

influence of home, acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father, you may well suppose, was overjoyed with the prospect that the cherished hopes of other days were still to be realized. Years passed, when the young man had completed his professional study, and being about to leave home for the purpose of establishing himself in business was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, noted for his social qualities and his hospitality. At dinner wine was introduced and offered to the young man and refused; pressed upon him again and refused. This was repeated and the young man was laughed at for his ungallantry. He could withstand appetite, but he could not withstand ridicule. He drank and fell, and long since has gone to a drunkard's grave. Mr. Moderator," continued the old man, with streaming eyes, "I am that father, and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just spoken that that token of hospitality ruined my son."—*Tennessee Good Templar.*

HOW ALCOHOL AFFECTS THE HEART.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "Ruddy Bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said: "Count it carefully: what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then laid down on the lounge, and said: "Will you count it again?"

He replied: "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below. His wife acknowledged that this was perfectly true. He began to reckon up those figures, and found that it meant lifting up an ounce so many thousand times, and the result was, he became a total abstainer, with every benefit to his health and, as he admits, to his happiness. I would like those who take stimulants to give them rest, just to take the opposite side of the question into consideration and see how the two positions fit together."—*Selected.*

WHAT THE TOBACCO MONEY BOUGHT.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colt's-foot, plantain-leaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum and a little tobacco. You can't afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life. A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.'" And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—*From "The Plagues Alcoholic and Narcotic."*

COME, COME, BONNIE LASSIE.

(AIR: "SANDY AND JENNY.")

"Come, come, bonnie lassie," said Sandy, "tis wrang
That you should be keeping me waiting sae lang;
You're the queen o' my heart, and there's nought in the way,
And so, my dear Jenny, do just fix the day."

"Oh, no, bonnie laddie," she answered with speed,
"I canna do that—no, I canna, indeed;
For I'm no' so sure you mean what you say,
And so, my dear, Sandy, I'll no' fix the day."

"But why, then, misdoubt me, dear lassie? 'Tis true
I never went wooing to any one but you.
I ken o' a house, and I work for fair pay,
And so, my dear Jenny, why not fix the day?"

"Not yet, bonnie laddie, my mither oft says,
Ye may marry in haste and repent a' your days,
Like Peggy McCullum and Isabel Gray;
Puir souls, they maun rue that they e'er fixed the day."

"Ah! lassie, I own that the comfort is sma'
When husbands earn little, and swallow 'maist a';
But that I was e'er fou, there's naeboddy can say,
Though I like a wee drappie just ance in the day."

"Weel, Sandy, indeed, if ye find it of use,
What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.
Ye'll may be allow me a short pipe o' clay,
And a drappie o' whiskey just ance in the day."

"Oh, Jenny, dear Jenny, ye maun be in joke,
It wadna look weel for a lassie to smoke;
And—it's no that I grudge you—but yet there's na doubt,
That as to the whisky, ye're better without."

"Aye, laddie, I think so, but canna you see,
It is no good for you, if it's no good for me?
But sling for my sake pipe and whisky away,
And then, may dear Sandy, we'll think o' the day."

"Aweel, bonnie lassie, then if it is so,
The pipe and the whisky may baith o' them go.
The pleasure's a' selfish, whate'er folks may say,
And now, my dear Jenny, ye'll just fix the day."

HOW HANS JOINED THE G. T.

Mr Hans Vandersplyken was asked to make a few remarks. He rose rather timidly and said:

Mine frents, I vas not an shpeker but I dries to dell you vat kooms to me, mit ke demperenz. Von year ago, I vas all der dimes mit der beer sloon, and I trinks efery day so much lager vot I koon buy, mit mine vages oof mine karpinter trade. Der sloon und der lager vas better as all oder dings for me. Boot I vaz all der dimes so dry as von limekill; de more lager I drinks, de more I vaz drier. Und ven I puts mine hand on mine hed, it vas all svelt oop, shoost so pig az von balloon, vot goes in the shky oop; and dare vaz always pain dare.

I puts mine hand on mine pody, und it is all svelt oop too; it is some panes dare too all der dimes, und I dakes more lager for der pain. Ipoots mine hand in mine pokkit; it is not svelt oop; dare is nottings dare.

Mine vife Katrina dells me, "Hans you is von droonken Dicheman, and you is goot fur nottings at all." Mine shildern he roons away und hides, bekoz dey is afraid, ven I in der house kooms. Der naburs voz kolled me, old troonken Hans; and der Yankee boys kolls me old shvill-tub und old shvellhed.

Von day dare kooms von of der Gute Demplars, und he says mine gute vrent, koom mit me, und see der temperenz. I voz very dry und I goes bekoz he kolls me "gute vrent" und don't say nottings about shvellhed.

Und ven I hears der people talk, und sees der men wot jined mid ter demperance, I jines mit der demperance too. Mine hed voz ferry big next day und I vants lager ferry pad, poot I don't go near der beer sloon.

Vell I shtays mid der demperance peoples. Und pooty soon ven I puts mine hand on mine hed, it is not shveld oop, und dare is no pane dare. Den I puts mine hand on mine pody, it iz not shveld oop too, and dare is no pane dare. Den I puts mine hand in mine pokkit und—ha—it iz shveld oop—ha—I vinds twenty dollar dare—I puts mine hand in mine oder pokkit—ha—it is shveld oop too—Dare iz ten-tollar I vinds in dat.