

JESUS THE CARPENTER.

BY C. LIDDELL.

"Isn't this Joseph's son?"—ay, it is he; Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me. I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as his shed must ha' stood—
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood, I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me!

He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has thoughts a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed.
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed,
(We've been forty year wed.)

So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Was the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaf, let it go;
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected ye know!
—Day of Rest.



Temperance Department.

BENNIE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

No one thought it "The Elms," or "The Oaks," or "The Willows," although the little stream running through the farm was fringed with willows, while elms of a century's growth adorned the meadows, and the adjacent hills were crowned with gigantic oaks. It was just the old homestead, dear to the heart of every child born to a share of its possessions.

Eight sons and daughters had been here nurtured and educated, to go forth and play their part in the great drama of life. Of these, one remained at home to care for father and mother, and till the broad acres which constituted their whole material wealth.

People said it was strange there should be such a diversity of gifts in the same family; but there was not one characteristic which the parents did not trace back to some ancestor, personally or traditionally known.

The fairest face was like to that of an old portrait treasured as a precious heirloom. The oldest son, winning fame and more substantial rewards for eloquent appeals and powerful arguments, had a double claim to the name of one of the old colonial lawyers. There was "the doctor," whose dower of medical and surgical skill might have been transmitted from one of the first physicians of the olden time. The merchant emulated the example of another merchant whose East India ventures had brought him im-

mense profits. There was also a sweet singer and player upon instruments, especially delighting in the legendary history of a kinswoman who had enchanted all who heard her by the melody of her voice and the witchery of her fingers.

But, alas! there was a taint in the blood, manifesting itself from time to time in the recklessness and dissipation of some members of the family. Their names were spoken with bated breath and the hearts they had broken gave few signs of the agony endured, yet they were never forgotten. They were the brightest and bravest of all, but they had fallen before an enemy as insidious as it is deadly.

"We have five boys. Pray God the curse may pass them by," said the noble mother to her husband when these boys were all resting securely in their home.

"Amen," was responded fervently. "We must pray, and labor, and trust. I have no fear of Richard, or Daniel, or Thomas, or William. They are true and firm wherever principle is at stake."

"Bennie is tenderest of them all," the mother hastened to say, as if reassuring herself. "He is a dear, handsome boy, and if he does wrong he is quick to confess it and ask forgiveness."

"Yes, wife, he has a tender heart, and we can trust him in God's keeping. If he would be contented to settle down with us here, he wouldn't have so many temptations; but he'll be sure to want to go to the city. He can make his way there, too, and make friends, if—"

"Don't speak it, husband. I can't bear to doubt one of my boys. I don't suppose I love my boys better than other mothers love theirs, but I can't feel for others as I do for myself. They must bide their time, and I must bide mine, but may God save Bennie!"

Forty years went by. The husband and father died, but the mother still lived, with faculties unimpaired and mother-love undimmed. The month of roses would witness her eightieth birthday. Children and grandchildren were summoned to celebrate the occasion, and their hearty responses testified to the warmth of affection she had inspired. When the long-looked-for day arrived, she was like a queen receiving the homage of loyal and loving subjects.

But there was one missing. Bennie, the tenderest of them all and the first to acknowledge a fault, had died many years before, leaving a wife and son, the latter then too young to realize the loss which had fallen upon them. He had not seen much of his grandmother. They had met only during brief visits, when the novelty of country life had absorbed his whole attention. But he was now fast growing to manhood, and naturally thought more of his father and his father's home.

His mother, who had remained a widow, and whom recent losses of property had compelled to think seriously of the future of herself and son, was glad to leave the surroundings of fashion and gayety to which she had been all her life accustomed. So she came and sat at the feet of one who both counselled and consoled her.

"It's better for Amos to depend on himself than to have a fortune put into his hands," said the old lady tenderly. "I don't know but you'll think hard of me for it, but I was ready to thank the Lord when I knew the bank had failed that you had so much money in. Richard says there's enough for you, and Amos don't need it; he don't, dear;" and a wrinkled hand was laid lovingly upon the upturned brow of the daughter-in-law.

"But I don't think of myself, mother; it is for Amos I wish to do so much. He is the only link between me and my husband, and it seems to me that never another woman loved her husband as I loved mine."

"I know you loved my Bennie, dear, and he loved you; and your boy is like what mine was at his age, only mine was brought up to work on a farm, and yours was brought up in the city without work."

"It was not necessary for Amos to work. There was enough for us both, and my father was glad to provide for us."

"Yes, dear, but your boy needs the discipline of work. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but my Bennie had one failing. It troubled you, dear, as it did me, and I've worried for fear Amos would be like his father about liquor. As far back as we can go in my husband's family, there's always been one hard drinker in every generation. Sometimes there's been more, but always

one, and it seems strange it should be—it's been them that might have done the best if it hadn't been for drinking. I never told you of this before, but I thought the right time had come to put you on your guard."

"I knew my husband's weakness and I thought about it; it troubled me a little sometimes, said the young woman, hesitatingly; "but I never feared that he would dishonor himself or neglect me. I know he would never have abused me."

"I am thankful he never did, dear. He was generous and loving."

"And so is Amos, mother. He has been my comfort all these years."

"And I hope he will be your comfort as long as he lives. But I tremble for you both sometimes. He don't know what 'tis to deny himself much that he wants."

"No, mother, he don't; it has been a pleasure to me to gratify his wishes. I never thought he needed to be taught self-denial. I trusted his father, and I have trusted him. Perhaps I have indulged him too much. His Uncle Richard might have done better for him than I have, but I intended to do right. Please talk to him, mother; he reverences you, and you can have great influence over him."

Amos was the favorite nephew and cousin, strikingly like his father, and proud of the resemblance; yet Richard Stanwood knew of grave irregularities committed by his father when under the influence of intoxicating drinks. There were business deficits, also, which had been concealed from the public, while brothers and sisters had contributed of their means to replace the funds squandered by his extravagance. They had done this without the knowledge of their mother, but she knew enough of this son's career to cause her much sorrow.

So far as possible his wife had been spared all loss of confidence in her husband, but she was now plainly warned of the danger which seemed imminent.

"What shall I do for Amos to make sure that he will continue temperate?" asked Mrs. Benjamin Stanwood after a long silence, in which she reviewed many events now invested with a new significance. "Some of his young friends have taken a pledge never to taste even a drop of wine, or ale, or beer; but when my father was alive he ridiculed such pledges as foolish and unmanly. It doesn't seem to me possible that Amos needs to be bound to any promises in regard to the use of wine."

"I think he does need it, my dear; I should feel safer about him. My Bennie needed to take such a pledge, but when he was young, folks didn't understand about it as well as they do now, and wine wa'n't reckoned with rum and brandy. Such a pledge would have saved my boy. If he'd put his name to it, he'd kept it; he wouldn't broke his word."

"No more would Amos; he says his word shall be as good as his bond. He is a truthful boy."

"I'm glad of it. Then, if he'd sign the total abstinence pledge he'd be safe. I wish every one of my children and grandchildren would sign it."

"Tell them so, mother; now is the very time. No one will refuse to grant you the favor."

"Then write the pledge, dear, and I will do what I can."

When this paper was presented a murmur of surprise passed from lip to lip, and there were several not quite prepared to bind themselves to such abstinence; but it was mother's birthday and she had a right to expect compliance with her requests. One after another affixed their names cheerfully or reluctantly, yet all with an earnest purpose.

Amos kept himself in the background, thus revealing his unwillingness to sign the pledge, and at the same time betraying his need of so doing. His was the very last signature, and, having written it in bold characters, he said with sharp emphasis, while tears filled his eyes,

"Grandmother, that was the hardest of anything you could have asked me to do; but now I have taken the pledge, I will keep it, and may God help me!"—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

Germany is pre-eminently the land of smoke and smokers. Pipes and lager beer are the bane and curse of the nation. At last the German Government has taken the matter in hand, and undertakes to limit the

growing evil. Dr. M. L. Holbrook in the *National Temperance Advocate* states the following facts in reference to the Government prohibition of the use of tobacco by boys in the German empire. He says:

"In Germany if a boy is caught smoking he is locked up. The Government has become anxious about the effect of tobacco on the physique of the soldiers of the future, and in order to rectify in some measure the evil, ordered the police to arrest all boys found smoking in the streets if they are under sixteen years old, and to have them punished by fine and imprisonment."

"According to reports resulting from Government investigation, a clearly defined line has been discovered between the smokers and the non-smokers who attend the polytechnic schools, those who do not smoke being decidedly superior in general scholarship and mental vigor. The poisonous nicotine, so far counteracted in the adult smoker by the resisting forces of his mature constitution, takes hold of the forming tissues of the young, and does its injurious work without hinderance."

"We have recently presented this subject of the prohibition of boys smoking in Germany to a German, who writes in reply:

"In Germany the education of children is very different from what it is here in America. The children, almost without exception, look upon their parents with the highest respect. A word from them, a wish, is an order that must be obeyed. They are dependent upon their parents longer than most American boys; attend school from the sixth to the fourteenth year; and those parents who can afford it send their children to school for a much longer period. They are much more severely disciplined and punished by whipping on the slightest disobedience. The schools are managed differently from American schools. A German boy does not dare to smoke. He knows that if he does, and is caught at it, he will be punished. I am sorry to say, however, that nearly every German man smokes."

"It might be suggested to our German friends that prohibition extending to the later years of life would be more effectual. It stops too soon, before boys' habits for life are formed. Prohibition during the earliest years of life seems to work well. Let it be tried longer."—*The Christian.*

FOUND WANTING.—It is seldom that any work of great physical endurance is performed without some reference to the practice and advantages of total abstinence. The popular fallacy which attributes some supporting virtue to alcohol is "found wanting" where it ought to be self-vindicative, if vindication were possible. For example, in an interesting article in the *Daily News* on the diver's calling, it is instructive to meet with the following statement:—"Those healthy athletic men who are mostly to be found practising the diver's calling are not supposed to be subject to any disease specially attributable to the nature of their work. But should anything be wrong with the diver—if he but have a simple cold—it tells upon his capacity for diving work. Accordingly he may not trifle with his constitution, and wise experienced divers are careful about what they drink. Many of them are absolute teetotalers, and think it the height of unwisdom to stimulate themselves with alcohol when at work." The explanation in these and all similar cases is one and the same—alcohol exhausts vital power and does not impart it.—*Alliance News.*

WRITING from Rome, to the Chairman of a Manchester Meeting on Juvenile Smoking, Mr. Hewitt said:—"A friend of mine, and an occasional fellow-traveller, has been accustomed to triumph over me in places infested with mosquitoes, and enjoyed his laugh at their attacks on me, whilst he was thoroughly exempt by smoking; and on such occasions has exclaimed merrily: "There! you see now the advantage of tobacco!" The other day, however, he wrote to me that he had utterly abandoned both pipe and cigar, as they had inflicted on him worse stings than those of mosquitoes."

AT THE annual conference of teachers held recently in London, the following resolution after a long discussion was adopted:—"That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable and advantageous to bring up children to the practice of total abstinence."