

replaced the dissatisfied, petulant look her face had worn all the morning. A great fault in her character was a proneness to treat, not unkindly, but proudly, unsympathizingly, people occupying an inferior social grade to her own; and now, all at once, this fault stood out in a strong repelling vividness before her; she became silent in her turn, feeling rebuked and repentant. Cousin Charlie was by no means of an "over-lecturing" disposition; and he spoke after a pause in a lighter tone.

"Effie has been suggesting we should invent a new way of spending Christmas. The old 'tiresome' mode seems to have consisted exclusively in getting an overwhelming amount of presents and pleasure. What if we should try the variety of giving to somebody (who has had no former experience of them) a few of those good things whose repetition has made us feel sick? Suppose, for instance, we take poor Martin Daly, who has never even heard of Santa Claus, and surprise the little fellow with a basket of Christmas boxes?"

"A Christmas basket for Martin! What a grand idea!" cried Effie, clapping her hands.

"But how should we manage to fill it?" asked Annette, brightening up likewise. "We have only money. It is too late and snowy to send out to buy things this afternoon."

"Oh, I am sure mother would let us buy out of the store-room; only we must be sure to pay or else we would not be giving to Martin," decided Effie. "Do you think Martin would like things out of the store-room, cousin Charlie?"

"I am satisfied he will make no inquiries as to whether Santa Claus collected his offerings in a shop or mother's store-room," returned cousin Charlie.

(To be Continued.)



Temperance Department.

"A CHRISTIAN GAVE IT TO ME."

"A Christian gave it to me"—that fatal glass which proved the turning point. The Rubicon

Once crossed, my path was clear to ruin. I knew its power, and I was struggling sore, Against the deadly spell. Full many a time Had taunts of boon companions made me yield,

But grace was given to turn away from them. And now, when I had hoped—yes, hoped once more,

That health, and happiness, and home were mine,

A noble lady, one bright New Year's morn, Pressed me to take a glass "just for this once,"

In honor of her hospitality.

She did not dream—how could she?—what was meant

By drinking that one little drop of wine. The buried craving of the days gone by Uprose anew within me, and I fell A victim to its power, my being seemed As set on fire of hell, and from that hour To this, my downward course was swift and sure.

Oh, Christian! pause and think; was it your hand—

A sister's hand, perchance, which should have helped—

That put temptation in a brother's way? You say, "I would not;" but you cannot tell

Their soul-surroundings who may cross your path;

You do not know, oh, then consider well, The possibilities of every case,

And let no erring ones have cause to say That by your means they have been led astray.

—The Christian.

A USEFUL LESSON.

BY DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

I am now going to suggest an extremely curious question. Perhaps when you read it you may think I am making fun of you. I assure you I am not doing so, but am intending to draw from the question a most useful lesson. We will suppose, then, that a child is living on milk. The child is quite well in health, it can run as fast as any other child, and for as long a distance, it can jump as high; it can laugh as merrily; it can sleep as readily and quietly, and wake up as much refreshed as any other child in the world. It can sing; it can learn its lesson easily; it can carry its little body erect, and move its limbs gracefully; it can exercise in the gymnasium, and it can vie with any of its fellows in looking the pink of health and beauty.

Suppose this child, then suppose some one came and said: "Yes, the child has good limbs, good muscles, and he gets these good parts, no doubt, from the milk he takes, the caseine or cheese of the milk builds up those parts well. But here I have got something to put into the milk that is like caseine very much, which the child will hate at first, but will soon learn to like to such an extent that he will not do without it if he can help it." And suppose that after this the muscles of this child became, in consequence, very unruly, so that he could not keep them still, nor make them obey his will and pleasure. Should you not think that the man had done a very foolish and mischievous act? I am sure you would think so.

Or suppose the man, feeling the hand of the little child, said:—"This is a nice healthy little hand, it is not too cool, it is not too warm, and such proper warmth and power that it has it gets from the butter and sugar which is present in the milk on which it feeds. But, see you, I have something here like the butter and the sugar, which the child will hate at first, and will then so learn to love that he will take this new thing, whenever he can get it, in preference to the natural milk." And suppose the man's words proved true, and the child, learning to like the new thing exceedingly, took it and was thrown by it into a fever, and afterwards became extremely cold and chilly and was also made unsettled in his mind, excitable, and cross, and silly. Should you not think that the man had done a very cruel and mischievous and wicked act? I am sure you would think so.

Or, again, suppose the man feeling the bones of the child and moving the limbs, said:—"Oh, yes, the child has a splendid skeleton without any doubt, and he gets that skeleton in part from the caseine and albumen of the milk, and in part from the mineral matter that is in the milk. But I have something here like the bone-forming materials, which the child will hate at first, but will soon learn to like so much that when he can get it he will take it in preference to everything else of the kind." Suppose the child did take the new substance, began to like it, continued to like it, and in time got from it a deformed body, with crooked, weak back and bent legs and feeble gait. Should you not think that the man who induced the child to take such a substance, even though in his ignorance he called it a food, had done a most mischievous, wicked, and cruel act? I am sure you would think so. I should think so at all events, and should do my best to stop the proceedings of that man, whoever he might be, and whatever people might say in his defence.

It is fortunate that no such man has ever arisen to tamper in this way with the solid foods on which we feed. It is, however, unfortunate that when we come to the natural fluid, water, which forms so important a part of our bodies, the case is not so satisfactory. Once in the history of the world, when the human world was in its infancy, and when it was living on milk and on the first fruits of the earth, some man or men came forward and said to those who were living very well on the water that nature gave to them in the fruits, the milk, and the springs and the rivers;—"See you, we have learned how to make a new drink, which you will hate at first, a drink which will make you giddy and sick, and fevered, but which in time you will like, and will like so much, you will always take it when you can get it, in preference to simple water."

And the words proved true; for when men learned, as they did learn, to substitute

the drink, which was afterwards called wine, or strong drink, for water, they did indeed begin to like it best. Then, too, they commenced to learn what was the effect of taking this new fluid in place of the simple water which their bodies naturally required, and which forms a portion of all the other parts. For the muscles of those who indulged in this drink began to be unruly and false to the will, and easily powerless, their animal warmth became irregular, now high, now low, their temper began to get feverish, fretful, mad, and broken, and their skeleton became early decrepid and old, the back bent and the limbs feeble. Then, in short, a new and widespread disease crept in amongst manhood, which has never left it to this day. I do not ask now, "Suppose a man had done this, do you not think he would have done, however, innocently, a mischievous, cruel, and evil act?" For man has actually done it, and I hope you will agree with me in thinking he ought to do it no longer, if we can stop him.—(From *Drink and Strong Drink*.)

JACK, THE BLACKSMITH.

He was the son of a hotel-keeper, of a social disposition, and a general favorite with all his acquaintances. A bright boy, he made good progress in his studies at school, and, whilst still an apprentice, became the best workman in the shop.

Of an evening he soon learned to tell a good story and to sing a merry drinking song in the bar-room, and invitations to drink were constantly given him.

Is it any wonder that in a few years, after he had married and was the father of children, he sometimes was seen to be much the worse for liquor, and frequently neglected his business? With a shop in a good neighborhood, and a reputation for first-class work and plenty of customers, he and his family might have been in every way prosperous. But the old story of going downhill was soon told of Jack, the blacksmith.

His work was behindhand. He would promise to iron carriages and do other necessary jobs within a certain time, and the promises would not be kept, so his neighbors lost confidence in him, and they soon were obliged to look around for another mechanic in his line. His wife, worn down by unavailing efforts to make both ends meet, grew sickly. His children were neglected. Furniture and clothing became shabby. He was a poor provider. Even his tools and stock began to give out, and when he tried to do a day's work he found himself that he was losing his strength and skill. He had no longer the reputation of a cheerful companion and the sad end of a wretched, drunken life was hurrying on rapidly.

One Saturday night he had some money in his pocket; and, somewhat ashamed of his treatment of his wife and children, he set out for the village stores, intending not to spend his cash for drink, but for food, as there was none in the house. But on the way he fell in with a jolly crowd of idlers, and near midnight he reeled out of the tavern, his money all spent. He had, however, purchased something to take home, for in each pocket of his trousers was a small bottle filled with whiskey—the nearest to anything in the line of provisions that the place where he had spent the evening afforded.

Let him tell the night's story in his own words:

I staggered towards home quite satisfied with my evening's enjoyment, and fully prepared to boast that all the liquor I had drunk had not made me at all the worse for it. "Yes," said I, "and here I've got all this good whiskey to take to my folks. Won't we have a jolly old time with it to-morrow? It'll make us all so cheerful." Just then I stumbled over something, and found myself in a ditch where there was soft turf.

"This is a good place to take a nap," says I. So I slept awhile and woke up thirsty. I took a long drink from one of the bottles, and suppose that I repeated it at intervals through the night. Just before sunrise I woke again. It was a lovely Sabbath morning. Everything was as beautiful as only the blooming spring, with singing birds and green fields and trees in blossom, can make it in the open country.

"Why, Jack," said I, "you have been drinking; you have been drunk; you have stayed out all night. This is Sabbath morning. Where are the provisions you were

going to carry home? You never expected this. You're a drunkard." And I wept.

After a time I went on talking to myself. "Now, Jack, there's one of two things for you to do. Go on just as you've begun. Drink ahead. Finish up. It won't take long for the old shop to be used up, for the family to be scattered, for you to fill a drunkard's grave. That's one plan. The other plan would be to turn a short corner, and never again to touch a drop of liquor. God would help you to do this. I know it would be very hard to get by the tavern, or to refuse to take a drink with your comrades. Which will you do?"

Perhaps I sat for an hour thinking and making up my mind. Then if anybody ever prayed, I did, down in that ditch. Then I said, "I will try to take the good plan." And I asked for God's help.

This was nine years ago. I had a terrible struggle for the first few days, and sometimes I was almost persuaded to go into the old tavern when my acquaintances laughed at me and dared me to take at least one glass with them. But I held out. Since that morning I have not tasted strong drink.

And now, after nine years, you cannot find a happier family than mine. You will not see a finer or better furnished shop than the one I have built. I have bought the property on which it stands, with my house next door. I owe on all only two hundred and fifty dollars, which I shall pay off this year. And I call my experience a pretty good lesson for others who would know the difference between a drunken and a sober life. No one could tempt Jack, the blacksmith, to drink a glass of liquor, if, as the bribe, he could give him all the money in the world.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

SHAKING OUT THE REEF.

BY MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS.

We were talking about drinking liquors moderately, when an old and tried sea-captain said, "Let me tell you one of my experiences. I tell you, my friends, that when folks say, 'I don't hurt anybody if they don't drink much,' they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and got into the trade winds, I would put all the sail on my ship which she could possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning, about eleven o'clock, I used to go down into my cabin and take a good glass of brandy. Before going down I would cast my eye over the ship, see that every sail was full, and every rope was taut. She was under all the sail she could safely carry. On coming up out of the cabin (having taken the brandy), it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow, and the wind had fallen. Then I would sing out 'Aloft there, boys, and shake out the reef!' For awhile, my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By and by when the brandy began to subside, I found she was under too heavy a pressure, the winds seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'Aloft there, boys, and clew up the reef!'

"So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for that lull in the wind just about that hour. One day, not being well, I omitted my brandy, and overheard my steward say to the chief mate, 'Captain takes no brandy, don't think the boys will have to shake out the reefs to-day.' Then I could see the cause for the lull in the winds at a certain hour. From that time I dropped my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, friends, there is no such thing as drinking without drinking too much. It is even so, and those on shore know little about it. Many a captain has felt cold and tired, or sleepy, vexed or troubled, and has gone to the bottle, gained courage to be rash, 'shaken out the reef,' and the ship has been dashed on the rocks, or swamped in the sea. And many a bright boy, the hope of his father and the pride of his mother, falls into jovial company, feels that it would not be manly to refuse to drink, and he drinks, 'shakes out the reef' of home influence, is driven before the gale of intemperance to a drunkard's grave, and reads over the gate of heaven, 'No drunkard shall inherit eternal life.'—*Church and Home*.