

inches in length, and his canine teeth, exclusive of the part in the jaw, about an inch and a half. Thus the hoards of provisions, which are frequently deposited by Arctic voyagers to provide for some future want, have no greater enemy than the Polar bear. "The final cache," says Kane, "which I relied so much upon was entirely destroyed. It had been built with extreme care, of rocks which had been assembled by very heavy labor and adjusted with much aid, often, from capstans as levers.

"The entire construction was, so far as our means permitted, most effective and resisting. Yet these tigers of the ice seemed hardly to have encountered an obstacle, not a morsel of pemmican remained except in the iron cases, which being round with conical ends, defied both claws and teeth. They had rolled and pawed them in every direction, tossing them about like footballs, although over eighty pounds in weight. An alcohol can, strongly iron bound, was dashed into small fragments, and a tin can of liquor smashed and twisted almost into a ball. The claws of the beast had perforated the metal and torn it up as with a chisel. They were too dainty for salt meats; ground coffee they had an evident relish for; old canvas was a favorite for some reason or other, even our flag which had been reared 'to take possession' of the waste, was gnawed down to the very staff. They had made a regular frolic of it, rolling our bread-barrels over the ice, and, unable to masticate our heavy India rubber cloth, they had tied it up in unimaginable hard knots."



Temperance Department.

#### JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

#### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

What a happy time that was for Joe! It was a joy to him to wait upon such a cheerful invalid—a joy to go up and down stairs, all day long. Sometimes he read aloud till Ben almost choked with laughter at his mistakes. Sometimes he listened to Ben's stories of the big fishes he had caught, and the long tramps he had taken; and sometimes Joe told his own experience—a very limited experience, he thought it, in comparison with that of the merry-hearted boy on the sofa.

"Bring me that box on the bureau," said Ben to Joe one day.

Joe sprang to obey. Ben opened the box with a key from his watch chain, and took out a well-filled portemonnaie.

"You see now, partner," said Ben, "it is time for us to attend to business. You are the junior partner, so you must listen while I talk. You see partners sometimes put different things into a concern, and share the profits alike. Suppose you have money, and I understand business; well, we go in together, and what we make we share. Suppose I understand foreign languages, French, and all that sort of thing, and you don't. Well, I go to Europe and buy goods, and you stay at home and see to receiving and selling them. That's the way in a partnership. Do you understand?"

Joe bowed his head in a dignified manner, feeling quite too dignified and mystified to speak.

"Well, you see how it is," continued Ben; "we are partners. I get a sickness; how are we to share it? Why, I take the pains and lie on my back, talking like a windmill. You have legs and no pains. You go up and down stairs, and get me what I want, and don't mind hearing a long yarn now and then.

"Well, that's fair, just as it should be between partners. But about money matters—we go shares there, of course. Here we have twenty-five dollars. I've been laying it up for ever so long, not knowing what I was to do with it. It's my own-ny-ony, and I can use it as I think best.

"Here comes this sickness. I take my half of the money. Well, father'll pay Pills, of course; but there are many little com-

forts a sick fellow must have that cost something, so I put my share back in the box, and call it sickness fund. See, I'll write that on a piece of paper and put with it. What is the half of twenty-five, Joe?"

"Twelve dollars and a half," said Joe promptly, for he had been privately making the computation.

"Right!" said Ben, with a business air—"right, partner. There, that is your share to pay your expenses. Maybe your mother will advise you about spending it when you go home."

"Will your father like it?" said Joe, not offering to touch the money. "Is it quite right for me to have it?"

"Right as the Declaration of Independence!" said Ben, intending to be oratorical.

At this moment Mr. White entered the room. Ben explained to him promptly, and with an air of the strictest justice, the division he had made.

Mr. White smiled a kindly smile. The ice was broken now between the father and son.

"Don't make paupers of your poor friends, Ben; that will only do them harm," Mr. White had said, and he was amused to see how Ben was getting over this difficulty.

"A very proper division of cash among partners," said Mr. White, giving Joe a friendly pat on the shoulder. "You are a very good manager, Ben. Perhaps, as you have such a taste for business, you can help me in my difficulty. I find the Channing estate very troublesome to settle. There is to be a great deal of mere tread-mill work for somebody—papers to copy and long columns to add up. I wish I could get hold of the proper person to help me."

"I wish I wrote something better than a scrawl," said Ben. "Even if I were well, I should not be of much use to you, I am such a shocking fellow with the pen. I mean to turn over a new leaf when I am about again, and learn to write like a thorough business man."

Mr. White turned to leave the room. "Here might be a chance for father," thought Joe. "But no, I never could speak of it."

Joe looked at Mr. White's grave and anxious face. No, he dare not make the proposal that was in his mind.

"Joe, you are a coward! You haven't a bit of spirit in you!"

With such goading taunts Joe was in the habit of getting up his courage on emergencies; but these stimulants did not save him now.

Mr. White had his hand on the lock of the door, when suddenly Joe's memory gave him the words, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me from this Philistine."

Mr. White, quite unconscious of being a Philistine in the eyes of little Joe, turned toward him, as he stood, and said kindly:

"Don't be afraid, Joe, to share with your partner. It's all right."

Joe was strong in the right strength now, and he hastened to say:

"Please, Mr. White, please, sir, my father is a splendid hand at figures, and he writes like the school-master."

Joe put his hand into his pocket and drew out his little Testament.

"See here, sir," he continued—"see here; he wrote my name in my book. The figures, too; ain't they about right?"

It was not at all in the scornful spirit of Goliath that Mr. White looked down at the eager little boy. Joe was pointing proudly at the place where his name and a date had lately been written by his father, with a reference to the verse, "Be not afraid, only believe," which had so moved him.

"That is a good, clear hand, Joe; and the figures are like copper-plate," said Mr. White.

"You might ride over, father, and see if Mr. Barber could help you," said Ben, in great excitement. "That would be splendid."

"Will you? please do," ventured little Joe.

"I will," said Mr. White, as he closed the door and left the boys together.

Joe stepped gently to Ben's side, and laid his hand in his.

"I believe it will be," he said earnestly. "I believe it will be, because I asked that father might have some different work from what he has now."

"Asked it?" said Ben enquiringly.

"Yes, asked it in my prayers," answered Joe, simply.

"Do you really ask for what you want about such things when you pray?" said Ben, soberly.

"Why, yes. Don't you?" said Joe opening his eyes wide.

Ben White would rather have sat up all night than to have voluntarily given up saying his prayers; but he did not always think it necessary to kneel down for the purpose. He could go over them after he was in bed, he thought, just as well, and he did not feel it a great sin if he sometimes fell asleep in the midst. Lately he had been praying on his knees that he might lead a more faithful Christian life, and be useful in his day and generation. But such asking as Joe spoke of, he knew nothing of it, and he felt it.

"Dear little Joe," said Ben, affectionately, "you must ask that your partner may know more about these things, and pray better."

"It was mother that taught me," said Joe. "She says we are to think of God as somebody who loves us, and wants to hear our prayers and give us just what we need."

"I haven't any mother," said Ben, sadly. "I lost her when I was a baby. But I hope I shall come out right, somehow."

"That you will! That you will!" exclaimed Joe.

Ben felt the nearer to his heavenly Father, as he grasped the hand of his little partner, who seemed to him a link to better things.

Yes, Ben White had lost his mother in his babyhood; but not lost to him were the earnest prayers she had poured out for her child. Even now they were being answered, as he groped his way along the path to the better land.

As for Mr. White, he lost no time in seeking out Harry Barber. Exactly what passed between them never transpired. Certain it is, that when Mr. White rode away from that lonely home on the hill-side, it was with a deep resolution to lead a more holy, active Christian life than ever before, to be heart and soul a servant of God, as one who must render up his account before an Almighty Judge.

The comfortable city gentleman, sheltered from his youth, tempted to no vices, had never before come face to face with a soul in desperate struggle with sin, helpless, but laying hold of the cross as the one hope for life and death and judgment.

Before this humbled penitent, ready to give up his darling sin, cost him what it would, and to fight indeed the good fight of faith, Mr. White felt that he was but as the Pharisee wrapped in his own good works. As he shook Harry's hand, as they parted at the turnpike, the words came to his mind, "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Yes, he thought, perhaps this poor slave of sin, set free by Jesus, and clinging to his deliverer, is nearer the gate of Heaven than a respectable lukewarm Christian, who can remember no real battle with temptation, no conflict in which he has been saved so as by fire!

Mr. White had a new view of life, its aims and its responsibilities!

As for Harry Barber, he little dreamed the effect the story of his struggles had produced upon his grave, quiet listener. The happy husband was rejoicing with his wife over the promise of work that would occupy him head and hand, and help him to give to his family those comforts of which his misdeeds had so long deprived them. How he thanked his heavenly Father who was so tenderly taking the repentant prodigal by the hand!

(To be Continued.)

#### MODERATION VS. TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Suppose that any of you, my young friends, were standing by the river Niagara, and you saw many people in the river dead and dying, how would you feel? And supposing you saw them come headlong over the awful cataract, some dashed upon the rocks, some being torn in the whirlpool or choked in the rapids, some trying with desperate energy to reach the shore, while others in despair floated down to death without even a struggle for life. Suppose you saw frightened wives trying to drag their husbands to shore and safety. Oh! you would cry, this is dreadful. Can nothing be done to save them?

Then suppose you ran along the bank to find out how and where so many people fell

in, and on your way you met with ladies and gentlemen, some in carriages and some on foot, laughing, chatting and singing on the way; and suppose you were to shout, "Help, help, help! People are going over the falls! being dashed to pieces on the rocks, and drowned in the whirlpool." And suppose the people, instead of rushing to the rescue, were some of them to say: "Yes, yes, we know. They have been going over like that for years; but it's none of our business;" and others were to laugh at you and say: "Why, you little goose, should you get excited and make such a fuss! You are not in the river." But you could not stop, for the cries for help were ringing in your ears; so you ran on, and you saw two bridges reaching across the river, and that from one of these bridges people were constantly falling and dragging others with them, and that, although many crossed in safety, others stumbled and fell, and all who did fall or had ever fallen into the stream had fallen from this bridge. And suppose, on enquiry, you found that no one had ever been lost by taking the second, although many thousands of people had crossed and were crossing; that no one fell or had ever fallen but those who had turned back and took the first bridge. And suppose you saw at the first bridge a large crowd of people, ladies and gentlemen, some of them well dressed and refined in manners, and that they were advising the people to cross by that way; and suppose among those advisers you were to see a minister of the gospel, what would you think?

And suppose you were to ask, "Why do you give such bad advice? Why do you not cut down this dreadful bridge, or bar its entrance so that people may not go upon it?" and suppose some were to reply, "Oh! it is a nice place to see the falls and watch the rapids. We have been on it many times and never fell; and if some people will go near the edge, become giddy and fall, that is none of our business."

Then suppose you were to ask, "Is this bridge a necessity?" and they were to answer "No."

"Is the other bridge as short?" "Yes."

"As pleasant?" "More so."

"Broad enough and strong enough to accommodate all the people who have to cross over?" "Yes."

"The toll is as low?" "It is free."

Then you would say, "Why, then, in the name of common sense and common humanity, do people go themselves and advise others to go by this dangerous way?" And suppose they were to answer, "Because it is more fashionable and far more popular than the other," what would you think? Now, my dear young friends, one bridge is moderation, the other is total abstinence.

Every year a vast army is borne down the river, struggling, shrieking, cursing, laughing and even praying. On, on they go, men, women and children. Sometimes one is caught and brought safely to the shore by life-boats, such as the Church, Lodge, Division, Band of Hope, Reform Club, and others. But not one out of a hundred of those who fall from moderation bridge into the black river of drunkenness can be saved in this way.

Remembering, then, that every drunkard in the world became one by taking moderation bridge, and that no one was ever lost or became a drunkard who took and kept for the whole journey total abstinence bridge; and as in the journey of life in search of peace, health, wealth, happiness and heaven, we must take one of these two bridges, which do you suppose it would be most sensible to take!—Edward Carswell.

How a MODERATION PLEDGE failed to insure sobriety was illustrated by the following incident related by Rev. Dawson Burns at a recent meeting. He said some societies pledged their members not to drink more than a pint of beer in a day, and he remembered a case where a member of one of those societies was found in a place where people do not generally expect to find temperance men, that is, in the gutter. "How came you here?" he was asked; "You have surely broken your pledge." "No," he answered, "I have not." "But one pint of beer would not make you so drunk?" "Well, perhaps not; but then there is no use of drinking a pint every day, so I saved up mine for a week, and drank it all to-day." After many such instances it was found that the only safe way was to abstain from all intoxicants.