

voice" in token of a world freed from a vice more terrible in its nature and greater in its results than all others combined.

Another great drawback to the success of this movement is the too great reliance upon artificial means. The superstructure is decorated with ornaments at once expensive and of little importance as matters of real worth. Meetings are held, whose object seems more to afford amusement than to carry conviction to the minds of the audience. Processions are formed, which often produce a love of vanity and show rather than a desire to augment the ranks of the "Cold Water Army." These things add much to the appearance, but little to the solidity of the pillars of our great enterprise. These things doubtless have a value and a place, but they should be subservient to, not principal in the great work. They are but the scenery which accompanies the drama, the screen behind which, for the time being, lie hid the principles which actuate and call forth the energies of the actors in this movement upon the stage of the world. Even the pledge itself becomes often a stumbling-block to the reformed drunkard. He is often required to sign it in the hope that he may fulfil the obligation thus binding upon him, even without his having for one moment realised its real import and mission. A too great dependence may be put upon this obligation. He may stand committed to keep it without ever realising the fact, that this is only the evidence of conviction, and the first fruits of an earnest desire to escape the thralldom to which he has been subjected. Brethren, think of these things; they require your earnest attention, your deepest sympathy, your heartfelt aspiration to Almighty God for strength to overcome an evil, which threatens speedily to tarnish the glory, weaken the strength, and endanger our social relations as a people and country.

A SON.

Truro, N. S.

### THE TWO PATHS.

On a bright sunny morning near the end of May, a gaily decorated steamer was passing down the Clyde on her voyage from Glasgow to Greenock with a throng of happy, laughing, well-dressed people, whose shouts and noisome glee might have been heard by the dwellers on either bank, as the snorting machinery bore them swiftly along. It was a holiday in Glasgow, held in honour of her Majesty's birth, and the toiling thousands glad of a little respite, left the smoke and bustle of the manufactories and workshops to breathe the air of the country for a few hours, and rejoice in the glorious open sunshine.

The steamer on which our attention is fixed was neither the first nor the last to leave the Broomielaw that day with a company of pleasure-seekers from the city, but it is with this particular vessel that we have to do, and we request the reader to step on board with us while we point him to the following scene.

The deck was covered with groups collected here and there, conversing freely with each other, - for the occasion, and the bright surrounding landscape, exercised a healthy, genial influence upon the passengers, and all seemed determined to make themselves happy.

Near the stern of the ship, towards the Dumbarton side, were congregated a party of six,—three young lads, with each a pretty girl by his side. These young men, were stran-

gers to each other, but, having got their sweethearts to accompany them on the pleasure excursion, and meeting under such auspicious circumstances, they became friendly at once and entered into animated conversation. The bright sky, the noble scenery on the banks of the Clyde, the balmy fragrance of the summer air, and the anticipated recreation, inspired them with buoyant and friendly feelings, and incited them to break through their Scotch reserve, and treat each other as if they had been friends from childhood.

While thus they stood, a young jovial artisan approached with a bottle of whisky and a glass in his hands. In the fulness of his holiday joy he had been treating his fellow-passengers to a dram, and now came forward to bestow the same token of good-will on the three couples who were talking in such a friendly manner together.

"Here, my pretty Miss, is a glass to drink her Majesty's health," said the well-meaning fellow, offering the liquor to the girl who stood next him.

"No, thank you," was the reply, with a slight blush. "I am an abstainer."

"Oh! no offence, I hope," returned the other good humouredly. "But, perhaps, this other lady is not a teetotaler?"

This was said to a dark-eyed girl who stood a little further along, but ere she had time to speak, the young man on whose arm she leaned said laughingly,—

"Oh, no! Mary is not a teetotaler. She is like me, she can take as much as will do her good and not enough to do her harm. That, I take it, is the right sort of way. Isn't it lads?"

"Of course it is," said the owner of the liquor, handing the full glass to the girl as he spoke. She took it, and putting it to her lips, took a sip of the contents.

"Take it up, it will do you no harm," he continued, as she attempted to put it back almost untasted.

"I had rather not," she whispered in a hesitating tone.

"Tut, Mary," observed her companion, with a fond look, "you are not afraid of one glass. That can do you no possible injury." He raised the glass playfully to her lips and held it till she had drained it to the bottom.

The other girl followed the example thus set, and two of the lads swallowed a glass in turn. When it came to the companion of the girl who at first declined with the assertion that she was an abstainer, he also refused to partake, though in a kind and courteous manner.

"Well, here is her most gracious Majesty's health, and the health of the present company," exclaimed the dispenser of the drink, tossing off the glass thus rejected, and turning away to another part of the vessel.

"I wonder to see a man of your intelligence countenancing such an absurd doctrine as teetotalism," observed the youth who had persuaded his partner to drink.

The party thus addressed smiled gravely, and said in a quiet, almost a sad tone, "And I, on the other hand, wonder to hear a man of your intelligence call total abstinence an absurd practice. An observer like you must have seen the awful and universal effects of intemperance."

"Oh! intemperance, I grant you, is an evil, and ought to be abolished. But it is absurd to go the opposite extreme. There is a medium, and if men would but stick to that no harm would be done."

"But, unfortunately, men don't stick to it, and untold and untellable misery, disease, wretchedness of every kind, and death, in its most direful forms, are the consequences."

"But that is people's own fault, and if they will go to excess, they must bear the result."

"And are we to do nothing to reform drunkards, are we to suffer the mass of misery to accumulate untouched and unremoved?"

"Certainly not. Urge them earnestly to drink in moderation, and show them the example yourself."

"Alas! Alas! You must know very little of the influence which strong drink has upon its enslaved victims, or you would understand that it is impossible for a drunkard to drink moderately."

"Then in that case total abstinence is the best thing for him. It is certainly better to drink none at all than to be a drunkard. But simply this is not the reason why you abstain. You have not the appearance of having ever been an intemperate man, and as for the lady at your side, it would be the grossest insult to insinuate such a thing on her part."

"No, thank heaven, neither Annie nor myself have been ensnared by the insidious foe, but if you wish to know why we are abstainers, the following are our principal reasons. We want to reform the intemperate, and to prevent the sober from becoming intemperate; and we are convinced, that the practice of abstinence will effect this, and, moreover, that nothing else can. As moderation is the cause of intemperance, so if there was no moderation there would be no intemperance."

"But intemperance is not the necessary result of moderate drinking. All moderate drinkers don't become drunkards."

"Certainly not. But those who don't ought to abstain for the sake of those who do. Besides, no one who drinks moderately can tell whether he will escape the snare of intemperance. If only those were to be moderate drinkers who would always continue such, the evil would be immensely lessened, and your argument would have some force, but as this is impossible, we are necessitated to look upon all who drink as in danger of becoming drunkards."

"You and I don't agree in that matter," was the reply, though made in perfect good humour. "I think it both weak and foolish to give up drinking altogether, because a few misguided men and women destroy themselves with it. No, no, Mary lass," he continued, turning with a bright laugh to his companion, "you and I are not going to deprive ourselves of our little comforts for such an imaginary fear. We can take a little now and then, and never think of hurting ourselves."

His fair companion blushed and laughed, while our abstaining friends regarded each other with a pitying expression on their faces. The third couple remained silent, but from their readiness to take the whisky when offered them, it could be deduced that they had little sympathy with the abstinence principle. Just then the peak of Dumbarton Castle came in sight, and the conversation ceased. The party returned by the same vessel in the afternoon, and, on reaching the Broomielaw, they separated to go each their own way through life.

Soon after this, the pair who had so nobly vindicated the temperance cause, married, and they carried the same enthusiastic devotion to it, into their little home. They were very happy together, and in their sphere they