that many grocers (who are otherwise good men), whilst they preach against the use of tobacco to their assistants and apprentices, and would feel very much grieved and annoyed if they saw an apprentice smoking a cigar or pipe, yet seem to have no compunction respecting the sale of the same. With many, profits, pleasure of customers, &c., are put before principle, and conscience and truth are put in the background."

Mr. R. Angier, King street, Witton park, Durham, writes:—

"I was selling cigars to the amount of about 10s. a week, and all to little boys; but I may say that I was just as well off without it, and am quite willing to give the profit to those who think it a good trade. Thank God, I have done with it altogether."

Mr. Joseph Rea, Church View, Lisburn, writes:—

"I have never used tobacco myself, but sold it extensively, until, from reading and witnessing the prevalence of the habit among very small boys, I gave up the sale entirely."

One of these conscientious men expresses the conviction in his letter that smoking leads to drinking. I am afraid he is right. The Good Templars set apart a whole district (that of Lincolnshire) to statistically test the question. The result proved that the smoking teetotallers were a little over seven times more liable to break their "obligation" than the non-smokers.—*Frank Spence in The Christianian.*

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN has been at considerable trouble in eliciting information as to the opinion of athletes regarding the use of alcohol and tobacco. The results of his inquiries show that the majority of the Queen's prize winners at Wimbledon, most of the leading oarsmen, including Trickett and Hanlan, and those crack American shots, Mr. Partello and Dr. Carver, consider the less stimulants and narcotics a human being indulges in the better for his physical health. Private Rae, Queen's prize winner in 1878, confesses that he indulges to the extent of two ounces of tobacco per week, "and a glass sometimes." He maintains that both forms of indulgence are reprehensible, and that he would be much better if he gave them up entirely. Of Mr. Partello, the wonderful American marksman who lately made two hundred and twenty-four points, out of a possible two hundred and twenty-five at long ranges, it is related that he has always been a total abstainer, and that he has now given up tobacco as well. Sergeant Okey, the champion shot of New Zealand, lately attributed his success to his having been a teetotaler all his life and his being a non-smoker. Trickett and Hanlan are quite of one mind about the injury inflicted on the physical powers by the use of narcotics and stimulants.

AN EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS drafted into the German army states that a long series of careful measurements have established not only that the height of a man varies very considerably at different times of the day, but also that this variation occurs with great regularity in every individual. The greatest change in height observed was an inch and a half.