



A Temperance Hymn.

Lord, help us in our Temperance work,
For without Thee we are bound to fail;
But if Thy blessing be vouchsafed
We feel we can and must prevail.

Help us to think right thoughts, and be
In mind and heart to Temperance true,
Resolving ever for the best—
The best to be, the best to do.

Help us to act in all our ways
According to Thy holy will,
And labor ever so we may
Thy holy purposes fulfil.

Help us to speak of Temperance truth
With soberness and purpose clear,
So that our earnest words may move
The hearts and minds of all who hear.

And as we all together strive,
With strong desire and holy aim,
Fill every heart with sacred fire,
And set us all with love aflame.

Then shall we labor with success,
Its happiness we all shall know,
As we go forth from day to day
With zeal strong drink to overthrow.
—Beresford Adams, in 'Alliance News.'

Little Mary's Escape.

(Concluded.)

Frequently poor little Mary was left alone for long hours together, without so much as a piece of dry bread to eat. Many a time had Mrs. Digby, whilst hurrying to her work paused at the gate to draw from her pocket food of some kind—often depriving herself by so doing—wherewith to feed the lonely little mortal.

A month passed away. It was now late autumn, and the early closing in of evening made little Mary's desolate home more desolate still. The tiny old cottage in which she lived stood alone at a little distance from the high road, a sloping hill rising behind it. On the other side of the hill, at some ten minutes' distance, two similar cottages were erected, on the very outskirts of the hamlet, the one tenanted by Mrs. Digby, the other empty. There were no neighbors' children to play with, and evening after evening, when darkness stole over the landscape, she would quit the garden, and seeking the shelter of her miserable room, would cry herself to sleep.

One Saturday evening Mr. Jackson was returning from a visit to a dying woman. It was very dark, but as he groped his way down the hill, he suddenly became aware of a lurid light not far distant. Ere many minutes elapsed, he could distinctly see Mrs. Collins' cottage illumined by a light so brilliant from within, that he at once recognized it to be fire. Another moment and a vivid flame burst into the air, lighting up the pathway beneath his feet and throwing out the thatched roof in strong relief against the dark sky above. With the speed of lightning he rushed on to the flaming building.

'It will burn like tinder!' he ejaculated. 'God grant the little girl may not be there.'

A thick volume of smoke almost stifled him, as he pushed open the half-closed door. There she was, indeed, seated upon the floor, a look half dazed, half horror-stricken, in the childish countenance, but as yet unscathed.

'Don't be afraid, little one,' Mr. Jackson found words to say, as he rushed forward and lifted her in his arms.

She was quite happy now.

Making his way into the open air, he wrapped her in a ragged blanket and seated her on an old bench, telling her not to move till

he came back to her. Then, once more re-entering the burning room, he succeeded, despite smoke and heat, in drawing forth, one by one, the miserable remnants of furniture still left to Mrs. Collins.

Every attempt to extinguish the fire by his solitary efforts proved unavailing. A moment more and the roof was in a glowing blaze, hidden from the dwellers of the hamlet by the intervening hill. Taking the little girl in his arms, the clergyman quickly sought out Mrs. Digby's cottage.

The wind was high, and soon nothing remained of little Mary's home but a crumbling wreck, and darkness once more settled upon it.

That day Mrs. Collins had had a good day's work, and impelled by an impulse of affection for her child, but rare of late, instead of spending her earnings at the public house, she had laid them out in provisions.

'The little un and I will spend a happy Sunday,' she told herself.

The darkness, as well as her heavy basket, impeded her progress, and it was late when she at last groped her way along the bit of wall and through the hatch. On she went a little further. Where was the light? the door? Was she mad? she asked herself. Her child! Where was her child? Stricken with terror she realized all. The smell—the heat! Her dwelling had been burnt down; her child burnt to death!

'Mary! Little un!' she screamed aloud; but no answer from the darkness round her. 'God help me!' she cried.

For the first time in her great agony she appealed to Him who helps those that call upon Him.

Then with a rapidity almost superhuman, she climbed the slope and descended towards her neighbor's cottage. There all apparently was peace, a bright light shining through the little window. Mr. Jackson, persuaded that the poor woman would first find her way thither, had thought it best to wait for her return, and, as the agonized mother, in her excitement, pushed open the door, she caught sight of him, begrimed and pale from his late exertions, resting on a chair, and, nestling near him on a little stool, safe and unharmed, her own lost child.

To throw herself upon the ground and clasp the little one to her heart was the work of an instant.

No need to ask who had rescued the child from a terrible death. The sudden revulsion of feeling in the joy of finding Mary safe and sound, deprived her of speech for a few moments. Then turning to the clergyman: 'You saved her!' she said, her whole face beaming with gratitude.

'Through God's mercy,' was the gentle reply.

'A brand plucked from the burning.' Was it the impressive scene of the previous evening that made the eloquent minister choose those words for his text that Sunday morning? It may have been that he considered them applicable to the eager listener, sitting with her child, not far from the pulpit, drinking in with her whole heart precious truths to which she had never before listened in a House of God.

Mary Collins has become as industrious as she was formerly idle. She now lives in the cottage contiguous to that of Mrs. Digby, and the two women have become fast friends. No child in the parish is more beloved or better cared for than gentle little Mary, who has never been left alone since that memorable evening.—'Good Words.'

Re-fashioning the Environment.

(By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.)

Preaching to a congregation of some two thousand people assembled in his own chapel Mr. Jowett delivered a strikingly original discourse based upon the text: 'The earth helped the woman; and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth' (Rev. xii., 16). It was a powerful and eloquent plea put forward in behalf of the provision of the best of nature's environments, so that on the earth mankind should have a more friendly ally wherewith to fight against the flood of

an ungodly passion, and against the temptations of the dragon which beset him on every side. How frequently had the earth, representing the kindly ministries of nature, been handed over to reinforce the power of the dragon. Would anybody say that the slum environment and the dismal surroundings of their great cities had been favorable to virtue, to moral exuberance, and to moral victory? Such environment only swallowed up the hope and buoyancy of the people, leaving their lives stale and flat to meet the dragon's approach. The earth had been handed over to the dragon, and therefore he considered it to be their duty to re-fashion the environment—to bring round about every man something in the ministry of an active, noble, and chivalrous surrounding by which he might have a buttress between himself and the devil. And the transformation of one particular part of such environment was sought by the National Temperance League. The League was seeking to recover the middle term; to re-fashion man's environment so that it should be hostile to the dragon of self-indulgence, and friendly to clean and healthy living. He did not think that total abstainers were going to effect that transformation alone; they needed the help and the suffrage of all earnest men and women—the co-operation of all Christian churches who were longing to see the betterment of their social, national life. Well now, what could they do to 'put the odds' on the side of the woman; to increase the chances of sobriety and to ensure a little more fully the dragon's defeat? Well, suppose they could all be sane for a week, and let their petty ecclesiastical controversies shrink irrespective of sect or political party, and do what they could in favor of enacting the common judgment, leaving if need be the more extreme measures to wait, what an amazing transformation that would effect. But negative ministries such as the reduction of licenses, curtailment of hours of sale, Sunday closing, protection of children, firmer control of clubs, upon which they were all agreed, would never be sufficient to make the earth round about every man favorable to his chances of sobriety and virtue. Social redemption must have its constructive as well as its destructive mission, and therefore he pleaded, in the first place, for the provision of better homes; secondly, for a more positive diffusion of requisite knowledge throughout the schools; thirdly, for the making of ample provision for social fellowship, regarding which he thought it was a cardinal mistake to assume that every man went to the public-house solely for drink; and fourthly, for the cultivation of pure tastes and noble aspirations. These, however, must be carried out by a broad, generous, and sympathetic superintendency if they were going to materially decrease the chances of the dragon, and to make it more hopeful for people to escape the nefarious thralldom of the drink—this menace to our national life—and lastly, he pleaded that his fellow temperance workers in all their social ameliorations and material reforms should keep well in view the power of Grace by which alone man could stand secure.

Cause and Effect.

The brow with clammy moisture spread,
The feeble pulse, the aching head,
The cheek's pale glow, with wrinkles hid,
The bloodless lip, the heavy lid,
The reddening eye's unsteady glance,
These are thy marks, Intemperance.

Age and Drunkenness.

According to Dr. Chas. L. Dana, drunkards almost invariably begin their career under twenty years of age. If a man lives until he is twenty-five years old without having indulged in the excessive use of liquors, he is not likely to do so later on. Very few indeed begin drinking after thirty, and, according to this investigator, not a single case of drunkenness has occurred who began the use of liquors after forty years of age. It would seem from this investigation, adds 'Health,' if we could keep the boys away from strong drink that they would grow up to be sober men.