

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

"TEETOTAL JEM."

SOME years ago the boys of a certain town were called together to listen to a talk on the evils of learning to drink wine, rum, brandy, or other strong drinks. After the lecture a paper was read. It contained something like the following pledge:

"Since it is clear that the habit of using strong drinks leads to much poverty, crime, disease, and misery, we promise that we will abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and try to persuade others to do the same."

"Who will sign this pledge?" asked the lecturer, looking round among the boys.

"Please, sir, I should like to sign it," said a boy whose eye was as clear as an eagle's, and whose voice rung out as distinct as the bugle's note. "Father and mother said I might."

That boy wrote his name to the pledge in a strong, bold hand and went his way. The other boys laughed among themselves, and said in their slang phrase, "Jem Flanders is jolly green to sign that pledge."

But James Flanders thought the "greenness" was on their side, and that his act was both right and wise. He told the boys so, and told them why too, and in such earnest words and tones that he got several of them to join their names to his. This vexed the others, and they called him "Teetotal Jem."

"We don't mean to sign our liberty away." "We live in a free country." "We mean to drink a little too, because we mean to be jolly fellows and have good times." "Hurrah for wine and brandy!" "Bad luck to Teetotal Jem!"

Such were the shouts and scoffs of those silly boys who would not sign the pledge. They even went further than shouting. Some of them went to a small grocery and drank strong beer, declaring that they "liked it," that they "felt better for it," and that "Teetotal Jem was an idiot."

That meeting in the small grocery was like a little fire kindled near heaps of shavings. It led to more serious evils. The boys went from bad to worse, until, tempted by a lad whom they met at the grocery, they broke into a jewelry-store and stole a lot of rings, breastpins, and gold studs.

Of course, they were soon found out and were taken be-

I wonder who looks green to-day. Poor, foolish fellows! If they had signed the pledge when I did they wouldn't have been caught in that thieving scrape. Temperance boys don't steal."

Well, the boys who went to that little grocery made a poor beginning of life. Nor did they make a better ending. Most of them grew up to be shiftless men. Nearly all of them are dead now. Some of them fill drunkards' graves. Not one of them ever made a good mark in the world.

But what of James Flanders? He grew up a diligent student, became a good scholar a popular speaker, a prosperous business man, a happy husband and father, and a useful Christian man. He is getting old now. His children are men and women. His good wife is gone to



heaven. You may often find him seated on her grave in a thoughtful mood. He loved the good lady dearly, and his thoughts go up from her grave to the heaven where her soul lives.

If you should go to him some evening as he sits musing over the grave and say, "Mr. Flanders, what do you think now of the pledge you signed when you was a boy?" he would rouse himself, the fire would flash from his eyes, and, smiling upon you as he spoke, he would reply:

"That pledge saved me, my son. It kept me from bad company, bad habits, and bad influences. I count the day on which I signed it among the brightest and best of my life. I advise you to take the same pledge and keep it. Strong drinks destroy bodies and souls. Cold water is good for the stomach, the brain, and the heart. Be a cold-water boy, my son. Be a Christian also, and you will be happy in this world and in the world to come."

If I should be near you when Mr. Flanders gives you this advice I will say "Amen," because the advice is wise, safe, and profitable. Accept it; follow it; and may you become at least as good and happy as Teetotal Jem did.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WELL, corporal, what have you to say to-day?

"Not much, Mr. Editor; I am in a silent mood."

"So am I," says Mr. Forrester, who sits leaning forward with his chin on the top of his gutta-percha cane.

Pretty editors you would make, gentlemen! Nothing to say when the compositor is bawling for copy. Don't you know that editors must always have something to say. Their thought-mill must never stand still.

"I have a Biblical enigma ready for you," meekly replies the corporal. "Here it is:

"I am a sentence of nineteen letters:

"My 4, 12, 16 is the name of a man whose love of gain was so strong that it almost ruined him in soul, body, and circumstances.

"My 2, 19 is the name of a noted rebel against Moses.

"My 8, 13, 16, 10, 18, 6, was a great-grandson of Noah.

"My 11, 3, 17, 9, 5 was successively a foundling, a refugee, and a legislator.

"My 13, 7, 19, 10 is celebrated as the locality of a marriage which became notable because of an act of a guest.

"My 15, 6, 7, 4, 9, 14 is the name of a people who did a deed which God remembered and punished.

"My 1 is the initial of a monarch who missed a golden opportunity to win a crown greater than his own.

"Here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in my last:

"(1.) Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi, 1. (2.) Cities and towers, 2 Chron. xxvi, 6, 9, 10. (3.) In Carmel and other places, 2 Chron. xxvi, 10. (4.) Inventors of warlike engines, 2 Chron. xxvi, 15. (5.) The Lord smote him with leprosy, 2 Chron. xxvi, 20. (6.) By burning incense in the temple, 2 Chron. xxvi, 16-19.

"Here is a letter from G. E., of Hammononton. He says:

"In answer to the question in the S. S. Advocate of June 27, 'To whom did a celebrated prophet see the key of the bottomless pit presented?' the scholars referred to the star as being the personage represented in Rev. ix, 1, rather than the fifth angel. What is your decision?"

The scholars are right, and the answer in the Advocate of July 11 was incorrect. A star in the language of St. John usually means an angel, and to the angel which came down to the earth when the fifth angel sounded was given the key.

"G. P. Holt writes from Camp Convalescent, Va.:

"I enlisted in the army April 5, 1861, and have been in the service ever since. I have passed through six battles, been wounded three times, and have been in the hospital most of the time for the year past. I have been within three and a half miles of the rebel capital, by the way of Fair Oaks. I have been faithful to my country and to my God all the time. I never forget the dear Sabbath-school.

"Children, I will tell you about Camp Convalescent, for I know that thousands of dear children who will read this letter have fathers or brothers here, or who have been here. This camp is four miles from Washington, in one of the Virginia valleys, surrounded with forts. It is for worn out, sick, and wounded soldiers. It is nicely laid out, watered, and surrounded with a beautiful grove. It consists of fifty nice clean wooden barracks. There are fifty bunks in each barrack, which will accommodate two persons each. There are four dining-rooms, which will hold eight hundred and fifty men at once; two cook-houses, one sutler's store, (always full and plenty of customers,) a daguerreotype gallery, barber's shop, large bakery, carpenter, blacksmith, wheelwright, and harness shops, also a large post-office. Here you find a grand rallying when the mail arrives, which is at eleven o'clock. We have a nice large chapel and many other buildings, besides private houses. We also have four large hospitals for the sickest and worst wounded men. We have prayer-meetings in the morning at eight o'clock, and in the afternoon at two o'clock in the chapel. In the evening at seven o'clock we have preaching in front of the chapel when it is pleasant, for the chapel will not hold one half that comes. God is pouring out his good spirit. He is among us. Many have found the Saviour to be precious to their hearts, and have sent the good news home to their dear ones. I am a great temperance worker. Last week I started the first temperance meeting and pledge. We call it the 'Convalescent Temperance Union.' Two hundred have signed the pledge. O how I love to do good!"

Brother Holt seems to be a good soldier both of the Union and of Christ.

"Here is a letter from Pringle's School-house. It says:

"MR. CORPORAL,—We have a small Sunday-school here. The children wished to join your Try Company, but living so far away they thought best to form a corps and send their names by the superintendent. Now don't laugh, Mr. Corporal; here are their names." Here follow twenty-two names, and then the writer says: "Mr. Corporal, will you have an old man in his second childhood? He is identified with the children and has been superintendent for years. Here is his name, Rev. E. Garrison.

"Heaven has blessed that old man's heart with the freshness of a child's spirit," says the corporal. "I admit him and his corps, and would trust him to lead them as a forlorn hope into the deadly breach for the capture of Sin's mightiest fortress. Huzza, boys, for Father Garrison and his Pringle School-house corps!"

"A. A. W., of New Carlisle, Ind., says:

"The children of New Carlisle think you will be very glad to know they gave a Sunday-school concert last week and raised thirty-two dollars with which to buy books. Wont Corporal Try admit this company of eight children from Indiana into the ranks when he learns the children sold the tickets for the concert and solicited funds through an interesting dialogue gotten up for the occasion? Certainly he can't refuse when we tell him they are trying to be good, and to do good by preserving their Advocates and sending back numbers to destitute schools about. Do you think he will admit this little company, Mr. Editor?"

"I like those Indiana boys and girls, Mr. Editor, I do," adds the corporal. "That practice of sending their old Advocates to poor schools is a good one. I give them an honorable place in my noble army. May they also enlist in the army of Jesus!"



fore a judge, who sent them to jail. James Flanders saw them going from the court-house to the jail, and he said to himself:

"Those boys called me green when I signed the pledge.