

peated that if I had been what I ought to have been, and kept the house he put over me fresh and clean, as I ought to have kept it, instead of spending the morning of my days in vanity and idleness, we need not have been two shivering sinners at that hour. I repeated again and again that it was my ways that drove him to find by the tap-room fire what he had lost at home; and then I lifted up my voice, and called to my Saviour to look down and help us both. I, with my voice full of tears, promised my husband if he would try me—only try me—he would see what a home I would make for him. He was always one for a little joke, and even then he said, and twirled the cup, 'A well-plenished house in a tea-cup; one tea-cup between us.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'if nothing stronger than tea flows into that cup, or wets our lips out of that cup, *we will build our house.*'

" We both kept long silence, and the break of that blessed day, though it showed me my husband's once glowing and manly face pale and haggard, and his hand trembling—so trembling that he could not carry the tea-cup to his lips without spilling its contents—brought new life into our shattered home.

" Lucy, on that blessed day—this day eighteen years ago—strength was given us both to keep our promise to God and to each other; and somehow the text got stamped upon our hearts:

" 'We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us.'

" My poor darling! he had hard lines at first. Never was there a drunkard who did not cast about to make others as bad as himself. As the day drew on he had not courage to face the street; but I went up to Groveley Manor, and told the good lady that my husband would fell the trees; that he might be trusted, because he no longer trusted in his own strength; that he was a pledged teetotaler, and I was pledged to make his home happy; but that we did not trust in our own pledges, but in faith that we could do all things through Christ, who strengthened us.

" Still the lines were hard. He had to bear up against the taunts and sneers of his boon companions, and I had to struggle hard to give a desolate room the welcome home look that would prevent his wishing for the lights and the warmth and the excitement, and the praise his songs were sure to obtain. But, however scanty the furniture, a poor man's house can always be sweet and clean; that is in the power of the poorest; and though when he returned from his first day's timbering there was but one tea-cup between us, the old darned cloth was clean, and tea-pot and fire bright. No lord's children could be cleaner, and he said it was as good as a nosegay to kiss their sweet cheeks. It was hideous to see how his old companions loomed in upon our poverty, and tempted, or tried to tempt, him back. One terrible drunkard staggered in, and mockingly asked if I would give my husband leave to go for an hour—just half an hour even—and I rose and went into the little bedroom. I knew I could trust him, because he had ceased to trust himself. And I blessed God when I saw the tempter staggering forth, deriding my husband, and prepared to commit violence on any who opposed his progress.

" It is some time before neighbors or once friends can believe in a drunkard's reformation. The dear good lady who took the surest way to insure his lived to see our growing prosperity—'building a house with a tea-cup' she always called it—and my goodman was not slow to declare the effect the clear high-road pictured forth in the tea-grounds had upon his excited imagination on that memorable night. Our necessaries returned to us slowly—very slowly at first—but the neighbors, when they saw how hardly and earnestly my husband worked, offered us credit for what they thought we needed; but we resolved to abstain from all luxuries until we could pay for what we got. Some of our little valuables had been left at the public-house as security for scores, and the landlord thought himself a most injured man when my husband redeemed his one article of finery—a gold shirt-pin that had belonged to his father. We learned the happiness every Saturday night of adding to our comforts; and from that day to this my husband has always found his house swept and garnished—no damp linen hanging about, no buttonless shirts or holey stockings. The children were trained to neatness and good order, and the sound of discord and contradiction has never been heard within our home. The habits of our first months of marriage returned; a few verses of Holy Writ, a prayer, and a hymn refreshed the memory of our bond with God and with each other. We feel those exercises far more impressive now than we did when we practiced them as a cold ceremony rather than as the result of a living faith.

" In less than six years my husband built this cottage, I may say with his own hands. We got the bit of land at a low rate, and over hours he worked at it as only a teetotaler can work. Our Willy has never been a strong lad, and the doctor says if he had been even a little wild he would have been long ago in the church-yard. With all my love for his beautiful infancy, I did not do my duty the first two years of his life. A careless wife is never a careful mother, whatever she may think; but it pleased the Lord to let in his light upon us before the night came. And it was folly to carry two things first into this house—our Bible and the old tea-cup that attracted your curiosity. It is not too much to say that the cup often reminded us of our duties. And you can understand now, I think, darling, why Goodman and Granny Grey value it before all the gay china that could come from beyond the seas; for I may rightly say that, by God's help and blessing, *this house was built out of that tea-cup.*"—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

For Girls and Boys.

"YOU CAN'T COME IN, SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard
You must not drink a drop;
For if you never should begin
You'll never have to stop.

The taste of drink, good people say,
Is hard in driving out;
Then, friends, in letting in that taste,
Why! what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief
You shut your door and lock it,
And hang the key upon a nail
Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should
His horrid rule begin, sir,
Just shut your lips and lock them tight,
And say "You can't come in, sir."

—*Dominion Churchman.*

OLD RYE'S SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through a mill:
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.
Make me into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.
In bread, I'm a servant
The cater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen,
If drank to destroy.

—*Selected.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The quiet influence of a child has been the means of saving the parent. I remember a little history related to me many years ago by a Christian abstainer. He said he would give me the facts that led to his reform, and the circumstances that arrested him in his career of sin.

Two maiden ladies who lived in the village, often noticed a scantily clad girl passing their house with a tin pail. On one occasion one of these ladies accosted her.

"Little girl, what have you got in that pail?"

"Whisky, ma'am."

"Where do you live?"

"Down in the hollow."

"I'll go home with you."

They soon came to a wretched hovel in the hollow, outside the village. A pale, jaded, worn-out woman met them at the door. Inside was a man, dirty, maudlin and offensive. The lady addressing the woman, said:

"Is this your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Does she go to school?"

"No; she has no other clothes than what you see."

"Does she go to Sunday-school?"

"Sunday-school—in these rags! Oh, no!"

"If I furnish her with suitable clothes, can she go?"

"It's of no use giving her clothes. He would steal them, and sell them for whisky. Better let the girl alone; there is no hope for her or for us."