



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI., NO. 6.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1876.

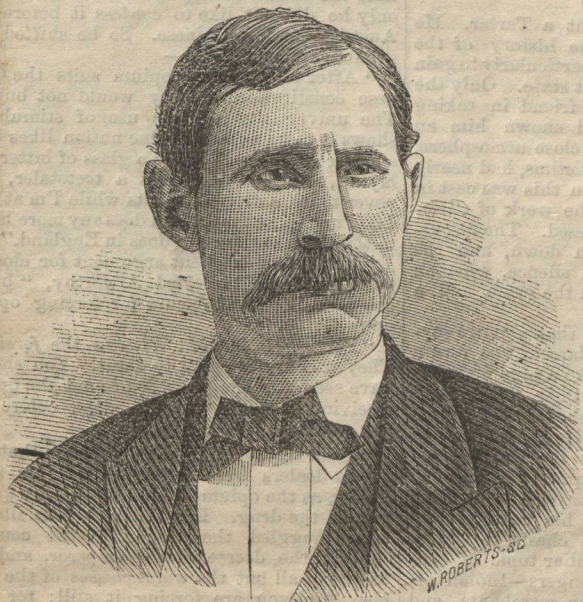
SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

THE HELPING HAND FOR MEN.

To those in danger or trouble nothing is so welcome as a helping hand. Our churches are helping hands to lead men to Christ; the temperance societies are helping hands to lead them to the church. But individuals as well as societies have work to do in this respect, and the romantic history of Mr. Jere McCauley shows how seed sown broadcast may fall into good ground, germinate, and many days after bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

He was born in Ireland of Roman Catholic parents. His father was a counterfeiter, and thus his surrounding were not of the highest class. When but thir-

teen years old he came to New York and there soon determined to "live by his wits," which means of obtaining a livelihood soon degenerated into that of river-thief. In the latter occupation he spent his nights in stealing from ships in the docks, and his days in disposing of his plunder and carousing. When nineteen he was accused of highway robbery; although innocent of this particular crime, being unable to defend himself, he was sentenced to sixteen years at Sing Sing. His department of prison work was carpet weaving, which was performed in a discontented, sullen and revengeful spirit. His spare time was occupied in reading trashy novels. Orville Gardner, a converted associate in crime, one day visited him, and he was so affected by the kindly words and earnest advice of his former companion that he began to pay attention to the Bible which had long lain untouched in his cell. He found it more fascinating than the novels he had been reading, and read it from beginning to end. There were many things in it which did not agree with what he had been taught to believe; he compared them with the Douay version, and, the sense in both being the same, he concluded that his old religion was a delusion and a snare, and after much mental conflict became converted. He could not then confine his good news to himself, and as a consequence of his efforts many of his fellow convicts were saved. About this time his innocence was made known and he was released. His story for some time after was a sad one. There was no welcome for him in the Protestant churches he visited; temptations surrounded him on every side; he yielded to them and as he himself says became "two-fold worse the child of the devil than he was." Once during this time, while stealing a rope fender from a vessel, the captain fired several shots at him, the bullets whistling past his head. On another occasion, when on the river, the boat he was in upset; while sinking the third time the great question of life presented itself to him and he cried to God for mercy; he rose at once to the surface and his boat, which had been drifting from him, was at his hand to



MR. AND MRS. JERE M'CAULEY.

grasp, and he was saved. Although he considered this a miracle he would have continued his nefarious business had not Providence in various ways interposed; at one time he was fully determined to follow it, when his companion in crime was disabled.

His life is now devoted to mission labor amongst the denizens of the Fourth Ward in New York, and being prosecuted with all the energy and spirit of one who feels that all his labor in his Master's service can never be an adequate expression of gratitude to Him, it is eminently successful. His "Helping Hand for Men" in Water street has been the means of doing much good. It knows no other means of support than an abiding faith in God's ability to provide, and it has never yet wanted.

Mrs. McCauley, who like her husband is from the ranks of Fourth Ward life, is also proving a blessing to the locality. From her sex she is able to obtain access to places where men on the same mission could not enter, and by this means has accomplished a vast amount of good, and is in this and all his enterprises a worthy helpmeet for her husband.

TEETOTAL SHOES.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

A young man leaned over the railing of a bridge, looking down into the water, which flowed with a strong steady current onward to the sea. You might have passed without giving him a moment's thought, so like was he to thousands of others seen everywhere in our large cities. His clothing, which had once been flashy, was now dingy and worn, and the hat, still set jauntily upon his head, was stained and battered. He was alone. His boon companions, more fortunate than himself in regard to funds, were preparing for a grand carouse in which he had refused to join because of his poverty. For an hour he stood there, nearly motionless, as one and another hurried by.

At length a familiar voice exclaimed: "How are you, Dick?" "Bad enough," was the muttered reply. "Hope you're not having a fit of the blues. I never have them." "Shouldn't think you would; I shouldn't if I was in your shoes." "I'll give you my shoes this minute if they'll do you any good. I've got another pair at

home, so I can afford to divide with you. Walk along with me. We don't meet very often lately. I've been on the look-out for you."

"You needn't trouble yourself about me. You and I ain't going the same way."

"I don't know about that. Which way are you going?"

"Ain't going any way. Chris Palmer, why don't you go along and let me alone?"

"Because that ain't my way. Perhaps I can help you." And the tone of the speaker had not varied from that of the hearty good-nature which characterized his first greeting. There's a storm coming. What are you going to do?" "Don't know but I shall jump into the river."

"And so give me the trouble of jumping in after you. I should rather not do it this cold evening; but if that's the best way to help you, I won't be too particular."

At this, Dick Redfield turned and gazed full into the face of his friend, who asked laughingly:

"Want my shoes now?"

"Suppose I do?"

"You shall have them on the spot. I used to go barefoot, and I can again. But you must remember that mine are teetotal shoes, that won't walk in the way of the toper. They're too well trained for that. If they'll suit you, you shall have them and welcome; and, Dick, I'd give you a dozen new ones with them if you'd only go my way. Come now, at any rate. Come home with me and see my mother."

"What made you stop to speak to me Chris?"

"Because I wanted to. I don't forget old times as quick as some people do. Come!" And the teetotal shoes walked on keeping step with a pair of slouched boots, whose owner was bitterly ashamed of the contrast.

Mrs. Palmer welcomed Dick in a motherly way, and judging rightly that a thorough ablution would be a luxury, provided him with warm water, soap, and towels; so that when he entered the pleasant kitchen where supper was spread, he was so changed in appearance he would hardly have been recognized. He felt very much as though he had already started in a new way.

Later when the good mother had retired, his friend asked abruptly:

"How are you getting on, Dick?"

"As bad as bad can be," he replied quickly.

"I was near desperate when you spoke to me. I didn't know whether to jump into the river or take to stealing. If I'd any show of money, I'd be carousing with the rest. I'm a hard fellow, Chris, but it shan't be any the worse for you because you took me home

and gave me a square meal. Now, how are you getting on yourself?"

"Tip-top. I work hard every day, and don't touch tobacco or liquor. Haven't smoked my first cigar yet. Wear teetotal shoes, you know, and a fellow isn't likely to go far wrong with them on his feet."

"Wish I'd been wearing such the last five years. I'd kept out of a good many scrapes if I had. I t'sall luck and chance I didn't get in deeper than ever to-night. There's mischief brewing, and if I'd got on a druck, I might have had a hand in it."

"I'm thankful I saw you, Dick. Now, if you'll talk out plain to me, I'll try and help you."

The clock struck one before these two young men separated, and when day dawned, the visitor wondered where

he could be, until he saw some well-polished shoes by his bed. Then he remembered his pledge. He had accepted the gift with conditions.

Teetotal shoes for the remainder of his life. Sometimes they seemed too tightly fitting, and sometimes they dragged heavily, yet he would not resign them. They proved his salvation.

Months after, they who had urged him to join them in a night's carouse were sentenced to the State-prison for the crime of burglary. They had not thought thus to end the lives they fancied so free and independent; but, while spurning wholesome restraints, they were slaves to a master whose wages is death. — *Temperance Banner.*

The tobacco nuisance has become so universal that it is very gratifying to note any successful effort in any quarter to place it under restraint. The American Institute of this city has a fine library and reading-room which latterly has been infested by smokers, regardless of the right of other members resorting to it "not to smoke." At a recent meeting of the Institute a resolution was offered to prohibit smoking in the library. A vigorous fight ensued, numerous amendments were offered, the resolution was called for and read no less than four times, when it was finally adopted, and copies were ordered to be posted in the library. We are glad also to see in the catalogue of Swarthmore College, located near Philadelphia, and founded by the Society of Friends, the following notice to prospective students: "The use of tobacco being strictly prohibited, those addicted to its use, unless prepared to renounce it entirely, should not apply for admission." It would be greatly to the advantage of young men if every college and educational institution in the land would adopt a kindred regulation. Next to that of strong drink, the tobacco scourge is the most annoying, wasteful, and destructive. — *National Temperance Advocate, New York.*

An effort was lately made before the Supreme Court in San Francisco to obtain a new trial for a person convicted of a State-prison offence on the ground, among other reasons, that the jury who convicted were permitted to have intoxicating liquor in the jury-room during their deliberations. The point was well taken. Any conviction under such circumstances is as likely to be wrong as right, or rather more likely to be wrong. In connection with the court-room, as with the legislative chamber, intoxicating liquors are not unfrequently the source of flagrant corruption and cruel injustice. — *National Temperance Advocate.*