

THE BALLONST BLACKSMITHS-SHOP.

BY DR. PETER STRYKER.

It was my privilege, recently, to address a large audience in the village of Ballston, on the subject of temperance. The meeting was held under the auspices of the "Reformed Temperance Union," composed of a set of men who somewhat oddly styled themselves "The Bunners."

The history of this new organization is quite remarkable, and of general interest. In relating it, I wish it to be understood that the account is not in the least exaggerated. It illustrates the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," and is another proof of the wonderful grace of God.

The story clusters around a blacksmith's shop, and to this I was conducted by a number of men, who, as if by miracle, had been saved from a drunkard's doom, and are now exerting their influence as reformers.

This shop is situated in the upper part of the village of Ballston. It looks like any other blacksmith's shop, only a little more neat than some. It is quite large, and the indications are that the proprietor does an extensive and profitable business.

Near by this shop resides an industrious mechanic, by the name of Patrick Close. For years this man had been addicted to the use of intoxicants, and the habit of drinking had grown upon him until he became a drunkard. Convinced by the arguments he had heard in the club, he determined to stop. It was near the end of the year, just after Christmas, and just before the new year. So, to use his own language he "knocked off," December 28th, 1880, and has not tasted a drop since.

On the Sabbath, January, 16th, 1881, Mr. Close entered the blacksmith's shop we have referred to, and found the proprietor, Gideon Tripp, and one of his boon companions, Daniel Smith, grossly intoxicated. "You are a couple of nice working men," he said. "If you don't mend your ways you will soon fill drunkards' graves."

They had drunk that day already two gallons of ale, and half a gallon of whiskey, between them.

Tripp said to Close, "Will you give us today to finish up?"

Close replied promptly, "I will."

Then Tripp, bringing his hand violently upon a bench near him, declared, "I will not after to-day drink another drop."

As Smith heard this he arose from the chair in which he was sitting, and asked, "Are you going to leave me out in the cold? If you fellows can stop drinking, so can I." So saying he took a piece of chalk in his hand, and having with some difficulty mounted a table, he wrote upon the wall of the shop, "Daniel Smith, January 16th, 1881." So drunk was the man when he wrote this that his comrades were afraid he would fall and fatally injure himself. But he accomplished the task successfully and safely, and the subscription still stands as legible as the day it was written.

The two men then, according to the agreement, proceeded to take their last drink. How they managed to do it they cannot tell, but they drank that day another gallon of beer.

The next morning Smith came into the shop, and Tripp said to him, "How do you feel?" "First-rate," was the reply. "So do I," said the other. There was a little bravado in this, no doubt, but the men were in earnest. They had passed their word, and meant to ask God to help them daily to keep it.

The three men, Close, Tripp, and Smith, met every evening during that week to strengthen each other in their purpose. When the Sabbath came they took dinner together in the blacksmith's shop, and two other drinking men joined them. The second Sabbath there were eight, the third Sabbath a dozen, the fourth Sabbath sixty. Since then they have every Sabbath to dinner about fifty, each one paying on the previous day his proportion of the expense.

Every Monday evening they have a business meeting. On Thursday evening they hold a public meeting. They have rented a hall, and this is open every evening to all who choose to enter. Some one is always there to take the stranger by the hand. In this hall they now have their weekly dinner. They have purchased a complete set of dishes, and a parlor organ. All this is paid for, and there is money in the treasury. One of the original three said they had spent between them for liquor twenty pounds a month, and they

could easily afford now to give liberally to support temperance. According to their constitution and by-laws, when any one of their number is sick they care for him, if he is thrown out of employment by misfortune they promise to help him, and in the event of his death they will contribute no less than five pounds towards defraying his funeral expenses.

This is a novel society. For some weeks they refused to admit any to membership unless they had been drinking men. They have now on their roll about seventy names, all but eight or ten of whom have been inebriates, and all residing in Ballston. I found upon enquiry that a few of them are church-members, and all are better men morally than they were. They have ceased in a measure if not entirely their profanity as well as their drunkenness, and are starting for a better life.

We see from this narrative how one can influence others, and the power there is in union and method. One man started alone. Perhaps he would have fallen, but he induced two others to follow him, and in instrumentally saving them he saved himself. The three pledged to each other, met together, and cordially invited others to join them—*British Workman*.

SIX LITTLE PIGS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

There was a new servant-girl in the kitchen of the Belmont mansion. She was a very green girl and deplorably careless. One day she boiled the potatoes into mush, and the very next day, when Mrs. Belmont left her sewing hurriedly for a voyage of inspection into the potato-kettle, she lifted the tin cover, found the water boiling furiously, but no potatoes.

"Where are the potatoes, Ann?" she asked of the girl.

"Sure they're in the kettle, mem."

"There isn't a sign of a potato here, and it is the dinner hour this minute."

"Thin they must hev boiled all away. I'm sure they went into the kettle."

"Ah! there they are in the sink. What a careless girl you are, Ann!"

Sure enough the potatoes were reposing coolly in a pan of water in the sink.

Another time, when Ann was told to clean the back-stairs very particularly, the girl was discovered with the hand-basin half full of dirty water, the baby's white castile soap, and a large fruit-napkin.

"What are you doing with those things, Ann?" Mrs. Belmont asked.

"Clanin' the stairs very particklay, as answered Ann, undismayed.

"And do you use fruit-napkins for floor-cloths?"

"When I clane very particklay I do," said stupid Ann.

But I must tell you of the greatest blunder that Ann made. One day Mrs. Belmont was told by a dear friend of hers a story that made her heart quake with fear. The lady's son, a beloved and finely-educated young man, had become thoroughly dissipated. With tears in her eyes she told Mrs. Belmont that she traced her son's downfall to the brandy-peaches which had been eaten from childhood at his own mother's table.

"And my own little boy, only ten, is fond of brandy-peaches, I verily believe, I should not wonder at all if that is what has caused his headache. We have so much company that the peaches have been on the table rather frequently of late; but they'll never be on my table again," Mrs. Belmont said decidedly.

So she began her work of reform by emptying all the brandy-peaches she owned into a pail for refuse.

"I'll not give them away, because then they might set some other mother's boy's feet slipping, but I will throw them away, and then they will do no harm to any one," she said mentally; then aloud to Ann she said:

"Now, Ann, remember to empty this pail into the ash-barrel that is to be carried away, and not into the swill-barrel."

"Yessum," Ann said, paying no attention, as was her usual habit.

So when Ann was ready to empty the peaches she did just what she was told not to do; she emptied them into the swill-barrel, and went back to her work sublimely unconscious that any harm was done. Very soon afterward Jerry, the hired man, fed Dick Belmont's six little pigs with the contents of the swill-barrel.

An hour later little Dick ran into his mother sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Mamma, O mamma!" he cried, "my pigs are dead—my six little precious pigs."

There was a grand rush for the pen. Yes, there lay the six little pigs on their backs. One of them they had intended to kill and roast for the Thanksgiving dinner, when, nicely decked with green, it should lie in state by the side of the big turkey and other good things which always loaded the table on that day. But now that could not be thought of. What a disappointment!

Suddenly a bright thought entered Mrs. Belmont's mind. She ran to the barrel and stirred it at the bottom where she saw some slices of peaches.

"Oh! that stupid, provoking Ann," she said, laughing in spite of her self.

"Was it that horrid Ann that killed my pigs, mamma? Was it?" Dick asked with clenched fist.

The pigs are not dead, Dick, they're drunk—became drunk on brandy-peaches," she answered soberly, for little ten-year-old Ernest came up just then and stood watching and listening. The pigs finally recovered, but lay stupid for a long time.—*Temperance Banner*.

A HOME MADE MAP.

Home-made maps for the Sunday-school have been often mentioned in these columns, but their manner of preparation, and their convenience and advantages, have perhaps never been so well stated as in the following letter from the superintendent of a Philadelphia Baptist Sunday-school. His testimony may prove helpfully suggestive to other workers elsewhere:

I notice in a recent issue a communication from a Minnesota superintendent asking what plan a school should pursue so as to procure the best maps for the least money. I can suggest a plan that I have adopted, which costs but a trifle; yet we have good, plain, large maps, suited to every quarter's lessons. I buy strong buff manilla paper, from three to four feet wide, which can be bought by the roll (or any part of a roll) at from twelve to sixteen cents per pound. I then get the new Scholars' Quarterly as soon as issued. This of course, contains the maps we need for the coming quarter. These maps, as published, average about five by eight inches in size. Then I cut off a piece of the manilla paper, 40 by 64 inches. The small map I divide by pencil lines into squares of one inch, and the large paper into squares of eight inches. I number the pencil lines on both map and paper to correspond, so as to serve me as guides in my copying. With this start any one, pupil or teacher, with any idea at all of drawing, should be able to make a map that will answer every desired purpose for the school; in drawing, I use a blue crayon pencil (in wood) for all outlines on the sea-coast, and for all rivers and lakes; red crayon for boundary lines of countries, and black pencil, or crayon for mountains. Cities are indicated by red wafers, or circles of red paper. To show Paul's missionary journeys, I use yellow string for the first, red for the second, and blue for the third journey. The strings can be fastened at Antioch with mucilage, and then stretched from city to city over the whole route. The strings can be removed whenever the map is used for other lessons. By drawing a few such maps, say three or four, we obtain enough for all lessons. We are now using maps that were drawn during the previous seven years' course of the International lessons. I prefer these to the published maps, as they are not filled with countless mountains and cities that are never referred to in any of the lessons, and new places can be located as they are needed in our study. These maps, counting paper and crayon, will not cost ten cents each. This method can also be used in making large plans of the city of Jerusalem, with its surrounding valleys and hills, of the ground plan of the temple and its courts, both of which we have in use, having drawn them from very small plans given in last year's quarterlies. You will probably think I am partial to manilla paper. Well, I will confess I am, and I hardly know how a superintendent can get along without it. I would advise every superintendent to buy a small roll of it, and I can assure him that the possession of it will suggest many useful purposes to which it can be applied.—*S. S. Times*.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

April 27.—1 Cor. 8, 1-13.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Knowledge without love. Phillips Brooks develops the thought of Solomon, "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Man is like the candle lighted by the Spirit of God, radiating the glory of God's nature, and itself glorified by the divine fire.—But some men are unlighted candles. What shall we make of some men rich in attainments, well-educated, well behaved, and who, now that his training is complete, stands in the midst of his fellow-men completely dark and helpless? There are plenty of such men. They build themselves for influence, but no one feels them. No light comes. They die, and the world is no darker for their absence. What does it mean? They are unlighted candles. They are the spirit of men elaborated, cultivated, finished to the priest, but lacking the last touch of God—silver lamps wrought with wondrous skill, all filled with rarest oil, but untouched with fire. Others are like a candle lighted from the pit. A nature furnished richly to the very brim, a man of knowledge, of art, of skill, of thought, and yet profane, impure, worldly, scattering scepticism of all good and truth about him where ever he may go. He is no unlighted candle, but lighted at the yellow flames that burn out of the dreadful brimstone of the pit.—*Sermon by Phillips Brooks*.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

From this Scripture a very practical lesson can be taught, and one much needed, on how the strong should treat the weak. (1) A question of right and wrong (ver. 1). Set out the circumstances very clearly and vividly. (2) Knowledge versus love, as a basis of settlement. (vers. 1-4). Show how love is essential to the best knowledge and the best use of it, and the dangers of thinking we are superior to others. (3) Duties versus rights,—the question answered (vers. 4-13). Paul's answer in ver. 13, and in 1 Cor. 10: 19-31, and the four reasons for his course. (4) Practical applications to the circumstances and needs of the scholars.

PRINCESS ALICE'S VIEWS.

The Princess Alice of England was a high-minded and practical woman, with a warm heart and much good sense. She was especially wise in the training of her children, as her "Memoirs" testify.

"You are indeed right in saying," she once wrote to her mother, Queen Victoria, "what a mistake parents make in bringing up their daughters with the sole practical object of marrying them off. It seems that this is the leading characteristic of English education among the upper classes. It shall be my endeavor to bring up my girls in such a way that they shall not regard marriage as the one thing needful in their future and that they may feel themselves equal to employing their lives just as usefully in other directions. Marriage for marriage's sake is surely the greatest error a woman can commit. I never forget anything you tell me; and, as you say, nothing is more disadvantageous to children than to make too much of them. They ought to be unselfish, unspoiled, and easily satisfied. Up to the present this is the case with mine. That they occupy a more salient position in my life than is often the case in families of our rank is simply because I have never been able to employ persons enough of a responsible kind to look after them; upon this account certain things remain undone, unless I do them myself—and the children would suffer were they not done. I certainly do not belong by nature to the class of women who are wives *avant tout*; but circumstances have compelled me to be a mother in the true meaning of the word, and I had to school myself to it, I assure you, many small self-sacrifices proving unavoidable. But child worship, or having one's children always about one without intermission, is by no means the right thing; and women are intolerable who continually talk about their own children. I hope I am free from these faults—at least, I try to be so; for I agree with every word you say, and so did Louis, when I read him your letter."

"I cannot make said a schoolmaster a fairy tale or an seem as if the p lived and walk do."

Many other faculty, especially for the country, and their em we cannot imagine er Peter dressed hence they seem I have thought m I came to Athens Apostle Paul was the first time I the Apostle Paul was walking who seeing sights h "one touch of world kin," so scription of him his first letter whom he had be sent to Athens f as longing for h day praying ex their fees, desir them that, when he sent Timothe them, thinking i a season, if by t sooner, he beca our own and a

And, anxious where he did, I the particulars first: "Therefo gogue with the persons and in that met with memory of the but the place o a lasting memo and Augustus with the attitude Athenians at t themselves, we lighted by the city that they n grants of money citizens employi a magnificent gateway at the market or A Greeks call it. way was a sor porch or portio the front row of with the marbl or roof, and o the second ro standing.

Of course, I w to this interesti I stood looking inscription who face of the marbl upon the pe black and dim action of the years that have it, the sun beo vivid characters word in the KAISEROS, G name which, fro power the first into himself, b be a synonym f the Emperor Germany beig all know, called William, and in form of Czar it designation of f

So this beaut its pristine magi looked upon it. thly around it tion, but the p and the more r seems that lone frequented I r shall I passed of red checks han lemons, pomgra dates, cocoanut then stalls of v cheese in great hardly conjec next stalls wer a red paste of d which, mixed v