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Temperance Department.

WIFE'S PRESENT.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

"Thee dost get a better-looking lass every day, that thee dost," said George Gooch, in the fond and familiar way in which he was wont to address his better half, as she sat near the open window one bright spring morning, her face glowing with health and radiant with smiles, tying the small hat on the head of a comely and beautiful baby, who seemed quite accustomed to the operation, and to know that he was going to be sent out in the fresh air and sunshine. "Thee dost get a better-looking lass every day," said he putting his hand affectionately on her back; "and not only thee, but the little one. See how he thrives! and so good tempered! and it's all along of that glass of ale that I had so much trouble to get thee to take months ago; but thee hast grown wise at last. Come, now, own that thy husband was right in the matter, and that thee wast wrong. Confess for once in thy life. Why thou art twice the woman that thou wast seven months ago, when thou wast suckling this great boy upon water," continued he contemptuously.

"Milk as well as water," put in Mrs. Gooch, pleasantly, as she handed the child to a neighbor's girl, who was going to take him out with her mother's infant in a perambulator.

"I tell you, you wanted the stimulant, and so the event has proved," said he, growing serious. "Don't grieve me by saying that it has done you no good; because about that we shall never agree; and if it is not that that is making you look so much better, what is it?" continued he, reaching down his hat from a peg behind the door, and preparing to depart.

Mrs. Gooch laughed—a little low musical laugh—a pleasant laugh to hear. He shook his fist at her, playfully, and departed; for it was time he was at the workshop.

As will be seen from the foregoing conversation, Mr. Gooch was one of those men who firmly believed in a glass of good beer, as he called it. He believed that every man, woman and child was better for a little drop. He seldom drank to excess, though he had been known on certain high days and holidays to take more than was good for him. He was always ashamed of having done so; but still, true to his principles, was indignant at the very thought of giving it up altogether. He had married a teetotaler, a sweet tempered and comely woman of whom he was justly proud; but her unflinching adherence to the temperance cause was, as he sometimes told his friends, the one fly in his pet of ointment. She had stood much bantering and some persecution from her husband, who set himself to knock all teetotal nonsense, as he called it, out of her head; until after the birth of their first-born, when, as will sometimes happen with delicate but perfectly healthy women, her strength gave way somewhat, for the boy was strong and

hearty; and the best cure for all mischiefs was, in George's opinion, a pint of good ale per day. On this he insisted, until to prevent perpetual disagreements Mrs. Gooch appeared to consent; and as he was never at home to dinner, and she said it did not suit her at supper, George thought he had gained the day, and gave her week by week an extra allowance of money for her beer, priding himself on her improved appearance, for she had now regained health and strength, and was certainly very fair to look upon.

Evening saw George Gooch in the same merry vein that he had been in the morning. For, since his wife had taken her glass, as he thought, he had taken rather less, that he might not feel the expense so much in these dear times; and his health and temper were benefited in consequence, for nothing makes a man so waspish and miserable as too much drink. On the present occasion he was highly satisfied with his wife, his baby boy, his house, and its belongings, though they might have been better, and, best of all, with himself.

"Why didst thee laugh at me, old lass, this morning?" said he. "I am a poor simple fellow, I know, but I know what suits thee better than thee knowst thyself. Come, now, confess for once that thy husband was right about the ale. Wasn't he right, now? Please him for once, by saying that he was right, and thee wast wrong."

Mrs. Gooch looked down on the ground very demurely, then smiled, and said, gravely,

"Indeed, George, all the ale I have had is in a small box up stairs, locked up in the chest of drawers."

"What do you mean?" said George, looking aghast, his eyes round and wide open, and his mouth too.

"Only this," said Mrs. Gooch; "that as I was getting so well, and so handsome, as you said this morning, I felt that I could not need it. I did not wish to quarrel with you, so I seemed to agree; but no ale have I swallowed, George, and what was to buy it has turned into a pretty little silver thing up stairs that speaks, and will be the nicest little companion for you. And, as I am so good-looking and so well without it, you won't mind about it, will you?"

Mr. Gooch was so astonished, that he did not know whether to be pleased or angry. His wife ran up stairs, however, and in a minute or two was down again, holding a small square morocco leathern box in her hand, which she opened and put close to her husband's ear.

"Listen!" she said, quietly; "this is what I should have swallowed." Tick, tick, tick, sounded in George's ear.

"You don't mean to say," said George, recovering from his surprise somewhat, "that you have saved the money I gave you for your ale, and bought this watch for yourself with it?"

"I have saved the money you gave me for my ale, George, and bought this watch with it; but the watch is not for myself, George, it is for you."

"No," said George, a smile of unmistakable pleasure crossing his face. "It is you that made the sacrifice; the watch is yours."

"Sacrifice, George? It has been no sacrifice; the sacrifice would have been to drink the ale. I saved the money and bought this watch for my dear husband, as a peace offering for tricking him; and I thought he would forgive me, because I have been so well, so very well, and the baby too, without it. And I am looking so very handsome just now, you know," added she slyly.

"You don't know how much better you may be with it," said George, not quite liking to acknowledge himself beaten.

"Oh, George! there is an old adage which says, 'Let well alone.' You don't know how poorly it might make me, and how it might

injure the baby. Remember, I have never been used to it, and I do not want to get used to it, that's more."

"You are an obstinate woman," said George, opening and shutting the watch, "and I suppose I must let you have your own way. My wife's present to me," added he, after a moment's silence; "something that she has given me, after tricking me all these months;—bought with the money I gave her for ale."

Mrs. Gooch saw that her peace was made, and that her husband was really very much pleased, though he did not care to say so just then in so many words. She was rejoiced and thankful, and getting a yard and a half of narrow watch-ribbon out of a drawer, she attached it to the watch, and put it round his neck, feeling as happy and as proud a little wife at that moment, as any in the three kingdoms.

It was a delightful evening, and not late, so George proposed that they should take a short walk together before supper, he volunteering to carry the baby, who was wide awake, and in capital spirits. As he took the infant in his arms he thus addressed it:

"Thee mother's been cheating thee and herself, to buy dadda a watch; thee can't understand it yet, but I'll tell thee all about it, when thee get's older."

"Do," said Mrs. Gooch, "I should so like him to know it."

"Ah," said the husband, "I see how thee'st going to trick him up."

"Well, have you any objection?" laughed Mrs. Gooch.

"Ask me no questions," said Mr. Gooch, slyly.

When they were returning from their walk, and a very happy one it was, Mr. Gooch said, "I'll tell you what it is, wife; I shall have to put my ale money into a box before long, and buy you a watch with it. One good turn deserves another."

"I do not wish for such a thing, George," said Mrs. Gooch, who was a most unselfish and noble woman—a real treasure to a man. "You have been used to ale, and provided you don't take more than you ought, I don't wish to urge total abstinence upon you unpleasantly. Else, if you could do without, what nice pieces of furniture we could soon have about us, and, perhaps, save money besides."

"Well," said George, "what agrees with the goose ought to agree with the gander. I don't say that I shall not give it a trial, for you know, wife, I have now and then got a drop too much—not often you know; and I have got upset by it, and lost several days' work."

"Oh, George! that we should ever be agreed in this matter, is more than I dared hope for. Will you make a trial of it? You are but a young man, and now is the time, when you are young."

"If I do," said George, "the first thing I shall buy with the saved money, will be a watch for you; mind, that is to be the understanding."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gooch, "so that you will try."

"I begin to-night, then," said George; "where is the box to put the money in? There is your money to go in as well as mine. We shall soon get your watch."

They did soon get the watch, and a great many other things besides. Mr. Gooch soon had a prettily furnished little parlor, and the nicest workman's house in the world. Total abstinence quite agreed with him, and he became the means, under God, of rescuing many drunkards, and turning them from the error of their ways; and this, he was in the habit of saying, was owing in the first instance to his wife's firm principles, and her graceful and beautiful present.—*British Workwoman.*

EGG-NOG.

BY ELEANOR HIRK.

"Beat up an egg till it is very light, all of a foam, you know, add two teaspoonfuls sugar and two or three great spoonfuls of brandy or whiskey; then fill the tumbler up with milk; and you have a perfectly delicious drink. It would help you wonderfully, Frank, when you are tired and weak from writing so incessantly."

The speaker looked up from a lap full of Berlin wool which she was sorting to crochet, and smiled radiantly into her companion's face.

How beautiful she was, with her soft, brown eyes, her delicate hands and statuesque figure! How fascinating was the whole appearance of this tempter!

"I'd make it myself for you, if I wasn't visiting; I don't like to bother the girls in the kitchen, and if you have it made in a restaurant, tell them to be sure and beat the egg well, and for conscience' sake, be sure of the milk!"

"And how about the brandy, Bertha?" enquired the young gentleman, giving her a strange, searching glance.

"O, I suppose one can always get good brandy by paying for it."

"Perhaps so," was the low answer. "I see you are not a temperance woman, Bertha. A little strange, isn't it? Most of the women are, I believe."

"Most women are whose husbands are drunkards, I suppose; but I do hate common subjects. Everybody has something to say about temperance just now, and it is awfully stupid; don't you think so? Really, though, joking aside, egg-nog will do you good. It is an excellent tonic."

Soft wool, soft hands, and softer cheek! Eyes that spoke volumes, and a mouth of rosebud sweetness. There was a world of reproach in the young man's glance, as he steadfastly surveyed her.

"I presume, Bertha, that you will consider me a stupid fellow; but I have some singular convictions on these subjects of woman and temperance, which I feel to be my duty to disclose. This is what it amounts to. I consider it a crime for a woman to offer a glass of intoxicating liquor to a man, or recommend one."

"A crime!" she laughed. "Why, what a dreadful word! One, two, three—loop! That's it: Why Frank, you amuse me beyond all expression."

"Don't say that, dear, I beseech of you. Bertha, I know men, good, honest, whole-souled men, who from some hereditary weakness, cannot touch a drop of wine, or spirits of any kind, without wanting more; and the longing is so great, so all absorbing, that they are not strong enough to resist, and drunkenness is the inevitable result."

"Hereditary, I think you said. It strikes me there must be a little weakness on their own account. How perfectly absurd such a story as that is! I suppose you heard that from some of the crusading simpletons. Why, it is too ridiculous to think of a moment. Hold this stuff for me, please. It snarls so that I can't do anything with it."

What wonder that, with the wool on his hands, the gentle fingers of his promised wife fluttering round his own, he should forget all that was in his heart to utter, and abandon himself entirely to the bliss of the moment! That taint was in his blood! God help him! but it is strange that under such circumstances he should close the door of his conscience, and decide to wait for a better opportunity!

Twenty-six years old, and never since the age of seventeen had he tasted any kind of spirituous liquors. His good mother had told him the story of his father's struggle with the demon of intemperance; of his grandfather's abandonment of home and children for the pleasures of the grog-shop; and he had discovered by one bitter week's experience that his mother's fears in regard to himself were