

"Wall, it 'pears to be the case, tho' way they air goin' on. Thore's my sister down East, she's a edicatin' her gals as good as if they was boys. One on 'em graduated last month out'n a seminary o' larnin', an' jest as ye might expect, she's all broke up in health, fur wimmen haint got the physical make-up to cultivate their brains. Twant the calculation o' their Creator, else He'd a' giv'n em more brains to work on, ho ho, he he." chuckled the old man. "My sister wrote us, t'other day, that her Kate—the gal 'at graduated would like to spend a few months up here in Minnesota 'th us, hopin' to regain her shattered health. Humph! Ef she'd never sent her to that seminary o' larnin', she'd be all sound to day."

"Well, deacon, can't the same be said of many of our boys? Thore's Alfred White, died with consumption the fall after he graduated. Frank Slayton didn't live to graduate; an' my nephew, Tom Taylor, who had unusually strong mental powers, didn't live to get through his theological course. This cultivatin' the brains, or intellect, at the expense o' the physical powers, is just as disastrous in boys, I'm thinkin', as 'tis in girls," said Deacon Strong, who was much less conservative than his brother deacon.

"Wal, thar's a powerful sight o' crammun' now-a-days in all schoolin', an' I say, let so much book larnin' alone. The affairs o' life don't need it; fur money can be made 'thout it, you know very well. Ef the wimmen had ben kept from so much schoolin'—ef they had ben kept whar they used to be, an' wher they belong, they'd never be a carryin' on es they du. They'd know their place, which is in their hums, an' not a gaddin' about here an' there, a spoutin' on temperance an' reform. They allus did lack ballast, an' a man's foot is a purty good left when they want to git up an' soar above their bias."

"For shame, Deacon Styles!" cried several of the younger members of the church, who had hitherto kept silent.

"Wal, one o' their own kind, a woman who 'rit books, an' oughter know wherof she spake, said that wimmen's best place was a door-mat or rug fur our feet, an' them's my sentiments," chuckled he again. "Now I called this meetin' to say, ef these wimmen—temperance fanatics that they be—persisted in takin' the good wine from the communion table, that I'd withdraw, an' I reckon there'll be quite a split ef I leave, fur others feel as I do about this thing, though they haven't the spunk to stand out. Every righteous cause in this world must have leaders; then thore's plenty followers. I say it's insultin' to the Lord to hav' 'raisin' juice,' or anything on that air table but genuine wine, of a communion day; an' ef anybody's so weak that they'll drink more 'cause of that wine, their relig'n ain't genuine. They air the one's that air sayin' 'Lord, Lord' all fur nothin'. We don't need such weak, stumblin' ones in the church, fur they're likely to disgrace the cause."

Deacon Styles was a successful farmer. His broad acres were under the best of cultivation. Besides his wealth, he possessed an iron will, hence wielded in the community a powerful influence. He spoke only the truth when he said a rupture in the church would follow his withdrawal. Many would, from force of habit, follow his lead. Then, again, the poor struggling church could scarcely exist without his aid; for in church support he was not niggardly.

Thus it was a foregone conclusion that he would carry the day. The dissenting voices were in the minority—for, as before intimated, the women were not present—and henceforth, "good fermented wine" was to take the place of the harmless varieties recently placed upon the communion table by the W.C.T.U. of the village.

That this noble organization had ever warred with Deacon Styles is evident. Men of his sort always prove a great hindrance to the success of philanthropic work.

"Go right long in, dear, yer Aunt Susan'll be powerful glad to see ye. You've changed a deal since ye was a little gal."

Thus spoke the uncle to his niece, whom he had brought from the station. "Come right in, child, an' lay down on this sofa. I thought you'd be lean tuckered out arter your long journey, but t'won't be long that you'll feel poorly. Minnesota air 'll bring you out as chipper as can be. Wish your mother an' the other gals could ha' come along. Gone to the seashore, he they! Well, a fashionable waterin' place was no place far you now. Of course it'll soon dull here fur a spell, but you can ride out often. Your Uncle Zebedee goes to town on a most every day, an' he'll be powerful glad o' your company. But I must see to my dinner, an' you jest go to sleep an' rest."

Thus the motherly woman, Deacon

Styles' wife, welcomed her husband's invalid niece upon her arrival from her Eastern home. Little did her kind relatives suspect the true cause of her present isolation.

"When was you just took sick?" interrogated her uncle, on the evening after her arrival.

"Last fall, uncle, at the very beginning of the school year, I had an attack of hemorrhage. I was very unfortunate in my choice of a physician. He was an old man, of decided 'old school' proclivities, hence he kept me constantly stimulated."

"Why, child, he was surely in the right on't. Ever since I can recollect, lung diseases hev demanded stimulation. Ye owe yer life to that, child, I make no doubt."

"Well, uncle, our old family physician strenuously opposed anything of the kind. Indeed, he regretted my having taken such strong stimulants. The result has proved his diagnosis correct," said she sadly.

"Probably your hum doctor is a temperance crank, they're gettin' purty plentiful now-a-days."

"None too plentiful, uncle, when we view the evils of intemperance."

"Well, well, child, don't ye know that this thing has been fit ever since Noah's time, an' all to no purpose?" said he, impatiently.

"Hain't the devil been fought from the beginning of time, and would you cease that warfare, uncle, because you can't see that he is vanquished? Where is there a family that has not suffered, in some of its branches, because of this curse? Did it not destroy the happiness of your twin sister, my Aunt Judith, and was not her early death caused by a drunken husband's cruel ties? And was not your father, my grandfather, too fond of his cups? Surely the lack of physical and moral strength in this generation can be largely attributed to the guzzling, and consequent fuddled brains, of our ancestors."

"There, father, she's got the better of ye this time," tactfully interrupted the aunt, who always desired harmony.

"Yes, she 'pears to be a sort o' crank herself upon this subject," said he, tactfully, while lighting his clay pipe, preparatory for his outdoor evening smoke.

After his exit, Aunt Susan turned to the strangely excited girl, saying: "Yer uncle's terrible sot in his way, an' I never cross him. Wimmen, ye know, sh'd be in subjection to yer husband's, thet's Bible doctrine, an' nater's law, child."

"Must they, Aunt Susan, when they know that they are in the 'wrong'?" in credulously asked the niece.

"Men air mostly in the rights on't child. Their judgment is allus better'n ours, fur men are the head, an' wimmen the heart."

"Well, aunt, I fear I shall never find the man who can do my thinking and reasoning for me."

"Thet's 'cause ye air educated, child, an' this proves 'aint best. Ye'd keep in better subjection 'thout so much book larnin'."

"Well, wife," said Deacon Styles, a few mornings after the advent of his niece, "this is as purty a Sabbath day as we generally hev, an' to day is communion—the first one sence I gin it to 'em. We'll hev a decent kind o' wine to-day, fur I went an' got a prime article at Sloan's."

"How do you know 'aint 'dulterated stuff, full o' colerin matter and what not?" asked his wife, who seldom ventured an opinion of her own. "Ef you want the pure article, you'd best buy the grapes an' make it then ye'll know 'aint doctored."

"Pish! I wa'n't brung up in the woods to be scared at owls! I calculate I know good wine. Strange how them fanatics du go on," continued he. "Now, drink 'd never hurt me, an' t'won't others ef they don't take it to excess. In all Christians air warned to take nothin' to excess, but to be temperate in all things. Thet's temperance enough fur me."

"I suppose, Kate, hem a follower, you'll commune with us to-day," said her uncle, during their short drive to the village church.

Great was his regret, however, that she had been invited to attend church with them, since her conduct was so erratic and disgraceful. When the "prime article" of wine was passed her, she was not content with the customary sip, but, with trembling hands and taut clutch, she drained dry the silver chalice. The consternation and horror of the congregation could not be concealed, and the deacon's face blazed with shame and mortification when he assisted his drunken niece into the carriage. Her loud laughter and maudlin manner plainly indicated the effect of the wine. Yes, Deacon Styles' handsome and stylish niece, who had so recently graduated with honor, was undeniably drunk! Drunk upon communion wine!

The next day, immediately after Uncle Zebedee's return, from the vil-

IMPORTANT TO TOTAL ABSTAINERS. FAC SIMILE OF MR. O'HARA'S LETTER.

Office of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company—22-28 King Street West.

Toronto Jan. 31st, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

As you are interested in the success of The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company, we desire to submit for your consideration a statement of the business for the year ending 31st of December, 1887. The number of applications for Assurance was 1050 for \$1,770,100—declined, held in abeyance, and not taken up, 83 for \$164,500, leaving 967 for \$1,605,600, with an annual premium income of \$38,289.96, this is exclusive of the business of the Company for nine months in 1886, which was \$401,000. Our business for the second year has never before been reached by any other Canadian Company in its second year, and with only one death claim for \$1,000, and that caused by an accident.

To enable you more fully to understand our success, we take from the returns of the leading Canadian Companies to the Superintendent of Insurance, the following facts concerning their new business:—The Canada Life for its 22nd year issued 881 policies for \$1,156,855; the Confederation for its 5th year issued 1005 for \$1,383,000; the Sun Life Assurance Company for its 5th year issued 324 Policies for \$465,119, and for its 10th year, 573 policies for \$926,370; The Ontario Mutual for its 10th year issued 427 Policies for \$490,000; The North American Life Assurance Company for its 3rd year issued 687 policies for \$1,347,088.

On making comparisons with British Companies established on principles similar to our own, we find the business of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution for its 15th year was \$1,339,250; the Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company, recently established, in its 3rd year wrote \$732,228.

The unparalleled success of "The Temperance and General" must be gratifying to every friend of the Company, and as one of its friends, we would respectfully request you to make known our excellent plans to your acquaintances who are likely to insure; for this purpose we enclose two tables, one our Bond Plan, and the other our Total Abstiners' Graded Plan, which are unequalled by any other form of Assurance. We are anxious that the business of the Company for 1888 shall reach at least \$3,000,000, and we can only attain this desired end by the assistance of all our friends.

Yours very truly,

H. O'Hara

Managing Director.

lage, he placed a letter in his wife's hand, saying, "This, wife, explains all. It is a delayed letter from Sister Sarah—oughter got here afore Kate did. You see, she writes that Kate has ben takin' so much liquor medicine the past year that they fear she can't live without it. She says that the child was threatened with delirium tremens the week after graduating. She had over-stimulated to keep up, and, well, mother, you read it fur yourself," said he, with moistening eyes. "You see she speaks particularly about our communion wine, hopin' that we—but, mother, where is the poor child that I hev so—so blindly led into harm?" asked he, with a contrite voice.

"She said she was a-goin' to take a nap, an' I haven't seen her sence dinner-time. Poor child, she's so cut up that she haint eaten a mouthful to-day. Guess I better go an' see to her."

The old lady quickly returned, and with blanching countenance said: "Father, I can't arouse her, an' there's a letter to you upon the table. She's attempted self-destruction. Send the hired man at once for Dr. Smith."

After despatching the man upon the fleetest horse, they listened to Kate's room. The aunt bathed the face and hands of the apparently lifeless girl, while the uncle read, with swimming eyes, the following letter, written by his niece after taking the fatal potion.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT. While sharing your kind hospitality, I have disgraced you. This knowledge is more than I can bear; hence I have resolved to take an overdose of morphine, which I have on hand, prescriptions of my old physician. If I live longer, I shall alter the manner of drunkards, continue to fall lower and lower, disgracing the parents that bore me. Oh, it is terrible! I, who have had such lofty ambitions, aim to be snuffed out like a candle, and by my own hand! Perhaps it would eventually have come to this; but that communion wine surely hastened matters. Had you passed me the unforgotten juice of the grape, the appetite would not have arisen to overpower me. Uncle, you may lay all this to woman's weakness. I find you have not an exalted opinion of women, but surely, strong men have succumbed to this tempter, and it is strange that you, a deacon, cannot see how great the danger. Why, I can tell you of an aged man converted in W.—a whole town rejoiced because he seemed "a brand snatched from the burning." He was a drunkard that the grace of God had at last saved. Some two months after his conversion he partook of fermented communion wine—mild wine, during those weeks he hadn't drunk a drop—and that one quail of the fiery wine aroused the slumbering devil, and he was killed a drunkard's grave. Yes, uncle, I will give you even a sadder instance of ruin from your fermented communion wine: Mrs. H.—was within a few months of confinement (her father had died a drunk-

ard, she partook of strong wine at the communion table. An intense longing then seized her. For days she wished for more of that wine. Knowing that her appetite was abnormal, she was loth to tell of her strange desire. She was young, inexperienced and reticent in the extreme. Her child, now a young man, is a drunkard. A drunkard because of fermented wine upon God's holy communion table! But time will not permit the mention of other true instances. Even now a drowsiness, hard to overcome, has seized me. I send love. Oh, God! is this death—

Here the trembling, uneven hand indicated that the deadly powders had overpowered her.

A prairie fire cannot spread with greater velocity than can the rumor of any startling event in a small village. Hence the flying speed of Deacon Styles' horse and hired man through the quiet streets after the doctor created a great commotion. All sorts of rumors floated through the town. Soon it went from tongue to tongue that "Deacon Styles' hand some and stylish niece was a regular drunkard. That delirium tremens had often attacked her, and now she'd killed herself, in her drunken frenzy she had cut her throat from ear to ear!" Thus does gossip, in a small village, over gain, in horror of detail.

Though the rumor was too well founded, Dr. Smith (who arrived ere life was extinct) resuscitated the unfortunate girl, by employing, of course, somewhat severe measures. Great was the joy of her relatives over her complete recovery.

Men of Deacon Styles' stamp are never pusillanimous, quite the contrary. They never shrink any known duty, however dangerous or unpleasant it may be for them to perform. Hence, the next Sabbath, the congregation were not surprised when he arose, after service, and with trembling voice acknowledged his mistake and his sudden conversion to the advancing ideas of temperance.

"I little thought," said he, "when I carried the day upon the communion wine question, that God was a-goin' to show me my error in such a fearful manner, that He was a-goin' to use the terrible infirmity of my poor niece to open my blinded eyes. Then you know that I was raised in old drinkin' times, when a housewife wa'n't considered frugal of her cider barrels wa'n't full; an' wine on the lees was around fur some time a-fur 'twas bottled an' stowed away. Of course, my sister, poor Kate's mother, entertained the same views on the temperance question as I hav' held. Becomin' a rich wo-

man, an' livin' in style, wine saucers an' liquor hez always ben on her board. P'raps she might ha' done different ef her family war boys. Wall, her Kate was threatened 'th consumption, an' the doctor, knowin' she'd been brought up on stimulat' food, concluded she must continer the use of stimulants to finish her college course. He little realized the appetite he was fast creatin'. Neither did the poor child know her danger. She thought, like thousands who've been ruined by it, that she could leave it off any day. But the result proved the contrary. She came way up here, my brethren," said he, with brimming eyes. "I placed the very thing in her way that she was afeard of. That fiery communion wine, that I bought ith my own money, well-nigh proved the poor child's death; for you see she hedn't hed a drop o' drink fur quite a spell, an' the smell an' taste overpowered her. Then she was so sham-faced an' hopeless over her condition, that she, in her weakness, attempted, by an over-dose o' morphine, to take her own life. She needs our help an' encouragement, she needs our prayers. I want to tell the sisters present thet hereafter we'll hev on thet communion-table the unforgotten juice o' the vine. We can't tell, an' there's no means o' knowin', what our Lord an' Saviour used, but I'm satisfied He'd place no temptation in anybody's way; fur He knows our frailties, and didn't He teach us to say, 'Lead us not into temptation?' I now believe this temperance work o' the wimmen is really His work. Let us pray!" Then there poured forth from the soul of Deacon Styles such a prayer as he never before had uttered, although he was considered unusually "gifted in prayer." That he had the full sympathy of his auditors was manifest by the sobbing of the woman and the moist eyes of the men.

His niece remained with him more than a year. Then, feeling assured of her reformation and salvation, she resolved to devote her time and her talents, which were varied, to the temperance cause. She felt the pressing need of laborers more, perhaps, than those who have never been in the toils of drink. Her uncle was loth to see her depart, for she had not only endeared herself to his family, but the whole community revered her. Still, he bade her Godspeed, well knowing that she would "speak in the churches." *Woman's Journal.*