



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE GREAT TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

Sometimes Mr. Gough found it rather tiresome to be so popular. He tells us that one day when he was feeling very tired and trying to get a little rest, he was informed that two ladies had called to see him. Well, he went to speak to them, and when he asked them politely their business, what silly answer do you suppose they made?

They said: "We wanted to see what you looked like in the day time." No wonder Mr. Gough felt a little vexed at having been disturbed!

But although there were people who went to hear the great orator from mere curiosity, and perhaps were never really the better, because they did not act upon his good advice and become total abstainers, there were very many who not only heard what he had to say, but resolved, when they had heard him, to give up intoxicating drinks for the rest of their lives. And to some of them, oh, what a great deal this meant! Boys and girls who have scarcely ever, if at all, tasted strong drink, should be thankful. But they cannot imagine what a terrible struggle it is to a person who has become a drunkard to lead a new life.

A fearfully wicked woman in Scotland once went to hear Mr. Gough, and he talked in such a way that night that her heart was touched, and she asked him at the end of the lecture to let her sign the pledge. Some one present said: "Don't give her the pledge, she'll be drunk again before night." But Mr. Gough trusted her when she promised that she would keep it, and allowed her to put her name down in the book. He went to see her two years later, and found that she had kept it; although no one on earth could tell what dreadfully hard work it had been for her to do so.

"Sometimes," she said, "I dream I'm drunk, and then I get out of my bed, and I go down on my knees, and I don't go back to my bed till the daylight comes, and I keep saying: 'God keep me, for I canna get drunk ony mair!'" And God did keep the poor Scotchwoman, as He keeps all who trust in Him and do the right.

Another time a wretched-looking man and woman came forward together at the close of a lecture and signed the pledge, and having done so they stood still, and gazed at a gentleman who was making out certificates for those who wished to join

the temperance society. For these certificates then cost sixpence each. They were pretty things with colored letters, and would be a constant reminder to those who bought them of the promise they had made.

"I want to join and get a stiff 'kit,'" said this poor man to his wife; but she objected because of the sixpence, and tried to induce him to be satisfied with what he had done, and go home with her. Still he refused, saying again that he wanted a "stiff kit."

At last a gentleman who, with Mr. Gough, had been watching this couple with great interest, stepped forward, and handing the secretary a shilling, ordered certificates to

be given them. But now another difficulty arose. It was impossible to read those funny shaky lines in the pledge-book, and it became necessary to ask them to say what their names were. The man gave his readily enough, he was so eager for one of those pretty, bright tokens of that night's work; but the woman stood silent when asked for hers. They waited patiently for her answer, but there she stood, a sad object in her dirty rags, and with a hard, dogged look upon her face. But presently something happened to show that she was not as hard as she looked just then. She lifted her arm and dashed away a tear, then another and another; they would come—so

she covered her face with her hands and had her cry.

Then she gave her name, and received her certificate. The gentleman who had paid the shilling, turning to the man, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said kindly: "You are one of us, you must always remember you are one of us." That gentleman believed in the power of a kind word. The man did remember; and when three years afterwards he called to see Mr. Gough, he sent in this message: "Tell him it's 'one of us.'"

He brought good news of his wife as well as of himself. How glad and thankful they must have been that they ever went to hear Mr. Gough.—*Early Days.*



CHARLEY'S THREEPENCE.

"I say, what do you think? Charley says he shall walk home instead of going by the train."

"Walk home such a day as this!" exclaimed several voices at once; trudge four miles through the mud when he can get there in ten minutes for threepence!"

Charley shook his head. "I am going to walk," he said; "the fact is, I cannot afford to ride. I ought not to have done so as often as I have lately; but I did not know until last night that we were so poor."

"So poor!" repeated two or three of his companions in a breath.

"Well, yes, we are poor," said Charley; "and I don't see why I need be ashamed of owning it. I did not know it, though, until a day or two ago. Of course I knew we were not rich, though I always had what I wanted in the way of books and clothes; but I never knew my mother had to work hard to get them for me. I do know it now."

"Then that is why you were so very anxious to get the situation at Crosley's?" said one of the boys.

"Yes. I must, and will, help my mother now," said Charley; "and I mean to begin by walking home."

While they were talking, Charley and his chosen friend had walked into a quiet corner by themselves; but now, as they turned to part, Charley noticed a shabbily dressed old man sitting on a seat close by.

"I believe he has been listening to all you said," remarked his friend.

"Much good may it do him," returned Charley, as he turned to leave the station.

But before he had gone a dozen

"ONE OF US."

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AUBERT
GALLON QUE