

city houses, and during my city life kept entirely from it. The terrors of a drunkard's life and doom have been placed before me ad nauseam, and the wildest fancy could not picture me a drunkard. Then, I am a prohibitionist; and could not under any circumstances, engage in the traffic. Why, only the other day I refused what would have been a most profitable agency, none other than Gilbey's. So, you see, my dear auntie, that I have not by any means forgotten my early lessons, and you have not, like the prophet, "labored in vain and spent your strength for naught." But, after all said and done, I don't think that even you can gainsay that a glass of wine is a great comfort. I call it my wife's comforter.*

"Alas, my dear boy," I replied, shaking my head, "I very much fear that you have entirely missed one of the most important of your lessons, the delusiveness of alcohol in the form of wine, especially in respect to the use you make of it. You feel worried, irritable, and depressed, and I doubt not the pleasurable feeling the wine excites as you toss off a glass or two is a certain comfort to you at the time, but remember how costly it always proves."

"Oh, as to the cost," he laughed, "I never pay more than thirty-six shillings a dozen at the outside, and I think I can stand that."

"You are evading the point at issue, John," I replied, somewhat severely, "and know very well that the cost per dozen was not in my thought; much or little, that to me is perfectly immaterial, for without the least inconvenience you can draw a cheque and settle your wine merchant's account immediately it is presented, but the account which nature has against you for every glass of wine you take cannot be so easily written off. When the pleasurable feeling caused by your comforter is exhausted you have to pay for it with increased irritation and depression. You are yourself an illustration of the truth declared by Solomon when he said, "Wine is a mocker." Notwithstanding all your Band of Hope experience it has succeeded in mocking, deceiving, and cheating you, as it does everyone who takes it."

"Still, the glass of wine is a comfort, auntie, and if nature sends in her bill I must pay up, but at present she has not troubled me in the slightest, and the comfort is so great that I am willing to pay something for it."

"It is all a delusion, my dear John; both the comfort you speak of and your view of nature as being such an easy creditor, and that delusion may spread until you are entirely possessed by it, and have been led to look upon strong drinks as good, and your Band of Hope teaching as altogether false."

"Never that, auntie," he replied, with emphasis. "I think you take a too serious view of the matter. Now, if there were any grounds to fear, that I should overstep the bounds of moderation there would be some reason in your talk, but as it is you appear to me rather unreasonable."

"John, I am disappointed in you."

"I felt I could hardly trust myself to say more, and at that moment he had to return to the shop, and our conversation was thereby cut short."

Yes, I was disappointed in John; that was just my feeling. It was not that I had any great fear as to his future, for he was by no means of a weak nature, not at all the kind of man likely to give way to his appetite or be led astray by convivial companions. Of course, we know that no man is ever perfectly safe who takes the drink, for even the wisest and strongest have been overcome unawares, so delusive and insidious is

wine, especially when, "it moveth itself aright and giveth its color in the cup." I have learned to dread the "mocker," more since than I did at the time of which I am writing. I could not then, grieved as I felt, bring myself to believe that my John could be in any real danger on account of the wine which he occasionally took. My sore disappointment arose from the feeling that he had gone over to the enemy. From henceforth his influence would be on the side of the drink, and though he might never be an aggressive foe to temperance, yet foe he must be, since in the temperance warfare "he that is not with us is against us." I think he was perfectly sincere in refusing a wine and spirit agency, at the same time I had a feeling that while he himself was a drinker, of however moderate a type, he must necessarily be regarded as being engaged in the trade as a buyer if not as a seller. It seemed to me that when the sight of the wine bottle in his hand brought the knowledge that he was no longer an abstainer a great gulf rose between us, and John Sinclair could never be to me in the future what he had been in the past. He was none the less dear to me as his mother's son, but he was not the same John.

Although my visit lasted for two or three weeks longer the subject of our conversation did not come up between us again, but John could see that it was often in my mind. He did say when wishing me good bye, "Don't worry yourself too much over that drop of wine, auntie dear. You need not fear me. I shall be all right."

"I pray God you may be," said I fervently, and with that we parted.

I occasionally received a letter from the Sinclairs, always couched in kind and affectionate terms, with inquiries as to when I could again visit them. And so the months passed on. One day I was much startled at receiving the following telegram:

"John has met with an accident. Please come."

In less than an hour I was on my way to Boreham. Riding in an omnibus from the station I heard two gentlemen talking of the accident and learned from them that John had been thrown from his horse.

I found the dear boy in a critical condition, but medical skill and careful nursing saved him, and in time he became convalescent.

We were talking one day about the accident when John said:

"No one suspects the real cause, unless it is yourself, auntie; but had I not interviewed my wife's comforter before mounting the accident would not have happened. What do you think of that, Annie, love?" to his wife, "not that I attach the slightest blame to you, darling."

"But I am nowise free from blame, John, dear, and a comforter that has nearly cost me my husband is one too expensive for me to keep in the house. What do you say, love?"

"As you have spoken, so be it, love."

I said nothing, but I could see that John had come back from the enemy, and his wife with him.—Aunt Jane, in *Temperance Record*.

The Wrong Side of Temper.

A story is told of a small boy who was in the habit of getting up in the morning, wrong side to, as his older brother expressed it, and beginning the day by finding fault with everything, and fretting over whatever came in his way.

One morning, after he had been unusually aggravating, his mother sent him to his room, with orders to remove every article

of his clothing, turn it wrong side out, put it on and come downstairs.

She waited a reasonable length of time, and as her son did not make his appearance, she went up to see what was the matter. She found him standing before the mirror, a picture of despair and disgust. His clothes were wrong side out, and there were seams and ravelings, raw edges and frizzles and incongruities galore. In a voice, pitched between tears and temper, he exclaimed: "Oh, mother, it is dreadful! Can't I put them on right?"

"Yes," was the reply, "if you will put your temper on right side out and promise to wear it that way; but, remember, if you forget, and turn your temper wrong side out, you must wear your clothes to match."

The youngster quickly restored the normal condition of his wardrobe, and left his room a wiser lad than when he entered it.

We are sometimes inclined to regret that it is not possible to take some of the full-grown and foolish children of this world and put them through some such salutary discipline as this small boy was subjected to. Now and again one meets a person with a steady, quiet, well-groomed, well-managed temper and temperament, a person whose very presence is restful, whose counsel commends itself to our good sense, and whose general deportment is well worth patterning after. But there is a large and flourishing contingent that is irritable, petulant, unreasonable, and ever ready to turn the wrong side of the temper outermost. It is one of the most difficult of tasks to teach a child self-control. And if the child has not learned it, one may despair of impressing it upon the mind of the adult. An undisciplined nature is an extremely unpleasant thing to come in contact with, even occasionally; but, as a comrade, a dweller under the same roof, it is simply an infliction. It is an annoyance, and may easily become intolerable.

To cultivate a philosophical turn of mind, to educate oneself to accept the ills and cares of life as among the inevitables, to make the best of everything, and to persistently turn the right side and the best side to the world, is, to have found the secret of comfortable living and to be assured of the good will of the circle of which the individual forms a part.—*New York 'Ledger'*.

Three Great Physicians.

(By the Rev. H. Edmund Leigh, M.A.)

A French physician, it is said,

Both erudite and wise,

When laid upon his dying bed,

Did thus a friend advise:

"I know that I am going soon,

My life is at its end!

Three great physicians, wondrous boon!

Instead of me I send.

"The first is Diet, firmly based

On good digestion's laws;

Neglect it, and men spoil their taste,

And certain illness cause.

"Next Exercise to labor joined,

And health by law Divine;

To keep at ease the soul and mind,

Be this physician thine!

"The third is water, which distills,

In dew, and drops of rain,

And flows in countless sparkling rills,

An antidote to pain."

His friend prescribed this nostrum wise,

As sadly he withdrew—

"Take Diet, Water, Exercise,

Or more concisely, D E W."