

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

FATHER HAMILTON'S TEST.—CONTINUED.

Now Knox's eloquence was always expended on the sin and folly of buying, selling or manufacturing strong liquors; for unconsciously he had considered beer rather small game to hunt down. He disapproved of it from early associations; he sometimes reflected that Ned Fenton began his brief and sad career with beer drinking, but never until this first winter after he took his farm, did he begin to realize that just here was an unguarded trap door that let many a poor creature into a current setting toward perdition. He said as much as this to Silas Barnard, one day; and received the following reply:

"Shoo! now that's tall kind of talk! I ain't no guzzler, yet I take a glass of beer myself, say once a month maybe, and I ain't one whit nearer perdition for it than that humly, red-headed baby is."

Before Prissy's wrath would allow her to defend her infant's beauty, Billy replied: "No, I admit you are not, for you have no craving for it; you have a cozy home, a table with good food, tea and coffee fit for a king; you don't want beer often; but Jerry Whitley, who used to take it as seldom, now that he has lost his home, his wife, and most of his money, he is getting beer almost every time I pass Holmes' tavern."

"Jerry ought to know better."

"He may know better, but he does not do better; and if he could not get beer he would be healthier, wealthier and wiser."

"Well, he always can, and I guess he always will be able to get beer until the last wave of the star-spangled banner; it looks that way to me. So what's the use of fretting yourself over what you can't help?"

"If I can't help beer-selling I may keep somebody from beer-drinking."

"Mebbe—by chokin' or pizen. I think it is all a question of self-control, and you can't keep much of anybody but Billy Knox out of the fully business. It is different with beer from what it is with whiskey; you can prove that it is a curse on the country; but plenty of folks will face you down that beer is a strengthening, innocent drink. I like it once in a while myself," said Si, honestly.

Billy was balancing Jack on one foot, and Jill on the other; and as the idol was in his lap, he looked somewhat like a Chinese pagoda with the god sitting in the front door. He mused a while in silence, and then laughingly remarked:

"I knew a Dutchman once who said there was no argument so convincing as a 'bald-headed' fact. I am going over to see Dr. Higbee, some day, and inquire into the nourishing and strengthening properties of beer."

"And when you have facts you won't do a particle of good with them," said the faithless Si, smiling. "One time I see a regular rabid old temperance lecturer tackle Tom Sykes, the toper, and describe his stomach to him—how it was all up with alcohol, and red like raw beefsteak. 'Jest think now, Sykes,' seshe, 'in what an awful looking state the inside of your stomach must be!' and Sykes he tittered right out, and ses he, 'Why, bless you, nobody sees it'—that's all he cared for facts."

Billy laughed outright, but was not at all discouraged by Silas' lack of enthusiasm. He resolved to do his duty in his day and generation, to take his stand on the side of good morals, and the best interests of his fellow-men. Whenever he thought of Ned Fenton, he remembered the hosts of good-natured, lovable fellows, just so easily tempted as Ned had been, and he strongly desired to help any such who might come in his way by every means he could exert.

One day, about this time, Knox had to go into Sefton on business; and passing Dr. Higbee's office, he bethought himself to drop in for a chat with the old man. He found him resting after a long ride.

"Well, Knox, I hear a very good account of you! Did a fine thing, I guess, taking that farm; and there's work to do, but it will keep you steady as a clock. How are they all out to Ellery's? That's a pretty girl the old gentleman has! He had her in town the other day, and stopped to introduce me to her. I declare, I was sorry I was almost seventy. Whose horse is that, yours?"

"Yes," replied Billy, warming his hands by the doctor's red-hot stove.

"It is a good-looking beast. Yes, and I hear you are coming out strong on the temperance question. Well, go ahead, there's work enough on that line."

"Doctor, do you ever drink beer?" asked Knox, finding that the old fellow was in a genial mood.

"Never, now-a-days. I used to take a glass once in a while."

"But do you think beer, taken in moderation, is injurious, doctor?"

"See here; I have something near by that will answer you! The 'Physio-Medical Recorder' says:

"It is now a conceded physiological fact that ardent spirits, in every shape and form, from small beer to alcohol at one hundred per cent, impede and impair digestion, and are adverse to the whole alimentary process. * * * The idea that liquor aids digestion is both erroneous and absurd; for, so far from that, it weakens the nerves, stupefies the brain, covers the heart, and materially injures the whole human organism." Believe that every word of it."

"Yes, no doubt it is true, as regards stronger liquors; but many excellent people insist that beer does them good—balthem up when they are run down."

"Oh, of course. Scores of my patients prescribe it for themselves. It is even more popular than bitters; but every one of these excellent people is the 'victim of gammon, or Sammy Weller said of his 'pa'."

"There is no good in beer-drinking, let little or much be taken. Liebig declares that:

"The whole purpose of brewing is to get rid of the nitrogenous, blood-forming elements of the grain, and to transmute the useful sugar into alcohol." He says: "We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer." I am giving you the opinion of abler men than Higbee; and if you are getting up a temperance lecture, I can furnish you no end of facts, statistics, authorities, all reliable and weighty."

"Your opinion is enough for me," returned Billy; but the doctor was tumbling the pamphlets, which strewed his table, and began again:

"Dr. Edwards says: 'The diseases of beer-drinkers are always of a dangerous character, and, in case of an accident, they can never undergo the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They almost invariably die under it.'"

"Dr. Grinrod, a prominent London physician, says: 'A copious beer-drinker is all one vital part. He wears his heart on his sleeve, bare to a death wound even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat.'" How much alcohol does lager beer contain?"

"From five to eight percent, according to its strength."

"What I started out to learn was if beer ever was really helpful, if it ever did promote digestion, and—"

"If beer promotes digestion it is by the ninety percent of water in it, and not the six percent of alcohol, nor the one and two-thirds percent of gum, nor the one and one-third percent of other ingredients. The alcohol of lager must interfere with digestion, not promote it."

"I am convinced," was Billy's comment.

"I will give you some pamphlets to read," said the doctor. He had just collected them when a patient arrived and the interview ended.

(To be continued.)

FRED'S FAULT.

"Fred! Fred!" called Mrs. Arnold. "Wake up, my boy! You will be late at breakfast."

"I'm awake, mother," said Fred, and Mrs. Arnold went down to the dining-room and closed the door.

Presently the family assembled. Eight o'clock came. No Fred.

"Fred will be late at school," remarked the mother, anxiously. "Run upstairs, Charlie, and see whether he is out of bed."

"He says he'll be down in a minute," reported Charlie, returning.

"My dear," Mr. Arnold observed as he passed his cup for more coffee, "if Fred does not overcome his indolence it will follow him through life and handicap him everywhere. I wish you would be more resolute with him. If you are not, I shall be compelled to take him in hand myself."

Fred just then hurried in, looking cross and vexed. From his expression one would have supposed that his mother and the family were to blame for not having taken him out of bed bodily, dressed him, and obliged him to be in time.

He hurried through the meal, caught up his books, and dashed off to school without even saying good morning. The other children, with time enough for amiability, had started for their duties without leaving the impression of a hurricane behind them.

Father and mother were left alone. "If," as you say, "you should take Fred in hand, John, what course would you adopt," said Mrs. Arnold. "You have never been stern with the children."

"I should use no severity in Fred's case, except that of letting his great fault work out its natural results without interference. The boy will be hampered all his life by this propensity to put off action at the right moment, this fatal procrastination. But I fear, my love, that I cannot work out Fred's cure while you are in the house. You would be sure to interfere."

"Have I ever interfered when you reproved the children, John?" said Mrs. Arnold, with an accent of reproach.

"Invariably, my dear," said Mr. Arnold with a smile. "When I sent Charlie from the table last week because he was rude to Carrie, your eyes filled with tears, and you looked so sad that I felt dreadfully distressed. In fact, it seemed as if I ought to go away myself."

"Oh, I think you were a little hasty that day, John. But do me justice, I said nothing."

"Not one word, you best of wives—and mothers," replied Mr. Arnold. "Well, it is agreed that I shall see what I can do for our boy in the next month?"

Mrs. Arnold looked rather doubtful. In her tenderness to her children she was not always wise. Many a step she took which Elith ought to have taken. Often she made Una's bed when that young lady ought not to have left it for the busy mother to attend to. Still, she felt that Fred's case must be attended to.

So she said, after a pause, "You won't be guided in the least by brother Reuben; you haven't been talking with him, have you, John?" He said something very provoking to me the other day."

Mr. Reuben Storms was a bachelor brother who was visiting them.

"I did not hear it," said Mr. Arnold. "No? It was this. He was sitting here one morning when I was especially tried with Fred's 'in a minute,' and 'by-and-by,' and 'presently, mother,' and he said, 'Mary, I believe what that boy needs is a good, old-fashioned whipping. He wants stirring up and setting in his place.'"

"Reuben's not my brother," said Mr. Arnold, "and he hasn't any boys of his own I shall not whip Fred. Except for deliberate falsehood, I would never lay a finger on one of my sons, and I am entirely sure of their truthfulness and honor, I am thankful to say."

"Well, dear, do as you like," said Mrs. Arnold.

Fred was called the next morning as usual, and as usual did not rise.

No one called him a second time.

When finally he awoke with a start it was half past eight, and going to the window he observed his father and mother walking together on their way to the station. He then remembered that they were going to the city on a shopping excursion, and that his father in bidding him good-night the evening before, and remarked pleasantly, "Hereafter you will be called only once in the morning, my boy."

He hurried down, found the table cleared off, and Bridget busy about her ironing.

"Where's my breakfast?" he inquired.

"Sure, it's meself supposed yez had had it, Master Fred," said Bridget. "It's all cleared away now, but here's the loaf and the milk jug. Help yourself."

Bread and milk were not precisely the viands Fred desired, but there was no help for it. He ate a bowl of bread and milk and grumbled not a little the while, but Bridget paid no attention.

Then he went to school, was very late, was reprimanded, and had to stay after class hours to make up the lesson he had missed.

Fred had a half-dozen similar experiences. Not a word of expostulation, rebuke, or persuasion was addressed to him. He was simply taught by the logic of events. In a month there was evident

a great change, and Fred, the crutch of dependence on his mother's continual calling and irritated patience removed, became so prompt that his fault was forgotten.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HOME HELP FOR THE TEACHER.

One source of help to the teacher is to be found in the scholars' homes. A mother's or father's help is not to be slighted in the managing, or in the teaching, of a child in the Sabbath school. If that help be freely proffered to the teacher in his work for his scholars, he should accept it gratefully. If it is not forthcoming without his request for it, he ought to seek it persistently. No teacher who finds a difficulty in managing his class, has yet done his best to secure a wise control of his scholars, if he has failed to seek the co-operation of the parents of these scholars in his endeavors in their behalf. There are very few parents who would not gratefully receive the courteous visits of their children's Sabbath school teachers. More parents than the teachers commonly suppose would welcome timely and judicious suggestions as to the way in which they could co-work with those teachers. There is no good in complaining that the scholars do not study their Sabbath school lessons at home, or behave as they should in the Sabbath school class. There may be a great deal of good in going frankly to the parents, to ask if they will not kindly see that their children study their lessons, and that they go to the Sabbath school with a purpose of good behavior there.

And all this can be done without any complaining on the teacher's part against the conduct of the scholars. Teachers and parents ought to have an understanding on this subject. Some of them do so, if you have trouble in managing your scholars, you ought to be of the number of those who seek and obtain parent help in the managing. It may be that you could do more for your scholars by an hour's judicious work with the parents, than by a month's work with the scholars without any help from the parents. You ought to have the parents with you as "fellow-workers to the truth." You ought to seek their co-operation persistently and in faith. It is your duty to want it, to go for it, to secure it. According to your desires and your faith—as shown in your wise and persistent work in this direction—so it shall be unto you. As it is in the matter of personal behavior in the class, so it may be in any other line of your effort in behalf of your scholars. In punctuality of attendance, in reverence of spirit, in studiousness, in giving into the Lord's treasury, in loving others and in doing for them, your scholars may be trained as well as managed. By taking up one point at a time, and pressing it patiently and faithfully with your scholars, you may raise the standard of your scholars' being and doing at that point; and so you may "press on unto perfection"—go forward unto full growth, or completeness—with all in your class. Indeed, the term "managing," as applied to your work in behalf of your scholars, must not be limited to the idea of controlling them in their behavior. It should be made to include all that goes to the forming and finishing of the scholar's character; for that should be the scope of your desires, of your endeavors, of your prayers, and of your faith. And such a work is not easily nor quickly compassed. It is a tireless, and, in a sense, an endless task; for the work of character-finishing is a work that is never finished.—*Teaching and Teachers.*

If WE HAD THE EARS OF mothers in the country, whose boys have gone away to the cities, and to the great city, and who are wondering how they may help them to keep pure and true among the temptations of city life, we should say this to them: Write them a mother's love-letter every week. We know by personal experience how mother's letter keeps her before the young man's eye and safe in the young man's heart. We know how those letters keep on building a hedge round a young man so high and so thick that foul conversation and evil enticement can not get through. We do not believe that the devil can get near the mother-guarded youth.—*S. S. Chronicle.*

If you would not fall into sin, do not stand by the door of temptation.