



## Temperance Department.

### JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

There was no miraculous blessing on Kate Barber's little store of meal; Saturday evening had come, and that little store was gone. There must be another trip to town. Something else must be sacrificed, that was plain. The shawl had been lost in the fright and darkness, but Kate had hardly given it a thought in her joy at her husband's escape and its deep, purifying effect upon his mind. She took out her few trinkets; they had better go than clothing that was really needed.

"You will have to go to town, Kate," said Harry humbly. "I dare not trust myself in temptation; you will have a heavy load to bring back—but maybe not so very heavy after all; you may not get an honest bargain."

Joe followed his mother into the inner room; "I'll go with you and help you bring home the things," said the boy, as if his weak little arms had the strength of a man.

Kate did not like to say to her child that he must stay and watch his father, but she gave him a significant look which he well understood, as she answered, "No, Joe, you must look out for things at home, and then you can come down to the road and help me when I come back."

"Yes, yes!" said the little boy soberly. As his mother walked down the half-overgrown path, he called after her: "Never fear, mother, you'll find it all right when you come home."

Kate had not been gone long, when Harry, having put aside the few tools that had been used during the day, began to be restless—a restlessness that Joe well knew betokened no good. "Father," he said cheerfully, "I am going into business; I don't know exactly what kind of business yet; you can't guess who is to be my partner."

Harry made a feint of guessing all the street-boys of the town-neighborhood where they had lived, and finally blurted out hastily: "Don't be foolish, Joe! I don't feel like nonsense to-night."

"I don't either, father," said Joe, nothing daunted; "I'm for work. I wish you'd show me about these sums mother set me last night; I have added them up, but I don't know how to prove them."

Joe had great faith in Ben White's promise, though two days had passed, and nothing had been seen of the fisherman. Joe felt he was on the eve of going into partnership with a very charming young gentleman, and fancied that somehow his improvement in arithmetic would help to make their business profitable; now, he had an added motive for his eagerness to make sure that his much-labored-over "sums" were right.

A pleased look stole over the little fellow's face, as he saw his father running up column after column with the greatest rapidity, and really interested in what he was about. "How fast you can add, father," he said; "you must be a jolly book-keeper; I don't wonder Mr. Brown wanted you; I should think anybody would like such a hand at figures; maybe we'll be keeping our own shop some day, won't we, father, eh? We won't sell any liquor, no, not a drop! If a man comes in and wants anything to drink, we'll just say, 'We don't keep any such thing!' won't we?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mollie, who was sitting on the floor, just where she liked best to be, nestled close to "Brother Joe."

Joe laughed.

"We sha'n't let girls sell in our shop; no, indeed. You'll be sitting in the back room, with your sewing machine going like mad, making the most beautiful things for ladies, just such as we used to see in the window at the big shop where the wax little girl turns round and round and never gets her hair out of order. She isn't a bit like you—eh, Mollie?"

Here Joe put his hand into Mollie's little

mop of brown curls, which, to say the truth, did not look at all like the smooth locks of the figure which had long been the children's special admiration.

While they were talking on so merrily, Harry got up again and began to move about with an uneasy, anxious expression that sobered Joe in a moment.

"Father," said the boy taking his hand persuasively, "Father, there are some awful long words in my Sunday-school lesson for to-morrow—won't you read it over with me? I sha'n't have a moment to look at it in the morning. It is a good bit of a walk from here to the church even for me, father."

Harry could not help smiling at the boy's manner—half-playful, half-consequential.

"Joe took courage at this hopeful sign and went on. He had his Testament in his hand in a moment, and drawing his father to the door-step, he said:

"Come, we can sit here. And you, Mollie, you be quiet, and make believe you think father is the minister."

"A poor minister I should be," thought Harry Barber, but he took the book in silence.

"It's the fifth chapter of St. Mark," said Joe. "I've got to read it all through, right out in the class. It's my turn to-morrow, and my teacher said she expected me to go right through it like a man. I've one verse to say out of the book—only one. When you come to it, I'll stand up and say it. You see if I haven't got it perfectly."

Harry Barber had been proud of his reading as a young man, and now he felt a little pleasure in showing his child that here, at least, his poor father could give him help.

Harry began in a loud voice, and a conscious, pompous manner with pronouncing the word 'Gadarenes' without stumbling, and as if he was very familiar with the region referred to.

In fact, Harry had very little idea where the occurrences related in the Bible took place. Indeed, he almost fancied it was in some other world than our own, and by no means in places to which men could now travel and even stand on the very spots our Saviour once visited in the flesh.

As Harry read the description of the man with the unclean spirit, his manner changed into one of deep, unconscious interest. In the poor victim tormented by the unclean spirit he seemed to see a picture of himself. His resolutions and his reformations had hitherto been as the fetters and chains the demon had broken at will, and truly it could have been said of him, "Neither could any man tame him." Yet Jesus had power to cast out that unclean spirit, and those who had known the poor man, an outcast roaming among the tombs, cutting himself with stones, saw him "sitting clothed and in his right mind." Would he not have compassion on poor Harry Barber too?

"If I only could believe He would help me," thought Harry, and absorbed in his own thoughts, he read on, not thinking of what he was doing.

Suddenly little Joe called out, "Stop, father! here comes my verse; it's the next, I know."

Joe sprang to his feet and slowly and reverently recited: "As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, 'Be not afraid; only believe.'"

Joe's little, earnest, solemn tones were to his father as a voice from heaven.

"Be not afraid; only believe." That was the message for him, and in his heart he treasured it up as his watchword.

"Thank you, Joe," said his father very gently, so gently that the boy looked full into his face in surprise.

"Didn't I say it right?" he questioned, with a puzzled look.

"Thank you; yes, child," said the father again, as he resumed his reading, and then quietly went through the chapter.

Harry closed the book reverently, and put it himself in the place carefully, as if it were the casket that contained some precious thing.

Precious indeed to him that night had been the words of Holy Writ. The unclean spirit that threatened again to triumph within him had been driven out. It might find a home with other poor lost men, but Harry Barber that night was not to be as the brutes who rushed down the steep place and were choked in the sea.

Kate Barber had but poor success in the sale of her paltry trinkets. The wretch who bought such things not asking whether

they were stolen, or sold in the extremity of want, saw that she was in bitter need, and would give her but a trifle for what he called "such trash."

So it happened that the wife had but a light load comparatively to bring home. She cheered herself, however, with the thought: "It is but 'daily bread' that God promises us, and He can help us when this little supply is gone."

Her step was weary as she trudged along the turnpike and her heart full of anxiety. Had all gone on well during her absence? Would her husband be at home to meet her?

Coming rapidly toward her in the twilight, while yet a mile from home, she saw Harry stepping firmly along, Joe's hand fast in his, and Mollie skipping at their side as fresh and gay as if it were morning.

"Now we'll pretend we are robbers, eh, father?" said Joe, "and we'll take everything away from that woman walking alone on the road. You, Mollie, too; you must be a robber. You take the kettle, and don't let her have it again if she cries like a baby. Now, I'm the captain: come on, my boys," said Joe with awful fierceness. "Here's luck for us. Woman, we let no people loaded this way pass us on the road. Somebody take the sack. That's right. Now, Mollie. Here give me the basket. Don't be frightened, woman, we won't hurt you. We are good robbers, ain't we, Mollie? We never kill anybody!"

Tired as she was, Kate could not help laughing at the merry party, and Harry with the sack on his back, and the old worn look gone out of his face, looked almost as fresh as his children, as his eyes sparkled to see his Kate smiling—smiling as she used to long ago. He was beginning to love her again, as he did in the first days of their marriage.

(To be Continued.)

### OUR OLD DOCTOR.

BY JOY ALLISON.

There wasn't a better doctor, nor a kinder man in a circuit of thirty miles, than Dr. Gunnison. He was sent for from far and near, and in serious danger all the younger physicians looked to him for counsel.

The temperance movement had just begun at the time of which I speak, and its advocates would have rejoiced to have Dr. Gunnison on their side. But he held himself aloof. He "didn't believe in temperance pledges. A man ought to be able to keep himself within bounds if he was a man. If not, he might as well go to the dogs."

They were not religious people—the doctor and his lovely wife—and if they had any creed it was made up chiefly of "don't believes." They had no children, and were all in all to each other.

As time passed on, people began to think and say that it would be as well for the doctor if he did believe in the temperance pledge. Now and then they saw him go by, swaying from side to side on his faithful old horse—as kind and intelligent a beast as ever man rode—or with head bowed low in a half-drunken stupor. They watched him anxiously as he crossed the ford, which was somewhat difficult and dangerous in some places. But the horse knew what he was about if his master did not, and he really seemed to accommodate his gait to the swaying figure on his back, as he stepped carefully along.

One evening we saw him approaching, just as we sat down to supper. It was early in April, and the river was higher than usual, and we saw with alarm that the doctor was less fit to cross than we had ever seen him.

Father sprang for his hat, and ran out and hailed him. The horse stopped—of his own accord, I think—and then father went to the doctor and urged him to come in and stay till morning at our house. He urged the unusual danger in crossing, and even made so bold as to say, "You know you're not fit to cross there to-night, doctor!"

He urged in vain, it appeared, for the doctor spurred his horse, and pushed on to the very edge of the stream. There he paused, and at length turned about and rode back to where father stood watching.

"I'll go back and stay with you, if you've got a temperance pledge in the house, and will give it to me," he said.

Father could hardly believe his ears, but he answered quite coolly,—

"I have one, and I'll give it to you with pleasure."

He led him in and seated him at a table

in the sitting-room, while he came into the kitchen where the supper table was spread, to speak to mother to make ready a plate for him. When he returned to the doctor he was leaning forward on the table in a heavy sleep. It was vain to try to waken him, so he was left there till all the family were in bed. Then father made an effort to get him to go to bed, and he awoke. He was more himself now.

"Where's that pledge you promised to give me?" said he.

Wondering much whether he was conscious what he did, father brought the pledge, and pen and ink, and watched the trembling hand sign it.

"I can write steadier after I've kept it awhile," said the doctor, with a laugh.

"And you mean to keep it?" said father. "So help me God!" said the doctor, and went to bed leaving the document in father's hands.

That pledge he kept faithfully for two years. And the doctor and his wife both seemed to grow younger and handsomer every day of those years. Again and again that wife wrung my father's hand and poured out her thanks, for his interposition to save her husband.

"Thank God, madam, not me! And beg of Him daily to uphold and guard him," said my father always. She smiled confidently. They were not praying people. If they had been, my true story might have had a happier ending. But there were those banded together for evil, who had pledged themselves to win the doctor back to their "good fellowship" by inducing him to break his pledge.

In an evil hour they succeeded. Once more he rode down to the ford in a partially intoxicated condition. He fell from his horse and was drowned. God alone knew whether it was accident or suicide. Many believed the latter. The wife went about woe-stricken, pallid, hollow-eyed, a little while, and then was seen no more.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink: that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also."—*Watchman.*

### A PAINTER WHO ESCAPED THE COLIC.

Perhaps no artisan does more to put a good face on things than the house-painter. In thus administering to the pleasure and comfort of the people, it is much to be regretted that, as a rule, most painters pay a terrible penalty from their constant contact with lead in the paint. The painters' colic has laid many a strong man low. In some parts of the country it is the common belief that every painter must submit to this painful disease.

A very pleasing exception to the general rule came under our notice some time ago in Lombard Street. Very extensive alterations were going on in one of the large banking-houses. Whilst waiting for one of the partners, we stood near to a painter. He was a fine, healthy-looking man, and on entering into conversation with him, we found him to be as intelligent as he was good-looking.

"You have, I presume, my friend, had the colic—the painters' trouble?"

"No, sir, I have not; I have altogether escaped it."

"Then how long have you been a painter?"

"Twenty-one years, sir."

"How have you managed to keep clear of that trouble? I never met with a twenty-one year painter who had been free from the colic."

"Well, sir, I think that painters often have themselves very much to blame for it. Many of them go from work direct to their meals, and so are sure to taint the food they handle. Now, sir, I'm very particular in washing my hands and cleaning well under my nails before I go to my meals. When I go to work at some gentleman's mansion, my wife is sure to put a piece of soap and some soda into my bag. I can generally get hot water, and I dissolve the soda in it, and have a thorough wash, so as to completely cleanse my hands from the paint, and I then enjoy my meal. There's another thing that has had to do, sir, with my good health—both myself and wife are teetotalers. We never touch drink."

"But are you able to stand your hard work, exposed to all weathers, without beer?"

"Yes, sir, I can do my work better without beer than I did with it. It is eleven years since I touched a drop, and I am better not only in my health, but in my pocket also."—*British Workman.*