

themselves as great lords the one to the other, and never before submitted to their chiefs any further than they chose to do so." The Jesuits, however, had to be careful even in this good work. There was real danger that the thirsty Indians, if refused brandy by the French, would seek it from the Dutch or English of New York.

After this it fared hard with the culprit caught in the act of selling brandy to the Indians. He was led to the door of the church, where, kneeling on the pavement, partially stripped, and bearing in his hand the penitential torch, he received a good whipping. Bishop Laval not only discharged against the offenders volleys of wholesale excommunication, but he made of the offence "a reserved case"—that is, a case in which the power of granting absolution should be reserved to himself alone. The brandy-sellers appealed to the King, who referred it in his turn to the fathers of the Sorbonne, who, after solemn discussion, pronounced the selling of brandy to the Indians a mortal sin. Alas! Louis XIV. was no prohibitionist, and the prayers and suggestions of the Jesuits were unheeded. In a little while the colony was overrun with taverns. Then it was ordained that no innkeeper should furnish food or drink to any hired laborer or to any person residing in the place where his inn was situated. It grieves us to learn how much was done by the Jesuit fathers to put down drinking and to feel that under English rule the good work had to be all done over again.—*Temperance Record*.

AN ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

There was a beautiful picture published at the close of the American centennial. The picture was full of bonny, bright faces—a wonderful variety, and a variety because created by the Almighty, for God never repeats himself. Every child in an original, and if that is lost there never is and never will be another to take that child's place. And there they were in their wonderful variety, and I read across the bottom: "We are going to the next centennial." None of the grown up people will be there, but some of these will be there. They were going to the next centennial, and that is true of the children around us to-day—they are going to be the fathers and mothers, the future legislators, the future church members, the future ministers. The future is within our grasp, if we are only wise enough to seize it.

Somebody told me this week of a man working in connection with the Band of Hope, and a friend said to him: "Why do you spend your time in talking to a lot of children? Why not talk to the adults who can understand you?" And the young fellow drew himself up, and said: "I am talking to the ladies and gentlemen of the next generation." Yes, what you make the children, the future will be. Neglect the children, and there will be dishonor, take care of the children and train them up in temperance and Christianity, and there is a future before our country that no imagination can conceive. Therefore, because of the importance of the children, I rejoice that there is such an organization as this to protect them from the dangers to which they are exposed. I speak of danger to the children; and I ask you is there any utterance that arouses the interest and emotion of any human being as the declaration that a child is in danger? Nothing will arouse a crowd like that. I was down at Hull the other day; the street was busy; it was near the time of a departure of a train; the unfortunate bridge that opens across the street was likely soon to be flung up, and unless the intending passengers got speedily across they would miss the train. Cabs and all sorts of conveyances were hurrying past, but suddenly there was a cry—"The Boy!" Everybody stopped. They forgot there was such a thing as a train; they forgot there was such a thing as the possibility of missing it—and why? A poor little waif, running behind a gentleman's carriage, had missed his footing, and his little arm was caught in the spike, and minister and merchant forgot everything for the time save that a child was in danger. And when a fire is raging round a building, what is it that kindles the enthusiasm of all the crowd and make heroes of everybody? The cry, "There is a child in the house," and in a moment every brave and true man feels, "I will lay down my life, but the child shall be saved."

Gentlemen, the children of our country are in danger. Oh! would that I could say words that would make every one in this audience understand me. The children of our country are in danger. Do you doubt it? Then I ask you for a moment to look at those who were children with us—the children of the present generation. Where are they? Were they in no danger? Turn over the tablets of your memory. Ask for your old companions. Where are they? Go and look in the graveyard; turn over the green turf. Find the coffin lid, and there in hundreds, in thousands, aye, in tens of thousands of instances you will find out that those who were boys and girls when we were did not live out half their days. What do you read there? "Died, aged 22," "Died, aged 23," "Died, aged 24." The days of our years are three score and ten, but they did not live so long; they are gone. Let us look for some more of them. Go to that workhouse. There is a surging crowd waiting for relief. They were boys and

girls as bright and promising as any of us. Look at their faces. Look at the dull and passionless look they bear, and at the rags they carry. They were once bright and promising little children, but there they are at the workhouse door. And turn across to the prison. There is the revolving treadmill. Miserable work! Look at those men in their yellow-striped dress. They were once bright, bonny boys. And go down your street to-night, and there you will find the outcast, and you draw up your skirts lest the touch should be pollution. Yet even she was once the bonny girl. Once a mother blessed her, a father prayed for her. They were all as bright as any of us, but now look at that surging mass. Picture their faces if you can, and then turn round and look at these children behind; and turning from one to another is like turning from hell to heaven. Do you see it, gentlemen? Look at that crowd at the workhouse, at the prison, at the treadmill, at the lunatic asylum, and down in the graveyard, and then look at these bright and bonny faces, and remember they were once like these; and now I go with trembling, and I ask what hellish potion has transmuted fair children into beings like that? Something has done it. God has done it. Oh, no! God says, "It is not my will that one of these should perish." Then I ask, what has been the cause of this horrible transmutation? I speak to them as they hustle at the workhouse door for a night's lodging. "How is it you are here?" "O, it's the drink that has done it." I go to the man as he comes off the treadmill—I did do so—and I said, "How came you here?" "O," said he, "I was once a scholar in your school, but the drink has done it."

I speak to the poor outcast on the street, as I did the other night, and "how came you at this terrible work?" The tears stole down her young face, a bright and bonny face, as she said, "O sir, the drink has done it." And then came the sad story—a story that might be written in blood. She said, "My father is a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher and a class leader. (She told me where he was). I was brought up a teetotaler. I went out to a Sunday-school holiday and they took us into a public house." O gentlemen, when will you understand that where there is drink there is always danger. I wish every one here could have seen that tear-bathed face, and that quivering lip as the child said to me: "We went into the public house and they gave me something to drink, I don't know what, but," she said, "I was insensible. I don't know what happened, and then in the morning I went home and we had family prayer. I knelt down with the rest of the children, and while father was praying I felt that I was staining them all. I said I cannot tell them. I will leave them. They shall never hear of me again, and fled from home. The drink has done it." Dragging her down in her beauty, as well as the young man in his strength. And so the answer comes in horrible monotony. "The drink has done it." "The drink has done it." "The drink has done it." Nothing but the drink could have done it.

Here is a house and the drainage is bad. A poisonous gas exudes. It steals through all the house. You hear your friends talking about it. The drainage is bad. One child sickens. Another dies. The father says, "This is a serious thing. I am losing my children. What is the matter?" Somebody says, "Why the drainage wants looking after. There is a poisonous gas in the house," "Nonsense," says the old man. "Poison, indeed! Slow poison! I have lived in the house fifty years, and my grandfather was a hundred when he died, and he lived here, and you say it is poison, indeed. No, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I will have the house new papered." Yet they sicken. He says, "I will get them some new clothes;" he gets them new clothes, and yet the children sicken and die. "We will get them a new governess to see better after them," and they have it, and yet the children sicken and die. He says, "I cannot understand this." Somebody says, "Is there not an agent, a material agent at work? is there not a poisonous gas in the house?" "Oh!" he says, "I have done everything." "No, you have not." "What have I not done?" "You have not removed the cause. Remove the cause and the effect will cease. I do not object to your new paper, your new clothes, your new governess (I hope you treated the old one well), I do not object to a prayer-meeting, but I say that so long as you keep the destructive agent in your house you will have the destruction. Remove the destructive agent and your children are saved."—*Morning and day of Reform*.

For Girls and Boys.

"LOOKING OVER" MOTHER.

BY HOWE BENNING.

"Going anywhere this vacation, Kate Morgan?"

"No, I did think I would go to the Catskills for a week and have one good time 'like folks.' You know I never really did do anything just for pleasure, but the stern needs of the coming winter I think I will change my plans."