



Temperance Department.

TEXT, SERMON, AND APPLICATION.

"Halloo, old man, what are you holding up that tree for?" shouted the leader of a band of young students to a worn-looking, trembling man, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of collegians, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the animal kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—I've got just sense enough left to know that, yet. I'm holding up the tree!"

"Good! Didn't I tell you so?" cried one of the collegians.

"No; I mean—I mean—it's the other way; the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor miserable fellow-student! For I know you to be college-born and college-bred. Hold on to your hammers, young men; crack out the crystals, run over your quartz, and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifications; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's slipper, and Indian turnips. I never cared much for such trifling articles; but the other kind of roots, now—why, they stick to me yet. Have you got a Homer aboard, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could indeed render quite as fluently and with as much correctness as the best of them. They all gathered about him, when another of their number produced a Virgil, from which he immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin as in Greek.

"Don't be mistaken, boys; don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are able to be out, and 'high rents' in overcoats, and a low-crowned hat belong always to a brainless man. No! I've made my scientific expeditions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old tree, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business." And here he put his handkerchief to his face, and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued: "It's a serious business! I'm ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but by God's mercy to a poor sinner, I've saved a part. I don't expect to save myself; but I'll try whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text, and heads, and whole sermon, and application is this:

'KEEP TEMPERANCE MEN TEMPERATE!'

Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're not safe. Just as sure as you see me, who was once a 'fellow-student,' just so sure, ten years from now, some of you may be 'holding up a tree' by the wayside, the jest of a rabble of boys—excuse me, the wonder of a company of young gentlemen!—if you don't take a firm stand on the side of temperance. A glass of wine is more tempting to a scholar than to a wood-cutter or a farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say, 'keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's safety for you. The little boys. Yes, and the girls; for, did you never hear it, women will sometimes drink; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—keep them so. I tell you it is not every poor, miserable, idle, brainless fellow that goes to make up the list of drunkards. No; some of them have been cared for by the tenderest mothers; they have slept on beds of down, and sat at rich men's tables, and sipped their first draughts of the choicest wines from cut-glass goblets, in rich men's luxurious parlors; the tempter likes such best."

"My friend, you said you had saved a part of your family," said one, as the man seemed

lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

"Ruined—yes, I said ruined a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my eldest—my first-born—I taught in my own way until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys—noble boys (and they would go through college with the best of you, with a title of the money I've squandered)—I have, I hope, saved from following my sad example, by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—heavenly Father keep them so! And now, as you are going to leave me, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practise. Touch not, taste not the drink. Sign the pledge; do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. Never scorn the idea of taking a child's name, be it boy or girl. Give the 'Band of Hope' workers your helping hand. Consider the world richer for every name you add to the list; for I fully believe the greatest hope of ever ridding the world of the curse of drunkenness lies in the secret of my text to-day—Keep temperance men temperate! Take it for your motto. Act upon it. Let it be an incentive to your earnest work in the name of humanity. I haven't much hope for the poor drunkard—do what you have a mind to for him. Laugh at him, pray for him, try to save him, if you have faith enough; but begin where your work is easy, and where it is sure—keep temperance men temperate!"—*J. P. B., Band of Hope Review.*

SMOKING BOYS.

There is another evil that especially attaches to juvenile smoking. It often introduces to bad company boys whose education, but for this practice, would have preserved them from contamination. Many boys learn to smoke and chew tobacco, long before they venture to frequent the public house. They are compelled to keep their smoking secret, because they know that their parents strongly object to it. The very fact of their thus acting contrary to parental authority keeps up a state of habitual disregard of that authority, and a fear of detection, which renders home less attractive, and forms a barrier to frank and loving intercourse between the boy and his parents and sisters. A distaste for elevating pursuits is engendered, and thus he is drawn more and more towards depraving society. A furtive pipe by the roadside, or under a hedge or haystack, very naturally leads to a furtive visit to the public-house, and there the ruin is accomplished. At length the secret is revealed to the sorrowing parents—the turning point in the boy's destiny has arrived. He may be induced to listen to loving remonstrances, and abandon evil habits before their mastery is supreme; but the probability is, that he will now resent parental control altogether, and abandon himself without reserve to evil courses. On the contrary, if the youth had manfully resisted the fascination of the pipe, his company would no longer have been sought by evil companions. His capacity for elevating pursuits would have remained unimpaired, and by ordinarily judicious training he might have become an ornament to his family and a blessing to the world.

Smoking not only leads boys into habits of deception; it often prepares the way for a career of crime. Boys who smoke often help themselves without permission to their smoking father's tobacco, or to that of men with whom they are employed. They very often pilfer from their employers the means to buy it. The testimony of governors of reformatories and prisons abundantly confirms this statement. The governor of a reformatory at Blackley, near Manchester, stated that out of fifteen boys who were admitted after the opening of the institution twelve had been smokers, and eight chewers. Ten confessed to having either stolen tobacco, or money wherewith to buy it. Mr. Joseph Tucker, a retired London warehouseman, whose firm made an annual return of more than £500,000, declared, "We never had an act of fraud in our establishment which was not traced to a smoker." It was aptly remarked by an American statesman, "He would not say that all smokers are blackguards, but he never knew a blackguard who was not a smoker."

The connection between tobacco and strong drink is not more intimate than its connection with other and still more depraving forms of licentiousness. Tobacco lessens physical health and destroys manly

power it is true, and in some cases occasions complete impotence; but at an earlier stage of the indulgence it increases the morbid desire for sensual pleasure. It produces an irritable state of the nerves, and an incapacity for higher enjoyments, that naturally drive their victim for relief to depraving indulgences. Hence the intimate connection known to subsist between smoking, drinking, and unchastity. The tobacco shop, the drink shop, and the house of ill-fame form a triple unholy alliance.—*From May Young England Smoke.*

A NEW TEMPERANCE WORK.

The following presents a new feature in Temperance work and commends itself to those who were not in harmony with previous methods and pledges, such as the Band of Hope &c. The pledge commends itself as adapted to the aims of the organization, and being undenominational it meets with favor as a helper in a good cause.

THE HONOR BAND.

This is an organization open to respectable Protestant boys and girls who can bring a letter from their minister or some well-known citizen of good repute. Its object is to raise the standard of honor amongst children of both sexes that they may become noble men and women, walking erect in the path of virtue and the bright experiences of an upright life. There is no oath connected with the organization, simply the pledge of honor which we append:—

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HONOR BAND PLEDGE.

I,, in the presence of the officers and members of this organization, do solemnly give my word of honor that I will endeavor to be strictly truthful in all things, honest in word and in deed; that I will avoid low company and bad language, obey my parents and those in authority over me; abstain from all distilled intoxicating liquor, wine, beer and tobacco, until I am twenty-one years of age; strive to be Christ like in my conduct, and faithful to the Protestant religion, loyal to my Sovereign, earnest in the cultivation of honor amongst all I associate with, resolute in opposing that which is degrading and sinful; in the doing of all which I pray God's help for Jesus Christ's sake.

This pledge signed by myself, shall be binding upon me until my name, at my own written request, is removed from the roll of this Honor Band.

(Signature).....

What is aimed at is to make the boys

Honorable,
Truthful,
Honest,
Obedient,
Temperate,
Protestant,
Loyal.

In the girls we hope to cultivate the above virtues as well as womanly gentleness. To these we add personal neatness for both as part of our discipline, for "cleanliness is next to godliness."

OUR OFFICERS

are as follows: President, Rev. Dr. Ussher; Chaplain, Mr. Wm. Dagg; Drill Instructor, Mr. Henry Thompson, of the Montreal Engineers; Band Master, Mr. William Smith (Bandmaster of the Garrison Artillery); Musical Instructor, Mr. George Luckhurst; Teachers of Calisthenics, Miss Lucinda Lawless and Miss Corina Winfield.

THE GIRLS,

The meetings for the girls to be instructed in calisthenics will be held every Tuesday afternoon, from half-past four to half-past five, in the Lecture Hall of St. Bartholomew's Church, and the exercises are such as cultivate graceful carriage and the physical health of those engaged in them.

THE BOYS,

known as the "Honor Band Cadets," have their meeting for drill each Tuesday evening from half-past seven to half-past eight in the above-named Lecture Hall, under the charge of their instructor, and on Thursday evenings, from half-past seven to eight, the members of the fife and drum band practice in Hecker's music rooms, on St. Catherine street.

ON THE THIRD TUESDAY

in the month, there is a union meeting of both boys and girls, and an hour is spent in listening to recitations, music and addresses.

UNIFORM.

It is the intention, as soon as sufficient progress has been made, to adopt a simple uniform for the Honor Band Cadets, while the girls will, at the semi-annual entertainments, wear white dresses and suitable baldric.

Strict military discipline is exacted—im-

licit obedience to all commands. Misconduct at home or neglect of studies or duties, if reported, will be punished by suspension for such a length of time as the President shall determine; while any boy known to be guilty of low or disorderly conduct or dishonesty shall be tried for the offence and dismissed if the evidence be deemed sufficient. Any boy or girl absent from three meetings without reasonable excuse shall have their name placed upon the Lazy Roll, hanging in the Lecture Room.

No boy or girl will be enrolled as a member of the Honor Band until they have first obtained the consent of their parents or guardians, and as will be seen, the pledge terminates at twenty-one so far as the obligation lies, though habits formed are not likely to be changed after that; but at any time a boy or girl, on their making a written request at a monthly meeting over their own signature to have their name removed from the roll, ceases to be a member and is saved from the dishonor of breaking their word.

Believing this organization will commend itself to parents who have regard for the well-being of their children, we invite them to send them, on complying with the rules of procuring the required letter.

It differs from a "Band of Hope" in that no life-long oath is required; the restraint terminates when the rules are complied with. Its semi-military character will be of lasting physical benefit, and the moral and intellectual culture prove valuable through life. Every church can have its own. Our rules will be printed in due time.

FATHER'S OLD SHOES.—A TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Benny C— was sitting in the room with his mother and little sister. By looking at his sad and thoughtful face one would have taken him to be ten years of age, yet he was but six. No wonder! For four years this almost baby had been used to seeing a drunken father go in and out of their little cottage. He scarcely remembered anything from him but abuse and cruelty, especially toward his kind and loving mother. But now he was dead! The green sod had lain on his grave a week or more, but the terrible effects of his conduct were not buried with him. The poor children would start with a shudder at every uncertain step on the walk outside, and at every hesitating hand upon the latch. On the day mentioned above Benny's mother was getting dinner.

"Will my little son go to the woodshed and get mother a few sticks to finish boiling the tea-kettle?"

"I don't like to go into the woodshed, mamma," said Benny, looking down.

"Why, my son?"

"Because there is a pair of father's old shoes on the beam out there, and I don't like to see them."

"Why, Benny, do you mind the old shoes any more than you do your father's coat and hat up-stairs?"

"Because," said Benny, the tears filling his blue eyes, "they look as if they wanted to kick me."

Oh! the dreadful after influence of a drunken father to innocent children!—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

"THANK YOU" AND "PLEASE."

It is a grand thing to be associated with men and women trying to make drunkards sober. I went to a little mission chapel in New York, and the speakers, of whom there were many, were allowed only a minute each. One woman said in that minute what thrilled me through and through; "The love of Jesus has made my husband and myself mannerly. We used to swear at one another, and now we say, 'Thank ye' and 'Please.'" I tell you, the preaching of infidelity and of all the scientists cannot produce an effect like that in one hundred years, nor yet in five hundred years.—*John B. Gough.*

CHILDREN ROBBED.—The London Telegraph says: "It is not poverty, it is beer that has robbed the children of knowledge, of liberty, morality, health and long life. It is not poverty that fills our hospitals and gaols; it is gin. By the time that a child can use its hands and earn eighteen pence a week it is offered upon the altar of the great god gin."