

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF  
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

How he wrestled with the prince of the power of the air in his quiet study will never be known until the day when all things are revealed; but that he did so wrestle, I am as certain as that he was utterly vanquished in the fight. There are those living at this day who can witness to the evidences he bore of that parlor struggle in his harassed and careworn face. During those last clouded weeks of his Netherborough career, he could never rid himself of the picture of poor Smart. The whole sad scene was burnt in upon his heart and brain. Many a time he would return from a weary, heartless service which was no balm to him, but gall and bitterness, as he did on the night of poor Smart's fall, to enter his study, lock the door, fling himself on his couch, and groan aloud.

Then he would beat the sofa on which he lay, face downward, with his clenched hand, and sigh and groan and weep hot tears in the bitterness of his soul. Then, worn, weary, spent, despairful—then what? A glass or two of spirits from the decanter, which was kept so handy, and he was able to 'pull himself together' again, and attempt life's duties, duties which had been a sacred delight, but which were now—O, the slavery of it!—a heart-break to him; a doleful, mechanical grinding at the mill!

One Sunday night, Mr. Norwood Hayes came to fetch him to the house of God, for it was very late. He had to force the door of his study, and there, seated at his table, with his head lying on the table, was the pastor, helplessly asleep and drunk.

Mr. Hayes explained to the gathered congregation—it was significantly small—that the pastor was too ill to conduct the service, and, therefore, that none could be held. He could have conducted it himself; there were others present who could have done the same; but he knew, they knew, what the pastor's illness meant, and fitly enough, silence best befitted the place and time.

Poor Dunwell! From that sad day the course of this servant of God was one of swift decline. He speedily sank out of sight, and was at length whelmed in the surging deep. Some sorrowed over him, pitied him, loved him still; some sternly condemned him, and protested against the weakness of will that slid him down to ruin; and some, ay, many, made him the topic of pot-house conversation, made fun of that 'drunken parson,' and laughed at and cursed 'religion' and 'Christianity,' and once more crucified the loving, the holy, and the beautiful Christ!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

As is, alas, too common with country congregationalism, the church once without a pastor must have remained without one indefinitely, and would have done so doubtless, had it not been for Aaron Brigham. As it was, they had supply after supply, and each preacher knew that he was practically preaching a trial sermon, and did his best, but the church, perhaps prostrated by the sad event that had led to the old pastor's retirement, more probably, judging from the general course of events in such cases, prostrate with apathy, could not make up its mind to invite any of them. The objections to many of them were weak, but as there was not much enthusiasm in favor of any given supply, they were strong enough to prevent a call.

Our old friend, Aaron Brigham, did not

usually interfere much in matters of church government, but the sad mishaps I have chronicled had stirred the old man to the depths, and partly influenced by the shilly-shallying which seemed about to doom the church to go pastorless through time, partly in hopes of getting some earnest leader for the sadly-wrecked temperance work in place of Walter Bardsley, he made up his mind that some minister should be asked to preach who would speak to the people with no uncertain sound on the sin of intemperance, the perils of strong drink, and the duty of the church in the matter. It was at a church meeting that the good old man delivered his mind upon the subject.

'Why don't yo' ax somebody te cum an' preach that'll tell us all wer duty to wer neighbor. There isn't a week i' t' year, nor a day i' t' week, that Netherborough isn't disgraced wi' what gans on i' the public-houses, an' them outside on 'em, let alocan t' mischief that's done i' fook's houses. Ah tell yo' wer chotchyard is gettin' fair glutted wi' them 'at's fallen through strang drink, and there's nowt but weepin' an' sorrowin', an' rags an' misery whereivver the ugly thing finds hoose-room. Ah sud think 'at this chotch, at any rate, hes cause te wakken up on this subject. We've lost yan o' the finest men that God ever called te preach the Gospel o' love an' marey, an' if we ho'd were voice aboot, the varry steecans 'll cry out ageean us. Ah's sorry te ha' te speak so warmly, but Ah can't an' Ah weean't be still. Iniquity and misery run down wer streets like watter, an' meeast on it coomes oot o' t' bottle and barrel, an' if the Lord's chotch dizzn't set aboot puttin' a stop te it, Ah tell yo' what, the Lord 'll seean put a stop te it. Ah propooase tha we hev a temperance minister, an' let's ask him to tell us all that's in his heart aboot the evil sperrit tha's robbin' the Lord of His own bairns, an' thrustin' 'em oot into darkness an' the grave, an' sendin' 'em to hell straight from the varry hoose o' God. Ma poor awd heead is bowed don wi' sheeame, an' me heart's a'most brokken te see wer members racin' te ruin, an' helpin' other fook's te ruin an' all.'

The old man spoke with such fervor and feeling that the meeting was deeply impressed. Jeannie Bardsley rose up instantly to second the motion. Mr. Norwood Hayes made some slight attempt to throw cold water on the proposal, little thinking of the shock that was in store for him. This brought the kindly soul to her feet again. A rush of feeling came to her aid—

'To-day,' said she, 'I've been to the churchyard to weep, as I have wept before, by the grave of my buried love; and oh, how many graves there are all round him of those whom I know were slain by strong drink! I look on that empty pulpit, and I can scarce speak for the choking in my throat. There's scarce a house in Netherborough that hasn't a dark shadow on the hearthstone made by drink. Oh, it does seem to me that the town is being filled with lamentation, mourning, and woe. Where are the young men gone who were with us in church communion? You'll find some of them at this moment at the bar of the "Dragon," or the taproom of the "Netherborough Arms." Something must be done, and that right quicky, or the judgment of God, which has smitten us so heavily, will smite us again. eLt us stand up and entreat the Lord that this plague may be stayed.'

smite us again. Let us stand up and en-

passioned appeal, hid her face in her hands, and wept.

Seated in a pew a little way behind his sister sat Walter Bardsley and his young wife. It is not very long since these two were married, but it has been long enough to take the roses out of the cheeks of one and transfer them in parody to those of the other, for Walter Bardsley was on a genuine down grade, and the young wife was reaping in fear and sorrow some earnestness of the harvest she went a-sowing on her bridal morn.

As soon as his sister ceased speaking, Walter sprang to his feet, and said loudly and impulsively, as if he feared the impulse would pass off—

'I, too, desire to support the motion. There was a time, not so long back, when I could gladly have led such a movement myself, and found a righteous joy in pushing it to an issue. As it is,—and the very spirit of despair seemed to inspire his words,—I myself am being pushed to an issue by the devil, who has had home and shelter in our church long enough. What the climax will be I dare not think. Would to God I had never—'

He had spoken hotly and hastily—had spoken as though each word was a whip with which he was lashing himself. Suddenly he remembered that at every word, with tenfold force, he was also lashing the trembling woman at his side. He loved her dearly; so he said no more, but left his seat and silently retired. Poor Walter! Heart and mind and conscience were all alive and quick within him—all the more forceful that he had knowingly silenced their voice with wine.

(To be Continued.)

### PROUD OF HIS CAMERA.

The following letter needs but little explanation. It is from one of our earliest and best 'Pictorial' agents, whose picture was in the 'Canadian Pictorial' for January, and who knows how to keep hold of a good thing:

L., Ont., July 20, 1907.

Dear Sirs,—I received the camera last night, and I am highly delighted with it. I must say that I can recommend it to any boy or girl as a splendid prize—a prize which the owner will be proud of, and also it is no toy. Please send me three dozen August numbers.

Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
WM. MOULTON.

Any boy reader of this advertisement—or any girl, either,—who wants a neat, little camera, needs only to sell EIGHTEEN copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents each, remitting us the money, and the camera is theirs—a No. 1 size taking a picture 2¼ in. x 2¼ in. snap shot or time. Sell FIVE more to get a film roll of six exposures. Full instructions with every camera—and further supplies may be obtained on same basis.

If you want a larger and better camera, a No. 2 size, taking pictures 2¼ x 3¼, you have only to sell THIRTY-SIX 'Pictorials' instead of EIGHTEEN as above, and the camera is yours. Film rolls for larger camera same price as for small.

Other premiums:—Fine Jack-Knife, a Fountain Pen, Watch and Chain, on easiest possible terms.

We trust you with twelve to start your sales on. Send in postcard at once for supply of current issue and full particulars. All orders promptly attended to. This offer is not good for Montreal or suburbs, but for anywhere else in Canada.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'