

TEMPERANCE

GENERAL CAMBRONNE.

There was a young officer in the garrison of Nantes, in the year 1795. He was a spirited fellow, barely twenty; but, young though he was, he had already learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day. Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him, and one day when intoxicated, he struck an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment for such an offence, and to death the young lad was condemned.

The colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner would never again be found intoxicated. The colonel at once proceeded to the military prison and summoned Cambronne.

"You are in trouble, corporal," he said. "True, colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the young fellow.

"It may be so," quoth the Colonel shortly.

"May be," demanded Cambronne, "you are aware of the strictness of martial law, colonel. I expect no pardon; I have only to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon on one condition?"

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, colonel! I would do much to save life and honor."

"You must never again get drunk."

"O colonel that is impossible!"

"Impossible boy! you will be shot to-morrow otherwise; think of that!"

"I do think of it. But never to let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, colonel: Cambronne and the bottle love one another so well, that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy! could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, colonel!"

"Not a drop."

"Ah! that is a weighty matter, colonel. Let me reflect. Never to touch wine all my life!"

The young soldier paused: then looked up.

"But colonel, if I promise what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the officer. I know you, you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's eyes.

"Then I promise," said he solemnly "I, Cambronne, swear never to take a drop of wine."

The next day Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in his regiment.

Twenty-five years after he was General Cambronne, a man of note, respected and beloved. Dining one day in Paris with his old colonel, many brothers in arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew back.

"My word of honor, colonel: have you forgotten that?" he asked excitedly. "And Nantes—the pardon—my vow?" he continued, striking the table.

"Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine passed my lips. I swore it, and I have kept my word; and shall keep it, God helping, to the end."

Once more, not without reason, did the good old colonel thank God that he had been able to preserve such a man for France.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE OTHER TRAIN THAT IS COMING.

As a train was passing over a New-England railroad it struck a broken rail. The conductor felt the shock. He knew a car was off the track, and sprang for the break. It was his last brave service. The crash came, and he was picked up, a poor, mangled wreck; his skull had been broken. He made out, however, to utter these words—the last utterances of a faithful loyal soul—"Put out the signals for the other train!" Somewhere down the track he knew another train was coming, thundering, crashing along, dashing faster, faster, and there was his train on the track! Out with the signals, out with the signals! another train is coming! That was his last injunction.

That other train, that other train, I am saying to myself, the generation that is following us; the boys and girls that are pressing hard after us; coming along faster, faster, just ahead of whom we are, only perhaps to be in their way, a hindrance, an obstacle, and possibly the occasion of their ruin. What need of care, what need of caution, what need of restless vigilance for their sake, in speech, in act, in look, in gesture! I want nothing to escape me that will be an obstacle in their way. If we are on the track, blocking it, if we are in the way, let us take ourselves out of the way as soon as possible.

"What will you take?" was the question asked an observant boy at a table, and referring to the beverage he might desire.

"I will take what father takes." The

glass of interesting drink. The father heard the boy's remark, set aside his glass and called for water. He saw the other train coming, and cleared the track for it at once.

I think the saddest of all experiences is the consciousness that an opportunity for right doing has been lost. It brings a sad look into a man's face to know that he has set an example, bad in itself, and hopelessly followed by others.

We know of an empty train that came to a stop on a down grade, the station having been reached. In the absence of an official the train broke loose and went crashing down the track to meet the steamboat express. Some one chased the runaway cars, but could not overtake them to put on the brakes. The opportunity for the arrest of the train had gone. There was a collision that night.

O, souls on the track! fathers and mothers! your opportunity in behalf of your boys and girls is to-day—now! Don't let it slip from you.

We are not only to have a clear track for the next train, but in every way we are to make and keep that track suitable for the travel of the coming generation. Here comes the work of the Sunday-school teacher, to get the uneasy, rambling feet of childhood over into the roadway of very best life.

I passed recently a large rabble of boys in a vacant city lot. They were noisy and rough. What more important work, I asked myself, than to labor for that age and class, the generation coming? Though the Sunday-school, the Bible, the church, we are to open a sure, steadfast, blessed way for their feet.

Our opportunity is to-day. Did not Voltaire make the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled? At any rate, that limit cannot be set with safety very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next. I want to think of, and plan for, and work for the generation coming—that other train on the track. As the Lord helps me, I mean to think more and make more of the interests of the children—the other train that is coming.—*S. S. World.*

OUR BOYS.

"There, Harry, do run out of the room!" said a young lady, whom I chanced to be visiting, to her younger brother. "The very impudence of him," she continued, "to come into the room where there's company."

"Do let him stay," I pleaded. "Why do you drive him out?"

"Because he's got muddy boots," was the quick reply.

"And he's whittling a great horrid stick," said another sister.

"He whistles," echoed a third member of the family.

The majority generally carries the vote, but in this case the boy was allowed to remain.

A great, good-natured looking fellow he was, with honest brown eyes. He sat meekly in the corner, and notwithstanding his many faults, conducted himself like a little gentleman. Yet, why was he to be excluded from the room? Simply, because he was—a boy.

I regret to say that there are many families who are entirely ignorant of the system of training 'our boys.'

If a boy is sent out of the parlor when the grown up sister has company—if, upon going to the library, papa will say: "There, Johnnie, do run away; I am busy at present," he will probably find a place where he will not trouble any one. He will keep bad company, read the worst style of literature, and the next step will be, running away from home.

If your boys do wear muddy boots, whistle and whittle sticks, God bless them for it; they will make all the better men. Mother, do not chide your boy if you find his hat and ball upon the floor. There may come a time when your boys have all grown up, and left the nest, as it were, that your heart will yearn to hear a boyish shout, a shrill whistle, or to find the worn cap and school books in their old accustomed place.

If your boy's feet are too muddy to cross your-door, the doors of the public house are ever open to entice its victims. If you will not let him sing and dance, the low concert and dance-house will. The high ways of life are open to all. Broad are the pathways where vice and folly walk hand in hand, and unsuspecting is youth of their glittering baits.

Give your boys, freedom; let them have innocent amusements at home, and they will find it more attractive than the street corners. Mothers, be kind to the boys, and we will have less drunkards, fewer gamblers, but instead true soldiers, noble statesmen and worthy citizens will spring from "OUR BOYS."

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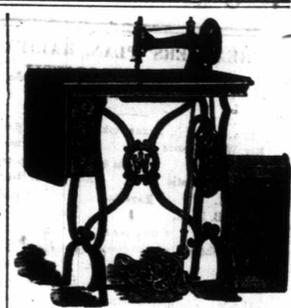
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