

THE CONQUEROR

The conqueror and conquered on the preceding page are a pleasant looking pair of fighters and it is safe to say that every blow was delivered in good nature. We hope that all through their lives they may meet the world and engage in its battles with the same good nature as the one whose class is pictured, and endure its defeats with the same fortitude as the conquered one who is laughing through his tears. They will have many battles to fight. They will have to meet and conquer the so called "small vices," the habits of smoking and drinking and others which reduce the vitality, injure the health and place in the way a steep and high barrier to success. We hope that they as well as every reader of the MESSENGER will prove conquerors in the battle of life and earn the commendation of "Well done good and faithful servant" from the Ruler of all men and all things.



Temperance Department.

LIZZIE DEANE'S BABY.

BY M. E. H. EVERETT.

A cry of horror went up one day,
When the ground with snow was white,
For Lizzie Deane's baby had frozen and starved

On its mother's breast at night
And not in the dreary Western wilds,
And not on the bleak East shore;
But here in our proudest city's street,
And close to the rich man's door.

Poor Lizzie Deane's baby was clasped all night

To its mother's empty breast,
And folded close in her faded rags
By her thin cold arms was pressed.
All night, in her bitter grief, she saw
The red lamps glare through the gray,
But the pitying stars she could not see,
For the clouds shut heaven away.

And long, when the happy children play
By the cozy fire at night,
And the mother rocks her own little babe,
All robed in its dainty white,
By many a hearth shall the tale be told.
With a long and dreary sigh,
How Lizzie Deane's husband crazed with drink,
Turned his babe in the street to die.
—Canada School Journal.

TILDY'S FAITH.

BY LOU LAUREL.

Let me say, to begin with, this is a true story and ends well, although it isn't in the least funny or exciting. I wonder, after all, if you would like to hear it? Well, I shall never know unless I try it, and so, in the dear old fashioned way, I herewith begin.

"Once upon a time"—and it was a very long time ago—there was a girl whose name was Tildy. She was born in a tavern (they weren't called hotels in those days), and was the youngest but one of eight children. This tavern, which Tildy's father kept, was situated on the old "turnpike," not far from the Capital of Vermont, and was noted far and near for its good cheer, home-like comforts, and ample fare for both man and beast. The air of thrift and neatness about the house was a constant invitation to strangers to call, and those who had once been there travelled late or put up early, as the case might be, so that they might stay over night at Uncle Eb's, as he was familiarly called. A right jolly old soul was Uncle Eb, and his stories and jokes added not a little to the attractions of the place; and there are those still living who remember Aunt Annie's "boiled dish" and baked beans, her pumpkin pies, and plain doughnuts, as something wholly beyond anything found on the bills of fare at the hotels of the present day. The very sight of Aunt Annie's kitchen was appetizing. It fairly shone with cleanliness, and the odors which issued from the various pots and kettles hanging on the crane and standing before the monstrous fire-place were enough to make a man hungry even

though he had just eaten dinner. But, alas! there were other odors about the house, which were not so harmless, for in the bar-room liquors were sold, and a man stepped up and called for his drink as openly and boldly as he ordered his supper and a night's lodging. Even the minister took his glass of toddy in those days. So Uncle Eb sold liquor and thought it no harm, and still more, he drank liquor and thought it no harm; but, all the same, however, great harm was being done. Uncle Eb grew irritable, and then downright cross. Aunt Annie, his wife, was the first to suspect the cause of it, and it troubled her very much. She finally undertook to remonstrate with him one night, whereat he became so enraged and used such wicked words as to quite alarm the good woman, and served only to make matters worse. So after that she spoke to no one of the matter except the Lord, on whom she tried to cast her burdens. Still, her heart was heavy within her.

Now it so happened that Tildy, who slept with her younger brother in the little bedroom beyond her mother's, had overheard this conversation between her parents, and the little thing was sorely troubled about it. It seemed like a great black cloud settling over their home—as, indeed, it was. One Sunday, as Tildy was reading in her Testament,—her habit every Sunday evening—she came upon these words: "If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." The devout little maiden was greatly impressed by this passage, and thought at once that therein was help for her father, although she couldn't exactly see how. For days she thought of this matter—in truth, she thought of little else; and she finally became convinced if she and her mother could agree in asking God to keep her father from drinking liquors of all kind, that it would be done. The trouble was she couldn't quite make up her mind to speak to her mother upon the subject. No good opportunity occurred—or so it seemed to Tildy—until one Sunday evening they chanced to be alone, together, and Tildy began by saying: "See here, mother, did you know this was in the Bible?" and she handed her the Testament, pointing to the verse over which she had so long pondered.

"Yes, I knew it was there," said her mother.

"Do you s'pose it's true?" questioned Tildy.

"Why, of course 'tis; everything in the Bible is true," answered her mother.

"Well, then," stammered Tildy, "won't you—don't you believe if you and I should agree to ask God to take away father's taste for liquor, that He would do it?"

"Perhaps so," replied her mother, hardly knowing what to say.

"I believe He would; I know most for certain He would. And don't you think," continued Tildy, "we'd better pray more than just morning and night?"

"Perhaps so," said her mother, looking down into Tildy's eager, upturned face with a kind of wondering awe, so strange the child's faith seemed to her. "Yes," she added, after a moment's thought, "I think we would better pray three times a day at least: morning, noon, and night, perhaps."

Then she stooped down and kissed Tildy, and thus the agreement was sealed.

It was about three weeks after this that Uncle Eb's brother, Walter, came up from Claremont to make a visit. Tildy sat in the bar-room door, knitting and watching her baby-brother, who was playing outside the door one sunny morning, when she heard her Uncle Walter say, "How is it, Eb? I haven't seen you take a glass o' grog sence I come."

"Think likely," was the answer.

"What's up? I used to think you imbibed a leetle too freely."

"That's a fact! But I haven't drank a drop o' liquor for about a week, and, what's more, I don't calculate to up to my dying day. The fact is, 'twas making a beast of me." And Uncle Eb brought his hand down on the counter in a way that set the glasses jingling right musically. After a short pause he added, in a lower tone, "And its kind o' cur'us, but I haven't had no hankerings after it. I've somehow seemed to lose my taste for't."

Baby was suddenly left to his own devices, and Tildy ran in to tell her mother the good news. You are all bright enough to guess how rejoiced they were, but you will never know unless I tell you that "up to his

dying day" Uncle Eb drank no more liquor. And, better still, he became a Christian, and then he concluded if liquor hurt him, it might hurt others, and if it hurt others, it was wrong to sell it to them; and so it came to pass that Uncle Eb sold his tavern and bought a farm.—*Christian at Work.*

THE YOUNG SOUTHERNER.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A knot of young doctors was gathered in a pleasant parlor on L Avenue, and the conversation turned upon intemperance, that prolific cause of disease and pauperism.

"Several years ago, before I thought of studying for a profession," said Dr. P—, "I was engaged in a wholesale establishment on F street.

"Among the salesmen was a Southern gentleman, one of the F. F.'s, elegant, accomplished, generous, a truly noble fellow. He used to wear a diamond ring of great value and a splendid diamond in his shirt-bosom, of which he was, very naturally, a little proud.

"To this princely young Southerner the Southern trade, which was very heavy, was turned over entirely. The Southern merchants were convivial fellows, and the social glass passed quite too frequently for safety.

"Soon R— began to wear a seedy look, and after a little he came in one day without his diamonds.

"What have you done with them?" I asked in surprise.

"Hung them up down town," he said. Then I knew the pawnbroker held them. After this he went down fast, till a year later, when he had been discharged from his situation, I met him in a saloon, white and haggard as a ghost, his hair matted, his clothes tattered, a disgusting wreck.

"Lend me ten dollars for God's sake, P— he said. 'I haven't tasted food in three days.' I asked him to go with me to dinner; but no, he must have a drink. At last I gave him some money, when he immediately bought a glass of brandy and drank it down at a draught.

"There goes a nail in your coffin," I said to him; and, finding all remonstrance useless, I left him, and have never seen him since. He is doubtless dead long ago, but he was a noble fellow before drink got the mastery."

And the saddest thought of all, is, that of the thousands slain yearly by the drink demon no memory is fondly cherished. The soldiers who fall fighting for their country live in the hearts of a grateful nation, which each year delights to decorate their graves with beautiful flowers. What flowers would be fitting to decorate the drunkard's grave?—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE SHUTS OUT CIDER.

A lady had her name taken off a pledge when she found out that cider was prohibited. She said it was harmless, and she would drink all she wanted of it, and allow her family to use it. The following incident shows that cider can be the cause of habitual and confirmed drunkenness:

Writing a friend of mine last summer, who owned a large farm with a fine apple orchard, she said suddenly: "Did you know that cider would make drunkards?" I answered, "Yes, I have often heard that it will."

"Well," said my friend, "I have, as you know, never identified myself with the temperance work; have never given the subject much thought, as I have never had an intemperate relative in my family, and so can not by any means be called a 'fanatic' on the temperance question. But I have found out, since I have been on this farm, that men can become drunkards on cider; that men can become drunkards on cider. We had a great many fine apples, and in my ignorance I allowed the hired men to make cider, as the neighboring farmers did. How bitterly I regret this now, for the consequence was, the men, and my son also, drank and drank for days and weeks, until one man, more intelligent and more frank than the rest, came and told me that they would all become drunkards if there was not a stop put to it. In alarm for my son, as well as for the others, I banished the temptation from the place, and becoming a strong total abstinence woman from that moment vowed that not another drop of cider should be made on my place again, though the apples rotted on the ground; for it is known that in a few hours after the juice is pressed from apples it will ferment;

and fermentation will produce alcohol, and who shall say at what moment it is safe to drink it or not. The only safety lies in letting it alone altogether. About that time," continued my friend, "it was told to me that a neighbor on an adjoining farm, with his four sons, had become habitual drunkards from their annual crop of cider, made regularly and kept in the cellar. This example strengthened me in my resolve never to have one drop of the article in my house again."—*Signal.*

"DO AS I DO."

In a Midland county congregation was a worthy minister who was not a total abstainer. He was led, however, to adopt the total abstinence principle in a somewhat singular way. In his congregation was a lady, who had a fine boy, an only child. The boy's father and mother were both excellent people, but they observed with sorrow that as Ben grew up he became too fond of intoxicating drink. In their sorrows the minister shared, and he tried to do what he could to save the lad from ruin. When he was between nineteen and twenty years of age, the minister observed him one day, under the influence of liquor, walking by the side of his father's cart, in dangerous proximity to the cart wheel. Fearing he might fall under it, the good man thus accosted him: "Oh! Ben, you are drunk. Whatever can you be thinking about? Are you determined to break your father and mother's heart? Do you mean, Ben, to ruin your body and soul, and be lost forever?" "Well, minister," said Ben, in reply, "and pray how much do you take?" Thus challenged, his reprover was rather taken aback. Recovering himself, he said, "Ben, that's nothing to do with it; you know I don't get drunk." "That's true, sir, but tell me how much do you take?" "Well, I have half a pint of porter for dinner, and the same quantity, sometimes, for supper." "But do you not sometimes take a glass of wine?" "Sometimes, certainly." "Then," said Ben, with an air of triumph, and extending his hand, "let us shake hands; you take as much as you like, and I take as much as I like." So impressed was the minister with Ben's way of putting the thing, that soon after he went to a temperance meeting, and signed the pledge. It was not long before he again met the young man, evidently the worse for drink. Then, said he, accosting him, "Now, Ben, do as I do." "What do you mean, minister; don't we both do just what we like?" "Yes; but I have signed the pledge." "Have you? and what have you done that for?" "To save such as you." "Then," said he, "I'll sign, too." The young man kept his word; he signed the pledge and kept it; and thus instead of bringing his father and mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, he became their comfort in their old age, a useful teacher in the Sunday-school, and an earnest Christian man. How powerful is that ministry which, when challenged, can, in the adoption of that which is right, say, "Do as I do!" H. W.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

A blacksmith was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money he could not possibly pay his rent. The merchant inquired how much "grog" he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon receiving the answer to this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed that the cost of the blacksmith's spirits amounted to considerably more money in the year than his house-rent! The calculation so astonished the blacksmith, that he determined from that day neither to buy nor drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year he not only paid his rent and the iron merchant, but also bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in this wise course through life, and, with God's blessing, competence and respectability were the consequence.

DR. NORMAN KERR, conducted a party of fifty members of the Church Homiletical Society, with their friends, over Mr. F. Wright's unfermented wine manufactory at Kensington a few days since. Half a ton of grapes was crushed, and the wine prepared and bottled on the spot. Among the visitors were the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Dr. Valpy French, the Rev. H. Lansdell, F.R.G.S., and other influential clergymen.