

we all have an influence on somebody else. We cannot walk alone in the path of dishonour. There is not a man or woman who is not in a measure responsible for the actions of others. If every person realized this as it should be realized what a different world this would be. Perhaps Sir John A. Macdonald had an insight into this truth when he so nobly signed a prohibition paper a short time ago. Happy would it be for Ontario if every man in a high position would sign not only a prohibition paper, but an old-fashioned temperance pledge, with the grand words inscribed thereon—"With malice toward none and charity for all." If they did this we would think the Millennium fast approaching. Strange it is that men are so slow to understand what is their best interest. Strange it is that men can put the means of death in their brothers' hands to cause them to commit suicide, and when the suicide is committed they say they had nothing to do with that. O! that they would wake up to the terrible truth that their brother's blood is upon them and they are accessories to the crime.

Then let us all endeavour to clear ourselves of all connection with the Rum fiend who is destroying men by thousands; who is laying a trap for our noble boys and lovely girls; who is doing all that he is capable of doing to make our world the abode of ignorance, misery and vice. Let us realize to the fullest extent that we are our brother's keeper.

#### The Slave of Drink.

NEED not dwell longer upon the morality sapping effects of particular diseases, but shall simply call to mind the profound deterioration of moral sense and will, which is produced by the long-continued and excessive use of alcohol and opium. There is nowhere a more miserable specimen of degradation of moral feeling and impotence of will than the debauchee who has made himself the abject slave of either of these pernicious excesses. Insensible to the interest of his family, to his personal responsibilities,

to the obligations of duty, he is utterly untruthful and untrustworthy, and in the end there is not a meanness of pretence or of conduct that he will not descend to, not a lie he will not tell, in order to gain the means to gratify his overruling craving. It is not merely that passion is strengthened and will weakened by indulgence as a moral effect, but the alcohol or opium which is absorbed into his blood is carried by it to the brain, and acts injuriously upon its tissues; the chemist will, indeed, extract alcohol from the besotted brain of the worst drunkard, as he will detect morphia in the secretions of a person who has taken large doses of morphia. Seldom, therefore, is it of the least use to preach reformation to those people, until they have been restrained forcibly from their besetting indulgence for a long enough period to allow the brain to get rid of the poison, and its tissues to regain a healthier tone. Too often it is of little use then; the tissues have been damaged beyond the possibility of complete restoration. Moreover, observation has shown that the drink craving is oftentimes hereditary; so that a taste for the poison is ingrained in the tissues, and is quickly kindled by gratification into uncontrollable desire.

#### Woman's Devotion.

HERE is nothing in the world like the beautiful devotion of a woman to the sick. She feels no toil, nor pain, nor timid terrors. If she have grief she hides it, lest it add one feather's weight to the afflictions of her charge. Her courage rises as her hopes recede. The grim spectre that hovers and threatens may appall her, but she gives no sign. Her eye is clear and gentle; her voice soft and sweet as the breath of summer; her touch so tender that the simplest kindly office soothes like a caress. The dawn of her smile chases away suffering, as light dispels the mists of the universe. There is balm in her very presence. Her delicate instinct teaches a thousand arts of comfort and consolation which experience

might study in vain. There is a wisdom about science in her loving heart. She knows no sacrifice—wonders if you speak of any. She is calmest at times when men yield to a turbulent sorrow. She chains her emotions with her sense of vigilant duty. In her weakness she is stronger than the strong. This mastery of self—this purity of devotion—this eager and unsleeping watchfulness—this radiant reflection of hope and trust—this outpouring of all that nature, lofty and true, can lavish—do they not mark the noblest heroism of humanity? From woman, life comes; she feels that it is hers to guard it. How well will she not guard it!

#### Good bye.

IT is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Icy hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part, and are upon the great ocean of time—we go to meet—where? God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never. Take care that your good-bye be not a cold one—it may be the last you can give. Ere you can meet your friend again, death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips forever. And he may have died thinking that you loved him not. It may be a long separation. Friends crowd onward and give you their hand. How do you detect in each "good-bye" the love that lingers there; and how you may bear away with you the memory of those words, many, many days. We must often separate. Tear not yourself away with careless boldness that defies all love, but make your last words linger—give the heart full utterance—and if tears fall, what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

—"I like your paper," said Mrs. Smallhopes to us. "Yes, they all like it; everybody takes it," said we. "It just fits my pantry shelves," said she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, of course.