

brightness, it was not the glow, or the hue of health.

He lingered a few months, and all that love or skill could do was done, but vainly, and Edward Talbot added one more to the long list of victims to New England's scourge—consumption. He was patient and hopeful to the last, and died, as all the good die, 'blessing, hoping,' and bequeathing to Charlie Moore his only earthly treasure—his sister, Catherine Lee. And as no story is complete unless it ends in a marriage, I might as well state here that in a year after Edward's death, there was a double wedding at Lawyer Moore's. For months before, Frank Rivers and Charlie Moore signed the pledge, kneeling beside poor Edward's sick bed, he first affixing his name with his own hand, already white and diaphanous as the dead.

So the only obstacle to 'sister Annie's' happiness was removed, and as for Charlie Moore, with man's perversity, after slighting, for all these years, the brilliant beauties that would any of

them have willingly endowed him with his name, and heart—well, he fell in love with this little pale-face school mistress—sweet Kitty Lee.

Edward Talbot never knew anything of that eloquent Temperance lecture he delivered in the old Boston Jail, but his two most interested hearers never forgot it—it was burned into their hearts, and they never forgave themselves the great, irreparable wrong they had thoughtlessly done. They never drank another glass of wine, but ever afterward, two bold and fearless watchmen stood upon the walls for the cause of Temperance, for the emancipation of their weak and faltering brethren from the tyrant whose lightest fetter holds its victim in a death-like grasp.

Hundreds in the old Bay State, whose mad cry 'fill up the glass,' once rang high and loud, for whom the last ray of hope had gone out in the hearts that loved them, now lead lives of purity and peace, saved by

*Two Young Men's Influence.*

### THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached the heavenly gate,  
They had ever kept in view?

GREENLAND: 'I from Greenland's frozen land,'

INDIA: 'I from India's sultry plain;'

AFRICA: 'I from Afric's barren sand;'

ISLANDER: 'I from islands of the main.'

'All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by;  
Here together met at last,  
At the portal of the sky!'

GUIDE: 'From the blaze of heavenly day,

Now hear the herald angel say.'

'There to welcome Jesus waits,  
Gives the crown his followers win;

Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little travellers in!'

### KEEP YOUR CHARACTER UN-SPOTTED.

Money is a good thing, especially in these hard times, but there is something a thousand fold more valuable. It is character—the consciousness of a pure and honourable life. This it should be a man's first aim to preserve at any cost. In such times of commercial distress, while some are proved and found wanting, others came forth tried as by fire. Here and there one comes out of the furnace far more of a man than before. Amid the wreck of his fortune he stands erect—a noble specimen of true manhood. We have occasionally witnessed an example of courage in such a crisis, of moral intrepidity, that deserved all honour. Let it be the aim of every business man, above all things else, to keep this purity unstained. This is his best possession—this is a capital which can never be taken from him—this is the richest inheritance which he can leave to his children.—*Evangelist.*