



Temperance Department.

HERBERT ALSTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS, IN "DAY OF REST."
(Continued).

For the next hour she entertained Herbert admirably. But for that craving within him he would have been perfectly comfortable.

As the evening shades deepened, Herbert grew restless. He rose from his seat and looked out on the quiet lawn, and up to the stars, which began to gleam forth one by one. 'I think I'll just take a stroll and a cigar,' he said, suddenly turning round; and he left the room for his hat.

In about an hour he returned. He was marvellously chatty, and was loud in his praises of the beauty of the evening and of the surrounding neighborhood. Mrs. Wylie suspected nothing. She attributed his flow of spirits to the charming walk he had taken, and felt pleased in believing that the air of Rookby would prove beneficial to his health.

The days passed most pleasantly by. Even Herbert, fastidious and pleasure-seeking as he was considered to be, confessed himself satisfied with his novel position.

Amy, a young lady of seventeen, Mrs. Wylie's only daughter, was to Herbert a most intelligent and cheerful companion. Many were the delightful rambles which they and Frank, a little fellow of eight years, took together. Herbert did not feel the want of the companionship of Walter Wylie, a youth two years Amy's senior, who was pursuing his studies at Cheltenham College. Squire Barton was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the happiness and pleasure of Mr. Wylie's visitor. His stables were placed at Herbert's disposal; and the beautiful lake on his estate afforded boating exercise.

Herbert had a sort of gloomy fear as to how the first Sabbath would pass off. He anticipated abundance of 'dolorous psalm-singing,' catechizing, and so forth. The sun had just risen over the purple hills, and the night shadows were huddled together for flight in the dusky west, when his slumbers were disturbed by little Frank's childish voice singing cheerfully the hymn beginning with—

'Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise.'

Herbert turned on his pillow that he might better hear the sweet strain. 'Not dolorous, at any rate,' was his mental comment, as he rose to dress.

After breakfast Amy said, 'The morning is so lovely, Herbert; shall we go out at once, and take a walk before church-time?'

'By all means,' returned he, and in ten minutes they were on their way.

'Is it not beautifully quiet here?' said Amy with gentle enthusiasm. 'I think the country looks more charming on Sunday than on any other day of the week. You are so deeply impressed with the fact that it is a day of rest. And on such a morning as this do you not seem to realize the truthfulness and beauty of Grahame's poem on the Sabbath morning?'

'I forget it, Amy. Can you repeat it?' Amy began—

How still the morning of the hallowed day,
Herbert listened attentively throughout.

'It is a fine piece,' he remarked; 'but I suppose there are not many villages that can answer to that description of reverential quiet and peacefulness?'

'I can remember the time when this one could not,' replied Amy. 'A few years ago our village green on Sabbath evenings was the scene of riotous mirth. You would almost have supposed that fairs were held there every Sunday. Papa grieved dreadfully about it, and strove hard to bring about a better state of things. Our Scripture-reader used to go amongst the people endeavoring to persuade them to attend church; papa visited them at their houses; many promised him to amend and come to church, but as certain as the following Sabbath came, the majority of those who promised were found intoxicated, and incapable of listening to reason.'

'But how were they all supplied with the wherewithal?' said Herbert smiling. 'I see no establishment for indulgence.'

'Neither will you see any unseemly disturbance about here to-day,' returned Amy. 'A gratifying change has taken place. I will tell you how it was done. The squire was almost as grieved about the villagers as dear papa, for he is a warm-hearted philanthropist. So one day he came to our house to consult with papa about making greater efforts to remedy matters. It was suggested that the squire should close all the public-houses on his estate. It was lone and with happier results than they expected. Our village speedily became a model of order and sobriety. The gratitude of many, especially of the women, to Mr. Barton for removing temptation from their midst was something touching to witness. There were several, however, who rated finely about it; but eventually they saw that he had their best interests at heart in depriving them of facilities for obtaining that which was ruining their bodies and souls.'

'Yes,' said Herbert, musingly, 'that was a good work; but if I mistake not, Amy, I saw a public-house at some distance down the village.'

'Standing just at the road side—the Full Moon you mean? We do not consider it in the village. The squire has no control over that: it does not belong to him. He regrets that it does not; for some of our young fellows find their way to it in evenings, to the sorrow of their parents. For his part, I am convinced he would let every house on his estate stand empty for five years rather than allow one of them to be tenanted by a publican.'

'Quite right, too,' said Herbert warmly, his better judgment, not his propensity, prompting him so to speak.

The softly-sounding silvery bells now began to chime for service. Amy turned in the direction of the church.

'We are yet too early,' she said; 'let us walk round the churchyard.'

Passing by mouldering stones beneath which the dead had slept for two or three hundred years, Amy led the way to two little mounds over which pure white snow-drops were wreathed among the fresh, green, springing grass.

'Whose are these?' asked Herbert, as he noticed the peculiar expression of her face.

'Two little sisters,' she replied, and pointed to the stone, on which the dearly-loved names were engraved. 'It is almost a pleasure to think of them,' said Amy quietly. 'It is positive pain to me to look at that grave yonder.'

'Why so?'

'A widow sorrows without hope for the one who lies there,' returned Amy. 'Mr. Lewis was an honest and hard-working a man as any in Rookby, yet he came to a sad and untimely end.'

'Tell me about him, Amy.'

'He was called to the neighboring town on business one day. It was just before the squire prohibited the public-house keeping. Some of the worst men in the village, a publican or two among the number, hated poor Lewis for his sober and domestic habits. So as he was returning home they met him, and by stratagem succeeded in getting him to a public-house, where they made him fearfully intoxicated and left him. His wife came to our house at midnight in a most excited state to tell papa her fears. Two or three kind-hearted men went out in search of him, and in the early morning they found him lying under a hedge about five miles from his home, quite dead. A lighted pipe which he had put into his pocket had burnt through his clothes and a part of his poor body. It was awful.'

An indignant flush rose to the speaker's forehead as she continued: 'His murderers escaped unpunished. If they had poisoned him with arsenic or anything of that sort they would have been dragged to justice; but as it was only intoxicating drink, they were allowed to go free.'

'Such injustice!' muttered Herbert. And he added, after a pause, 'I know such murderers at the present moment—men who call themselves gentlemen, who seem to live only to drag others down to death.' Herbert sighed.

'You must see a great deal of evil in London caused through drink,' said Amy.

'A great deal. I could count up a score or two of young fellows, well known to me, who are wasting talents and splendid fortunes, and are ruining health and character, by their intemperance. I never thought seriously

about it till now; really it seems frightful to contemplate.'

'It does indeed,' said Amy, earnestly. 'I wish something could be done to save them.' By the changing chimes they were reminded that it was time to enter the church; and they forthwith turned to the porch, over which were the rudely-traced words, nearly obliterated by time:—

'This is none other but ye house of God,
And this is ye gate of heaven.'

Herbert had not been inside a church for many a long day till then. The prayer and praise did not prove so irksome to him as he had anticipated; the sermon was decidedly not 'prosy.' Mr. Wylie's style of preaching was so purely natural and free from all affectation; his words so simple and well chosen as to be intelligible to the most illiterate of his hearers, as well as pleasing to the most educated and refined; his theme that which proves universally attractive when faithfully presented—'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' It seemed to be the preacher's determination to know nothing among them save that, and verily it was enough. The drooping and sad went down to their homes cheered and comforted; the weak ones strengthened; the repentant hopeful; the erring thoughtful.

That Sabbath evening, when alone in his chamber, Herbert sat and wrote to his mother. His heart guided his hand to say, 'I am charmed with the Wylies. I had no idea that it was possible to live so near heaven as they do; yet there is no "cant" about them. They live as human beings should live—earnestly, and in a very atmosphere of love. They never seem restless or dissatisfied about anything; their minds are emphatically at rest. Such rest I have never known, and fear I never shall know. I can only wonder at and admire them. Perhaps your prediction of a three months' sojourn here may prove true; I shall see. I feel an improvement in health from the change of air and scene. This is a charming spot.'

Four weeks glided peacefully by. Soft, balmy days of sunshine, and cold days when rain dripped monotonously down the window-panes, alternated.

One fine morning bluff Squire Barton unceremoniously presented himself at the Grange.

'Horses will be round here immediately,' he cried gaily. 'Come, Amy, prepare! Mr. Alston, do me the honor (and the farmer-looking gentleman bowed stiffly); we have not had such a day for riding since your arrival,' he continued; 'you shall have an opportunity of judging of the excellence of the surrounding country. I suppose it is useless to request your company, sir' (turning to Mr. Wylie), 'and you, Mrs. Wylie?'

'I think I will never trust one of your horses again,' said she, smiling.

'Ah, I see you have not forgotten last summer's exciting adventure. Certainly Diamond was intractable, but he is no longer in my possession. The steed for Miss Amy this morning is as quiet as a lamb. If you would venture to mount him, Amy would gladly take her favorite pony, I am sure.'

'Yes, indeed, mamma,' said Amy, quickly, 'do come.'

'You must excuse me this morning,' answered Mrs. Wylie. 'Frank is not at liberty to leave home; he is just now studying a difficult subject. By remaining, I may be of service to him, besides receiving the benefit of his studies.'

'Well, well,' said the squire, 'Miss Amy, Mr. Alston and I must do the best we can together. Do not expect us home till late. We shall take an early dinner and rest our horses at Wain's farm.'

In a few minutes the horses arrived. The trio mounted, and cantered off for a day of healthful exercise and pleasure. The sun had long set, and the moon and stars were shining brilliantly when they returned.

Herbert did not go out again for a stroll, as he had done every evening since his arrival at Rookby. Consequently that was the first whole day he had passed without partaking of intoxicating drink.

Nearly a week passed by, and Herbert had not tasted of the forbidden draught. How thankful and how free he felt! Instead of making excuses to get out alone after sundown, he asked Mr. and Mrs. Wylie to take a twilight stroll with him; or, when weather was unfavorable, he cheerfully looked over Amy's portfolio, and put finishing touches to her drawings; and helped her through difficult passages of music.

One morning, after he had been at the

Grange about two months, he entered Mrs. Wylie's sitting-room, saying, 'I have been all over the house and garden, and cannot find my guide. We made arrangements for a drive this morning.'

'She has gone up to the schools with a message for the master,' replied Mrs. Wylie. 'I fear she will not be back till noon.'

'Then I will go for a ramble alone. Should I lose myself and return no more, do not be alarmed,' said Herbert, laughingly.

'There is no fear of that,' returned Mrs. Wylie.

The luncheon hour came and he had not returned. The afternoon wore away. It was half an hour behind the time at which Herbert knew they dined, and Mrs. Wylie grew uneasy. It was getting dusk. She stood at the window which opened on to the lawn, looking out, when she perceived Herbert coming toward it. But how was he coming? For a moment she seemed paralyzed with sorrow and astonishment; but recovering her presence of mind she turned quickly to Amy, and said, in a decided voice, 'Run upstairs to your room, Amy darling, and remain there till I come to you. I will not be long.'

Amy, always accustomed to 'unanswering obedience,' rose and left the room. Mr. Wylie looked up from his book for an explanation of the strange and sudden command.

'Here is Herbert,' began Mrs. Wylie, nervously; and at that moment he stepped through the open window. He was intoxicated. Mr. Wylie rose; his face flushed with surprise—not with anger. Herbert steadied himself by the back of a chair, and returned the good minister's fixed gaze. 'Well, old fellow!' he said at length.

Mrs. Wylie laid her hand on his arm, 'Herbert,' she said, kindly, 'where have you been, dear? What have you been doing?'

'I've been over to town,' he answered in a thick voice. 'Met, purely by accident, a college chum that I've not seen since I was at Oxford. We had a world to talk about, so I dined with him at a hotel. He drove me more than half way back, or I shouldn't have been here till—till morning.' Mrs. Wylie looked inexpressibly grieved.

'Herbert,' she said, 'shall I show you to your room? We can talk over this to-morrow.'

(To be Continued.)

MILLER AND DISTILLER.

BY ADDISON BALLARD.

Passing by a flouring-mill the other day I saw a cloud of black dust flying from a window in the roof. It was thrown out by a contrivance with an ugly name, but which does handsome work. The wheat, as it is brought to the mill, has impurities clinging to it which must be got rid of before it is ground. This the conscientious miller is careful to do by passing it through the machine which blows away the dust, dirt, sand, grit and smut, dropping into bins for grinding only the pure, wholesome grain.

The distiller reverses the process. He turns his smut machine end for end. All that is wholesome and nutritious in the grain he deliberately destroys, retaining for manufacture and market that which is not only in-nutritious, but poisonous and destructive. It is as if he blew out into the air the solid, healthful grain, while he kept and put off on his customers only the vile and ruinous refuse.—*American Messenger.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, wretched example, and memory that will soon decay. I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity in a feeble and decrepit state can sustain. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over at my premature grave. I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character and the remembrance that their father was a monster.—*Church Union.*

Thanks be to God which giveth
us the victory through our
Lord Jesus Christ.