

ing to take a walk Their road lay along the shore of the lake' and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked along in silence.

"Dennie," said he, 'do you know what made you so sick the other day?'

"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he earnestly replied.

"Why, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?'

"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard, and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk too.'

"They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance, then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had desired to call his own, he said: "Dennie, if you promise me that you will never drink any more rum I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?'

"Rising from his seat, he replied: 'I will tell you, father, what I will do. If it is wrong for me to drink it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking I will.'

"Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them his father would not have been more startled. How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent him from taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church without something to help him bear the fatigue of the journey? The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his child demanded it.

"And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied: 'I will do it, my son.' And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence there, the lake, the trees, and the pure blue sky being their only witnesses, save only the Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father took the little watch from his pocket, and gave it to Dennie, saying: 'My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It is now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me, till then, let it be a token to you of this promise we have now made.'

"Years have passed, and the same little Dennie is now a distinguished clergyman in one of the most populous western cities. Four bright little boys call him father. The same little gold watch decorates his parlor wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of intemperance."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

### GODLESS AND HOPELESS.

Recent letters from England have brought us news of the death of a man well known to literature who died in a London hospital solely from the effects of long and hard drinking. This man was one of the ablest men in modern literature—a polyglot scholar, as familiar with the literature of half a dozen other languages as with that of his own—and a man of real genius also, who might have won world-wide fame, had he lived wisely and well.

Some two years ago he published a volume of poems, splendid in their power of imagination, stately, strong and original; but they were poems as bitterly sad as the dream of Jean Paul Richter, when he dreamed that God was dead. For this man of whom we write, there was no God in the world; and his work, with all its splendor of diction, failed to touch the heart of humanity, because it had no inspiring soul.

Last year he published a second volume of poetry and a volume of very scholarly and brilliant essays. Since his death, the true story of his life has become known to a few persons.

Some years ago he was in the army, and while there news came to him one day that the girl to whom he was engaged to be married was ill. The letter did not speak as if her illness was serious, but the next day came a second, saying that she was dead.

The poet-soldier fell to the ground insensible. For three weeks he lay entirely unconscious. Then he awoke to what seemed to him an empty world.

He did not believe in God. He had no hope of immortality. The dead, he believed, were dead forever. He had one purpose only; to be dead himself as soon as possible, and meantime to forget.

He began to drown his sorrows in the effects of gin and whisky.

More than once he was imprisoned for days for drunkenness. He had fits of delirium tremens. He suffered from a melancholy so deep that the cry of despair, even through the poetry he wrote, almost breaks the reader's heart. Nothing warned him, because even ambition was dead in him, and he did not care to live on in his empty, godless world.

A few weeks ago he went to see a brother poet. There were three of them together, besides himself—the other three all poets also, and all younger than himself—all admirers of his genius. In their very midst he fell down in a horrible spasm, and they carried him away to the hospital, where in less than two days he died—died of drunkenness—this man who might have been such a power for good.

Could a more impressive illustration of the grave import of the inspired words: "Without God and without hope in the world" be given by tongue or pen?—*Youth's Companion.*

### NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A man of temperance habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine then," said his host, "or a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this the temperance man took a piece of bread from the sideboard and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperance man laughed in his turn. "Truly," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining to drink when not thirsty."

He might have gone further and given stronger reasons for not drinking if he had chosen. The liquor would not have quenched his thirst if he had been thirsty. Pure water would have been the best drink in that case.

"What do you require drink for?" The answer nature gives is simple: "To quench thirst." And when we are really thirsty nothing meets our case so completely as a glass of cold water, and there is this advantage about it also, the moment it has answered the end for which it is taken it ceases to be inviting, as Shakespeare wisely said, "Honest water, too weak to be a sinner;" and if people would be content with it there would be fewer sinners in the world than there are.

The animals are in many respects wiser than we are. When left to themselves, they eat and drink like philosophers. God sends the sluggard to the ant, the inconsiderate to the crane and the swallow. He rebuked Balaam by an ass. We might learn from them a few useful lessons in dietetics, and especially in drinking. They drink when they are thirsty, and would we go and do likewise we might save ourselves many a pain.—*Youth's Temp. Banner.*

### "LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE."

Look not upon the wine when it  
Is red within the cup!  
Stay not for pleasure when she fills  
Her tempting breaker up!  
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow  
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,  
And merry in the brain;  
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,  
And dulls the tooth of pain.  
Ay—but within its glowing deeps  
A stinging serpent, unscen sleeps.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,  
And spill its purple wine;  
Take not its madness to thy lip—  
Let not its curse be thine.  
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe  
Are in those rosy depths below.—*Willis.*