

and degraded? J. Fenimore Cooper says: "I came to Europe under the impression that there was more drunkenness among us (Americans) than in any other country. A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely. I have taken unbelievers about Paris, and always convinced them in one walk. I have been more struck by drunkenness in the streets of Paris than in those of London."

The Hon. J. M. Usher, who was American Commissioner in Paris, says:—"The drinking habit runs through every phase of society. I have seen more people drunk here than ever I saw in Boston for the same length of time." The Count de Montalembert says:—"Where there is a winery, there are the elements of disease, and the fruitful source of all that is at enmity with the interest of the workman." And M. Jules Simon says:—"Women rival the men in drunkenness."

What then becomes of the much paraded idea that cheap wine would be a remedy for drunkenness? The only element in either wine or beer which produces intoxication, is alcohol. Of this wine is said to contain from nine to twenty-three per cent., while beer has only from five to twelve per cent.

P. TOCQUE.

Family Reading.

IN MEMORIAM.—MISS MARGARET A. GRIER.

1880.

Air perfumes and brightness;
Sweet flowers and lightness.
There is joy that is full,
And affection most true,
And households unbroken,
With love all unspoken.
The earth is all bright,
And hearts are all light;
There are birds that are singing,
And church bells that are ringing,
And sweet maidens sing in the village church choir,
And sweet-voiced their leader, so lovely and fair.

1888.

Deep darkness unscattered,
Fond friendships are shattered,
And households are broken
With grief all unspoken,
And earth is all drear,
And hearts sad and sore.
Mute the sounds of birds singing,
And bells toll that were ringing,
Still the sweet maidens sing in the village church
choir; and their leader, so lovely and fair,
Yet now locked in death's arms is their leader so fair.

BEYOND.

There are bright flowers unfading,
And air incense laden;
There are harps all of gold,
And joys all untold,
And households unbroken,
With love all unspoken,
And Heaven is bright,
And hearts are all light,
There are good angels singing,
And Heaven's bells ringing,
And sweet maidens sing in Heaven's great choir;
And the voice of our leader forever is there.

C. MILLS.

THE CHURCH FESTIVAL.

The following turn-out of a "festival" enterprise is reported in the *Christian at Work*: When the proceeds were counted it was found that the net gain in cash was about \$25, which was paid over to the pastor to apply on his salary. But the pastor kept a private account of the affair. No doubt more than three-fourths of the receipts of the festival came out of the pockets of the church members; and other items not usually taken into the account are the following:

CASH ACCOUNT NOT REPORTED BY THE "FINANCIAL" COMMITTEE.	
20 cakes (donated), at 75c.....	\$15 00
80 quarts strawberries (donated), at 15c.....	4 50
Sugar (bought).....	1 50
Labor of 15 women two days.....	22 50
Other labor (donated).....	5 00
Total.....	\$48 50

MORAL ACCOUNT.

Two ladies' prayer meetings lost.
Two church prayer-meetings greatly disturbed.
One teacher's meeting lost.
One Sunday service injured.

Every merchant in town bored by church beggars. Nearly all the members of the church and congregation more or less excited and angered by a useless discussion.

Eight women so excited and angered as to make them unhappy for a long time.

Two women, 'sisters' in the church, so 'put out' with each other that they were not on speaking terms for several weeks.

The pastor greatly grieved and mortified by various occurrences in connection with the festival.

HEALTH ACCOUNT.

Twenty women and girls more wearied by the festival work than by a whole week of ordinary duty at home.

Five women take severe colds.

Two children made very sick by overheating and late hours.

One infant takes a severe cold, and nearly dies with the croup, making much trouble and expense to the parents.

Now, when any one hints that we ought to have a festival to raise money for the pastor, he responds at once by offering to give the church credit for the amount expected from the festival, and not have the festival. Of course our church has gone out of the festival business.

A LIFEBOAT EPISODE.

One stormy night, when the sea was mountains high and the wind blew a perfect gale, a large vessel was seen making for the shore. It was a dangerous coast, and there was no safe landing place in such a gale, therefore she fired guns as signals of distress. Directly they were heard James Anderson, the mate of the lifeboat, said, "Hark! We must man the lifeboat. A ship is in distress, I must go and call the crew."

So he went around to the various homes. One of the men, named Ben Davis, he found at supper with his wife and little ones.

"Well, Ben! Did you hear the gun? A ship is in distress in the offing. Come, let us man the lifeboat and see what we can do."

"Oh, don't go, Ben!" pleaded his wife. "What can you do in such a gale? Sure enough I am sorry for them, but then you see if you get drowned what is to happen to me and all these children? There be five of them to feed. You know it is a voluntary service, and I dare say many will offer to go who have no children like you. There is Joseph Drakes, now, for one."

"Ah!" Anderson replied, "but he has his old grandmother depending on him; yet still, trust him, he will be true to his post, and the old woman will bid him God speed and will pray for us."

"May I go and lend a hand, father?" said a lad of about fourteen, with a noble open brow, to Ben Davis.

"A mighty deal you can do in such a gale as this," said his mother, in a sneering tone. "No. Stay at home, can't ye?"

"Now, my good woman," said James Anderson, "remember 'tis a volunteer service, as you just now said, and if the lad is really willing, let him go. We will find something for him to do. One volunteer is better than ten pressed men; so now, my boy, if your father will let you come, let us go, for I must call the others to man the boat. But tie a comforter tight over your cap and put on a thick coat, for you will find it bitter cold, I warn you."

As the lad went out he said to his sister, "Lizzie, don't go to sleep when you go to bed, but try and keep awake and pray for those in danger on the sea. Suppose it was our big brother in that ship!" And with these words the boy followed the mate Anderson out into the dark.

And now at last the crew being made up the lifeboat was launched, and the men in their cork jackets, looking strange figures, were ready for their hard work of rowing on such a heavy sea. After considerable difficulty they

reached the vessel, but it appeared ages to those who were watching on the shore, for they knew well that to save others, utter strangers to themselves, those hardy brave men were running the risk of their own lives.

And truly it was a long time, though moments do appear hours in time of anxiety—for the lifeboat crew were absent a good two hours before they returned to land, bringing those they had saved from a watery grave with them.

Now, on this dark night there would have been a difficulty in landing the strangers on the little steps cut in the rock if it had not been for the lad Harry, who had stood there all that time with the rain and spray beating on him and the wind blowing through his wet clothes, making him shiver with the cold. At once holding up a lantern he carefully guided the exhausted and shipwrecked strangers up the slippery steps to a place of safety.

A few weeks passed, and as in the daily course of events the saving a ship's crew on that stormy coast by means of a lifeboat was no uncommon occurrence this particular case was almost forgotten, when one day the Mayor gave notice that the captain of that especial ship was so grateful for the service then rendered to the crew that he intended to reward those who helped them.

There was a large meeting in the Town Hall, and the Mayor having given the lifeboat's crew their reward, called up the lad Harry to thank him for the assistance he had also rendered to the strangers, when the boy said, "Oh, sir! I could not have stopped out in the cold if I had not thought of my sister Lizzie keeping awake praying for me. She ought to have the reward too."

"And so she shall," said the captain, who was present. "Not one who takes trouble to serve shall be forgotten, for 'whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' A willing service is a service of love."

"I wonder," said Ben Davis to his wife, "if the captain meant that for me, and knew I would not turn out that night."

"If I had thought, Ben," replied his wife, "there would have been this reward I would have let you go, sure that I would."

But there is a deeper meaning to this story than at first sight appears. The crew of this hapless ship are like those who have been baptized into CHRIST'S Church, and yet are in danger of being lost. Their fellow brethren are asked to help them, strangers though they may seem to be, and all are permitted in some way to help if they only will, but it must be a voluntary service, and it ever requires toil and exertion to help others. Children's services even are not refused. Like the lad Harry, any child may show the lantern of God's Word to guide others to place their feet on the Rock of Ages, and at the Last Day the Captain of our Salvation will surely reward all who have served Him. For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love which ye have showed towards His Name, in that ye have ministered to the saints and do minister. And then, indeed, many many will most earnestly wish that they had done what they could in the hour of their opportunity gone for ever.—L. A. P., *In Churchman's Companion*.

So the existence of the monster sea serpent is at last proved beyond a doubt, several Toronto gentlemen having made oath, that they have seen one in Murray Bay. But the serpent sinks into insignificance, when compared with the handsome and tasteful collection of oxidized silver lace pins, brooches, &c., which we have lately added to our stock, and to which we invite your attention, WOLTZ BROS. & CO., 29 King St. East.