

of such an exhibition was due. He worked with unflinching effort to make it a great success and, in spite of difficulties which now would seem almost insurmountable, he made it so. It was one thing to collect from all the countries in the world specimens of art and manufacture, but it was another matter to find a building large enough to contain them.

The great architects of the day furnished designs of what they considered the proper thing. They were vast sheds of brick and mortar, like gigantic railway stations, and were anything but beautiful. The Prince and all the Commissioners felt the sheds to be a mistake, but what could be done? "Done!" echoed the poor gardener's boy, risen to be the then honored and trusted manager of the Duke of Devonshire's estates; "try iron and glass!" and he sketched hastily his idea of what was required. It was just the thing. Mr. Paxton was invited to submit his plan to the Commissioners, and having seen it, they at once adopted it. It rose like a dream of fairy-land, and became the wonder of the world.

Of the opening day—the 1st of May, 1851—the Queen has written the most touching and graphic description. It was to her one of the greatest triumphs of a happy life, for it was the triumph of his efforts whom she loved so well. "The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. . . . The sight as we came to the middle was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching; one felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion—more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheering, the joy expressed on every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains, the organ (with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this peace festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for ever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all!"

Not a single accident or unpleasantness occurred amid the vast throng, which, inside and out, was not less than a million of people. One hundred thousand were within the building at one time—a number sufficient for the population of a good-sized city. London seemed to be on holiday; Europe seemed to have crossed the Channel to enjoy itself in Hyde Park; everywhere the novelty and beauty of the Palace were themes of wonder and praise, and when the poor gardener's boy received the honor of knighthood, it was felt to be a fitting acknowledgment of his share in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

It was at first desired to keep the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, but that being found impossible, it was moved to Sydenham, and re-erected at a cost of one and a half million in 1854.

In 1854 Sir Joseph Paxton was elected M. P. for Coventry, which he continued to represent until his death.

He proved of great service during the Crimean war by organizing a corps of navvies, from the workmen engaged in building the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He foresaw that in a foreign country our troops could make but little progress without road and rail, and indeed the disasters which befell our brave soldiers during that dreadful war were mainly owing to the difficulties of moving provisions and arms.

He died on the 8th of June, 1865, after a short illness, and although his highest claim in life was that of being a good gardener, he proved himself able to cope with difficulties which might have marred the success of a great national undertaking.

The poor laboring lad lived to add lustre to the name of the nobleman who befriended him, to secure the gratitude of the nation for his prompt and brilliant answer to a most difficult question, and to secure the good will and friendship of all who had an opportunity of testing the kindness of his heart and the simplicity of his life.—*Boys' Own Paper.*



### Temperance Department.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL TOTAL-ABSTINENCE BOYS.

About two thousand years ago there were, in the city of Babylon, four boys who had been carried captive from their native country. The king loved to have clever and beautiful youths about him, so he ordered one of the noblemen of his court to choose out some of the most beautiful of these captives, and for three years to educate them in all knowledge and science, and to feed them well; so that at the end of that time they might be fitted to wait upon him and adorn his court. The king was so anxious that these boys should grow strong and handsome, that he even sent food and wine from his own table for them; day by day, as his table was spread, he remembered his young captives, and sent them their portion.

But these lads had greater wisdom than those who were set over them; and they requested simpler food. Daniel, the chief of the four boys, made a resolve that he would not drink wine. It is not said that he signed a pledge, most likely he did not, but we read that he "purposed in his heart." Now that was a good place to purpose in. Some children purpose in their heads, and then when the temptation comes, they yield. Daniel and his three friends made a heart-resolve, and they kept it.

When these lads told their master, Melzar, about it, he was rather annoyed. If they had been their own masters, he felt they could have done as they liked; but they were captives, and the king's command was that they should drink his wine. So Melzar reasoned with them, and told them that if they were seen to be getting thinner and weaker, the king would enquire into the cause of it, and would probably behead him for not carrying out his commands.

"Well," said Daniel, "only try us for ten days; give us vegetables to eat and water to drink, and then see how we look compared to those who drink wine. If we look as well as the wine-drinkers, then let us continue to drink nothing but water."

Melzar thought this only fair, so he consented to do as they wished. And at the end of the ten days he found that the water-drinkers looked better, and were fatter than those who took the king's wine. So from that time all through the three years, those four brave youths kept to their principles and drank nothing but water. They had been severely tested—they had been tempted, and even commanded to drink wine—but they said, "No, give us water to drink."

How did they get on in after-life? Did these total-abstainers turn out weak, and timid, and cowards? I will tell you. When they came before the king, at the end of the three years, he found that they were wonderfully clever and accomplished, and that Daniel could interpret dreams. The king examined all the boys, but the total-abstainers stood at the head of the class, and were found to be ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers in the kingdom. So they were appointed to wait upon the king.

Years after, great trial came upon them—three of the number refused to bow down to an image which the king had set up; because God had commanded that His children should not bow down to images, and they obeyed Him, not fearing the wrath of the king. He was exceedingly angry, and threw them into a burning fiery furnace; but God protected them, and they were not burnt, but came out again, and were made rulers in the province of Babylon.

Yes, if children want to grow up brave, courageous, firm to resist evil, let them become total-abstainers. Cold water is the drink that God made for people; intoxicating liquors are drinks that man makes, and he makes them out of rotten wheat, and poisonous berries, and strong mineral substances, that God never intended to be used in that way. God sends us beautiful fields of waving barley and wheat, growing up rich and golden; He gives it to us for food. He never intended us to take that grain, and let it stand in large kilns till it is rotten, then

mixing it with all sorts of other things, in order to make a drink. God never intended that. And the sooner we give up all that poison, and keep to the drink that God gives us, the better we shall be in every way.

Most of the evil in the world can be traced to strong drink, and if children wish to grow up healthy and wise, let them keep clear of it!

Where will you find more splendid characters in all history than that of Daniel and his friends? Who have ever stood up more bravely for the right than those three in the fiery furnace? And who obeyed God more fully than Daniel, though his obedience led him to the lions' den? And they were all total-abstainers.

There are many of them now, and a brave, bright band they are. One of their number, a young sailor-lad, said the other day, "I am glad to be ashore again, it has been an awful time of temptation out at sea. The captain sent us each two bottles of grog as a Christmas present, and I said to the chap that brought it, 'You can take it back again, I am not going to touch it.' When I signed the pledge I determined never to touch the drink again, and I never have."

That lad stood the same test that Daniel and his companions did, and he is now employed by total-abstainers and is likely to do well. It is not only on shipboard or in foreign courts that such temptations come. They surround us everywhere, and you, dear young friends, will find them on every side, and will surely yield, unless, like Daniel, you purpose in your heart you will never touch intoxicating liquors.

Your Band of Hope pledge is a great safeguard to you. You might, of course, be a total-abstainer without it, but when any one tempted you to drink, you would not feel so strong to resist the temptation. You might say, "I never drink wine or beer." And they would at once ask, "Are you pledged?" and if you had to say "No," then in many cases the tempter would say, "Oh, then take just one glass; you need never take another, but take one now to please me." And you might not have the courage to refuse! But if you could say, "I am pledged not to touch intoxicating drink," what a help that would be! A man who had deeply fallen through strong drink, and had been accustomed to spend most of his evenings in the public-house, was persuaded by some friends to take the pledge. He did so, but it was a sore struggle for him to stand by his resolve. He always kept his pledge-card in his waistcoat-pocket, and he said, "Sometimes when I pass the public-house the temptation to go in is so strong I catch hold of my pledge-card, and hold it fast till I get past the door." The pledge, by God's blessing, helped that man, and it may help you, too, in time of trial.—*Band of Hope Review.*

#### THINE IS THE POWER.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Just like his father; sure to go the same way."

Jim Hunt had heard this or something like, ever since he first began to notice what people said, when, as a blue-eyed baby boy, friends would say, "Very like his father;" and the little one would feel mamma's arm clasp in a little tighter, and wondered that she sighed as she tried to smile and look pleased as a wife should. He used to wonder why his mother never snatched him up and called him, "Dear papa over again, bless the boy," as Aunt Mary did Joe—Joe wasn't half as nice-looking. But as the years went by, dimly at first and then more clearly, Jim began to understand that if he were to make his mother happy, if he hoped to gain a good name, he must not be like his father; and it was then that the outspoken and a whispered comment, on his looks or ways, made him feel reckless and discouraged.

At fourteen, James (as he longed to be called) stood well in his classes and determined to get a situation at one of the village stores; but his father's name was a hindrance. Little Jack Pettigrew, who had been sure his father would take Jim "as he was wantin' a boy," told his friend in innocent confidence that "Papa said none of that set was any 'count." When two or three others refused him situations, with lame excuses or none at all, the boy felt full of bitter despair.

"There's no help for me—I may as well loaf on corners and learn to smoke and carry on with that crowd I've always kept from—they will be friends and no one else will."

James did not worry his mother with all this. The situation, with its addition to her slender resources, was to have been a delightful surprise to her and he kept his trouble and disappointment to himself; but his Sunday-school teacher, Mrs. Driscombe, who watched the boy more carefully than he knew had heard of his applications and failures, and knew that the boy had reached a crisis in his life. "God help me to show him the right road," she prayed.

It happened that the lesson the next Sunday morning was on the power of God, and Mrs. Driscombe asked the boys when we had proof that God would exert His power to deliver us from all evil, evil associates, inherited weakness, naturally bad dispositions or perplexities.

"I suppose when he says, 'If ye ask anything in my name I will do it,' said one.

"That certainly implies the power, but I referred to a prayer we often use, familiar to all, which shows us plainly God's power over evil. I think very often we all grow discouraged over besetting sins which seem born with us; and sometimes you hear people say, 'It's my way, I can't help it.' And they can not, in their own strength—by their own power. But think, we say, each day, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is \* \* \* the power.' Dear boys, we could not any of us conquer our surroundings if placed as some are, but that God's power is behind us. No boy need despair of himself when that power is behind him." Mrs. Driscombe did not look at James as she said this, but a moment after she saw he had caught at the hope, had been braced to bear the disappointment, and then she ventured to ask him to walk home with her, and the boy's confidence was easily won.

"Every one says I'm just my father over again, and I'm not—I won't be."

"Dear James, I think the safest way would be to say, I may be like father, but by God's help I'll live a different life from his. It is those who fear a fall who are safest in religious things. I knew your dear father as a young man—almost a boy, and you remind me of him all the time."

James winced, but Mrs. Driscombe appeared to take no notice, and went on.

"Your grandfather drank and Charles, your father, was much ashamed of it and prided himself on his strength of character. 'He would never make a fool of himself,' 'Any man ought to know when to stop.' James, he had not the power to fight his inherited tastes—he did his best; he was looked up to and respected for years and married one of the sweetest girls in town, but then business troubles came suddenly upon him; his two eldest children died in one week, and he was persuaded, by some friends (perhaps they did not know his awful inheritance) to try stimulants to 'steady his nerves.' In a year everything was changed, and by the time your sister was a girl of four and you were laid in your mother's arms, your father was as great 'a fool' as his father before him."

"Then you think folks are right, and that I'll come to no good?"

"No, indeed! I think you are full of promise, and the men who have refused you positions have lost the chance of a faithful boy; but I am sure you need not fear anything as long as you pray humbly, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the power.' Have you asked God to get you a place?"

"No, ma'am; I was ashamed. I don't—I don't pray about every day-things."

"Ah, James, you forgot that the Lord was a boy once. He knows and understands your boy's heart. Ask him to lead you where you can help your mother."

The boy made no answer, Mrs. Driscombe's house was reached, and with a boyish bow he walked off, but he did not forget. That night he "went and told Jesus," and felt comforted and encouraged. Besides, Mrs. Driscombe's references to Mr. Hunt's early life had softened the boy's heart toward his weak father, and the poor man noticed his respectful attentions, and stayed at home that Sunday evening in spite of "an engagement with a friend."

Not many days after, James obtained a position, and trusting in God's power, steadily prayed to be delivered, he has kept on rising from one post to another, till to-day, a tried and tested man, no one dreams he will ever be "just like his father," except James Hunt himself, who never forgets his peril or on whom his dependence is placed.—*Church and Home.*