

based into brutes. I have known poets of high genius whom it has bound in a bondage worse than the galleys, and ultimately cut short their days. I have known statesmen, lawyers, and judges whom it has killed. I have known kind husbands and fathers whom it has turned into monsters. I have known honest men whom it has made villains.

Is it not notorious that, under the ravages of drunkenness the land mourns?—that it is this which—I may say almost exclusively—fills our prisons, our workhouses, our lunatic asylums, our dens of pollution, and our hospitals;—which causes most of the shipwrecks, fires, fatal accidents, crimes, outrages, and suicides, that load the columns of our newspapers,—which robs numberless wives of a husband's affection, and numberless children of a parent's fondness; which strips thousands of homes of every comfort, deprives scores of thousands of children of education, and almost of bread, and turns them on the streets;—which leaves so many places of worship almost empty, and so many mechanics' institutes languishing, whilst the pot-houses are crowded;—which brings down (it is estimated) sixty thousand of our population every year to a drunkard's grave?

And of all the victims of intemperance, be it remembered there is NOT ONE who did not begin by moderate drinking, or who had the remotest idea, when he began, that he should be led into excess.

Such, then, being the peculiar seductiveness and danger of the practice of taking intoxicating liquors, and such the enormous malignity of its consequences, is there not a strong, and even a restless ground for appealing to good men, to patriots, to philanthropists, above all to Christians, and to Christian ministers, if not for their own sake, yet for the sake of others, whom they see gliding down by scores of thousands, as on a slope of ice, to the gulf of temporal and eternal ruin, to take their stand on the safe platform of total abstinence?

A NOBLE BOY.

The following anecdote (clipped from a late English paper) is related by James Haughter, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the peace in Dublin. Several years ago an English gentleman of literary eminence, Mr. S. C. Hall, visited among many other places of interest in Ireland the far famed Glendalough or Seven Churches. On his entrance into the Glen he was met by a young lad who offered himself as his

guide. The boy proved to be an exceeding intelligent companion. While rambling about Mr. Hall produced a flask of whiskey, and offered his guide a *dram* but he refused it, and said he was a teetotaller. Mr. Hall appeared incredulous, and in order to test the lad's sincerity, he offered him money to tempt him to violate his pledge; five shillings were offered, but without effect, the bribe was increased by degrees to a sovereign—the boy's frame the while trembling, and his eyes flashing with indignation. At length he stood forward in attitude of manly firmness, and with much dignity of manner he exclaimed—"Sir, you know not the mischief you are attempting to do, young as I am I have been a drunkard; many is the good half crown I have earned in this place, and then spent it on whiskey. The gentlemen used to give me a dram out of their bottles, just as you have offered me now, and I was then but too willing to accept it. After getting the taste of it I would go to the public house, and there spend on drink all I had earned during the day. But sir, that was not the worst of it; I am the only support of my mother—she is a widow—and while I was drinking she was left to starve. Think of her misery, and of my selfishness. But the times are changed with me, I have been for some time a teetotaller. I took the pledge from Father Matthew, and with the help of God, I'll keep it while I live. When you engaged me to-day as your guide, I wanted you to allow me time to put on my Sunday clothes, for although I am not ill dressed now, I have a much better suit for Sundays and holidays, none of which was I in possession of when I was in the habit of going to the public house. And besides this my Mother has now every comfort she can desire. All this happiness you are endeavouring to destroy; you tempt me to break my pledge, to become false to my vow, made before God and man. Oh sir, you do not know what you are doing; I would not break my pledge for all you are worth in the world." The boy's eloquence and earnestness made a deep impression upon Mr. Hall who saw that he was in the presence of a hero. After a moment's reflection his determination was fixed, he decided on becoming himself a teetotaller; and in order to prove his sincerity to his guide, he flung his flask of whiskey high over his head into the Lake, in whose deep bosom it now lies buried. The joy and excitement of the boy were intense; he danced about in wild exuberance of delight. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten by either

of the actors in it. Boys of England and Ireland, imitate this noble conduct of the young guide at Glendalough.

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Some years after this scene, I met Mr. Hall in the great Exhibition in London, and I recalled it to his memory. He then told me that he had continued to be a teetotaller, and that he believes he could not have done all the literary labour he had accomplished in the interim if he had not adopted the practice of Total Abstinence from alcoholic liquors so beautifully impressed upon his mind by the noble boy at the Seven Churches.

Dublin, August, 1865.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE MASTER.

The winter wind was blowing in its might, and I was hastening home from a little pilgrimage to a friend who was ill.

As I passed a house by the roadside, two men came from it. The door closed after them, and the click of the latch was scarcely heard before the door opened again, and the voice of a woman was calling, 'Jamie, you'll speak a word for the Master.'

'Indeed I will,' heartily responded the man; and the two went on their way, while I lingered a moment, thinking of the words of the woman. I had heard of the occupants of the house as honest and nobly poor, and yielding to the impulse of the instant, I stepped to the door and knocked.

Before it was opened, I heard these words.—

'You know Jessie, we must never hide anything, and when we have got a kindness from any one we ought to tell of it.'

The wild winter wind followed me on through the cracks and crevices, but within I met cheering warmth and brightness.—The first words of welcome the woman gave were, 'Come in, see how warm we can make you by the coals the master sent on Christmas.'

'And who is the master?' I asked.

'Mr. Church at the mill. You see the men are uneasy, and somebody is putting them up to strike for more wages; and to night the men are to have a meeting, and I've sent my Jamie to tell how good the master is when we are sick or the work stops. I thought that, may be, if he spoke a good word for him 'twould stop the strike.'

On my way homeward the words of the woman, spoke in such simple verity, were echoing in my mind.

Why should we not speak a good word for