

A BOYS DECISION.

Many years ago, Mr. Hall, an English gentleman, was visiting Ireland for the purpose of taking sketches, to be used in an illustrated work on Ireland, which has since been published.

On one occasion, when about to spend a day in the neighborhood of the Lakes of Killarney, he met a bright young Irish lad, who offered his services as guide through the district.

A bargain was made with him, and the party went off. The lad proved himself to be well acquainted with all the places of interest in that neighborhood, and had plenty of stories to tell about them. He did his work well, and to the entire satisfaction of the visitors. On their return to the starting point, after a day of great enjoyment, Mr. Hall took a flask of whiskey from his pocket and drank some. Then he handed it to the boy and asked him to help himself. To his great surprise the offer was firmly but politely declined.

Mr. Hall thought this was very strange. To find an Irish boy who would not touch or taste whiskey, was stranger to him than anything he had seen that day. He could not understand it, and he resolved to try the strength of the boy's temperance principles. He offered first a shilling, then half a crown, then five shillings, if he would taste that whisky. But the boy was firm. A real manly heart was beating under his ragged jacket. Mr. Hall determined to try him further, so he offered the boy a golden half-sovereign if he would take a drink of whisky. That was a coin seldom

seen by lads of this class in those parts. Straightening himself up, with a look of indignation in his face, the boy pulled out a temperance medal from the inner pocket of his jacket, and holding it bravely up, he said: "This was my father's medal. For years he was intemperate. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my mother's heart; and what a hard time she had to keep the poor children from starving! But at last my father took a stand. He signed the pledge, and wore this medal as long as he lived. On his death bed he gave it to me. I promised him that I never would drink intoxicating liquor; and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth, a hundred times over, I would not break that promise."

The boy's decision was noble. Yes! and it had an influence upon others too. As Mr. Hall and the other members of the party stood there astonished, he screwed the top on his flask, and flung it into the water of the lake near which they stood.

Then he turned to the lad and shook him warmly by the hand, saying as he did so, "My boy, that's the best temperance lecture I ever heard. I thank you for it. And now, by the help of God, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor while I live."

Secular work is a task. It is set as such in the world. The result is exhaustion. But worship should be, and is to a truly religious mind, a rest and recuperation.

Truth lies at the bottom of an ink-well. This explains why the postscripts contain all the facts.