

scourge, we know something of the terrible struggles to get out of it. I think we ought to be what they call fanatics. They tell us that we exaggerate the evil of drunkenness. Do we? Let me appeal to the intelligent and ask the question: "Do we exaggerate the evil of drunkenness?"

No, sir, we cannot. God never gave a man a mind capable of grasping the extent of the awful evil of drunkenness for time and for eternity. You have a boy, a bright-eyed, beautiful fellow, round in limb, with pearly teeth, ruby lips and rosy cheek, symmetrical and beautiful. Oh, how you love him as he springs into your arms in the morning and puts his face to your cheek! You press him to your heart. How you love him as you say to the visitor: "Have you seen my boy?" and call to him, "Come, old fellow." How he will spring into your arms. Oh, how you love him.

What would you do to save that child from curvature of the spine?

"Do anything."

What would you give?

"All my property."

What would you sacrifice?

"Every luxury under heaven."

What would you suffer?

"Try me. That boy so straight of limb, so beautiful, so perfect, so symmetrical—that boy a poor, crawling cripple, deformed, upon the floor of my house? No, no, do not ask what I would do, give, suffer—anything!"

I was at the house of a family where there was a crippled child. When four years of age it had fallen out of a swing backward; the body had developed, but it was a very strange case. Physicians came to see it. The limbs had grown a very little, it had a baby's hands and feet. I tell you to see that little creature working over the carpet like a turtle made me shudder more than I ever shuddered to see a reptile. That child once said to its mother:

"Mamma, I shan't trouble you much longer!"

"Trouble us, my darling? Why, you are the light of our home! We are learning lessons of faith and trust and patience from you every day. Why, darling, when God takes you from us it will be a dark day in our home."

"Yes, mamma, but I want to go, because when I see Jesus I shall stand up straight; shan't I, mamma?"

There may be some beauty and glory around a crippled child; there may be something lovely and sweet, something to be desired about a crippled child even, but is there anything about a drunken one? No, not a ray of light but such as comes lurid from hell. There is no comfort, nothing joyous and delightful, nothing one can love or contemplate. If it will be "fanaticism" to try and save our boys and young people from this curse then let us all become fanatics of the most rabid sort, and it is to be hoped that our disease may be so contagious that we shall give it to everybody, even to those old fogies who are now laughing at us. The sooner they get hit hard and become rabid on this temperance question, the better for all concerned.—*John B. Gough.*

#### A TEMPERANCE LECTURE WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Indeed Billy was as hard a case as ever came into a good man's hands to be managed; and the Teuton was unique in his management.

One afternoon coming with his work from the instrument maker's, what did Zende see but his boy standing in a beer shop, taking a foaming mug of beer. He was being treated, as the price of holding a horse. He put his head in the door.

"Pilly! I deet dinks you vas in school some more."

"School's out," said Billy.

"Ant anodder school ces pegun! Te schools where dey fits vor te hospital, te vork house, te shale, and te gallows. Eh, mein boy, kommen sie heim—poor shilte! knows no more what is gute vor him dan ein poor little tog, nor so mooch."

Billy followed his adopted father home with the fear that the unused vipping reserved for unspeakable enormities would now be forthcoming. But no, Christian bid him clean the yard, scrub the doorstone, and learn lessons for the next day. And so Billy thought he got off easily. After tea, Zende seated himself by the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity. Were they new aids to instrument making?

"Kommen sie hier, Pilly!" cried Christian. "Vy vast du in de beer shops te tay, hein? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"O—O—because it is good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Pilly, it was not gute to dein mout. I did see never so pig vaces als did make Pilly. Pilly, you dinks it vill daste gute py-ant-py, and it ces like man to trinks, an' so you trinks. Now, Pilly, if it is gute, haf it; if it ces likes ein man, trinks, Pilly. I vill not hinders you vrom vat is gute ant manly, mein shilt; but trinks at home, dakes your trink yure, Pilly, and lets me pay for it. Kom mien poy, You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout, heir I haf all tee peer stuff simons pure vrom te schopps, mein poy. Kom, open dein mout ant I vill puts it in."

Billy drew near but kept his mouth close shut. Say Zende, "Don you snakes me mad, Pilly. Open dein mout."

Thus extorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum. After a little Christian cried, "Opens dein mout, peer is not all alums!" And he dropped in a bit of aloes. This was worse, Billy winced. Again, "Open dein mout." The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife point: but Billy howled.

"Vat I not likes dein peer!" said Zende. "Open de mout. Just touched now with a knife point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Open dein mout, dein peer is not hafst mate, yot Pilly." And Pilly's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. "Opens dein mout!" Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

"Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic and some strychnine; dese pe-longs in tee peer. Opens dein mout!"

"I can't, I can't," roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die!—O—O—O—do you want to kill me, father Zende!"

"Kills him just py ein little peer! all gute and pure! He dells me he likes peer, and it is manly to drink eet, ant ven I gives heem tee peer, he cries I kills heem! So, Pilly, heir ist vater; dere ist mooch vater in peer—trinks dat!"

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "Ant, there ist mooch alcohol in peer. Heir, opens dein mout," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing round the room, and then ran for more water.

"Kommen sie heir, dein peer ist not done, Pilly, shouted Christian; and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, of gall; then, "Pilly, heir ist more of dein peer, Heir ist jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica: open dein mout,"

"O no, no," mourned Billy. "Let me go. I hate beer, I'll never drink any more! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again, I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. O, let me be! I can't eat those things. I'll sign the pledge. I'll die! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'om away, father Zende."

"Dakes em away, dakes away dein gute peer," cried the old man, innocently, "ven I halves paid vor eet, and mein Pilly tan trinks eet pure at his haus, likes ein shentilman. Vy, poy, dese ist te makins of beer, and you no likes them? All dese honey, ant sugar and vater, poy?"

"But these other things," said Billy. "Oh, the other things—they are the biggest part—ugh—they make me sick."

"Mein poy, you trinks dem fast to-day. Looks, Pilly—a man he trinks all these puddings mix up in water, ant call peer. Ach, he gets redt in his faces—he gets pig in his poddy—he gets shaky in his hands, he gets clumsy on his toes, he gets veak in his eyes, he gets pad in his breast, he gets mean in his manners. Vy? Pilly, you sees vy. All dese dings on my table ces vy."

Happy Billy. Few boys get so good a temperance lecture, such home thrusts, such practical experiments as fall to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.—*Western Wave.*

#### "IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER."

"If I could only see my mother!"

Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry:

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had so wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh! so good a mother—she bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die you will remember this.' Oh, if I could see mother!"

He never saw his mother; he died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother that loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.—*Ex.*