



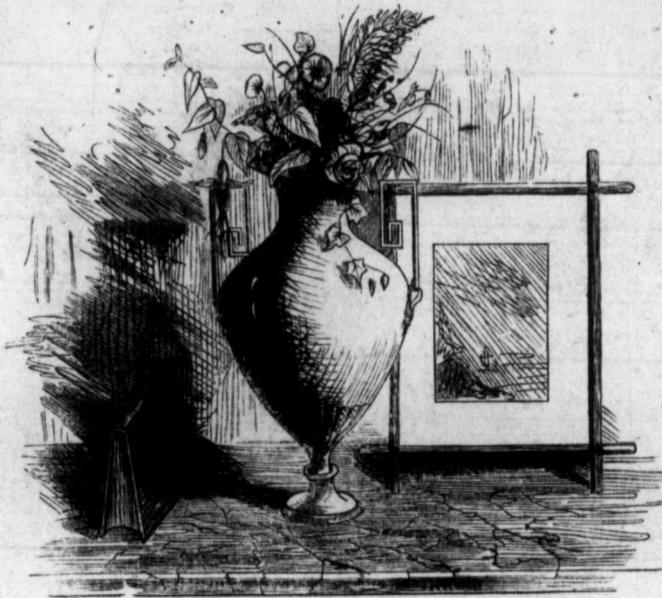
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ADVISER:

A BOOK FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE.



TORONTO:
ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.
1873.

GLASGOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,
VILLAFIELD.



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THE ADVISER.



BUTTERWORTH & HEATH Ss

THE WOODLAND GATE.

No. 1.—January, 1873.

Price One Halfpenny.

THE WOODLAND GATE.

MEMORY, tell of that bright party
 On a sunny summer's day,
 When with mirth unchecked and hearty
 We stole down the lane to play.
 Down the lane and through the meadow,
 O'er the bridge that crossed the stream,
 Where the lily mocked its shadow
 Dancing in the noonday beam;
 By the hedgerow, tall embowering,
 Like an emerald chair of state
 For the foxglove, proud and towering,
 Till we reached the woodland gate.

'Twas the scene of many a frolic,
 That old glade by trees o'erhung,
 Where across the scarce used pathway
 Our prime playmate idly swung;
 Horses—carriage!—it combined them;
 We were ragged—it was old,
 But we prized its time-worn framework
 More than kings can value gold.
 Seated high above the greensward,
 What cared we for chance or fate?
 Pleasure, mirth, and careless gladness
 Centred in the woodland gate.

We were five—five old companions;
 Old in play 'tho' young in years—
 Bessie, like a woodland fairy,
 Full of kindness, smiles, and tears;
 Tom and Harry—two bold brothers,
 Careless, ragged, free as air,
 With poor little Joe, who ever
 Had of blows and fun his share.
 Happier five ne'er played the truant
 With their childish hearts elate,
 Happier five ne'er laughed and wrangled,
 Swinging on the woodland gate.

Years have passed, and many changes
 Marked the circling round of time;
 Bessie moulders in the churchyard,
 Gathered in her budding prime;
 Tom and Harry, two young soldiers,
 Fought, and bled, and died for fame,
 But the level turf above them
 Bears no stone to mark their name.

Little Joe—a city lawyer,
 Fills the courts with idle prate,
 All forgetful of his childhood,
 And that joyous woodland gate.

Life has ploughed my brow with furrows
 Since those days of youthful glee;
 Clouds have shadowed o'er my pathway,
 Care has been a friend to me;
 But they all come back with freshness;
 Memory, cease! thy record stay!
 Mingle not those bygone hours
 With the toils of yesterday;
 For the tears are keenly starting,
 Bitter drops are gushing fast,
 As I hear thy voice recounting
 All the pleasures of the past.

When I see the buds of promise
 That my early springtime bore,
 Shame o'erwhelms my heart with sorrow
 That those blossoms are no more.
 O'er life's dusty, beaten highway
 Idly swinging—such my fate,
 Others move me—others climb me
 Like the once-loved woodland gate.

—E. G.

LIGHT FOR THE WAY.

A LITTLE BOY set out to walk with his father, in a dark night, through a thick wood. The road was one in which there were a good many things to be avoided. The father knew the road well, but the boy had never been that way before, and there was danger of his getting into holes, or stumbling on stones, or striking against trees. There were other paths too, which led out of the right one, and any person who did not take great care was apt to go off the way, and on by one of these, and so come to places where he was very likely to be greatly hurt, or even killed.

The father, knowing all this, not only was to walk beside the boy, but gave him

a nice lantern with a clear light in it, which was to be made to shine forward upon the path, and on the sides of it, and the boy was to hold the lantern so that he might see the road, and how to walk safely. The light, although it was good, did not



show very far ahead, and the boy complained that he could not see but just where he was, and he would like to know what was farther on. His father told him to make sure of the way where he was, and as far as the light went; and that, as

he carried the light with him, it would shine just as he needed it. That was the road, and what he had to do was to walk in the light as he got along.

Sometimes the boy did not hold the light as he should, or he did not mind what it showed him; and he stumbled, in consequence, now and again, or came right against a tree, and at times fell altogether. The boy, once or twice, carelessly turned into the wrong path, but his father did not go with him, but called him back. When he came to any place where he needed to be lifted over, his father was always at hand to help him. By-and-by the journey was safely ended; but it would not have been so, had there not been the father's help and the use of the light.

Now, this little story is meant for the readers of the *Adviser*, when entering on another year. The editor and the other writers wish their young friends to get safely on through this year. It will have dangers in it, and the right way has paths going off from it. The editor and his helpers desire much that their young friends should take hold of their heavenly Father's hand, and carry with them the light which He gives to shine upon the way. The BIBLE has the light. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm cxix. 105). If you take it with you and use it rightly, it will show you, as you go on, the dangers to be avoided, and the way in which to walk. And if you go by that way, and keep hold of your heavenly Father's hand, by trusting in Him as your God and father in Christ Jesus, you will be brought safely through all dangers. The year will close finding you in the right way, still holding on in it; or, if your journey be over before the year be done, the end will be a safe one, and you will have reached that land in which the way is always clear, for "there is no night there," and doubt, difficulty, and danger never come. Thus will you make sure, in any case, that this will be to you "A Happy New Year."

LITTLE JOHNNY.

LITTLE JOHNNY T— is just ten years old, a blue-eyed, wide-awake, active little fellow, and as earnest a *worker* in the temperance army as you can find. Johnny is quite a writer for a boy of his years, and was invited to read an essay on temperance at an open lodge meeting which was held in the church at S—. There was a fine poem first, next an essay, speaking, &c.; but Johnny's essay *brought down the house*. His next attempt was at a school exhibition. The large hall was crowded almost to suffocation, but, nothing daunted, Johnny read his essay in a clear, distinct voice, as if he wasn't at all ashamed of it. "The Three Giants—Intemperance, Profanity, and Tobacco," was his theme; and he proved conclusively that the first oath, the first glass, and the first cigar were *the things* to be shunned if we wish to keep out of the grasp of the giants. Two years ago, Johnny got up a pledge against tobacco and liquor-drinking, and he has circulated it faithfully. A noble man, whose only fault is that tobacco has ensnared him, said that little Johnny's pledge "*took him down*" the most effectually of anything he ever came across. The little fellow offers it to all he meets, very respectfully; and who can tell how much good he has already accomplished in his little life, and, if that life is spared, what a noble field of usefulness lies open before him!—*Selected.*

NOVEL-READING.

It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in

and out in quick and profitless succession—each, indeed, for the moment of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house—the soul, I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.—*Coleridge.*

WAS HE WRONG?

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman was recently examining a number of children in the Assembly's Catechism, and explaining how man's chief end should be to glorify God and enjoy him for ever. To make the matter plain as to enjoyment, he said, "Suppose you were to go through the town, and, knocking at every door, were to ask each one, 'What would you most like to have?' what would people say?" A little fellow quickly lifted up his hand in token that he had the answer. "Well," said the clergyman, "what do you think?" "Beer!" was the lad's reply. Was the child far wrong? Had he not used his eyes and ears? Are there not men in our land whose chief good is in beer or something stronger?—*Selected.*

PLAYING TRUANT.

It was a bright pleasant morning in October that Henry Smith was on his way to school, with his green satchel swinging over his shoulders, and a long stick in one hand, with which as he went along he switched the leaves from the bushes on each side of the path. His face was bright with intelligence and pleasure, and any one who looked upon him on that morning might almost have envied him his careless happiness.

"Halloo! Henry," cried one of his companions, who had been for some time trying in vain to overtake him. "Halloo!

Henry; what makes you walk so fast? I am out of breath with trying to overtake you. I have something to say to you, if you will stop long enough to hear it."

Henry stopped until his companion joined him, and then the two boys went on together. Robert, the new-comer, was a wild fun-loving boy, who had some few good qualities and a great many bad ones. He was liked at school, because he was good-natured, and because he engaged in his sports with a spirit and energy which were sure to make them interesting. But, notwithstanding these pleasant qualities, he was an-unprincipled boy, and no one in school exerted a worse influence over his companions. His object now was to persuade Henry to accompany him on a nutting expedition instead of going to school; and as he knew that this would be rather a difficult task, he went to work with a cunning and ingenuity seldom found in one so young.

"Is not this a most glorious day?" he began.

"Is that what you were so anxious to say to me?" said Henry, laughing; "what an important piece of news!"

"I should not think you would want to walk so fast on such a pleasant day," continued Robert. "I am sure I am in no great hurry to be shut up in that old dark school-room. Don't you wish it was vacation, and then we could go off into the woods and enjoy ourselves instead of staying shut up there all day?"

"Why, yes," replied Henry, "I should like a vacation very well, but I suppose we shall not have another until Thanksgiving, when the weather will be cold, and we shall not want to go out. But then," continued he, "we have good times as it is; our teacher is interested in having us get along well in our studies, and he contrives every way he possibly can to make them pleasant to us."

"Well, I know all that," said Robert, interrupting his companion; "but Mr. Henderson has given his scholars a vaca-

tion to-day, because his mother is very sick and not expected to live; and so James and William are going a-nutting, and I am going with them; but I suppose

your father and mother would not let *you* go, if you wished ever so much?"

"Oh! how I wish they would!" exclaimed Henry. "I mean to go back and ask them."



He turned round and began walking towards home, but Robert called him back.

"You won't have time to do that," said he, "for they are going at nine o'clock, and it is almost nine now. If I were you

I would go without asking; I don't believe they would care."

"Yes, they will care," replied Henry; "and on the whole, I do not believe they would let me go, even if I were to ask

them, and they would be very much dis- | no use in talking about it,—I must go to
pleased, if I were to go without; there is | school.” (To be continued.)



TEMPER AND TEMPERANCE.

A NUMBER of men and boys were rest- | Fernshaw, discussing a hasty lunch in the
ing in the shadow of the great barn of | noon of a busy harvest day, while the

strong, handsome horses were drinking leisurely from the cool stone troughs near.

"Now then, Jim!" called one of the men to a bright-looking boy seated astride on the low wall of the yard. "Come for your ale, if you want it: it is too hot for me to take extra steps to-day."

"Keep yourself and the ale where you are, Sam: I don't want either."

"What sort of man do you expect to be when you don't take your beer, lad?"

"A molly-coddle like lame Johnny," said another voice, "I've given up hope of seeing Jim make a man since I've found he's trying to be a total abstainer."

"You'll meet with more disappointment if you expect whisky to make men," said Jim, good-humouredly.

"Don't argufy, you two," came the steward's voice then. "You've work enough in store to warm you without that."

"That boy is getting too uppish for me," said Sam angrily to the latter, as the men rose. "I wish you would turn him over to Reilly, and let me have Dick Neill instead."

"All right, but you'll have the worst of the bargain: Dick's a lump of laziness compared to Jim." However, the change was effected, and, as Sam had intended, much to Jim's vexation: Sam's horses were handsome and spirited, and one of them, Lion by name, had been a great pet of the boy. It was trying to see Neill, a stupid, heavy boy (who, by the way, could drink ale unlimited), jog past him on Lion's broad back, on the way to the field, while Sam, leaning towards him, said spitefully, "No teetotallers for me, boy."

The work seemed dull without the spice of danger and excitement attendant on the management of Lion, for Reilly's horses were steady as Time, and much slower than that scythed individual is considered. The afternoon, however, brought stir enough before its close. Lion soon discovered that Dick's handling was neither

so kindly nor so firm as Jim's. Until the middle of the afternoon, he allowed himself to be worried by loud scolding, severe tugs of the mouth, and other miseries inflicted by heedless boys on their patient servants; then his nostrils widened, his ears went back, and before the men could turn themselves, he was galloping wildly across the field, with Dick in the empty cart behind him. The men shouted to Dick to lie down in the bottom of the cart, but the poor boy lost all presence of mind and sprang out, falling backwards and his head coming violently against a stone; Lion continued his wild race over the wide, level field until he was tired. Jim leaped from his half-loaded cart, and dashed across to Dick, who was stunned by the fall; he half raised him, while another brought water, and a profuse bleeding of the nose relieved the poor, bruised head; his father was sent home with him, and Lion finished the day's work under Sam's guidance.

Next morning saw Jim, in spite of teetotalism, again at Lion's head, but the old cordial feeling between him and Sam seemed gone: whenever the subject of drinking or abstaining came up there were taunts and jibing words from Sam, which left sore, angry feelings behind. At last this became so hard that Jim, hearing of a neighbouring farmer who wanted a boy, agreed to his terms, and gave up his place at Fernshaw. Merry, active, and obliging, there were plenty to say they were sorry he was leaving, and doubtless Lion would have said so too, if he could.

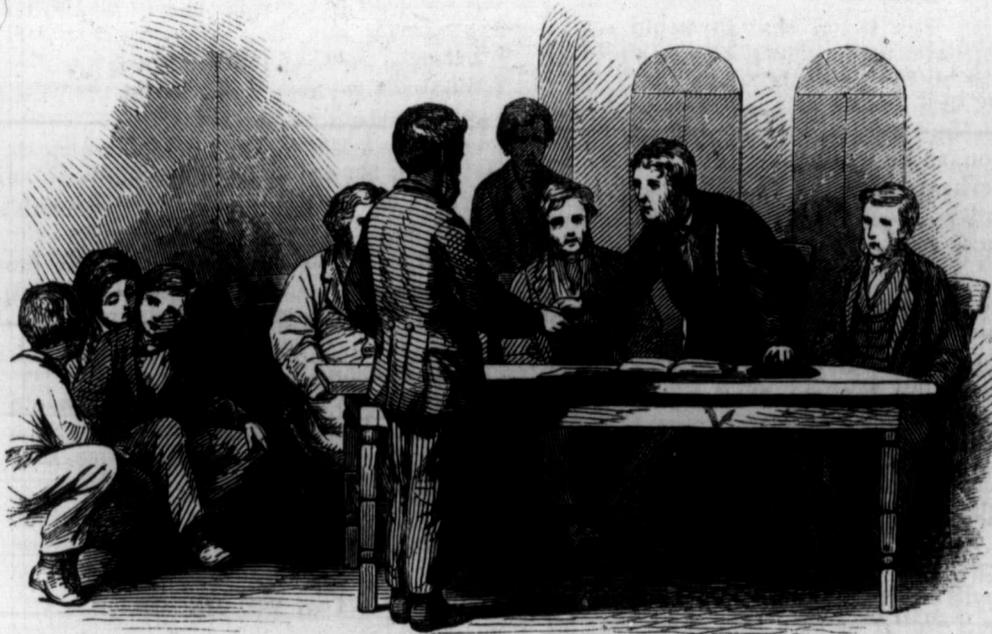
Two nights before he left, an alarm was raised that a cottage at the foot of the hill, the home of a drunken couple, was on fire. To snatch up pails and hurry to the place was the prompt action of men and boys. The woman, unconscious through drink, was dragged out, a humiliating sight; and the husband, not much better, could do nothing but weep and maunder. He got somewhat roughly pushed about in the vigorous efforts made by his kindly neigh-

hours to check the flames, which were put out before much mischief was done; and the men were soon sauntering home again through the still October night,—Sam and Jim some way behind the others.

“One never knows what they may come to,” said Sam, thoughtfully. “John Hardy down there, when I was a boy, was as tight and clever a fellow as one would wish to see.”

“One need never come to *that*,” said Jim, answering his thought, and thinking that here was a lecture on total abstinence, if Sam would only read it: once he thought of doing it for him, but he remembered that a cause is not always advanced by talk, so hoping that his silence might prove golden, he held his tongue. Presently Sam spoke again.

“Why are you going away, Jim? You



won't be any better—you won't be so well paid as where you are.”

“I know that,” said Jim soberly.

“Then why are you going?”

“You should be the last to ask that,” said Jim, temper and cheek firing. “I would never have thought of going, if you had treated me civilly.”

“Can your cause not stand a little chaff?”

“My cause can stand whatever you choose to say, but my temper can't.”

“That's frank: stay where you are, boy, and I won't bother you.”

“Can't do it now,” said Jim, but his affection for Sam was strong, and he added, “but I would rather be friends with you, Sam, than not.”

“All right!” was all the answer, but the two understood each other.

At the next temperance meeting Jim was highly edified to see Sam enter, take a seat, and at the close sign the pledge. Afterwards they returned homeward together, their path so far being the same, and the new member opened the talk by saying, “You little scamp, you are splitting with

fun, when you ought to be grave and proud over such a convert as scoffing Sam!"

Years have passed since then; Sam is now steward of Fernshaw, and Jim is sowing wheat on the rich plains of Illinois, but the friendship renewed in the October starlight is strong and true yet.

WHAT TO READ, AND HOW.

A YOUNG MAN found that he could read with interest nothing but sensation stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out, if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book, if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to keep to the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he had read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books he had formerly delighted in. He derived a great deal more plea-

sure from reading good ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent and promising young man.

Those who do not read good books, and who read flashy and worthless books, read them hastily, and with very little attention; they seem to desire to be able to say that they have read certain books.

It does one very little good to say that he has read a book. A gentleman once asked a reader of this class if he had read a certain book.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What do you know about it?" asked the gentleman.

"I know—I know that I have read it."

He spoke the truth. He had read the book, and he knew that he had read it, and that was all he knew about it.

Of course he derived no benefit from reading that book. Perhaps the reading it kept him out of some mischief; but, on the other hand, it tended to form a bad habit of reading.

No book does any one any good unless it is understood. Unless you get some definite ideas from a book, there is no use in reading it.—*Rev. Joseph Alden, D.D.*

WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

THIS question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by the friends of many young men; and although there is no definite rule for ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his actions and works.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, that "even a child is known by his works, whether it be good or evil." Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent about learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a blockhead.

When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a spendthrift.

When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser.

When you see a boy willing to taste strong drink, you may suppose that he will become a drunkard.

When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends, it is a sign that he will never be of much account.

When you see a boy looking out for himself, and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man.

When you hear a boy using profane language, you may take it for a sign that he will become a wicked and profligate man.

When you see boys rude to each other, you may know that they will become disagreeable men.

When you see boys pouting and grumbling when told to do anything, and always displeased when they have any work to perform, it is a sign that they will be good-for-nothing men.

But when you see boys that are kind and obliging to each other, obedient and respectful to their parents, attentive to their studies and duties, it is a sign that they will become good and useful men.

When you see a boy that loves his Bible, and is well acquainted with it, it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When you see a boy that stays away from theatres, grog-shops, ball-rooms, and gambling-houses, it is a sign that he will grow up a man in principle, knowledge, and goodness.

When you see a boy practising the virtues of morality and Christianity, you may know that he will become an honour to

himself and family, useful to his country, and the glory of his Maker.

Although great changes sometimes take place in the character, these signs, as a general rule, hold good.—*Selected.*

RATHER OLD.

ONE house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring-cleaning and other like inflictions inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of white-wash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it did ever simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were not taken out till after a sojourn of 1700 years! They had been cooking ever since the 23d of November, A.D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.—*Leisure Hour.*

HOW TO GET THE ADVISER.

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THE TEMPERANCE INVITATION.

KEY C.

Words by A. DUNCAN.

d' : s	d' : s	l . t : d' . r'	m' : - . m'	r' . d' : l . t	d' : s . s
m : m	m : m	f . f : f . f	m : - . m	f . f : f . f	s : s . s
d : d	d : d	d . d : d . d	d : - . d	f . f : f . f	m : m . m

Come now, come now, Who will give a hand To stop the drinking cus - toms, And

s . d' : t . d'	r' : -	d' : s	d' : s . s	l . t : d' . r'	m' : - . m'
s . s : s . s	s : -	m : m	m : m . m	f . f : f . f	m : - . m
d . d : m . m	s : -	d : d	d : d . d	d . d : d . d	d : - . d

bless our native land? Who then, who then, Whose heart is kind and true, Can

§ CHORUS.

r' . d' : l . t	d' : s . s	s . d' : t . r'	d' : -	r' : s	r' : s
f . f : f . f	s : s . s	s . s : f . f	m : -	f : f	f : f
f . f : f . f	m : m . m	s . s : s . s	d : -	s : s	s : s

stand a-loof and help not While there's so much to do? Firm - ly, firm - ly,

m' . d' : l . t	d' : -	r' : s	r' : s	m' . d' : l . t	d' : -
m . m : f . f	m : -	f : f	f : f	m . m : f . f	m : -
d . d : d . d	d : -	s : s	s : s	d . d : d . d	d : -

Let us all u - nite; Brave - ly, brave - ly, Dare to do the right;

d' : s	d' : s	l . t : d' . r'	m' : -	r' . d' : l . t	d' : s . s
m : m	m : m	f . f : f . f	m : -	f . f : f . f	s : s . s
d : d	d : d	d . d : d . d	d : -	f . f : f . f	m : m . m

Bless - ings, bless - ings, On us will de - scend, If we do our du - ty, And

Repeat pp. D, S.

s . d' : t . r'	d' : -
s . s : f . f	m : -
s . s : s . s	d : -

be the drunkard's friend.

Homeless, friendless,
On the street we see
Those who once were happy,
But drink brought misery.
Firmly, firmly, &c.

3. Children, children,
Do a warning take,

2. Strong drink, strong drink,
Is spreading grief and woe;
The deadly work it's doing
We meet where'er we go.

Choose the better path now,
Ere it is too late.
Come then, come then,
Do not now delay,
You're free from many sorrows,
Where strong drink's kept away.
Firmly, firmly, &c.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



SAMUEL.

SAMUEL.

WHAT boy or girl has not seen a picture of little Samuel on his knees with clasped hands engaged in prayer? His mother got him from God, in answer to prayer, and he himself was a praying child. She promised to God, if He would give her a boy, that she would give him to the Lord all the days of his life, and that no razor should come upon his head. This last thing was part of what was the law of the Nazarite, as I told you in the case of Samson; and it is generally allowed that she meant to make him a Nazarite altogether. That would make him an abstainer from wine and strong drink, from his birth.

When he was old enough to be left at the tabernacle, to which the people came to worship God, she took him there, and left him with Eli the high-priest, to serve about the tabernacle. She told Eli that this was the child she had prayed for, and that as the Lord had granted her petition, so, therefore, said she, "I have lent him to the Lord. As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." She gave him to God's service, and he would be a Nazarite consecrated to Him during his whole life.

As Samuel stayed there, the Lord greatly honoured him, even when he was a child. He was sent with a terrible message to Eli about his sons, who were very wicked. When Samuel's mother was praying for a child, Eli saw her lips moving and thought she was drunk, and said to her, "How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Eli must have seen women drunk else he would not have thought that Hannah was so, or spoken to her as he did. I fear his own sons helped this. The abounding of intemperance, even when the people were at the tabernacle, would no doubt have its influence on Samuel's mother in making her boy a Nazarite, so that he might be free from the temptations that would be around him, and be enabled to serve the Lord more fully.

And similar reasons cause mothers now to make their children abstainers. They see so much that would tempt them, and so many falling into intemperance, and so many of those who have fallen into it doing what they can to lead others astray, that they feel the only safe way for their children is never to begin to use intoxicating drink. And most of the mothers who do this are mothers who consecrate their children to the Lord. They may not give them to be ministers or missionaries, but they give them to the Lord, to serve Him all the days of their lives; and it is because they desire their children to do so that they make them abstainers from their birth, and train them so that they shall continue abstainers all their life. Drink has led many young persons astray, and is still doing so, turning them from God and from what is good; while abstinence has been blessed in keeping from bad company and in helping to serve God.

Samuel proved all his life worthy of this consecration. He carried out his mother's wish. She lent him to the Lord all the days of his life, and he served Him to the very end. Read his history, and you will see much to admire. As you read it, remember that it is not enough that your mothers have given you to the Lord, or trained you to be abstainers; you must give yourselves to Him and serve Him, and keep from all that would lead you away from a full, free, hearty life-service of God, doing His will, and striving to do good to others, and to lead them to serve Him too.

MISS TROUBLESOME.

JANE WILSON was one of the most noisy troublesome girls I ever met with in my life. Where Jane was there could be no quiet. I was paying a visit at her aunt's

when she came to pass a vacation there with her cousin. She was then ten years old. The first I knew of her being in the house was one forenoon, just before dinner,

as I was resting myself upon the sofa in the parlour after a long walk. I heard some one coming down-stairs as if she was trying to see how much noise she could



possibly make. "There is Miss Wilson," thought I, "and of course an end of all peace for the present;" for though I had never seen her before, I had heard of her

from various people. She came into the room, leaving both doors open, though it was very cold. Her cousin was not there; and I heard her calling with a loud voice,

"Lucy, Lucy!" I had no sooner shut the doors and retaken my seat, than she returned and, slamming the door after her with great violence, seated herself at the window to watch her cousin's return, for Lucy had not yet come from school. After waiting a few minutes she went to Lucy's neatly arranged book-shelf to look for something to read, but while there she heard her cousin's voice, and, throwing the book she had in her hand upon the table, she ran into the entry.

In the afternoon the children all went out to play, for there was a warm sunny yard adjoining the house. There were Jane, and Lucy, who was about a year younger, George and William, little brothers of Lucy, one six and the other four years old. They had not been there long when we heard a loud screaming, so that we thought some dreadful accident must have happened to one of the children. All the family ran to see what was the matter, and there was Jane laughing heartily to see how she had frightened poor little William by putting a spider on him and saying it would bite him.

Lucy knew that common house-spiders never bite, and she had brushed it away and was trying to comfort her brother, but he still feared the spider was on him. His mother took him into the house, and again left the children to themselves.

Presently Jane burst into the parlour: "Oh! aunt," said she, "see what I have done!"

"What is the matter now?" said her aunt.

"Oh! I have torn my new frock by an ugly nail in the fence!"

"But how could you do that?"

"I was only climbing over into the garden, and I did not see the nail."

"Climbing over the fence! I do not think that is a very pretty play for a little girl. I hope this will teach you a good lesson. Lucy will help you to change your dress, and perhaps you will like to take a walk together."

Away went the two little girls. Jane walking in her usual manner, for it really seemed as if she did not know how to move lightly.

When they returned it was time for tea. In the evening Lucy took her books and went away to learn her lessons for the next day. She first gave her cousin a pencil and paper to draw, and some pretty picture-books to look at. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth, the astral-lamp was lighted, the room looked pleasantly, and I thought, "Now how happy we should be, if Miss Troublesome were not here!" She scratched a little with the pencil, turned over a few leaves of the books, saying ten times in the course of a quarter of an hour, "I wonder when Lucy will have finished her lessons! Aunt, do you think she has almost learned them?" Then she said she wanted some work. Her aunt gave her a little apron to hem for her doll. She worked on this ten minutes, dropped her needle three times, kept breaking her thread and getting out of patience with it, and completely prevented my having any quiet conversation with her aunt. At last her cousin returned, and eight o'clock soon came, when it was time for them to go to bed. The next day I left the house to make a visit to another of my friends, determining not to return till Miss Jane's vacation was over. Now if you, my little reader, see anything in your character which resembles Jane's, I advise you to set about correcting it as soon as possible. Depend upon it you will never be beloved as long as you resemble her in any of the respects I have mentioned. All who knew her cousin Lucy loved to have her with them, because she was mild and amiable, and considerate in respect to the rights and enjoyments of others.—*Abbott*.

LOSING A HEAD.—"That's capital ale!" said a fuddler to a teetotaler. "See how long it keeps its head!" "Ay," was the reply, "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

LITTLE HANDS.

LITTLE hands can scatter seed,
 Tidings of a Saviour's grace;
 In the furrows, in the field
 God will grant it lodging-place.
 Little hands can till the plants—
 Plants of faith, and hope, and love;
 Saviour, make each plant to grow,
 Fair as in the fields above.

—Selected.

TINY AND HER DOLL.

TINY had two sisters older than herself, Florry and Lucy, and one younger, "Little Dot, the darling of the lot," a year-old pet who was spoiled by every one, and in return was a baby-tyrant in the house.

Florry and Lucy were good little girls, and though only aged respectively eight and ten years, were striving to become like mamma. Already they could help in many ways. Lucy, the eldest, was clever with her needle, and Florry could cut out such smart dolls' dresses, that between them they laid a little plan to dress a doll for Tiny; not one with lace and muslin tacked on to it, as most dolls are, but dressed like a real lady, with neat and well-made under-clothing, to be put off and on at the proper time. And perhaps you wouldn't think it, but the history of Tiny's doll is a most wonderful one, and the dressing of it, mamma said, was one of the best lessons her little girls ever got. It taught them self-denial, as you shall see; it taught them patience; it taught them to be neat and tidy with their own clothes, and to value all the buttons and hooks and strings which mamma had sewed on for them with so much care, and it taught them the sweetest lesson of all, that "it is better to give than to receive."

Never were little girls happier than they were when dressing Tiny's doll and watching her delight in it.

One sultry afternoon in August, Florry and Lucy were pulling and knocking with flushed faces and tingling fingers. That was the opening of the money-boxes, and perhaps there was a slight heartache in the tone in which Florry said, "Oh Lucy!" when she saw the pennies, and the silver money too, rolling out on the grass; but a soft voice within whispered, "Self-denial;" and the heartache passed away like a floating cloud. The two bounded off merrily down the lane, and on until they stopped at the great toy-shop at the corner of T— Street. A pretty doll was procured, then some articles necessary for the doll's wardrobe, and the little girls were soon at home bending over their mamma's work-basket and over the drawer where dolls' patterns were always kept for the little girls' use; for mamma wished them to begin well, and to be neat and exact in everything.

It was all interest and excitement that first night, and Tiny danced round them in glee, but Florry and Lucy had to return to it—oh, so many times! and work patiently sometimes when their fingers ached and their eyes ached before all was done. Once, when she had been working a long time, Florry looked up and sighed heavily, but brave Lucy said:—

"Never mind, dear, we shall soon be done; see how lovely this dress is!"

And it was lovely, when, the following day, all was finished, and Miss Dolly's toilet was made with great care, not a showy flimsily dressed doll, oh! no, quite the reverse. You could examine it well. Such nice soft flannel, and snowy under-linen, a handsome velvet costume for walking, and a pretty lavender merino for a house dress. It was very lovely and very perfect indeed. So mamma thought as well as little Tiny, who could not express her delight.

Then came the Doll's tea-party. Tiny of course was to preside, and Miss Florry and

Miss Lucy were asked as guests, and there was a chair right in the middle for little Dot, who was to share the honours of the feast with Miss Matilda (I forgot to say that was the name given by Tiny to the new doll).



You see in the picture how busy Tiny is preparing for the party, and everyone said it was quite a success.

That night when mamma went to tuck her darlings in for the night, there was a happy smile on Florry's face, and on Lucy's

too. Mamma's heart throbbed with happiness as she thought, Ah! my little girls have learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."



PLAYING TRUANT.

(Continued from p. 7.)

HENRY turned away and walked very slowly in the direction of the school-house; but, while Robert was thinking what more he could say to him, he came back and said: "Did your father and mother say you might go, Robert?"

"No," said Robert, "but I am going though, for they always let me do as I like pretty much. I would go if I were you; you know your father and mother did not say you *must not*."

"Oh, it won't do at all," replied Henry; "they would be very much displeased. No; I must go to school."

"But look here," said Robert, catching hold of Henry's coat as he slowly and reluctantly turned to leave him, "you can go if you will, and not say anything about it."

"What! not let them know it!" said Henry.

"Why, if you want to go very much, you can go well enough; they never could find it out; I'll keep your secret."

"That would be deceiving and playing truant too," said Henry. No, I cannot,—it would be wicked."

"Why, what is there wicked in it? All you have to do is to say nothing about it; you are not obliged to tell everything you do, and they will ask no questions; and as to playing truant, it is only staying away from school *one day*—just *one day*," repeated he, as he observed that Henry hesitated. At this moment, the school-bell rang:

"There!" exclaimed Henry, "there is the school-bell, and I shall be late and have a bad mark; and what *will* Mr. Wilson say?"

"Come with *us*," replied Robert, "and he will not say anything. He will scold you as much for being late as he would for staying away from school; so you might as well come,—come along, come, and don't stop to think any more about it."

Henry hesitated. Robert perceived this, and knew that he had gained his point. Henry had not courage enough to meet the rebuke of his teacher, which he feared more than that of his own conscience, and this, added to his strong desire to go after the nuts, decided him. He went with Robert, who grasped his arm and hurried

him away as if afraid he would lose his victim, for victim he certainly was.

We will not follow the boys on their excursion. I will only say that Henry returned at noon tired and unhappy. The day had been fine, the boys had been merry; they found as many nuts as they could eat or carry away with them, and had it not been for the fear of detection and the dread of his parents' displeasure, Henry's enjoyment would have been un-mixed. But he knew that he was doing wrong, and he felt unhappy. After a time he went home, but he was not happy there; his mother's pleasant smile seemed to reproach him, and as soon as he could escape from the dinner-table he left the house, because he could not bear to stay with the parents whom he had deceived and disobeyed. But his troubles were not yet ended. He had taken one step in doing wrong, and this led on to another. His thoughts were occupied, during his walk to school in the afternoon, in contriving some plausible excuse to give to his teacher, in case he should ask the cause of his absence in the morning; but he could think of none, for he could not resolve to tell a falsehood, and he could see no other way of excusing himself.

(To be continued.)

DUTY TO LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

HENRY MILLER was a boy who was very kind to his brothers and sisters. I do not believe he was ever known to do anything for the sake of teasing one of them, or of giving them pain in any way, in his life. He would take a great deal more pleasure in sitting down with his jack-knife to make them some new piece of furniture for their baby-house, than Ned Wilkins could possibly have felt while blacking the dolls' faces, and turning topsy-turvy the tables and chairs in his sisters' play-room. Henry was as ingenious and witty a boy as Ned,

but he chose to exercise his ingenuity and his wit in a very different way. Ned was continually contriving some way or other of vexing and tormenting his younger

brothers and sisters. Henry, on the other hand, never knew what it was to derive enjoyment from any contrivances for tormenting anybody else—least of all his brothers



or sisters. He was very ready, however, at devising plans for giving them pleasure or promoting their enjoyment. He helped his brothers to make their kites, and balls,

and sail-boats, and taught them the games he learned as he was out among the boys. His oldest sister, Mary, would sometimes be pleasantly surprised as she opened her

work-box, to find it supplied with some additional article of convenience, for which she knew she was indebted to her brother's ingenuity and kindness; and the little girls never had any reason to be sorry that Henry had taken occasion to slip into their play-room, for he generally found some better business when there than destroying or turning things topsy-turvy.

Henry was always ready to give them any assistance about their school-exercises. He never laughed at them for not being able readily to learn such simple lessons, for he remembered that they were younger than himself, and that what was easy to him was much more difficult for them. He did not once get out of patience with George, all the while that he was learning to do Simple Addition, though he had to tell him more than twenty times which was the right-hand figure to *set down*, and the left-hand figure to *carry*.

Henry's youngest sister was a little one, just learning to totter about and to talk. He was very fond of her, and devoted a great deal of attention to her. Little Alice learned to walk and to talk a great deal faster for the pains he took to teach her. He used to carry her out every pleasant morning to take a little walk in front of the house, and whenever he went an errand he was always ready to take her with him if she wished to go. One morning, as he was setting out with his tin pail to go after the milk for breakfast, Alice came running to know if she might *go get milk* too. Her mother made no objections, and Henry tied on her cape bonnet, and took her by the hand. Just as he reached the gate he encountered Ned Wilkins, who happened to be going upon the same errand with himself, and so they walked along together.

"Perhaps you will be rather late with your milk if you keep pace with me," remarked Henry, after they had proceeded a little way, "for I must lead Alice, and she is not able to walk very fast."

"I shall be early enough with the milk, I guess," replied Ned; "but what makes

you carry your sister with you everywhere you go? For my part, I hate to have mine to see after. Mother will make me carry her to school sometimes, but I never do when I can help it. Don't the fellows laugh when you have Alice with you?"

"Laugh!" repeated Henry; "what is there to laugh at? I should think it very strange to be laughed at for taking care of a little sister who is not old enough to take care of herself. Somebody must take care of her, certainly."

True enough; what had Henry to be ashamed of? Ned Wilkins was the one who had reason to be ashamed. A boy who can take pleasure in teasing and vexing his brothers and sisters, or who is so unkind as to be unwilling to take a little sister under his protection when it is necessary, and especially when his mother wishes it, has indeed something to be ashamed of; we hope he will come to be ashamed of it before long.

But as for Henry, we are quite sure that the time will never come when he will have occasion to regret that he has been a kind and affectionate brother.—*Daily Duty*.

GOLDEN WORDS FROM A MERCHANT.

WE all want to know how good and strong men have made their way in the world. They were once boys, like you. What steps did they take to become true men? An eminent merchant in New York, Mr. Jonathan Sturgis, tells us a little of his experience, which, I am sure, every boy will be glad to hear about.

"One of my first lessons," says Mr. Sturgis, "was in 1831, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of merino sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of that day. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy, who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the

work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said,

“Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you will watch the sheep you will have the sheep.”

“What does grandfather mean by that?”

I said to myself. ‘I don’t expect to have sheep.’ My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was worth a thousand dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington’s time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field, I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of the Sunday lesson—‘Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.’ I began to see through it. ‘Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.’

“I received a second lesson soon after I came to the city as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: ‘Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.’ I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

“Well, I worked upon those two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea-merchant, called to congratulate me, and said: ‘You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you—Be careful who you walk the streets with.’ That was lesson number three.”

And what valuable lessons they are! “Fidelity in little things; do your best for your employer; carefulness about your associates.” Let every boy take these lessons home, and study them well. They are the foundation-stones of character and of honourable success.—*Selected.*

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE words are the sweetest to hear, little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew.

BURIED HOPES.

WHERE voices mingled in happy chimes—
Where the laugh and the song were once,
There is now only silence profound and cold,
Or an echo’s doubtful response.

The grass grows green on the threshold lone
Where the welcome was said of yore,
Till it seems as the grave of the oft-used
words

The dear lips will never say more.

Red ran the wine, when with noisy glee
All rejoiced o’er the new-born heir;
And each after-era in life’s solemn march
Found him nearer the Wine-god’s lair:

Till eyes that flashed at his boyish feats
Were lowered in sorrowing shame,
For, dark on his manhood, the deep stain
of sin

Soiled the hope of his youthful fame.

Rank grows the grass o’er the lonely graves
Where the tempted and woe-worn rest;
And the hearth-ruin wrought by the ruby
draught

Is hid neath their green-swathed breast.

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OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH.

KEY F.

Words by A. DUNCAN, Music from OFFENBACH.

{	: : : : :	„d':m.,f	s . : s .	f . : t ₁ .
	: „d':m.,f	s . : s .	s . : s .	s : - l s :
	Come and unite our youth-ful voi - ces,			

{	d : - : : :	„d':m.,f	s . : s .	f . : t ₁ .
	: „d':m.,f	s . : s .	s . : s .	s : - l s :
	Lethar-mo-ny per - vade our meet - ing,			

{	d : - : : :	„d:d',t	l . : f .	l . : f .
	: „d:d't	l . : f .	l . : f .	s : - s :
	Our numbers they are fast in - creas - ing,			

{	s : - : : :	„s : s ., s	s :	„d':d',d' d',s:r',d'
	: „m:r.,m	f :	„f:m.,f	s :
	Then let us sing, then let us sing,			

{	d' . : t . t . : l .	s : - : :	„s : s ., s	s :
	: : :	„m:r.,m	f :	„f:m.,f
	Then let us sing, then let us			

{	„d':t.,d' r',d':t.,l	s : d'	d' : t	d' : : :
	m.,l : l.t t.l : s.,f	m : m	f : s	m : : :
	sing, Then let us sing with joy-ful hearts Our temp - 'rance song.			

We hope ere long the "good time coming"
Will free our homes from strong drink's sway;
If we are earnest at our duty,
Our drinking customs must give way.
We'll be the future men and women,
And power to us will soon belong,
Then let us sing, &c.

We see the work strong drink is doing
'Mong those who once like us were young;
If in the same path we should travel,
By the same adder we'll be stung.
Then let us shun what'er is evil,
Choose what is right, avoid the wrong,
Then let us sing, &c.

TORONTO:

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THE ADVISER.



BUTTERWORTH & HEATH S.

THE RECHABITES.

No. 3.—March, 1873.

Price One Halfpenny.

THE RECHABITES.

THESE were the descendants of Rechab, and got their name from him. The family was of the Kenites, and of the posterity of Moses' father-in-law. In order to preserve them distinct from Israel, and in a condition which should secure their continuance, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, commanded them, saying, "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever; neither shall ye build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents, that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers." They had kept to this command for three hundred years, when they are mentioned particularly by the prophet Jeremiah. At that time, for the sake of security, they had come to dwell in Jerusalem. The Lord, knowing their faithfulness, told Jeremiah to send for them to the temple, and present them with wine to drink, that he might use that faithfulness as a lesson to the men of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

They were brought, and pots of wine were set before them, and cups with which to drink, and Jeremiah told them to drink. But they would not, and gave as a reason the command of their ancestor Jonadab. And lest it should be said that, as they were now in Jerusalem and not dwelling in tents, they had not kept one part of the command, and might drink the wine and break the other, they went on to say that they were in Jerusalem of necessity, and had not therefore really departed from Jonadab's command.

So they did not drink the wine, and the Lord commended their conduct, and sent Jeremiah to his own people, the Jews, to show them how greatly their conduct towards Him, who had been such a Father to them, contrasted with that of the Rechabites towards Jonadab, their father, or ancestor.

Now it is quite true that it was the *obedience* to the charge given them that

the Lord commended, and brought as a lesson to the Jews; but, if the things commanded had been wrong in themselves, he would not have spoken of their obedience as he did. The command of Jonadab was a right command, and they were right in obeying it. They were right in abstaining from wine, and there can be no sin in doing in that respect as they did.

But what about the not sowing, or building houses? Well, it is plain that such abstinence was not sinful either, as they had other ways of support, and tents were a sufficient protection in that climate. They were a pastoral people, with flocks and herds, and so they could provide for themselves and their families without sowing or planting; and the living in tents was most suitable to their moving from place to place.

There was more, however, than this. The land was not their own, they were strangers in it; and by not sowing or planting in it, or building houses, they took no possession of the land, acknowledged themselves strangers, and thus did not excite the people of the land against them, so as to be driven out. This acting would lead to their living many days in the land, by being allowed to do so. But the not drinking wine is one of the things which were to secure their dwelling in the land. If they had gone into towns and dwelt in luxury, they might have become like "the drunkards of Ephraim," and so their lives might be shortened; and they might also, under the effect of the wine, have done what would have caused their expulsion. Jonadab puts the keeping from wine *first* in his command; and the living in tents and not in houses would keep them away from where they would be tempted to indulge.

It can be no sin then to be abstainers from wine; and it is much safer and better in our country not to take it at all. Abstinence from wine will not shorten, but

may lengthen life; and, as there are many temptations to take it, or other intoxicating drink worse even than wine, we ought to follow a course which will keep us from the temptation. Many young persons have not only all that to influence them, but the *command of their parents* too; and they ought to feel the more called upon to keep from the drink, and from all that would lead to it. They may be sure of God's approval and blessing, if they do.

Jeremiah was not only sent to the Jews, but to the house of the Rechabites with a message, which you will find in the close of chapter xxxv. of the book of his prophecies. Upon this message good old Matthew Henry has these notes:—"1st. The greatest blessing that can be entailed upon a family is to have the worship of God kept up in it from generation to generation. 2d. Temperance, self-denial, and mortification to the world do very much befriend the exercises of piety, and help to transmit the observance of them to posterity. The more dead we are to the delights of sense, the better we are disposed for the service of God; but nothing is more fatal to the entail of religion in a family than pride and luxury."

A MISSION.

SMALL as I am, I've a mission below—
A mission that widens, and grows as I grow.
'Tis to let alone cider, and brandy, and gin;
'Tis to keep well away from those potions
of sin.
'Tis to keep myself noble, and manly, and
true;
'Tis to touch no tobacco, not smoke and
not chew
That unhealthy weed that true women
detest,
And all people know is a filthy old pest.
'Tis to say unto all what I say unto you,
Let these things alone if you would be true.

They are foes to all virtue, they lead down
to shame—

Shun *drink* and *tobacco*, and keep your
good name.

Cold water that comes from the well is
my drink,

The healthiest, purest, and sweetest, I think.
It never makes drunkards, it never brings
woe—

I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.

—Selected.

THE TOOTH.

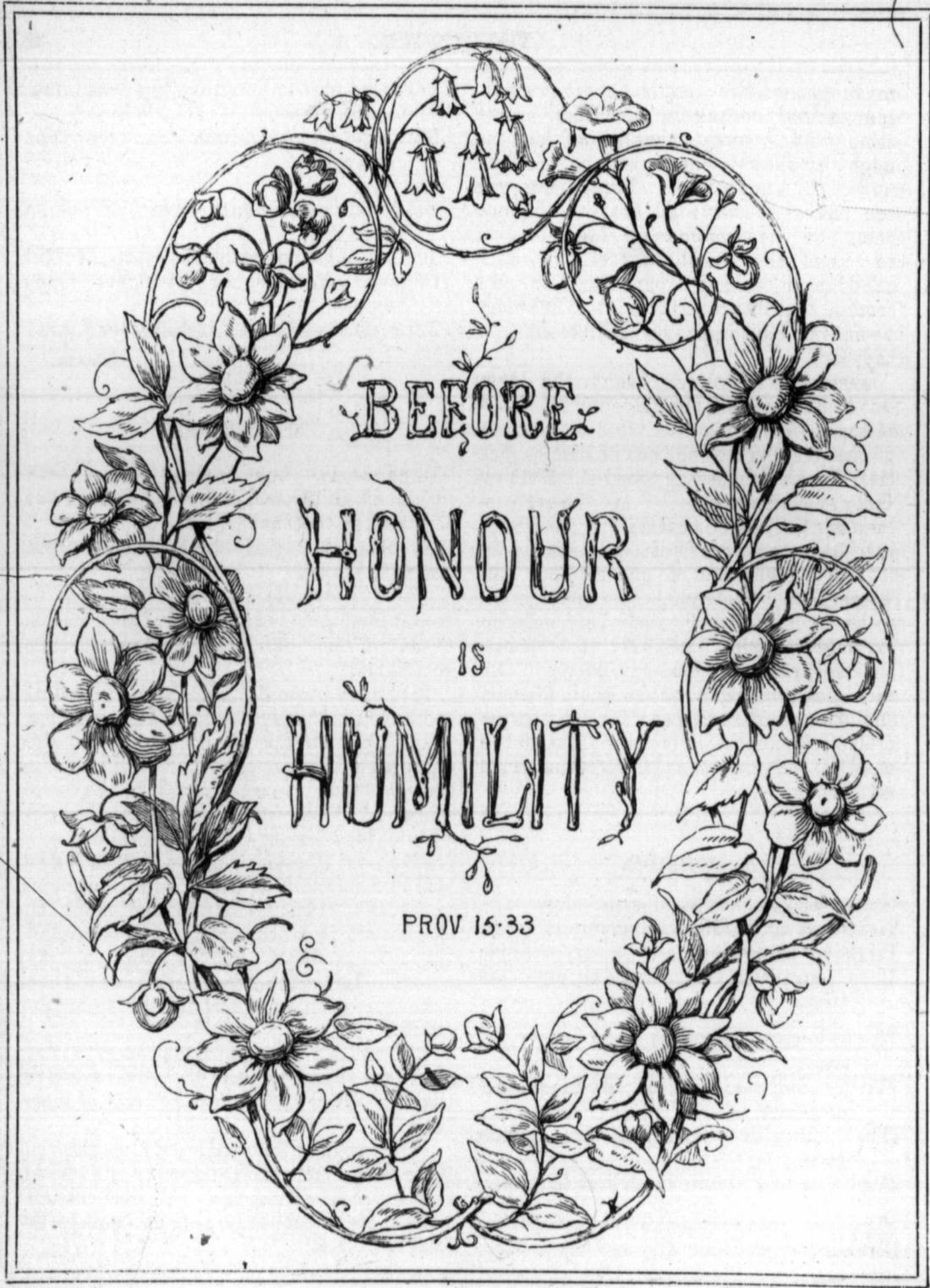
THERE was a boy named Joseph, who
groaned, and fretted, and cried, when he was
ill with the toothache, and he would not let
his mother tie a little string round his tooth
and pull it out.

"Oh! it would hurt me!" he says, "it
would hurt me! I cannot have it pulled out;
O no, no, no!" and so he cries and groans
continually.

He says it would hurt him a great deal
to have his tooth pulled out. It would hurt
him, I know, and perhaps it would hurt him
a great deal; and what if it would? it is no
terrible thing to be hurt, if it is but for a
moment. A boy who cannot bear to be hurt
when it is necessary is a weak-minded, cow-
ardly boy. Joseph ought to stop acting so
this minute, and sit up straight, and open
his mouth wide, and let his mother tie the
string and jerk the tooth out at once, and
then jump down and go away to play
again. His brothers and sisters would then
ask him, perhaps, "Joseph, did it hurt you
much?"

"Hurt me? yes," he might reply, "it did
hurt me, I can tell you; but who cares for
that? Where's the rest of my ginger-
bread?"

How much better that would be than sit-
ting there crying, and making trouble for his
mother, and driving away his brothers and
sisters, just because he cannot bear to be
hurt?—*J. Abbott.*



BEFORE
HONOUR
IS
HUMILITY

PROV 15-33

“Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.”—PROV. xix. 27.

PLAYING TRUANT.

(Continued from p. 20.)

As Henry entered the school-room, next morning, the first person he saw was Mr. Wilson, who said kindly, “You were absent this morning, Henry; what was the matter, were you sick?”

There was no time to reflect, and trembling and blushing, Henry answered, “Yes, sir.”

This manner would, at any other time, have led Mr. Wilson to suspect something wrong, but he attributed his agitation to his sickness; and, pitying his confusion, he said in his kindest tone, “You do not look well, and I am afraid you ought not to have come out this afternoon. I have had a little fire put in the stove, and you had better take your book and sit down there.”

Henry took the seat, but he could not study. He trembled to think of what he had done; he thought how his parents would feel if they could know how wicked he had been, and the thought passed through his mind that if he could summon courage to tell them all, he might feel happier. But he could not bear to do this, and he tried to comfort himself by resolving to do better for the future.

Mr. Wilson saw that he was in no state for study, and still attributing it to his supposed illness, advised him to go home. This Henry was very unwilling to do, but such was his fear of detection, that he did not dare to resist, lest he should excite suspicion. He therefore took his books and left the school; and when he found himself again in the open air, he paused to consider what he should do. “If I go home,” thought he, “I must tell mother I am sick, and I cannot tell another falsehood. If I do not go home, that will be deceiving both Mr. Wilson and mother. What can I do?”

While he was thus thinking, he met Robert, who, when he heard his story, laughed at him for thinking so much of such a *little thing*, and told him that being sent home for sickness was the best thing that could happen to him.

“I wish,” said he, “that *my* teacher was as kind. I don’t think I should be well very often.”

“But I told a *falsehood* to Mr. Wilson when he asked me if I were sick,—only think of that, Robert!”

“Poh! you only told a little bit of a fib. That is no such great thing,—it is what everybody does.”

Robert’s false arguments had their intended effect. The two boys went off together; and as Henry reached home about the usual time, and no questions were asked him, he quieted his conscience with the kind of reasoning with which Robert had endeavoured to console him, and contrived to appear before his parents pretty much as usual. But he could not help thinking, when he retired for the night, that it was long, very long, since he had passed so miserable a day.

The next morning he awoke with the consciousness that something very unpleasant had happened the day before. Conscience whispered that it was his duty to confess all to his father and mother; but he still persuaded himself that it was a pity to give them so much pain, and that it would be just as well to say nothing about it, as he never meant to do anything of the kind again.

Had he confessed his fault to his parents, and then made vigorous effort to go back to his studies with new interest and attention, he might have done so. But he was not willing to do this, and by de-

grees he began to think it was a fine thing to be absent from school when he chose; and the next time Robert tried to persuade him to play truant, he did not find so much

difficulty in it as he had done before. Henry went with him again, and again he escaped detection. He was obliged, too, to have recourse again to falsehood to ex-



cuse himself, and each time he did it with less remorse than before. In short, he went on, step by step, in the path of evil-doing until his parents and his teacher

began to remark the difference in his character. From a frank, amiable, and conscientious boy, he had become sullen, selfish, and morose. At school he had become

so disorderly and inattentive that he often incurred reproof and punishment; but this only made him more anxious to get away,

and his stolen play-days became more and more frequent.

(To be continued.)



"I'LL DO AS I CHOOSE."

JACK SPENCE, his sister Lizzie, and his two little brothers, Josh and Tony, lived in the country, far away from busy London, with its many sights and sounds. Not but what

there were sights and sounds in the country, however; for beautiful grass spread rich and green over the fields all summer through, and trees waved their leaves, and sweet flowers peeped out here and there under a hedge, or on the side of a hill, and birds sang, and streams murmured, and breezes sighed; and none of the little children of whom I am going to tell you ever cared to see any of the grand things in London, but were satisfied with the quiet life they had always led.

They were good children, on the whole; they were diligent at the little school where they were taught every day, and they liked nothing better than to run home from school, hand-in-hand, when lessons were done, and to tell their mother all they had heard or learned.

One afternoon they came from school in very high spirits. "Oh mother," said Lizzie, "we have heard such a pretty story to-day; teacher read it to us; it was about a poor little boy who tumbled off a rock into the sea, and everybody thought he would be drowned; but of a sudden a great dog made a spring into the water, and caught hold of the little boy's coat, and swam, nearer and nearer, until he was so near that the folks who were standing by were able to pull them both out. Was it not a good dog?"

And Lizzie looked up in her mother's face, her own beaming and brimming over with pleasure.

Meanwhile Jack put his books away, and going into a corner of the room he took out of a basket there a little puppy. Lifting his treasure carefully in his arms, he retired to the window, where he looked out quietly across the meadow, and down the woody slope to where the river lay glistening in the light of the setting sun.

"What are you thinking about, my boy?" said his mother as she bustled round the room making preparations for an early tea. "It is not often you are still for five minutes, unless you are in bed."

"I was only thinking, mother," replied

Jack, "how nice it would be if my little Tim here were to grow up just such a good big dog as that one Lizzie was telling you about; and then you know I could take him everywhere when I am a man, and he could save everybody who tumbled into the water."

The good woman smiled a little as she glanced at tiny Tim's weak legs and timid pace, and drooping tail. Then she said, "Jackie, your dog will never take much to the water. It is not every beast that does, and he is but a pup, anyway."

"Well," said Jack, nothing daunted, "I mean to get him used to it, so I shall take him down to the river to-morrow and let him have a dip."

"Nay, my child, you must not do that," replied his mother, gravely; "he is too young for river-swimming, and might come to some harm."

Jack did not answer; he had made up his mind that he would test his dog's swimming powers, but he did not wish to talk about it any more; the subject was dropped, and was not referred to again.

The next day was Saturday, a whole holiday, and soon after breakfast the children set out for a ramble, Jack carrying his school-bag.

"You do not want your lesson-books to-day, Jack," said Tony, as he ran by his brother's side; "why have you brought your bag?"

"Hold your tongue, and you will see," said Jack.

Down across the meadow, through the wood they went, and reached the little river at last.

"Now for it," said Jack, and opening the bag he took out poor Tim, who did not look at all, just at that moment, as if he could ever become either a very brave or a very strong dog.

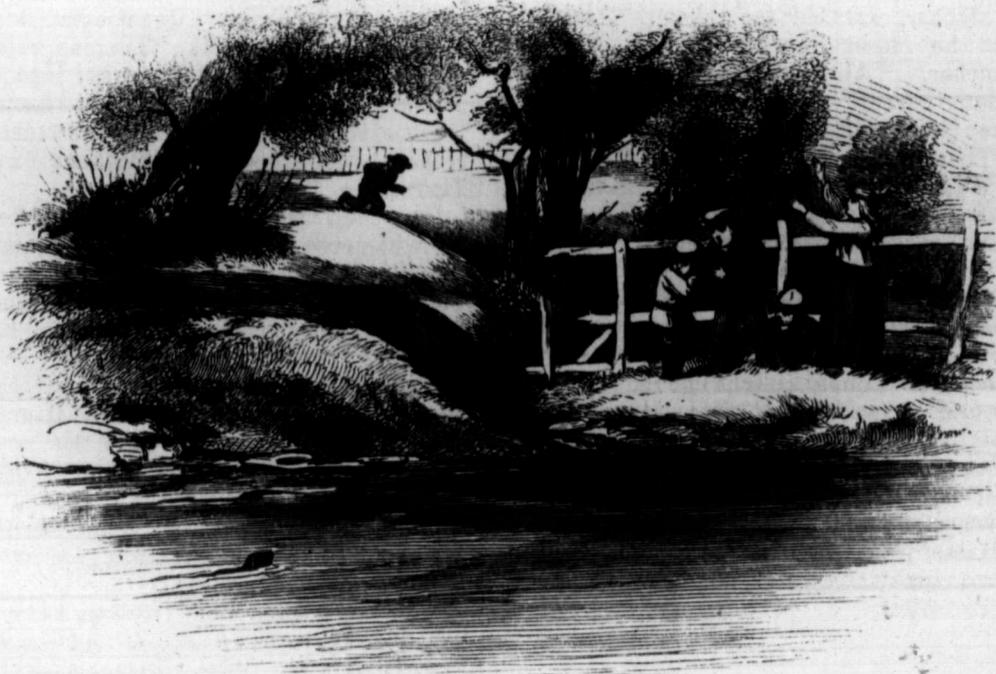
"Surely you do not mean to put Tim into the water?" cried Lizzie. "You know mother said you must not."

"I don't care. I'll do as I choose," and grasping the little animal firmly with both

hands, he threw him out into the stream. A plaintive cry which poor Tim gave as he touched the water was also given by Lizzie; but not a word was said, as the little dog turned his wet face towards the bank, and tried to paddle back. Alas! the current was too much for his puppy strength; further and yet further out he

drifted, carried down at the same time, while the children kept watching from the bank.

Jack was in real distress now. The tiny creature's struggles in the water were growing fainter, and all hopes of saving him seemed to be at an end, when suddenly a loud shout was heard, and Charley Brown,



the farmer's son, came leaping down to where the children stood. In one moment his eye caught sight of the drowning dog; in the next, his jacket and boots were thrown off, and partly wading, partly swimming, he was making his way to Tim's rescue. He was not long in landing him, and placing him safely in Jack's arms. "O dear," sobbed he, "I will never do so again; I was teaching him to save drowning men, and—"

"And you see, a man had to come and save him," said Charles. "Now go home,

my lad, and do not give your puppy another lesson till he is older and stronger."

Jack did go home, and he did so a wiser and better boy; feeling now that his mother and Lizzie had known best, and that he had done very wrong in thinking or saying, "I'll do as I choose."—*E. R. in the Child's Companion.*

"THE MASTER IS ALWAYS IN."

ONE day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not meet her and throw

his arms round her neck, as he was in the habit of doing, to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed afraid to look his mother in the face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter. At the close of the day she found the reason. When she was undressing him to go to bed, he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?" "Yes," said his mother. "And can He see when it is all dark there?" "Yes," she said, "He can see us at all times, and in all places." "Then God saw me," said the little fellow. "When you were gone out I got up into the closet and ate up all the cake. I am very sorry. Please forgive me." And he laid his head on his mother's lap and cried bitterly.—"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry-goods store, you must give me *extra* measure. Your master is not in." Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's Master was the *all-seeing* God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto—"My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.

—S. S. World.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys, you are all ambitious to be considered gentlemen. That is all very natural; but remember that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your bootblack, nor your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere;—not only at the social party, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home, or in the street. Never oppressing the weak, or ridiculing the unfortunate. Respectful and attentive to the superiors, pleasant and affable to

his equals, careful and tender of the feelings of those he may consider beneath him. Are you gentlemen of *this class*, boys?—
Band of Hope Review.

AT A TURNING-POINT.

As Thomas Bent was walking along the street one day, he saw a gentleman drop a purse on the side-walk. Thomas quickly picked it up, slipped it very slyly into his pocket, and walked on, saying to himself, "I'm a lucky fellow. This purse feels as if there was a good lot of money in it. Hurrah for Tom Bent!"

Just then the boy's conscience woke up and whispered, "What are you going to do with that purse? It is not yours. If you keep it you will be a thief. Remember the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Thomas paused a moment to think. Then with flashing eyes he ran after the gentleman, and handing him the purse said, "If you please, sir, you dropped your purse. Here it is."

"You are an honest boy," said the man, as he took the purse, and smiling pleasantly, handed him five shillings.

Thomas walked home feeling finely, as he had good reason to do. He had escaped a great danger. When he picked up that purse he was standing at a point where two roads met—one was the path of the thief, the other of the honest man. Had he kept the purse he would have entered the first path, and most likely have been brought up at last in a prison; by restoring it he entered the way of honesty and right. So, you see, he was at a turning-point in his life, and he turned it safely. Happy Thomas Bent!

Children, you now see what is a *turning-point*. Whenever you are met by a strong temptation to do a wrong act you are at a turning-point. Let the temptation conquer you, and you will find yourselves in the

wrong road. Conquer the temptation, and your feet will stand in the right way. Look out for turning-points.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

BONNIE CHRISTIE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy.

When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted—Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud, with some emotion—

"Bonnie—Bonnie, lad—he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still, they might have heard Bonnie's big-boy tears drop proudly on his pocket-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest; and when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master for ever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the old

man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed his chair.—*Selected.*

EVER TO THE RIGHT.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Give a ready hand and true
To the work you have to do—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Never let your teachers say,
Why my wishes disobey?
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
To every study well attend,
To every schoolmate be a friend—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
No known duty try to shun,
Be faithful, frank to every one—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Speak the truth, the right pursue,
Be honest in all you say and do—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Time is gold: do what you can
To make your mark and be a man—
Ever to the right.

—*Selected.*

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WHO IS A PATRIOT?

KEY B FLAT. Spirited.

GERMAN.

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heart - - - - ed.

'Tis not the man whose eye intent
Is fixed on golden treasure,
Who weighs the gain and counts the loss
Ere he commends the measure.

'Tis not the man who views his kind
As tools to serve and raise him;
But he who loves his country's good,
Whose generous acts will praise him.

Such, brothers, is a patriot true,
Such were our sires departed;
A noble race of honour'd men,
In freedom's cause true-hearted.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



NELLY BROWN AND THE NEW DRESS.

No. 4.—April, 1873.

Price One Halfpenny.

NELLY BROWN AND THE NEW DRESS.

I FEEL certain you would have loved Nelly Brown if you had known her as well as I did. I first became acquainted with Nelly when she signed the temperance pledge at our Band of Hope. Then she was only a little girl, and looked very small when she stood on the platform to deliver her first recitation. I think every one was fond of Nelly: she had such gentle ways and loving smiles that she won the love of all who knew her, and was bound to all with the strongest ties of affection.

Now I must tell you that Nelly's father died when she was quite a baby, and to make matters worse her poor mother was a cripple and unable to do scarce anything for her living; so Nelly had to be quite a mother to the younger members of the family, and to bear with patience the angry tempers of her elder brothers, who went out to work and brought home the money for housekeeping.

When Nelly was about fourteen years of age she left home to be a servant, for her mother thought it would be best for her to be trained up properly in a gentleman's family, as she would then learn all domestic duties and be supplied with good food, which was very necessary for a growing girl like Nelly.

You may be sure Nelly felt very uncomfortable when she first left home; and when the cabman had placed her luggage in the cab, and Nelly had bid all the family good-bye, and the cab rolled away, it was not long before the hot tears began to run down Nelly's face.

Nelly felt very strange in her new home at first; there were so many wonderful things in the drawing-room, and such a large grate in the kitchen, that Nelly was lost in amazement. When Nelly saw her new mistress, she was told that she could either have beer with her meals or have the money it would cost; and Nelly, true to her pledge, at once replied that she would rather have the money than the

beer. You cannot imagine Nelly's delight when at the end of the first month from home her mistress, in addition to her ordinary wages, presented her with five shillings, telling her she gave her that instead of beer. Nelly looked at the two bright half-crowns again and again, wondering what she should do with them. Should she have a day's excursion into the country? or should she buy some new ribbon for her bonnet? or should she go to some place of amusement? No, she would not spend her money in that way. She had endured many a laugh from the other servants because of her temperance pledge, and so she made up her mind to do something good with her money.

Nelly loved her poor mother; she knew that she had a very thin dress; and she remembered that, when the cold winter should come round, her mother would feel the cold very much, so Nelly very quickly made up her mind what to do.

She would put the five shillings every month in the bank, and then at the end of six months she would have thirty shillings, which she knew would buy her mother a nice warm dress.

How gladdened were her eyes when, month by month, the five shillings were entered in the book; and when the six months were passed Nelly drew out her money, and with a heart beating with delight hurried home.

"Mother, dear," said Nelly, "I want you to come with me to the linen-draper's to buy some new clothes; I'll help you along, we shall soon get there." When they reached the shop, poor Mrs. Brown was filled with wonder when Nelly asked the shopman to bring some stuffs for her mother to choose a dress from; and when Nelly brought out the three golden half-sovereigns, her mother could hardly help asking her right out in the shop where she got the money from.

"We'll send it home, ma'am," said the

shopman so politely, and Nelly and her mother were bowed out of the shop with every mark of attention.

Mrs. Brown was filled with delight when she learned that Nelly had kept her pledge and was so handsomely rewarded; and I need hardly tell you that she did not forget to give Nelly an extra kiss and to thank God for the Band of Hope.

My dear little reader, you would never be able to count all the money spent in intoxicating drinks; will you promise me that not a farthing of your money shall ever be spent in this way?

We have not only to think of the money spent, but of the misery which strong drink brings, the hungry and ragged children, and the miserable homes they live in. Now Nelly was stronger without the beer, she was healthier, and you have heard she was much better in pocket than the other servants. Never spend a farthing in strong drink; save all your spare pennies, then you will have some for a time of trouble, and you will be able to help a poor mother or friend; and always remember the old proverb—"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

PLAYING TRUANT.

(Concluded from p. 31.)

ONE day, after Henry had been guilty of some serious offence, Mr. Wilson called him to the desk and talked long and seriously to him upon the great change for the worse in his character, and ended by telling him that he attributed this in some measure to his frequent absence from school. "I feel it my duty," continued he, "to call upon your parents, and state to them the change in your conduct."

Henry stood in terror and dismay, for he well knew that all his faults would now be brought to light. He made many earnest promises of amendment, but he had

often made such before, both to himself and to his teacher; and Mr. Wilson was firm.

Henry tried to form some excuse which he could present to his parents, but in vain, —falsehood, which he had learned to employ with very little remorse, would not avail him now; and he spent the day in imagining the grief and displeasure of his parents, and the dismay of his teacher, when they all should have learned the deception, falsehood, and disobedience which he had been practising so long. When at home he was in continual terror; though he knew that Mr. Wilson would not call before evening, every ring at the door-bell made his heart beat with violence and his face grow pale. He could not endure to stay in the house during the dreaded visit, and therefore, as soon as the tea-things were removed, he obtained permission to go out for the evening.

In the meantime, Mr. Wilson called upon his father, and, after some conversation upon various subjects, mentioned Henry, and spoke of the change he had observed in his character since the first day when he had been absent from school on account of sickness. But what was his astonishment when Henry's father and mother both declared that they had known nothing of his being sick, for two or three months, and that he had been sent regularly to school! We will not try to describe the feelings of the parents when the truth flashed upon them that their son had, for weeks, been carrying on a deliberate system of deception and disobedience. They consulted with Mr. Wilson as to what should be done; but Henry's father refused to decide on anything until he should have seen his son. Mr. Wilson waited some time in the hope that Henry would return, wishing to put some questions to him in the presence of his parents; but as he did not, he took his leave, promising to call again the next evening.

It was late before Henry made his appearance, and when he entered the parlour

he did not dare to look at either of his parents, but, taking a candle from the table, he left the room with a hasty "Good night." When he had retired for the night

he felt himself secure, for he knew he would not be disturbed until morning.

When he met his father, next morning, the latter said to him, "Henry, I want



to see you in my study immediately after breakfast." Henry loved his father, and to do him justice, dreaded his displeasure more than any punishment he could inflict. As soon as breakfast was over he went to

the study. His father followed him. The door was shut; and it was late in the afternoon when Henry came out and went by his father's direction to his own room, where he spent the day in solitary reflection.

In the evening he was again summoned to the study, and was told that his parents had concluded, as he seemed so very penitent, to forgive him, only requiring him to confess his fault to Mr. Wilson for the deception he had practised towards him. "Your fault must meet with some punishment, which we cannot prevent," said his father. "We cannot confide in you as in one who had never deceived us. This will be painful to both of us, but nothing but your future good conduct can restore you to our confidence. You must learn to resist temptation. This is always in your power, for your heavenly Father will never allow you to be tempted beyond your strength. You must also have moral courage enough to confess it honestly when you have done wrong. When we see that you can be depended upon, we shall be as glad to restore you to our confidence as you can be to receive it."

Henry made his confession to Mr. Wilson, and was never again known to play truant. He had learned from bitter experience that suffering is inseparable from sin.—*Abbott.*

DIED OF BRANDY.

ROSETTA and her cousin Ruth were very wise and discreet little mothers. No happier-hearted children could be found than their demure little family of five diminutive children, over whom the smooth-furred Velvet, *their* family cat, purred her most entire satisfaction, as they sat leaning against chairs, or propped against a stone, listening to the instructions of their sage mothers. They had no idea of listeners; but I shall have to tell on Ruth's brother Frederick, who had come home on the last train, after a week's absence as collector for his employer, with a doll, whose eyes "would truly open," for Ruth, and a charming story-book for her almost sister-cousin Rosetta. I shall have to tell that he stood just inside the open window, with an ear

wide open to catch their childish prattle, as Ruth held up Seraphina Cordelia and spoke her praises (with no fear of raising blushes) to Rosetta in this wise.

"Now, Seraph is a splendid child. She never eats brandy-snaps; nor will she touch mince-pie, if mother has made it to suit Fred. He wants lots of brandy in, you know; and Seraphina Cordelia wears a silver Band of Hope badge!"

"My children never taste even cider," said Rosetta. "My father says it is a stone to step from to wine, and that is a stepping-stone to brandy; so I say, 'Euphemia, Margaretta, Sophrona, you must never touch *even* cider!' And they never do!"

Then Ruth spoke, in a low, confidential tone—and *not* to Velvet, and *not* to the temperate dolls, but to Rosetta—and said,

"Do you know, Rosy, I'm awful 'fraid dear Fred likes brandy somewhere else besides in mince-pie!"

"No; *where?*" said Rosetta, looking as if she hardly dared ask the question.

"Oh! to drink, like other—other—nice young men, who don't believe in a temperance pledge. I was playing 'bury dolls' in my grave-yard yesterday—I make little bits of ones just to bury sometimes, and let them down into the carriage-alley—and I thought, 'What if this one died of drinking brandy? I couldn't put any pretty headstone to it!'"

"Whata queergirl you are!" said Rosetta.

"I *expect* so. But I *did*. I thought it would be like this:

"SERAPHINA CORDELIA,
Died of
BRANDY!"

"I shouldn't *do* it," said Rosetta. "I wouldn't even *play* 'Died of Brandy.'"

"Neither would I," said Ruth; "and I sha'n't play 'bury' any more; for somehow it makes me think of—Fred!"

The truth was, Ruth did not think that all out without a cause. She knew her mother's anxious look and occasional red eyes meant some secret grief; she knew how she watched Fred, and she herself had

seen him at the sideboard sipping something red from a wine-glass more than once; so she had let her fears and fancies run into her play, and that, too, before Rosetta!

Ah! yes; and before some one else, whom she little suspected was now within hearing, back of her little monthly rose, in the window!



"Died of Brandy!" was ringing in Fred's ear. He thought such an epitaph, bad as it would look in a "pretend cemetery," would be far worse in a real one; and the thought haunted him, until he resolved it

should never appear as his own! Ruth never knew, any more than Rosetta, why Fred never found fault with his mother's mince-pies even when he found there was nothing stronger than peach-syrup to

flavour them; nor why he never sipped any more from the sideboard wine-glasses; but from his mother's happy-heartedness, and from her *own* careful observation, she

was pretty sure he never did. And Rosetta never heard any more about a pretend epitaph, "DIED OF BRANDY!"
—Selected.



THE THREE PATHS.

Just imagine yourselves, my young friends, about to take a journey through a moun-

tainous and unknown country; upon making inquiries, you find that there are *three*

routes which travellers have taken, and you become anxious to know which is the best and safest for *you*.

A trusty guide informs you that the shortest road is the most dangerous, for in many parts it traverses the edge of frightful precipices, over which many have fallen, and crosses deep chasms by very unsafe bridges, the whole way; the traveller is so exposed to robbers and snares of all kinds, that there is but a step between him and death. No persons using their senses would think of starting on this road, but, for the most part, passengers come into it unaware of their danger, having turned out of the next highway, which is very near to this. Multitudes of lives are lost every year along this fatal path, for all who pursue it meet with destruction, sooner or later; and yet, strange to tell, it is crowded with unhappy travellers rushing on to their sad end.

The neighbouring highway is very fairly marked out on maps, and generally approved as a pleasant and tolerably safe one; but experience has proved it to be extremely *slippery* at all times of the year, and remarkably so about Easter and Christmas-tide, at which season many travellers, both old and young, have been known to slip and fall, often injuring themselves much, and even losing their senses for a time, so that they mistake their way, and by some by-path rush into the other fatal road, never to return. Yet so much is this slippery and unprotected way commended and frequented, that few believe it to be so *unsafe* as it really is, till they find it out by some sad mishap to themselves or neighbours.

There is, however, a third route or roadway, which is, happily, *free* from the horrors of the first and the risks of the second we have described, and is particularly safe for even the youngest travellers, because, unless they willingly *turn out of it*, they may journey on with ease and rapidity without fear of hidden snares, cruel robbers, or yawning gulfs concealed by a glittering

surface; it is decidedly the *cheapest, surest, and safest road*. And it has been remarked, with truth, that the health and strength of those who pursue *this* road is uniformly better than that of travellers on the middle, or on the dangerous way. Indeed, on the *latter* passengers are continually attacked by dreadful forms of disease fatal to mind as well as body. It is certainly very strange, but too true, that the *safest road* has the fewest travellers; but I am happy to think their number is increasing, and especially amongst the young; whole bands of youthful passengers may now be seen joyously tripping along and cheering themselves and others by their sweet and inspiring songs. Whether it is from the pure mountain breezes which visit them (for this road is the most *elevated* of the three, and has been struck out and constructed by clever pioneers of our race), from the brisk exercise which a sure footing enables them to enjoy, from the fact of having more spare cash to secure comforts on the way, or from all these put together, certain it is that the travellers on this safe road have usually the rosiest faces, clearest complexions, and most cheerful countenances of the three companies of wayfarers; and it is for the very purpose of adding to their number, and securing your safety and welfare, that I have tried to paint this picture in words for you to look at thoughtfully. I want you to see it in a representation of *three* different paths in this *journey of life*, on which we are all started.

The *Dangerous Path* is somewhat like the *habit of intemperance*; the *Slippery Path* resembles the *habit of moderate-drinking*, or of using intoxicating drinks *without* what is called *excess*; the *Safe Path* represents the *habit of total abstinence* from all that intoxicates.

In this fair land of ours, how often you meet the poor drunkard, both in town and country! and what thousands die every year from the fatal habit of drinking the *dangerous liquors*! Would you not like

to do something to *save them*? The strongest thing you can do is to show a different *example*. The *example* of *moderately* using such things cannot help those poor victims; only the pattern of *abstinence* can reach them to any purpose; and, alas! it is seldom we can bring any back to the *safe path*.

But how can you *secure yourselves* from falling a prey to the bad habit, or from becoming a traveller on the *dangerous road*? By *starting* on the *safe and sure path*. Do this, my young friends: join the bands of young travellers who go safely and joyously along the path of *abstaining* from all intoxicating dangerous liquors. "Come with us, and we will do you *good*," we can

say who have tried the path for years; come and join our *Band of Hope*, and bring your young companions, your sisters and brothers, with you. Say to all who ask you to join them on the *slippery* road of *moderation*, "No, we mean to *choose* and *keep* the *safe path*, where springs of *pure water* abound, and no *poison* or *snare* lurks ready to destroy us." The *Band of Hope* will afford you pleasant meetings, cheerful music, and truthful songs, useful instruction and faithful friends, while it helps you to form a *habit* and walk in a path for life for which you will bless God in eternity. And in choosing this course you will be obeying the Bible precept, "Abstain from all appearance of evil."—*Selected*.



WHO IS HE?

Who is that man fallen against the curbstone, covered with bruises and beastliness? | He was as bright-faced a lad as ever looked up from your nursery. His mother rocked

him, prayed for him, fondled him, would not let the night air touch his cheek, and held him up and looked down into his loving eyes, and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered life with bright hopes. The world beckoned him, friends cheered him, but the archers shot at him: vile men set traps for him, bad habits hooked fast to him with their iron grapples: his feet slipped on the way, and there he lies. Who would think that that uncombed hair was once toyed with by a father's fingers? Who would think that those bloated cheeks were ever kissed by a mother's lips? "Would you guess that that thick tongue once made a household glad with its innocent prattle? Utter no harsh words in his ear. Help him up. Put the hat over that once manly brow. Brush the dust from that coat that once covered a generous heart. Show him the way to the home that once rejoiced at the sound of his footstep, and with gentle words tell his children to stand back as you help him through the hall.—

The Curtain Lifted.

GOOD-HUMOURED OBEDIENCE.

"OH dear! mother, must I finish all this hemming before I go to walk?" said little Helen Somers, as she held up the handkerchief she was at work upon. "I do wish you would let me go now—will you, mother?"

"No, Helen," replied her mother; "you must do all that I gave you to do. I want to see the handkerchief done and put away before you go out."

"Why, mother," persisted Helen, "there is no hurry about the handkerchief, and I can finish it just as well when I come home. I know I can do it before dark, and why may I not go out a little while first?"

In this way Helen went on to tease and trouble her mother, until she received a peremptory and decided refusal; and then she

made up her mind that her mother was really very cross and unkind to her.

Her mother had taken the work into her own hands to look at the sewing, and she told Helen she thought she had not taken quite pains enough to do it well. This made Helen still more vexed. Instead of saying pleasantly, "I am sorry it is not done neatly, mother—I will try to do the rest better,"—she declared it was done as well as she knew how to do it, and that she could not do it any better if she tried.

Her mother looked very sad to see her daughter behave in so undutiful a manner, and she sighed when she returned her the work. Helen seemed not to notice this, but she took the handkerchief with something of a jerk, and then turned herself about a little upon her stool, so as almost to sit with her back to her mother. "How cross mother is, not to let me go when she knows I wish it so much, and when I could finish this just as well another time." These were her thoughts as she sat pouting, and twitching her thread, and making the most of every knot or other difficulty in the way.

If, instead of this, she had said, "What a perverse, undutiful girl I am," she would have been more nearly right. Helen could see no reason, in this case, why her mother refused to let her do as she wished. But that was no reason at all why she should be vexed or refuse to acquiesce in her decision. Her mother had in reality very good reasons for refusing to let her go out until her work was finished. She wished to accustom her little girl to habits of industry and stability.

Helen thought nothing about those reasons, but, as we have said before, that was no excuse for her yielding so reluctantly to her mother's wishes. No mother is under any obligation to tell her children the reason why she refuses, in any case, to let them do exactly as they would like. No child ought ever to say, "Why, mother, may I not do so?" or, "What is the reason you wish me to do such and such a thing?"

It is enough for children to know what their parents' wishes are. They ought to comply with them cheerfully and with alacrity, whatever they are.

We hope none of the children who read this will ever imitate the example of Helen. You certainly cannot suppose your parents would ever wish to deny you any indulgence without a good reason: they love you too much to do that. Whenever they deny you anything you wish, it is because they know it will not be for the best for you to have it. Remember that it is because they judge it safest and best for you, and by no means because they wish to deprive you of any pleasure, and that you ought to avoid giving them any pain or trouble by your ill-humoured looks or reluctant compliance.—*Daily Duty.*

WORK AND WIN.

FIRM and united we gaily march along,
Onward, ever onward, to battle for the right;
All set to work with a heart and courage strong,
Sure that we shall conquer, for right is might.

Foes all around us may strive to bar the way;
Friends may say we're hasty and bid us wait awhile,—
Firm in our purpose we heed not what they say,
Till our cause has triumph'd we still must toil.

Up with the standard and bear it far and wide,
Onward, ever onward, o'er all the battle-field;
Heaven is our helper, and so, whate'er be-tide,
In the mighty conflict we'll never yield.

Work and win, work and win, shall our motto be,
Firm and strong, march along, march to victory,
With a will, onward still, soon the foe shall flee,
Onward march to victory.

—*Selected.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

THERE once lived in one of our seaport towns a sailor who was a notorious drunkard. He led his wife a sad life, and everything seemed to indicate that the utter ruin of the family could not long be postponed. The sailor, however, had a little girl, a member of the Band of Hope, who, under God's blessing, was the means of leading her father not merely into the path of sobriety, but to the house of God. One day the little girl said, "Father, do come to our Band of Hope meeting to-night, please." The father threatened to flog her severely if she put such a question to him again. However, she persisted, and at last had the happiness of getting him to accompany her to one of the meetings; and so convinced was he by what he heard, that he there and then signed the pledge. Not content with this, the little girl then got him to go with her to chapel in connection with the Sunday-school she attended, and finally he became a member of the church. Often in his supplications to the throne of grace at the prayer-meeting does he thank God for the efforts of his little girl.—*From Temperance Anecdotes. Second Series. Compiled by the Editor of the British Workman.*

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SPEED THE HAPPY DAY.

KEY B FLAT.

W. F. SHERWIN.

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Lo, a bright-er day is break - ing O'er our heav - en fa - vour'd

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land; Men are ev'ry-where a-wak - ing, Bold-ly

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for the right to stand. Speed, oh speed the happy

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day, happy day, May it meet no ling'ring pause, ling'ring pause,

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f ₁	:f ₁		f ₁ .f ₁	:f ₁ .f ₁	d ₁	: -		m ₁	: -	f ₁	:f ₁ .f ₁		r ₁	: -f ₁

Till the curse shall pass a - way, And vic'try crown the

d	:t ₁		d	: -
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s ₁	:s ₁		d ₁	: -

Temp - 'rance cause.

Oh, the glory of the morning,
 When from sleep we shall awake,
 When all men shall heed the warning,
 And the wine cup will forsake.
 Speed, oh speed, &c.

In that welcome hour of gladness,
 When the tyrant's reign is o'er,
 Free from bitter woe and sadness,
 We shall feel his power no more.
 Speed, oh speed, &c.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



THE TEMPERANCE BIRD.

No. 5.—May, 1873.

Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

THE TEMPERANCE BIRD.

MARY MASON has a pet bird, which has shown great intelligence, and has been trained to many pretty ways.

Every day at meal-times, Mary opens the cage-door, and Dick flies out and lights upon her shoulder, where he stays until the meal is over. He has been taught that he must be quite still while Mr. Mason asks a blessing on their food; so, unless he comes at once when the cage-door is opened, he waits in silence till the blessing is over.

Once fairly perched on Mary's shoulder, he expects a taste of everything she eats, and whenever she drinks, she holds up to him a spoonful of tea or coffee, which he sips with relish.

One day Mary was ill, feeling no appetite, and growing often very faint. The doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her, and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share. He laid his little head against her face caressingly, peeped and coaxed till, just for fun, she determined to gratify him. But no sooner had Dick tasted the brandy than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet, and beat his wings, scolding sharply all the time. Then, in disgust, he flew back into his cage, and would neither come out nor notice Mary again all day.

Oh! that our boys, when spirits are offered them, rejected it indignantly as did this little bird!—*Christian Weekly.*

THREE YEARS OLD.

EDGAR MASSIE three years old,
He must be as good as gold,
Always mind what he is told,
Never stamp, or fret, or scold,
Speak the truth out brave and bold,
Cling to it with steadfast hold,
Be a man of Christian mould,
Never wander from the fold,
Then when he is really old,
Still of him it shall be told,
Edgar Massie, brave and bold,
Always was as good as gold.—*A. M.*

UPHILL-WORK.

"It rather tires you to carry that up such a hill, Johnny."

"Yes it does, but you see the water is not good up our way, and mother likes a drink from the spring at the burnside. She is not very strong, and she says it does her good, and I'm glad to take a pailful up with me when going home from my work. It is rather a stiff pull, but I manage it. I find it easier now than at first; and when I feel it heavy, I think how much mother will be pleased, and how refreshing it will be to her, and that helps me up wonderfully."

"Well done, Johnny. Keep you always the same mind. Your mother deserves more of you than that, and all you have to do for her will be greatly lightened by love. She will have to depend upon you, I fear, for most of her comfort, and you may have a good deal of uphill-work—much more uphill and harder than this—but never mind, hold on, you will be the happier as you succeed."

Johnny has had a good deal of uphill since then, but he always put a stout heart to it, and any labour for his mother he never grudged. By his uphill-work for her he has been fitted for uphill-work for himself, and his advice to you now would be, "Never be afraid of uphill." It is a little harder, but the exercise is good, and will do you good. There are some of you at school. Lessons are sometimes uphill-work, but you will never be scholars if you shrink from them—never. You will find them just so much the easier the more you set yourselves to overcome the difficulties. Some of you are at trades, you will meet with difficulties in learning these. In order to be good tradesmen you must never flinch from uphill work. Hard work should never frighten any one. If it do, he is never likely to get to the top of the hill as a tradesman or anything else. All success has had more or less uphill in it; and some a very great deal, especially at first. Never fear to face the hill, and

hold on till you surmount it. There must be labour; but "in all labour there is profit."

Every good cause has uphill-work in it. You cannot be connected with it long till you find that. It is easy being an abstainer now, much more easy than it once was—but yet some lads find it uphill. It costs them not a little to be faithful. They have so many temptations, to turn back into the old track, and there are so

many difficulties of custom, and fashion, and prejudice, and companionship to overcome. It would gladden many a mother's heart if her boy were an abstainer, far more than it refreshed Johnny's mother to drink the water from the spring. And there would be the greater gladness, if she saw him keeping firm notwithstanding what he had to contend against—though his progress should be uphill. This should



have its effect; but besides, it is far nobler to set the heart to the hill, to overcome the difficulty, than to turn the feet downwards, and let the difficulty overcome you.

In seeking to advance the temperance cause there is and will be a good deal of uphill-work. Some of the obstacles to progress have been lessened, the hill is not so steep, and some of the hindrances have been taken out of the way; but so long as the drink is in such common use, and there are so many places for the sale of it—so long as people think it a good thing,

although it is so evil—and so long as such large profits can be got by making and selling it, and so long as such rents can be got for the places of sale, we cannot but have uphill-work. But that should not discourage us, for all good work has been uphill work. We believe that we are seeking in the temperance movement the good of man and the glory of God; and so we can press on uphill, with the assurance, in the end, of surmounting all difficulties. Love to God and man will make the uphill work more easy as we go on, and will

yield more satisfaction as we advance towards full success. "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

THE BROOKS.

Oh! the brooks, the merry brooks,
With their bright and sunny looks,
They go wandering through the meadows
and into sunny nooks,
Where the speckled trout are lying,
And the water-lilies, sighing,
Look like naiads as they bathe in the
brooks.

In the morn, the blithe morn,
When the young day is born,
And the woods and fields re-echo to the
ringing hunter's horn,
Then the brook babbles loud,
As it toys with the crowd
Of flowers that are opening to the morn.

At noon, burning noon,
When the hot sun of June
Has lull'd the woods to rest as they sing a
quiet tune,
Then the brook seems to glide
With a calm, smooth tide,
As if lingering in the splendour of the
noon.

But at night, still night,
When the moon's soft light
Has wrapp'd the earth in silver and tipp'd
the leaves with light,
The brook glides along
With a sweet low song,
As it whispers words of love to the night.

Oh! the brooks, the merry brooks,
With their bright and laughing looks,
They go wandering through the meadows
and into sunny nooks,
And as I watch them flowing,
I grow happier, scarcely knowing
That my spirit has been cheered by the
brooks.

E. G.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

"Who is the prettiest girl in your school?" asked Edward of his little pet, Winifred, as she stood by his side, and looked up into his laughing eyes. Uncle thought in his heart that his Winnie was, but she answered unhesitatingly—"Ruth Culbertson."

At this her brother and sister laughed a little.

"Ruth is one of the plainest girls in the school, uncle," remarked Alice, "but she hears the little girls recite in geography and spelling, and they think she is ever so nice. Every one else would tell you that Isabella Seabury was the handsomest girl in school, or in all the town."

"She doesn't look nice to me," persisted Winnie, shaking her head. "She doesn't like us little girls around her, and almost always says, 'Little pitchers,' when we come near where she is talking with the big girls. That means for us to go away. Would you think such a girl nice, uncle?"

"You believe, Winnie, in the old saying, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' and so do I too, dear. Now tell me what makes Ruth so beautiful in your eyes?"

"O, she loves us, that's the main thing, and she lets us love her as hard as we please. She always stops to help us when we tear our dresses, and cuts us pretty paper dolls at noon times, and O, I can't tell you how many nice things she does for us."

"Well, I know from your description, Winnie, I should like her looks. People who have really kind hearts show it in their faces, and a kind heart shining out is the greatest beauty a young lady can have. You can cultivate this kind of beauty, too, and it pays a great deal better than cultivating the hair or complexion so much as some ladies do. It grows more beautiful, too, with age, which is not true with the other kind of beauty. Try, dear children, to cultivate this highest kind of beauty, and it will make you pleasing, not only to men, but also to your Heavenly Father."—*Child's World*.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS DINNER.

A LITTLE BOY was asked to dine with an old lady and gentleman who lived by themselves. They amused him first by showing him pretty books and pictures, and he seemed to enjoy himself greatly; but when they sat down to dinner, to their surprise, he would hardly eat anything. The old lady asked him if he did not like what he had been helped to.

"O, it is very nice, thank you," he said; but still he would not eat more.

Presently, when the cloth was removed, the little fellow looked terribly disappointed, and in a minute or two began to cry.

"What is the matter, my child?" they asked, greatly distressed.

"I was waiting for the pudding," he sobbed, "and now I have lost my dinner."

Foolish little boy! he always got pudding at home, and he never thought it possible that any one could dine without it, so he neglected the meat that was set before him, and lost his dinner.

If we despise what is good and profitable in the hope of obtaining what seems pleasant, we may often be disappointed and lose both, like the little boy who waited for the pudding.—*Selected.*

MY LITTLE MAY.

My Little May was the darling of all, and my own especial darling. Her blue eyes seemed always beaming on you with love and mirthfulness, and her fair locks were like golden sunbeams dancing in and out among the trees and the flowers of the garden at the Grange, which was May's own beautiful home. She was the only child-blossom of the household, and was fondly treasured by her papa and mamma, and foolish Aunt Mary, who had a trick of stopping her ears and becoming suddenly absorbed in her book or knitting when the

little one was naughty. That bad habit went very near spoiling the little May, for she had one ugly fault, which, if overlooked, would soon have obscured all the real loveliness in her nature. You shall hear what took place, and then my little readers will find out if *they* know anything of the black pouting fairy which sometimes took possession of Little May.

It was a lovely morning in summer time. Little May was up early and looking fresh as a daisy, for she loved to do as her Aunt Mary told her: "Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark." Besides, this was her sixth birthday, and the day would be full of delights.

After a good run in the garden she came in to breakfast, and found seated on her own high chair the most beautiful doll she had ever seen. She was so lost in admiration of its beauties that she did not at first hear her mother's loving voice behind her saying:—"Many happy birthdays to my Little May."

Then she sprang up and kissed her mother, saying, "Oh, the beautiful doll, mamma!"

And truly Miss Dolly was a marvel of loveliness, with her wide-open blue eyes, wavy flaxen hair, real shoes and stockings, and, more wonderful than all, when May pressed her arm gently round Dolly's waist, the red lips opened, and in a very doll-like treble said, "Ma, pa."

In the afternoon Harry, Daisy, and Willie, May's little friends and neighbours, came to take tea with her, and of course Miss Dolly, who had not had much rest for that day, was the chief object of admiration. But May kept firm hold of her while she showed all her beauties. Not even to Daisy's gentle entreaties would she give her up:—

"No, she is *my* doll, Daisy;" and May's mamma overheard the little speech, and sighed deeply, and a tear stood in her eye, as she thought that her dear little daughter was being a selfish child.

When the little friends had said good-bye,

May had time to wonder at her mother's sad face, and stood very still indeed while her mamma told her how sorry she was to see her little girl prefer herself before others, and so selfishly keep the beautiful doll all to herself. And how the gentle



Jesus, who would have little ones love one another, was very sorrowful when He saw an unloving child.

Half an hour later, Aunt Mary found the

Little May on a favourite seat at the foot of an elm-tree, looking very disconsolate.

"Oh Aunt Mary," she sobbed, "help me to be good, and love every one best." "Will

Jesus love me and smile on me to-night,
and I will try so hard?"

And we may be quite sure, if May was

sorry, and tried very hard, she would find
out how to do to others as she wished
that they should do to her.



THE INVALID BASKET.

WHAT a delicious smell steamed up from
the basket little Bessie Hill was carrying

on her arm! What could be inside?
Something hot, certainly; and something

unusually good; and hadn't the cook at Mrs. Mostyn's, when she placed it in the basin, told her to carry it carefully lest the gravy should be upset? It was not the first time, by any means, that Bessie had been sent to the vicarage for some dainty to tempt her sick mother's appetite; but then the milk pudding or wing of chicken had generally been cold, so that no tempting odour had awakened her curiosity, and made her, as she felt now, half envious of the poor invalid's good luck in having such nice things sent her. At last Bessie raised the lid, and looked longingly at the two delicate slices of roast mutton lying amidst rich brown gravy, mealy potatoes, and onion sauce; and then came the desire just to *taste*. She had no knife, however, and the matter was not easy; so, after a moment of hesitation, one of the two slices was taken up hastily in her fingers, and as rapidly devoured. Mother would never miss it, and neither Mrs. Mostyn nor the cook would know anything of the transaction. She forgot that God saw her; and I think she must have forgotten too how much her mother stood in need of all the nourishing food she could get.

The truth was, that, though only the child of poor parents, Bessie had been petted more than was good for her, and had grown up selfish accordingly. The pleasure of eating nice things herself was greater to her than the pleasure of seeing her sick mother enjoy them—the mother who had always been so good to her, and denied her nothing she could afford to give. People very seldom stop at the first step in wrong-doing. Having robbed the basket once, it seemed much easier to rob it a second time, and again a third and a fourth. One day she was told, on her arrival at the vicarage, that there was nothing for her.

"My mistress is very sorry, but they are having pork to-day, and she don't think that would be good for your mother," said the cook. "But you may

come up each day about this time, and when there is anything proper, you are to have some; and if not, your time isn't worth much, I tell mistress, and it's no distance for you."

Bessie little knew, as she listened to these words, what an added temptation was being put in her way. She never thought of it till she was carrying home one day some beautiful golden jelly, and found its sweetness, on tasting, so very pleasant that she asked herself why shouldn't she eat the whole, and tell her mother that she had been sent back empty-handed? And before the question was fairly answered, the jelly was all gone, and Bessie covered her greediness this time by a direct lie. And the same thing occurred again and again, till at last a hint was given by some one to Mrs. Mostyn of what was going on, and she made a point of calling on Mrs. Hill and asking her, among other conversation, how many dinners her cook had sent up lately? Then the whole truth came out; and the next day, on her arrival with the empty basket at the vicarage, Bessie was summoned into the drawing-room to speak with Mrs. Mostyn, and had her fault laid before her in its true colours.

"In the first place," said the lady, "the things were not yours to take; I expressly sent them to your mother because she was ill; I call your taking them for yourself something very like stealing. And then the deceit you have used nearly all along, as far as I can judge, has been almost as bad as the distinct falsehoods you have been telling lately. But almost the worst point in the whole business seems to me to be, that you have been depriving your poor mother all this time of what she so sadly needed. You knew quite well that the doctor had said she must have strengthening food—that she couldn't get well without it. And yet you have kept back these necessary things from her, and so helped to keep her weak and ill. If God should be pleased to take her from

you, it would be a dreadful thing for you to have to reflect that perhaps you had helped to kill her. And such a kind, indulgent mother as she has been to you, too!"

At these words Bessie burst into tears. Selfish as she had been, she was not utterly without feeling; and the light in

which Mrs. Mostyn showed her conduct made it appear so dark and hateful that the child was overwhelmed by shame and remorse. She felt she was disgraced for ever when the lady dismissed her, with the cold direction: "You need not come at all again. Any little thing I have for your mother, I shall send in future by my



own boy, whom I can trust." But the disgrace was not without good effect. Bessie never forgot that painful interview, and tried to atone for the wrong she had done by patient attention to her mother during the rest of her illness. Mrs. Mostyn at length, hearing good accounts of her from the neighbours, ventured to trust her once more; and very grateful Bessie felt

for the confidence placed in her as she carried home from the vicarage a nice Christmas dinner for her parents. Most assuredly the basket-lid was never raised this time on its journey, but the roast-beef and plum-pudding arrived at their destination just as they had been laid in the two dishes by Mrs. Mostyn's cook.—

Emma Rhodes.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

JOHN was the forerunner of the Saviour. He came "in the spirit and power of Elias," and preached repentance to prepare the people for the promised Messiah. His

father was Zacharias, a priest, and as he was serving in the temple, one day, an angel told him about the birth of his son, and that he was to call him JOHN. He did not believe what was promised, and was struck dumb till it should come to pass.

The angel said of the child, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb," &c. It could be no common child about whom this was foretold; and John the Baptist *was* great in the sight of the Lord.

When he appeared in the wilderness, "preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," crowds gathered to hear him. Some said he had a devil, because he did not join with them in their luxury, lived upon poor fare, and drank neither wine nor strong drink. What they said did not keep him from going on proclaiming his message, and calling on them to repent and turn to God. And whatever any say about abstainers, now, that is no reason why they should be afraid to do their duty, and to carry out what they believe to be right. Bad names do not hurt; and when they are cast at those who do right because they do right, they are an honour and not a disgrace. A greater than John the Baptist was untruly said to have a devil and to be a wine-bibber.

John the Baptist was true to Christ as his forerunner. When the people would have it that he was the Messiah, he said no, that he was only sent before Him to prepare the way for Him. And the first opportunity he had, he directed his disciples to Jesus as "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Sometimes those who do not like abstinence have said that we put it in place of the gospel. *That is not true.* It is not the gospel, but it has often been its forerunner, and has prepared the way of the Lord. No Christian abstainer would give it any higher place. At best it is a John the Baptist;

but if it be that, surely it is not to be despised. Many have been kept from even *hearing* the gospel by intemperance. It has deprived them of clothes, so that they could not go with well-dressed people to the house of God. And when mission-halls have been opened, and services have been held for those who had only such clothes as they had, the drink has destroyed all desire to go to hear the word of God. And many little boys and girls have been kept from school, both on week-day and Sabbath, by the drinking habits of their parents, and have grown up without knowing about God or Jesus. But abstinence from drink has clothed both parents and children, and the house of God has been attended, and the children have got to school, and the gospel has found its way to the heart, and fathers and mothers and sons and daughters have been blessed by it.

The temperance movement has proved a John the Baptist to lead to Jesus. That is all I claim for it, but that is enough to make me support it, and do my best to advance it.

ONE DROP OF EVIL.

"I DON'T see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little. But I have been brought up better than that: he won't hurt me. I should think you would trust me. I might do him some good."

"Martha," said his mother to the servant, "take this glass of pure, clear water, and put just one drop of ink in it."

"Oh, mother! who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water into it, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of his evil nature to mingle with your purity."—*Selected.*

THE LARGEST BEE-HIVE IN THE WORLD.

IN Los Angeles County, on the eastern slope of the San Francisco range of mountains, and in the immediate vicinity of the Leamington Petroleum Company's oil region, there is the most wonderful collection of wild honey in existence. The hive is located in a rift which penetrates the rock to the depth of probably 160 feet. The orifice is 30 feet long and 17 feet wide; four passages. This rift was discovered to be the abiding-place of a swarm of bees, that is represented as coming out in a nearly solid column one foot in diameter. Certain parties have endeavoured to descend to the immense store of honey collected by these bees, but were invariably driven back, and one man lost his life in the effort. Others have, at the expense of much labour and money, built a scaffold 125 feet high, in the hope of reaching a place whence they could run a drift into the rock and extract its well-hoarded sweets, but finally ceased their work. Within four years the bees have added not less than 15 feet of depth to their treasure, as ascertained by actual measurement, and it is thought that at the present time there cannot be less than eight or ten tons of honey in the rock. A man named B. Brophy lives in a cabin not far from the spot, and obtained from the melting of the honey by the sun's heat enough for his family requirements. All through that region immense stores of wild honey are found in trees, in the rocks, nearly every place where its industrious manufacturers think—for bees seem to think—that it will be secure. They consume a very small

proportion, as the climate enables them to keep up operations nearly every day in the year, and flowers of some sort are always in bloom. It must be a very severe season indeed when the little fellows are not seen abroad in vast numbers busily engaged in their mellifluous work.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

GOING DOWN HILL.

A story they tell of a lunatic man,
Who slid down hill on a warming-pan;
He steered himself with the handle, of
course,
And checked away as he would to a horse;
His legs, it is true, were somewhat in the
way,
And his seat rather tight, if a body might
say;
But he landed all right at the foot of the
hill,
And, for all that I know, is sitting there still.
You smile at the story, and wonder how
folks
Can get from their brains such a terrible
hoax;
But sliding down hill is many a man
On a much worse thing than a warming-pan;
Some are going down at full speed on their
pride,
And others who on their stinginess slide;
But the strangest way of taking that ride
Is to go, as some do, on a beer-jug astride.
Beware of such coasting, or like Jack and
Gill,
You'll make sorry work in getting down hill;
Beware! for, with what other evil you tug,
'Tis nothing like sliding down hill on a jug.

HOW TO GET THE ADVISER.

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MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

KEY G.

L. MASON.

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May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



NOBODY THERE.

No. 6.—June, 1873.

Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

NOBODY THERE.

I was the last new boy at school;
I must pay my "initiation fee."
Twelve boys wanted a thieving tool—
The latter the reason, the former the plea.
With boast, and bluster, and bullying air.
They won consent from the "last boy there."

A stealthy walk 'neath a silver moon,
Then an orchard wall, looking e'erso high:
Next—"Here's the plunder, climb like a
coon,"
From the biggest boy with the blackest eye.
"What a ninny you are! and how you stare!
Nobody will hurt you; nobody's there."

They knew the place for scaling well,
And pushed me up with eager hands,
Till, trembling and weak, their victim fell
On the broad ledge guarding the Bellair
lands.
"A crooked tree leans down like a stair,"
They told me, and there it was—right there.

Right there, and on that stairway swung,
I crouched like a coward amid the leaves.
To right, to left, the ripe fruit hung
On that first and fairest of autumn eaves;
Crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Apple on apple, pear on pear.

Just within reach of my tempting hold,
The air astir with their fruity breath,
Globe of crimson, pendant of gold;
What was to hinder loitering Seth?
Silent I hung on the old tree-stair;
As silent the orchard—nobody there.

High in the heavens hung the harvest moon;
Strange—but it brought my mother's
smile.
"Tell me *all* that happens, and write me
soon,"
She said through smiles and tears the
while.
There were two of us only; God took one,
A sister the sweetest under the sun.

Somehow in that silvery hush
Came the murmur of mother's prayer,
And a little stream 'mid banks of rush
Caught the gleam of my sister's hair.
Still crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Hung apple on apple, pear on pear.

Down in the dark some tiny thing,
Under the daisies' silken hood,
Smote the quiet with bell-like ring,
Bringing an answer out of the wood.
Two together—they make me reel,
Chiming in chorus—"Thou shalt not steal."

The twelve in waiting saw me bound
Over the wall with empty hands,
Panting, breathless. They fled the ground—
Far beyond lay the tempting lands.
"Was it Box?" said the bully, "or old
Bellair?"
"Neither," I answered—"God was there."
—Selected.

THE WAY TO BEAR PAIN.

WE should learn to bear patiently the
common afflictions of life. By exercising
fortitude and submission we can greatly
alleviate the evils we cannot avoid.

Everybody has to bear pain; now let us
see how James submits to the toothache.
Perhaps there is no pain harder to bear,
because we are thinking constantly of the
sure, speedy, though very unpleasant reme-
dy. When we complain, our friends say,
"Well, why don't you have the tooth ex-
tracted?" James has suffered three days
with the toothache; he has remained at
home from school, and submitted patiently
to the usual remedies for this disease.
Sometimes the pain has been very severe,
but he has not allowed himself to shed one
tear, or for one moment to lose his self-
command.

At length his father and mother advised

him to have the tooth extracted. Poor James dreads the operation as much as any one. He considers the subject for some hours, and then resolves to submit to it manfully. He steps quietly out of the house, and directs his steps towards



the dentist's. His voice falters a little as he inquires if the doctor is at home. "Yes," is the reply, and James summons all his courage. But he has passed the rubicon, and the victory is his. "Sir," he says pleasantly, "can you extract a tooth for me this afternoon?" Arrangements are soon made, and James seats himself in

the great arm-chair. It is all over in a moment, and he is on his way home. How light is his step, and how happy his heart! He knows that he has done his duty, and that he has exercised a becoming degree of fortitude.

How surprised is his mother to hear that the troublesome tooth is actually gone, and how approvingly his father smiles upon him!

George has been suffering with the same complaint, but as yet he cannot be induced to apply to a dentist for relief. He is fretful and peevish. He complains of every application; and of every proposed remedy he says, "It will do me no good, and it is of no use to try it."

He is finally *hired* to have his tooth out, and he goes with his father to the dentist's. As soon as George finds himself in the presence of the doctor he begins to cry. He declares that he cannot and will not have the tooth out, and that the operation would kill him. His father threatens, and the doctor flatters, but all to no effect. At length he is compelled to open his mouth. His father holds his head and hands firmly, and the doctor succeeds, in spite of George's efforts to the contrary, to place the instrument properly on the tooth, and now he screams loud enough to disturb the whole neighbourhood.—Who does not admire James's superior fortitude and resolution?

A restless, discontented spirit is a serious injury to a sick person. The effect of medicine is often counteracted by this disposition.

A kind and judicious physician once advised a mother to punish severely her sick child. He told her that while her son manifested such a rebellious and fretful disposition he would never recover. The nature of the disease was such that a calm and quiet state of feeling was absolutely indispensable to a return of health. The mother found herself obliged to follow the physician's prescription, for it became evident that efficient measures must be taken to check the progress of disease.

It is always necessary to use self-control in sickness. There was a boy who suffered much with weak eyes; his friends thought he would have recovered much sooner if he could have been induced to give up crying altogether, but the boy had not self-command enough to do this. On every occasion when he was vexed or disappointed he would be found in tears. This always had the effect to increase the inflammation, and no doubt prolonged his sufferings.

The design of sickness is not to call into exercise wicked and wrong feelings, but the opposite of these—patience, fortitude, and submission.

So with fatigue: when it is excessive it is certainly painful, but pain is no way diminished by constant complaints. Some persons are always annoying their friends with a recital of their hardships and fatigues. True benevolence would rather wish to conceal that which could in no way be remedied by exposure. Persons of this description have seldom much energy of character.

Boys often complain bitterly of cold weather. To be sure it is bad enough to have one's fingers and ears tingle, but it makes a bad matter worse when a boy whines and cries about it.

William is an example of manliness in this respect. When the hour for school arrives he quietly collects his books, buttons on his great-coat, puts on his mittens, and courageously makes his way through the snow without a murmur or complaint. When he is in school he pursues his studies in spite of the chilling atmosphere, and soon forgets that it is a cold December morning.—*Abbott*.

A FAMILY PLEDGE.

"THUS have we obeyed the voice of Jondab the son of Rechab our father in all that he hath charged us, to drink no wine all our days, we, our wives, our sons, nor our daughters."—Jeremiah xxxv. 8.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

PAYING a visit to a friend, a farmer, I had occasion to think of this advice. As I approached his dwelling, the watch-dog rushed out of his little cot with great fierceness, and flew at me. He was on chain and could not get to me, but he struggled so violently, that I thought it not unlikely he might some day break loose, and bite some one. You may be sure I kept as far off as my passing to the house would admit. Mentioning his fierceness to the farmer's wife, she said her husband had been careful frequently to examine every link of the chain, so as to prevent the dog from doing harm.

On a more recent visit I approached the farm from a different direction, but still had to go past the dog. Having a salutary remembrance of him and his whereabouts, I gave him a wide berth. He was just as fierce as ever, and I prepared to defend myself if he should break his chain. On reaching the house I had a talk with the farmer about him, and found that it had been necessary to get a new and stronger chain for him, as he had broken loose and had bit a young girl.

Since then I have been thinking about this advice, "Beware of the dog," and I want to put up the notice for my young friends the readers of the *Advertiser*. You need hardly be told, when you see the notice anywhere, to keep as far away as you can from where you might be bit. But there are biting dogs where there are not such notices, and dogs that do much more harm than any four-footed one however vicious. I want to put up a notice to you about them. What are they? "Well, they are of various classes, but one kind of them are intoxicating drinks. Wherever you see any of these, "Beware of the dog."

It doesn't matter where you see them, or what kind of drinks they are, beware of them, keep at the farthest distance from them. What is said of one kind of them

in the Bible is true of every other. "It biteth like a serpent." It has a worse bite than a dog. It has the bite of the old serpent, and often destroys not only the body but the soul. It brings eternal death.

O how many I have seen bitten and destroyed! Sometimes they have been like persons bitten by a mad dog—mad themselves—in what is called *delirium tremens*, that is, trembling madness. Sometimes I have seen them dying and without any hope as to a future world, and that through drink. They didn't think that ever they would get any harm, but they were bitten notwithstanding.

There are different kinds of dogs, you know. Some have little lap-dogs. Even these have sometimes bitten those who fondled them. Drink often does harm to those who keep it in the house and on the table, and fondle it—does them harm far oftener than the little dogs that are found in the parlour, and are the pets of the ladies and the children. If these dogs bit those who fondled them as frequently as drink does those who use it in the family, there would be far fewer of them kept than there are.

Of dogs that are given to bite, there are some that make a great noise, and bark loudly while they try to get at you. By this you are warned of your danger, and keep away. Those most to be dreaded are the dogs that never bark, or only give a snarl when they are rushing on you. The drink is all the more dangerous that there seems no danger. It has much about it which is apt to bring persons within its power of getting at them. There is no fear of being bitten, and so there is a going near when there should be a keeping away. I would have you beware of it. I would wish you to see on the labels of the wine decanters and on the whisky and brandy and other bottles this inscription, "Beware of the dog." I would wish you to read on the sign-board of every

public-house or spirit-shop, or place for the sale of intoxicating drink, the same inscription. And, towards the drink and the places of its sale, I would have you do as the boy did who, when passing the place where the dog was chained, and seeing



the notice, "Beware of the dog," took the further side of the road, keeping as far off as he could, and got as quickly out of the way as possible. The chain of moderation is one easily broken, and the chain of license is long enough to let the dog not only at any one who enters the place where the drink is sold and to bite him,

but to let him worry such a one at his leisure. Both the chains show very clearly that the drink is dangerous, and justify the notice, "Beware of the dog."



TOTTIE'S VICTORY.

PERHAPS some little girls who read the *Adviser* would like to hear about our little Tottie, and a victory she gained one day.

I must begin then by giving you a picture of her, as I remember her many summers ago. She had a mass of tangled

brown curls, shading as plump and rosy a face as one could wish to see; and a pair of large blue eyes whose expression could change wonderfully in a very short time. Sometimes they looked merry, at other times mischievous; they could look very loving and tender too; and the only time we did not care to look at Tottie's eyes, was when their little owner was angry. For Tottie was not at all a model girl, not a bit like the good little girls in some of your fairy story-books. She had a very quick temper, which, together with an inquisitive disposition, often gave her parents and herself a great deal of trouble. Tottie was a very busy, stirring little body, and her voice rang through the house like a bell all day. So much so, that when the continual chatter ceased for any time, her papa would say, "How quiet Tottie is! she must be in some mischief." One day there was such an unusual stillness in the house that her mamma became anxious, and went to look for her. Tottie was not to be found in the house, so Mrs. Johnstone went out to the garden, calling loudly, "Tottie, Tottie, where are you?"

"Here, mamma dear," chirruped a little voice from the midst of a clump of bushes. "Why, what are you doing, Tottie?" asked her mamma in astonishment.

"Oh! just playing mischief," answered the little girl very contentedly. And so, sure enough, she was. She had found her way through the bushes to the garden-wall, on which there was a fine cherry-tree. The tempting fruit hung in clusters, ripe and luscious; but the gardener had netted it over so carefully that to Tottie, at least, the cherries were quite inaccessible. But our little heroine was not to be discouraged so soon, for when her mamma discovered her, she was very busy tugging at the little pieces of wood which pinned the net fast to the ground. It was hard work for little fingers, but the sight of the beautiful red cherries urged Tottie on to fresh exertions. Her patience and perseverance would have been quite commend-

able, if she had only had a better object in view. But there was a very important reason why this particular cherry-tree should not be touched. Mr. Johnstone had promised Williams, the gardener, that he should have his choice of the best of the cherries to take to a flower and fruit show which was to be held, in a few days, in the neighbouring town: and as Williams was very hopeful that they would gain a prize, his master was anxious to preserve them for him. So you may be sure Mrs. Johnstone lost no time in lifting her little daughter out to the walk, and in trying to make her understand that the cherries were forbidden fruit. Tottie promised not to go near the tree again, adding, however, her remark that, "If Eve were here, she would be sure to eat them, wouldn't she, mamma?"

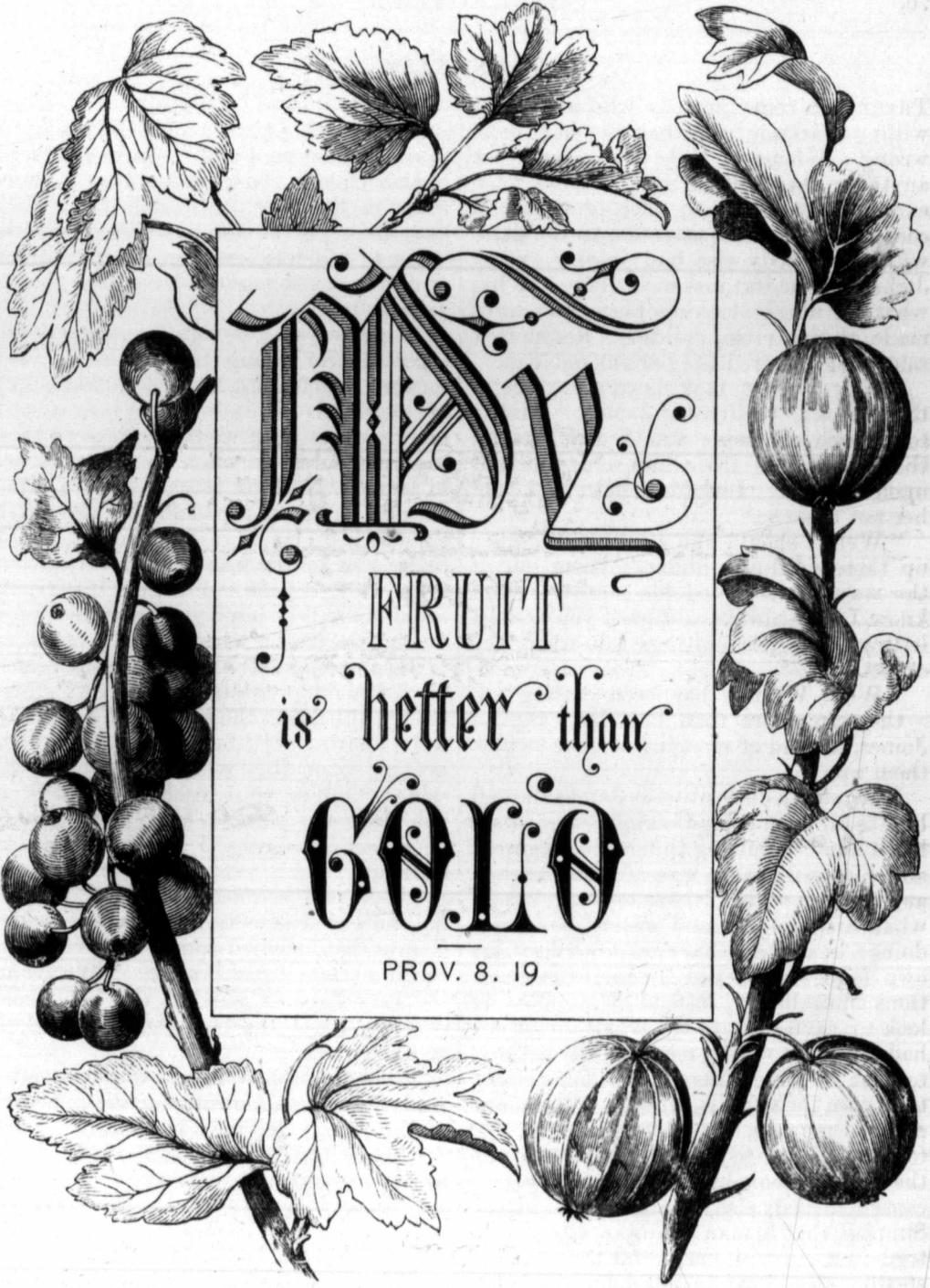
(To be continued.)

FAIRY-FOLKS.

THE fairy books have told you
Of the fairy-folks so nice,
That make them leathern aprons
Of the little ears of mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like a cap upon their heads;
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
Instead of feather-beds.

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers,
When you were locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls.
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folks that ride
About the world at night,
Who give rings and other things
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.—*Selected.*



WISDOM
FRUIT
is better than
GOLD
PROV. 8. 19

FRANKNESS.

THERE are some persons who are never willing to acknowledge that they have done wrong. Whenever they are blamed for anything they will be sure to have some excuse or palliation to offer, or they will continue to turn the attention to the share which somebody else had in the wrong. James Benson was just such a boy. "Why, what an untidy-looking place you have made of this room, children," his mother said as she entered the parlour one day.

"Why, William took down every one of those books," vociferated James; "I didn't touch one of them; and Emily tore up that paper into little bits and threw it upon the floor. I couldn't help it; I told her not to do so."

"Well, I should like you now to gather up those quill-tops and put them out of the way," interrupted his mother; "you know I have always cautioned you against letting your pen-cuttings fall upon the carpet."

"Well, William has been cutting too—they are more than half his," replied James, instead of stooping at once to pick them up.

Now, such a disposition as James showed here is far from being the right one. James had a hand in putting things into disorder, and his own blame was all that he had any concern with. It was nothing to him what his brothers and sisters had been doing: he ought to have acknowledged his own fault and obeyed his mother's directions immediately, instead of stopping to look up excuses or to tell what the others had done. It is very mean and ill-natured to wish to bring others into difficulties, or to expose their faults, when it will answer no good purpose. It is very absurd, too, for any person to suppose that he is any the less to blame himself, in any case, because somebody else has also been to blame. Suppose that a man who was brought to trial in a court of justice for the crime of stealing should say in self-defence, "Why,

to be sure I have been guilty of stealing, but then such a person stole too—he stole just as much as I did." This would be foolish enough, and yet nothing is more common than for boys and girls, when they are reprov'd for any misconduct, to begin to tell what some of their brothers or sisters or companions have done that is quite as bad.

It is always a bad sign for persons, and especially for young persons, to be very forward in defending themselves when they are reprov'd. It is better to bear a little more censure than we really deserve than to shield ourselves when we know we are to blame. Nothing is gained by making excuses. James, for example, was often supposed to be more to blame than he really was, for he was so backward about acknowledging his faults that his friends could never rely implicitly upon his statement of the matter when he had been guilty of any misconduct. They always suspected him of making the best of his own story, or of withholding the part most important to be known. His father said to him one evening when they were sitting by themselves, "James, your teacher tells me that you have not seemed lately to be doing your best at school. I am really sorry to hear it."

"It is just because I have not done all my sums in arithmetic some days that Mr. C. says that," replied James, with his usual readiness at self-justification. "We are in the very hardest part of the book, and scarcely any of the boys can get them all right."

"I should suppose Mr. C. would be quite ready to make allowance for the difficulty of the sums," rejoined his father. "Do you make really faithful efforts to do as many as you can?"

"Why, I always try to do them, of course," returned James, in a tone of one who felt himself accused unjustly.

"Well, how is it with your other studies

—with your geography, for example? Are you prepared with your lessons generally?"

"Why, I miss sometimes, and so do the other boys. Mr. C. gives such long lessons that I can't always get them; and, besides, my maps are so torn and blotted that sometimes I can't find half the places. John always tears them when he uses them, and the other day he tipped over a whole inkstand full of ink upon them and blotted them all over."

"You ought to have stated the case to me before this," replied his father, "and I should have seen you furnished with a new atlas. It seems then," he continued, "that you are excusable for your bad recitations. Has Mr. C. nothing else to complain of? Is your deportment such as to give him no unnecessary trouble?"

"I don't know," replied James, rather languidly.

"It seems to me you might tell very easily," said his father. "Don't you know whether you are always diligent, and quiet, and orderly in school time, or whether you sometimes sit idle, or play and whisper with the other boys, or do anything to make disturbance?"

"Why, I have been called up sometimes to Mr. C.'s desk," replied James; "but two or three times he sent for me when I was not doing the *least thing* that was wrong. Very often he speaks to a boy because he happens just to be looking off his book for a minute."

In this way James would go on to justify himself, even when he knew perfectly well that he had done wrong. He was never willing freely and fully to acknowledge himself to blame. He was never willing even to acknowledge himself mistaken in opinion. If he had once said a thing, he would adhere to it, right or wrong.

"There goes Mr. Webster," he remarked to some boys he was walking with one day as a gentleman passed them on the opposite side of the street.

"Mr. Webster! why, no, it can't be,"

said one of the boys, turning to look after the gentleman.

"Why, yes, it is Mr. Webster too," returned James very positively; "don't you suppose I know Mr. Webster?"

"But Mr. Webster happens to be at Washington just now," returned his companion; "of course he can't be here too!"

"I don't care where he is," returned James, not very courteously; "I am confident it was he that just passed."

The other boys joined in insisting that Mr. Webster was certainly at Washington, as was really the case. But it was of no use to try to make James yield the point, for though he knew that he was probably mistaken, he was determined not to acknowledge it.

These were very unamiable traits in the character of James. They made him disliked by his companions, and they gave his parents and teachers a great deal of pain and trouble.—*Daily Duty.*

ALCOHOL A DECEIVER.

It promises happiness, produces misery; promises honour, produces degradation; promises to produce friendship, causes bitter discord, and man to hate his best friend; promises to give strength, robs man of vigour, physical and mental; professes to be a good creature of God, is an agent of Satan. It is difficult to enumerate the different appearances under which it presents itself as a man's friend, but in every case its pretensions are false.

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MORNING ADVANCES:

KEY E FLAT. *Con Spirito.*

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Morn - ing ad - van - ces ov - er the hills,

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Light - ing the val - leys, kiss - ing the rills,

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Wak - ing to glad - ness each mea - dow and grove,

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Fill - ing each heart with the sun - shine of love. Re -

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joice, re - joice, re -
Morn - ing ad - van - ces, morn - ing ad - van - ces, re -

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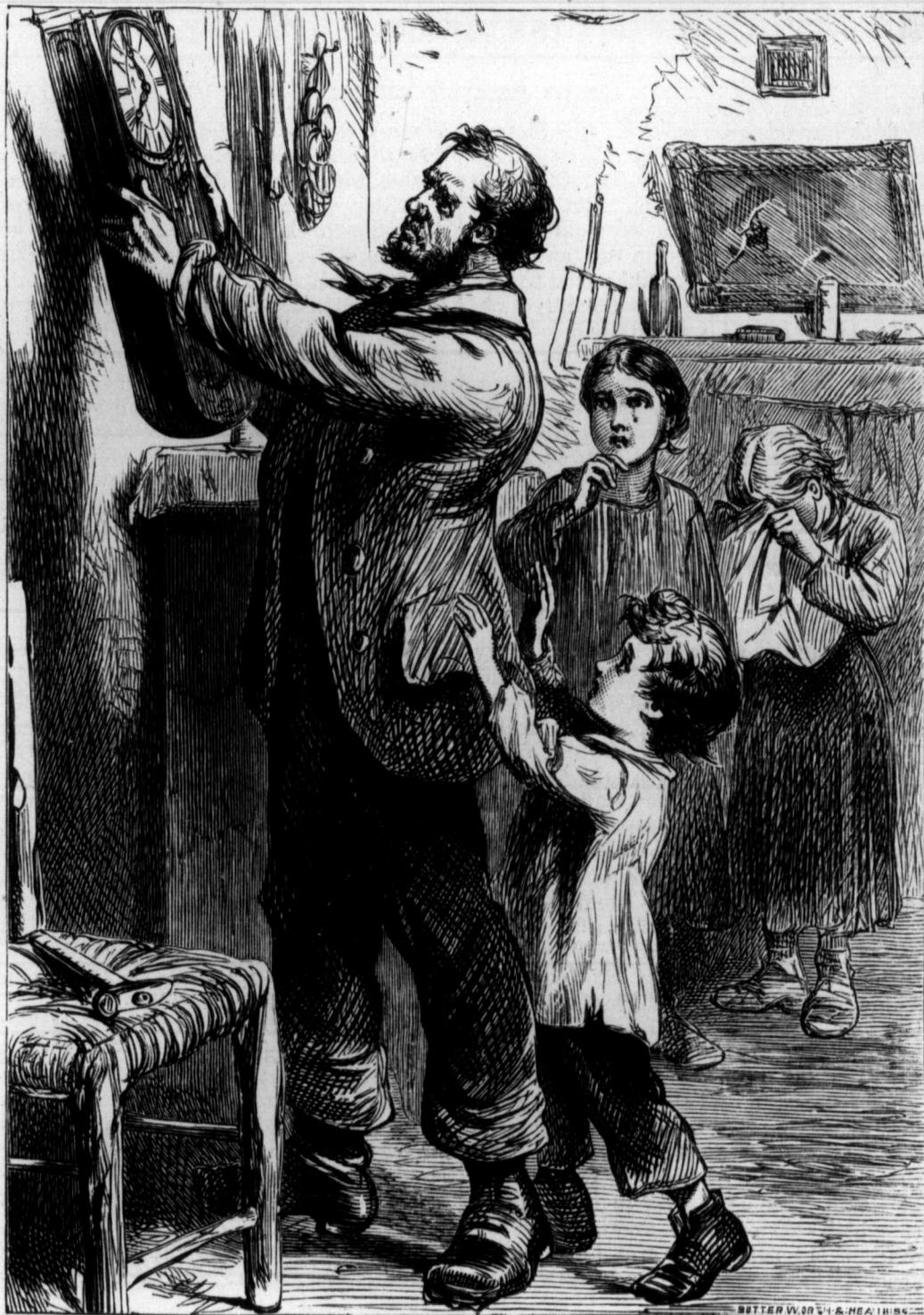
Onward and upward, see her arise,
Daintily brushing out of the skies
Each dusky cobweb the black spider, night,
Wove to shut out from our eyes her dear light.
Morning advances, &c.

See how she touches towering peaks,
Then the still shade of the deep valley seeks,
Clearing and decking a glorious highway,
Through which shall pass the great king of the
Morning advances, &c. [day.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



THE FAMILY CLOCK.

No. 7.—July, 1873.

Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

THE FAMILY CLOCK.

WOULD any one who looks on this picture cry for the loss of a clock? They can be bought quite cheaply now, and this does not seem so very valuable. But to this family their clock was a dear old family possession. It had been in the family for many long years, and was like an old friend. How they should miss its friendly tick, tick, tick! It had warned them of bedtime; roused them by its loud striking in the morning; told them the time for school, and helped the mother to have the dinner on the table at just the hour when the children came flocking in like so many hungry wolves.

And now they must part with it! It is too bad! Nellie and Mary are overcome, and Nellie hides her face in her apron.

Tommy coaxes his father to spare that, and take something else; but he rudely pushes him away. Jemmy hides behind the chair, while the tears are ready to roll down his cheek. Do you ask why this is? It is an old story—a sad one—too long to relate. All their troubles have come through drink. The father has learned to love it better than anything else on earth, and, as he cannot get it without money, sells what he can to obtain it. Shall we not shun the cup which makes the father rob his family of their possessions, and brings woe and misery to so many households? It puts selfishness and hardness into hearts that were once loving. Never touch the first glass and you are safe.—

Selected.

FREE BY IMPRISONMENT.

It was a fair, cool evening in May, a heavy shower had brightened the hues of the tender foliage, and brought out the scent of hawthorn, and whin, and fir which clothed the bank behind the old farmhouse. Not a quarter of a mile away the parish church, an ancient building also, could be seen among its surrounding trees, whose lengthening shadows were thrown by the pure peaceful western light over gray tombstone and grassy mound.

But if all around the farm-house suggested peace, unrest and anxiety prevailed within: Mrs. Arnot, only six months a widow, sat by the window, from which the lane leading to the churchyard, and past it to the highway, could be seen, while Grace, her daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, hovered between it and the tea-table. They were expecting the son and brother, who was *now* the head of the family, home from the market. Three hours had passed since he might have come, and in the distance they had seen one, and another, and another of the neighbours trot homewards; steady old men who preferred fireside com-

forts to any others, and wise young ones who perhaps remembered that on a night of boisterous gaiety a bitter harvest might be sown: but the gray horse and his handsome young rider did not appear, and Mrs. Arnot's face grew sadder and more deeply lined as the minutes wore on. It was not the first time she had kept such watch; it was not the first time she had counted the minutes in sorrowful style till her eyes had grown dim, her brow furrowed, and her hair gray. But it was not Hugh, but Hugh's father, she had watched for then. How hard it was to take up the task again such watchers alone can tell!

At last Grace brought a cup of tea to the window, and, half-kneeling on the footstool, insisted that her mother should drink it. "You know, mamma, some good reason may have detained him: you won't believe me, but if it should be the case, I will ask Hugh to sign the pledge, just to free you from this worry. You would be content then?"

Mrs. Arnot took the cup from Grace's hand. "Oh, Grace!" she said, "I might

have brought him up a total abstainer, but I would not, for fear it should be said I was casting a reproach on your dear father. How differently we think we would live the

past in the light of the future! Ah!—" she exclaimed, starting up and throwing open the window, for round the corner and into the lane a gray horse had dashed, the rider



swaying in the saddle; the pace was too reckless to admit of taking the sharp turn at the churchyard. Over the low gate the horse bounded, disappearing round the

church, and whether it had stopped, or only the sound of the hoofs was deadened by the grass, they did not know. But Grace sped out with fleet foot, and several

of the farm-servants joined her; between the snowy hawthorn and golden-tasselled broom, through the white gate, and so round to another where the horse was cropping the grass, and a man lay in a heap over a broken tombstone. The men feared from his position and unconsciousness that he was severely injured; but Grace did not realise it, as she knelt down to raise his head. A steadier hand put her aside, and her mother, strong in endurance, calmly directed her to return to the house and prepare a room, spoke to the men of the best means of conveying Hugh thither, and sent a boy for the doctor. The latter speedily arrived, attended to Hugh, and was leaving when Grace, who had been wandering about the passages, stopped him. The inaction tried her more than even the sight of her brother's suffering had done, and pale and hollow-eyed, Dr. Harrison read in her face the question her trembling lips could scarcely ask. He was an old friend of the family, and spoke authoritatively as well as cheerily to her "Hugh will do, Miss Grace, but he will need long and careful nursing: his leg is fractured, and to make matters worse, badly bruised. You see I am telling you the truth frankly, in order that you may prove a useful, as I think you are a wise girl. Your mother will not leave him to-night, so get her some refreshment, and go soon to bed yourself and sleep. That is your present duty, if not the easiest; save your strength, for the demands on it may be large. Good-night, my dear."

Grace accepted her position, did as she was told, and found that sleep, deep, refreshing and unexpected, came to her; she had always been obedient and gentle, but her nature was now deepened and steadied, habits of order and self-reliance were confirmed, and the first lessons of patience and self-forgetfulness learned. Hugh did not speak of the cause of his accident to any one, and Grace felt too keenly the disgrace to mention it to him. By the time the grain was ripening in the fields

he was able to limp into the farm-yard on crutches; but, stepping aside from a frolicsome cow, he stumbled, fell, and was laid on his back again for three weeks. In his dejection he at length gave expression to some of the remorse he had felt during his long imprisonment, and finding Grace a sympathetic and not severe listener, he confided to her his disgust at himself, and his resolution to live a higher life in the future. Grace answered by simply relating the weary watches her mother had kept on many a past night, adding, "It would make her so happy, if you would tell her what you have told me." "Oh! no, Grace," he said quickly. "After what I've done I dare not say anything of what I *will* do, it only remains for me to *do*. And mind, don't you go talking. I don't mean to be cross, little woman," he added kindly; "only let the matter rest." Grace let him rest, for he looked tired, and bent over her sewing with a full heart and a thankful one.

And in time Hugh proved by his actions what he shrank from expressing by his words: he joined the Total Abstinence Society, becoming, as the years passed, one of the helpers, as he had been one of the helped, and the evil shadow that had rested so long on the farm-house passed away. He was too humble to forget his narrow escape, but the subject must always be painful to him, and the silence he preserved from the first will remain to the end.

TIME.

Oh! never chide the wing of Time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!
You'll find the days speed quick enough
If you but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast;
Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
Thy soul's *eternity* depends
Upon the record moments bear!

ELIZA COOK.

ONLY.

ONLY a ring of shining hair, a circle of sunny light,
 Only this golden relic of a wilful, winning sprite;
 Only some memories, stealing in an idle twilight dream,
 Till a childish face smiles to me in the fire's faint, flickering gleam.

Only some memories, rising since twice ten chequered years
 Have dragged their length between me and my fruitless hopes and fears,
 Between me and the music of a merry voice, the kiss,
 The patter of the dainty feet, and left me—only this.

In the years I had my darling, oft I passed a little well,—
 Tall firs rose stately round it, ferns lined its rocky cell;
 Oft I drank its cool, clear waters; in the shadow resting lay,
 And went forth soothed and strengthened for the burden of the day.

So the thoughts brought by the twilight soothe my wearied spirit now,
 As the waters from the little well once cooled my burning brow:
 I will live my life out bravely, in my darling's memory strong,
 And bless the Hand that lent her, though she was not lent me long.

MABEL'S PUZZLE.

"THY raiment waxed not old upon thee . . . these forty years."

"I should not have liked that," said Mable Manson, as she read the verse in her lesson for the Sabbath-school. I must have changes, I was quite tired wearing that old merino far into the spring;

when the summer weather came it was so nice to get on our fresh prints. Don't you think, mamma, it's a good thing that clothes wear out?"

Mrs. Manson looked up from a pile of little frocks, some of which were too short, their wearers having outgrown them, others of them so torn that it was doubtful whether they would ever be of use again; and with a press of work of all kinds, it did not seem as if that feature of the life of the Israelites in the wilderness would have had great objections to her.

"Oh mamma!" continued Mabel, "I see by your look that you think it would have given you a rest; but never mind, I will indeed do my very best to help you, and just think if I had my dresses to choose to last forty years, I would be so puzzled what to take I would need days to decide, there would be so many things to consider."

"What things?" said Mrs. Manson.

"I would require to please myself, and to think also what my friends would like, but there would be no need to have any puzzling about what would wear long."

"No, but just on that account it would be well to have something that would please and refresh the eyes, like the blue of the sky or the green of the grass."

"Oh! yes, I see; but I'm glad that things are just as they are, and that our dresses don't last long."

"No, certainly, they have not that fault," said Mrs. Manson, pointing to a large tear in one of Mabel's frocks, which seemed to defy the most ingenious use of the needle in the way of repair; "but it was only in the wilderness, where the Israelites were by God's command, and where neither bread nor clothes could be had by the labour of man, that the one fell from heaven, and the other waxed not old; these circumstances cannot be ours, but I have heard of a country where every one had to do something like what you consider so difficult."

"Choose their dresses for 40 years?"

"No, very possibly for life."

"A fairy story, I guess?"
 "Not at all, in one sense quite a fact. And as you may suppose, these dresses had very peculiar qualities. Some of them went

on much more easily than others, they floated at first about their wearers like clouds of gossamer; you would have thought they could have been blown off with a



breath, but every time they were put on they got heavier, and clung more closely, till at last they pressed with an iron force, and could not be torn off, even when their

victims felt keenly the intolerable burden. On the contrary, others which were put on with the greatest effort at the beginning, and were not for some time at all comfort-

able, the longer they were worn gave the more satisfaction, till in the end they enabled their happy possessors to do, and

bear, and enjoy as they never could have done without them."

(To be continued.)



TOTTIE'S VICTORY.

(Concluded from p. 68.)

NEXT morning when Tottie awoke there was such a flood of sunshine pouring in through the window that her eyes were quite dazzled. She lay still in the very

gladness of her little heart for a few minutes, watching the sunbeams as they wandered about the room kissing all the dear familiar objects until they received answering smiles. Then Tottie sprang out of bed and began to caper round the room in great glee. It seemed as if the genial sunshine had entered her heart. No bird could have been more light-hearted than Tottie that morning. By an extraordinary effort at self-control she stood still whilst Mary smoothed down her rebellious curls. Suddenly a thought struck her. "Mary," she said, "is not this the day that Cousin Charlie is to come!"

"Yes it is, miss," said Mary, "for your mamma told me to tell you that you were to try to keep yourself tidy until Master Forrester came."

"Oh, dear!" cried Tottie, "but, Mary, he can't be here till twelve o'clock;" and she put on such a rueful face, just as if it were a moral impossibility for her to keep tidy so long. But just at this moment the breakfast-bell rang, and Tottie hastened down-stairs.

"Well, Sobersides," said her papa, laughing as she walked quietly into the breakfast-parlour, very differently from her usual mode of entering it, "what is the matter this morning?"

"I'm trying to be good," said Tottie quaintly.

"Yes," said mamma, taking her seat at the table, Tottie is going to help mamma to-day by keeping herself neat and tidy until Cousin Charlie comes.

"Charlie Forrester!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone, with a sigh which was almost a groan; "well, mamma, I will leave you to entertain him, for I am certainly not equal to the task."

Mrs. Johnstone smiled, for she knew her husband's dread of "big boys."

"Tottie is going to be hostess," she said, "and show Charlie all that there is to be seen."

"Yes," said her papa, "and my little girl must remember that the cherry-tree is only to be looked at, not touched."

Tottie felt sure nothing could make her forget that, although she thought it a great pity that her papa's cherries were for show, and not for use. But all her regrets were forgotten in the excitement of her cousin's arrival. A great romping school-boy was Charlie, ready for anything that promised fun, whether lawful or otherwise. Before long he and Tottie were racing through the grounds, visiting all Tottie's pets, to whom she was ever a kind mistress. How her little heart swelled with indignation when Charlie tormented her dear little Barbary doves, or threw stones on the grass-plot where her pretty white rabbits were feeding. But all these annoyances seemed trifling in comparison to her vexation when her cousin stopped, with a cry of delight and admiration, before *the* cherry-tree.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie," she cried, "please come away, papa does not wish us to touch those cherries."

"Who is touching them, baby?" said the boy roughly, "is there any sin in *looking* at them?"

"I know it is wrong for me to look at them," said poor Tottie, "for it makes me wish for them so much."

"Well, if we both 'wish for them so much,'" said Charlie, mimicking his little cousin's words, "I don't see, for my part, why we shouldn't have some; Mr. Johnstone never forbade me to touch the fruit, and Williams can't show them all off."

"But papa told me to tell you," sobbed Tottie.

"Well, I tell you, I don't care, and I'm only going in for one bunch," said Charlie, roughly, suiting the action to the word.

Tottie stood for a moment in dismay, watching Charlie as he made his way through the intervening shrubs; then, suddenly turning, she flew down the walk, never stopping to draw breath until she found herself safe in her own little room. The first thing she did was to fling herself on the bed, and give way to a violent burst of tears, the result of excitement; for, al-

though it may seem at first that Tottie had done nothing very wonderful after all, still the temptation to do wrong had been very great. The ripe lovely cherries had looked so delicious on the hot summer day, and then, Charlie's reasoning had nearly got the better of her good resolutions. When she thought, "What could Williams do with all those cherries?" she nearly gave in; but then she seemed to hear a gentle voice saying reproachfully,

"So you love the cherries better than pleasing papa, Tottie." Tottie knew who had whispered the gentle warning, and that it was not in her own strength she fled from Charlie and temptation. It was a very sober little face that appeared at the dinner-table that day, but it had not the unhappy, guilty look that darkened the face opposite: for you may be sure Charlie's dishonesty made him as miserable as Tottie's victory made her happy.



THE LITTLE BLACK FAIRY.

THERE! It's not a pretty picture, is it? Strumming, strumming, always strumming, with fingers in mouth. Naughty little George! You, Harry, Ned, nor little May, would neither of you like to stand for the portrait, I'm sure. See the little black dog, Ill-temper, has got upon his back, and is holding him so tightly that he does not hear the merry robin singing

on the gate behind him. He cannot see the little lambs frisking playfully in the field, enjoying the sunshine and the sweet green pasture that God has given them.

How often *we* cannot hear nature's full sweet music; how often *we* are lost to pretty sights, loving acts, and gentle words, when the wicked little fairy Temper has come to dwell with us. When

once there she holds on so firmly too, it is not easy to send her away again. There was one little boy who knew very well indeed all about her naughty pranks, and when he saw her gloomy face and wicked little eyes peering at him he would start up a merry song and run off.

And what, you ask, is naughty George looking so for? His little sister Rosie has just gone round by the cottage door with her pinafore full of pretty flowers, and idle George has gathered none. She is sitting now with the baby beside her, weaving a daisy garland for him, and he is every now and then ducking his chubby face into her lap among the flowers, but she laughs merrily with him and begins her work over again.

Happy little Rosie, who is making baby happy too.

There is one thing that always tempts the wicked little fairy Temper, and that is idleness; and there are other things which act like a charm to keep her away—that is, work—useful work and happy play.

By work I mean such acts as little boys and girls, with wide-open kindly eyes and willing hands, can all do at home or at school.

Father wants his walking-stick and his boots. Harry can run and fetch them. Mother is busy in the kitchen and wants little May to amuse the baby. Nancy is coming in from the yard with an armful of wood, and Ned can run and open the door for her.

Happy play! how nice it is, where toys are pleasantly handed from one to the other, where baby feet are lifted tenderly over rough places, where the weak friend's wishes are the first to be studied, and the beautiful motto "Love one another," which no one is thinking of, is yet being carved out in letters of gold by one and another unselfish loving act.

By sunny faces, helpful hands, and happy play, let Evil Temper be a stranger to all the dear children.—A. C. R.

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

DID he not use wine or strong drink? Are we to put him amongst Bible abstainers?

I leave you to judge. This is how he writes (1 Cor. viii. 13): "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." He refers to meat offered to idols. Some could eat that without injury to their own conscience, knowing that an idol was nothing in the world. Others thought the idols were something, and gave them reverence; and if these saw persons whom they esteemed sitting at meat in the idol's temple, or eating elsewhere of the flesh which had been offered to idols, they would be emboldened to continue in their views, and confirmed in them, and fall in with idol worship. Paul could himself partake of the flesh without any injury to his own soul; but if meat made his brother to offend, if his doing so would lead his brother into sin, he would not taste it, he would *never* taste it, he would give it up *at once and for ever*.

Every one who uses intoxicating drink encourages others to use it. Many who are so encouraged fall into intemperance. If any one, by his drinking, might make his brother to offend, should not Paul's principle lead him to resolve as Paul did, and, putting the drink for the meat, determine, "I will drink no wine or strong drink while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?"

But we have the apostle saying something of the same kind about wine (Rom. xiv. 21): "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Wine was poured out in the worship of idols, and at idol feasts drink was offered and used as well as flesh. The same argument will apply. Though any did not think it wrong to drink of the

wine, a part of which was poured out in the worship of an idol, yet, for the sake of others, they should not do it, lest they should injure these by leading them to do what was wrong. They were not under any obligation to eat the flesh or to drink the wine. They might let them alone without committing any sin. But if they took them, they might lead others into sin, and so it was their duty not to take them.

Now, there are not a few who think that they will get no harm themselves from using wine or strong drink. Many, however, who have had such an opinion, have sadly erred, and found that they had, by their becoming drunkards. But suppose there were no personal danger, it seems to me, in the present state of society, to be much better not to take any intoxicating drink at all, lest we should lead others astray, lest our brother or neighbour, any one whom our example influences, should stumble, or be offended, or made weak.

What then do you think about the Apostle Paul being an abstainer? Would he lay down a principle on which he did not himself act, or on which he would not have acted now, had he lived at the present day? Is not the principle he lays down one which, if acted on, would make us all abstainers from intoxicating drink? It is a Bible principle, and ought, in every case to which it applies, to be fully carried out.

HOW RAIN IS FORMED.

To understand the philosophy of this phenomenon, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts, derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapour, or cease to be ab-

sorbed by the air when it was fully saturated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in cold than in warm air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the very hottest climates. Now when, from evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapour—though it be invisible—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, is this arrangement for watering the earth.—*Scientific American.*

WATER COLOURS.

A RUDDY boy I saw one day,
With glowing face adorned at play
With roses.

A bright-eyed girl, on whose fair cheek
The touch of health had painted quick
Sweet roses.

In water springs, sparkling and clear,
The brush was dipped which painted there
These roses.

JAMES H. KELLOGG.

HOW TO GET THE ADVISER.

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HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

KEY G.

MENDELSSOHN.

{	s ₁ : d	d : -t ₁	d : m	m : r	s : s	s : -f
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{	r : m.f	s : -d	d : r	d : -		
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{	f : m.r	d : -d	s ₁ : s ₁	d ₁ : -		
	Glo - ry to	the new - born	King!			

Christ! by highes heav'n adored;
 Christ! the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb;
 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see!
 Hail the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with man to dwell;
 Jesus, our Emanuel!
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!

Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



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SUNBEAM LOVE.

No. 8.—August, 1873.

Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

SUNBEAM LOVE.

A DARLING little infant
 Was playing on the floor,
 When suddenly a sunbeam
 Came through the open door ;
 And striking on the carpet,
 It made a little dot ;
 The darling baby saw it,
 And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
 With a world of perfect joy,
 As if an angel's presence
 Had filled the little boy ;
 And with his tiny finger,
 As in a fairy dream,
 He touched the dot of sunshine,
 And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
 To share his infant bliss ;
 Then stooped and gave the sunbeam
 A pure, sweet baby kiss.
 O Lord, our heavenly Father,
 In the fulness of my joy,
 I pray that childlike feeling
 May never leave the boy!

But in the days of trial,
 When sin allures the youth,
 Send out the Light to guide him,
 The sunbeams of Thy Truth.
 And may his heart be ever
 To Thee an open door,
 Through which Thy Truth, as sunbeams,
 Make joy upon life's floor.

—Selected.

A WALK ROUND A PRISON.

WILLY-MARSDEN went to spend part of his holidays with his uncle, Mr. Sedgwick, who was governor of the county jail. The governor's house overlooked a large square court, surrounded by high walls, broken by long rows of narrow cell-windows ; and the prospect would have been dreary enough, perhaps, but for the abundance of gay summer flowers which stood all about in pots, and gave so much beauty to the inclosure that little Willy thought, in point of colouring at any rate, it almost equalled their country garden at home. He was rather disappointed, however, at seeing very little of the prisoners, about whom he felt a great curiosity ; for they seldom passed through the court-entrance, except on coming into and leaving the jail. At last he told his uncle of his wish to see something of them, and Mr. Sedgwick bade him get his cap at once and accompany him on his morning rounds.

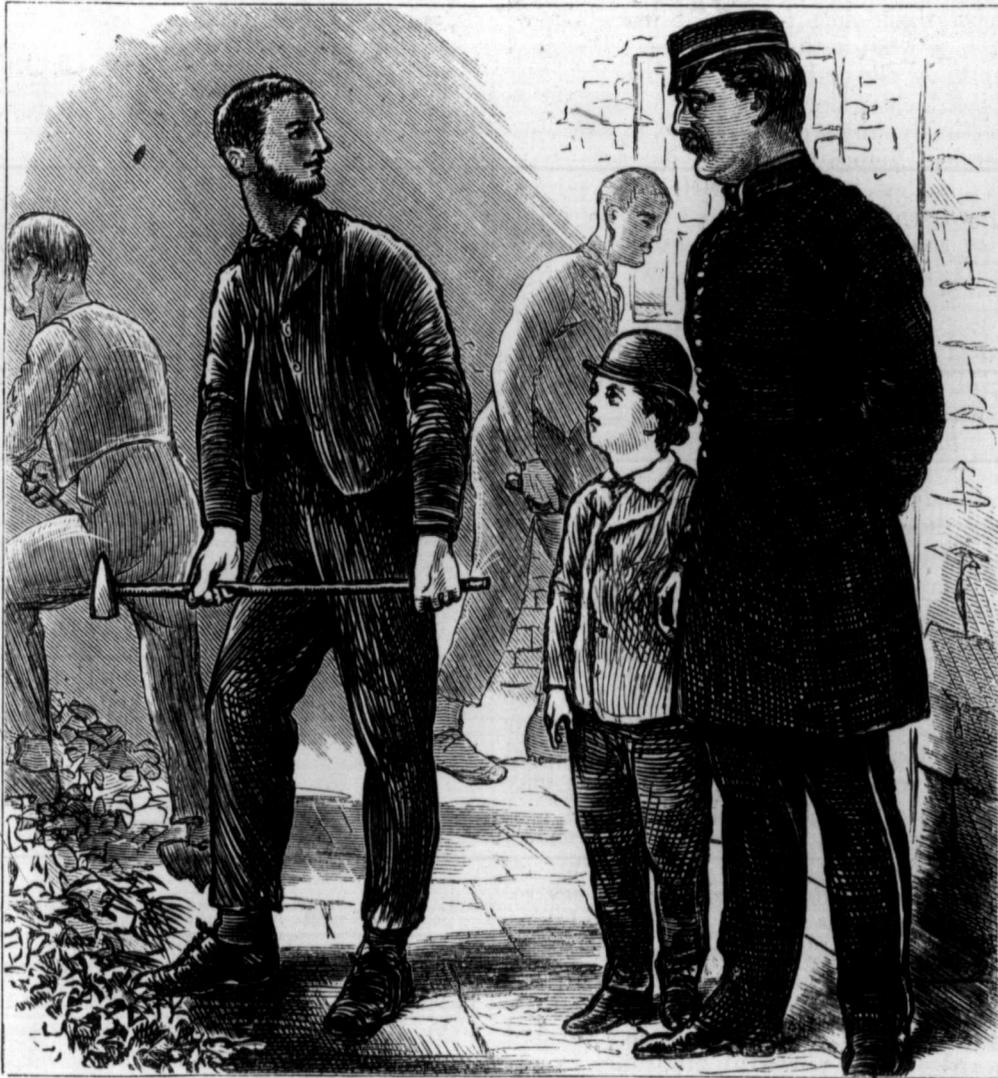
Willy promptly obeyed ; and the two crossed the sunny court, and passed through several long straight passages leading to the cells. Here Mr. Sedgwick paid a visit

or two ; and Willy was much impressed by the gloomy bareness of the little rooms, and by the dull, sullen looks of their occupants. Then they went on into the yard, where some men were breaking stones ; and on again to where the great wheel of the tread-mill turned slowly round and round to the monotonous pressure of human feet. It looked terribly hard work, and the wretched creatures employed at it bore marked signs of weariness in their pale and haggard faces. Willy turned away sick and sad. The felons' dress even filled him with a kind of horror : the wasp-like stripes of yellow and black impressed his childish imagination as indeed an awful badge of shame. By-and-by they crossed over into the portion of the building allotted to the female prisoners, as Mr. Sedgwick had to speak to the matron ; and here Willy got a sight of two or three women washing and ironing, and otherwise employed. One woman of fierce and brutish countenance particularly struck him, and he made a whispered inquiry of his uncle as to the nature of her offence.

"She nearly killed her little baby, by dashing it in a passion against the street pavement," was the grave answer.

"A little baby!—and her very own!" cried Willy, appalled.

"Yes, Willy. It is hard to believe, is



it not? And yet it is certainly true. You know what a fear I have of the mere beginnings of anything like drinking habits. The fear comes from what I am constantly seeing here of the results of intemperance.

Excess in eating, or in any other lawful pleasure, is bad enough; but excess in drinking leads to such terrible results. Half the men now in this prison, I think I may safely say, are here in consequence of drink-

ing—a large number simply for drunken and disorderly conduct. The woman you are asking me about began her career of crime as a drunkard; she has been confined here more than once for street-disturbances; and see what is the end of it all—if indeed we know the end. Her face even has lost its old character; she was once a nice-looking young woman enough. I remember her, before she began her evil ways, as a modest, intelligent girl, in the service of a friend of your aunt's at X—; and now you have only to look at her to know what she is."

"She has a dreadful face," said Willy. "But all the prisoners are not so bad, uncle. That last man you spoke to in the yard had rosy cheeks and quite a pleasant smile."

"It is his first visit here," returned Mr. Sedgwick; "and I trust it may be his last. If he come many times, the cheeks will lose their roses and the smile its pleasantness. That is another case of intemperance—a drunken frolic that led to a good deal of further mischief. Ah, Willy! it makes me shudder sometimes to think of the misery and crime that spring from self-indulgence in this one respect. I have no stronger wish for your future than that you may never be tempted in this way—that, at all events, you may be able to resist any such temptation."

Willy opened his eyes in amazement. The possibility placed before him by his uncle's words seemed such a very remote one to his boyish mind. But long afterwards, amid the allurements of social companionship, he remembered that walk with his uncle round the prison; and the recollection of all he had then seen and heard was one powerful hindrance to any downward step in the way of intemperance and dissipation.

A FIRST STEP TO RUIN.

It may to some seem trifling to say, that the first cigar a young man takes within

his lips, often proves his first step into a career of vice. I grieve and tremble over every youth whom I see contracting this habit; it often leads to other and worse things.—*John Angel James.*

SONG.

SITTING on a milestone
Looking o'er the sea,
Once I heard a little bird
Singing cheerily:
"Life is but a voyage;
Winds and waves at war
Drive the bark through light and dark
To the haven far.
Courage, then!" quoth he.

Soon a mighty tempest
Swept across the sea;
Still I heard the little bird
Singing quietly:
"Tis but on the surface
Storms can rage and riot;
Waves may boil in fierce turmoil,
Still the depth is quiet.
Patience, then!" quoth he.

—*Sleepy Forest, by the Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A.*

MABEL'S PUZZLE.

(Concluded from page 79.)

"I KNOW you are making a puzzle for me," said wise Mabel, "but I'll find it out ere long, whatever it may be. I think these people were very stupid. Could they not have learned only to put on the good dresses? Were the children at least not told about them?"

"Oh yes, their parents, teachers, and ministers were often speaking on the subject, and the best book they had warned them that it would be as easy to change a negro into a white man, or to take the spots off a leopard, as to throw aside one of

these terrible dresses, when it had been worn for a time."

"Then I think they were very foolish not to mind all that."

"Yes, but they did not believe it, and there were many voices that said the opposite: 'Just try for a little, you can stop whenever you like;' and they did try; it was pleasant and easy; they were taken unawares, and the silken cord which had wound round them so loosely at first, became, ere they knew, an iron chain which no strength of theirs could break. One robe of this kind particularly struck me. Often, at first, it gave an unnatural charm to its wearers—raising their spirits and putting them, in their own imagination at least, above the ills of life. And then it was so fashionable. It seemed as if it was considered to suit all occasions, however different; it was worn at social meetings, grave or gay. You saw it at weddings and at funerals, at births and at deaths, and it was adopted by every class too, young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, and yet had it been the fabled poisoned garment the result could not have been more disastrous. The public papers were filled with testimonies to that effect. It sent its wearers to the prisons, the lunatic asylums, the work-houses, and the hospitals. The use of it was the cause of suicides, shipwrecks, fires, and explosions. It separated the nearest friends, made unhappy homes, and ruined families. Indeed time would fail me to tell all the evil wrought by this one dress, at first often assumed so thoughtlessly and carelessly. Still there was a possibility of throwing even it off, closely though it clung to its victims. Power even for that was given, but it was a painful process, and happy were they whose youth had been watched over, so that they were not hindered in their progress upward by that or any other dreadful habit."

"Ah! mamma, I have you now, you have let slip the word, the habits we form are the dresses you were speaking of. I might have guessed before this time, I

heard papa say this morning that the drunken habits of the people in our missionary's district were the greatest hindrances to his work."

"And can you not think of any of the dresses you have put off and on yourself?"

"Oh yes! mamma, just give me time, I think I could. I remember the habit I had got of mimicking every one, till you showed me that I ridiculed in my play-fellows what they could not help, often sinless infirmities for which they ought rather to be sympathized with, and that I would think it very cruel if they did the same to me; but for all that it was not easy to put off that dress. And then I used to be always too late for everything, until I went to school, where I had to be at the exact minute, and I learned the habit so you never have to wait for me now."

"And a great deal of trouble and vexation is saved, I can assure you."

"I know that, mamma. You'll remember also that I said when I began to learn the piano, I would never be able to follow two lines of music and guide my hands at the same time; and now, by doing it often, it has become quite easy."

"Yes and it is on account of this power of habit that I don't wish your brother and you even to begin to taste intoxicating drink; that's the dress I spoke of, that was so dangerous and yet so fashionable."

"I don't think, though, you need be afraid. When Jack and I meet a drunk man in going through the village, we are quite disgusted."

Mrs. Manson sighed, for in thought she went back to the home of her childhood, and the image of a young brother as he was *then*, full of promise and hope, rose before her. What was he *now*? a waif on the world, lost to himself and others, and all through the love of strong drink.

What wonder, then, that her voice was tremulously earnest as she said, "Oh! Mabel, none of us can be sure. Boys and girls as unlike it as you and Jack, have

been led away, and even if we have no fear for ourselves, it is well by our example to help others."

"Well, mamma, said Mabel, I'll not begin,

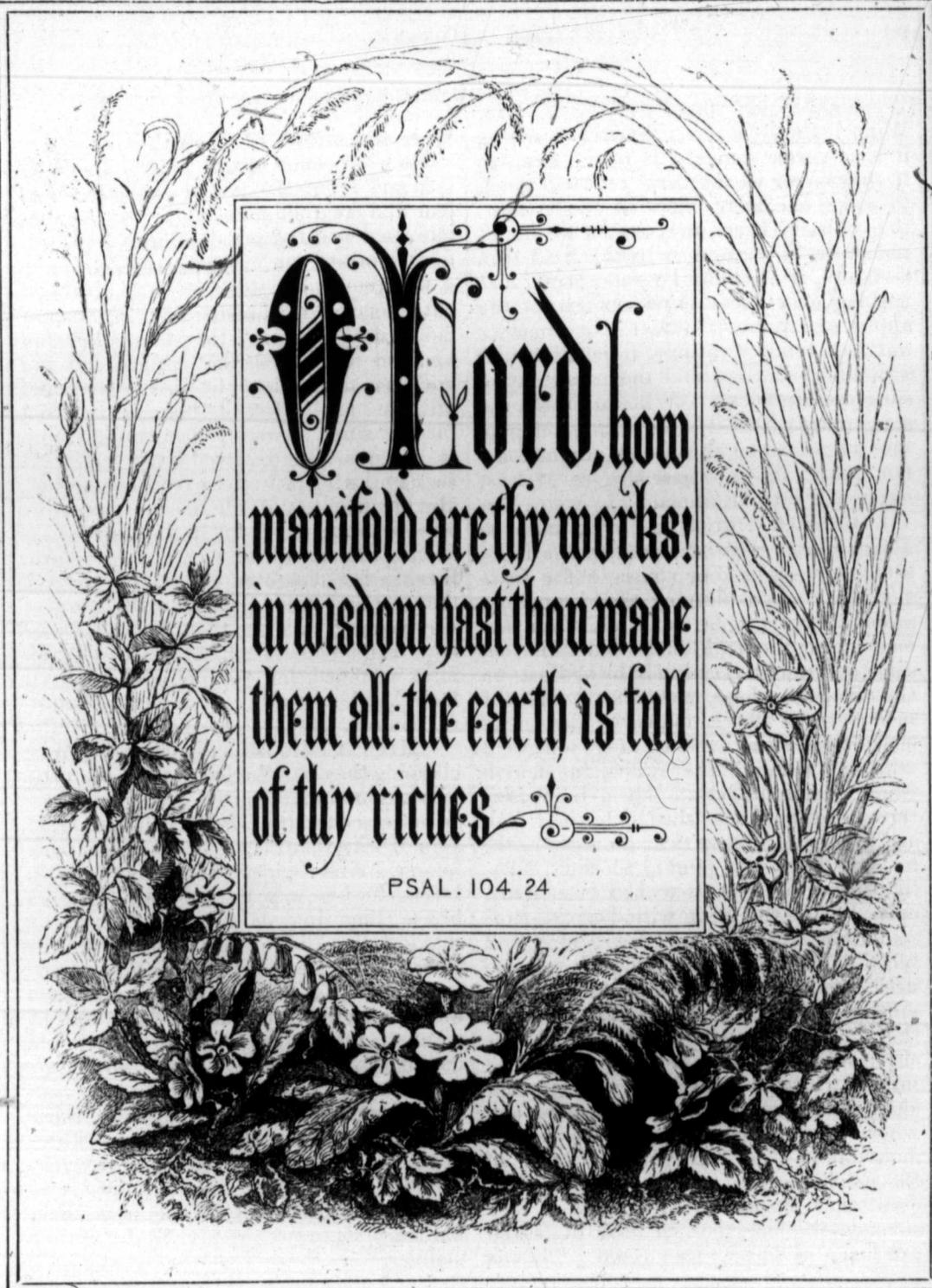
so you need have no fear of my ever wearing that dress."

"That's the right way, we should always remember the nature the Creator has given



us—and if we feel that every time we act the action gets easier, so that at last it becomes an instinct and necessity, surely we should choose those habits (our dresses,

it may be, for a lifetime) which, instead of cramping us in the slavery of selfishness, will enable us to make progress heavenward with all the liberty of love."



Word, how
manifold are thy works!
in wisdom hast thou made
them all: the earth is full
of thy riches

PSAL. 104 24

THROWING STONES.

WILL little boys never learn how wrong it is to throw stones! It really seems as if they never would; and yet I am going to make one more effort to teach them. Where is the harm, they ask, of pelting at the apples or pears on a tree? No harm, certainly, if it could be guaranteed that nothing ever *would* be struck except the apples and pears. But when it comes to hurting living creatures, it is altogether a different matter; and the possibility of such mischief being done ought to stop the dangerous practice. Who can be quite sure that a stone thrown at random may not hit an unseen passer-by, or at least some poor bird or animal?

Little Dick Tutton and his companion Harry Carter certainly meant no harm as, seated upon a heap of stones by the roadside, they began flinging the sharp little missiles over the hedge; and yet a moment's thought would have told them that some one might very likely be walking on the other side, for a path ran through the field beyond, where, moreover, a flock of sheep was feeding. Stone after stone went whisking through the air, till at length came a piercing cry. Then, in sudden terror, the two boys started to their feet, and peeped anxiously through a gap in the hedge. They saw—and at the sight Dick, by whom the last stone had been flung, turned positively sick with horror—from under her slight summer hat, a stream of blood flowing all over a little girl's face and neck, and dripping down on to her white muslin skirt. They could not be sure, but they guessed correctly, that she was the sister of another little lady who was standing by, white as a sheet and wringing her childish hands in helpless agony, and whom they recognized at once as the daughter of Mr. Saxby, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. The lads looked at each other for an instant, and then, by a common impulse, took to their heels and ran home as fast as they could. "It was

cruel and cowardly," you will say: *I* say, "See what comes of throwing stones!"

Harry spent the rest of the evening in fear and trembling, not daring to tell anyone what had happened. Little Dick was more alarmed and miserable still, but from a different cause. Harry was afraid of detection and punishment: Dick was haunted by dread lest the little girl should die, and by remorse that he had left her and her sister alone by themselves, and without any offer of help. He wept bitterly when he went to bed at night; and in the morning resolved very wisely to seek sympathy and advice from his mother. But he had left it till too late; she had already started off for a farm-house at some distance to help in a large wash, leaving her daughter Sarah, a girl some three or four years older than Dick, to give the younger children their breakfast and see them off to school. And so to Sarah Dick confided his trouble, and received from her but scanty pity and very doubtful counsel.

"Keep it still, lad, or mebbey they'll be clapping thee into the lock-ups, if the little lady's come to any harm."

Better be sent to prison at once, thought poor Dick, than bear the suspense any longer. And so, instead of going to school, he made his way towards Mr. Saxby's house, lingering about the gate bent on making inquiries of the first person he should see. And the first person happened to be Mr. Saxby himself. Dick trembled all over as the gentleman asked what he wanted there; but nevertheless found courage to falter out, "Please, sir, how's the young lady as was hurt?"

Mr. Saxby looked at the boy's pale eager face, and asked, "What do you know about it? Can you tell me who threw the stone? I am very anxious to know."

"Is she dead?" gasped out Dick, his fears confirmed by Mr. Saxby's grave manner.

"Not dead, but very ill," was the answer. "She has not been sensible all night. But why do you ask?"

"Because I did it; I did it," faltered out Dick, bursting into piteous tears. "I didn't mean to, but I did."



"And ran away, and left those two poor children without help: You did that too?" was the stern demand.

"I was so frightened, sir," blubbered Dick. "But I've never had no peace a moment since."

"Do you know that you are liable to be summoned before the magistrates for this?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, our Sarah told me so, but I don't care, so as little Miss doesn't die."

Mr. Saxby was softened by the boy's

evident earnestness and contrition, and felt that no punishment beyond that of his own feelings was needed in the case. "Only never," was the serious injunction, "let anything induce you to throw stones again."

"I never, *never* will," said Dick; and we may be sure he kept his promise. Even Harry Carter was cured effectually of the mischievous habit; for poor little Sophia Saxby was ill for many long weeks; and both the boys heard that the doctor had said if the stone had struck half an inch deeper into the head, the brain would have been permanently injured, and the poor little girl probably been left an idiot for life.

THE FARMER'S ADVICE.

ONE evening farmer Williams came home from his work fatigued with his day's labour, and went into his cottage. His children were all waiting for him, for they wanted some supper. So the farmer took his pails and went out and milked his two cows which were on the green close by. He got two good pailfuls of milk and carried them in, and his wife poured out a part into bowls and gave all the children their supper.

While they were eating their supper they asked their father, who was sitting in an arm-chair by the window, to tell them a story.

"No," said he, "I cannot tell you a story; but if you wish I will give you a little advice. Should you like that?"

"Yes, sir," said they.

"Well, to-morrow morning, when you awake, I advise you to get up pleasantly, and dress yourselves without giving any more trouble to your mother than is necessary. John, I advise you not to hurry and try to get dressed before little Edward is ready. You must wait for him and help him. While you are dressing you must think what you can do during the day

to improve yourselves: think what duties you have to perform, and then resolve to do them faithfully. Then kneel down and thank God for his care of you, and ask him to help you through the day. If you do not ask him to help you, you will be very likely to do wrong very often. Then at breakfast-time take what is given you and eat it quietly. Try to be pleasant and satisfied.

"You must be patient and forbearing with each other. Don't quarrel about each other's playthings, but let the oldest try to help the youngest when he gets into difficulty. And, Sarah, as you are much the oldest, you must not only try to save trouble and help your little brothers, but think what you can do to help your mother. This you all can do by not pulling things out of their places. And when you have done with anything, be sure to put it where it belongs.

"John might bring in some of the small wood, and pick up those sticks which are lying by the door. Sarah may put the room in order while her mother is busy, and amuse little George, who is too young to do anything.

"Now I should like to have you all try my plan for to-morrow; and when we come to the supper-table to eat our good bread and milk, I think my children will own they have had a happy day."—*Selected.*

HENRY JOHNSON'S VICTORY.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

"PAY your footing!" "Pay your footing!" were the loud cries that might have been heard in large bookbinders' workshops in the great city of London.

"Now, youngster," said an angry voice, "don't you know that the first day an apprentice commences to work in this shop he must pay his footing, that is, he must stand treat all round, and let us have plenty of beer?" The person who spoke was the

ringleader of the workmen; the person spoken to was Henry Johnson, who was about to fight a very difficult battle. Henry was a Band of Hope boy, and a thorough-going teetotaler. For many years he had attended the Band of Hope, but now that he had just turned fourteen, his parents thought it was time he should be helping to buy his own food and clothes; so by the help of his Sunday-school teacher Henry had been apprenticed to the bookbinding, and all matters being settled, Henry started off early on a bright summer's morning to his new duties. How strange he felt that morning! Instead of buckling on his satchel and placing his slate under his arm, he carried a little bag containing his dinner, and a snow-white bran-new apron which his kind mother had made for him.

Henry's teacher had warned him against the evil customs of the workshop he was about to enter, and many were the prayers they offered together that Henry might be kept faithful to his temperance pledge. Now came the day of trial. Henry had commenced the day with earnest prayer; he felt like David, that if he went to battle in the name and in the strength of God he should be sure to conquer.

For a moment or two Henry stood still, then with a brave yet respectful voice he said, "Sir, I am a teetotaler, and cannot buy any beer." "We don't want you to break your pledge, young Teapot," said the ringleader; "only let us have our beer, and make haste about it." Henry's face blushed crimson, his heart almost failed him; first he thought that perhaps he would be doing no harm if he bought beer for others, if he did not touch it himself; then he thought it better to be social with his fellow-workmen, but it was only for a minute; soon his courage came back to him, and with a defiant voice he replied, "No, sir, I will neither pay for beer for myself nor for you."

This enraged the men to the utmost. "Let's see how this gentleman likes paste," said one, giving him the benefit of a large

paste-brush into his open mouth; "and let's give him a dose of glue," said another, suiting the action to the word. Harry began to cry, and the men began to feel ashamed of their cruelty. "Will you promise to pay your footing to-morrow?" they asked. "No, I will never pay it," said Henry. "Then take that and be off with you!" and Henry received half-a-dozen kicks, which would have cast him headlong down the stairs, if he had not caught hold of the baluster and thus saved himself. Henry was making his way out, determined to go home, when, whom should he meet, but Mr. Webb, his master, who, in a half-pitying and half-smiling voice, asked him what was the matter. Henry told his story; his master patted him on the head; "That's right, my boy," he said; "though I am not an abstainer myself, I admire your courage. I will buy the beer for the men, you go home and come back to work to-morrow." Henry came to work the next morning, and to his delight found that the men treated him with great kindness, for they secretly admired his courage; but I tell you another good thing Henry has done, he has broken down a bad custom, and now when a new apprentice comes into the shop he is never asked to "pay his footing," and what is better than all, some of Henry's shopmates have signed the temperance pledge. Try to be like Henry, my little reader; remember the text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

HOW TO GET THE ADVISER.

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KEY E FLAT. SOLO.

LOVE DIVINE.

Love di- Breathe, O Fin-ish CHORUS.	vine, all breathe thy then thy	love ex-cel-ling, lov-ing Spir-it new cre-a-tion,	love ex-cel-ling, lov-ing Spir-it new cre-a-tion,	Joy of In-to Pure, un-	Heav'n to ev'-ry spot-ted, f, f f s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁
	: s, s d' : m - : m, m s : d - : d, d t, r, f : l -				
	: m, m m : m : m, m m : m : f, f f				
	: d, d d : d : d, d d : d : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁				
	Love di-vine, all Breathe, O breathe thy Fin-ish then thy	love ex-cel-ling, lov-ing Spir-it new cre-a-tion,	love ex-cel-ling, lov-ing Spir-it new cre-a-tion,	Joy of heav'n In-to ev'- Pure, un-spot-	
earth come trou-bled may we	re : m - : s, s d' : m - : m, m s : d -	Fix in us Let us all Let us see	Fix in us Let us all Let us see	thy hum-ble dwelling, in thee in-her-it, thy great sal-va-tion,	
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	: s ₁ : d, d d : : : d, d d : d : d, d d				
to ry ted	earth come down, troubled breast; may we be;	Fix in us Let us all Let us see	Fix in us Let us all Let us see	thy hum-ble dwell- in thee in-her- great sal-va-	
All thy Let us Per-fect- ion,	faith-ful find thy ly re	mercies crown. rest. stored by thee:	mercies crown. rest. stored by thee:	Je-sus, thou art Take a-way the Change from glo-ry	
	: d', d' t : r' - : d', l s : - : s, s r' : f -				
	: m : s, s fe : fe : s, s s : : : f, f f				
	: d : r, r r : r : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : : : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁				
ing, it, tion,	All thy faith-ful Let us find thy Per-fect-ly re	mercies crown. promised rest, stored by thee:	mercies crown. promised rest, stored by thee:	Je-sus, thou Take a-way Change from glo-	
all com- love of in-to	pas-sion, sin-ning, glo-ry,	Pure un- Al-pha and O-me-ga Till in heav'n we take our	Pure un- Al-pha and O-me-ga Till in heav'n we take our	love thou me-ga our place,	art: Vis-it be, End of place, Till we
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art the ry	all com-pas-sion, love of sin-ning, in-to glo-ry,	Pure un- Al-pha and O-me-ga Till in heav'n we take our	Pure un- Al-pha and O-me-ga Till in heav'n we take our	love thou me-ga our place,	art: be, place,
us with faith, as cast our	thy sal- its be- crowns be-	va-tion, gin-ning, fore thee,	va-tion, gin-ning, fore thee,	Enter ev'-ry tremb-ling heart. Set our hearts at li-ber-ty. Lost in won-der, love, and praise.	
	: d' : m - : m, m s : d - : d', d' t : -t r' : -t d' : - -				
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	: d, d d : d : d, d d, d : d, d s ₁ : -s ₁ s ₁ : -s ₁ d : - -				
Vis-it us End of faith, Till we cast	us with faith, as cast our	thy sal-va-tion, its be-gin-ning, crowns before thee,	thy sal-va-tion, its be-gin-ning, crowns before thee,	Enter ev'-ry tremb-ling heart. Set our hearts at li-ber-ty. Lost in won-der, love, and praise.	

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



THE REV. ROBERT FRENCH, M.A.

No. 9.—September, 1873.

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THE REV. ROBERT FRENCH, M.A.

THE subject of the present sketch, whose portrait appears on the preceding page, was born in the quiet village of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, on the 4th December, 1842, and died on the 25th Oct. 1872, minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Bootle, Liverpool. Robert French crowded into his comparatively brief life so much work, and did that work so well, that he is worthy to be set as an example to our youthful readers, and to be had in remembrance by them. His parents belonged to the class of our more intelligent and pious villagers, from whom have sprung many of our most eminent merchants and ablest professional men. Robert got in the parish school good instruction in the English and Latin grammar, and early showed an aptitude for learning. At that time Mr. John Laing, Kirkconnel, carried on with great enthusiasm a Band of Hope, of which Robert French was one of the members. Mr. Laing had an extraordinary faculty for interesting young people in any subject, and his return from the annual meetings of the Scottish Temperance League was hailed by the Kirkconnel Band of Hope as a great event. The chief incidents which had taken place were narrated by him with much vivacity to the eager listeners, which quickened their interest in the work, and confirmed them in the practice of abstinence. The cherished recollections of those early days gave to Robert French impulse and inspiration through life. The light kindled in the heart of that Band of Hope boy, in the secluded village in Nithsdale, was yet to shed bright and beneficent rays in many a dark lane and miserable dwelling in Glasgow.

It is worthy of notice that Robert French's connection with the temperance movement, and his labours in its behalf, brought him into acquaintanceship and friendship with fellow abstainers which did much to give form and inclination to

his pursuits. The Rev. Matthew Crawford, then one of the United Presbyterian ministers in Sanquhar, became interested in the ardent and intelligent lad, and by kindly counsel and loan of books gave direction to his studies. At that time his mind was much impressed by the sudden death of Mr. Orr of Sanquhar, in whose school he was engaged as assistant. The solemn event deepened his religious convictions, and his practice of abstinence was henceforth inspired with the spirit of devotion. His attachment to the temperance cause and to his old friend Mr. Laing was manifested when he, now a young man of about twenty years of age, marched at the head of the Juvenile Abstainers who attended in a body the funeral of their old teacher. With wistful and saddened faces they gazed upon the coffin as it slowly descended to its resting-place, and showed by their demeanour how deeply they felt the loss they had sustained. Beside the grave of Mr. Laing Mr. French was drawn towards Mr. William Logan, Glasgow, who had come to pay the last tribute of respect to their mutual friend. Mr. Logan was much taken with the ardour of the youthful reformer, and Mr. French's convictions of the importance of the temperance movement were deepened, and his sympathies for the forsaken and the lost excited, by contact with one who had laboured long in many departments of social improvement. Mr. French soon afterwards settled in Glasgow, having the previous year entered the university as a student. We will not now speak of his college course, in which he exhibited so much industry and carried on his studies along with missionary labour of the most arduous kind, first as agent to Greyfriars' congregation (Rev. Dr. Calderwood), and then to Duke Street congregation (Rev. Dr. J. B. Johnston). We would rather point our readers to the animating sight of one who was but a few years before a Band of Hope boy at Kirk-

connel, and knew only of the evils of drinking from stories told by Mr. Laing or found in the pages of the *Adviser* and other temperance publications, now brought face to face with the grim reality of drunkenness in its most dreadful forms in the High Street and Havanah of Glasgow. With faith and courage the youthful champion, like David, entered the conflict, and noble victories were won.

Having finished his studies at the Divinity Hall he was licensed as a preacher in 1870 by the Presbytery of Glasgow, and in the course of a few months was called by two large congregations. He accepted the call from Dumfermline, and was inducted there in October. The same zeal, and energy, and love of work distinguished him in his new duties, and he soon won the respect and confidence of the people. The temperance cause was as dear to him as ever, and he promoted it with courage and prudence. A sermon delivered by him in his own church to an audience of about 1200 persons, and afterwards published in the *League Journal* and copied by American journals, is one instance and illustration among many of his ability and popularity as a preacher. After a pastorate of twenty months he was called to Derby Road congregation, Bootle, vacated by Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, was inducted on the 15th of August, 1872, and introduced the following Sabbath by his friend and biographer Rev. Dr. John B. Johnston. With eagerness and hope he entered this fresh field of labour; but in one brief month he was stricken down with mortal illness, which ended in death on the 25th October. Thus, before completing his thirtieth year, Robert French passed away, leaving however a fragrant memory and an example of one who made the most of his opportunities and consecrated his life to the highest ends.

“The night cometh when no man
can work.”

(John ix. 4).

CIRCULATION OF WATER.

ANOTHER thing in this element, not less to be admired, is the constant round which, it travels; and by which, without suffering adulteration or waste, it is continually offering itself to the wants of the habitable globe. From the sea are exhaled those vapours which form the clouds; these clouds descend in showers, which, penetrating into the crevices of the hills, supply springs, which springs flow in little streams into the valleys, and, these uniting, become rivers; which rivers in return feed the ocean. So there is an incessant circulation of the same fluid; and not one drop, probably, more or less, now than there was at creation.—*Paley*.

WATER.

WATER is the fittest drink for all ages and temperaments, and of all the productions of nature or art, comes nearest to that universal remedy so much sought after by mankind, and never hitherto discovered.—*Hoffman*.

POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.

LITTLE ALFRED'S mother had taken pains to instruct her baby-boy in some of the simple forms of politeness and hospitality, and though not three years old he used to put his lessons in practice.

One day a dear friend of his mother's called, and he ran at once to bring a chair for her, inviting her to sit by the fire. Then he brought a footstool for her feet, and asked her to let him take her bonnet.

“I wish you would stay to dinner,” he lisped, “and stay all day, and stay for ever.”

Though it may not be necessary to express yourself quite as strongly as dear little Allie did, yet such a cordial hospita-

lity is always pleasant to the receiver when it is felt to be sincere. Children cannot learn too early to welcome the chance guest, and do what they can for his comfort, even at the cost of self-denial.

I know little girls that can wait on a visitor in their mothers' absence with as much propriety as young ladies—can answer questions put to them clearly and directly, and always politely; and it is a pleasure to be a guest where children thus behave.

If you are not trained as you should be in these matters at home, it is a great pity; but still you may learn much from well-behaved children of your acquaintance. Every lovely, kindly grace is worth cultivating, and will add much to your happiness and usefulness when you are older. A rude, ill-mannered person is shunned and disliked in every circle, and unless the opposite habits are formed early in life they are seldom formed at all.—*Presbyterian.*



MARY GRAY.

MARY's father was a blacksmith, and had a smithy of his own. It was not far from town, and yet sufficiently so to be in the country. There were green fields and little glens near it, in which Mary used to play, and gather daisies and buttercups, or primroses, as the time and place might be. Her mother was not so strong as she used to be, and it fell to Mary to look after her

little brother George. This she did very willingly, for she loved both her mother and him very much. Yet she liked, when baby was in the cradle, to get away alone, and gather flowers where she could not take him. Her mother was fond of flowers, and it was her delight to get her a large bouquet of the early primroses, or other wild flowers. This was specially the

case after her mother lay down ill. And O! it was a sad thing to Mary when her mother died. By this time she had grown somewhat, and was very useful in the house, and her brother was a little fellow about five years of age.

Mrs. Gray's health had been injured by the conduct of her husband, who had learned to drink, and was not only neglectful of his business, but unkind to her. Mary had a wonderful power over him, and saved her mother from much that would have made her last days much worse than they were. With the death of her mother Mary seemed to lose her power. This, perhaps, was on account of her father falling yet deeper into intemperance. At last, he had to shut his smithy, or rather, his creditors put him out of it; and with Mary and George he took a room in the town in a narrow, dirty, back street. It was some time ere he got work, but at last he did. Mary kept house as well as she could, but he gave her little to keep it on. Soon he lost his situation, and was now doing a little and now nothing, but always managing to get drink, although he almost left his children to starve. What was Mary to do? She saw flowers being sold, and people buying them, and she thought of the fine days when she gathered the cowslips and daisies and such like, and she said to herself, "Mightn't I go and gather and sell?"

Something must be done. It was that or beg, and she resolved she wouldn't beg, but sell. It was a long way she had to go, but she rose early, and before breakfast returned with quite a quantity of primroses, and making them up into bouquets took her place where she thought such people would be going past as would buy them. Her first venture was so successful that she was quite in spirits. But her sale was not always so quick, and sometimes she could hardly sell any. Other flowers were gathered when the season of the primroses was past, and the same was true of the sale of them. Her

father seemed not to trouble himself about her or George, if only she did not ask him for money, and he held on in his ill-doing way, as often drunk as sober.

One day Mary had been very unsuccessful in her sale, and was very much cast down, when a lady in passing noticed first her flowers and then herself. A few questions brought out her history. Mrs. Smith bought some of the flowers to encourage her, and thinking of how she should dispose of them, remembered a little boy who was confined to bed to whom they might be acceptable. It so happened that the house in which he lived was close to Mary's father's, and the lady, having gladdened the heart of the boy with the flowers, went to see if she could find Mr. Gray. She could not have gone at a better time. He was in that condition in which drunkards are disposed to curse their own folly and make resolutions never to get drunk again. When the lady entered she introduced herself by saying where she had seen Mary, and speaking kindly to him found him willing enough to promise not to do as he had done, but to work for his children. "I've been a brute," said he, "worse than a brute." Mrs. Smith had been striving to do good amongst the poor, and found that she must herself become an abstainer if she were to get those she wished to benefit give up their drinking. She had got others to join in her own book, and taking it out and explaining the pledge to Mr. Gray asked him to put his name to it. It was with some difficulty she succeeded. He was for just taking a little, and he would be sure to keep all right; but she showed him that one who had gone so far *must* abstain, and that she herself was an abstainer. Having knelt with him in prayer that he might be enabled to keep it, she left, and resolving not to do things by halves went to a blacksmith who was a zealous abstainer, and got him to take Gray on trial. That day he was at work, and though feeling the craving, yet, en-

couraged by the master, he held on for a time. His home became much more like a home, and they soon removed to a better

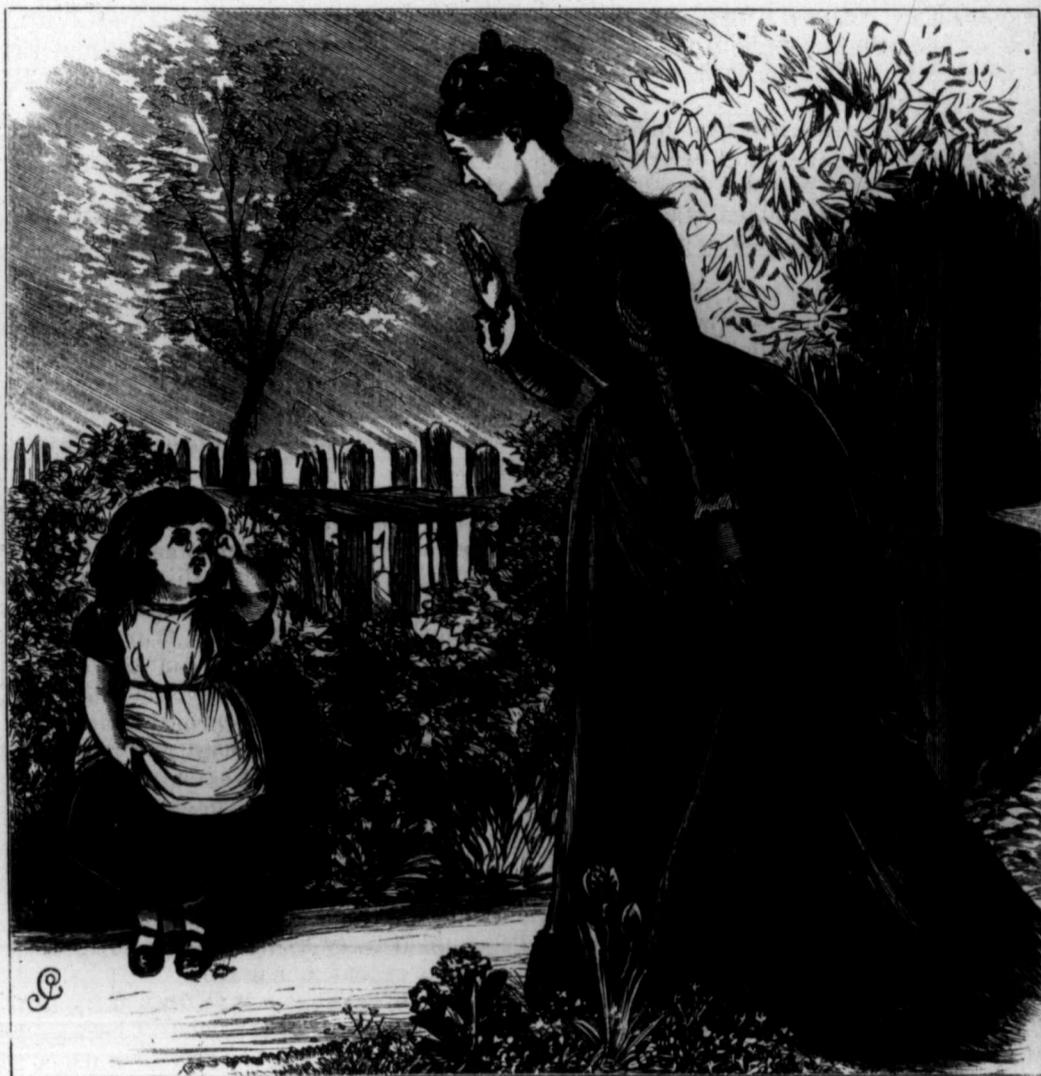
house. Again and again, however, he fell. Mrs. Smith paid him frequent visits, and helped him much, and got him to join



again when he broke his pledge, showing him how it had happened. He is now, and has been for long a confirmed teetotaller, zealous in the cause—Mrs. Smith's

right-hand man. Mary goes and gathers flowers in the old place, but it is not to sell, but for home bouquets to remind them of auld langsyne, and for Mrs. Smith

to have in her home, and for both Mrs. Smith and herself to take to those whom affliction keeps from seeing the green fields or gathering the flowers for themselves.



GREEN GOOSEBERRIES.

THE gooseberry bushes were full of fruit; but it was green-yet, and quite unfit to be eaten except in puddings and pies. Little Jim and Rosy Searl had been strictly forbidden to touch it when they were playing out by themselves in the garden. Their mother had explained to them that unripe fruit is apt to make people ill; and

she had promised, moreover, that they should have plenty, if they would only wait patiently till the gooseberries were soft and red. But Jim and Rosy did not like waiting; the small firm green bullets looked tempting enough in their childish eyes, and they thought it very hard they might not have any.

So the little creatures stood looking and longing one bright spring afternoon, and Rosy put out a fat dimpled hand and gave one gooseberry, of unusually large size, a pinch, just to find out, as she said, whether it were soft yet.

"But you mustn't take it, Rosy," said Jim warningly: Mother said we mustn't."

"It isn't quite hard, Jim," she urged.

"But it is green yet," was the sage answer.

The younger child looked about. "See Jim!" she cried, delighted, as she pointed out the discovered treasure. "Here is one a 'ittle red."

"But mother said we were not to have any till she gave us leave," still persisted Jim. "Come away, Rosy, or we shall want to take them;" and, thinking of his mother's frequent advice—"Don't look too much at anything you are forbidden to touch, lest you should be tempted to disobedience"—the good little fellow ran off to the other end of the garden, and was soon busy trundling his hoop up and down the gravel walks.

But Rosy was not so wise: she hovered about the fruit-trees, peeping and touching, till resistance became too difficult, and at last she snapped off one large pinkish-looking gooseberry, and popped it into her mouth. And the mischief did not end here. One gooseberry was not enough, it only made her wish for more; and a second plucked and eaten, another and yet another followed, till I don't know how many might not have been consumed but for the sudden sound of a footstep upon the path. Rosy turned with a guilty start, and saw her mother coming towards her from the house. She was in a great fright, and

would willingly have hidden away under the bushes had there been time; but she knew that her mother had caught sight of her already; and so the only other mode of concealment that occurred to the little three-year-old child was to throw her pinafore over her head. This was quickly done, but her mother was not deceived.

"What are you doing, Rosy?" she asked. "You have not been eating any gooseberries, I hope?"

Since the pinafore did not shield her as she had hoped, Rosy took refuge in an untruth.

"No, *no* I haven't," she answered as distinctly as her full mouth would let her.

"Oh, Rosy! Rosy!" reproved her mother. "I'm afraid you are telling a story; I'm afraid you *have* been eating some gooseberries."

"No, I haven't; no, I sure I haven't," persisted the naughty little girl; but she had begun to cry, and the pinafore dropped from over her head, disclosing the crumpled curls, tearful, frightened eyes, and mouth too evidently full of fruit.

Her mother took her hand and led her towards the house, saying, "I must punish you for disobeying me, Rosy; so I shall not let you play out any more this afternoon. You see I cannot trust you."

"Oh, don't take me in; don't take me in: I sorry; I sorry," sobbed Rosy. But Mrs. Searl was not to be persuaded; she knew that if her child were forgiven at once and without punishment of any kind, she would be very likely to forget, or even perhaps to repeat, her fault.

"I have brought you in, Rosy," she said when they reached the parlour, "because you have taken the gooseberries when I told you not to take them; and now I am going to tie your pinafore over your face and put you in a corner, because you first tried to deceive me, and then told a story."

Rosy redoubled her sobs, but it was of no use; Mrs. Searl did as she had said.

After a time, however, Jim came in to see what had become of his little sister, and finding her in disgrace, begged his mother to forgive her.

"And I'll be good, and never tell stories again," promised Rosy.

So she was allowed to come out of the corner; and when the pinafore was taken from over her face, and the wet cheeks

were dried and kissed; her mother took her on her knee, and said:—"You see how it was, Rosy; Jim ran away that he might not be tempted; you stayed and *were* tempted. And then one naughty thing led to another; you told a story because you thought I should punish you: wasn't it so?"

"Yes," assented Rosy, her baby-face hung down in shame.



"But even if I had not seen you, God saw you; and it is worse for Him to be angry with you than me. When Jesus Christ lived on earth as a little child, he was always good, and he likes all little children to be good too."

"And mayn't Rosy go into the garden again and play?" pleaded Jim.

"Not to-day," said his mother. "I want her to remember that she has been naughty. To-morrow I hope I may trust her."

But before to-morrow came Rosy had something else besides her mother's pun-

ishment to make her recollect her fault for a long time. The gooseberries disagreed with her, as was to have been expected; and she suffered a good deal of pain all the evening, and even during part of the night; and besides that she had a nasty dose of medicine to take to make her well.

"I'll never eat green gooseberries again," she said.

And she never did. - And thus my little readers may learn one of the uses of punishment and pain. Without either, I am afraid, we should never learn to be good.

THE POST-OFFICE BANK.

William.—So, Harry, I hear you are going to start in business for yourself.

Harry.—Yes, it is quite true, as soon as I have finished my apprenticeship I intend to open a shop of my own.

W.—You are a very fortunate fellow. I have heard it said, "Fortune favours the brave." Who gave you the money?

H.—No person ever gave me any money, I have always depended on my own earnings.

W.—But do you not think it is rather risky to start a business on credit?

H.—Yes, certainly I do.

W.—Then why do you do it?

H.—I never said I was going to start on credit. I intend to pay cash for everything I buy, by which means I save sixpence in every pound.

W.—But if nobody gave you any money, where do you get it from? I know your father did not leave you any.

H.—You know that I was apprenticed for five years, and that all that time I have been a teetotaller; now it does not need any great amount of arithmetic to prove a calculation which I should like you to make for yourself. If I had not been a teetotaller I should have spent about three shillings a week in drink and tobacco, which, multiplied by fifty-two, becomes 156 shillings, or £7, 16s. per year; multiply this by the five years, and you will find that it becomes £39, which is enough to make a small start for any young fellow.

W.—Well, that is something quite new to me. I sometimes try to save before any public holiday, but I cannot keep from going to the box and taking it out.

H.—That is a great error with most people, they try to save their money in a box. You remember the parable of the talents? The man who buried his talent got no reward, and it is a great shame to let money lie idle; the best thing to be done is to open an account at the Post-

office Savings-bank. There the money is taken care of, and you get interest on it.

W.—Why, then, Bacon was wrong when he said money would not breed.

H.—Certainly he was; and I will guarantee that if you become a teetotaller and save the "fool's pence" which you have hitherto squandered, you will soon have enough capital to start in business, instead of being a workman all your life.

W.—Well, I shall take this hint; I always thought teetotallers were a bit behind the times, but I find they are in front of them. Good-bye, old fellow! I wish you every success.

H.—Good-bye, I hope you will profit by the hint.—*Australian Band of Hope Review.*

When are little folks like the letter B?—
When they are in bed.

GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Chorus.

Gather them in,
Gather them in,
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children,
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs.
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children,
 Take the dear lambs by the hand;
 Point them to truth and to Jesus,
 Point them to heaven's bright land.
 Some are so young and so helpless,
 Some are so hungry and cold:
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold.—*Chorus.*

—*Selected.*

THE WORST PUNISHMENT.

"You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said a gentleman to a wicked man one day.

I *haven't* prospered at it," cried the man, feelingly. "It is a business that don't pay. If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be now a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history, and ended by saying, "I have been twice in prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but *I tell you, my worst punishment is in being what I am.*"

NOTHING LOST.

BY WILLIAM A. SIGOURNEY.

Where is the snow?

'Tis not long ago

It covered the earth with a veil of white;
 We heard not his footsteps soft and light;
 Yet there it was in the morning bright;
 Now it hath vanished away from our sight:

Not a trace remains

In field or lanes.

Where is the frost?

It's gone and lost—

The forms of beauty last night it made—
 With pictures rare were windows arrayed;

It said, "Be silent;" the brook obeyed;
 Yet silence and pictures all did fade.
 At smile of the sun
 All was undone.

Where is the rain?

Pattering it came,

Dancing along with a merry sound,
 A grassy bed in the fields it found—
 Each drop came on the roof with a bound,
 Where is the rain? It has left the ground.

What good hath it done,

Gone away so soon?

Ever, thus ever,

Our best endeavour

Seemeth to fall like the melted snow;
 We work our thoughts wisely and slow;
 The seed we sow, but it will not grow—
 Our hopes and resolves—where do they go?

What doth remain?

Memory and pain.

But nothing is lost—

No snow nor frost,

That came to enrich the earth again;
 We thank them when the ripening grain
 Is waving golden over hill and plain,
 And the pleasant rain springs from earth
 again.

All endeth in good—

Water and food.

Then never despair;

Disappointment bear,

Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still;
 All thy good intents God doth fulfil;
 Thy hand is weak: His powerful will
 Is finishing thy great life-work still.

The good endeavour

Is lost—ah, *never!*

HOW TO GET THE (ADVISER.

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Orders to be accompanied by remittance. Sum^s under one dollar may be sent in postage stamps. All orders to REV. JACOB SPENCE, Secretary, Ontario Temperance and Prohibitory League, Office, 32 King Street East, Toronto.

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

KEY B FLAT.

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God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul!

Cres.

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He'll de - fend thee When a - round thee

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Bil-lows roll, When a - round thee Bil - lows roll.

Calm thy sadness,
 Look in gladness
 On high!
 Faint and weary,
 Pilgrim, cheer thee,
 Help is nigh!
 Pilgrim, cheer thee,
 Help is nigh!

Mark the sea-bird,
 Wildly wheeling
 Through the skies;

God defends him,
 God attends him
 When he cries!
 God attends him
 When he cries!
 God is near thee,
 Therefore cheer thee,
 Sad soul!
 He'll defend thee
 When around thee
 Billows roll!
 When around thee
 Billows roll!

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



"DID YOU SPEAK?"

No. 10.—October, 1873.

Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

"DID YOU SPEAK?"

I saw the prettiest picture
Through the garden fence to-day,
Where the lilies look like angels
Just let out to play,
And the roses laugh to see them,
All the sweet June day.

Through a hole behind the woodbine,
Just large enough to see
(By begging the lilies' pardon)
Without his seeing me,—
My neighbour's boy; and Pharaoh,
The finest dog you'll see.

If you search from Maine to Georgia,
For a dog of kingly air,
And the tolerant, high-bred patience
The great St. Bernards wear,
And the sense of lofty courtesy
In breathing common air.

I called the child's name, "Franko!"
Hands up to shield my eyes
From the jealous roses,— "Franko!"
A burst of bright surprise
Transfixed the little fellow
With wide, bewildered eyes.

"Franko!" Ah, the mystery!
Up and down, around,
Looks Franko, searching gravely
Sky and trees and ground,
Wise wrinkles on the eyebrows!
Studying the sound.

"O Franko!" puzzled Franko!
The lilies will not tell;
The roses shake with laughter,
But keep the secret well;
The woodbine nods importantly,
"Who spoke?" cries Franko. "Tell!"

The trees do not speak English;
The calm great sky is dumb;
The yard and street are silent;
The old board-fence is mum;
Pharaoh lifts his head, but, ah!
Pharaoh, too, is dumb.

Grave wrinkles on his eyebrows,
Hand upon his knee,
Head bared for close reflection,
Lighted curls blown free,—
The child's thought to the brute friend
Goes out earnestly.

From the child's eyes to the brute's eyes,
And earnestly and slow,
The child's young voice falls on my ear:
"Did you speak, Pharaoh?"
The bright thought growing on him,—
"Did you speak, Pharaoh?"

I can but think if Franko
Would teach us all his way
Of listening and trusting,—
The wise, wise Franko way!—
The world would learn some summer,
To hear what dumb things say.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

BIRD-NESTING; AND WHAT CAME OF IT!

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in early summer, that sweetest part of all the year, when the trees are just bursting into leaf, and the flowers blooming forth with as much freshness and delightful fragrance as if they had never bloomed before. Then too the little songsters overhead seem to send forth a clearer, merrier note, though not more joyous on that particular morning than the song of Arthur Williams and his sister Mary—

"Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright,
Joyfully we hail thy golden light"—

as they walked down the lane leading from their own home to the Sabbath-school in the village. Just at the turning where they passed the wood, Arthur drew in his breath and stopped suddenly, and Mary crept closer to him and stood perfectly still. There at the entrance of the wood stood a boy, whom Arthur knew by the

name of Jim Brown, peering intently into a nest. One little creature fluttered help- | lessly in the pocket of his jacket, and, by and by, he lifted out other three soft



trembling fledglings from the warm nest, which the mother bird had prepared with so much care.

"Oh, the poor little birds!" gasped Mary.

"Whew!" whistled Arthur quietly to himself, and in an instant he had rushed down and had hold of Jim by the collar. Jim turned on him a startled look and

grasped his treasures all the closer. But Arthur was bent on peace not war, and he said in a kindly tone, "Oh Jim, how could you rob the nest?"

Jim looked him all over, and then began in a sullen tone:—

"Now, Master Arthur, leave hold of me, will you? You know nought about it. You have a good father and a good mother and plenty to eat. *My* father was out all day yesterday, and drank all his money; and this morning poor mother and Johnnie and Maysie have had nothing to eat."

"But what has that to do with the little birds, Jim?"

"Why, don't you know," and Jim brightened at the thought that there were some things he knew better than the more favoured boy at his side. "When I have kept the bonnie little things, and taken good care of them for a week, I can take them into Oldham, and sell them for a shillin' a piece, maybe more, and that will be something for mother, don't you see?"

Arthur did see, and felt very sad. At last a bright thought struck him.

"Mary!" he shouted, and Mary ran to his side, peeping shyly at the little birds fluttering in Jim's hands and in his pockets.

"Now, Jim, here's a bargain. If you put the little birds back into the nest again, Mary shall run home and tell mother to send food to your house; and mother, I know, will go to your cottage tomorrow, and do something better than that."

"I'll do it," said Jim, brightening up. "I don't like to take the little birds, that's a fact, anyhow; and I don't like to hear the mother bird cry so when she finds they are all gone; but a boy can't sit still, Master Arthur, and see mother and the children hungry."

"Yes, yes, I know all about it, Jim. It will be better now, I hope. And after you have had something to eat, you will come to the Sunday-school with me, won't you? We have such nice singing there; I know you will like it."

Half an hour later Jim found himself at the door of the Sunday-school, where Arthur was waiting for him; and as the two boys went in and found a seat, the school in full chorus was singing that beautiful hymn—

"I think when I read the sweet story of old,
How when Jesus was here among men,
He once called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then."

Jim listened with wonder and with pleasure. He had a very dim notion indeed of the sweet story of old, or of Jesus saying, "Let the little ones come unto me;" but, as Sunday after Sunday found him in his place, his mind became stored with sweet Bible stories, above all with the story of the Redeemer who lived and died that we might live.

Then Jim told at home what he heard at school, and sang the hymns to his mother and Johnnie, till Johnnie was old enough to go with him. Sometimes the poor drunken father, abashed and trembling, would find his place among them, and gradually the sweet music and the sweeter words began to thaw his frozen heart. One day he sat beside his poor wife, Mary, and wept for his sins against her and against his children. Mary was tender and forgiving with him, and welcomed him back, oh so gladly! Then he wept for his sins against God; and at last learned to bring his burden to Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God.

How small at the beginning seemed the means God used for great ends!

Boys, I know, will have read Arthur's character before now, and found how good it is to be a peacemaker always; and to have a kindly word, a ready sympathy for boys who are less fortunate than themselves.

You see, Jim was not really bad, though most boys who had seen him on that Sabbath morning would have thought so, and passed by without a word. Arthur stayed to do him good; and having the key to his

heart, through sympathy and kindness, he did him good.

That was the first but it was not the last stile that Arthur helped Jim over while they were boys together.

THE LITTLE GLEANER: OR YET ANOTHER VICTIM.

AH poor Louie! Her life was like a stormy morning followed by a long bright summer day, and setting with the setting sun calmly and sweetly at eventide.

"Mother, mother," shouted a clear ringing voice in a slightly foreign accent, as Mrs. Motherwell, the buxom farmer's wife, crossed the courtyard, and Louie started off with Puss and Roger at her heels.

"Mother dear," gasped the child as she came close and clasped the kindly hand held out to her, and a look of affection passed between the two which told that she had indeed been more than a mother to the little one who was "neither kith nor kin" to her.

Love is the gift which multiplies in the hand of the giver, and it would have been difficult to say which was the happier of these two as they were presently seen, feeding the chickens, admiring the pretty guinea-fowl, and seeing to the comfort of the hen mothers. Then into the paddock to see the cows browsing in the sunshine, and to stroke the sleek neck of the pony.

"Dear old Brownie," cried Louie in her impulsive way, as she threw her arms around his neck. "I love you, I love you. You brought me home that dreadful morning;" and the pony gave an answering neigh, which almost spoke of human sympathy.

Yes, Brownie had trotted home right briskly when the little half-frozen thing was lifted into the cart that cold spring morning.

This is how it happened. One morning early in the year Mrs. Motherwell, with Thomas driving, was on her way to the

nearest market town with the produce of her well-kept dairy. Just as they were rattling over the stones of Sparrowcroft, and the hum of a new day was slowly rising over sleepy Carleton, the feeble notes of a harp, and the feebler pipings of a child's voice, were heard.

"Hearken to that," exclaimed the kind farmer's wife; "that sure can never be a child's voice singing so early in the cold."

"Where are they, Thomas?" and Brownie was drawn up in the middle of the old-fashioned street, and the harper and the little singer were found together in the shelter of a large stone court; but the notes were silent again. The harper would never more draw music from the cracked old harp which he had loved through many changes. He was dying, and the little child was pale and exhausted with cold and hunger.

Louis Reinhardt had once been happy and good amid the gardens and the homely life of his native valleys; but he became idle, then a drunkard, and the honest neighbours blamed him bitterly for a vice which was rare amongst them. Then his good little wife Jeanette died broken-hearted, and went to heaven; and for very shame he set forth with his little Louie and became a wanderer and an exile in a strange land. A few hours saw the last of the poor harper. Intemperance had done its work too well, and good Mrs. Motherwell bundled up the shivering stricken child in her warm shawl, laid her in the straw at the bottom of the cart, gave Brownie the word, and off they trotted briskly homeward.

"Oh drink, drink," meditated the farmer's wife, "you have got another victim this morning, body and soul I fear; but please God, there *shall* not be *two*. I will be a mother to the little one."

And so the little Louie opened her eyes before the ruddy glow of a great fire in the farmhouse kitchen, and from that first morning she grew and expanded like a flower looking upwards to the sun. All

that summer she flitted about here and there and everywhere, brown as a berry and merry as a lamb, giving and receiving so much love that her cup of happiness was running over. Autumn came, and with it the golden harvest ready for the reaper.



Louie became a little gleaner. She *would* carry home her own last sheaf, looking so bright-eyed; but that day she was wearied, and rested often by the way; and that evening, when the glee of the Harvest Home was at the loudest, Louie's head fell back on the farmer's easy-chair. She had fainted. That was the beginning of the end.

Day by day she faded away, and when the snow was on the ground, and the pretty robin redbreast chirping about the door, the bright little head was laid to sleep in her last bed with many sobs and tears. Ah, Mrs. Motherwell, your kind heart did not mean that there should be another victim to Intemperance, but alas there was!



GLASGOW BRIDGE.

If you want to see bustle, out of London, go to the Broomielaw Bridge, Glasgow. What a hurry-burry! You must take good care of yourselves at the crossings, and you need not expect to get very quickly along the pavement. When about half

way across, take your stand close to the parapet, put up with some amount of jostling, and look around you. Up the river you see other bridges, one of them a railway bridge; while, on either side, there are long ranges of buildings. Those on the left stop at Glasgow Green, and their ending is a mournful one, for the last is one of the jails of the city.

Downwards, as you turn and look, you see a continuation of the buildings, with the river between as before, but instead of a solitary barge or two, you have crowded before you steamers and sailing vessels of all sizes and builds, and from all countries. It is full tide, and there is the more stir. Some are entering, some leaving. Looking thus you may get a lesson in *overcoming difficulties*, for, where these vessels lie or move about, there was once but a stream that would have floated only a very moderately-sized coaster, and the channel from the sea upwards was only of a corresponding depth. But now, by long and continued operations in deepening, the ships of all nations can come up to the city, bearing in and out the merchandise of the world.

When I cross the bridge, I cannot but admire the sight, and learn the lesson of what may be done by perseverance and well directed efforts. But I seldom form one in the throng, and especially if I see a minister of the gospel or a soldier crossing, that I am not reminded of an incident related by a minister, who has been, ever since I knew him, an earnest abstainer, now a veteran in the cause, and occupying a high place amongst his brethren. He told us of a young lad, the son of a minister, who had been at school with him, who had many advantages over himself in consequence of his father's higher position and circumstances, and bade fair to occupy an honourable place in society. The young man had become an abstainer, as he himself had, and, if he had continued so, would probably have done well. But he broke his pledge, and, sad to think! it was by what his father said that he was led to

do it. Along with his father he had been at dinner in the manse of another minister, and when the drink was presented refused to partake. He was asked again, and bantered about his abstinence, but he stood firm, till his father joined those who urged him to drink, and made some remarks about his not joining with such as the other minister and himself. I do not know whether he had learned to like the drink before he became an abstainer, but the young minister who told us about it, went on to say that, from that day, it was downhill with his friend. He had lost sight of him for a time, but when recently crossing the Broomielaw Bridge, to make arrangements for being introduced to his charge as a minister, he had met him in the dress of a common soldier. The young man had gone and enlisted, and it didn't look as if that had done him any good.

What became of him I know not; but this I know, that he who told us has not lost the effect of that sight upon himself; and many a young man he has been the means of leading to be an abstainer, while he has often publicly declared, when addressing alike young and old, that he owes the position he occupies, in no small degree, to his having become an abstainer when young, and by the grace of God keeping to his pledge. I am afraid not a few parents have done as the lad's father did, or if not just the same, have encouraged their sons, by their example, to use the drink, and with as sad results. I hope none of your parents will ask you to drink; but, if they or any other should do so, be sure to remember the lad I have mentioned, and the danger there may be in tasting. Remember that it is not enough to become an abstainer; you must keep to your pledge, if you would be safe.

What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain?—The word wholesome.



A poor Man

is better than

a LIAR

PROV. 19. 22

PLAYING AT KEEPING RESTAURANT.

"SIDNEY, I am tired of this," said little Harry Hunter, as he threw down his bat and ball. "What else shall we play?"

"I know," said Sidney, "let us play keeping restaurant. I'll be the bar-keeper, and you make believe you are coming in to get a drink. I'll fix this board on these bricks for the place the man stands behind when he pours out the drinks: I'll put these old bottles on it, and these blocks for cigar-boxes, as we see them fixed in the windows. There now, that's right; but I bet you can't do *your* part, Harry; you are too little."

"Can't I?—'deed I can though—elegant," said Harry, gleefully: "'cause I saw pa do it, and he ought to know how."

"I'd like to know where *you* saw pa taking a drink, Harry? I don't believe it," said Sidney.

"But I *did* see him," said Harry, stoutly. "I went walkin' with him yesterday, and when we got by the place at the corner, where the windows are fixed like *our* bar here, only ever so much nicer—well, pa told me to wait a minute, 'cause he wanted to see a man in there, and when he opened the door I saw such pretty things—big glasses and pictures, and shiny fixin's and lots of other things, so I pushed the door open a wee, little mite, and peeped in."

"Well," said Sidney, who was much interested, "what did pa do?"

"I can't show you without a tumbler," was Harry's reply; "but I'll find one," and he scampered into the kitchen, and was back in a twinkling, with a cracked glass he found on the table. "There! now I'll show you," and he placed the glass on the make-believe bar.

He went off a short distance and returned with his hands in his pockets, walking with a comical strut, in imitation of his father's long strides. "Brandy," he said, elevating his childish voice.

Sidney turned round and pretended to pour something into the glass, which he

gave to Harry, and he could hardly keep from laughing as the mimic toper turned his head back, as if draining out the last drop of the supposed contents, and smacked his lips, wiped them with his tiny handkerchief, and, placing on the bar a piece of paper as a substitute for a stamp, he strutted away.

Sidney could hold out no longer, but burst into a roar of laughter, upsetting in his merriment the whole establishment, and sending blocks, boards, bricks, and tumbler all in one confused pile at his feet.

"Now, Harry, did pa really look that way? I didn't know he ever drank any liquor. Ma says it's wrong," said Sidney, as soon as he could get his face straight.

"Yes, he did do *just* that way I showed you, and when I am a man I'll do so too. When he started to come out, I ran out on the pavement, and I heard a man say, 'If Hunter goes on in this way, he'll be in danger soon.' What did he mean, Sidney?"

Before Sidney could reply, the dinner-bell was rung, and the hungry little fellows rushed into the house.

Seated at the window overlooking the playground, the father of these children had seen and heard, through the half-closed blinds, all that had transpired. Words are powerless to express the feeling that agitated his breast. The childish lesson, so unconsciously taught, was not lost, for never again did he drink a glass of liquor; the little ones had cured him by "playing at keeping a restaurant."—*The Little Sower.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have never gambled; and I

cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink; and then I made a resolution of total abstinence that I have adhered to through all my life. What do I not owe to my mother!—

Hon. T. H. Benton.

THE BEST DRINK.

THAT water tastes good! We can tell it by the expression on the faces of the man and little boys as they quaff from the drinking-cups provided, the cool, clear beverage which, night and day, summer and winter, all the year through, comes in a stream from the fountain.

In many of our large cities these fountains are erected on the sidewalks, where the thirsty can stop and drink from them free of charge. What a blessing! No necessity then for going into a liquor saloon to get that which does not quench thirst, but rather increases it.

Think of the difference in the two drinks.

Water is pure and health-giving.

Liquor is drugged, and the least little bit harms us.

Water never makes us act as if we had taken leave of our senses.

Liquor does, for it intoxicates and robs a man of his reason, and often makes him act like a fool.

Water is free.

Liquor costs fearfully, and to obtain it men will often spend their last cent. Last of all, liquor is only provided by *man*, invented by him, while water is furnished by God, wiser than men, who knew all their wants and how to supply them.—

Youth's Temperance Banner.

A BAND OF HOPE SONG.

LISTEN to the rain-drops falling,
In the sunshine, on the leaves,
Some stay sparkling on the branches,
And the rest the ground receives.
As they fall, their merry patter
Seems continually to say—
"Free to all, God's love bestows us,
Drink! We'll take your thirst away."

Listen to the rippling waters
As they quickly dance along,
With a sweet enchanting murmur
And a never-ceasing song;
In their limpid beauty seeming
Ever joyfully to sing—
"Come, ye thirsty mortals, take us,
Free we are, no money bring."

Listen to the swelling river,
See it swiftly swinging on,
Onward flowing to the ocean,
Ever going, never gone;
As it passes, kindly asking
All to drink its waters pure—
"Come, ye weary, fainting creatures,
Come, a cooling draft secure."

Grateful for so choice a blessing,
We the precious boon accept,
Praying from the tempting wine-cup
Ever daily to be kept;
Shunning all its vain allurements,
Seem they beautiful or fair;
Passing by its gay appearance
As a vile deceitful snare.

—F. Moundson, in the *Rehabite and Temperance Magazine.*

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THE MORNING ECHOES.

KEY D.

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Hear the morn- ing e - choes ring - ing From the hil - ly slope

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so fair; How they an- swer back the sing - ing

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Of the shep - herds gath - er'd there.

CHORUS.

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Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

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Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, 'Tis the merry shepherd's song
Repeat pp.

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of glad - ness, While going to the pas - tures fair.

Yes, the hills send back their greeting
In the shepherd's gay refrain;
Then again, the tones repeating,
They prolong the happy strain.
Tra, la, la, &c.

Sweetest tones the vales are filling,
As the singers move along;
Every peak responsive thrilling
To their joyous morning song.
Tra, la, la, &c.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



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Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

THE ROCKING-HORSE.

THE nursery was a scene of great excitement, for the rocking-horse had just arrived, and two men were carrying it up-stairs. It was a long promised gift to the children from their uncle Robert, who had always said it should make its appearance on Philip's ninth birth-day, though it was to belong equally to them all. Philip was the eldest, then came Sophy, then Emma; while Georgy was but a little fellow of four years old, and Johnny, or "Baby," as he was still called, was of course even younger and smaller still. But all were alike eager about the business on hand, and crowded round the nursery door to catch a first sight of the wonderful present. There was a great shout as the two bearers turned the last corner of the wide oak staircase; and a shout louder still as they placed their noble burden in the very middle of the nursery floor. Noble indeed! Was ever such a splendid fellow? He was of a beautiful dapple gray, and had a long white mane and tail; large black eyes, and wide red nostrils. And then the blue saddle-cloth was fine to look at; the reins were fresh and dainty; while the stirrups sparkled like silver. The children gathered near, examining everything in delight, and each impatient for a first ride. Nurse wisely directed that they should take their turns in the order of age; only she began at the youngest, and went up to Philip, because baby was too little to understand waiting; and every one was always ready to do anything to please the darling of the whole house. This first ride was a great success; it would be hard to say who enjoyed it most. And then mamma and papa came up to look and admire; and papa actually mounted himself, and there was much merriment over his pretended fright when the children made the rockers go back to their fullest extent, and the rider clung round the horse's neck, crying out that he should be thrown.

But the next day quarrelling began. No

one, except perhaps Sophy, who was an amiable, unselfish little girl, seemed willing to stand by and look on while another rode. So nurse suggested that a child should sit on each end of the rockers; and soon it was found that a fourth nice seat might be made of the solid boat-like piece of wood which rested on the floor. The plan answered well enough at first; but by-and-by the choice of places gave rise to fresh disputes; and even Sophy's gentle "Well, never mind, I'll change with you," did not make matters work much more easily. Philip, as the eldest and strongest, could have had very much his own way; only, very soon, he was pricked by a sense of justice, and getting down from the popular seat on "Dapple's" back, he offered to take charge of baby in the boat, and let Sophy have her turn. But while Sophy was arranging little Johnny comfortably in Philip's arms, Emma sprang from her place on the rockers, nearly upsetting Georgy at the other end, and clambered into the saddle. The boys protested loudly at this; but a sharp order from nurse to be quiet and quarrel no more, with the further threat to call her mistress if she were not obeyed at once, silenced the indignant outcry, and Emma kept her seat with smiling persistence; and even, when a long ride was over, refused to dismount. No one dared to say much because of nurse's threat; but Philip was very angry, and Georgy began to grow impatient, while even Sophy felt her sister's conduct was a little too bad.

Presently nurse left the room; and then Philip called on the others to stop rocking;—"Wait a minute, will you? I want to come out from here," he said.

Sophy and Georgy tried at once "to pull up," but Emma did all she could to keep up the movement. Philip saw how it was; and, without waiting further, scrambled out from the "boat," and, setting Johnny down on the floor, made a dart at Emma, and tried to pull her from her seat. Mean-

while Johnny began to whimper, which brought Sophy quickly to his side.

"Don't cry, darling," she said; "you shall go in again. I will take you," and she crept into the "boat," and stretched out her arms for baby.

Just then Emma came tumbling off the horse—the fall broken somewhat, however, by Philip's rough hold of her frock. A loud cry rang through the room, but it did not come from *her*—else Philip had not turned so pale with fright, nor Georgy bent down so anxiously towards the boat. The struggle between the children had set "Dapple" in sudden motion before baby was safely in Sophy's arms, and the rockers had hurt one of his tender little feet.

No more quarrelling over the rocking-horse for that day, nor for many a long day

afterwards, you may be quite sure, my young readers. Johnny's foot did not get well for some time; and Philip and Emma both grieved very much over their share in the accident.

"Though, indeed," the penitent little girl owned, "it was nearly all my fault. Philip was most vexed because of Sophy. And Sophy was best of all. I should like to be as good as Sophy."

Begin then, little Emma, by taking no more than your fair share of the nice things of life; *that* will be a first step towards growing like Sophy—a first step towards the higher-kind of goodness which does not always *struggle* even for its just share; which can sometimes yield something to others; which, as St. Paul tells us, "seeketh not her own."



PLAYFUL KITTY.

KITTY CHARLTON was fond of play. It was play, play, all the day long; and while Kitty was a very little girl, and could do nothing else, it was all right.

By and by, her mamma got her a copy-book with strokes in it, a slate to do little sums upon, and an alphabet-book gay with pictures on the outside and inside. There were rosy country girls with checked pinafores, playing with rabbits and feeding them; playing with lambs on the hillside; helping to carry the creamy milk home from the cows; a little boy leading a donkey; a little girl riding on a pony; and over all the pictures such a bright warm summer sky. That little book was Kitty's delight, and she learned her letters very quickly. Then her mamma got a copy-book for her with letters and words in it to learn to write, a little reading-book and an "Arthur's History of England," to read to Kitty until she could read it for herself. The history was as interesting as a story, telling her what like England was long ago, what sort of houses the people lived in, and what clothes they wore.

The first day Kitty was quite amused with her new books, and promised to work hard until she could read them for herself. By and by she found they required two things which Kitty did not possess. The two things were Diligence and Perseverance—what every little boy and girl must have before they learn to read, or indeed learn most things that have to be learned very early in life and all through life.

And so Kitty was too fond of play to learn to read, and gave her kind mamma, who taught her herself, much pain and trouble.

See how she does her lessons, writing with one hand and no mind, for her mind is all with the new doll that is sitting behind the chair, her slate is on the floor broken, and her books, torn and soiled, lie on the floor too.

Playful Kitty is careless Kitty now, because she has grown older, and has more to do than play all the day long.

What you've to do get done to-day,
And do not till to-morrow stay,
There's always danger in delay,"

is a round I often hear sung by children of

five, six, and eight years old, who are climbing up the hill of the alphabet, the reading-book, and "Little Arthur's History."

Work in earnest and then play in earnest,—that is the secret of a useful and a happy day.

"LOU."

FAIR as the morning,
Fresh as the dew,
Bright as a sunbeam,
Dear little Lou.

Blythe as the lambkins,
Gentle as doves,
Glad'ning the hearts of
All whom she loves.

Patient with baby
On rainy days,
Lou's papa's darling,
Everyone says.

She's mamma's comfort,
Baby's delight,
God bless our dear little
Sunbeam so bright.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

MAKE up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

RULES FOR EVERYBODY.

The Rev. Charles Simeon, the distinguished preacher of the English Church, once said that the more he tried, the more he felt the importance of adhering to the following rules:

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Not to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is unkindness toward others.

5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given to the matter.

REMOVING THE STUMBLING-STONE.

ONE day, going up a narrow street in one of our cities, I noticed before me a member of our temperance society. I am not going to tell you about himself personally. Let me only say that he has long been a stanch teetotaller, and worthy of esteem otherwise, and that his appearance is such as might be brought as a proof that it is possible to thrive bodily without intoxicating drink.

It is what I saw him do that I am to tell you about. There was a large stone lying right in the middle of the street. It seemed to have lain there for some time, for, though it must have fallen from a cart, there was no cart in sight. There were many persons going to and fro, but no one had stopped to take the stone out of the way. No sooner, however, did our stout friend see it than he at once made for it, and with some difficulty lifted it up, and laid it to one side.

"That's right, James," said I, as I came up, "I like to see stumbling-stones, literal and figurative, taken out of the way."

He replied, "I was afraid some one might be hurt by it," and with a smile passed on, feeling, I am sure, that he had more than a reward for what he had done in the assurance that now the stone was out of the way, and no one would be hurt by it.

But stones may cause stumbling in the country as well as in the town. And others than such stout strong persons as our friend James should remove them. Here is a little girl who lives amidst the green fields. She has charge of her little brother, who has just begun to walk, and

she wants him to go safely. There are a good many stones in the path, and if they are left in it he is sure to strike his little foot against them. So she sets herself to clear his way for him. Some of the stones are large, and it takes her all her strength to remove them, and some time to do it; but she does not grudge either the time or the trouble, and she has *her* reward, in seeing how nicely now her baby brother can get along.

In thus removing the stones, they were doing as those do, who, for the sake of others, do not use intoxicating drink. The principle is a scriptural one. The Apostle Paul (Rom. xiv. 13) says, "Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man *put a stumbling-block* or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." It would be bad—very bad—for any one willingly to do that—for any one to drink when he knew that he was sure, or almost sure, to make another fall. But (Rom. xiv. 21) "it is *good* neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Not a few are teetotallers, just that they may not put a stumbling-block in the way of others, by leading them to drink. They see that the general use of the drink causes many to fall, and so, lest their partaking of it should have such an effect, they do not use it. Others have given it up, because they saw that their own drinking was and had been a stumbling-block to others; and they have had the happiness of knowing that those who had fallen before went on their way without tripping—without injury; and this was far more than a reward to them for giving it up.

Our friend, when he came to the stone, did not say to himself, "It is no business of mine to remove it—others have passed it by and so may I—the police should look after it." But he went right to it at once, and took it out of the way. And the little girl didn't say, "That is father's work," or wait till father or mother bade

her, and so let the stones lie; but of her own accord she set to clear the path, and did it. And that is just how all ought to act, with *all kinds* of stumbling-stones, and with the stumbling-stone of *drink*. We ought not to say to ourselves, "We can get



along without injury, and none belonging to us is ever likely to fall," and so pass by. Rather, we should remember what Jesus has taught, in the parable of the good Samaritan, alike as to who is our neighbour and how we ought to act to him, and at once do our best that those who have been injured before may not be so again,

and that those who have not stumbled | our letting the stumbling-stone still lie in
or fallen may not come into danger, through | the way.



A SOLILOQUY.

"I DON'T know if I should go by the | for the bull, I might. O that bull! he is
meadow. It is much more pleasant than | always turning up when I would like to
by that hard stony road. If it were not | have a walk on the fine soft grass. Just

the other day he was there, when I wanted to get along to pull some nice flowers and to gather some dandelion leaves for my rabbit. And there he is again. I am afraid he may set on me. He has chased others and tossed some. I have run from him myself; but then, perhaps, there was no danger. He mightn't have minded a little fellow like me.

"But what if he had done to me as to others? Let me think. Yes; I remember a little lad, smaller than I am, that he hurt. Well, the lad had no business there; it wasn't his field or his father's, and he shouldn't have gone into it. I have a right to go in the field, for it belongs to my father. And so does the bull; and I think he knows me, and that I am not a stranger. But will the bull think about his being my father's bull, and so that he shouldn't hurt me? I have heard of another bull which ran at a little girl, the daughter of its owner, and did so, though he knew her by having often seen her. She had something red about her that day, and bulls get angry and furious at red.

"Have I anything red about me? No, nothing but my handkerchief, and then it is in my pocket, and he couldn't see it there. I would be very careful to keep it there; but what if I happened to forget, or to draw it out when I didn't mean to do so? Bulls have set upon boys, I believe, even when they have not had anything red about them. And he might not know me. Even although he did know me, I am not sure but he might set on me. Well, the meadow is by far the most pleasant way, but I think, after all, it will be better to take the road. That is safe from the bull. He can't get at me there. Safety is better than pleasure. So here goes for the road and not the field."

Right, my little lad, right. Just what you should have done; and let me say to all my young friends, that safety is always better than pleasure, and that no pleasure should be taken at the risk of safety. Better be Band of Hope boys and girls, going by the

road of abstinence, which after all is not a hard stony road; but although it were, better go by it, than by the field of the drinking customs. The drink is there, and you may be in danger. It has gored many a one to death. It may be your father's drink, and in your father's house, but that does not make it the less dangerous. Many have fallen victims to it by thinking there was no danger because it was at their father's table. But that did not change its character. It will have the same effect at home as elsewhere.

Do as this lad did. Decide for the safe way. Keep at a distance from the bull, although it should hinder you from going through the meadow of pleasant society where the danger is. You will find that to act thus is best in the end.

WHAT A HERD BOY BECAME.

IN one of the northern counties of Scotland this boy was born. His parents were poor, and he had to be sent from home at a very early age, to gain a livelihood for himself. He went to herd cows and sheep on a farm, about the "braes" of which I have run when a boy. And then, and often since, I have thought of him, and of what he did, and how he got on. He had a mechanical turn, and whenever he saw any piece of machinery he would try to make something like it. He had often little models of mills going, driven by the little streams on the farm. One time he got a sight of the inside of a clock when it was being cleaned, and he managed to make one that kept time. There is a tradition in the district that he fixed the works in the dried skull of a horse. On examining a watch he thought he could make one, and he succeeded so far at least. It was a very clumsy affair, and a farmer, when looking at it, let it fall, and put his foot on it, and so finished it.

As the boy grew to be a lad he got to

do other things on the farm. In his leisure time, both when a herd boy and afterwards, he was a great reader, for he read everything he could lay hands on. Books were scarce in the district at that time. All his schooling consisted of three months' attendance; but he got the elements then, and went on in self-

improvement. He had a mathematical as well as a mechanical turn, and the parish minister and the butler of a gentleman in the neighbourhood helped him to get on in that line. He often looked up to the heavens, as David did when keeping his flocks, and wondered, and wanted very much to know about the stars. Any book



upon astronomy he devoured, and when he got anything like a map of the heavens and the names of the stars, he took a copy for his own use. You would have found him improving every spare moment when it was daylight, and he would get into the kitchen in the evening, and read by the light of the fire.

The farmer whom he served was very desirous to help the lad, as he saw how much he wished to be a scholar; and although not able to render him any assistance in his studies, he let him have

as much time to himself as possible, and for this purpose he did the work himself which the boy should have done. And as the lad saw this he not only felt very grateful, but sought the more to improve. He set himself to make a chart of the heavens. I don't know whether he tried it otherwise, but it is said that the way he did make it was this. He set up two sticks in the ground, and hanging a string with beads between them, lay down and moved the beads till they were over the stars he wished to mark, and got in that way their

relative positions marked on his paper. By this means he came to know their places and motions.

It was not to be expected that such a lad would continue at farm work, and he tried various things in his endeavours to rise. He practised drawing, and got on so as to be able to turn it to account in drawing patterns for ladies' dresses, and copying pictures and prints with pen and ink. This copying led him to try portrait-painting, and by it he supported himself and his parents. In time he succeeded very well as portrait-painter, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London. His heart however was so set on astronomy and mechanics that all his leisure time was devoted to them, and at length he began to lecture on these subjects, and with great success, and gave up portrait-painting altogether. He got the acknowledgment which his talents merited from George III., and closed his career with honour. He published various works which were and are a testimony to his diligence, perseverance, and attainments; and his history is an encouragement to cultivate the talents which God has given, and, trusting in Him, not to be disheartened at difficulties, but to keep with steady resolution to the object aimed at, and to use all lawful means for reaching it. Would you like to know his name? If so, it was JAMES FERGUSON.

AFRAID OF A LAUGH.

"Please, Aunt Eleanor, I can't do it," said Norman Hale, "the boys would laugh and tease me so; indeed, I cannot."

"So my little nephew is afraid of a laugh, is he?" asked Mrs. Place, looking quietly at the boy by her side; "he is going to be like the weather-vane, is he? turning with every shade of public opinion, afraid to do what is right and proper, because, forsooth, some of his companions may raise a laugh at his expense."

Norman did not reply, and his aunt continued: "Let me tell you a story of two boys I knew years ago. I will call them Moses and Giles, lest you should recognise the men before my story is begun. One of their playmates had received a box of valuable presents, and in imitation of his elders, thought he would treat all his young friends. His father furnished him with a decanter of reduced alcohol (just right for boys, he said); a bowl of sugar, several glasses and spoons. This boy, whose name was Silas, arranged them nicely on a table, feeling quite proud of the display, and invited all in the village to come and take a drink. A large number soon flocked around him, quite elated at the prospect before them—free drinks and plenty of sugar.

"Sitting at my own window, I heard Moses and Giles conversing. Neither relished the idea much, but Moses said it would look odd not to go through the motions. 'We needn't taste only the tiniest drop, you know,' while Giles thought best to abstain from any appearance of evil, and not go near temptation. 'But everybody will laugh at us, and say we're terribly afraid of becoming drunkards,' said Moses. 'Let them laugh, then,' replied Giles. 'If I never taste, I know I shall never be one. For my part, when I know a thing is right, I mean to do it, be the consequences what they may.' Poor Moses could not follow Giles' example, for he was not one to stay away while dozens were going.

"I don't know that the villagers perceived any immediate ill effects of Silas' treat, but Moses and Giles are now men, and which, Norman, do you think you would prefer to be?"

"I don't know," replied Norman, "I don't know who they are."

"Very well, I can tell you, then. You remember the man who lectured to us so earnestly and eloquently the other evening?"

"Of course I do; papa said he was the richest man in Buford, and the most be-

nevolent too, though I don't see how that can be. But who is the other?"

"Well, the other man is poor drunken Mills, who is often seen staggering through the street."

"Oh I know him, some of the boys were hooting him yesterday, and he threatened to chastise them. I could not help pitying him."

"Yes, he is truly an object of pity, and has been so from his childhood, for like a little boy I know now, he dared not do what was right lest he should be laughed at."

"Oh! auntie, I won't be afraid of a laugh any longer, but will go right about getting signers to the temperance pledge, and perhaps I will win a commission one of these days.—*Young People's Helper.*

BE AS THOROUGH AS YOU CAN.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Woo it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to Heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their faces dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.

In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word will please,
Say it if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Sooth and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lad, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

—Selected.

HOW TO GET THE ADVISER.

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VOICES OF THE PAST.

pp. KEY F.

m .m : m .m	m . : —	s .s : f .f	m . : —
d .d : d .d	d . : —	d .d : t ₁ .t ₁	d . : —
.d .d : d .d	d . : —	m .m : r .r	d . : —

Voi - ces of the past,

Whith - er do ye go,

r .r : r .r	f .m : r	d .d : r .r	m . : —
t ₁ .t ₁ : t ₁ .t ₁	r .d : t ₁	l ₁ .l ₁ : t ₁ .t ₁	d . : —
s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ .l ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	d . : —

Ev - er float - ing dream - i - ly,

With a sad - den'd flow?

m.

s .s : s .s	s .s : l	s .s : s .s	s .s : l
m .m : m .m	m .m : f	m .m : m .m	m .m : f
d .d : d .d	d .d : d	d .d : d .d	d .d : d

Oh, what brings ye from the past; Dreams that float and fade so fast?

s . : m	d .d : r .m	f . : —	— . :
m . : d	m ₁ .m ₁ : f ₁ .s ₁	l ₁ . : —	— . :
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Oh, what brings ye from the past,

pp.

m . : m	m .r : d .t ₁	d . : —	— . :
d . : d	d .t ₁ : d .s ₁	m ₁ . : —	— . :
l ₁ . : l ₁	s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	d ₁ . : —	— . :

Dreams that float and fade so fast?

Voices of the past,
 Sadly do ye come,
 Bringing dreams too bright to last
 From the Eden home.
 Oh, ye bring the wild wood flow'rs,
 Music of life's early hours;
 Oh, ye bring the wild wood flow'rs,
 Music of life's early hours!

Voices of the past,
 Hasten then away,
 For your sad and solemn tones
 Tears bring with each lay.
 Hark! they are dying soft and low,
 Voices of the long ago;
 Hark! they are dying soft and low,
 Voices of the long ago.

TORONTO:

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

THE ADVISER.



ANNIE SMITH.

No. 12.—December, 1873.

Price 15 cents for 12 numbers.

ANNIE SMITH AND HER PLEDGE-BOOK.

EVERY member of the Band of Hope should have a pledge-book, and they should have it always in readiness; so that at a moment's notice they may receive the pledge of any of their companions and friends.

The little girl that I am going to tell you about was one of those girls who believe that as it is a good thing for themselves to be teetotalers, it is also good for other people.

If you were to look at Annie, I am certain you would say that she is a picture of cleanliness and order. When she came to our tea-meeting the other day dressed in her new pink dress, with her temperance medal fastened on her breast, and her hair neatly tied with scarlet ribbon, every one thought that she did credit to our noble temperance cause, and to the loving hands of her dear mother who had spent so much time in making her look so beautiful.

I am happy to tell you that Annie has something far better to recommend her than a pretty face and a new dress. She has kind and gentle ways, a soft loving voice, and a sweet temper that bears patiently the unkind words which are sometimes addressed to her. We all love Annie, because she wants to *work* for the Band of Hope. She is not so selfish as to enjoy the happy meetings all to herself; but she loves to bring her school-companions, and she is delighted when she can persuade them to sign the pledge.

I remember one day she came to me at the close of the meeting, and in a very loving way she said, "Please, sir, can I have a pledge-book?" "Why, Annie," I replied, "what can you do with a pledge-book? I am afraid you will bring it back quite empty." "But if I speak kindly, sir," she said, "it's very likely I shall get some name; I'll try very hard, sir." Annie took home the pledge-book, and in less than a week she had four signatures as rewards for her

labours. Week by week passed on till at last the book was filled; and when she returned it to me without a single blank line, I felt that Annie was a model for all Band of Hope girls. I suppose you wonder how it was that Annie succeeded so well with her pledge-book. The first reason is, that Annie does not forget to ask God in the morning to help her during the day to get some fresh names to the temperance pledge. Then she always carries the book with her when she goes among her friends, and tries never to miss an opportunity to lay the claims of temperance before her friends. She always speaks softly, and so kindly that no one can help listening to her. Annie never scolds her companions, or thinks ill of them because they are not members of the Band of Hope; she feels certain that it is better to persuade than to compel. Besides this, Annie often gives up little pleasures, so that she may get names in her pledge-book. Sometimes when a poor girl signs the pledge, and can't afford to pay a penny for a card, Annie will buy her a card with the penny which her father often gives her, or she will save up her pence and buy a ticket for the tea-meeting for some poor child, and thus help on the good work.

Would you like, my little reader, to be useful in helping us to do away with strong drink and all the misery it brings? Try to have a pledge-book in your house, and take it with you among your friends and companions. You know some one who is in danger of becoming a drunkard, try to save that one; try to bring that one to the Band of Hope; speak kindly and lovingly, and if you are earnest in your prayer to God, depend upon it you shall soon have your pledge-book full of names, and your heart full of joy.

If the children will all unite, the victory of temperance is certain.

Cousin ALFRED.

CLEARING AWAY THE SNOW.

IN our city the law is, in case of a fall of snow, that the foot pavement must be cleared by ten o'clock in the forenoon. This duty falls not to the scavenger or the authorities, but to those who live in the houses along the streets. Each has to clean, or get cleaned, opposite his own dwelling. Hence, when there has been a fall of snow during the night, you will see the people themselves, or their servants, or persons employed by them, busy with shovel and broom, freeing the pavement from the snow.

The pavement must be cleared also opposite public buildings, as churches, banks, museums, schools, &c., even though no persons live in them. Those who have the charge of them are held responsible, and, if they neglect their duty, they will be called to account, and fined as well as others. For, I must not forget to tell you that there is a penalty in the shape of a fine for not having the snow cleared away. The authorities take care that there shall be no excuse from want of knowledge of duty, for, not only do they advertise in the newspapers during winter what must be done, and that those who neglect will be fined; but the police, in their various beats, when they see that the snow is not being cleared away, make a call, and give a friendly warning. There are privileges enjoyed by all as citizens, and so they have duties which they are required to perform, and this is one.

Many, I daresay, would find it more convenient to leave it to the authorities. It would save themselves from some trouble. And then, if the pavement opposite their own dwellings were not cleared, it would give them the opportunity of putting the blame off themselves upon others. As it is, it comes to be their own duty, and if neglected, their own blame.

It would be a good thing if personal responsibility could be brought home as fully in other matters. Evils exist, and

are allowed to remain, by throwing off the sense of the duty of removing them, and putting it upon others. There are, no doubt, many things which those in authority could do to make society better than it is, and the authorities ought to do these things; but that does not free each individual from *his* duty. He should keep his own pavement clean—should set himself to put away the evil which falls to himself to remove.

Take the drink evil. It is quite right to say, "Let us get laws against the drink and the drink traffic." But as the evil exists, and continues all the time we are seeking the help of law, we must do something more than try to get the law passed? We ought to sweep clean opposite our own door. If each one would do that, there would be less need for law. Many go for law who do not go for personal abstinence. They would have the *authorities* to blame, when the blame rests upon *themselves*. They say, "Why don't the magistrates put down, as far as they can, and punish as fully, for breaking the law about drink, as they do about other things?" Those who speak thus might perhaps find it good to carry their complaint a little further, and let the magistrates hear it. But, besides that, they say, "Why don't parliament do this and the other thing?" just as a man might say, "Why don't the authorities clear the pavements of snow?" It might come to be the rule for the authorities to clear away the snow from the pavements, but no legislation can relieve any one from the duty of putting the drink away from himself and from his home—of taking this stumbling-block, so far as he is concerned, out of his brother's way, even when he thinks that the drink is not likely to do himself any harm, or may imagine it does him good.

God has given to every one, young and old a place in society, with influence and

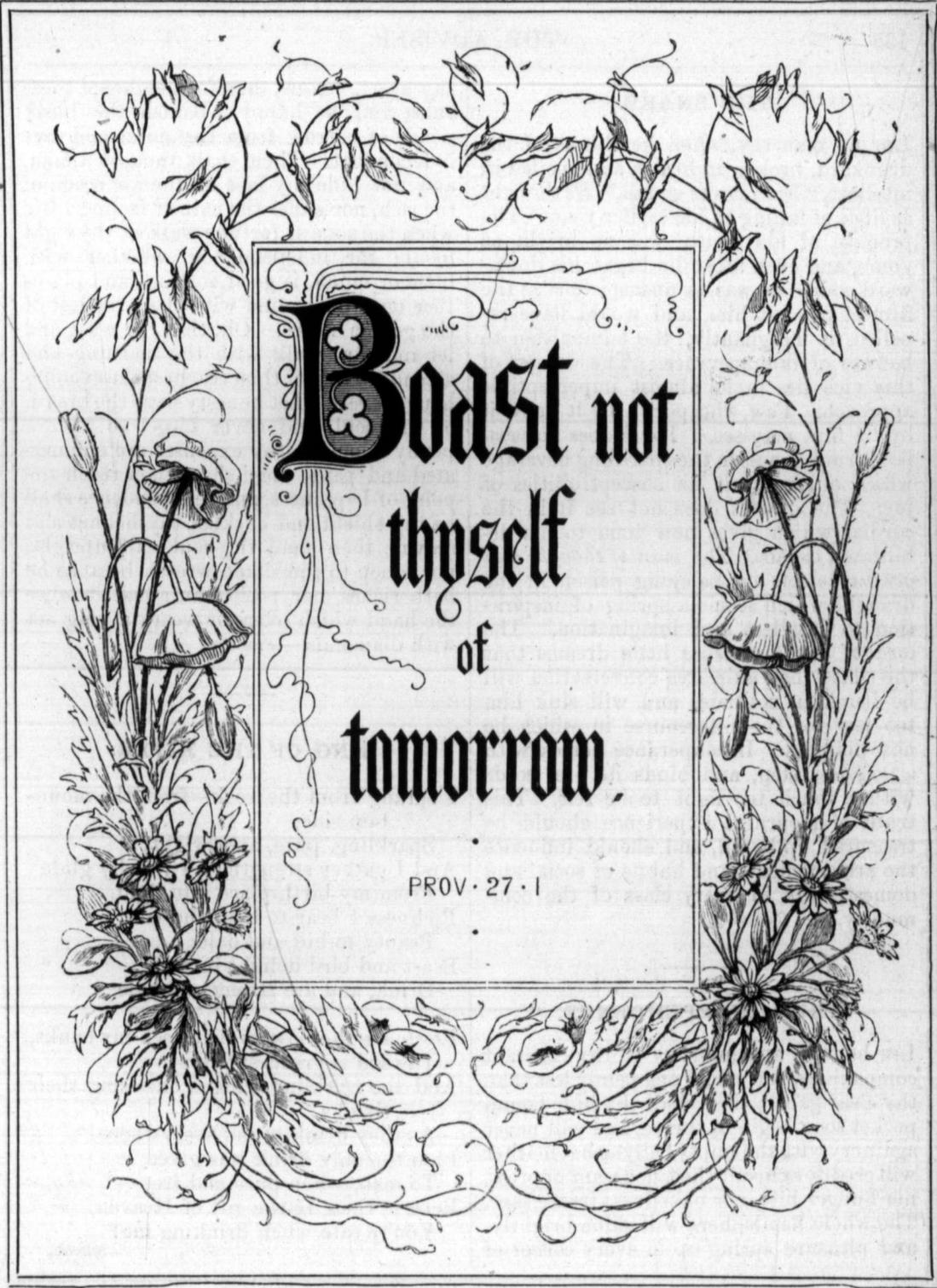
duties which no one can free himself from, or throw over on others. These influences, as regards the drink and everything else, we are bound to use for good, and these duties we ourselves are called upon to per-

form. Duty, even if it could be done by others, is never so well done as when we do it ourselves; but we never can transfer to others what God requires from ourselves. He has given us each a part in



removing the great evil of intemperance, which is not only interfering with the comfort of multitudes, but is causing the ruin of many, alike for time and eternity. The *young* have their part to do, and if they

help to put it away from their own homes, by each becoming an abstainer, it will not be long till we have the drink, and all that leads to drunkenness, shovelled out of the way.



**Boast not
thyself
of
tomorrow.**

PROV · 27 · 1

THE SNARE.

LET no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard, broken in health and spoiled in intellect, "I can never so fall." *He* thought as little of falling in his earlier years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours, and even after he began his downward course he was as unsuspecting as the firmest around him, and would have repelled, as indignantly, the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it know it by its first accesses. *Youth* does not suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The *invalid* does not see it in the cordial which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The *man of thought and genius* detects no palsy poison in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The *lover of social pleasure* little dreams that the glass that animates conversation will be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with a noiseless step, and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured up by all, and should influence the arrangements and habits of social and domestic life in every class of the community.—*Dr. Channing.*

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

LET honesty and industry be thy constant companions, and spend one penny less than thy clear gains; then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brightly, and pleasure spring up in every corner of

thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and places thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with the morning and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin.*

SONG OF THE RIVER.

I sprang from the rock—from the mountain side,
Sparkling, pure, and bright;
And I gather strength as I rapidly glide
From my birth-place into light.
Richness I bear to land and tree,
Beauty to hill and dale;
Beast and bird delight in me:
Drink, and are strong and hale.

Fresh are the flowers that deck my banks,
The sod is greenest there;
And the warbling winged ones sing their thanks
As they drink of me everywhere!
I am the only drink was given
To man, when pure and free—
Return, then, to the gift of Heaven;
You're safe when drinking me!

—*Selected.*

A BUGLE NOTE:

KEY A.

WM. T. ROGERS.

{	s_1	:-d	d	:t ₁	m	:r	l ₁ .d	:-.	f	:-f	m	:r
	m_1	:-m ₁	m ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	f ₁ .l ₁	:-.	l ₁	:-l ₁	s ₁	:s ₁
	d_1	:-d ₁	d ₁	:r ₁	m ₁	:m ₁	f ₁ .f ₁	:-.	r ₁	:-r ₁	s ₁	:s ₁ .f ₁

Rouse thee, day is near, O sleeper! Let the spir - it

{	d	:m	r	:-.	s ₁	:-d	d	:t ₁	m	:r	l ₁ .d	:-.
	s ₁	:d	t ₁	:-.	m ₁	:-m ₁	m ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	f ₁ .l ₁	:-.
	m ₁	:d ₁	s ₁	:-.	d ₁	:-d ₁	d ₁	:r ₁	m ₁	:m ₁	f ₁ .f ₁	:-.

stir the clod; Go thee forth, be - fore the reap-er,

{	f	:-f	m	:r	d	:t ₁	d	:-.	r	:-m	f	:m
	l ₁	:-l ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:f ₁	m ₁	:-.	t ₁	:-d	r	:d
	r ₁	:-r ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d ₁	:-.	s ₁	:-s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁

To the har - vest field of God. No more rest - ing,

{	s	:r	f.m	:-.	r	:-m	f	:r	s	:fe	s	:-f
	t ₁	:t ₁	d.d	:-.	t ₁	:-d	r	:t ₁	t ₁	:l ₁	t ₁	:
	s ₁	:s ₁	d.d	:-.	s ₁	:-s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	r ₁	:r ₁	s ₁	:

no more slumber, Bind the cross up - on thy breast;

{	m	:-m	m	:-f	m	:r	l ₁ .d	:-.	f	:-f	m	:r	d	:t ₁	d	:
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	d ₁	:-d ₁	d ₁	:-r ₁	m ₁	:m ₁	f ₁ .f ₁	:-.	r ₁	:-r ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d ₁	:

When thy form the earth shall cumber, Thou'lt have time e - nough for rest.

All the arts of pleasure spurning,
 Be thy couch no more the sod;
 Thou may'st snatch a brand from burning;
 Thou may'st win a soul for God.
 Poet, with the heavenward longing,
 Shrink no more from mortal strife;
 To the millions onward thronging,
 Sing the battle song of life.

Child of sorrow, lone, despairing,
 Haunting night with weeping eyes;
 Day is near, be up and bearing
 Earth's rich harvest to the skies.
 Rouse thee, rouse thee, O thou sleeper!
 Breathe no more the sluggard's breath;
 Go thee forth before the reaper;
 Snatch the victor's crown from death.

HOW TO GET THE ADVISER.

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THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,
 Ever so little the hand;
 But when it is sown, it must grow, you
 see,
 And develop its nature, weed, flower, or
 tree;
 The sunshine, the air, and the dew are
 free
 At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
 Of the harvest it will yield.
 We wait and watch for its springing up,
 Admire its growth and count on the crop
 That will come from the little seeds we
 drop
 In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
 Seeds we may happen to find,
 We care not for culture or what may
 betide,
 We sow here and there on the highway
 side;
 Whether they've lived or whether they've
 died,
 We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
 Fruit from the seed he has sown;
 How carefully then it becomes us to keep
 A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
 To sow what is good, that we may not
 weep
 To receive our own.—*Selected.*

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

Galatians vi. 7.

