

presence of mind managed to get hold of his knife, with which, as the line slackened for a moment, he reached down and cut it, and so freed himself. Instances have occurred where the entire boat's crew, boat and all, have been towed down into the bottomless deep, from a negligence, or inability to cut the line in season. Sometimes boats are directly attacked by whales in their vindictive fury, and dashed to atoms. Cases, also, have been known, where the sperm-whale, using his enormous head as a battering-ram, has greatly damaged, or even sunk, the largest ships. About the year 1819, the ship Essex, Capt. Pollard, sailing from Nantucket, foundered, from the repeated blows of a sperm-whale, judged to be 80 feet long. The ship sank in ten minutes after the second stroke. The crew saved themselves by taking to the boats, and landed on an uninhabited island, where three of them chose to remain, rather than to take to the sea again, and were never after heard from. Out of a crew of twenty-five, only five survived to reach their native shores, and to tell the horrible tale.

The Ship Union, also, likewise from Nantucket, Capt. Gardiner, in 1807, was lost by the same means somewhere between the United States and the Azores. So we see that the whale, if he had reason enough to recognize his own tremendous power, could wield the bludgeon with great effect, so as possibly, to drive his captors fairly off the field. But, poor things, the human intellect masters them; or what amounts to the same thing,

"Whales in the sea,
God's voice obey."

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.



Temperance Department.

ROBBIE'S VOW, OR, "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY JEAN MCLEAN.

Sunday afternoon in the country—could anything be more delightful? Robbie and Nellie thought not, as they sat with their mamma under the shade of a fine old tree and listened to her as she told them of Christ and his out-of-door life—how he taught and healed and comforted the people with promise and blessing.

"Which would you rather have been of all Christ cured?" asked Robbie, suddenly.

"I would like to have been the ruler's daughter," said Nellie.

"And you, mamma?"

"I should like to have been the mother who had her only son given back to her arms and love," said mamma, fondly gazing into the clear blue eyes of her only boy.

"And I, mamma would have been the man who had the devils cast out: I would rather have my soul cured than my body; and how much that man must have loved Jesus when rid of so much torment! Do you suppose people have devils in these days?"

"It would seem so when we see so much wickedness. There is one demon," mamma continued solemnly, "that seems to enter into the souls of men and leads them to do themselves as much injury as the man among the tombs did himself."

"What is it?" asked Robbie, coming nearer and looking eagerly into her face.

"Some call it the spirit of revelry, others the demon of drink."

"Oh, I know—the spirit that was in Willie's father in Mr. Abbot's story-book you read to us; but that was cast out, you know, after old Simms' shop was burned. Do you suppose it was a devil that made him drink, and at the last Christ pitied him, and cast the devil out?"

"It was the spirit of evil in him that made him drink, and it was only when he came to a determination not to obey that spirit, and to seek the help of God to resist it, that he stopped his evil ways. Robbie, drink is one of the most terrible of sins: it leads to everything else that is bad. Now, I want you, while you are a little boy, to set your mind against it, and determine you will never touch, taste, or handle it; and I am going to give you a vow to learn and keep."

"Why mamma, Nellie and I have made a vow ourselves; we made it after your talk to us last Sunday on bad habits: this is mine, and I shall keep it if I live to be a hundred years old—I will not drink liquor, I will not chew or smoke tobacco, I will not swear, so help me God!"

"And I will keep mine, too, mamma," said Nellie, as she repeated in a clear, sweet voice: "I will not be in the company of those who drink liquor, who use tobacco, or take God's name in vain. We didn't think of one thing said Nellie, faltering, "Grandfather chews, and he is a good man."

"Why, yes, he is a good man—he is a minister—that is, he preaches sometimes."

Both children looked appealingly to their mother to settle this great difficulty for them.

"Grandfather began to chew when he was very young; he lived in a state where young and old used tobacco and nothing was thought of it. He has tried to leave off a great many times—tried hard—but the habit has become so strong, to leave off he thinks might kill him. He will be so glad you have made this vow, and may you always keep it; you will be saved many a tear, and God knows how much sorrow."

The next day Nellie and Robbie, with their mother, went to the city. They had their usual good times, ending with ice-cream; and then their mother said:

"I have some errands to do, and you must sit on the Common; I shall be back in a very little while."

They were city children only out in the country to spend their vacation; so they felt very much at home when their mother left them on a nice seat near the soldiers' monument. Robbie became very much interested in a man who was selling pictures.

"Here's photograph soldiers' monument only five cents."

But no one seemed to care for the picture when they could see the real thing; so the man stopped calling out, and came close to where the children were sitting. His face was flushed and his eye restless; he looked very unhappy. Robbie gazed at him intently and then whispered to Nellie: "I smell his breath."

Nellie nodded and said: "So do I."

"Do you suppose it's really a devil inside him?"

"Yes, it must be—see how wild he looks."

"Poor man, and he don't know how it can be cast out; perhaps he never heard. I shall tell him," said Robbie decidedly. Suddenly and sharply, he spoke: "Mister, is it a devil?"

"What?" asked the man, turning his haggard face and resting his bloodshot eyes for an instant on the boy.

"That—you have inside of you and wanting you to drink?"

"Yes, ten thousand devils, and the tortures of hell with them. Say, little boy, have you got five cents; do you want a picture?"

"No, but I can tell you how to get rid of the devils."

"No, you can't," said the man sadly. "I've tried that—all I want is to get dead drunk, and then—die."

"My mamma says it's your own will, with the help of God, that casts out devils in these days. You must determine you will not drink—and then ask God to help you. I've got a vow." Slowly Robbie repeated to the man the words he had said to his mother the day before.

"Oh," said the poor fellow, a sob bursting from his lips, "if I had any one to help me, I would try once more."

"Where is your mother?"

"I've been a bad son to her; she thinks I am dead. I would to God I were!"

At this moment the children's mother stood beside them; they had been so interested they had not seen her coming. Those last despairing words were heard by her, she had come swiftly to take her children away from their strange companion, but these sad words touched her.

"You are in trouble, young man," she said.

"It's the demon of drink, mamma," said Robbie; "he says if he had any one to help him, he would try once more to have it cast out? His mother thinks he is dead. Mamma, couldn't you?"

Looking lovingly into Robbie's pleading face, the lady said: "I have a friend who has a Home for such as you, and he can give you help. I will get a carriage and take you there."

The young man lifted his head hopefully;

then it fell upon his breast, and he said: "I have no money."

"But I have, and will pay for you."

"You have no right to do anything for me. Oh, believe me, madam, I have not always been like this. I have graduated from college; I have been—oh, what's the use?—you can do nothing for me; you have no right to do for such a miserable fellow as I."

"I have a right to do for all who suffer."

"Do please let her help you!" said Robbie's persuasive voice.

And so it came to pass that the poor picture seller found care and skilful treatment at the Washingtonian Home. Some months after, you might have seen a tall, fine-looking young man as book-keeper in one of the most important places of business in Boston, and not recognized him as any one you had met before; but Robbie would have told you he was the same young man who sold pictures on the common, only the devil was cast out of him, and he was free to be himself and to take care of the dear old mother who had so long believed him dead, but to whom he was now restored, clothed and in his right mind.

"Mamma," said Robbie, earnestly, "do you know how near you come to having your wish?"

"How, my boy?"

"Don't you know that Sunday morning under the trees when we told our vows you said you would like to have been the woman who had her only son given back to her?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have helped to give back an only son, and just think how much happiness. The doctor never could have cured him if you had not brought him to his place."

"And we could none of us have been of any service but for you, dear boy. I think God directed you that day; it was he who put the thought into your heart, and who spoke through your lips; always obey his voice and you may be the instrument of much good."

In the young book-keeper's room there are two mottoes I would like to have you see. Nellie worked one and painted around it a wreath of the flower, Life-everlasting; the words are: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." The other is a lithograph, and Robbie's face hangs above it; it reads: "A little child shall lead them." Could you know how earnestly the young man repeats Robbie's vow, and how closely he follows the advice of the kind physician in whose institution he was cured, you would believe he had entered into a safe path—the one that leads to eternal happiness—and you would realize how pleasant his mother's last days are to be—her boy given back to her once more.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ABOLISH LICENSE.

The Rev. H. H. W. Hibshman, D.D. in an address delivered before the Temperance Institute of Northampton Co., Pennsylvania, says:—

What father would allow me to give strong drink, without charge, to his sons, every day of the week, and just as often send them reeling and staggering, swearing and swaggering, through the streets, on the ground that they were sober when they crossed the threshold of my house—on the ground that they were not drunkards, but respectable and gentlemanly young men? Not one. You would call me brutish and dangerous in the extreme, and my house, though it were garnished like a palace, you would regard the very den of iniquity; you would drive me from the community smarting under the strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails; you would brand me vulgar and infamous for ruining your sons, and unfitting them to follow any vocation creditably. This you would do. You could not allow me in your midst if I engaged in the nefarious work of giving strong drink every time your sons came sober to my home, until they were just getting tipsy—"a little top heavy." Of course it would subject me to the rigor of the law. I would be arrested and punished as I deserved most justly. But I ask, why allow the License System to protect men doing this very same thing? Why grant the legal right, why make it as honorable as it can be made by legislation, to and for a few, not to give gratuitously, but to sell "the fire of dragons" to sober men until they give indications of being "visibly affected"? No answer can be given. It is a diabolical system. It discriminates in favor of a few to

do by license what public opinion condemns in an unlicensed man. It permits the few to do by law what the State declares "a misdemeanor" in the unlicensed. Such a system should be abolished. It is a reproach to intelligence and civilization. Legislators should be prevented by the Constitution from enacting laws in favor of, and protecting men in selling of, strong drinks as beverages.

It is a wild statement to assert that "the desire for stimulants is one of the strongest instincts of human nature." Men are not born drunkards. They are not forced to the use of strong drink by irresistible instinct. No; men are made drunkards gradually. The appetite, in most cases, for strong drink must be engendered. The State by granting the right to wholesale and to retail intoxicating beverages makes it legitimate for her sober men to be transformed into drunken sots; and as long as the License System is in force, so long will the nefarious work go on, so long will the number of drunkards, non-contributors to the development and sustenance of the Commonwealth, become greater year by year.

It is time the Law forbids the selling of spirituous drink to drunkards and minors, and forbids the sale of it on the Lord's day. But liquor is sold to minors; it is sold to drunkards; it is sold on the Lord's day. You can see drunken men and boys every day of the week, and how do they become intoxicated? Where do they obtain narcotics, producing stupor, coma, convulsions? Does the blame attach to non-licensed men of giving or selling it to them? I trow not. The License Law is answerable for it. It is asserted that one-half of the licensed houses in the State are selling to minors and "to visibly affected men through intoxicating drinks" on the Lord's day. We are told the Law should be enforced. It cannot be done. It would be a hopeless undertaking. Judges, lawyers, magistrates, police officers, grand and petit juries, courts, and legislatures have given up the effort to enforce license law, and "it runs riot to the ruin of all that is lovely and of good report."

MR. HOWLETT AND THE SACKS.

It would be difficult to name a place of any size in England in which the late George Howlett did not lecture, but a visit paid by him to Norwich deserves to be mentioned from one curious circumstance connected with it. He lectured on the appointed evening to a crowded audience, and on the following morning strolled out to visit the places of interest in the town. On his way through one of the thoroughfares he was accosted by a man who was standing by a cart loaded with sacks of grain, which had to be deposited in a story of a warehouse communicating with the street by a ladder. The man said, I heard you at the meeting last night, and much of what you said is true, but I don't believe anyone can haul up sacks like these without beer." "Come along," said Mr. Howlett, taking off his coat, "you go first and show me the way."

The man shouldered a sack, and Mr. Howlett did the same.

"Look sharp," cried Mr. Howlett almost treading on the man's heels, "or I shall run over you!"

By the time that two or three sacks were deposited in the loft, a crowd of about 200 persons had assembled to watch the strange scene. Before this crowd the man acknowledged that Mr. Howlett could do the work better as a teetotaler than he could as a drinker. The man was induced to sign the pledge, and keeps it to this day.

WOMEN OF AMERICA! Put your little feet on this liquor traffic. You can trample it out of existence. Never smile upon a young man who is not a teetotaler. Tell him that you do not care to cultivate or have your daughters cultivate the acquaintance of those who indulge in intoxicating beverages, because you believe the habit is dangerous, and those who indulge in it are in danger of becoming enslaved by it to the disgrace of themselves and friends. Be firm in adherence to this rule, and the bar-rooms will close for lack of patronage, and station houses and gaols will by and by have vacant cells, and almshouses will have more spare rooms.—*Anvil.*

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful.