



Temperance Readings.

WANTED: 2,000,000 BOYS!

Have you a boy to spare? The drinkshop must have boys or it must shut up its shop. Can you find one? It is a great factory, and unless it can have 2,000,000 from each generation, for raw material, some of these factories must close up, and the operatives be thrown out upon a cold world, and the public revenue dwindled! One family out of every five must contribute a boy in order to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be? Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping pay your taxes and kindly electing public officers for you. Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish? Voting to keep the tavern open to grind up boys and then doing nothing to keep up the supply? Ponder these questions, ye voters, and answer them to God, to whom you will one day give an account for votes as well as prayers. And ye mothers, wives and daughters, are you by precept, example, and influence in every possible direction doing all you can to save the boys from the enticements of the horrible liquor saloon, and to hasten the day when it shall be outlawed, and curse our fair land no more? If not, why not?

Cleanliness.

Christian people should use their solid influence to banish tobacco in every form from civilization. A few days ago a dying man at Kalamazoo, Mich., lighted a cigarette that he might die happily. The use of cigarettes had induced tuberculosis, of which he died. The use of tobacco is not only filthy and detrimental to health, but a violation of the Golden Rule, 'Keep thy mouth and lips clean.' Lips—yes, do not allow them to utter an indecent word. It degrades, poisons, kills. Keep clean by shutting your eyes and ears to unclean things. It is safe to keep away from the theatre; not that all dramas are impure, but that as a rule, the theatre is a panderer to the lusts of wicked people. The theatre and the dance furnish scenes that live to gnaw memory like gangrene. It is best for our feet to go only where other feet that follow will not be in danger.

After all, purity has its seal in the heart. If that be clean thoughts, words and acts will be clean. A tree is more successfully grafted in the roots if good habits are merely grafted into some of the branches, branches from the old stock will still spring out to impair the value of the tree. If the grafting is in the roots the branches will all produce good fruit. Jesus Christ is the only one that can make our life-trees wholly good. He alone cleanses from all sin. He alone makes over the life so that all its fruits are pure and sweet. He can save from all bad habits. He can so transform character that it will be always lovely.—'Free Baptist.'

The Safe Bridge.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that they 'are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side.' They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards, and the like.

Dr. Arnot says: 'True, you are not obliged; but there is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide;

its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say, "I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber." True, true, you are not obliged, but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!'

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink.—'Safeguard.'

A Cluster of Thoughts.

Temperance is Reason's girdle and Passion's bridle, the strength of the soul, and the foundation of virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—John Neal.

'If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of another; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.'

His First Patient.

(J. H. Hanmer Quail, in the 'Alliance News'.)

(To be continued.)

'Brandy, Miss! What's my shot? I want you to take pay out of a ten-pound note. Hallo, Noah! How are things? Have brandy, a port, or a sherry with me?' Gerald said airily as he walked to a table in a corner near the fire, and sat down.

The brandy was brought, and set on the table.

'What's the score, Miss?' he asked of the maid who brought the liquor.

'Two pounds nineteen and ninepence, sir, with the brandy,' replied the maid.

'All right; take it out of this, and bring me the change.'

Gerald's hand slid into his breast pocket to take out the notes. A look of alarm and dismay came over his face. His hand worked nervously in his pocket. The notes had gone.

'Heavens! They've gone!' he exclaimed.

Rising to his feet, he examined his pocket again, and shook his coat, but there was no sign of the notes.

'They have been taken by some one in the crowd. I've had my pocket picked. The notes are gone. Twenty pounds! Every penny I had,' Gerald said, in confusion.

'What's the matter?' asked Noah Gadsby sternly. Noah had seen that something unusual was passing, and had come to the girl's side.

'I have lost twenty pounds; two ten-pound notes. Some one in the crowd, when I was helping that lad, must have taken them. They are gone,' Gerald said, in a tone of despair.

'Come, come, doctor. That won't do. You must pay the score. It's three pounds now. Pay it off.'

'The money has gone. I had not a cent but that. Twenty pounds! Good heavens! I must go and inform the police.'

'This won't do at all, Doctor. It looks to me like a dodge; a pretence. Now, see. You pay that shot before you have another drink in this house. Pay your debts like a man. I won't have it.'

A dodge! A pretence! Pay your debts like a man! How the words stung Gerald Chesterton. He was penniless. His practice had all gone. He had failed on the very threshold of life. His uncle had been generous, and he had presumed on his generosity, but never had any one dared to suggest dishonesty and sharp practices to him.

His blood rose within him. All the strong and old spirit which had so often asserted itself at college was fired again. Clenching his fist, he raised his arm to strike Noah Gadsby to the ground.

'No, I won't,' he said, as with a tremendous effort he restrained himself. 'You shall have the money; every shilling of it, and 'fore God, you shall have no more,' he added, vehemently.

He turned sharply. Drawing himself up to his full height, leaving the brandy on the ta-

ble untouched; he strode proudly from the room.

The police could obtain no clue to the missing notes. Gerald had not taken the numbers of the notes, so could give no information which might lead to their recovery. He had telegraphed to his uncle to ask if he could give him the numbers of the notes, and had written a humble and penitent letter, telling his uncle the truth fully, and frankly begging him, once more, to send him a little money. His uncle telegraphed: 'Cannot give numbers of notes,' and in reply to Gerald's pitiful letter there had a chilling letter from his uncle, that the remittance of the two ten-pound notes was to be the last. The door of his uncle's solicitude and generosity was shut against him.

Gerald was alone in his surgery. He was in despair. He had no money and no patients. His uncle had cast him off. Every door was closed against him. Every ray of hope now seemed to be extinguished.

He stood near the gas-light, with his left hand extended slightly in front of him. His fingers were working nervously round some little object which he held in his hand. It was a small pill-box. The lid of the box lay on the table, and in the box were three small pieces of a white substance. He was viewing the pieces with the earnestness of a man who felt that for him there was no hope. He well knew that he had only to take one of those small and innocent looking pieces of white stuff to put an end to his spoiled and hopeless life. Why should he continue that life? What had it for him now? He was in debt. He had not paid Noah Gadsby as he said he would. He had no money and no practice, and not a friend in the world of whom he could ask a single sovereign. Worse than all, Mrs. Bradwell, his housekeeper, had given him notice. He owed her money. If she went, what could he do? He had not even the money with which to put an advertisement in the paper for another housekeeper, and he had no money to pay her with, if one came. He was truly in despair.

'I am all broken up. It is of no use trying. I'll finish it off,' he said. His right hand moved to the pill-box. With thumb and finger he took one of the white pieces out of the box. He was going to swallow it.

His hand had risen to his mouth, when he gave a start which nearly over-threw him.

A tremendous ring at the front door, which in his highly nervous condition had seemed like an earthquake, had startled him.

'What's that?' he gasped, as he turned towards the door of the surgery.

The door opened, and Mrs. Bradwell, bearing a note, entered.

'The boy is waiting for a reply,' she said, curtly.

Gerald set the pill-box on the table and replaced the white substance in it. Taking the note from Mrs. Bradwell, he nervously tore the covering.

The note bore the printed heading, 'Central Hospital.' It was from the hospital, and read:

'Dear Chesterton,—The boy who was brought in with the broken legs; the one who was run over, and that you helped, wants to see you. Can you come over?—Yours very truly,

'C. JORDAN.'

It was from Dr. Jordan, the house surgeon of the Central Hospital.

The request in the note came as an electric shock to Gerald. It shattered his morbid train of thought, and presented an object; a duty; a purpose; a cause for instant action.

Hastening to the hall, he put on his overcoat and hat, and in a moment was on the way to the Central Hospital. It seemed as if a new sun had suddenly blazed in the cold and dark night sky of his existence.

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