

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

THE following narrative is a true one, and told in the Sunday-school Times by a minister who says the incident is one of the saddest that ever came to his knowledge:

James Cayley was a bright, winsome lad, the joy of his mother and his father's "good angel," as folks said. The father was a drunkard of a most determined type, though master of a ship, and therefore in a responsible position. James Cayley's mother was a good woman, with a sad heart and delicate constitution, both owing to the thoughtless brutality of her husband. From his earliest years little James had imbibed a horror of drunkenness, from the careful instruction given him by his mother.

Years passed on, and young Cayley, having reached a vigorous manhood, full of rich promise, decided to become a mariner, and to this end he studied navigation with so much success, that though unusually youthful, he obtained a captain's certificate and joined his father's ship as second in command. On leaving home for the first time he was naturally proud, and though his good mother with anxious tears reminded him of his promise never to taste alcohol, and to be careful of his father, his sole thought on stepping aboard his ship was to be a brave and a gallant sailor. Though often tempted to drink, he always refused, and bravely followed the advice of his mother. He was very much ill-treated by his father during their early voyages together, but he never resented it in thought or word.

In October, 1871, Captain Cayley's vessel was on her way from Barbadoes to Nova Scotia with a valuable West India cargo. Owing to a succession of calms and head winds, the voyage had been unusually protracted. The captain was nearly always intoxicated, and therefore quite unfit to command his vessel. A storm arose; the mate (James Cayley) wished to command, but was forbidden, the result being that the ship was dashed ashore on a lee coast and all hands were lost but young Cayley and one of the seamen. Strong marine currents and a dense fog were formidable foes to contend with, but a maddened drunkard wrecked his ship and plunged twenty seamen, including himself, into eternity.

Shortly after this terrible incident, James Cayley was appointed mate of a large East Indiaman, with the promise of succeeding to the chief position in the space of a year, and the captain, an old man, wished at that time to retire from active service. He did well in every respect, and won the esteem and

confidence as well of his superior as of his subordinates.

At the close of one of his voyages the mate married a lady of tender breeding and good character, but alas, he drank a glass of wine for the first time in his life. He took no more, however, for a time. Months passed on, but the mate was not himself. He was unpunctual in his appointments, irritable in manner, and unusually gay when ashore. The fact was, he was fast sinking into the degraded life of a drunkard, and this in spite of his early instruction, so wofully illustrated by the life of his father and by his tragic and awful death. Still he kept his position, and at the end of one more voyage he was to be placed in command of the splendid ship *Sea Foam*.

On the way home he drank too freely of wine and other liquors, and on being kindly spoken to by his old friend, the captain, he dealt him a savage blow, which stunned the old man and confined him to his cabin for many days. This sealed the young man's fate. When the vessel reached port he was discharged in disgrace, and he never recovered himself, though he tried. His wife left him, his friends forsook him, and for some years I lost sight of him myself. It is but a short time ago since I was told that James Cayley had died in an English poorhouse, and had been laid to rest in a pauper's grave.

If we have never before made the resolve to labor in behalf of the poor drunkard and against his sworn foe, let us at least do so now, remembering the over-true story of James Cayley. "Cursed is he that giveth his neighbor drink and putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also," is a scriptural malediction to which we may well take heed.

POOR GIRLS.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, they have been taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable women on earth belong to this class.

It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around—the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor, rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this. *Ec.*