



Temperance Department.

"WHATSOEVER YE DO."

"Bless me!" said Hannah Perkins. Then she bent forward and read the words again, slowly, thoughtfully, with wrinkled forehead and astonished, not to say disturbed, face.

"What a verse that is! And to think it has got to last for a lifetime instead of one day. It's queer where my eyes have been that I have never seen that verse before. As many times as I have read it, too! I must say I don't see, either, just how it is to be lived up to for all the plans I had for to-day; almost any other day in the week I might have managed it better. But there, now, it is lifetime work instead of a day's! What am I talking about?"

And Miss Hannah bent with renewed perplexity over the volume of Daily Food, lying open upon her dressing bureau. She had found an unusually hard morsel to digest. "To think," she muttered, "that it should come right into the middle of one's eating and drinking!"

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "What I don't see is," she said, as she threw open the windows and let the crisp air rush in, "how this thing is to be done, and what people are about. It can't be that none of them have discovered it; and yet, as true as I am Hannah Perkins, I can't think of one who seems to be doing it."

Then she went down the long, wide, old-fashioned hall, and threw open the door of her quaintly furnished dining-room, with its neat and glistening table appointments, the table carefully laid for one. Through a partly opened door came the whiff of fragrant coffee and the faint hint of buckwheat cakes and broiling steak. "Whether ye eat or drink," murmured Miss Hannah; and the perplexed look deepened.

"To be sure," she said, addressing herself again, according to the fashion of those who live much alone, "to be sure it will strengthen me for my work to eat beefsteak and drink coffee; but then what work am I going to do that matches the orders?" Setting open the side door, she stepped out into the crisp air, and from her position on the piazza watched Peter as he trundled his barrow down the pebbly lawn with its burden of dried leaves and withered grasses. How blue and cold he looked, and how ragged the summer coat which was still doing duty as a covering. Miss Perkins had never noticed his pinched up look before. She called to him:

"Peter! Have you been to breakfast this morning?"

Peter staid his wheelbarrow in amazement. "Why, yes'm!" he said.

His mistress gave a little laugh. "Hours ago, I suppose." Then, "Well, Peter, what did you have?"

Peter hesitated, pushed his slouched hat to the back of his head, then suddenly changed his mind, drew it down almost over his eyes, and grew red in the face. "Well, ma'am, it wasn't such an amazing breakfast as it might have been—not a square meal; you see we was a little short this morning, and I just took a bite to stay me, and left the rest for the young ones."

His mistress looked aghast. "Do you really mean to tell me, Peter, that your family hasn't enough to eat?"

"Well, generally speaking, we have, ma'am; but it's an uncommon short time with us now: still, we all had a bite, and I rather expect the oldest boy will bring home some meal with him this morning."

Miss Perkins turned suddenly and went into the neat kitchen. "Keziah," she said to the respectable colored woman who reigned there, "cut a large piece of the steak, and pour a cup of hot coffee, and set a plate of cakes on the side table; and have Peter come in at once and have his breakfast; and fill a basket with whatever cold pieces are handy, and send him home with them as soon as he is through. 'Whether ye eat or drink,'" she said, as she went back to the dining-room; "and here I have been eating and drinking three times a day, and letting that fellow starve under my very eyes! That can't be

to His glory, anyhow. Just as likely as not the family are in actual need for clothes and the like, and they live at the foot of my lane, and I don't know a thing about them. It hasn't occurred to me before even to wonder about them. I wonder if he gets pretty steady work, or is it at the nod of any old woman like me, who happens to want a day's work now and then?" And as she sat herself down to her neat breakfast table she made a mental memorandum to "see about that" as soon as breakfast was well over.

"Will we be putting up them lace curtains in the upstairs room?" questioned Keziah, as she made her last journey to the dining-room with steaming cakes.

Her mistress regarded her with an air of puzzled wonder. "There it is again," she said at last. "I declare, now, if it isn't a puzzle!"

"Oh, there's nothing to puzzle, ma'am. I can climb the step-ladder and fix 'em as well as not."

Miss Perkins laughed. "It is a puzzle that refuses to be settled with hammer and tacks. What have lace curtains in my spare bed-room to do with the glory of God, Keziah?"

"Ma'am!" said Keziah, in unbounded astonishment.

Miss Perkins laughed again—a short, troubled laugh. "No," she said presently, "we won't put up the curtains to-day, at least; I may to-morrow, and I may not. I don't see my way clear. If the lace curtains fit, I'd like to have 'em up, and if they don't they can't go up; and that's the long and short of it."

"They fit to an inch," said Keziah, promptly. "I measured them myself only yesterday with a rule."

"But they've got to fit a rule in a Book upstairs, you see; that's the trouble."

What could Keziah do but say, "Ma'am!" again in a mystified way, and what could her mistress do but laugh and dismiss her, though really the confusion of her brain was deepening so rapidly that she saw no place for laughter?

Her breakfast concluded, Miss Perkins still revolving her problem, trying to fit it to the day's programme, stepped to the front door, and set it open, and thence wandered to the gate to set up a drooping bush, and was there accosted by her favorite nephew, a handsome young fellow with laughing blue eyes and a pleasant smile. "Well, Auntie, how does life use you this morning?"

"Better than I use it. Things are in a muddle."

"No! you don't say that you are muddled? That alarms me. I have always had satisfaction in thinking of the straightforwardness with which you took up life. What has happened?"

Miss Perkins coughed slightly. "Do, Charlie, if you must smoke, turn your head so that every whiff of wind won't send the fumes right down my throat. I like to keep control of my own throat, and I don't chose to choke it up with tobacco."

"Aunt Hannah, you are awful peppery this morning. I believe King Frost has nipped you. Come, tell me what has happened to put you in ill-humor with all the world in general, and your worthless nephew in particular?"

"I am not in ill-humor with the world. I haven't thought of the world this morning. My puzzle has to do with those who come out from the world and are separate, or that say they are; and the worst of it is, I'm one of them, and you're another—you fit right into muddle, Charlie. For instance, now, what has that cigar-smoke, that you make a bellows of your mouth to puff out, got to do with the glory of God?"

"What?" asked the startled nephew.

"Oh, yes, you may well be astonished; but it's a fact that if you have a right to puff it, it ought to fit the pattern. 'Whether ye eat or drink.' That is the rule. To be sure, smoking is neither eating nor drinking. What is it, anyway? What list could you put it in—intellectual, mental, moral; where does it belong? But in any case it is included, because the rest of the verse is, 'Whatsoever ye do.' It is a difficult matter to get away from that, you see. Now, how do you work in the smoking for the glory of God?"

"Upon my word, auntie, I fail to see what you are driving at. So far as I know, smoking has never been extolled as one of the Christian virtues. I don't pretend that, it is necessary to Christian development, I'm sure."

"I'm not talking about 'Christian devel-

opment,' nor 'Christian virtue,' nor any other phrase that will hide the square, unadorned truth. There's the rule. 'Do all to the glory of God.' Now, cigar-smoke either fits in or else it doesn't. And if it does, I'm asking how."

"But, Aunt Hannah, there would be no end to your speculations if you should get on that line. Why, the very puckers on your sleeves would have to be ripped up and looked into if you narrowed things down to that rule. How do they fit? come now."

Miss Hannah looked down at the innocent little ruffle on her trim morning dress, with a grave thoughtful face, and answered quickly: "I don't know; ruffles and cigars occupy different positions, and one is more harmful, to say the least, than the other; but it's a fair question, and needs looking into, which is just what I've set out to do, and it doesn't alter one whit the position which you have on the cigar question. I'm ready, however, to look them squarely in the face, and if they won't fit, rip them off. Are you ready to take an equally square look at cigars? What are the arguments for smoking, anyway?"

Charlie laughed. "It is something I never took the trouble to argue about. Smoking is a luxury, I suppose—a harmless one, I think, and therefore I indulge?"

"Then you don't do it for the glory of God?"

"Aunt Hannah, I hope you will pardon me for saying so, but honestly, that sounds almost irreverent to me."

"What does—the not living up to it, or the talking about it?"

"The trying to apply such solemn words to a trivial indulgence."

"Bless me! how can I help it? I didn't make the application. 'Whatsoever ye do,' is the exact phrase. If the Bible is irreverent, I'm not to be blamed for it."

"But, my dear auntie, do you honestly think the verse applies to our everyday movements in the way you are trying to fit it?"

"What does it mean?"

"Why, it refers, in a general way, to our living consistent Christian lives—being careful to do nothing that will bring discredit on the cause."

"Why doesn't it say so, then?"

"That is just what I think it has done. That is the way I interpret the verse, and the only reasonable interpretation that I think it will bear."

"If you had written a letter to me, the object of which was to admonish me in a general way to be careful that I did nothing to bring discredit on your father's family, would you have written: 'Now, Aunt Hannah, whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of our family?'"

"Aunt Hannah, you're famous for putting a fellow into a corner."

"I haven't put you in any corner; you have put yourself there. I advise you to study logic before you make a commentary. It is as plain as the rule of three. There is the direction from One whom we acknowledge has a right to direct us. Now, smoking is either for the glory of God, or else it isn't. If it isn't according to the rule, what right have you to it? and, if it is, you ought to be able to tell me how it fits."

"Aunt Hannah, how does that fit?" The nephew nodded his head toward the old-fashioned, roomy carriage, drawn by two sleek horses, which was at this minute coming around the curve that led from Miss Perkins's ample barn. "Now, that is a nice, comfortable carriage, and I daresay you take great pleasure in riding around in it, and I know our folks enjoy it ever so much but how does it fit into your new notions?"

"They are not my notions, Charlie Parker. You needn't go to comforting yourself with the idea that I have anything to do with the getting up of that verse. Take your Bible as soon as you go home, and see if I haven't quoted it word for word. As to how that carriage fits in, I don't know. I see it is going to be one of my puzzles. I don't believe it will puzzle me quite as badly as your cigars will you, for I can think this minute of ways in which I might use the carriage and horses to his glory, and, in my opinion, you will have a hard time to do the same about smoking."

Miss Perkins trotted in full of new ideas. Her nephew was very dear to her, and his habit of smoking had long been a trial that she had endured in silence, not feeling safe

as to what was best to say. But the innocent-looking ruffles on her quiet dress, and the sleek horses attached to her comfortable carriage, had each given her a twinge. It was not that they held special troubles, but that they represented a legion of plans and occupations, and comforts and delights that puzzled her because they did not seem to fit. —National S. S. Teacher.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

"I'm a working man and never could see any reason why I shouldn't have my two pints of beer every day, a pint for dinner and a pint for supper; never more, never less."

"I'm a moderate man," I've said many and many times; "and I honor moderate men more than those who are obliged to take a pledge, because they can't be moderate men."

So, quite satisfied with my position as a moderate man, I never thought of joining any teetotal society; I was temperate, and that was enough.

I was going to the public-house one day during the dinner-hour (my work was too far away for me to go home to dinner) when I met Will Smith. I hadn't seen him for many years, and didn't even know he had come to my part of the world. We fell to talking, and I found he'd had hard times and little food, but he hoped to start off to work next day.

We stood outside the public-house while he told me all this, so I said "I'll stand you a pint to-day, Will, I'm going in for mine;" and we turned into the public-house together.

We drank our beer, and went out into the street in company, and Will walked a little way with me. I thought he looked rather flushed when I said good-bye at the corner of the street, but I noticed nothing particular about him.

I was returning home that evening and met a neighbor, "What's come over you, Tom?" he asked. "I thought you boasted that you were a moderate drinker, and never took more than your pint for dinner and pint for supper?"

"No more I do."

"How much did you take at dinner-time to-day? and what did you give that fellow I saw standing alongside of you?"

"We had a pint each; why?"

"Because he's been taken off to the lock-up for being the worse for drink, and fighting."

"That's no fault of mine; he must have had more after I left him."

"Well, I should think it a fault to induce a fellow to drink. Why did you not give him the money the drink cost you? He might then have done some good with it."

Though I excused myself, I went home feeling very uncomfortable. I told my wife what I had done, and what I had heard. She tried to excuse me; but it wasn't much use—my conscience bothered me, and a voice kept whispering, "It's your pint of beer that's done the mischief."

Next day Will was taken before the magistrates and fined for being drunk. He had no money to pay the fine with, so he had to go to prison, and thus lost his situation.

Upon enquiry, I found my treating him had done the mischief. I learnt my lesson and the meaning of the words, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

My one pint had caused Will Smith to offend, and had injured his prospects in life; from that time I gave up drink for the sake of others. —Friendly Greetings.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOLS.—No man's public rights will be invaded if it is decided, as we think it ought to be, that total abstinence is that form of temperance which should be enjoined in the schools. The subject belongs fairly and wholly within that range of practical matters affecting the state, upon which the state has a right to give judgment; and it lies, too, in the appropriate region of school-life. We do not think, therefore, that any man has a right to be offended, whatever his own personal opinion or practice may be, if he finds that the principles of total abstinence are laid down and commended in our public schools. And no school authorities anywhere ought to hesitate in causing such instruction to be given. It is the safe course, assuredly, for the children and for the public, and no one may fairly object. —The Congregationalist.