



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 8.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1881.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid

JUST FOR ONCE.

The boys were very thirsty, hot and tired, and there was no cottage or farm-house near, where they could ask for a glass of water or milk, and to be allowed to rest and shelter for a little while from the heat of a mid-day sun. To be sure, they were out for a day's pleasure, and should have counted the cost, or else have provided themselves before starting with refreshments. But drinkables weigh heavy, and so their mutton-pies and hunches of bread and cheese had been thrust into their pockets, with the thought, "Surely we can get a draught of water anywhere." The anywhere, however, was an empty dream just when most wanted, or only represented by a small wayside inn, which, accordingly, offered seductions such as had never been felt before by either of our two friends—Joe Morris and Robert Slater. They were steady, well brought-up lads, and had never entered a public house in their lives. Their parents had been cautious to keep them out of the way of temptation, and had never sent them for beer or spirits, in the thoughtless fashion that so many fathers and mothers send their children, scarcely thinking of the harm it may lead to. So the boys stood in doubt before the swinging sign of the Red Lion.

"A glass of ale could do one no harm just for once," said Joe. "String us up for the rest of the walk—we've a long pull before us yet."

"Well, no," hesitated Robert, "may be not; only I'd a deal rather have a good drink of water; but I suppose we could hardly ask for that here—eh?"

"Of course not; and that's what makes me think of the beer. I say, shall we try?"

"Well, I'm that parched, I could drink poison almost. Only they do say as it makes you awful dizzy when you're not used to it. Shall we see if they haven't got ginger-beer?"

"Aye, to be sure, that's a good thought now," agreed Joe, who by no means desired the ale more than any other cool drink "Ginger-beer's prime. Only suppose as they have none."

The supposition was unfortunately true and the landlord pressed his ale as of first-rate quality and worth all the sweet trash in the world. Fine young fellows like his two would-be customers ought to be long past such child's stuff as ginger-beer. There seemed no retreat. It was not alone the temptation of something—let it be what it might—to drink, but the host's words and manner that decided the matter, and two glasses of beer were ordered. Joe drank off his "like a man," to quote the landlord's expression; but Robert sipped and sipped in uncertainty. What if the strong beverage should get into his head and make him stupid

and silly. Should he ever recover his self-respect, or be able to face his mother, after such a result; let alone the thought of how he could kneel down at night to say his prayers, with the new stain upon his conscience? Better a score of times be thirsty and uncomfortable for an hour or so, and even face the ridicule of his host, than permit the possibility of such folly. It cost him an effort to carry out his resolution; but what

was in no hurry to be gone. Besides he was flattered by being thought manly; and so it was not without an eye to his host's opinion that he said waggishly:—

"Oh, there's no call to fluster one's self so. And I think I may as well finish your leavings for you;"—stretching out his hand toward the half-filled goblet.

"That you sha'n't," said Robert, gaining in determination at the sight of his friend's

he was touched by a sense of right, and secretly admired Robert's bravery? Who may say? Oftener than we dream, perhaps, a right action wins approval from the most perverted. Joe affected a little anger at Robert's proceeding when the two were once more on their way.

"I'm not going to let you serve me in this fashion, I can tell you," he began. "You are not going to make a fool of me before folks just when you choose."

"You'd 'a been making a fool of yourself fast enough, if I'd let you," was the prompt reply. "I say, Joe, lad, you and I aren't going to quarrel over a matter like this. You know I'm right; I can see that plain enough. Why, isn't it reason that there's harm in it when one can't stop one's self easy like, but has to let another snatch the temptation from one? If you'd finished my glass, next you'd have been wanting another, and what 'ud have been the end of it? Who knows but you might 'a finished off by turning a reg'lar drunkard, like old Simons? Why, I couldn't stand by and let you risk that, could I?"

The reasoning seemed unanswerable to the candid mind of Joe Morris, and he clapped his friend on the shoulder with a hearty:—

"You're right, old chap, and I owe you no grudge. You've more pluck than me; that's about it. That fellow goaded me on; that, and being so dry. But I won't be so easy got over again, I promise you. And look you"—with a laugh—"when we get the chance of a drink of good water, it's you as shall have the first pull."

The chance came presently, and was eagerly caught at by both lads.

"No need to say just for once now," sagely remarked Joe, as he took breath after the first long, refreshing draught; "eh, old fellow?"

"No," was the cordial response. "We won't put our necks in a noose, will we, any more?"

"Me partic'lar," said Joe, humbly; "I've not your pluck to draw back and stand a laugh. As our teacher would say,—'No good to pray, Lead us not into temptation, and then run straight into it with one's eyes wide open.'"—*The Adviser.*



act of self-denial was ever yet accomplished without an effort?

"I'll leave the rest; I don't want any more," he said, flushing up under the landlord's derisive laugh. "Come along, Joe; it's time we were off."

But Joe, whose thirst was not yet satisfied, and on whom the one glass had already exercised its too frequent effect—a desire for more,

danger; and he caught up the glass, and, running to the door, emptied the contents on to the road. "Come, there's a good fellow, we've paid, so there's no call to linger."

Joe, taken by surprise, and fully sensible, too, of the other's wisdom, yielded at once, and with only a hasty, shame-faced "Good-day, sir," to his tempter, who, strangely enough, did not repeat his laugh. Was it that

THE "GRIMSBY NEWS" SAYS:—"It will be interesting to many to know that General Roberts, who has been doing such great things in Afghanistan, is a staunch teetotaler. It is a good omen for the future of the army when generals so popular and so able as Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Frederick Roberts are so strong with their advocacy and their practice of temperance. The moral influence of such men must be very great in the army and in the country."