# at at The Story Page. at at

### Occurrences.

SCENE NO L.

#### MAPLEWOOD LAWN TERRACE, OHIO.

"Well, Colonel, how goes the temperance battle? Do you think it right to grant a license for a large sum, to enable the holder to keep temptations in the way of the

people, especially the young."
"Well, Doctor, as to your first question, my opinion is that the battle will be a very long one, and to the second question I say, liquor will be sold, and we might as well derive some benefit for Municipal purposes since it is bound to be sold. People are not compelled to drink, and, for my part, I do not approve of a pledge, nor see why persons should be so weak-minded as to require such protection. I would not thank anybody to keep a key to my stomach. We should eat and drink in moderation,

"But, Colonel, what about St. Paul's injunction to keep the weak brother by our self-sacrifice of even need-

"Oh! as to that, each individual is supposed to possess common sense, and should use it for his own

"Well, Colonel, you have a fine lot of smart boys (three were present-the eldest of these was a profes of music)-have you no fears for them in this world of temptations?"

Not a bit. Let them follow my example. I have used, very moderately, a little wine for the stomach's sake, as Timothy was advised to do, and am none the worse. Occasionally I indulge in a little stronger to brace up my nerves for military duties."

#### SCENE No. 2.

Enter Col's wife. "Good morning, Mrs. Wilson! Lovely day this."

Sadly, and with down-cast eyes .- "Good morning, Sir. I have called on a sad errand, Judge, requiring your pro-fessional services. My dear boy of seventeen has become so addicted to drink that he has been excluded from the College, and I can do nothing with him, so I am pelled to have him placed under contol in the Reformatory, and to our old family friend I come for help."

Sorry, sorry, my dear madam. I will see the necss ary papers are prepared, though I am not a teetotaler."

Exit Mrs. Wilson.

To himself. "Too bad; too bad. Foolish boy, to lose his splendid opportunities. But we must keep up our revenues, and get the license fees, even though a few mothers must mourn the loss of dear ones."

# SCENE 3.

"Dear husband, what shall we do with Frank, he is so dissipated, and I do so pity Nellie—his young wife."
"Do; the scamp! I have no patience with him.

Why in fury can't he do as I have told him over and over againt to drink moderately, as I do, and not make a fool and a beast of himself. I keep a key to my appetite.
Yes; he is a weak-minded, poor boy. Too bad, after the
thousands we have spent in his collegiate education,"
"Husband, don't you think it would help save him if

you were to give up your moderate indulgence, and set him an example."
"Oh, fudge! Yes; of course I could do so, but I

have always opposed pledge work, and supported o high license system as a financial policy, and to control "Oh, dear, dear! it really is too bad that two of our

boys must be sacrificed to help sustain this horrid saloon-death business," said the heart-stricken mother.

### SCENE 4.

Enter Colonel. "Royal weather this,"

"Yes; but not royal with me. Do you know, Squire, that I feel as cross as two files. Am in trouble."

"Sorry, sorry. What can I do for you?"
"I called, Sir, to ask your aid in a very unpleasant matter. My eldest son, failing to profit by the good example I have set him, viz., using intoxicants in moderstion, has actually become a helpless drunkard (a dis-gustful term), and so I feel compelled to take our papers of "Property Control." His poor wife (an only child) had the misfortune to lose her parents in that terrible steamboat explosion, and the poor child, between this and bereavement and Frank's hard drinking, sauk under the load and passed away."

### SCENE S

Oh, husband, this is dreadful! Awful! My poor heart will burst, I fear. How can I stand it? May the dear Lord help us! oh! oh!! oh!!!" Sobs, deep and heartfelt, followed.

Come, dear wife, don't cry so. We have used our children well. Spent lots of money on them, and it is only the condition of thousands of others who fail to

profit by the good example set them by their parents."
"Oh this cursed, damnable liquor business. May the
God of Justice reward those who have ruined two of our

dear boys. Here lies our rum-murdered boy, a victim to Curtain drops.

Sad funeral! and yet the misguided father keeps on with his so-called moderation. Just a little larger dose, and a little more frequent, to kill this queer feeling caused by our domestic trouble, etc.

### SCENE 6.

London, G. B., Grand Hotel, "Well, Judge, I am simply delighted with this old city. My first visit—truly a world in itself. I thought we had fine cities on our side of the water, but truly London knocks the spots out

"Glad to meet you, Colonel, and greet you; shall be pleased to help you enjoy your visit to our city and

Enter Mrs. Judge Bassett. "Happy to meet you,

"Yes, Colonel, this temperance reform is progressing here, but you American and Canadian people are far in advance of us. Drink is ruining our working people, and those in higher circles are not exempt. How to get rid of the awful curse is puzzling the minds of our best thinkers. For my part (and my husband is with me), we have positively discarded the liquor from our house."

"Well, my dear madam, I cannot go quite so far. have always used just a little stimulus as I felt the need. In fact would not care to have another keep a key to my stomach. I hold that every person should eat and drink in moderation what a kind Heavenly Father has

Well, Colonel, what about one's example to others, and less resolute ones; thousands of such are falling victims in this and other lands."

"Well, as to that, each individual is responsible for his or her own acts."

"My dear sir, you would form a different opinion if the unwelcome destroyer entered your home as it did ours, taking a dear boy of only twenty-five and laying him low in death. Yes, sir, we changed our customs, though all too late to save him—our darling—but we hope to help others from falling." Exit Color

Thus, in brief have I told a story of real life, events which actually occurred. Similar sad scenes are being enacted all over the world—hundreds of thousands falling victims to the traffic and yet many professedly good people are found to bolster up the wicked system.

# CLOSING

Children, be determined to fight down this monster

who spares not the high nor the humble.

The Colonel referred to yet lives, and still indulges, though less moderately. The lost son is rarely ever named in this still stylish residence.

The other son came out of the Reformatory cured, and is settled in a pleasant home of his own, with a devoted wife—escaped, as Job said, "by the skin of his teeth." His own good mother, a mother in Israel, is ever thankful, but still in secret and in silence mourns the loss of her first-born, whom the destroying angel left

Let the above narrative nerve you one and all to stand by your pledge and motto: Love, Purity and Pidelity, and help save the weak and erring by so doing.

The Professor once occupied a prominent position, was a first-class musician, possessed a large estate, had a noble wife, was himself a kind-hearted individual, yet gradually, then rapidly fell a victim to the drink which his misguided father advocated a moderate use of.

AUNT MARY, in Forward,

## A Sailor Boy.

" Messenger boy!" " Sir?"

Go below and tell the executive officer it's 'all hands furl sail."

"Aye, aye, sir?" and away scurries the lad with his

On a big man-of-war there are no more useful members of the crew than the boys. They are usually homeless street arabs who are picked up by kind hearted officers and sailors and offered a home in the navy. And a home it is indeed for them. They have good comfortable clothes, plenty to eat, the finest bed in the world to sleep in (a hammock), and get paid besides.

One boy I knew in the navy was the son of a widow; his father had been a Lutheran minister in Washington D. C., and had died, leaving a large family with but dittle to support them, and when the chance was offered for a home in the navy it was gratefully accepted by both the boy and his mother. He was about fourteen years old. small for his age. He had been nurtured in a home of culture and refinement, and when he came among the great, burly, rough men, where there was no mother to hear hi m say his prayers and tuck him away at night his timid heart sank, his lip curled, and his, eyes

beimmed with tears more than once. But he was a brave manly little chap, and the men all soon learned to rerespect and love him.

On a man-of-war instant and unquestioned obedience is the first lesson taught. Eddie Lukowitz had no trouble in learning this lesson, so he got along well with the officers. The captain kept his eye on him, and seeing he was "good timber," as they say at sea, appointed an intelligent seaman to be school-master, and Eddie went to school on the ship and learned as fast as any boy.

Every advantage was given him to become proficient in the lower branches of scholarship. At the same time, young as he was, he was drilled in seamanship, small

arms, and gunnery.

It was not all work and no play by any means, for he went ashore at every port with some steady companion, and on board the ship he had the free use of the library, which was full of books dear to a boy s heart. He went with me up the Nile, and a happier boy I never knew than when he was on that trip.

He never forgot his mother, and every week sent her a

loving letter, and scarcely a mail-bag reached the ship that did not bring a letter to him from her. His hammock swung in a quiet corner, and every night before he went to bed he read a chapter in his Testament and said his good night prayer. It was an effort for him to do that at first, but the men soon saw that his devotions were sincere, and they respected and honored him all the more for the stand he took. He was truthful, prompt, honest and cheerful at all times and under all circumstances. He improved faithfully his opportunities, and it was not long before he was advanced from grade to grade, as he showed himself competent, and when I left the ship, three years afterward, he was captain of the mizzentop, in charge of that part of the ship. All his duties were executed with fidelity and zeal. That was the reason he got along so well, and it made his diversions from duty a fourfold pleasure.

The early training of a conscientious Christian father and the prayers of a loving mother were a great comfort and help to the forlorn little boy as he grew into young manhood. He was a shining example of the value of Christian life in a place where it was very hard to profess and maintain it .- Morning Star.

### One Woman's Work.

This story, taken from The Youth's Companion, will bear reading more than once by active Christian workers: Mrs. Parr is an active worker among the poor. Last rear she went abroad and apportioned her charitable labors among her friends. Mrs. Olney, a shy, home-keeping little woman, she asked to take her class of

omen-convicts in the city prison.
"I have been too busy for outside work," said Mrs.

Olney. "How do you manage with these women?"
"Oh, it is easy enough. The turnkey opens the cell doors, and I sit at the end of the corridor. I sing a hymn, read a chapter, and talk to them of their sin and need of repentance. I can't say," she added, frankly. "that I have ever found much good result from it, but it is my duty to plant and to water. It is God's work to

Little Mrs. Olney was too timid to undertake this wholesale sowing of seed, but she remembered that there were different kinds of planting.

When she went to the prison she asked for one cell to be opened. It was that of Black Lize, undergoing a year's sentence for stealing. The gentle little woman sa down beside the prisoner, heard the story of her drunker husband, saw the marks of abuse on her back, and touched the depths of her ignorance, her fury, her passionate affection for the few human beings who had been good to her. Lize had no handicraft; she could not ook, nor even scrub well.
"I will teach you to knit," said her new friend. "You

can knit socks here and earn money for your child."

Another cell was opened that day, two others the next week. She made herself the friend and confidente of these women. After she had taught them to trust her, she talked to them of God, and led them to believe that he cared for them. She kept her hold upon them after they were set free. If there was anything in this world which was true to them, it was this little woman, and the Master whom she served.

A mistake of many well-meaning reformers is that of dealing with the poor and criminals as classes, not as individuals. The physician does not prescribe for a whole ward, but for each sick man. Souls cannot be healed in legions any more than bodies.—Ex.

When a man begins with " What I am about to say will be said in kindness," he means to make himself disagreeable,-Life

B nvention. The

June 15, 1

JULY, 1898.

PLACES VISIT

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3.30 p. m.-Discu C. R.

4.15 p. m.—Paper, Youn 4.45 p. m.—Questi White

7.30.—Song Service Prayer by 7.45.—Reading of 8.00—Addresses of

8 30.—The Choir. (b)

(c) 9.05.—The Choir. 9.10.—Address: "

9.25.—Address : "1 Rev 9.40.—Banner Exer 10.10.—Adjournme