

THE HARVEST HOME; AND WHAT PROVERB WILL SAID ABOUT IT.

A band of harvesters had finished their first field, and were in high glee at the golden crop before them.

"We shall have a rare yield," said Tom the wagoner, "and plenty o'beer at the harvest home, lads."

Proverb Will said nothing, but went on with his work.

At dinner time, however, as the brown-faced toilers sat under the hedge out of the hot sun, one of them asked Will what he thought of beer and a caper at the harvest home.

"Well, mates," said he, "there's a good saying, 'Give neither advice nor salt until you are asked for it,' and yet 'Advice comes too late when a thing is done.' So if you will I'll tell you my thoughts, and not ask you a penny for them. There was a time when I had my quart o'beer, but I had not cut my wise teeth then, and I soon found that debt is the worst kind of poverty. I was always in debt, and felt like a donkey in the pound. 'Out of debt out of danger,' you know. Well, I at last signed teetotal, and began to pay off my debts. It were hard work, but daylight will peep through a small hole, and every shilling I saved made me feel stronger and better. At the end of my fight with debt came the harvest. 'Now,' said my neighbors, 'Will must drink like the rest of us.' But God sent me a mate like myself—a teetotaler and a Primitive—and two in distress makes sorrow less. We worked hard, but drank nothing but water, skim milk, cold tea, and water with a bit o'loman in it. At first both master and mates laughed at us, but every dog has his day, and a good dog gets a fat bone. We hadn't been working a week before we began to gain on the other ones. We were as sound as a nut, as fresh as larks, and felt up to the toil in the sun. Our mates had lots o'beer, and at night they were half dead and half drunk. But fools think themselves wise to the very last, and so they had beer, and we had our drinks as before. Sunday tries most men. My mate and I went to chapel with our wives, and t'others went to the 'Sportmen's Dog.' Ah! that were a sad night for two of them. Nothing comes out of the sack but what was in it, and one sheep follows another. Four of my mates got drunk, and two of them fought and swore all the way home. Every man has his humour, and their humour was of the devil—for one got a stake and beat his neighbor, and knocked out his eye, and went to prison for it. He never came back to the parish, but 'listed and was killed in the Crimea. Well, my mate and I felt thankful we had gone to chapel, and our wives were as proud of us as they could be. Well, we went through out first harvest without beer; we were no worse. Everybody said that. We were first in, last out. We did as much as any, and some said more than many. Some called us 'teetotal humbuges,' but if you pull down your hat on the wind side, and walk on you'll take no hurt. We had more money to take than any men round about, and we were none the worse for hard work. We found the chapel better than the beer-shop, and smiling wives sweeter than smirking landladies. So mates, let us do without beer both in the field and at the horring. And as

"Good words without deeds
Are rushes and reeds,"

I should say that we ask our good parson to preach us a sermon on God's goodness in the church in the afternoon, and then that we have a tea at the chapel at night, and have the choir, and lots of singing, and talk about anything you like. 'Let us be merry and wise. Don't be sour with the lads and lassies if they do a bit of honest courting, for every Jack and Jill must come to wedded life, and love visits the cottage as well as the palace. So let's to work again with a will, and do our best for ourselves and our master, and Him that's made the air so fresh and the world so fair. So let's to work, mates, for no sweat, no sweet.' And the stalwart chaps rose from the shelter of the green hedge, and went to the yellow corn—not, however, all agreed as to beer and cold tea, chapel and capers. "But," said Proverb Will to his neighbor, who was a Methodist local preacher, "we must be patient with them and lead them gently, for a smooth wedge will split an oak, and no pains no profit."—*George M. McCree, in Temperance Record.*

THANK GOD FOR COLD WATER.

Henry Green had been a drunkard of the most degraded kind. He had ruined his character, and most shamefully abused his family. But one day his eyes were opened. He saw that he stood upon the brink of an awful precipice, and that the pit of destruction yawned beneath his feet. He thought, he resolved, and abandoned his drunken ways. Henry Green was soon a reformed man.

His wife and children rejoiced over the change. He again loved them. He met them with a smile. The dark wilderness of life was transformed into a blooming garden, and the sun came forth after the storm. They were once more a happy family.

And yet, notwithstanding this, Henry Green's wife rejoiced with trembling. She knew the frailty of human nature. She knew the power of old habits. She knew that snares innumerable were laid for the feet of her husband. When she beheld his footstep from afar, as he came home in the evening, she watched eagerly to see if it was firmly taken.

Henry Green took the pledge towards the beginning of winter. During all that winter he worked very hard, and greatly increased his family's com-

forts. He did not feel any very strong inclination to return to the former ways. But spring came and then summer.

With spring's increasing heat, the desire of strong drink came back to Henry Green. He had to work hard, and oftentimes perspired profusely. Burning thirst followed. In was then that the reformed man dwelt in imagination upon the pleasures which a draught from the intoxicating bowl would impart. Frequently he caught himself in a reverie, and made an effort to drive the bewitching thoughts away. But again and again they would return. The temptation was almost too much for the reformed man.

Green was much engaged in the erection of wooden buildings. A gentleman engaged him to put up several upon his property, and, with a view to accomplish this more easily, he erected a temporary workshop on the spot.

He wrought very hard. He saw a bright light gilding the future. He felt that he was now on the right path, and that ere long he would recover more than he had lost. He was filled with strong hope.

Time rolled on, and the mild glories of spring gave way to the dazzling splendour of summer. The weather became very sultry and hot. Henry Green's appetite again revived, and many a time he thought upon the "cooling glass."

Not far from the spot where the reformed man was working, stood a tavern, with which in former days he had been but too familiar. There he had spent many a precious hour and many a dollar in wanton dissipation. It was mid-day, the sun was high in the heavens, and the heat was melting. Henry Green was faint and thirsty, and his thoughts were dwelling on that tavern. He could not restrain them. The glasses glittered before his eyes and he almost fancied they were touching his lips. He was as one that dreamed. It was a terrible moment. He felt as if nothing but liquor could quench his awful thirst; he felt as if he could have parted with a world to get it.

The fearful struggle was going on like a tempest in his bosom. At that moment a gentle voice fell upon his ear.

"Father," it sweetly said.

Green started from his reverie. He looked, and a little child stood by his side. It was a fair child with curling and flowing locks, full of innocent smiles—his own darling girl. She held in her tiny hands a cup of water.

"Have a drink of cool water, father!" said the dear little girl.

"Yes, my dear," said the agitated man, his voice almost choked with emotion, as he eagerly grasped the cup.

Henry Green's imagination was recalled in a moment from the ensnaring object on which it was placed. The tap-room vanished. His thirst was quenched. His little girl, through a kind providence, had saved him.

"Thank you, my dear," said the grateful parent, as he lifted his daughter in his arms and imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips.

"Shall I bring you another cool drink in a little while?" asked the little one, as she pressed her father's brow with her hands.

"Did any one tell you to bring me the cup of water?" asked Mr. Green.

"No, but I thought you would like a cool drink," replied the child.

"Yes, dear, bring me another drink after a while." He kissed his little daughter again, replaced her on the ground, and then turned joyfully to his work.

And then the uppermost thought in Henry Green's bosom was this—Thank God for Cold Water.—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

Ladies' Department.

C. W. S. A.

The first meeting of the Canadian Women's Suffrage Association for the season was held in Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday, the 11th inst., the President in the chair.

After the adoption of the minutes of last meeting, the president read a letter from the secretary, Miss Foulds, announcing her withdrawal from office on account of her return to Scotland. Letters were also read from several new members, among them being Mrs. Wiggins, of Ottawa, and Mrs. J. M. C. Fiske, of St. John, N. B.

On resolution it was decided to canvas the lady voters of the ward of St. James with reference to the bringing out of a lady for School Trustee.

It was also resolved to request the City Council to petition the Ontario Legislature on behalf of the municipal franchise for women. A deputation was appointed to wait upon the Council, and upon the Premier.

A resolution of regret at the loss the Association sustains in the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Foulds, and expressive of regard and esteem for them, was also carried, and the Secretary *pro tem.* instructed to send them a copy thereof.

A correspondent from St. John, New Brunswick, says: "We did succeed here, by dint of petition, etc., in securing the appoint-