

Then he staggered slowly backward, and he  
sat him down to think,  
For his soul was stirred within him, till he  
thought his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud and wondered, to himself  
soliloquized—

I have lived to almost eighty, and was never  
so surprised,

As I read that oddest notice, stickin' on the  
meetin' door—

Pastor off on a vacation,—never heard the  
like before.

Why, when I first joined the meetin', very  
many years ago,

Preachers travelled on the circuit, in the heat  
and through the snow ;

If they got their clothes and wittals ('twas but  
little cash they got)

They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were  
happy in their lot.

Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the  
shepherd leave his sheep ?

Who would give them care and shelter, or  
provide them food, to eat ?

So it strikes me very sing'ler, when a man of  
holy hands

Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsake  
his tender lambs.

Did St. Paul get such a notion ? Did a Wes-  
ley, or a Knox ?

Did they in the heat of summer turn away  
their needy flocks ?

Did they shut their meetin' houses, just to go  
and lounge about ?

Why, they knew that if they did, Satan cer-  
tainly would shout.

Do the taverns close their doors, just to take  
a little rest ;

Why, 'twould be the height of nonsense, for  
their trade would be distressed ;

Did you ever know it to happen, or hear any-  
body tell,

Satan taking a vacation, shuttin' up the doors  
of hell ?

And shall preachers o' the gospel pack their  
trunks and go away,

Leavin' saints and dyin' sinners git along as  
best they may ?

Are the souls of saints and sinners valued less  
than selling beer ?

Or do preachers tire quicker than the rest of  
mortals here ?

Why it is I cannot answer, but my feelin's  
they are stirred ;

Here I've dragged my totterin' footsteps for to  
hear the Gospel word,

But the preacher is a travellin' and the meetin'  
house is closed,

I confess its very tryin', hard indeed, to keep  
composed.

Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up  
the shinin' height,

Will I hear no angels singin'—will I see no  
gleaming light ?

Will the golden harps be silent ? Will I meet  
no welcome there ?

Why the thought is most distractin', would be  
more than I could bear.

Tell me, when I reach the city over on the  
other shore,

Will I find a little notice tacked upon the  
golden door,

Tellin' me mid dreadful silence, writ in words  
that cut and burn—

Jesus absent on vacation, Heaven closed till  
His return ?

## MODERATE DRINKING.

Essay read by Harry Haight at Yarmouth First-day  
School at the time of Pelham Half-Yearly meeting in  
8th month, 1892.

That the excessive use of intoxicat-  
ing liquors is harmful, no one will deny.  
But many people think that the moder-  
ate use of alcoholic drinks will do them  
no harm, and some even think it will  
do them good.

There are three points from which  
we may consider the question. The  
first is the bad effect on the system,  
caused by even the moderate use of  
alcohol. First, let us understand that  
the eminent Dr. Richardson has proved,  
beyond a possibility of doubt, that al-  
cohol is not a food. It does not con-  
tain any substances by which it is pos-  
sible for it to build up fat, bones or  
muscles. When alcohol is taken into  
the body it goes immediately into the  
blood and, by relaxing the small blood  
vessels, it causes a large amount of  
warm blood to be sent to the surface.  
As the skin is very sensitive, this causes  
a feeling of warmth, but it is really  
cooling the blood and causing the  
heart a great deal of unnecessary work.

Let us suppose a man who takes  
three glasses of mild ale a day, or its  
equivalent in some other liquor. He  
would be called a very moderate  
drinker. These three glasses of ale  
contain about two ounces of alcohol,  
which would drive the heart to per-  
form about 6,000 extra strokes in  
twenty-four hours. This means an