

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"Halloo, Tom."

"Is that you, Joe? I haven't seen you for a long time." Joe was returning home with his tools hung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their path lay together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"On a bit of an errand for my missus."

"What, the time-piece won't go?"

"Well, not exactly that."

Then followed a few minutes' silence.

"Tom," said Joe, earnestly.

"Well, speak on, man."

"Maybe I shall offend you if I do. But I was going to say, you're not going to 'The Golden Balls' with your clock, are you?"

"What if I am?" said Tom, trying to laugh.

"It will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to 'hide up, so careful as she does, on the mantelpiece; and then she says to me 'Tom, says she, 'the house gets bare as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em too.' 'But,' says I, 'what's a man to do if the wages is low and the food's dear, and if the two ends won't meet, why they won't that's all.'"

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. I pledged something once; my missus did say it was the best thing in the house too, though I don't know for that but this I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge ticket—and best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow it has paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like.

"Here's fine talk; none of your jokes, Joe."

"It's no joke at all, Tom, but sober earnest, every word, and if you like, I'll explain. I needn't tell you, Tom, that I knew the inside of 'The White Lion' once as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a song too; we've missed you this long time."

"It's not been a 'miss' but a find to me," said Joe, laughing—"a silver mine nigh at hand—even in my own pocket. But to explain: I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to be medical like, so thinks I, I don't care for you; but just as I was shutting it up I saw these words—

'Like cures Like.' That's odd, thinks I: like do cure like: whatever do it mean?"

Well, then these words stuck to me, and I turned them over and over in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day in comes our district lady—

"Oh, Bridget," says she, "are you in?"

I'm so glad to find you at home; and then she talked to me a bit very pleasant like, and presently she remarked a picture over the chimney, and said how pretty it was—

"That belonged to my mother's mother," said I, "and I thought never to part with it."

"And I hope you never will," says she.

"Says I, 'It's what I mind I shall have to afore night.'"

"Oh; I'm so sorry," says she; "are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?"

"Not as I know," says I. She looked a bit smiling and said, "I think I know what you mean. Some doctors say, 'Like cures Like,' and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a Pledge for a Pledge as a remedy? The Total Abstinence Pledge for the Pawbroker's Pledge?"

"Well, with that it came down upon me like thunder that here was the meaning of 'Like cures Like.' 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will; and with that if I didn't hear my wife whisper, 'Thank God.'"

"When?" says the lady. "Maybe next week," says I. "I thought you were going to pledge your picture to-night?" says she.

"And so I am," says I.

"Then my remedy will be too late next week," says she.

"Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it all of a moment though."

"I don't wish to hurry you," says she, "only it seems to me your choice will be to-night between whether you will pledge yourself or your picture: on the one pledge you will be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings with which you now help to make the publican rich. On the other you must pay interest."

"It's true, as I'm alive," says I, "and I'd gn this very minute if I could."

"You can," says she, laying down the paper before me with these words—"I hereby promise, by the grace of God, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors."

"And with that I took and signed it."

"And now," says she, "let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put His seal upon it and strengthen you never to break it."

"And," added Joe in a reverent voice,

"I bless God, though that was my first prayer it hasn't been my last. When a man has the drink in him he can't pray; but since I came to my sober senses the Lord has seemed to teach me like and turn my heart to hate not only the drink, but all manner of sin, by letting me see his blessed Son our Lord Jesus Christ, wounded to death upon the cross for all the evil that ever I had done. And now, as I go about my work and think of Him up there in the glory, at the right hand of the Heavenly Majesty, and all the while not forgetting a poor sinner like me, but sending His Holy Spirit down into my heart to comfort and help me, and make me strong against the tempter—it do make me so lightsome that I go singing for joy of heart."

"Joe," said Tom, suddenly standing still and turning round, "I'll go back. I'll not pledge this clock—it's the wrong thing. It's myself I'll pledge, and save my clock, that I will."

"Bravo, friend," said Joe, grasping his hand.

"Come along home with me," said Tom; "come and write out for me what you have signed, that I may sign it too, and hear my wife say, 'Thank God.'"

And so she did; and from that day the pledge tickets began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked home-like again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was—

"LIKE CURES LIKE,"

A PLEDGE FOR A PLEDGE.

—Starlight Tract.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

July 15.—Joshua 6: 1-5.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "Scientific illustrations of the fall of Jericho." Mrs. Sanford, in the New York Observer, suggests that "the fall of Jericho is no absurd story, no undignified fable, no miracle, but a single scientific fact. God knew the key-note of that wall; it was struck, and it fell." And she quotes a number of scientific illustrations from Prof. Lovering of Harvard College, which, if not proving her theory, are at least full of interest and suggestion. "All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their material, size, and shape, as fixed as the fundamental note of a musical chord; and he proves it by illustrations, some of which are:—

"When the bridge at Colebrook Dale (the first iron bridge in the world), was building, a fiddler came along and said he could fiddle it down. The workmen laughed in scorn, and told him to fiddle away to his heart's content. He played until he struck the key-note of the bridge, and it swayed so violently that the astonished workmen commanded him to stop. At one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell. Some days the building was so shaken that a pail of water would be nearly emptied, while on other days all was quiet. Experiment proved it was only when the machinery was running at a certain rate that the building was disturbed. The simple remedy was in running it slower or faster, so as to put it out of time with the building. We have here the reason of the rule observed by marching armies when they cross a bridge, viz.: Stop the music, break step, and open column, lest the measured cadence of a condensed mass of men should urge the bridge to vibrate beyond its sphere of cohesion. Neglect of this has led to fearful accidents. The celebrated engineer, Stephenson, has said there is not so much danger to a bridge when crowded with men and cattle as when men go in marching order. The Broughton Bridge, near Manchester, gave way beneath the measured tread of only 60 men. A terrible disaster befell a battalion of French

infantry while crossing the Suspension bridge at Angiers in France. Repeated orders were given the troops to break into sections, but in the hurry of the moment and in the rain, they disregarded the order, and the bridge which was but 12 years old, and had been repaired the year before at a cost of \$7,000, fell. Tyndall tells us that the Swiss muleteers tie up the bells of the mules, lest the tinkle bring an avalanche down. The breaking of a drinking glass by the human voice is a well-attested fact, and Chladni mentions an inn-keeper who frequently repeated the experiment for the entertainment of his guests. A nightingale is said to kill by the power of his notes. If we enter the domain of music there is no end to these illustrations."—Prof. Lovering.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 10. All our work will be best done if we begin it with religious duties and fill it with the religious spirit. As Luther said, "to pray well is to study well."

2. Vers. 11, 12. Our ordinary blessings are from God, no less than the extraordinary; as the produce of Canaan was his gift, not less than the manna which preceded it.

3. Ver. 13. God helps us and shows us the way, when we are doing our part, and seeking for his guidance.

4. "The heart instinctively demands a person as the object of its trust, and the closest possible knowledge of that person."

5. Ver. 15. When God is for us who can be against us?

6. Jesus Christ our Captain is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

7. Vers. 14, 15. The truly reverent spirit will use the outward and natural expressions of reverence.

8. Ver. 1. "Jericho, straitly shut up, is a type of the close heart, which, unless it opens its gates to the Gospel, shall surely be destroyed."

9. Vers. 3-5. God's kingdom on earth is gained by victory over all the world by means seemingly as powerless as those before which Jericho's walls fell. A crucified Christ, the preaching of the Gospel, the invisible influences of the spirit.

10. Greater things than the fall of Jericho have already been accomplished by these simple means.

11. Faith on the part of the Church, to obey, and to speak for God, will result in the final overthrow of the power of evil.

12. The Canaan of perfect rest and love, God has given to us, but there are many battles to be fought before we attain to their full experience.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We now come to the beginning of the conquest. (1) We find the people preparing to conquer (vers. 10, 12.) (a) By renewing the rites of religion; (b) by beginning to live on the natural fruits of the land. (2) The Captain of our salvation (vers. 13-15.) God the true leader in all religious victories. Jesus Christ our Captain, guiding us, strengthening us. We should express our reverence and love to him. (3) The first victory (vers. 1-5.) The manner. Why in this way? Jericho as a type. The means of victory as a type. The justice and love in the destruction of the Canaanites.

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK JESUS?"

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

Cobbler Hans was as nice a man as there was in the village. That is, he was generally; but now and then Hans would get to the tavern, and the German beer there looked good to him—nasty, bitter stuff though it was—and then his work was neglected, and he was cross to little Gretchen and the kind wife and mother, Mrs. Hans, as the villagers called her, for no one could pronounce that awful last name that Hans wrote on his bills.

One day Hans had been taking beer, and Gretchen, being in his way, was shaken very hard and sent out of the house. Little Annie Prawl found her sobbing in the lane. When Annie tried to comfort her, Gretchen told how strangely her father acted at times. How he almost fell on the stove one day, and one night fell flat in the ditch.

"Why, it's like the man father read about that Jesus cured," said little Annie.

"What was the matter with him?" asked Gretchen, drying her eyes.

"He had a devil."

"Well, I asked mother last month what made father act so, and she said, 'It's the devil gets in him, dear.'"

"Well, then, Jesus can cure him."

"But He isn't here now," said Gretchen doubtfully.

"Oh! He'll do anything He's asked to do just the same. But," and Annie's voice was less confident, "I s'pose your father's so old he ought to ask himself."

Gretchen had no answer to this. She was older than Annie—old enough to have a dim idea that her father would not help himself, though she had not a suspicion that her father drank.

"I wish he would ask. It's dreadful to have him so; and he's worse each time."

Annie could offer no comfort beyond a loving kiss and an offer to "play house," with Henrietta Sophia Amelia, her darling dolly, as baby. The children played for an hour very happily, till the nurse came to call little Annie to lunch, when she parted from Gretchen with the whispered words "Let us ask Jesus anyway."

That night beside two little beds two little children prayed for that man who was indeed "possessed of a devil," for the love of liquor is a real devil within a man, only to be cast out by Jesus himself. The loving Jesus heard the children's prayers and put into little Annie's heart an idea that set her to work the next day.

"See, mamma," she said, after having dressed "H. S. A.," as her big brother called her dolly, with extra care. "See, Henrietta only needs a nice pair of shoes and then she's ready for the summer—just like you told Aunt Mary I was. Can I go to Cobbler Hans and get him to make Henrietta some shoes?"

"Oh! very well," said kind mamma, "if he will make them you can have them. It is a pleasant walk, at any rate."

Off ran Annie. She did not want to see Gretchen just then, and was glad to see her far off in a field picking cresses. The little girl's heart beat as she knocked at the big man's door. He opened it himself and looked very kind and amused as he knelt to measure dolly's foot.

"I'll make her a pair, and I'll make a pair for my own little one too, miss. I was sharp to her yesterday," he added half to himself.

"Oh! it was that devil made you cross," said Annie. "Why don't you ask Jesus to take him out?"

Hans raised his eyes and looked sharply at the little girl. What did she know! But the child looked so sweet and innocent that he could not think she knew he had been drunk!

"Why don't you?" repeated Annie very earnestly; "and I'll ask Him, and Gretchen. She loves you so, and says you are so good only when you have those fits. You know the man's son used to be 'cast into the water and into the fire,' and Jesus cured him."

And then the little girl walked home, rather discouraged, for Hans would not answer her, and she had no one to play with, and was not sure she had done a wise thing after all.

"Why don't you ask Jesus to take him out?" The words sounded in Hans' ears all day; he could not forget them.

"The little one said true enough; it is a devil, this love of liquor. Beer is as bad as whiskey, if one drinks too much, and each glass calls for its mate. But I can't stop it. I've tried so often. I'll be sure to go off again."

"Why don't you ask Jesus?" Again and again Hans heard the question, till at last, humbled and yet hopeful, he did ask—did cry out for help against the devil, and Jesus cured and delivered.

Annie has never known how her words took effect, but her mother heard the story, six months after, of the little girl's visit to Hans, and she has wrapped up among her treasures the little doll's shoes that Hans made for little Annie.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Hook one day walking in the Strand with a friend had his attention directed to a very pompous gentleman, who strutted along as if the street was his own. Instantly leaving his companion, Hook went up to the stranger and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but pray, may I ask, are you anybody in particular?" Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply, Hook passed on.