

**Nothing and Something.**

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,  
With a careless toss of her pretty head;  
The man is weak, if he can't refrain  
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,  
When her eyes were drenched with burning  
tears,  
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,  
And started to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said;  
I have no fear that my boy will tread  
The downward path of sin and shame,  
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when her only son  
From the path of right was early won,  
And I sadly cast in the flowing bowl  
A ruined body and shipwrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,  
As over the ledger he bent his head;  
In busy to-day with the tare and trect,  
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire  
A message came from a funeral pyre—  
A drunken conductor has wrecked a train,  
And his wife and child are among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;  
In his eyes was a flash of scorn and pride—  
I need not the dreadful things ye tell,  
Can rule myself I know full well.

It was something to him when in prison he  
lay,  
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,  
As he thought of his wretched child and  
wife,  
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;  
The party loss is my great dread—  
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,  
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards  
made.

It was something to him in after life,  
When his daughter became a drunkard's  
wife,  
And her hungry children cried for bread,  
And tremble to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep  
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,  
To gather the young and thoughtless in—  
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, for us all to stand,  
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—  
To learn to labour, live, and fight,  
On the side of God and changeless right.

**Canadian Habitants.**

THE French Canadian peasants are generally small, but sturdy muscular, well knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and cherubic. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their manners, and their hospitality and unfailing kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the peasant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago, he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the

early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a wit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either number or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petits brules," like burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a regular portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had become a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPhersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who cannot speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadians and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some emigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French Catholics, by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkable homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasantry is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.

**Fog and Grog.**

ARTHUR was walking along the beach with his father one fine afternoon. He had been watching the bathers bobbing up and down, their red caps or flapping straw hats shining in the water like shoals of buoys in the ocean. Here and there he picked up a cork or a wine bottle, and at last his father pointed out to him a great hull of a vessel that had recently been wrecked. It had on it an immense load of coal—several hundred tons. You could now look into it and see piles of coal; but no one could get at it, and it would

cost more to get it out than it was worth. So at last the coal was sold for \$11. "How did it happen to get wrecked?" asked Arthur. "I asked that question," replied his father, "of a gentleman with whom I walked to the wreck the day after the accident, and I said to him, 'I suppose it was caused by fog.' He replied in one word to my question, and that word was, 'grog.' So, upon inquiry I learned that this was true; that the crew had been drinking, and of course with unsteady heads they could not steer the vessel in a straightforward course. Men make mistakes that end in ruin, and they often find that there is more danger in grog than in fog."—*Temperance Banner.*

**Nearest Way to Heaven.**

WHEN Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of divine grace, and her spirit was particularly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of joy, she then exclaimed: "Oh, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbours and tell them that they may be happy and love my Saviour." "Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one in many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion." "Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me." She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began telling him he must die, that he was a sinner, and she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins, and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it. The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain. He threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy and life. The neighbourhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons were brought to a knowledge of Jesus and rejoiced in his power and grace.—*N. Y. Observer.*

**The Beginning and the End.**

THE beginning was in this wise: A young man came to visit a friend in the city. This young man was from a quiet little country town where no such "modern improvements" as saloons were tolerated. He knew but little of the terrible work whisky is doing in the land. As he and his friend went down the city street together his friend said to him:

"Let's go in here and have a drink of something."

Now, though this young man knew but little of the effects of liquor-drinking from personal observation, he had been brought up by parents who had striven to impress upon his mind the fact that the man who tampers with strong drink is not safe. "Shun the bowl," they had often said to him. But he forgot, or perhaps it would be more in accord with the truth to say he ignored, the good advice of his parents, and he went into a saloon with his

friend, and there he took his first drink of liquor.

When his friend had "treated" him, he felt somehow under a sort of obligation to "treat back," and the result was that two glasses of strong liquor made him drunk.

He was ashamed of himself when he became sober, and tried to quiet his conscience by saying to it that "it was only for this once, and he couldn't have refused without giving offence." He felt miserable the next day, and his friend advised him to take another drink—"that would straighten him up, men who drink always did that." So he drank again, and something about drinking fascinated him: Like many other men, he had an inherent appetite for strong drink, and this first experience with the terrible thing aroused it. He drank often after that while he was in the city. He could not go past a saloon without feeling a desire to go in.

He went back home. The desire for drink went with him. Shortly afterwards he left home, and went out into the world to make his fortune.

I heard of him often. "Poor fellow!" they said, "he drinks too much. He'll make a shipwreck of himself if he isn't careful."

His parents heard of what he was doing, and with sorrowful hearts they sought him out and urged him to go back to his country home with them. But he would not; he could not break away from the spell of the demon.

Last week the end came. Some men found him lying in the street one morning, after a night's debauch. They took him to a saloon, and he called for whisky. The saloon-keeper gave it to him. He wanted more. It was given.

He drank glass after glass of the poisonous stuff. "He can have all he wants as long as he has money to pay for it," said the saloon-keeper. When the poor fellow was so drunk that he could drink no more they put him in a back room to "sober off." When they went to see how he was getting along, some hours later, he was dead. He had died drunk.

And the end was—a drunkard's grave.—*Selected.*

**One Glass.****A TRUE NARRATIVE.**

AT a meeting where temperance experiences were being given a man arose and told what one glass had done for him. He said: I had a little vessel on the coast; she had four men besides myself. I had a wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch one night. The seamen prevailed on him to take one glass to help him to perform his duties, but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After intense suffering the waves took my little one from my embrace; then after more hours of anguish, the waves swept my other little one from my wife's arms, and our two darlings were separated from us forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, I looked at my wife, and beheld her cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for "one glass of rum."—*British Workman.*