

journey," said the narrator, "and was very new to my mission. I remember that I was dressed in a velveteen cut-away coat, with white mother-of-peril buttons—just a raw factory lad, full of enthusiasm for the cause; but that is worth a good deal, as you know.

"I reached a town in the northern part of the country. It was a fine summer evening, when I went out into the street to address the people. I borrowed a chair from a poor woman, after being rebuffed from several doors, and carrying it into an open space, near which some children were playing, and laboring people sauntering about after their day's work, I planted the chair there, mounted it, and began to speak—not without great flutterings at heart, and serious qualms as to the success of my speech.

"At the sound of my voice the children ceased from their plays and gathered round me, and several of the saunterers also turned aside to hear what I had got to say. At first, some thought I was selling pills; others took me for a Mormon; and when I began to talk about teetotalism—this new-fangled doctrine of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink—my slender audience began to giggle, some of them jeered at 'fustian-jacket,' and several of them guffawed outright. This was not a very encouraging beginning for a raw speaker.

"While I was still talking, I saw a drunken man swaggering along in the distance, with a lot of boys about him calling out names, and provoking him to swear at them in return. He seemed to notice the little group collected about me, and, like most drunken men when they see a crowd, he at once made towards us. Now, thought I, my evening's work is fairly spoilt: this

drunken fellow will put the finisher to my speech; and as he came rolling along, some of the crowd gleefully called out, as if they expected a row, 'Here comes Charley Brown—a real teetotaler; hurrah for Charley!' The children set up a shout; the drunken man staggered in among the audience; and I went on with my speech.

"I could not keep my eyes off the man; he was a frightful example of the degradation to which habitual drunkenness may bring one. He was tall, and powerfully made, but he was clothed in rags, dirty and unkempt, and his face was one mass of red blotch. The man fixed his drunken eyes upon me as I spoke, and I felt encouraged by his attention, degraded and outcast though he looked. I went on, in homely words drawing a picture of the wretched life of the drunkard, his beggard home, his neglected children, and his ruined wife: and urged again and again that the only radical cure was the teetotal one—abstinence, at once and forever, from all intoxicating drinks.

"By this time, some other tipsy men had joined the audience, and I was told that a beer-shop keeper was among them, who kept up a fire of interruption, shouting out 'It's a lie!' 'You're a fool!' and such like; and pieces of rubbish and dirt began to be thrown at me from the outskirts of the crowd.

"At this, the drunken man, whom the crowd had saluted by the name of 'Charley,' strode forward, and pushing his way to where I stood, stretched forth his hand to me. My first thought was, that he meant to pull me down from my chair, and the delighted audience thought so too; but the man called out instead, that I must 'shake hands with him,' which I did at once; and then the man