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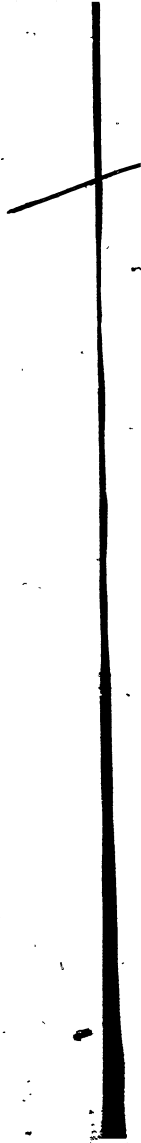
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THE
TORONTO RINE BOYS.

BY
MARIA SIMPSON.



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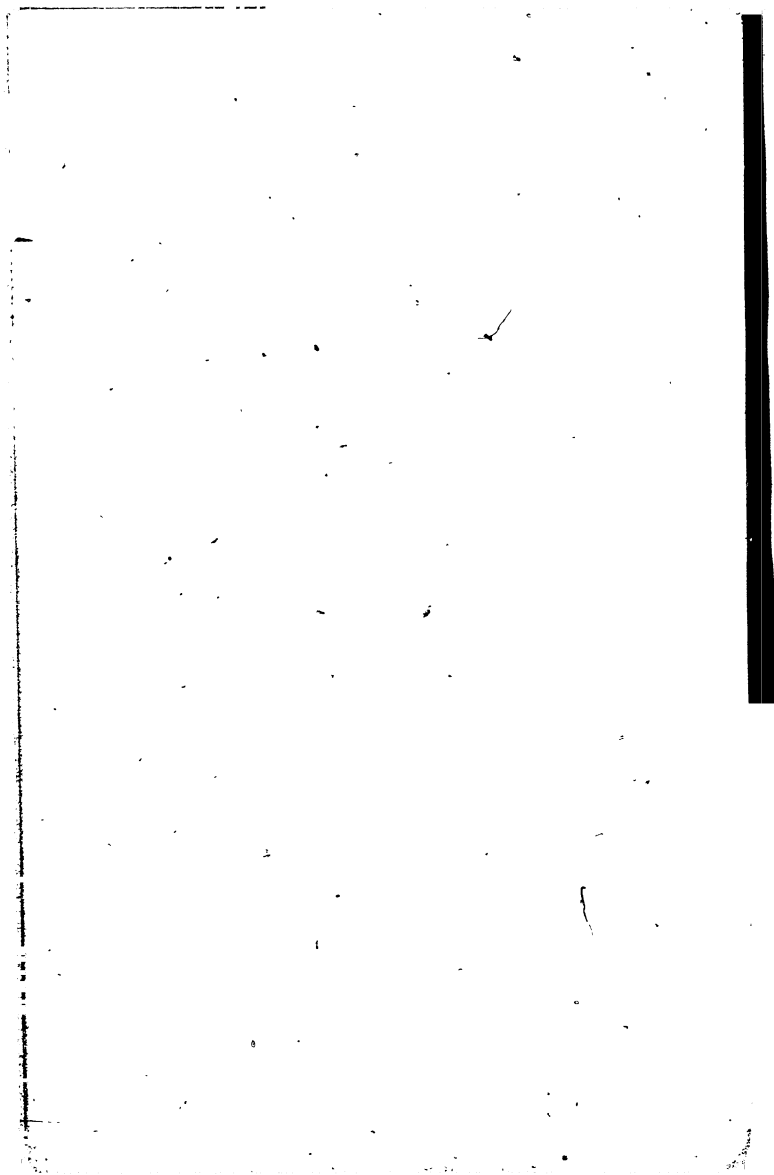
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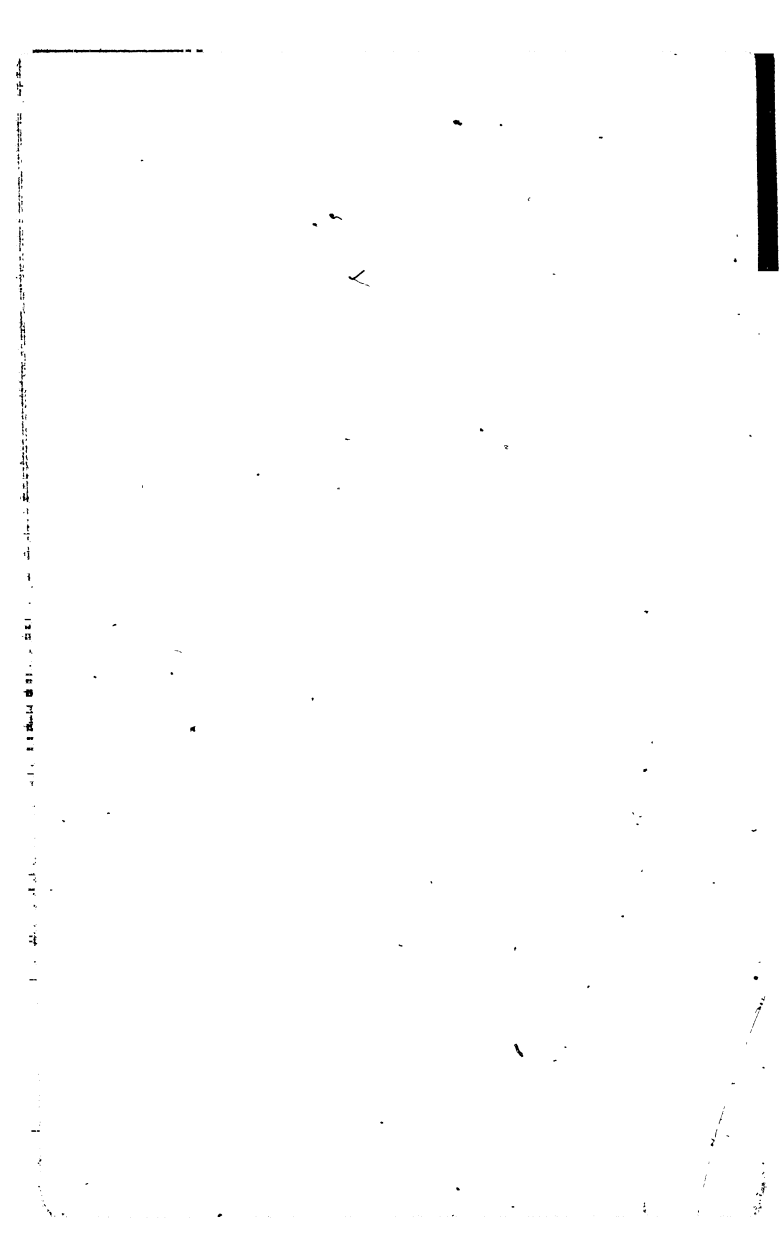
It is only right to state that "Roseville Seminary," referred to in this little pamphlet, would have been published before it, only the depression in trade has been such, that it was deemed unwise to do so.

THE AUTHOR.



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THE TORONTO RINE BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPERANCE.

“**D**OCTOR,” said Mr. Somerville, “Hattie and I——”

“Now, Giovanni, how often I tell you not to call me Doctor! I really believe you have scarcely forgiven me yet for the—— the—— well, the *unpleasantsnesses* we used to have at Roseville Seminary.”

Mr. Somerville laughed. “You know better than that, sir. Besides, in those days, you evidently thought the forgiveness was all on *your* side. Had it not been that your little daughter, Hattie, ——.”

“Giovanni—just stop!” exclaimed Mrs. Somerville, coloring. “You know the children are here.”

“O grandpa,” eagerly questioned Minnie Somerville, “Did papa run away with mamma?”

The doctor and his son-in-law laughed heartily, but his daughter looked really distressed. "Giovanni," she said to her husband, "you are always getting on dangerous ground. Now, do satisfy the child."

"All right, my dear. Well, Minnie, I did *not* run away with your mamma! On the contrary, we were married in this house, with the doctor's full consent."

"The doctor's!" indignantly exclaimed that worthy individual; "Giovanni, did you *ever* call me 'father'?"

"Yes, sir,—don't you remember? Just after the wedding!"

"It is a shame of you to talk so;" muttered the medical man, as his two grandchildren chased each other out of the room.

"Papa, never mind him;" answered the doctor's daughter, "we are thinking of going to Toronto for a week or two."

"A week or two, child!" exclaimed her father "that will never do, I prescribe a rest of three months at least for my naughty son-in-law, or I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

"I mean it, Giovanni. You were never strong and have always had a tendency to consumption. Temperance lecturing is wearing you away; and what have you made by it—only just enough to support your little family."

"I don't do it for money, sir," said Mr. Somerville quietly.

"What then? But I need not ask."

The eyes of the young lecturer sparkled, as he answered eagerly, "For our *Captain* and our *Cause!*"

"Very well, Giovanni," said the physician sadly, "that is right; but, without needed rest you cannot last much longer."

Hattie Somerville burst into a passion of tears and rushed out of the room.

"Doctor," said Giovanni sternly, "where is the good of alarming that child? You know very well that I shall last until my work is done. You have indulged and petted Hattie from her babyhood."

"Yes, and *who* has indulged and petted her since her marriage?"

"You and I, both, doctor."

"I'm glad you'll confess it! Hattie is a woman and a noble one—I'll say it though I *am* her father—but, in many respects, she is as much a child as little Minnie herself."

"I'm not at all sorry for it;" calmly replied Mr. Somerville, "but it was wrong to frighten her as you did just now. Doctor, the least you can do is to go and comfort your daughter."

The physician put his hands tenderly on the shoulders of his son-in-law; and, looking into the pale, thin face, sadly replied, "My boy, think of yourself and not of Hattie! (I'll go and find her

directly.) You are young still and may have many years to work for the Cause. Great good may be accomplished in the future, supposing there is strength to do it. But, indeed you must rest now or go under altogether. My boy, you love your Captain—won't you take care of yourself for His sake?"


"Yes, father?" and Giovanni Somerville's brown eyes filled with tears, as he thought of the One who had stood by his side, through every joy and sorrow of life.

The doctor having failed to console his daughter, her husband went into the room. Hattie immediately sat down on his knee; and leaning upon him, exclaimed in a passion of grief, "O Giovanni, Giovanni, I can't lose you now! It was so hard to get you!"

Mr. Somerville could not help smiling in spite of himself. "I don't think it was at all hard, my dear. Except indeed on your father's account, who at one time did certainly hate me most heartily."

He then comforted his wife by telling her of the promise he had just made to the doctor, adding, "Hattie, my love, do not be at all uneasy about me. I feel that my work is not finished yet; but, when God wants me, *He* will make up for my loss. Now, won't you be brave and help me to fight for our Captain, as you have done all along?"

"I will, Giovanni;" and Mrs. Somerville raised her head, hastily wiping away the tears. "I'm ashamed of myself;" she went on, "for God was



very good to let me have you at all ; but, just now, father did take me so much by surprise, that I could not help giving way. You are doing *well*, fighting *nobly* ; and, when your Captain wants you, Giovanni," added Hattie with a sob, "I will try to give you up willingly."

"That's my brave little wife!" said the young lecturer kissing her, "now it's all right."

It was arranged that the two children should remain with their grandfather at Roseville, while Mr. and Mrs. Somerville were away at Toronto. Hattie had a maiden aunt residing in the central part of the city and they were going to board with her. On the evening before their departure, the little ones were grieved at the thought of losing their parents ; but, Dr. Mays diverted their attention by asking what presents they would like from Toronto.

The boy expressed a great desire for a rocking horse—his sister remained silent.

"Well, Minnie, what wishes are running through your wise little head?"

"I want *three* things, papa, please."

Mr. Somerville smiled. "Name them, my dear. Thing the first is——"

"A photograph of Mr. Rine."

"All right," and her papa smiled more broadly, for Minnie was decidedly a chip of the old block. "What is the second thing?"

"A Rine Club Pledge Card—please."

"Yes,—and the third?"

"A blue ribbon, papa!"

"Very good, my little daughter; you shall have them as soon as possible. Did you get the picture of Francis Murphy framed? The one I sent from the States, you know."

"Yes, sir; I made one of cone-work, but did not like it, for it wasn't half good enough for *him*, and so grandpa framed it for me in gilt."

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville laughed. As soon as practicable after reaching Toronto, the children's wishes were duly fulfilled.

The maiden aunt, Miss Wood, received her nephew and niece very kindly. She was a lady of about forty-eight years of age. The Sunday after their arrival, Mr. Somerville took his wife to the Experience Meeting at the Rine Club in Albert Hall. What the lady thought of the gathering she recorded in her diary on the following day.

TORONTO, Sept. 24th, 1877, Monday.

Yesterday afternoon, I went to Albert Hall with Giovanni, and joyfully joined the Rine Total Abstinence Club. I never was at a Temperance meeting that I liked so well. After the singing of a hymn,—the Rev. Mr. Gales read a chapter of the Bible and then engaged in prayer. He is a prominent member of the Dominion Alliance. Among those who spoke was Mr. G. M. Rose. His speech was full of life and

fire and pleased me greatly, the others also, by the manner in which they applauded him. The brethren clapped their hands; and, in the case of Mr. Rose, stamped their feet, as though it were not a Sunday meeting at all. Not that they were irreverent—far from it! With great attention they had listened to the reading of God's Word and afterwards bowed their heads in prayer. Nearly every one joined in the singing, which was truly delightful. Mr. Rose has been a total abstainer from boyhood and is well known in Toronto as a most able worker in the cause. Some of his personal experiences with an intemperate man were deeply interesting. Seven years ago, Mr. Rose would not have given five dollars for all that the said intemperate man possessed; but now, he is worth ten thousand dollars. Mr. Rose and a co-worker put him in a carriage, *against his will*, and taking him to a Division of the Sons of Temperance, made him, *made* him sign the Pledge. Then, the poor drunkard was watched for days and weeks until he could stand alone. Afterwards, Mr. Rose had to leave the city for a time; and, fearing that something might go wrong in his absence, for the man was a little peculiar, paid his (the drunkard's) dues for a year, that he might not be expelled for non-payment. When Mr. Rose returned, all was going right and has continued to do so. I think it was two years after the man had reformed that he told Mr. Rose he was going to New York. [(Only for a few days, I believe.)

Mr. Rose knew that he would visit at the house of a friend, who was fond of liquor and given to *pressing* it upon others. The said New Yorker had vainly pressed the detestable stuff on Mr. Rose himself. So, calling the man into his office, Mr. Rose warned him of the danger, telling him how much he would be tempted and that if he felt doubtful of the result, he must not go to New York. The man earnestly replied that "by trusting in God, he believed he could control himself and stand." "Go then;" answered Mr. Rose, "and if he urges you to drink, *knock him down!*" (I was startled by the emphatic words and do not quite agree with them.) The man went and by God's grace returned with his Pledge unbroken. He does not live in Toronto, now; but, when Mr. Rose goes to the city where he now resides, that worthy temperance worker visits his reformed man. He has had him under his influence for seven years. Oh, through the precious blood of our Lord Jesus, that man will, I trust, be a bright star in the crown of our noble Brother Rose! He said that the Club had saved numbers whom the Church could not reach. *It was the duty of the Church to come down to humanity!*" (Thundering applause by hands and feet.) Among others, Mr. Hassard spoke briefly; so did Mr. McConkey—the latter giving some account of personal Temperance work. He was once a drunkard and low down; now, by God's grace, he is working hard to save the fallen. Another, who had also been

an inebriate, thrilled me by speaking of himself as a "redeemed man." A number of the members spoke, whose names I cannot recollect. Last night I did not sleep as long as usual by several hours, being too much excited. "Our cause *is* marching on,"—that's a fact. God bless the Rine boys—*God bless the Rine boys*, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"Well, Hattie, have you finished writing," inquired her husband.

"Oh, yes; I thought you were busy with the 'Prohibitionists' Text-book;' and was afraid to disturb you with my chatter."

"You won't disturb me, now."

"I'm glad of that. Giovanni, did you notice among the numerous brethren at the Hall, yesterday, one who sat over against us?"

"A tall, slight young man with fair complexion—that's Mr. Arnott."

"I didn't mean *him*, though I liked his speech well. There was another who was singing 'Rescue the Perishing' so earnestly that I wonder you did not notice him."

"They were all singing earnestly, I thought," said Giovanni laughing. "What was he like, my dear?"

"Oh, he was short and chunky—boyish-looking—had dark hair brushed down over his forehead—and such an earnest, bright, wide-awake look. Giovanni, I am confident that *that* Rine boy never touches the serpent!"

The following Sunday morning after breakfast, Miss Wood censured her nephew and niece for "going to the entertainment meeting, at Albert Hall, last night."

"It was held by the *Rine Club*;" said Giovanni Somerville.

"And did *that* sanctify it?" enquired the lady in a sarcastic tone, "I suppose it would to *you*, who put Temperance before everything else!"

"Aunt, you shouldn't talk in such a way;" remonstrated Hattie, "for an entertainment meeting that could commence with the hymn 'Before Jehovah's Awful Throne,' and close with the doxology, was highly proper for any Christian to attend."

"Were the pieces all sacred?"

"Oh, no, aunt. There was a merry song called 'Derry Jail' and several others of a similar kind. Mr. Dilworth read a very sweet ballad, 'Over the hills to the poor-house.' I don't wonder that that mother blessed God for her repentant horse-thief son!"

"What part did you like, Giovanni?"

"The two temperance addresses, ma'am; one by the Rev. Mr. Gales, the other by Marvin Knowlton. They were both very good, I assure you."

"The entertainment must have been better than I expected;" acknowledged Miss Wood.

During the next two or three weeks, Hattie entreated her aunt to accompany them to one Rine

meeting—*just one*—but in vain. The maiden lady decidedly refused to go.

“I am sick of Temperance!” exclaimed she, at length, “and have been ever since last spring when I visited your place. Giovanni was away lecturing, at the time, and you were all at sixes and sevens, house-cleaning. Dr. Mays will have everything done at once that things may be put straight as soon as possible; so, the only apartment fit to be seen was Giovanni’s study; and, for one entire day, I was shut up in that dismal spot. No wonder I’m sick of Temperance!”

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville laughed heartily.

“It was no fun to *me*, I assure you!” went on the lady. “First, I began to scan the walls, and those three Temperance banners were the most conspicuous ornaments. That handsome silk one does not look much worse for the ducking it had, long ago; and the other two are as gorgeous as ever. There were pictures of Francis Murphy, Neal Dow, Dr. Reynolds, etc., and two pretty fountains, with flowers entwining them. The motto of the Good Templars, ‘Faith, Hope, and Charity;’ and also that of the Sons, ‘Love, Purity, and Fidelity,’ hung on the walls. Keeping them company were ‘Dare to do Right;’ ‘Malice towards none; Charity for all.’ ‘Hold the Fort,’ etc., etc. I then walked to the book-shelf—nothing to be seen but volumes of Temperance sermons, Temperance tracts, lectures and so forth. Even

the lighter literature was all on that (to you) most interesting subject. Tracts and leaflets filled the compartments of your writing-table; and in the two little, unlocked drawers, (now, you need not redden, Giovanni, for I didn't take more than a passing squint, knowing *well* what the result of a closer examination would be) doubtless there were numerous temperance manuscripts of your own composition. pledge-books and scrap-albums, full of slips about your glorious cause, lay on the table. Examining the card-basket, to see who your last visitors were, I was annoyed at finding nothing but specimens of the different Temperance Pledges, 'Band of Hope Pledge'—'Murphy Pledge'—'Sunday School Pledge'—'Iron-clad Pledge,' and about a dozen more! Yes, from that library and those handsome banners, down to the little toy-model of 'Hold the Fort,' there was nothing but Temperance! And to think I was shut up in that dismal place for a whole day!" The old maid groaned at the mere recollection of it.

As soon as Hattie could speak, for laughing, she said, "There were two 'ornaments,' aunt, that you did not speak of—that large lithograph of the Black Valley Rail——"

"Not worth mentioning—most horrid picture!" screamed her aunt.

"Well, it isn't pretty," acknowledged Mrs. Somerville, "but it's *Temperance!* Of course you noticed that big Pledge Roll—filled with the names of Gio-

vanni's school fellows. Father has often told me what trouble it gave my husband to get all those signers—especially that Hiram McRoss."

"I didn't get him at last, Hattie."

"Who then?" she inquired in surprise.

"*Mr. Grant*, the head-master."

"Well, their names are down together on your roll, and *who* got Mr. Grant?"

"My dear, he pledged himself because Hiram was in danger."

"Oh, I forgot *that* was the reason! Giovanni," she went on, very earnestly, "I don't believe there was anything under heaven that that wealthy, eccentric head teacher loved, as he did Hiram McRoss!"

"Very true, Hattie. Have not subsequent events justified that love?"

"Yes, indeed!" was the grave reply.





CHAPTER II.

RINE MEETINGS.

FOR some time, Mrs. Somerville failed to discover the name of the young brother who had attracted her attention at the first meeting. Many of the others spoke again and again, but *he* did not, much to her disappointment. At length, on All-Hallow Eve, in Berkley Street Church, the President, as usual, called on different members to give testimony; and, among them, 'Brother McCausland.' Hattie nudged her husband's arm and whispered—"Isn't he a good specimen of a Rine Boy?" But, when the young man began to speak—it was his first attempt—both Mr. and Mrs. Somerville were painfully interested in what he said. The lady was astounded to hear him "sorrowfully confess, that for nine months previous to signing the pledge, he had never gone to bed sober."

In coming home, Mr. Somerville asked his wife,

very gravely, "if she thought any the less of their young brother McCausland, now."

"No indeed;" answered the lady, with tears in her eyes, "God bless him—what a mercy he has signed the pledge!"

"It is, my dear. I hope he will not only save himself, but scores of others. He is a fine young fellow—just what we want!"

A fortnight or so passed. In a letter to her father, Mrs. Somerville described an "irregular meeting" in Old St. Andrew's Church. Several intoxicated men were present and all marched forward to sign the pledge before the usual call was made. They disturbed the speakers continually by their loud exclamations, and the meeting was certainly a peculiar one. The lady also informed her father that Clubs had been formed in the West end and in Yorkville, with fair prospects of success.

"Giovanni," asked Hattie, as they were returning from a Rine meeting, "were you not surprised at the experience you heard to-night—Mr. Wightman's, I mean?"

"Very much, my dear—but, it was a truly noble thing for him to speak as he did? No one would ever have suspected that *he*, of all others, had been a drunkard!"

"Then you think as much of him as ever?"

"*Far more*, Hattie!"

Mrs. Somerville smiled at her husband's earnest-

ness. "I don't deny that he makes a firm, excellent President," she observed; "but, I'm afraid that that kind of a man, if he married, would be apt to draw the reins pretty tight. (Now, you need not laugh; if I'm spoiled, it's yourself you have to thank for it, and — *father.*) Did you notice, last Saturday, how annoyed the President was because of those encores? He brings down the gavel with such vengeance that it's my belief he'll break that table some of these nights?"

Giovanni laughed merrily. "No danger, my dear; Wightman knows what he is about."

One fine Sunday afternoon, Miss Wood astonished her nephew and niece by accompanying them to the Albert Hall Experience meeting. "Who is that tall gentleman next the President?" inquired she.

"Mr. Stuart, our Chaplain;" replied Mrs. Somerville. "He is a most invaluable member of the Club; you see he preaches Jesus and Temperance both!"

"That is the right way," said Giovanni; "for, when a man has the precious love of Christ in his heart, he is able to withstand temptation."

After singing the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," the meeting was opened by Mr. Stuart reading a chapter and then engaging in prayer.

Miss Wood's eyes opened wider and wider as the various speakers arose.

The first was Mr. Ryan, who graphically depicted the evils of drinking beer.

Then Mr. Wilson arose. He acknowledged having been a drunkard for a number of years, but now had resolved, God helping him, to keep the pledge for life.

Next, Mr. Hassard testified to the good he had experienced from the movement. Though comparatively a young man, he had been a hard drinker and was just recovering from a spree when he joined the Rine Club. For nearly four days and nights, he was in delirium tremens and neither ate nor slept; but he fought the devil and, by God's grace, conquered. Now, he was a sober man and could look anybody in the face; but before, he was ashamed to meet a child on the street, or even a yellow dog, for fear it should know he had been drinking. Now, too, he was working for the Cause and getting from four to six, every week to join the Rine Club. Morning and night he asked God to bless him—help him keep the pledge and persuade others to sign it. He concluded by saying he would preach Temperance as long as he lived.

Mr. Stuart then spoke a few words, pressing home the love of Christ on the members and urging them all to come and take their places in His army.

Mr. McConkey next arose. He spoke earnestly of how drunkards ought to be treated as men and brothers. He said that people who would not speak to him before, when he was low down through drink, would speak to him *now*, take him by the hand and say they were glad he was a reformed man. He was pleased to have them do it; but asked *why* they did

not do so before. He was their brother *then* just as much as he was *now*? Had he been warned in a kindly way, he would have reformed long since; but he thought that "no man cared for his soul." He concluded by urging all to work for the Cause.

Mr. Perrot then spoke a few words, so did Mr. Johnson. The latter had been a liquor-seller for many years but is now an earnest Temperance man.

Mr. Dilworth gave a deeply interesting account of his experience as a soldier—how strong drink was his bitter enemy and reduced him to the ranks after several promotions—but how at length he joined the Sons of Temperance and is still a faithful member of the Order.

Mr. Arnott next arose and stated what good the movement had done for him. Liquor was no temptation to him now. Since signing the pledge he had to work for a short time in a brewery; "but," said he, "if they had boiled me in the vat I should have come out a Rine man!" He used to drink heavily, until at a meeting in the Elm Street Church, he signed the pledge. Being full of liquor at the time, his companions wanted him to break it at once, but he refused, kept it that night out of spite, and has done so ever since.

"Hold the Fort" was then sung; during which a large number came forward and joined the club.

On being questioned by her niece, Miss Wood declared she was well satisfied with the proceedings.

"I'm very tired;" said Mrs. Somerville, one night, as she and her husband reached their boarding place, after returning from a meeting on Elizabeth Street.

"Did not Mr. Hassard do well, my dear?"

"First-rate," replied Hattie, "he is certainly a good vice-president. There are not many in the Club who could conduct a meeting in that manner. Now, Giovanni," she continued, as her husband took his Bible for family worship, "don't pray so long as you always do! Father, the children and ourselves you dismiss in ~~as~~ few words as possible; and *then*, go on to pray for every Temperance organization on the face of the globe! *Do* condense your prayers for the Cause to-night! I *am* so tired."

"All right, my dear." And Giovanni read a few verses; then, kneeling down, asked for God's blessing on themselves and their loved ones; after which, he did not forget the Cause. Accustomed as Hattie was to the earnest prayers of her husband, she was startled by the fervor with which he prayed that night.

"Almighty God, wilt Thou be pleased to look down in Thy mercy upon the Temperance army throughout the world. Thy blessed Son is our Captain; we rely upon Him, who alone can give us the victory. Bless us in our work for *Thy* Cause, *our* Cause; may we ever love it, work for it, pray for it, *live* for it; and, if such be Thy holy will, *die* for it, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

“ Oh, Giovanni, Giovanni,” exclaimed poor Hattie, “ how *can* you pray so ! Why, you *did* die for it once—at least, you would never have known anything more, if we had not brought you to—it makes me shudder to think of that dreadful day ! It is years ago ; you were a boy then. The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to forgive that brute of a McFarlane ! ”

“ Hattie, don't talk so—Mr. McFarlane is a splendid fellow and *was then*—the liquor made him do it.”*

“ I know that—why did he drink the accursed stuff. It was all his own fault.”

“ Because he loved it, Hattie. You make no allowance for the force of temptation.”

“ Well, Giovanni, I wish you would'nt pray in that way any more. I'm so afraid that you will yet die for the Cause ! ”

“ Not unless it be God's will ; ” gravely replied her husband, “ and if so, Hattie, you know it is all right.”

On returning from the Rine meeting on the following Sabbath, Mrs. Somerville exclaimed, “ Oh, aunt, I am sorry you were not there to-day ! Two *ladies* spoke, and so appropriately. Mrs. Johnson was the first. She described their mode of visiting women who drink, and told some interesting incidents in connection with

* Roseville Seminary, chap. xviii

their work. Mrs. Dilworth's speech delighted Giovanni ; it was all about the folly of using liquor as a medicine, and the harm done by doctors in prescribing it."

"She is a thorough-going Temperance woman, indeed ;" responded Mrs. Somerville warmly. "I was very glad to hear her earnest, sensible remarks."

"I believe those two ladies do more work for the Cause, than any dozen of the others !" remarked Hattie.

"That may be ; but, perhaps the rest employ themselves in some manner equally useful ;" grimly replied her aunt. "That sweet-looking young lady who accompanies Mr. Stuart, for instance—do you suppose that *she* does no Christian work ?"

"Oh, yes ;" eagerly answered Mrs. Somerville.

"I like her so much ; she and her sister visit the hospital."

"I was pleased with the appearance of that young girl who played the piano ;" remarked Miss Wood.

"Yes, indeed ; every one likes her ;" warmly replied Hattie. "I would not envy the heartless creature who cared nothing about Miss Boyd !"

After tea, Giovanni lay on the lounge, not feeling well enough to go to Church.

"What are you reading ?" asked his aunt, "Oh, 'Moody's Talks on Temperance !' Did you ever read his sermons ?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much of them do you remember?"

Giovanni colored. "Very little, I'm afraid."

"Just as I thought! Now, what *do* you remember?"

"It is two years since I read them, ma'am. In one of them, Mr. Moody says, 'I know what keeps men from deciding; it's some darling sin. 'I like to play cards and I can't give it up;' 'I love my rum-bottle—oh, my darling rum-bottle, how can I part with you!'"

"Oh, of course you remember *that*; and, I suspect, precious little more. What next?"

"Only this, ma'am. 'After a man is a Christian I would work him day and night. I believe that for one man killed by overwork in the cause of Christ, ten thousand die from laziness.'"

"You mean *that* as a hint for *me*," snapped the old maid, "I signed the pledge for you, some years ago; but, not content therewith, you keep constantly reminding me that I ought to work for the Cause."

"So you ought, ma'am."

"Of course—there you go! Hattie is just of your mind and never misses an opportunity to give a Temperance tract, sing a rousing Temperance song, or say a word for the Cause you hold so dear."

"Giovanni taught me to do it;" said Mrs. Somerville.

The spinster impatiently bounced out of the room. Her niece, after sitting in silence for a time, inquired earnestly "Do you think that Brother McCausland is a Christian?"

"I don't know, my dear."

"Is Brother Arnott?"

"Indeed, Hattie, I could not say."

"Oh, I wish they were, and all the others! They *ought* to be!" warmly went on Mrs. Somerville. "Christ has saved them from that horrible curse, and he has a double right to them, it seems to me. Giovanni, it's not grateful in them to keep back their hearts—their love, from Him who has loved them so well!"

"You had better tell them so, my dear."

"I *would*, if only I could speak like Mrs. Dillworth and Mrs. Johnson—but, you know very well I should break down, as happened once in Roseville, when saying a few words to those children."

"You can pray for those young brothers, Hattie, at all events."

"Oh, I *do*; and for all, whose names I remember. Don't *you*?"

"No, my dear, I remember so many that I pray for the Club in general."

"Won't you for Mr. McCausland and Mr. Arnott?"

"Yes, as you are especially interested in them."

"Thanks,—I wish they were 'Safe in the arms of Jesus'—we could feel quite easy about them, then!"

“So we could, Hattie. I have no doubt, however, that a majority of those reformed men will become Christians, if they are not so, already. You see the chief stumbling-block is out of their way.”

“Yes, indeed—oh, I’m thankful for that.”





CHAPTER III.

"OUR CAPTAIN AND OUR CAUSE."

ON the following Saturday night, Mrs. Somerville prevailed on her aunt to attend the entertainment meeting in Albert Hall. That worthy lady was by no means pleased with it, to say the least. On reaching home again, her wrath burst forth. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, my niece.—Oh, Dr. Mays, *you* here!"

"Yes, Fanny. I brought the children down to stay over Sunday—they have gone to bed."

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad to see you!" exclaimed Hattie, warmly embracing her father, which he as cordially returned.

"You look a little better, Giovanni;" said the medical man, as he grasped the hand of his son-in-law.

"I am all right, Dr. Mays; thank you."

"What was it that did not please you in the meeting, aunt?"

"What *did* please me, you had better ask—it was precious little, I assure you."

"Well, the opening hymn, Mr. Stuart's prayer and the doxology could not fail to meet your approval."

Miss Wood bowed stiffly.

"Then, the reading of the minutes; also, Mr. Wightman's account of the progress of the movement ——"

"Oh, it wasn't that!"

"Were you not much interested in that red-hot speech by Mr. Rose?"

"You *have* described it accurately;" sneered the old maid, "it *was* red-hot, that's a fact!"

"It was sublime," warmly replied Giovanni, "especially when he spoke of the Clubs, central, north, east, south and west, forming the sign of the Cross in our city. (Two of those clubs have yet to be organized, but it is a mere question of time.) Aunt, I'm astonished you did not appreciate that soul-stirring address!"

"Oh, I've not much against it. Mr. Rose is too fiery for me, that's all."

"Then did you not like Mr. Stuart's appeal, at the close; urging all, in the name of God, to come forward and sign the pledge!"

"Not very much—he goes too far!" answered Miss Wood.

"Then, it must have been the *songs* you did not like!"

"Now, you are coming to the point, Hattie. Was not that 'Little Darkie' a ridiculous thing?"

"Yes, but I think it innocent——"

"You approve of everything done there!"

"Oh no, aunt. There are some unsuitable songs and readings, too. Giovanni does not like them and neither do I."

"What did you think of Mr. Bengough's 'Steam Jaw'?"

"Oh, I liked it well!" (And she explained it to her father.) "No harm in that—genuine fun! I have heard him sing it several times and believe I can rattle off a verse for papa!" And to the horror of Miss Wood, her niece was instantly at the piano, imitating Mr. Bengough as nearly as she could.

"At length to China she made her way;
A country where women are kept at bay.
They threatened to choke her, she'd so much to say,
But she talked a hole through the wall and away.—
Too ra loo, ra loo, ra loo."

Dr. Mays and his son-in-law laughed heartily, for Hattie managed the verse pretty well; then, turning around, she found her aunt gazing at her with awful severity.

"You foolish creature," she snarled, "I've no patience with you—not the least!"

"You don't look as if you had;" remarked the physician.

"I can't remember nearly all," went on Hattie,

"but, I must sing *this* verse for Giovanni, because it is such a capital hit on his favorite Mr. Wightman, who will persist in keeping members to their ten minute speeches?"

"And quite rightly, my dear. Some would take all the time from their fellows if that rule were not enforced."

"Oh, you always take his part! Wightman never did anything wrong—did he?" merrily questioned Mrs. Somerville. As Giovanni did not seem inclined, to answer, she sang :

"In the Rine Club she wanted to make a speech.
The President said they had ten minutes each.
But for forty-eight hours she continued to preach;
For her jaw was out of the President's reach!
Too ra loo, ra loo, ra loo."

Dr. Mays was highly amused and declared Bengough a clever fellow.

"So he is, papa. I like that—the best of anything he sings; but the steam arm is very good."

Miss Wood approached and forcibly shut up the piano.

"Aunt, do tell us what vexed you?"

"Why, Hattie, Mr. Sturrock's song, 'When the pigs begin to fly!'"

"Oh, *that* silly thing! I can't endure it. What part specially annoyed you?"

Miss Wood deigned no reply.

"Do *you* dress in the extremes of fashion?" went

on Mrs. Somerville. "No indeed, you dress richly and tastefully—nothing more. Do you paint your face?"

"No."

"Wear false hair?"

"No, I'd scorn it!"

"What could have vexed you, I cannot think!"
Here Hattie chanced to recollect the lines

"Old spinsters will be ministers
When the pigs begin to fly!"

So she inquired "Aunt, do you wish to be a minister?"

"No; but, if I *were*, wouldn't I preach a sermon that would make Mr. Sturrock's hair stand on end!"

"Much good *that* would do!" laughed Hattie. "You ought to hear him sing the 'Life-boat'—I never heard it rendered half so well! Now, do tell us, what part vexed you, Aunt?"

"Why," angrily replied Miss Wood, "there was *another* line, that spoke of 'sending old maids to parliament;' and, *that's where I want to go!*"

Dr. Mays roared with laughter; Giovanni did not even smile—he was too much astonished.

"You look as though I were taking leave of my senses, Mr. Somerville."

"Excuse me, ma'am; I was really afraid you were!"

The worthy spinster was highly indignant. "You have no idea of my capabilities!" she exclaimed. "I really believe, Giovanni, that you would rather see Hattie mending child's socks, than honored as Premier of the Dominion!"

"*I should indeed!*" emphatically returned Mr. Somerville.

"My niece has no ambition;" contemptuously went on the old maid, "but, I *would* like to go to parliament. Just think how I'd shine, could I only get there!"

"Fanny, do have some sense!" said the doctor. At which, the spinster stalked, in a most dignified manner, from the room. For three long hours, she tossed on her bed, thinking of female suffrage—women's rights, etc., etc. Hattie's brain, in the meantime, was busy about the children and Christmas boxes. Giovanni, fairly tired out, was fast asleep, dreaming of the Rine Club.

On the following Monday morning, Mr. Harding, an old school-mate of Giovanni's, dropped in. "I've been away from Toronto, and only returned last week; or, I should have been to see you before, old fellow;" he said, grasping the hand of Mr. Somerville.

"I'm very glad to see you, Tom; Dr. Mays is here, too."

"Indeed, what an unexpected pleasure!" and the new-comer made his way into the parlor and gave the physician a boisterous greeting.

"You're the very same—Tom Harding;" said the medical man, laughing.

"Of course! Well, how are *you*, Giovanni—nearer the goal?"

"Nearer Heaven," answered Mr. Somerville, "yes, I hope so!"

A shade came over the faces of Doctor Mays and his daughter.

Tom noticed it and hastily replied, "I did not mean that. How are you succeeding as regards this world? Perhaps you will tell me that the darling wish of your boyhood, to be a Temperance lecturer, has been fulfilled! *Granted—but, so has mine!* I am a rich man, though not yet forty years old. Business has prospered wondrously with me and I shall soon retire. You are somewhere between thirty and thirty-five—commenced lecturing on Temperance when young and have been about fifteen years at the work—now, what have you made by it? I greatly question whether you own a thousand dollars!"

"Indeed I don't!" said Giovanni, laughing, "nor, the half of it!"

Mr. Harding looked shocked. "I'm very sorry," he replied. "You really ought to make charges that will remunerate you, instead of going to the poor sections of country and letting the inhabitants give what they like."

"I'm getting on very well," answered Mr. Somerville. "Hattie's father is exceedingly kind to her. He gets all the luxuries for my little wife; I merely provide the necessaries."

"I guess you have hard work to do that!" grunted the old maid.

"Sometimes."

"How much of the money you earn, do you give to Temperance?" she went on.

"Far more than I like!" thoughtlessly exclaimed Hattie. "Often do I urge him to buy some luxury for himself, but all he will consent to purchase of that sort are Temperance books and papers (which, as a lecturer, he can scarcely do without) and sometimes a picture or motto bearing on the Cause. I get along finely; papa gives me lots of pocket-money. No little boy in Roseville can have a more handsome rocking-horse than that I sent home to Willie. I do wish that Giovanni had as good a time as myself!"

Mr. Somerville laughed.

"He looks perfectly satisfied, to judge by his face," remarked Mr. Harding. He then added hastily "Giovanni, do you never wish for anything you cannot get?"

"Yes."

"Oh, why did you not say so!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Somerville, in distress. "Papa is *always* buying for me. I have everything that heart can wish while you never express a desire for any earthly thing. What would you like? papa, do make him say!"

"*Make*, Hattie, you might as well talk of *making* Hiram McRoss do a thing, as Giovanni Somerville! *Coax*, you had better have said."

"Well, *coax* then, papa!"

Dr. Mays accordingly began. "My boy, you know I promised, before you married my little daughter, to

take care of her and the children, (should God send any) so that you might feel perfectly free to follow your Temperance plans. Hattie was all I had in the wide world; it was ever my intention to share my wealth with her; and, you well know that you need not have provided the necessaries of life unless you wished. Giovanni, I love you on Hattie's account; aye, and for your own sake, too! Now, just regard me as a father for once in your life and tell me what your desires are. They ~~shall~~ be fulfilled if I can possibly do it."

"Thank you, sir; it would be easy to fulfil them;" and Giovanni laughed. He then added more gravely, "Father, your kind care for Hattie relieves my mind so much. My present wishes are mere trifles. If it's right for me to have them, the things will come, in some way. Let me alone, please; for, I had rather not tell you."

"It's no use asking him, papa," said Hattie crossly, "I knew how it would be. No living soul can influence Giovanni to do anything against his will. Hiram McRoss, unmanageable by every one else, was completely in Mr. Grant's power."

"Yes," bitterly returned Tom, "but not until the head-teacher had flogged him several times, and that very severely."

"Did not Hiram McRoss turn out splendidly?" inquired Giovanni.

"In all that was good and noble, yes! But, he

might have been a rich man now, simply by taking Mr. Grant at his word."*

"Hiram is richer at this moment than any of us, Tom!"

Mr. Harding could not deny it. He was silent for a while and then hastily remarked, "If you *don't* get all you wish, you look happy, Giovanni!"

"Indeed I am!"

"Now, do give up lecturing in those poor localities and make money. My motto was 'Persevere and succeed.' What is yours?"

"*Our Captain and Our Cause*," earnestly replied Giovanni.

"Then, you won't take my advice—go to richer places and make good round charges."

"It is useless to ask him, Mr. Harding; he is happier in following his own plans;" replied Hattie, who had recovered her good temper.

"He is just worn out, working for Temperance," said the old maid; "and, what has he got for it?"

"*The smile of my Captain!*" answered Giovanni Somerville.

Tom Harding saw it was useless to argue the matter and the subject dropped.

* Young McRoss."



CHAPTER IV.

MR. RINE.

MATTIE insisted on keeping her father until Tuesday morning; but he could not remain longer on account of his patients. Willie and his sister were in high spirits as they noticed the mysterious packages which the doctor was carrying home with him. The said packages were not opened until Christmas morning, when the children were jubilant over the contents. A beautiful workbox, photograph album, large gaily-dressed wax doll, tea-set and "girl's scrapbook" were Minnie's presents from her mamma and grandpapa. A handsome box of colors, ivory humming top, pair of skates, four-bladed knife, and "boy's scrap-book" fell to the share of Willie.

"What did papa send us?" asked the little girl, "something Temperance, I know!"

Dr. Mays laughed. "Probably it is, child, but, I have not opened it yet." So saying, he cut the

string of the last package and displayed two lovely holiday books, "Water-Lilies" and "Water-spouts," published by the National Temperance Society of New York.

"Oh, these are the best of all!" exclaimed Minnie, as she pressed the treasures to her heart.

Dr. Mays gazed at her long and gravely. "Do you know, child, that you are just the picture of your papa?"

"I'm glad of it, sir;" earnestly replied the girl, "and only hope I'll be as good!"

"Indeed, Minnie I hope so, too."

The next letter from Mrs. Somerville to her father contained a glowing account of Mr. Rine. She spoke of the warm reception given him by the "Toronto Boys," and how proud she was of the honor of shaking hands with the great Temperance leader at the close of a meeting in Albert Hall. "You know, papa, I expected so much;" she wrote, "and almost feared disappointment, (as is frequently the case) but really there was no danger of that in regard to Mr. Rine. Oh, I wish you could have heard him for yourself! It just puts me on the fidgets to think what a speech from Francis Murphy must be like!"

Dr. Mays smiled as he laid down the letter. Next a package of Temperance papers claimed his attention. Giovanni took good care to keep his father-in-law well supplied with *that* description of literature.

Hattie never thought of asking her husband the

nature of his desires, knowing it would be no manner of use. She was aware that Giovanni had a vague idea that it would not be honorable in him to take advantage of Dr. Mays' kind offer. Therefore, there did not seem a very bright prospect of the wished-for 'things' coming. They *did* come, however, and in a most unexpected way.

Miss Wood was wealthy, it is true, but remarkably stingy. Not a solitary scrap did she give her niece or the little ones at Christmas, though Hattie did not forget *her*. Still, the spinster had a heart, after all, and she felt sorry for Giovanni. So, just after New Year's day, she seized the opportunity, when Hattie was dressing to go out, to inquire "Would you do me a favor, my nephew?"

"Yes, aunt—of course!"

"What are your wishes?"

Mr. Somerville reddened. "You have caught me, ma'am; but, I hope you will not tell Hattie or her father."

"Oh no! Trust me for that."

"All right, then. I don't mind telling *you*," and he mentioned the names of three new Temperance books, costing perhaps about seven dollars. The idea of his parsimonious aunt procuring them for him never entered Giovanni's head. Therefore, when she placed them in his hands about a week afterwards, his amazement may be imagined.

"Wasn't he surprised!" said the old maid to her-

self, "he would not have been half so pleased if Dr. Mays had given him the books!"

Thé present proved a God-send to Giovanni, who had taken a decided change for the worse, and was obliged through sheer weakness to lie on the sofa far more than he wished. One morning, Miss Wood found him thus and inquired, "Has Hattie left you alone?"

"She was in low spirits, aunt; so I sent her to see Mrs. Harding in the West End; and told her to bring Tom and his wife back to tea."

"I'm glad you did. We will have some music and see if those favorite Temperance songs won't put new life into you."

The young lecturer raised himself on his elbow. "Sit down, aunt, please; I wish to speak with you."

"Very well!" and the lady settled herself in a chair.

"I have thought since of what you told us, the other day, about getting into parliament——"

"You think it's all nonsense!"

"I'm only sorry that your ambition takes that turn, when it might mount to something so much higher!"

"Oh, what!" and the spinster's face brightened.

"As high a degree of glory in Heaven as it is possible for a mortal to gain! You have good capabilities—*use them for God.* As an author, for instance, you may be a lasting benefit to the whole Dominion,

far more than as though you had a seat in parliament. Aunt, do turn your ambition to a high, holy object. Write, wield your pen for Temperance—Our Captain and His Cause !”

“I will, Giovanni—‘*God helping me,*’ as the Rine men say. It *will* be grander, after all, to shine in Heaven than in the Dominion parliament—but—I’m afraid I am not a Christian !”

“Then, aunt, be a Christian, to-day.”

“How ?”

“By trusting your soul to Christ.”

“I will,” she answered in a low voice ; then suddenly added, “Giovanni, are *you* ambitious for a high place in Heaven ?”

“No, ma’am ;” and the young man smiled, “but I want to *get close to my Captain.*”

“It’s not wrong ; for the Bible speaks of degrees of glory.”

“Oh, its not wrong, aunt—I did not mean that. My desires take another turn—I want Prohibition and can’t get it ! The Temperance Cause has its ebbs and flows, successes and reverses”—and the young man tossed uneasily on his pillow.

“Don’t worry yourself about those things, Giovanni. You told me to trust my soul to Christ—now, hadn’t you better trust Prohibition and your Cause to Him as well ” ?

“Yes, aunt, I think so too !” said Mr. Somerville,

reddening at the reproof. "We soldiers sometimes get impatient and wonder if the war is ever going to end. But, it will all come right at last. We have only to do our duty and leave the rest to God."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Somerville returned, bringing with her Tom Harding and his wife. An earnest conversation at once commenced about Mr. Rine's meetings in the Opera Houses. All the party had attended them, even Miss Wood.

"The daily papers give nice accounts;" said the old maid, "let me read you some extracts from Mr. Rine's speech as reported in last Monday's *Globe*."

Which she did. Then, the meeting in Carleton Street Church was discussed. Miss Wood had not been present and; hearing Tom mention Mr. Rine's illustration about "the baby learning to walk," she asked Hattie to repeat it.

"Oh, but I can't remember it, word for word;" remonstrated Mrs. Somerville.

"Of course not," replied Giovanni; "very few could; just do the best you can."

So she commenced. "Mr. Rine spoke of a man falling after he had signed the Pledge and advised that all such be urged to sign again. He illustrated it by a mother teaching her child to walk;—how the papa sat, to all appearance, reading a newspaper, but really watching the baby, while the little brother and sister openly looked on. The mother would set

the baby up, saying "Now stand lonie—stand lonie!" and the baby would stand—half frightened at itself. Then the mother would hold out her arms, saying, "Walk to mamma!" and the baby would attempt to do it. "Now," continued Mr. Rine, gravely, "suppose the baby should fall—does the mother cast it aside—do the whole family turn against the dear little one? Not at all. It's mamma stands it up and says (coaxingly) "Oh, *you're a nice baby—try it again!*"

"Hattie, you remember that well!" said Giovanni laughing.

"I'll warrant *you* couldn't have repeated it, Matilda!" remarked Tom. "The stylish hat and jacket, of the lady who sat in front of us, had more charms than Temperance in *your* eyes!"

Mrs. Harding colored. Her husband went on, "Even now, I could see that you were paying more attention to Mrs. Somerville's corded silk dress than to what she was saying about the baby!"

"I don't care," said the luckless Matilda pettishly; "you're a stingy fellow, Tom, and might buy one for me just like it."

"I'll not do it," answered Mr. Harding; "I'm sick of buying new dresses. And, another thing, I tell you that Mrs. Somerville is far more proud of that scrap of blue ribbon than of all the dresses her doating father ever bought for her!"

"I should be ashamed of my wife if she wasn't;" emphatically replied Giovanni.

Hattie laughed and stroked the "blue ribbon" lovingly. Then she asked Tom about the West End Club.

"Oh, its doing finely! Mr. Farley and his devoted wife are leading spirits; they are accomplishing much good."

"Don't you like Mr. Moore—the President of the Yorkville Club?" went on the lady. "Is he not decidedly the right man in the right place?"


"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Harding, "but I think the success of the Rine movement in Toronto, and especially that of the Central Club, is largely owing to the tact and untiring labor of Mr. Wightman."

"Just what *I* think!" warmly returned Giovanni.

Then some conversation followed about Mr. Harrington, Mr. John Wilson and others who had spoken in the Opera House.

"I suppose you didn't know that young man, Reid, before;" observed Mr. Harding. *I did*—he was a wreck, as he says, himself and no mistake; but, how well he is doing now!"

It immediately occurred to Mrs. Somerville that Tom might have information concerning other Rine Boys; so she inquired, "Mr. Harding, do you know if Brothers Arnott and McCausland are Christians?"



“I have good reason to believe they are—both of them.”

Oh, I'm very glad!” and the look of relief which came over the lady's face caused Giovanni to smile.





CHAPTER V.

TEMPERANCE SONGS.

WHEN tea was over, Miss Wood proposed music, thinking it would cheer her nephew better than anything else. So she placed Hattie at the piano and made Giovanni choose the songs. "Hurrah for Prohibition!" was the first. "On Brother, on:"—"Sound the Battle Cry"—"Jubilee of Temperance" and various others followed.

"The music is doing its work" thought the old maid, as she noticed how Giovanni's pale face flushed and his eyes sparkled.

"We never will drink any more, boys!" "sing that, Hattie;" said her husband.

Mrs. Somerville complied, inwardly thinking that it was not very suitable for *her*, as she did not happen to be a boy!

When it was finished, she remarked, "Giovanni, I do wish Brother Impey would sing that as a solo—

wouldn't he do it well? And the Rine boys could join in the chorus! Now just listen how the third verse would sound—" and she read,—

" The drunkard fills many a grave, boys,
Then brothers arouse ye! awake!
Remember they lie as they fell, boys,
Oh! work for humanity's sake;
Oh! think of the curses of rum, boys,
Stand firm for the right, and be true;
The "Temperance Flag" in one hand, boys,
The other "The Red, White and Blue."

CHO.—O we never will drink any more, boys,
We never will drink any more;
With heart and with hand, together we'll stand
We never will drink any more."

"It would be first-rate, Hattie—you had better ask Brother Impey. The Temperance songs which the choir sing, under his direction, please me so much—especially that one which they gave us lately, 'Help the Cause along!'"

"Mrs. Somerville, can you play the favorite hymn of Hiram McRoss?"

"Indeed, Mr. Harding, I cannot without the music, which I never saw;" said Hattie.

"Oh, I'm very sorry; it would seem like old times to hear *that!*"

"I'll play it for you, Tom," said Giovanni; and taking his wife's place at the piano, he sang Hiram's favorite hymn—"My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine!"

At the third verse,—

“ I have loved Thee in life ; may I love Thee in death
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now ? ”

Giovanni's voice grew husky and Tom wiped the tears from his eyes.

When the hymn was finished, Mr. Somerville returned to his seat and his wife took her place again at the piano.

“ You often speak of Hiram, Giovanni ; ” said Mr. Harding, as soon as he could get his voice clear, “ but, I thought that Archie Campbell was your especial favorite ; why don't you talk of *him* ? ”

“ Because, as a missionary in India, I cannot expect to see him for a long time. ”

“ And do you expect to see *Hiram* ! ” asked Tom in astonishment, a shiver passing over him.

Giovanni bowed.

Instantly it flashed upon Mr. Harding that his companion was going to die. “ He is far gone ; much farther than they suspect ; ” gasped Tom to himself, as he noticed the hectic flush that died Giovanni's cheek. Hattie was turning over music-books, quite unconscious of the drift of the conversation. Her reverie was disturbed by the calm request of Mr. Somerville “ to sing some Rine hymns. ”

“ Rescue the Perishing ”—“ Ring the Bells of Heaven ”—“ What a Friend we have in Jesus ”—

“Whosoever will”—I need Thee every hour”—
“Let the Lower Lights be burning”—“I’m praying
for you,” were sung—then Hattie declared she was
tired.

“You must give us ‘Hold the Fort,’ my dear;”
said her husband

The lady gave it; all of them joining in the chorus
with right good will. Afterwards they talked about
old times, Roseville Seminary, Mr. Grant, etc., finally
coming back to Toronto and the Rine Club.

“I’m so sorry that Mr. Stuart is not our chaplain
still!” remarked Mrs. Somerville.

“What fault can you find with Mr. Ball?” in-
quired her husband, greatly surprised.

“Oh, no fault whatever, save his *youth* ;” replied
the lady, “but really we should have an older man
for that office. Mr. Stuart did very well consid-
ering——”

“Considering that he is not a grey-haired man;”
said Giovanni playfully.

“You may say what you please; but *I* think it a
great pity that Mr. Ball is chaplain; for, he is a mere
boy!”

“You will change your mind, my dear, or I am
much mistaken;” replied Mr. Somerville.

That night, the old maid sat alone for some time,
deeply meditating. At last, she said with a sigh,
“Oh, I *am* sorry! So many years past and only *now*
to have found my work, aye and my Saviour! I

thank Him that he so kindly sent Giovanni here. In the few years that remain of my life, I must bestir myself in good earnest and do all I can for Him who has done everything for me."

So, the next morning, she asked her nephew how she could best lay out one hundred dollars in Temperance work.

"Aunt," exclaimed the delighted young man, "I advise you to place four of the twenty-five dollar Temperance Libraries in as many Sabbath-schools. Write to the National Temperance Society of New York; they publish beautiful books; and will send just what you require."

"I will—what is their address?"

"No. 58 Reade Street, New York."

"Thank you, Giovanni, I'll write for them at once."

The following Sunday, Mr. Somerville was a little better, and accompanied Hattie to the Rine meeting in Albert Hall. It was the afternoon of Jan. 13th—just after Mr. Rine had left the city. Mr. Ryan made a few remarks, so did Mr. Sutcliffe and others. At length, a number spokè in one corner of the Hall, among them was Mr. Hassard, who mentioned that a man *could* rise again, by God's grace, no matter how low he had fallen. He spoke of the hard fight he had after signing the Pledge—but—*he conquered*. "And now, there is not money enough in Canada

to buy over Harry Hassard to drink a glass of liquor."

Mr. Reid testified briefly; then Mr. Arnott arose, saying in his cheery, inimitable tones, "I'm another of the redeemed ones!" and he spoke earnestly for the Cause, as usual.

Mr. Baldwin got up, emphatically remarking, "*I'm another!* You see the redeemed boys all keep together!" He then spoke of the great blessings which the Rine movement had conferred on him and many more.

An elderly gentleman afterwards made a few remarks in a very slow, deliberate manner. He mentioned the text of a sermon which had lately been delivered, "Now is the accepted time"—thinking it applicable with regard to the Cause.

He had barely finished his grave remarks, which were spoken in a low, deliberate tone, when a young, earnest voice rang through the Hall, exclaiming "*Now is the accepted time—Come and sign the Pledge!*" It was the young chaplain, Mr. Ball. His ringing shout and the burning words for the Cause which followed, will never be forgotten by those present.

Mrs. Somerville hardly waited until they were out of the crowd on the way home to exclaim vehemently, "I take back what I said about Mr. Ball—didn't he do splendidly? You know he appealed to the young men at the other end of the hall to come

and sign—well, among the numbers who pressed forward at the close, I counted *nine* young men all in a string. I am sure, Giovanni, *that*, under God, was the work of our boy-chaplain !”

“ No doubt of it, my dear.”

“ The first thing to-morrow morning,” continued the lady, “ I’ll write a note to Mr. and Mrs. Harding, taking back my rash words.”

Which she did—concluding the letter with an ardent wish “ that there were a thousand Mr. Balls in the Club !”

“ Will that make it all right, Giovanni ?” she inquired, handing him the note.

“ Oh, yes, Hattie ;” replied her husband with a smile. He then added earnestly “ I am very glad that Brother Ball has commenced so young to work for God and Temperance. Oh, if he keeps on as he has begun, won’t he have his arms full of golden sheaves, (as Mr. Stuart would express it,) when he comes to stand before God’s throne.”

“ Yes, indeed ; I am sure we have great reason to be proud of our young chaplain ; and it is quite likely that *he* will have more influence over the ‘ Boys ’ than an older person would ever obtain.”

The improvement in Mr. Somerville’s health only lasted a day or two, when he became worse than before. During the week, Dr. Mays had occasion to visit the city on business ; and as usual put up at the house of his sister-in-law. Coming hastily into the

parlor where Giovanni lay, the physician was shocked at the change for the worse which had taken place in a few short weeks. The young man smiled and held out his hand. Dr. Mays clasped it in both his own ; but he could not speak a word.

“Father, I’m coming home with you ;” said Giovanni calmly.

The physician bowed his head over his son-in-law, while the tears streamed down his face.

Hattie was out for a short walk as usual, and was much surprised on her return to find that Miss Wood was making preparations for their departure. She was told to pack up her own things at once ; and, in amazement, commenced to do so. Soon, her father came upstairs ; and she, holding a pair of lovely vases in her hands, laughingly declared “that it was too bad to make them leave Toronto.”

Dr. Mays thought best to tell her the worst at once, so he sadly replied, “My little daughter, *Giovanni is going home to die !*”

Poor Hattie ! The vases dropped on the floor and she burst into a passion of grief.

The following day the whole party, Miss Wood included, returned to Roseville.



CHAPTER VI.

“HOLD THE FORT.”

BEFORE leaving Toronto, a telegram had been sent for Ronald McFarlane, by Giovanni's express desire.

After two days of rest, a meeting was held in Roseville, for Mr. Somerville was extremely anxious to form a Rine Club there. Dr. Mays drove him over to the Temperance Hall, which was well filled. According to his son-in-law's plan, the physician spoke first, at some length, explaining the Gospel Temperance Movement and the object of the meeting. Then Giovanni arose, and made a burning appeal for the Cause he loved. Never had he been more in earnest; for he felt that it was the last time. He could not finish, but fell back fainting in the arms of the physician. It was no more than the doctor expected; he laid his son-in-law on a bench in front of

the platform and sprinkled water on his face. Giovanni opened his eyes.

"You must come home, my boy."

"No, indeed, sir ; I'm going to lie here and watch how many sign the Pledge !"

Then, Hattie, much against her will, made a brief address. It was by the express wish of her husband, who knew she had great influence over the ladies of Roseville. Afterwards Miss Wood took the platform and urged the claims of Temperance in such an able, eloquent manner, that Giovanni was delighted. A large number signed the Pledge ; and, the next evening, organized themselves into a Rine Club.

Mr. Somerville never went out again. The following day he was much worse, for fresh cold had been taken, and congestion of the lungs set in. Hattie was forced to control her grief ; otherwise they would not have let her go near her husband. Telegrams were sent for James Bell and Tom Harding, who were not far away. Ronald arrived first—he was tall, muscular and fine-looking as ever. His step was as firm—his curly hair as black, as when the doctor first saw him at Roseville Seminary. He gently entered the sick room and advanced to the bedside. To Ronald McFarlane, tall and strong, the pale, slight young man before him was still a boy ; and, bending down, he kissed Giovanni's white forehead, his usual manly self-control giving way in a flood of tears. Mr.

Somerville put his arms around his old companion. "Father," he said, "take Hattie away, please, and leave us alone."

The doctor obeyed.

"Papa, I don't like that McFarlane at all!"

"Hush—hush, child; they will hear you! The Professor is a fine fellow; I admire him, greatly."

"Yes—for his science—that may be."

"Hattie, has he not shown you that he has a loving heart as well as a noble intellect?"

"He may not be quite so stony as I imagined," replied Mrs. Somerville, coldly.

Tom arrived on the following day; so did James Bell and his brother Tony, who insisted on coming along. Ronald was invaluable; after his first burst of grief, he had more self-control than any of the others; and soothed his companion's pain by singing hymns.

Soon the last day came. Giovanni took the little hands of his weeping wife and put them in those of McFarlane. "Hattie," he said, "I want you to love Ronald *for my sake*; and, it will not be long, my dear, before you will love him *for his own*!"

At this moment, James and Tony Bell entered the room, the latter in great agitation, as he exclaimed "Giovanni, please take a message for me!"

"A message!"

"Yes—up yonder!"

"Certainly, if I can."

"Then, give my love to Hiram McRoss!" sobbed Tony, and rushed out of the room.

Giovanni smiled. "I don't see any reason why I should not deliver the message; though, doubtless, Hiram has it by this time."

"Do you think those above know what is passing on earth?" asked the doctor.

"Yes;" replied Ronald. "'Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with *so great a cloud of witnesses.*'"

"That's it!" eagerly responded Giovanni. "Don't you think we shall know in Heaven when Prohibition is carried? *Yes, we shall!*" and he rubbed his hands in delight. "Father," he continued, "I want a *Gospel Temperance sermon* preached over me."

"Very well, my boy;" replied the doctor in a husky tone.

"And, Hattie, when I am dead, pin the blue ribbon over my heart and let six of the Rine Boys carry me to my grave."

"I will, Giovanni;" said the poor lady, unable to restrain her tears.

An hour or two passed—it was evident that the end was near. The children were brought in to kiss their papa for the last time, after which the nurse took them away. Dr. Mays and his daughter, together with Ronald McFarlane and his companions, stood

around the bedside. Mr. Somerville wished them good bye, saying a few words to each, and exacting a promise from all present to work for the Temperance Cause.

“Giovanni is keeping his vow to the last;” thought poor Dr. Mays.

Then the young lecturer became so quiet that they did not think he would arouse again. But soon the brown eyes opened and rested lovingly on Ronald McFarlane.

“Are you happy, Giovanni?”

“Yes! I’m going home to Jesus! Ronald, please sing ‘*Hold the Fort!*’”

McFarlane commenced and the others joined in the chorus:—

“Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
“By Thy grace we will.”

Giovanni lay still with a bright smile on his face—good reason had he to be happy! Was he not washed in the blood of the Lamb? Was he not going home to his Saviour-Captain, under whose Temperance banner he had fought from his childhood?

Those by the bedside knew that all was nearly over, but they sang on.

With the same sweet smile on his face, and “Hold the Fort!” ringing in his ears, Giovanni Somerville entered into Heaven.

