

K/15/2
Nov 1872



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI., NO. 13.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1876.

SEMI MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Many there were who stopped for a moment at the Bedford prison door and bought laces from the imprisoned preacher, who was allowed to stand under the arch secured by a chain around his ankle and sell his wares to support his family, amongst whom was a little girl who had been blind from her birth; but was there one amongst them all, or in the world one, who, for a moment, imagined that the memory of this man would live for centuries, or that perhaps some absent-minded remark was occasioned by a passing glimpse of that vision which was to be a comfort to all Christendom, to the heathen and infidel, as well as the Christian, pointing out the way to the life beyond, its pleasures and comforts, its difficulties and dangers? The daughter only receives sympathy; and the "stubborn tinker" who continually answers those who offer to release him from prison if he promise not to preach the Gospel of Christ, with the words, "If you let me go to-day I will preach again to-morrow," is doubtless scoffed at by many, mocked by others, while perhaps some, most deeply interested, point out to him his family who are suffering cruelly from the need of that provision the head of the family should provide. But it was this misery that indeed occasioned the relaxation of his imprisonment, and he was allowed first to preach to the Baptist congregation of which he had been pastor, and afterwards, in 1672, after twelve years confinement was released through the interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. He immediately returned to his chosen work. With him from the prison he brought his "Pilgrim's Progress" in manuscript, and on showing it to his friends received but little encouragement to publish it, and many criticisms. But he decided to give it to the world, and in 1678 the first part was published, describing the "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come." At first it reached but few, by whom it was well received and before the year closed a second edition was called for and issued. During his life as many as fifteen editions, it is thought, were issued, and now it is said to have been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. The second edition of this wonderful book was published in 1684, two years previous to which he published "The Holy War." During the latter part of his life he was also wed to preach without molestation. He died in London of fever, in 1688, his death having been hastened by exposure to the rain when returning from one of his many benevolent errands.

WHAT A PICTURE DID.

BY MRS. S. K. LEAVITT.

The heading of the *Reform*, an illustrated tract paper presented by Mr. E. Remington, of Illion, N. Y., to the Women's National Temperance Union, and published monthly by them, is composed of three pictures. The first represents a drunkard staggering home to his family. In his hand he holds a bottle; his wife, with her babe in her arms and her little boy clinging to her dress, is shrinking from him. Terror and fear are depicted upon the countenances of the three.

The second picture represents the same man,

standing at a table, a woman holding out a pen to him with one hand, and with the other a paper, upon which are seen the words, "Temperance Pledge."

In the third picture we see the same man, well clothed, walking erectly, with a cane in his hand, and leading a little boy up a flight of steps to a nice house, in the door of which stands the wife, with a beaming smile upon her face, and hardly able to hold the babe,

vispers. Mine leetle poy, he says: 'Dat is pap mit de pottle! dat leetle poy what hides hind his mudder's dress is me, ven I'm skeered at pappy, and de paby is Helwig, cause dat is shoost de way he hides hind mudder's ear when pappy's drunk.' Den dey say, 'Mudder, vot dat voman do mit de table?' I says, 'De temperance voman vants de man to sign de pledge, and say he drinks no more beer nor viskey; den his wife and childen be no more

will look shoost like dis paby vot tries to jump out of his mudder's arms, he so glad to see his pappy?' Mine old man he gets so mad and he says, 'I eats no dinner, I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and mine childen dey cry, dey be so scared. Mine old man, he slams de door, and he goes off. He comes home to supper, and he says de first ting, 'I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and he no speaks to de childen, and dey be so skeered.

"After supper mine old man he makes de childen go to ped. And he puts his feet on tode stove, and he smokes, and he scolds, and heseo mad he no goes to de saloon, like he always to a all his life mit me.

"Ven it vas ped time mine old man he lay down his pipe, and he says, 'old voman, I's no been good to you; I gets drunk no more; I goes no more to saloons, mine heart is sick mit vot mine childen say. I loves mine wife, I loves mine childen ven I gets no drunk.' Den I puts mine apron to mine eyes, and I cries, and mine old man he cries. Den we stand py de childen's ped, and mine old man he kiss me, and he kiss de childen and he says, 'Mine heart is so sick all de day mit vot de childen says to me.'

"I tells you I loves dat little paper, mine heart is so glad dat you gives it to me.

"I folds it up shoost so nice, and I puts it mit a hankerchief around it, and I keeps it in my under drawer in mine bureau mit mine childen's tings what died."

[The author says: "This is a true story, not overdrawn. I distributed the papers left from our National Convention. This is one result. The man to-day is a sober man, is getting furniture and comfort for his family." The gentleman mentioned above received this fact from Mrs. Leavitt on Saturday heread it and was overheard to say, with moistened eyes: "That is the kind of dividend I want, that is worth a thousand dollars." Would God that more of our men of wealth would seek such investments and be satisfied with such increase.—Ed.]—N. Y. Witness.

A DELUSION.—A young man who thinks that he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good and steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks that people are all fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that when he repents everybody will forget that he was once a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break up in middle age bad habits which have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough until the wheel gets into a deep hole, and then he stops and looks back. Just so it is with boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is never to contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink.

—The St. Louis Presbyterian says that of the 158,000 children of school age in that city only 15,000 are in Protestant Sunday-schools.



JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER SELLING LACES AT BEDFORD PRISON DOOR.

who is overjoyed at seeing the father.

A bundle of these papers was sent to one of the ladies of Cincinnati, who distributed them in the market, at the hospital and at the jail.

Two months afterward she was stopped on the street by a German woman, who told her the following story: "You shoost stop von minute vile I tells you vot is in mine heart. You comes von day to mine stall in de market, you gives mine old man a paper, and you gives me a paper.

"Ven I goes to mine home, mine children dey cries for dere dinner. I says, 'You shoost keep still, and I vill give you von paper vot a voman gives me in de market.' So dey spreads de paper out upon de floor, and dey kioks up dere heels, and dey looks hard at de pictures. Vile I gets mine dinner, dey vispers and dey

feared of him.'

"Dey look hard at de picture, den dey vispers and dey say: 'Mudder, vill pappy look nice like de udder picture, would he sign the pledge?'"

"And I says, 'Yes, childen, your fadder would look shoost like dat if he go no more to saloons.'

"Mine old man, den he comes in to his dinner. He loves his childen ven he be sober. Mine childen dey see he no drunk, so dey runs to him mit de paper, and dey say: 'pappy, dat is you mit de pottle, and dat voman is mudder, and de paby what hides hind his mudder's ear is Helwig. Pappy, won't you go to de temperance voman's mit de table, and sign de pledge, and den you vill look shoost like dat nice man mit de cane, and Helwig he