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**SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.**

The readers of the MESSENGER, young and old, will remember that in July last the leaders of the great Sunday school work met in London to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Sunday schools. One hundred years ago, during the lifetime of many men and women now living, the first Sunday-school was opened in the town of Gloucester. The first Sunday-school scholars were the poorest and most degraded in that town, both old and young. Now, what a difference. The Sunday school is known and honored the whole world over, and by it tens of thousands have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The picture on this page represents an interesting scene in the great anniversary at London. One rainy Saturday in July last twenty thousand Sunday-school scholars were gathered together at Lambeth Palace, where they sung hymns so vigorously that both the rain and cold were forgotten. Soon the Prince and Princess of Wales with their children drove into the grounds and were presented with handsomely bound Bibles and bouquets, by a deputation of children, one from each school.

How wonderful has been the growth of this seed planted by Robert Raikes a hundred years ago when he founded this first Sunday-school, and who, looking at the wonderful progress since that time, can fail to regard the future with the confidence born of the wonderful good done by this means during the last hundred years. It seems ample time that Sunday-school teachers and scholars should give up aimless work and begin directly to strive for the conversion of their own school and of the world long before there shall be another hundredth anniversary of this great event.

**SAFETY IN FEAR.**

"There, mother! will I do now? Do I look nice enough?"

Frank's mother looked up at her boy. It almost saddened her to see Frank growing so tall and manly. Why, it seemed but yesterday that he was a little fellow in knee-pants. She stood up to give a finishing touch to his cravat, and then, laying both hands on his shoulders, said, "You're going to call on Mary Weston, aren't you?"

"Yes, mother. You don't mind, do you? I'll not be late, and you see I've brought you the last *Harper's*."

"No my son, I shan't mind; only, Frank, the Westons all drink wine; I know it to my cost. Frank, don't take even one glass."

The boy flushed; he was sensitive on the subject, and his mother knew it and seldom

referred to it. He had never touched liquor; but his father had died when he was a little baby, and Frank knew that he might still have been alive if he had not tasted wine.

"Have no fears, mother dear! I wish that wine were not such a bug-bear to you. Good night till ten o'clock."

As the Westons lived some way out of town, Frank had a cold walk, and when he reached the house felt quite chilled. After chatting awhile with the whole family, Mrs. Weston said, "Mary, your friend has had a cold walk; you'd better take him in the dining-room and give him a glass of wine."

Frank really did not care for the wine; he would have preferred a cup of hot tea or

"Young Weston, I was your father's friend, and since he has gone, will you allow me to take his place for one evening and ask you not to take that wine? I venture to say that if Miss Mary would brew us a good cup of coffee, we would both enjoy it more. Is it not so?"

Mr. Denison's manner was so kind that Frank could not take offence, and he said brightly, "Indeed it is. I was wishing some one would propose coffee rather than wine."

Mary was gone in a moment, and Mr. Denison drew the boy to one side of the room and talked to him in an undertone. "Frank," he said—"I call you so, for it was your father's name, and we were always

drink and know when to stop! There's no hidden taste for me to dread."

"It was at this very house—long before Mr. Weston was married—that Frank and I were first offered wine. Frank took a glass and enjoyed it. Soon he liked the taste of wine so well that he kept some in his room; he said it was hospitable to offer it to others. Still no one thought of his drinking too much, for, as he had said, he came of strong, sturdy people. Then he married as sweet a girl as ever lived. Business troubles came, and he drank more—never to excess, as we say; but any wine was excess to him, for, as he found out when it was too late, his constitution would not bear it. When you were a little child of two years old, your father was dying from the effects of wine-drinking."

"I went to visit him again and again, and every time he said, 'Ned, stop every boy you can from tasting his first glass of wine; one is never on the sure side when he takes that first glass.'"

"Now, my dear boy, you understand why I took the liberty of asking for the coffee. And here comes our bonnie lass with Mocha and cream."

The evening passed in bright talk, singing and games, but to the boy's great pleasure, Mr. Denison took leave of the Westons when he did, and said he would like to walk back to town with him. They hardly closed the door when Frank said, "Mr. Denison, I thank you so much for what you've told me. I promise you never to touch the first drop. I see that it is my only safe way. Please, sir, be my friend for father's sake. Dear father! I wish he had been afraid of wine."—*Hope Lydard, in S. S. Visitor.*



THE PRESENTATION TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

coffee. But the room was full of people; a Mr. Denison, whom Frank had never met before, was there; and so the young man followed Mary into the next room, hoping to be able to refuse when they were alone.

"Mary, I don't really care for any wine." "Oh yes! Please take just one glass; it will warm you up. Here! now that I have poured it out, you can't refuse."

The young girl handed the glass, and, as she said—Frank could not refuse—weak, foolish boy that he was! But as he took the glass, Mr. Denison came and stood between them:

"Frank and Ned when together—I know just how you feel about this matter of wine. Because your father drank, you do not like to refuse for fear people will think you afraid. My dear boy, make up your mind to be afraid—that your only safety lies in being afraid. When your father and I were about your age, we were urged to become members of a temperance society. I knew that my father had been very fond of liquor and that there was a chance that I might have a taste for it; so I joined. Your father laughed at my fears. 'Thank God,' he said, 'I come of a strong people who can

**TOBACCO SMOKING AS A CAUSE OF DISEASES OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS.**—Chewing is much less likely to cause these troubles than smoking, because the tobacco smoke comes in contact with a much larger surface than the saliva impregnated with tobacco. Cigarette smoking is most injurious, because the smoke is so often blown through the nose, and at the same time enters the eustachian tube. The tobacco smoke is laden with fine particles, which gain access to the middle ear and irritate its lining membrane. While this does not admit of actual demonstration, it is rendered highly probable by the fact that disturbances of taste and smell are unquestionably produced in this manner, and are frequently observed in habitual smokers. The long continuance of such an irritation gives rise to a chronic inflammation of the middle ear. The characteristic want of sensibility in the mucous membrane of the throat and nose of smokers who suffer from chronic angina is due to the benumbing influence of tobacco.—*Annals des Maladies de l'Oreille.*