

step by step rose to be one of the largest merchants in the Dominion. His good business tact and sterling character brought him into the notice of his fellow-citizens, who solicited him to become their representative in the Local Legislature and afterwards in the Dominion Parliament and finally to the Senate.* Amid the many engagements of public life and of his immense business he found time to devote to the interests of the cause of God.

The moral of this true story—for true it is in every detail, the names only being disguised—lies on its surface. Had those two talented young men, who so early made shipwreck of their lives, been total abstainers from strong drink and God-fearing members of a Christian church they might have been among the successful wholesale merchants of to-day. The lesson that the young men who read this sketch may learn therefrom is this: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Reader, if not already engaged in temperance, Sabbath-school and church work remember the words of Holy Writ: "He that is not for us is against us."

"Do not then stand idly waiting for some other work to do,
Lo! the field is ripe to harvest and the laborers are few;
Go and work in any vineyard, do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere."

—E. M. M.

THE REV. PAUL DENTON'S APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

"This is the liquor which the Eternal Father brews for His children. Not in the simmering still over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions, doth our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life.

But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and child loves to play, and down, low down, in the deepest valley, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing.

And high up on the tall mountain's top where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash.

And far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweep the march of God.

* The reader will have no trouble in locating Mack, who was no less a person than the late Hon. John Macdonald, a name that is now a household word, who, by his many acts of private and public benevolence and his large bequests, has erected for himself "a monument more lasting than brass."