

'So it is; and if one could just get a brandy and soda here it would be perfect.'

Ethel, ever ready at repartee, replied, 'Well, you see, "we" cater for the "public good," consequently do not provide anything likely to do harm.'

'But you don't know that it would do me harm.'

'I believe it does everybody harm. But what may I get you?' she added, laughingly.

'A cup of afternoon tea,' he replied, smiling too. He paid double for the tea, saying that it was well worth it, and that he should bring some of his friends in later on.

'Do you know who that was?' whispered a lady to Ethel soon after the visitor had taken his departure.

'No; he seemed up to a bit of fun, though.'

'He wishes to be the candidate for the Northern Division of Cranfield; Marsden's his name; Liberal, but wrong on the drink question.'

'Then we must try and put him right.'

'Not so easy, my dear; he's too fond of it himself.'

All afternoon the people crowded into the Temperance tent, and as the evening drew on Ethel began to look out for Mr. Marsden with some anxiety. What she had heard had made her doubly anxious that he should patronise theirs instead of the other places of refreshment. He came, but late on, and he had been to the other tent in the interval and obtained the brandy. Not thinking that it would be noticed he entered jokingly, and asked for two lemonades. Ethel brought them, looking very grave, and as he handed her the money for payment she said quietly, 'I am so sorry.'

'Sorry! Has anything bad happened?' he inquired.

'Yes; at least I think so. But you will feel the effects, not I; only I am sorry all the same.' A light dawned on him.

'Oh! you mean that I have had some brandy, do you? Well! there's nothing bad about that, is there? though I don't say that I should not have been as well without it.'

'You don't know till you try how much better you would feel in every way. One can get through far more work. Besides,' continued Ethel, enthusiastically, now carried away by her one desire to do good and gain adherents to the cause, 'people like you have such an untold influence. Numbers will do as you do. Even to-day I have seen several who had had more than they ought, taking it for company, because someone else did. I wish there were no such things as brandy and whiskey; they are only a curse.'

'Ah! but you are extreme.'

'To anyone holding your views I seem so, no doubt; but perhaps you have not seen the awful misery and wretchedness that are the consequences of alcohol, as I have. You see I have been amongst it for six or seven years, and do not speak without knowledge. If only we could give the people themselves power to say whether they would have these public-houses thrust upon them or not!'

'Then you are a Vetoist, are you?' he asked, smilingly.

'I am a Prohibitionist myself, but as that cannot be carried out as things are at present, I go heartily for every feasible reform.'

'You are in earnest, Miss Barnes, and I respect you for it. Still you must own there are plenty of people who take it in moderation, and to whom it is a benefit.'

'That's where we differ. I believe no benefit can come from taking it, and I also think a great responsibility attaches to those who do. But I must not stay talking any longer; perhaps you will think about the subject?' and as she spoke she looked earnestly at him.

'Well, I may; I never have done, I honestly confess.'

'If you will think seriously I am sure you will come round to our views. We Temperance women will help you to win your election if you are sound on Sunday Closing and Local Option, but we shall oppose you tooth and nail when the time comes if you are not,' and, laughing at his look of surprise, she left him.

During the succeeding days of the show the Temperance tent gained greatly in popularity, and Mr. Marsden was one of its most regular and best patrons. In fact, some of their best customers were due to his recommendation. At the close of the last day, when all were busy packing up, hot and weary, but delighted with the result of their venture (financially it had been a great success), Ethel Barnes, who was alone in the little reserve tent, suddenly heard a voice say close beside her, 'Miss Barnes, I wish I could help you; you look so tired. Is there nothing I can do?'

'Yes,' she replied, laughingly, 'work as hard as you can for the Local Option and Sunday Closing 'that's what you can do.'

He looked grave as he answered, 'You Temperance women have made me 'think,' and there might be more unlikely things than my doing so.'

She looked at him incredulously for a moment, but her eyes fell before his, and she replied softly, 'Oh! it will be lovely if you do.'

'Will you promise to help me to see this Temperance question in its right light, and other things, too,' he added in a lower tone.

'Of course I will do all I can to forward the cause,' she replied, her fingers trembling as she tied up a parcel.

He drew nearer and put his hand lightly on her shoulder.

'Will you listen to me for a few minutes? I know you will think me very presumptuous, but it is no use, I must tell you. You have given me new ideas of life and its responsibilities, and I want you to help me to carry them out; will you? Will you be my wife, and stand by me in my moments of weakness. I feel I could do anything, and rise to any heights with you by my side, for I love you—darling, I love you, and I have never told any woman so before. Can you give me any hope? I know it is sudden, and I will wait any length of time for an answer.'

Ethel looked up in shy surprise, as she answered hesitatingly, 'I cannot, indeed, give you an answer now. Oh! it's all so sudden; you don't know me, and—her face falling—I could never marry anyone who was not a total abstainer.'

There was silence for a moment or two, during which each heard distinctly the beating of their own hearts; then he said, 'I felt you would say this, and I love you so truly that I am prepared to make any sacrifice to gain your love.'

She looked gratefully at him as she answered, 'It is very good of you, and I am sure you know that I appreciate what you say, but please don't say anything more now, you have surprised me so much.'

'Have I? I hoped that you would see where I was drifting, for I couldn't help myself.'

Voices were heard approaching, so after a pressure of her hand he left her standing, with a look of mingled surprise and—was it love? he hoped so—in her blue-grey eyes.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the Leyton Agricultural Show, and Ethel Barnes had been the happy wife of Herbert Marsden for over six months, when a vacancy occurred unexpectedly in the Northern Division of Cranfield, through the somewhat sudden death of the Tory member. Political feeling ran high, the brewing interest was strong in the district, and opposition of a most strenuous kind was offered to Herbert Marsden, who had boldly declared in favor of Sunday Closing and Local Option. With his beautiful wife by his side he addressed crowded audiences, never forgetting to tell them that he owed his position on the Temperance question to her influence, and that it would be a lifelong debt; and when by a majority of 1,000 he was placed at the head of the poll his speech testified again and again to the noble, self-denying work done by Temperance men 'and women.'

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'God moves in a mysterious way,' sang the band of Temperance women at their meeting a few days after the election.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Manners, at the conclusion of the hymn, 'we none of us thought two years ago that our Temperance tent was going to be the means of giving us an out-and-out Temperance M.P. It is marvellous how God works, and I know all our hearts are full of gratitude that our beloved Ethel found a sphere of usefulness so exactly suited to her in every way.'

At this moment the door was pushed softly open, and Ethel Marsden's face, radiantly happy, appeared.

'I knew you would be meeting now, and I felt I must come in and sing the Doxology with you before we go away for our holiday,' she said, in a voice full of feeling. 'There seems so much to praise God for. Do you know my husband makes me realize already that I am not earnest enough. He says in every possible way in the House he will do all he can to promote Temperance legislation, and that we must work on, not minding discouragements. Oh! I am so thankful.'

Needless to say the Doxology was sung by hearts full of gratitude, and eyes wet with happy tears, and Ethel Marsden left the room feeling that her cup of joy was running over, and more determined than ever to devote all her energies 'for God and home, and every land.'

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## The Find-the-Place Almanac

### TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 15, Sun.—Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.

Sept. 16, Mon.—He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

Sept. 17, Tues.—Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Sept. 18, Wed.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.

Sept. 19, Thur.—No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Sept. 20, Fri.—Revive us again.

Sept. 21, Sat.—Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.