

Mr. Gordon Mowat was called on to address the meeting, and he pointed out that the temperance movement was the anti-Christ spoken of in Scripture, to come in these latter days, and that there were one or two ministers in the city who were prepared to support them in their movement.

Rev. C. O. JONSTON then put several questions to the speakers, which puzzled them somewhat, and amused the audience a great deal.

Mr. TAIT asked Mr. Mowat how he could account for the fact that forty years ago scarcely a minister of any denomination would have anything to do with temperance, and that now such a change had taken place that it was found necessary to boast that one or two were actually found in the city of Toronto, who were against the total abstinence and prohibition movement. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Tales and Sketches.

THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet, unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life—he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road. He worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine-room in the course of my factory rounds many times a day, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if the bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room. In the fire-room the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauges showed even pressure, the water-gauges were always just right, and by our daily report we knew we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find anything about either engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptom of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days' drunk" had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment upon the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning, as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note-book "Cylinder-oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I took my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to last month, no week has passed without my Saturday-night drunk. During these years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulants were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window-ledge, and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—*Select.*

A REMEDY FOR SPREES.

A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife was very much shocked; he told her he was sick and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortably laid on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, and altogether he was a pitiable-looking object. The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse, examined him, and found he was only drunk, he said: "He will be all right in the morning." But the wife insisted he was very sick, and severe remedies must be used. "You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for one who

will." The husband's head was accordingly shaved close and blisters were applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by the pain. About daylight he woke up in the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hand to his bandaged head. "Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife: "you have been sick." "I am not sick." "Oh, yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night." "I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?" "They are blistered." "Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously. He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands still worse. "Dear," he said, groaning, "if ever I should get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above all, don't blister me again." "Oh! indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell I shall be more frightened than ever, for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die unless the severest measures are used." He made no further defence. Suffice to say that he never had another attack.—*Daily Baltimorean.*

For Girls and Boys.

THE COMING VOTERS.

When we are old enough to vote,
We'll make a great commotion;
We'll sweep the land of whiskey clean,
From ocean unto ocean.
Old Alcohol will have to fall
From his exalted station;
We'll smite him right, we'll smite him left,
And drive him from the nation.

A BUSY SMALL BOY.

I know a small boy, a very small boy,
Who's as busy as he can be.
Would you like to see him? Well, look this way.
That very small boy is me.
They tell me a man is a boy grown up,
And the man who is good and great,
Is the one who began when a very small boy
To grow exceedingly straight.
I want to be good and great when a man,
And I think I have started fair,
For I've faithfully promised "never to drink,
Or smoke, or chew, or swear."
I've promised, when able, the Bible to read;
I have also promised to pray.
And it keeps me busy; oh! yes, it does;
But I'll walk in wisdom's way.
So, my friends, this boy, this very small boy,
Who's as busy as he can be,
Wants help from his friends; will you look this way?
That very small boy is me.
—Rev. C. H. Mead, in *Juvenile Temperance Reciter.*

SLEIGH BELLS.

How many boys and girls know how sleigh bells are made? The little iron ball is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh bell it jingles. When the horse trots, the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell, this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mould of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and mould.

When the mould is taken off, you see a sleigh bell, but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the bell is made of, so it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and will ring.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh bell.—*Popular Science News.*