

weeks—\$16.80 in twelve months. That's how it is that you can have a holiday with my pint of beer money, for I've been to the Post Office Savings Bank, and fetched it out on purpose. So we'll have a fine time of it, won't we?

John. Bless thee, my lass. You have taught me a lesson, for if you can do without your beer and save the money, so will I; and to-morrow we'll both go to the old house and there take a fresh start, and by God's help we may be successful in rising in the world by the help of the cents which have, I see, been thrown foolishly away at the Cat and Fiddle.

Mary. That's right, and no doubt we shall be able every year to spend the anniversary of our wedding-day much more happily than if we spent the money at the Cat and Fiddle. [Exit.]

The Effects of Drinking.

ONE hundred thousand crimes are committed each year, under the effects of drunkenness. A majority of persons arrested for disorderly conduct are found to be drunk. In the vicinity of licensed grog-shops, half the nights are made hideous by drunken revelry; a bar-room is the accompaniment of every brothel, and vice presents an unabashed front, under the protection of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. It is well to inquire why this is so.

It is the effect of alcohol to stupefy the moral faculties of the mind, and to arouse to unnatural action all that is brutish and immoral. As the victim progresses step by step in the downward way, the voice of conscience becomes fainter and fainter, until it no longer is heard. Carnal nature grows daily more powerful, until all that is immoral, brutish and devilish, is in complete ascendancy. The victim has lost all sense of virtue, and has no fear of God or man before his eyes. Every bar-room becomes a school of vice. The persons who assemble there keep each other in countenance, and vie with each other

as to who shall outdo in the immoral pastime. The minister, the church-member, the morally upright man, are represented as canting hypocrites, while some drunken atheist, who argues without reason or sense, is applauded to the echo. The filthy jest or story, and ribald song, goes the round of the assembly.

Sympathy with the dealers in intoxicating drinks, and hatred of those who labor to suppress the vice, are assiduously cultivated. Boys at that age when parental restraint is felt as a burden, and skepticism is the natural bent of the youthful mind, are the common victims. Who shall be surprised that persons become enamored of great vices, or that profanity becomes a habit, where scarce anything is heard which is not interlarded with oaths, and where he who can drink and swear loudest, and tell the vilest story is most loudly applauded? By this means a large proportion of our people are becoming familiar with vice.

Intoxicating drinks arouse the animal passions. Women are easily led from the path of virtue when under the influence of strong drink, and a majority of the ruined victims of reckless libertines are led to ruin by the help of wine or brandy.

What must be the effect upon the nation, of more than 200,000 bar-rooms, in which these schools of vice meet nightly, and every Sabbath is bacchanalian revel? Is it a wonder that dishonesty and crime stalk abroad all over the land; that Sabbath-breaking and profanity disgust the pious and well-disposed citizen, or that the shameless wanton walks the streets in broad day?—*The Lever* (English paper.)

Church Temperance Work.

THE following is from a paper read at a conference invited by the National Temperance Society, held in the Lecture Room of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, some time ago, and is worthy of consideration by all temperance workers:—

Do something! The old Athenian said first *action*, second *action*, third *action*. Work in all the ways we have named; work in some only; work in ways we have not named; work in only one way, but work. An Irishman, ridiculed for starting off on horseback with only one spur, replied very justly: "If I get one side of the horse moving, I'll trust the other side." Move on one point, if you can do no more; feeble work rather than no work; timid work rather than no work; effort toward the least of all the phases of this sin; strike at the smallest of the heads of this hydra. Anything rather than that apathy which hangs like a dense, damp chill, paralyzing our energies. The late Jabez Burns, in the city of London, January 24, 1876, preached his thirty-fifth annual temperance sermon. Suppose he had done nothing else but preach one sermon a year? Do something, yea, anything, rather than be indolent and awaken God's curse as of old, when He said; "Curse ye Meroz: curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Do something, and let your doing be continuous and regular, as opposed to the spasmodic. The less machinery you have the better. One wide-awake man and a temperance pledge will work as a rifled gun in the hands of a trained gunner. Begin with a prayer meeting; be willing to have small meetings. Let not the day of small things be despised, but keep right on doing something—doing with both hands with all your heart, in all winds and weather, with ebb or flood tide—keep right on doing something.

Do something! A revolver may be best to kill a mad dog, but all cannot aim straight, and few carry revolvers. Try a boot-jack or a brickbat. A life-boat is the best thing with which to rescue drowning men at sea, but many a man has been kept up by a hen-coop or a floating plank. Do something! "Let all goo