

Gales and Sketches.

Redeemed.

"I'll give up this sort of thing after I am married," said Perry Ralston, as he raised a glass half-filled with dark-colored liquid and drained it to the last drop.

"You are not going out to-night, Perry?" I thought perhaps you would like to hear the new song that I have been practicing.

"Both the song 'Bring Bertie out of the nursery,' he will enjoy it immensely," said Perry Ralston as he drew on his overcoat.

"What in the mischief are you doing here at this hour?" exclaimed a loud voice. "If you have been waiting for me, the sooner you stop that sort of thing the better it will be."

"Myrtle sprang to her feet and saw her husband leaning against the wall. There was a maddening leer upon his countenance, and his body averted to and fro, as he made an effort to stand erect.

A startled look crept into Myrtle Ralston's dark eyes, and without a word she left the room and walked slowly up the stairs towards the nursery.

"O baby, baby," she moaned, sinking upon her knees by the side of her sleeping child, my cross is greater than I can bear."

"Miffo, is she?" said Perry with a sneer, as his wife disappeared through the doorway. "Better not wait for me again—that's all I've got to say," he concluded in a muffled voice.

"It was Bertie's ring," Myrtle gazed to me to buy bread and coal," muttered Perry, as he turned away from the bar.

down," said the man, moving towards the stove. "Throw the brat out again; there's no room for him here!" said the proprietor brutally, at the same time aiming forward as if to carry out his inhuman order.

"Blame!" Seeing that he had gone too far, the man drew back and permitted the person who held the child to approach the fire. As he lifted the limp form the old cap that covered the child's head fell off, disclosing a mass of golden brown ringlets that clustered above a brow so white that it seemed as though the "Angel of Death" had already claimed the little one.

"Let me go, man; I must find papa." The blue eyes wandered from face to face, the child's lips quivered, then a succession of quick sobs echoed through out the room. A figure crouched in a distant corner of the room moved unobtrusively, then lifted his head and glanced around.

"There's papa! See, papa, I tried to stop it when it came out of mamma's mouth!" He held out his thin little hands, which were covered with specks of blood.

Still clasping his light burden, Perry mounted the rickety stairs and entered the room where his wife lay upon her miserable bed, so white and still that, for a moment, the wretched man thought that her spirit had taken flight.

"O Myrtle, Myrtle, my darling, I have killed you! Will you never come back to me again?" He felt the soft pressure of a hand upon his head; raising his eyes, he encountered the tender gaze of his wife, who, even though her trust had been betrayed, still loved the miserable creature who had, through his longing for strong drink, plunged himself, his wife, and his child into the seething whirlpool that is ever growing to engulf all that are too weak to resist temptation.

"The child Bertie crept close to the side of his mother and, closing his eyes, slept the peaceful sleep of childhood. The spirit of peace seemed to have entered Myrtle Ralston's heart. Perhaps her near approach to the dark river had enabled her to lift the veil of futurity, for, still clasping the hand of her husband, she, too, slept.

"Papa, are you going out to-night?" asked a bright-faced boy as he glanced eagerly into the face of a gentleman standing near.

"Where could I find a better place or more congenial company?" asked the gentleman smiling. "Besides," he continued, "mamma is not well to-night, and we will have to contrive something for her amusement. What shall it be, dear?" turning towards the frail figure that occupied a great easy chair near the open fire-place.

"You are always doing something to promote our happiness, Perry," said the pale lady, smiling. "We are very happy Bertie and I; yet sometimes, when I think of—"

"We cannot entirely blot out the past," said Perry Ralston in a tremulous voice. "My atonement shall be life-long devotion to my God and my loved ones. I know that in the life beyond there is peace which passeth all understanding, and a reward in the love of a Savior who suffered and died that I might be redeemed." M. A. Thurston in National Temperance Advocate.

A Sketch.

Dead in the fullness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and who loved him were glad. His coffin rested on his draped piano, his bano and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned. Three generations of ancestors, honorable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen may, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one, but their combined appetites they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parlors, and, when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew and the taste grew, and when his father was taken all restraint but a mother's love was taken. As the only child of a praying mother, now the church would hold him up, now the saloon would drag him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her the mother said to a friend. "They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my boy. His disgrace is in their sin, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice-creams, jel-

lies, and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear out for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent."

As death grew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and, as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no one could catch, "Meet me in heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother, I will."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he had a cry "take that old book out of my sight." "That old book" the Bible he had seen his mother reading morning, night, and often maddly, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home and brought him back to sobriety, remorse, and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly and became active in Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his bano and sing at an oyster-supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink." A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired he doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and, worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown around him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path. "I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him. "I don't know how long it will last," he said sadly.

"For ever, I hope," I said, cheerily. "I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment but you know nothing about it." Some two weeks after I met a physician. "I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?" "No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him." His nurse told us he thought he should die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life! my wasted life! God cannot forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face and "mother" on his lips he passed beyond. As I came out of the house one of his willom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat and asked: "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of those two little words, I bowed and answered back: "All over." With a voice full of pathos he said "The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there." I walked on repeating to myself "No saloons up there! They will be done, in earth as it is in heaven." Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, in National Temperance Advocate.

Prohibition in Morocco.

FROM an exchange we learn that the Sultan of Morocco is a prohibitionist. Recently an American minister enjoining in his capital was presented to him, and the pair speedily became warm friends. The minister impressed the monarch with the evil effects of tobacco and liquor on the human race, and asked him to use his influence to stamp out both of the curses in his dominions. The ruler promised he would use his "influence" in that direction, and intimated that he rather thought that it would have some effect.

An imperial order was issued commanding all dealers in tobacco to bring their stocks at once and burn them in the public square of the city. This being done, he ordered the dealers to be soundly flogged through the streets and then banished. He then ordered that the entire stock of liquors of all descriptions should, by the owners thereof, be emptied into the harbor before sundown, under penalty of beheading. Before dark every drop had been destroyed. The dealers were first given a thorough thrashing and then run out of the town by a mob set on them by the authorities, undergoing a pelting in which diseased cats, aged eggs, and other bric-a-brac figured conspicuously.

The Sultan don't bother his brains with bothersome speculations as to the relative merits of local option, prohibition, and such like rubbish, nor does the fear of the liquor question getting into politics trouble him.

A LITTLE English street girl, in studying her Sunday school lesson came to the words, "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." This was a puzzle. Finally, she said, "Papa, what kind of ashes is sahn ashes, that the king covered himself with?"

A Vassar College by her teacher what kind was, responded, with a was both common and prop. "Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated. "Gush, in reference to Miss Peda performance on piano "Yes," r. Fogg. "It is indeed heavenly. sounds like thunder."

When their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach, to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older.

The sign "Beware of the dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."

Why is teetotalism a bar to friendship? Because it prevents the shaking of hands.

Ma, what is this coal pool I read about in the papers? asked little Johnny. "I'm sure I don't know unless it is where miners go in swimming."

"These are hard times," said the young debt collector. "Every place I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl."

Lately, in a music hall, after the ballad lady had warbled "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting, "Would I were a gun."

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