

his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plans.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils.

He bent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, who quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has risen, and there is hope in the dark night, which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

"O God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honour and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer!"

"Men and Christians!—You have just heard that I am a stranger and fanatic! I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey! There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked! I am without friends, home, or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred, or home! It was not so once."

"No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own."

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home! I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more!"

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vi-

sion, his lips apart, and his fingers extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother! With her old heart crushed with sorrows she went down to her grave. I once had a wife!—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken! I once had a noble, brave, and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives! I once had a babe! a sweet, tender blossom; but my hand betrayed it, and it liveth with One who loves children."

"Do not be startled, friends! I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son! The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honour! The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek! My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life! God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine!"

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a countenance unusually excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard! From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife's cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home-idols, and roared at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and her children went hungry for bread!"

One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheeks. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke, and sent up a famishing wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days! I have nothing for the babe! My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad pleading face, and those straining eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes! I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth! The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had done wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!" and she sprang to the cradle, and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurled her into the darkness, and storm! With a wild "Ha! ha!" I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wails of the blast and sharp cry of her babe! But my work was not complete.

"I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out! In the agony of fear he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen to his feet, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing upon his brow. Ohills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wondering mind. I thought I had had a dreadful dream, but I involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—O God! how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever-true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it; her own person stark and bare to the storm! She had placed the hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek! The frost was white on its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were within the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and broken pathos, the old man concluded:—

"I was arrested; and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O God! no—I am not a fanatic!—I wish to injure no one; but while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful to many. I would

see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

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The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rosted upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears seen to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man!—Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUDSON!" The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet, how strange!" muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes—both reeled and gasped: "My own injured son!"

They fell upon each other's necks and wept, until it seemed that their souls would flow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that assembly, and sad faces around us.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and, kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken—all eagerly signed the pledge, going to their homes as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on his knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His "fanaticism" has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

Drowning Trade in Liquor.

The more money spent in the saloons, the less there will be spent in the dry goods stores, the groceries, the shoe stores, and the real estate office. If \$1,000,000 is paid out for beer and whiskey, the business of the sellers of the necessaries of life is decreased that amount.

The other branches of retailing are not hostile to each other. A man and his family can only eat up so many barrels of flour per annum, and can only wear so many pairs of shoes. What money is left over and above after buying these is expended in other stores. But a man's capacity for consuming beer is infinite and constantly increasing. He may begin by spending only one-hundredth of his wages in beer.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

At a temperance celebration in Newmarket, a little lad appeared in the procession bearing a flag, on which was inscribed the following: "All's right when daddy's sober," a sentence which has been aptly described as "a volume in a line."

Drunk in the Street.

DRUNK in the street! A woman arrested to-day in the city! Comely and young, the paper said— Scarcely twenty, the item read; A woman and wife—kind angels pity! Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street! Yes! crazy with liquor! her brain on fire! Reeling, plunging, and staggering along— Singing a strain of a childish song— At last she stumbles and falls in the mire, Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street! What news to send the dear ones at home, Who're wondering what has detained so long The wife and mother—yet think no wrong; The day is waning—night has come— Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street! Drag her away to a station bed! Helpless, senseless, take her away; Shut her up from the light of day; Would, for the sake of her friends, she were dead!

Drunk in the street! Draw near and look! On a couch of straw in a station cell Is lying a form of matchless mould, With her hair dishevelled—so pale and cold— Yet tainting the air with the fumes of hell! Draw near and look!

How sad the sight! The sunlight streaming across the floor, It rouses the sleeper to life again; But O! the anguish, the grief, the pain, As thoughts of the shame come crowding o'er!

How sad the sight! But hark! a sound! The bolt flies back; she is told to rise; Her friends are waiting to take her home. They know it all, yet in love they come, But with speechless lips and tearless eyes, The lost one's found!

Let's reason now: Suppose 'twas your mother, your sister, your wife, Who'd stained her soul with liquid fire— Who'd laid her womanhood in the mire— Who'd bartered away her bright young life— Who'd fallen low!

And then, again, Suppose the fiends you've licensed to sell Had sought to ruin a much-loved son, Esteemed and honoured by every one, And were dragging him down to a drunkard's hell!

With might and main: Would you keep still? Is it nothing to you that such things be? You who have little ones soon to be men And women, to take your place—what then? Is it nothing to you if they're bond or free? Have you no will?

Work night and day! Nail up the bars where liquor is sold! Free your town from its load of death! Add no more to the ghastly wraith Of widows and orphans whose knell you've told! Work, fight, and pray!

The end will come! God help and strengthen us day by day, And nerve us all for the coming st. life! Our foes are strong—they struggle for life— But God is stronger than they— The end will come!

It is proposed to form a Temperance Club and Library in Toronto on the following basis:

OBJECT. The mutual advancement and social improvement of the members, with a view to increased interest and usefulness in the Temperance cause, especially among young men and women.

Diary of a Rumseller.

MONDAY—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

TUESDAY—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

WEDNESDAY—That poor nervous fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart. P.S.—Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

THURSDAY—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised. P.S.—Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children—ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

FRIDAY—Phil Carter had no money, took his wife's wedding ring and silk dress for an old bill, and sent him home gloriously drunk.

SATURDAY—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help him to break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it some one else would.

SUNDAY—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are. N.B.—My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar—and yet, I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.

An Evening's Amusement.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

In his country home Frank Merriam had been regarded as a boy; but in the large town to which he had come to seek his fortune he was recognized as a young man. There he began at the very foot of the ladder, determined to work his way up.

"How far up?" asked one who had known him from childhood, and to whom he had expressed this determination:

"So far up that I can look level into the eyes of men who now look down upon me," he replied. "That is not a bad ambition; but there is a better. Go so far up that by the eye of faith you can look forward confidently to the reward awaiting all those who choose the good and avoid the evil."

It was easy to begin at the foot of the ladder, but as he worked on, day after day, a stranger in a strange place, he longed for the sight of familiar faces and the sound of familiar voices.

Anything like comradeship offered strong attractions to him, and, strangely, most of those who sought his acquaintance were the very ones he should have avoided. At last, when especially weary with the monotony of this work, he was urged by some young men boarding in the same house with himself to join them and a party of friends for an evening's amusement.

He was quite sure the amusement was not such as his mother would approve, but he was in too reckless a mood to allow that to influence him. He must have some recreation, and he was old enough to decide for himself.

While waiting for his companions he turned carelessly the leaves of an old

scrap-book lying on the table. It had belonged to his sister, now dead, and for that reason he counted it among his choicest treasures. The very sight of it was a silent plea against wrongdoing; but as he turned the leaves he found one still stronger:

"To every one there comes a moment to decide for the good or evil side. This may be the decisive moment with you who read this, and God grant you may decide wisely."

"I cannot go with you," said Frank Merriam when his name was called.

"Why not?" was asked in a tone of surprise.

"Because it would not be right for me to do so. It would be a new departure for me, and I have decided not to take it. I have never played a game of cards or tasted a drop of liquor in my life, and I should be foolish to begin now. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do, and I wish I knew no more of cards and liquor than you do," responded a young man who now came into Frank Merriam's room. "I didn't mean to; but I gave way a little at a time, until I am in for it; so I may as well keep on."

"Read that," responded his companion, pointing to the words which had arrested his own attention.

When read, the reader said sadly: "The trouble with me is I decided wrong, and I suppose it is too late to change."

"And did you decide for the evil against the good?"

"I suppose so, though I didn't think of it in that way. My father and mother would be distracted if they knew how I spend my evenings; I wish I could stay with you."

"You can. Two are stronger than one, and we can help each other. Let the others go if they will. They cannot compel us to go with them. Don't decide again for the evil side."

"You don't understand about it as well as I do. You are on the outside of the ring, while I am inside."

At this moment a tramping of feet was followed by shouts of "Hurry up!" "We shall lose half the fun unless we are on hand in good season."

"But we are not going," responded Frank Merriam. "I am sorry I gave you any reason to think I would go." Converse has decided to stay with me, too, and I wish the rest of you would keep us company."

This called forth a storm of ridicule and sharp retorts, yet the two stood firm, and presently the street door closed behind those who were "bound to have some fun, let it cost what it would."

They did not dream what the cost might be. They had no thought of any serious result from their evening's amusement; but the next morning found them under arrest for grave misdemeanors. Each was compelled to pay a heavy fine, in addition to giving bonds for future good conduct.

It was the old story of excessive drinking and its effects. One glass followed another until sense and reason were overpowered, and angry blows succeeded angry words.

"Bless the old scrap-book for its lesson, and thank God it was headed!" exclaimed Frank Merriam, when he knew what had transpired.

"Amen," responded George Converse heartily. "I have made a new decision and shall not change it. I am a teetotaler now and forever more."

Just One Glass.

THE New York papers lately contained hints of a tragedy which had its wretched ending in that city—a tragedy no less terrible because the same has occurred in thousands of American homes. Here are the facts in detail:

A young man, a clever, generous lad, the son of an influential and pious family in Scotland, two years ago fell into dissolute habits.

Every means was tried to bring him back to his better self, with little effect, until he saw and loved a young girl of his own rank in life. The hope of marrying her, of regaining his self-control and self-respect, nerved him again with the strength of his boyhood. He asked his father for the means to bring him to this country, resolving to begin life anew, where no one knew his shame.

The money for the outfit was given him, and with tears and prayers his old father and mother saw him depart. The day before he sailed he went to the woman he hoped some day to call his wife, told her he loved her, and asked her to wait for him until he returned to claim her.

The promise was given and the young fellow set sail, his heart elated with hope and triumph. In this new world a happy home, a noble life might yet be his! On his passage he was observed again and again to take out two letters from his pocket and pore over them. They had been handed to him as he came on board the ship. One was from his father, a passionate, almost breathless prayer for his safe deliverance from the old temptation, the other from his betrothed wife, happy, hopeful and loving.

When within two sail days' of New York, a friend whom he had made on the steamer ordered wine at the dinner table, and filled the young man's glass. The smell and sight of it maddened him. His head reeled. One little glass? There could surely be no danger in that! He raised it to his lips and drank.

Two days later he landed in New York in a state of intoxication; was driven to a hotel where he continued to drink heavily for a week, until he was seized with delirium, and placed under a physician's care.

When he recovered, his money was all spent, and he was ordered to leave the house. He was sober now, and understood fully what he had done. He looked at the landlord steadily.

"Go? Yes, I will go. That is all that is left for me to do," he said.

"The bus will be ready to take you away in five minutes," the man called after him, as he went upstairs.

But the next moment his bell rang, and when they went up they found him dead upon the floor—his life taken by his own hand. The letters he had read so often, and that had seemed to promise hope and brightness for the future, lay beside him. Thus he left the world without one word of farewell to anybody in it—the victim of "just one glass."—*Selected.*

"You never get to the end of Chris's words," said Dean Stanley. "There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted."