

sions could induce him to take one step until he had been turned around, when he went willingly enough in the opposite direction.

The credit for the horse's cure Dick Jones hastened to take to himself.

"Yes," he would say, in answer to people's inquiries, "I drove him out one day, and he hasn't balked since."

Unfortunately, however, he repeated this tale in the hotel office one evening when Tom's friend, Mr. Chase, whom Dick did not recognize, happened to be present.

"Was that the day," Mr. Chase asked, quietly, "when you drove the horse into Marlborough Sands and then jumped out of the wagon leaving Tom Kidder and the horse to drown?"

Dick flushed scarlet.

"Tom needs't have stayed," he stammered.

"Tom staid to look after the horse; and if you had been any kind of a man, you'd have done it, too." It was Tom Kidder who got the horse out, and if anybody cured his balking it was Tom Kidder who did that.

Don't tell your story around here any more, Dick Jones. People might not believe it, you know."

Dick took the advice, leaving the next day for Boston and never re-appearing in the place. Tom was not sorry when he heard Dick had gone.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he said. "When he jumped out of that wagon it seemed as though a ray of light lit him up and showed what a mean little soul he had. People get experience," he added, meditatively, "in very queer ways. I am sure I never got so much in all my life as in that one moment on the Marlborough Sands."—*St. Nicholas.*

JOE GREEN.

A commercial traveller told me a touching incident relating to an old man who was employed on the Midland Railway. He said he had been booking clerk at one of the stations on the railway, and as such it was his duty to pay the men employed about the platform. One of these men, Joe Green, was a toper, and had been so for years; his regular habit was to spend the whole of his wages, eighteen shillings per week, in drink at a public-house near the station; he had a wife and family living in the town, but he never took home anything towards their support; and the mother had to provide for the children as best she could, by going out washing, charring, etc. He was a great trouble to the station master and those about him at the railway, and often endangered his own life and the lives of others by being drunk when engaged in his work, which was the care of the horse, and to shunt the trucks, etc., from rail to rail. The station-master had borne with him a long time, because he was an old servant, until he grew so bad that he could bear it no longer, and feared he should get into trouble by some dreadful accident happening through the trucks being left by Joe in the way of the regular trains. With this determination, he called Joe into his private office, and told him he must leave the next week, in consequence of his drunken habits. He talked to him kindly of his conduct, reminded him how he had neglected his duty, endangered the lives of the public and the property of the company, and of his neglect to his wife and family and home. Joe acknowledged it was all true, and as the master reminded him of his faults, he wept bitterly, like a child, so that his sobbing could be heard in the next office by the other men; he entreated his master to give him one trial more, and said if he would but give him another week's trial, he would not touch another drop of intoxicating drink again. The station-master said he would place no confidence in him, he had made similar promises before, but had always broken through them; but Joe pleaded but for one more trial, and the master at last consented. Joe took his wages as usual, went to the public-house and paid the score which they had against him for the week's drink, which, as usual, took all he had to pay, and left nothing for him to take home. He went to his work the next week, and kept his promise, but said nothing about the change to his wife and family. At the end of the week the booking clerk gave him his wages, and when he took them, a beam of joy rested on his countenance, and he held them in the palm of his open hand, saying—

"Look here, master, this is all my own;

not one farthing of it belongs to old Smith at the public-house."

I said, "You don't mean that, do you?"

He replied, "Yes, I do, and you will see what I will do with it to-night."

I have said Joe never of late contributed towards the support of his family; and his poor wife got so used to his heartless conduct, that she never expected anything, and felt it all devolved on herself to provide for the wants of her poor children as best she could, though it would be but a poor provision she could make for them, and they were often half-starved. Well, when Joe got his money in his hand, and no claim for it from the publican, and no intention of spending it in drink, he felt the claims upon him at home, and the first thing he did was to buy a large market basket, and then go from shop to shop in the town until he had filled it with provisions—bread, butter, meat, potatoes, tea sugar, etc., etc.; and when he had got the basket well filled, he sent a strong boy with it to his cottage, himself standing at a distance waiting the effect. He told the boy to take it there, and say it was for Mrs. Green, and that there was nothing to pay. The poor woman when she opened the door, looked amazed, but said with an air of perfect resignation—

"It must be a mistake; it can't be for us. There is another Green in the town. You had better take it there."

So the boy came back again with the load to Joe, who said, "Why have you brought the basket back?"

The boy replied, "The woman would not take it in; she said it must be a mistake. She never had such things sent, and as there was another Mrs. Green in the town, I had better take it there."

Joe said, "Go back with it again, and tell her 'tis for Joe Green's wife, and she must take it."

Well, he went back again with the basket but the poor woman was still doubtful if she ought to take it; she and her children wanted it bad enough, she said, but such stores of provisions never came to them, and she thought it must belong to some one else. However she gave the boy permission to put the basket in the passage, and then she said if the mistake was found out it could be given up to the owner. Soon after, Joe himself came to the door, and when she opened it she was as much surprised at seeing him as she was at the sight of the provisions; for Joe had never been in the habit of coming home so soon, and when he did come home he was always drunk, and generally worse on Saturday nights than any other night.

"Why, Joe," she said, "is that you? How is it you have come home so soon?" She drew him a chair, and poked up what little fire there was in the grate. "Why, how is it you have come home so soon, Joe?"

"Ah," he said, "I have not been into old Smith's to-night, and thought I would come home and spend the evening with you."

Well, she then began to tell him about the provisions in the basket, and she said she was sure there was some mistake; if she only wished they were for them, for she had nothing in the house for the family to-morrow, Joe could bear it no longer. He told her they were for them, that he had kept his money from the public house during the week, and this was some of the proceeds of it, and that he was sorry for his conduct in the past, and intended to mend his way for the future.

It may be imagined how they rejoiced together. The following Sabbath was a Sabbath to that family better imagined than described.

T. M. V.
—From Samuel Jarrold's "Visitor."

THE SECRET CHEWER.

BY TITUS COAN, D. D., OF HILO, HAWAII.

On my arrival at the Hawaiian Islands in 1835, I found the dear missionary fathers and brethren debating the subject of the cultivation and use of tobacco in the native churches. The lines were then drawn as to form three parties. First the Radicals, who would burn the weed, root and leaf, and allow no Church member to have anything to do with it. Second the Conservatives, who would recommend all Church members to abstain from the cultivation and use of the plant, but not make it a subject of Christian discipline. Third, a small number who advised silence on the subject. They would say "Preach the Gospel and

convert the people, and let these little matters alone."

It was afterwards found that some of this class smoked and chewed the weed secretly, and some pleased the native smokers by taking puffs from their pipes.

During one of my visits as delegate to the Marquesas Islands, one of our Hawaiian missionaries there told me that a former delegate of our mission had made them trouble in this way: He chewed tobacco secretly, but a keen scented Marquesan smelt his breath, and on a certain occasion, when the delegate walked out, this savage followed him, and watched for his spitting. At length it came, and fell on a rock. The savage waited a little for the delegate to pass on, then knelt down and smelt the rock. The secret was out, and it spread like wildfire among the natives. They accused our Hawaiian teachers of guile and inconsistency in teaching them to abandon tobacco while our own ministers used it. And the missionaries in those islands begged me to see that no more tobacco consumers be sent them as delegates.

In my labors among the people of Hilo and Puna I advised them earnestly to be temperate in all things, and to avoid the appearance of evil.

I was careful in illustrating the commands and prohibitions of the law and Gospel, to be specific, and so to illustrate as to make their untutored minds understand what was right and wrong in heart and act. "Glittering generalities" will not do here. Our people must be told how to catch "the little foxes," and that "it is a sin to steal a pin."

The result on the tobacco question was that hundreds of little patches of the weed were rooted up and destroyed; thousands of pipes were smashed or burned. And it is probable that 10,000 natives of this parish have promised to let the poison alone. Some played the hypocrite, of course; others forsok it for a season, and like many of our educated clergymen and other professed Christians, returned to it when appetite overpowered resolution. But many thousands of our church members held out to the last, and were faithful to their vows until death. Numbers are still living and they are our most reliable men in all that is good.

But the great increase of example on the part of smoking and chewing clergymen and lay professors from other countries is demoralizing this generation of Hawaiians, rendering Church discipline difficult, our labors hard, and the simple, practical truths of the Gospel of little effect among the lovers of pleasure.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK

BY H. L. READE,
(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON II.—ALCOHOL IN THE FAMILY.—*Continued.*

What brings the greatest sorrow to a parent's heart?

The greatest sorrow comes to a parent's heart in the knowledge of the child's choice of an evil course.

What evil course is to the parent's sight fullest of danger to the child?

The evil course fullest of danger to the child is, the habit of using alcoholic drinks.

Why?

Because out of this habit the greatest and the deadliest evils grow.

How is this drinking habit usually begun?

The drinking habit is usually begun, by association with those who have themselves learned the sad lesson.

How do they accomplish their harmful purposes?

Their harmful purposes are accomplished by the example they set, and by the invitation given to drink with them.

What danger is to be always feared when one begins to drink?

The danger to be feared is, that the person who has begun will continue.

Why?

Because the second step in any downward course is easier than the first, and almost sure to be taken.

How can the crowning sorrow that comes to parents by the beginning of drinking habits in the child be avoided?

This sorrow can be avoided by the child's steadfast refusal to associate with persons who have formed the drinking habit, and by never tasting, except as a medicine, drinks that contain alcohol.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

May 20.—Acts 12: 1-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The power of prayer." (1) Bunyan's Christian, in his fight with Apollyon, found his weapon, All Prayer, successful. (2) Prayer is like the telegraph operator's key, by which news can be sent, aid summoned, armies aroused, all the machinery of government set in motion. None of these things could he do himself, but he is connected with a vast system of power, which may be used through the little key in his office. So prayer can set in motion all the powers of the universe of God. Nature is arranged as the means of doing God's will, and the answer to prayer is oftenest through, not against, those laws. (3) So prayer is like the lever that turns on the steam in the engine, and can move a great steamship which a thousand men by direct act could scarcely stir. Or it is like the key which the little girl touched and exploded the rocks under Hell Gate, near New York city, a few years ago.

II. "The ministry of angels." Does the angel of the Lord encamp around my dwelling? Stephen is stoned; James is beheaded. The Christian's foot is dashed against a stone. The scarlet plague has come nigh my dwelling, and carried off the household pet. Where is the angel? Satan enters the heart of a man, and the life of an innocent school-girl is at the mercy of a murderer. Where was her guardian angel? A flash from the black cloud, and a good man breathes no more. Where was his angel? Reflect a moment. What is the ordinary course of our life? Is it full of daily accidents? Is it not rather crowded with daily mercies, unseen and unnumbered? Is not calamity occasional, not habitual? Then there is something higher than life, dearer than wealth. Yourspiritual perfection is a nobler thing than these. It is that the angels are commissioned to aid in securing.—*Prof. Churchill.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 2. God will not always interfere to protect his servants from their enemies; note Christ himself, James, Stephen, all the apostles at some time in their lives.

2. But in some way even these sufferings are for their good and the salvation of men. The wrath of man shall praise him—the remainder he will restrain.

3. Bad men care more to please men than to please God.

4. Ver. 5. In time of need the Christian's power is in prayer, which moves the hand that moves the world.

5. Prayer should be, as here: (1) earnest; (2) definite; (3) united; (4) unceasing; (5) believing.

6. Ver. 6. God sometimes delays the answer of prayer, but he always answers.

7. The true Christian can be peaceful in the greatest danger.

8. Ver. 7. God answers prayer in unexpected ways.

9. The angels are ministering spirits to those who are heirs of salvation. We are not alone in the universe.

10. Our God is the ruler over all nature, all men, all powers.

11. Ver. 16. "We may stand and knock at men's hearts till our own ache; but no opening, till Christ comes. He can fit a key to all the cross words of the will, and with sweet efficacy open it, and that without any force and violence to it."—*Flavel.*

12. We may well be astonished at the wonderful ways in which God answers prayer, but not at the fact that he answers.

13. Peter's release from prison is the type of the Christian's release from this earthly prison-house into the freedom of heaven.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We have to-day a prayer for help and its answer: (1) The need of prayer, vers. 1-4. The persecution. Why God did not save James. Peter's imprisonment. More troubles expected. (2) The prayer, vers. 5, 12. Where? How long? What qualities? The promises to prayer. (3) The answer to prayer, vers. 6-17. The ministry of angels, —the astonishment of the disciples. How God answers prayer.

ALCOHOL in beer is the same as alcohol in whiskey, and is just as harmful, only it takes a little more slops to wash it down.

dangerous sands, as he gained the... Without wait- of the scrape, ream, to where it ce as quickly as

peless and dazed. is father without wn with the wag- ed, if he sat there, ed. How terribly edience, and how The cries of the fell on deaf ears. leave Prince to

ince? A sudden his stopper Leane cut the traces up knife. Another hat connects the ; then, gathering stepping carefully Prince's back and reins. The horse, plunged forward. s away from the plunge the shafts e horse stood free. s were not needed s feet were extri- ottom. Another, a leaf, was scran- . The whole opment, but when horse's back and gion he discovered at it had disap-

man, who had ith eager interest, o do, but let me ou had a pretty

et regained its ce its usual steady- ly, "I suppose I d the other.

aid the man, "no : Marib'ro' Sands n at a high tide. Tom. "I didn't

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Deacon Kidder's e. "Land's sake! a get home? Guess ll them how cute u can ride up with

m, "I'll be glad to tell father myself ok the horse and and I shan't feel ed it right." ng," said the man, nately acquainted nities. "I'd feel mean."

as he whipped up o started off, lead- would I; but I'll l take it out of that re I met him."

n't want to take o glad to have got o feel mad." ty narrow escape," ough that, after all, which the affair

hing? Well, I ans e did. He brought e, but then he had the horse out; be- e wagon. He bore er, very philosophi- served it, and after thier that Mr. Chase s, which Tom had 's name—had sid er balk again. The dulous, but as it was right. Prince ept once when the him through the ow tide. Then he r. Kidder's persua-