

ing on London Bridge, and in this cold too. I told him to be there at 12 o'clock to-day, and wait till I came; and in the pressure of business at the War Office, I quite forgot the appointment."

Father and son were to have met at noon, and it was now 7 o'clock in the evening. Yet the father seemed to have no doubt that Harry would be at his post, sternly waiting. He arose and ordered a cab to be called, and as he excused himself to his visitor, the latter ventured to ask if he felt sure he should find the boy on the bridge.

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel promptly, "you may depend so far upon the discipline of a soldier's family."

In the course of an hour Havelock returned with poor Harry, who had been found faithful at his post, and who though somewhat chilled by the long watch, had passed the afternoon in good humor, feeling as he expressed it, that since he had his father's orders, it was all right.

A DRUNKEN FARM.

Often and often, while riding through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The floor yard fence had disappeared—burned up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking fashion on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like the owner; everything was dilapidated, decaying, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that the owner traded too much at one shop—the rum-shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the home—all had gone down the farmer's throat. Outside, matters were the same. The barnyards were wretched styes; the doors were off, the roofs leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink. The farm showed the trail of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone walls, the rickety fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-headed crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer-by, "Whisky did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizers, sloth, instead of labors, unthrift in the place of care, and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from the town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures for young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunken farm.—*Golden Rule.*