

I don't know what I ever should do when my weak spells come on if I did not have that remedy near," I added, as I saw a look of hesitation on your father's face. "Take it, of course. It's only medicine. It can't hurt you," I urged."

"Did he take it, mother?" asked Alice breathlessly.

"Yes, he drank what I poured out for him, and in a few moments he declared that he was warm and comfortable. But, Oh, my child, if I ever regretted anything in the world, I regretted that act of mine! Every once in a while, after that, I would find your father standing before the medicine cabinet with my brandy bottle in his hand, and when I would remonstrate with him he would say that it was only a tonic, and that he really needed it to rest his tired nerves.

"Many hot words on account of this passed between us as time went on, and finally he angrily declared that he would never touch my medicine again—and he never did."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Alice, with a sigh of relief.

"No, he never did," the mother continued, "but the trouble was not ended; it was only begun, for after that he used to take his brandy away from home. He naturally drifted to the very companionship that he formerly had loathed and despised. Things have rapidly gone from bad to worse, until now——"

"Don't mother—Oh, don't. You shan't cry again. It will be all right somehow; it must be. Father used to be a good man. He will be good again; it is in him. We will help him. We will save him."

"That is easy enough for your young lips to say. How many times I have made vows like that! It seems to me I have tried everything, but everything has failed."

"There are two things you have not tried, mother."

Mrs Norton looked up into the eager face, now strangely illumined. "What are they, dear child?"

"You have not tried God's power to save father. Our temperance lesson in Sunday School to-day was about that very thing. I can see, from what you have said, that you have been trying to save him all by yourself."

"Dear, I believe there you are half-way right," replied the mother in

tones of conviction. "But tell me the other thing I have not tried."

"The other thing, mother dear"—the next words came slowly, with pauses between—"you haven't thrown away your 'medicine bottle.'"

There was a crash of breaking glass in the next room, followed by a hissing sound in the grate.

"Your father!" Mrs Norton sprang up in terror. "Oh, I can't bear any more!" She covered her face with her hands as if to shut out some dreaded sight.

"Yes, it is 'your father,' Alice," came a steady, deep voice from the doorway—"your father, but clothed and in his right mind at last."

There was nothing to fear from the clear-eyed, erect man standing there. "You see I have tried one remedy suggested—he held out the broken bottle—"and now we all will try the other, so help us God!"

From the glad, quivering lips of mother and daughter, very reverently, very joyfully, came the word "Amen!"

BREAD OR BEER.

Mr Alfred Booth, Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, lately made a speech at Liverpool, in which he said:—"The most glaring example of a form of consumption which we could perfectly well dispense with is the drink traffic. I am not thinking now of the temperance side of the question. Important though that is, we have got far beyond that now. I am thinking of the demand which the trade makes upon the services of our ships, our railways, and carts, and of our labour. Thirty thousand tons a week of barley and other produce are brought into this country for the brewing and distilling trades! Think of the demand which this means on the depleted resources of our mercantile marine. Then all this stuff, together with the larger quantity which is grown at home, has to be carted and hauled by rail to the brewery or distillery. Then it has to be brought back again and distributed to the consumer. In addition to this, six thousand miners are kept permanently employed getting coal, and thirty-six thousand tons of coal have to be sent every week to these breweries and distilleries. Taken in the aggregate, the services absorbed by this trade are

on a gigantic scale, and the net result of it all is a decrease in national efficiency. I say in all seriousness that, if we are to maintain our armies in the field, we shall before long have to choose between bread and beer.

WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

God bless our Temp'rance band
Throughout our native land,
And give us grace
Our forces to unite
For God, and truth, and right,
And wage a winning fight
To save our race.

May women everywhere
For Temperance declare,
And join the fight;
May we with hearts aflame
Uphold our country's fame,
And save from guilt and shame
Our honour bright.

Where souls in bondage lie,
May we, in love, draw nigh,
Their chains to break;
May we their way prepare,
Uphold with faith and prayer,
And shame and sorrow share,
For Jesu's sake.

Where mothers weep for boys,
Long loved and cherished joys,
Now gone astray:
May we their dwellings seek,
A word of hope to speak,
And for the wanderer weak,
In meekness pray.

Where children cry for bread,
On hard, untended bed,
Thy mercy show;
Help us to do our share
Their future to prepare,
And keep them from the snare
That worketh woe.

The Temp'rance women's band
Extend in every land
Where people dwell,
Till all the race shall be
From drink and crime set free,
And in glad songs to Thee
Their praises tell.

—Thomas Tiplady (Rev.)

On May 1st, 100 saloons went out of business in Chicago because their patronage was so poor they did not pay.