

nerves with alcohol. If you do you will have to increase the fuel constantly in order to increase the effect. Solid food and sound are all you require. Even as a tonic medicine, wine and Bourbon may cover up a great deal; they *cure but very little*. Several friends I have known to be decoyed by them into drunkenness and disgrace.

(2.) Therein lies a second reason for avoiding all intoxicants. They are deceitful. Not only the sting of the serpent, but the subtlety of the serpent is in them. The deception lies in the fact that the *habit* of drinking will become confirmed before you suspect it. That young man who came into my study so tortured with the adder's bite never dreamed at the outset that he was playing with a rattlesnake. Every alcoholic drink has in it this quality, that it never satisfies, but awakens a constant demand for more. A small glass creates a thirst for a larger; one draught only whets the appetite for a second. This is not the case with any wholesome food or beverage. Bread and beef do not exceed one excess; one glass of milk does not arouse a morbid thirst for two the next time. But this horse-leech quality in alcohol, which cries "give, give," and is never satisfied, is the very thing that makes them so dangerous. This it is which makes it so difficult to drink wine or brandy moderately and so easy to fall into drunkenness. A healthful beverage satisfies appetite; a hurtful one, like wine or brandy, stimulates appetite until it becomes an uncontrollable frenzy. This I regard as the Creator's *law against alcohol*; and when you take your first social glass, you begin to play with a deadly serpent.

You may say: "Every one who drinks liquor does not become a sot." Very true; but every sot drinks liquors; and not one in a million ever expected to become a sot when he began with his champagne or his "sherry cobbler." Will you run the risk? I would not. The two reasons why I am a teetotaler are, that I dare not trust myself, and I dare not tempt others by my example. The most deplorable wrecks are those of men or women who at the outset considered themselves perfectly strong and invulnerable. Nothing from the pen of Dickens can surpass a heartrending letter which I received from a cultured gentleman (then in an almshouse) who declared that he traced all the misery of his life to the "first glass he ever drank at the N— House in the capital of Ohio." First glasses have peopled hell! With whatever "odds" in your favor, will you run the fearful hazard? Then stop before you begin?

A third reason why alcoholic drinks are dangerous is that it is the peculiar property of alcohol to strike directly to the *brain*. Some drugs have an affinity for the heart; others for the spine. You might as well put the pistol to your brain and make swift, sure work with it as to poison your brain by the slower and equally deadly process of the bottle. Ninety-nine hundredths of all the suicides in the land began with a thoughtless glass. Stop, my friend, before you begin!

All intoxicating drinks are more dangerous in this country than in almost any other, from the nervous temperament of our people. Our climate is stimulating, and American life, in almost every direction, runs at a high rate of speed. Youth is commonly stronger at the engine than at the brakes. This is pre-eminently true of our young men. One unanswerable proof of the difficulty of stopping the drink-habit is found in the fact that so very few are actually reformed. Not one-tenth of those who enslave themselves to the bottle ever break loose, even though they cry out in their sober moments: "Would to God that I might never taste another drop!" There was a touching pathos in the speech of one of our "boys in blue" to the police magistrate after he was arrested for drunkenness. He held up a whisky flask and said: "Your honor, the only enemy that ever conquered me is *that*." Yet he admitted that enemy himself, and could not dislodge it.

I might multiply arguments in favor of total abstinence as the only certain safeguard. The grace of God is powerless if you voluntarily yield to temptation. It is a defiance to the Almighty for you to leap into the rapids and expect him to save you from the cataract. No small part of my own life has been spent in bootless efforts to save those who were in the swift and treacherous current. The remainder of it shall be spent in endeavoring to prevent young men from embarking on the stream which is all music and mirth at the starting point and all death and damnation at the bottom. Tons of arguments and appeals have been printed on this vital question, "How to save young men from strong drink," but they may all be condensed into one line.—*Stop before you begin!*

—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

For Girls and Boys.

BOY WANTED.

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy. As many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were very anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a fellow to run errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run errands. John Simmons found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all that forenoon at pleasant enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow he rather enjoyed the place. It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want you to have put in order. It stands in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long, deep box, I should think it was!" he said to himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh almost a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old screws and pieces of iron, and broken keys and things; rubbish, the whole of it! Nothing worth touching, and it is dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides; how the wind blows in through these knot holes! There's a mouse! If there's anything I hate, it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work." Whereupon John bounded down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window, half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put the box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly, it was the nails and things that I wanted put in order; did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing, besides, I thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told."

But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to go down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing up for your rights. Precisely at six o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work, and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions; indeed, he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door. The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the unfortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them; he was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold, he was sent to the attic to put a long box in order. He was not afraid of the mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over the box; nothing in it worth attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down stairs with this message:

"Here's all that is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the post office.

What do you think? by the close of the next day, Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother: "He said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long