



Temperance Department.

FATHER, BRING HOME YOUR MONEY TO-NIGHT.

And the Tenor Song and Chorus W. de W. Mrs M. A. Kiddle

Oh, Father, dear Father, don't stay away late, Come home when your day's work is over...

Then bring home your money to-night Oh bring home your money to-night!

The old tavern keeper is rich, I am sure. His acres spread out far and wide,

And needy, and hungry beside. Don't give him your hard-earned dollars, I pray.

Oh, Father, dear Father, don't stay away late. I will be Saturday night as you know.

And nod as it comes and goes No bread in the pantry, no comfort in store...

MAKING JOY IN HEAVEN

BY KLEANOR KIM.

Do look at Bessie Carter! Shouldn't you think she would be ashamed of herself?

Why ashamed? rejoined Deacon Goodrich, both surprised and shocked at his daughter's strange remark.

What would you have Bessie do? the deacon asked, in the next and measured tones which Lucy well understood.

Why, I would have her stay at home. As long as she can't do any good, what is the use of disgracing herself?

How do you know she can do no good? Why, papa, that man is perfectly senseless!

So much the more need of his daughter's care? But folks talk dreadfully about Bessie, papa, for doing these things, and the whole town seems to look down on her.

And God looks down upon her, my child, and blesses her! Last Sunday, Lucy Bessie's Sabbath-school lesson contained this verse: There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth...

Shall I pass to the next, Hester? I asked. Oh, please don't she sobbed. I will say it in a minute.

Then she wiped her eyes and commenced. But she hadn't got half through the verse before she was in tears again. Finally she said, Oh, Deacon Goodrich, if this is true, and I know it is, how hard we ought to try to lead sinners to repentance!

I know, Lucy, that the poor child was thinking of her father, and was not surprised when we passed out of the vestry to have her stand to my side and say, Please, Deacon Goodrich, don't forget to pray for my dear father.

What did you say? enquired Lucy, her eyes full of tears.

I told her that I would not, and asked her if she was weeping because of discouragement. Said she, I don't know. I am very much dis-

couraged, and I am very happy too; perhaps you can't understand this. It seems to me, Deacon Goodrich, I could be willing to die tomorrow if I knew that my father could make such joy in heaven as that we read about today.

Oh, papa, said Lucy, springing into her father's arms. I hope you encouraged her.

I did what I could, you may be sure, was the quiet answer. And I was very careful to try and make her feel that her father's intemperance could by no possibility disgrace her.

That afternoon Deacon Goodrich's family went into the woods for a picnic. It was a lovely day in midsummer. All nature seemed to rejoice, and Lucy with a number of young friends, was full of the spirit of pleasure.

The sun was going down behind the trees in the grand old woods. Tea was over, and the baskets had all been packed. The twilight would be a long one, and Deacon Goodrich proposed that they should enjoy the very last bit of daylight before starting for home.

I wonder who it can be over there in the meadow beyond the stone wall? Lucy had asked from the swing. They have been there ever since we came. I have seen them lots of times. It looks, papa, as if there was a man sink ever there.

It is Bessie and her father, whispered Lucy. Oh, papa, isn't it dreadful!

The deacon put up his finger warningly. Bessie was praying. Deacon Goodrich said afterwards that he had listened to a good many prayers in his day, but he thought he could not say that this was the first real prayer of faith he ever heard.

Then this is a prayer-meeting, is it, Mr. Carter? Glorious place for it! No walls built by men between God and our own consciences, and the deacon put the sufferer at his case.

That's just it, groaned the poor man. It seems to me that my whole soul is laid bare to His searching gaze. I never felt so strangely before. Bessie has been talking to me about Heaven, trying to describe to me how happy the angels are when a sinner such as I repents of his sin.

And mother is among the angels, you know, said Bessie softly, as she tenderly caressed the scarred and bloated face.

And I broke her heart. No, no, Bessie, don't talk nonsense! There may be hope for some drunkards, but there's none for me!

But, father dear, broke in the faithful daughter, her face all aglow. This is the way it is the greater the sinner, the greater the joy. It seems to me I can hear them singing now.

Let us pray, said Deacon Goodrich with quivering voice.

When the good man arose from his knees, the tottering figure of the drunkard confronted him.

With God's help, he burst out, seizing the deacon's hand. I will never touch another drop of liquor. I never broke a promise yet, Deacon Goodrich, and lifting his eyes reverently. He will help me to keep this one, Bessie, turning to his daughter.

The victory was complete. The deacon and Mr. Carter walked home arm in arm, Bessie and Lucy following.

It was very discouraging, said Bessie to Lucy, sometimes; but I believed in God,

and I was sure if I did my part, just as I was told, that He would do His. Oh! Lucy; think of the joy there is in Heaven now!

Lucy did think, but she could not speak for her tears.—Congregationalist

RENEGADES FROM TETOTALISM.

Those who have been moderate men all their life are often quite content with saying that every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind; and some of them are frank enough to own that abstinence is a good thing.

But the influence of the example of the renegade, apart from any active effort, operates, and very powerfully too, in the same direction.

Weak-kneed totalitarians, and we have such in our ranks, begin to waver with themselves, especially when the renegade is a minister.

We are not indulging here in mere supposition. We have a case now before us where the withdrawal of a minister from his abstinence had several to follow his example.

We do not know that he is conversant with these facts. It is quite possible that he may be living in the belief that some was thus injured; but there were keen eyes watching, and they saw these results.—League Journal.

"IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD."

This is one of the most prevalent of the fallacies concerning alcohol. Teamsters, soldiers, sailors, travellers and all sorts of people believe this very largely, and practice accordingly.

The results of the use of alcohol for this purpose give an excellent illustration of its deceitful effect on the nerves.

But now observe the sensations through the nerves. They report the first slight rise in temperature with some correctness.

Almost simultaneously with this they are benumbed by the alcohol, and their function suspended to such a degree that they do not report correctly the subsequent condition of the system.

This is a fair specimen of the deceit of alcohol. It is a nerve poison, and that fact accounts for many of the erroneous opinions about its effects.

It explains why the popular impression which leads people to drink, conflicts with the results of careful scientific experiments and observations.

The latter are but little known to the people. The result of some of the latest we have given above, in the indications of the thermometer. The ob-

servations and records of scientific men extend over a long period. Sir John Ross, in his expeditions to the arctic regions where its use was considered indispensable, because so well satisfied that it was injurious that he proposed to his men to give up the use of alcohol, which they did with great advantage.

Dr. Alkin ascribes the failure of several unsuccessful Northern expeditions to the use of alcoholic liquors, while those who drank nothing but water had better health, and were more successful.

Three or four years ago a company of twenty-six Americans, travelling on a western plain, were obliged to camp out without a fire in very cold weather.

They had good supplies of all sorts, and an abundance of whiskey. One of their number, somewhat read up on the subject, cautioned them strongly against the use of the latter.

Two of them heeded his words, and with himself drank no whiskey. They were cold, but did not suffer severely, nor freeze. They all wrapped up, and clustered together in groups as well as they could.

Three others drank a little, and suffered much, but did not freeze. Several others who drank more, had their toes and fingers frosted.

Six drank much, and were so badly frozen that they never fully recovered. Four drank to intoxication, and were so much injured that they died in three or four weeks afterwards.

While the remaining three who drank themselves dead drunk, were frozen stiff in the morning. They were all men in the prime of life, and were all equally well provided with blankets and clothing.

The experiment was as near conclusive as it could well be made, the greatest difference being in the quantity of liquor used. The suffering was, apparently, in exact proportion to the quantity drunk.

The details of the case were published at the time in a Cincinnati medical journal, being communicated by this member of the party who warned his associates against the poison.

If we had such intelligent men everywhere, to notice facts and results, and press them upon the attention of the people, we would soon get rid of this fallacy, and strike a heavy blow at the vitals of King Alcohol.—Zion's Herald.

REGULAR SOBERING WORKER THAN IRREGULAR CAROUSING.—In his recently published Clinical Lectures, referring to the dangers involved in operating upon habitual drinkers, Sir James Paget, an eminent English physician and surgeon, says "One does, indeed, sometimes meet with habitual drunkards who pass safely through the perils of great operations; but these are rare exceptions to the rule, according to which one may reckon that the risks of all operations increase with the increasing degree of habitual intemperance.

I think you will find that a habit of slight intemperance is much worse than occasional great excesses, that regular soaking is worse than irregular carousing, probably because of the steady impairment of the blood and of all the textures to which the soaking leads.

Of course you will keep your hands off notorious drunkards, unless you are driven by the stress of a strangulated hernia, or a stopped windpipe, or something leaving you as little choice as these do.

But you must be on your guard to detect a good deal of drunkenness of the soaking kind, which is not notorious and not confessed. Be rather afraid of operating on those of whatever class, who think they need stimulants before they work, who cannot dine until after wine and bitters, who always have sherry on the sideboard, or who are always sipping brandy-and-water, or are rather proud that, because they can eat so little, they must often take some wine.

Many people who pass for highly respectable, and who mean no harm, are thus daily damaging their health, and making themselves unfit to bear any of the storms of life.

A writer in a recent number of the London Freeman says: "A great number of smokers seem to have lost sight of politeness! Their smoking makes them rude. Why should a smoker blow his smoke in my face, or allow the dust of his weed to fly in my eyes? Why at all he think it not indecent frequently to expectorate in my presence? I have as much right to scatter fine strong pepper and half-blind the passers-by or my companions in a railway carriage. I might answer it pleased me, and they must put up with it. Men have no more right to smoke in public than I have to scatter the pepper. Our pleasures ought not to be at the expense of another; all public smokers, however, break this law, and give great offence to that part of the public who hate the most distasteful fumes of tobacco."