

Temperance.

FOUR STEPS TO A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. MALLART.

A babe in its mother's arms. It is like all other babes, for it is very lovely, very innocent, and very beautiful, with pearly skin, rosy cheeks, and dancing eyes. The young mother clasps her boy to her bosom, and her heart overflows with love. In pride she decks her babe in costly fabrics, and in necklace and armlets glitter jewels of inestimable value. As she gazes with unutterable fondness into his liquid eyes, no evil seems to her so great as death, and with sudden fear she folds her arms around him, and with tear-filled eyes, exclaims, "O God, spare my darling." Years pass, and the little one's mind is filled with vanity and love of self. Unconsciously his doting mother has choked every noble, generous impulse, until selfishness reigns supreme.

A boy stands by his mother's side, and listens as she speaks to him in an earnest tone, with a voice trembling with feeling. His brow is contracted, his lips compressed, and his face flushed with excitement. The circus drum is beating; in imagination he sees the prancing horses, and more eagerly he pleads to go. Her "no" is changed to a reluctant "yes," since he promises to return quickly, and he rushes from her side and is gone. She smiles as she watches him fly down the street, and thinks it but the effervescence of youth, which age will correct. Night comes. Over and over again she opens the door to watch her darling's return, and as many times she closes it with a sigh. Supper is announced, is over, but still he does not come. Her own meal is left untasted, but she does not forget to lay aside a dainty morsel for her boy. At a late hour he returns, and overjoyed that he is safe, she rushes to meet him, forgetting all, since he is in her arms once more. School has been neglected for sinful pleasure, he has been disobedient, has failed to fulfil his promise, but is caressed.

The boy has become a man. He moves in a fashionable circle; hence must frequent theatres, ball-rooms, and drink wine. Young ladies smile upon him, though he drinks, and the world passes this by as youthful indiscretion. Riotous companions commend him for "carrying his liquor well," allowing him to reel a little, only so he does not fall. His mother fears to remonstrate, for her son has outgrown her confidence and her influence, and would only ridicule her fears.

He is a husband, and two beautiful boys call him father. He has too much self-respect to visit a bar-room or drink behind a screen, yet he is a drunkard still. His liquor is bought by the barrel, and he drinks from a silver goblet, and none but those of his own fireside witness his drunken revels, and the stupor and disgusting sickness which follow. His wife's cheeks have grown pale, her eyes have lost their lustre, and there are times when his children hush their merry laughter, and sit in thoughtful silence. A dark day has come, for the gentleman-drinker is dead! A sudden attack of illness, a few days of raving, and he has gone?

What has he left?
A grave, a wife weeping for a lost soul, two noble boys who may inherit their father's thirst, a broken hearted mother, and an influence which only eternity can unfold.

Boys, consider these steps, and beware of the second!—*Young Reaper.*

ONE OF J. B. GOUGH'S STORIES.

A friend of mine, seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door, which led to a room reaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said "Come in," and he went in. There was no light; but as soon as his eyes became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

"What are you doing there?" he asked of the boy.
"Hush! hush! I am hiding."
"Hiding? What for?" And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen.
"Who was it beat you like that?"
"Don't tell him; my father did it."
"What for?"

"Father got drunk, and beat me because I wouldn't steal."
"Did you ever steal?"
"Yes, sir, I was a thief once." (These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it—it is their profession.)
"Then why don't you steal now?"
"Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will not steal, sir, if my father kills me."
Said my friend, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."
The boy looked at it a moment, and then said,
"But, please sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"
My friend thought it strange that without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing a hymn, but he said, "Yes; I will hear you."

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my infirmity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain would I to thee be brought,
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place."
"That's my little hymn; good-by!"
The gentleman went again in the morning; went up-stairs; knocked at the door—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead. In the night he had gone home. Thank God that he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond or free, young or old. He sends his angels to the homes of the poor and destitute, the degraded and wicked, to take the blood-bought little ones to his own home.

SUMMER TRAVEL IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

A Correspondent of the Boston *Christian Era* who was enjoying a visit to the British Provinces a few weeks since, writes from St. John, N. B., to his friends at home in the following pleasant manner of what he experienced:

"When in this city some twenty years since, we suggested to some of our friends that a first class hotel was all that was needed in order to turn Summer travel largely in this direction, and which would ultimately prove of great advantage in many ways to the entire Province. The necessity for such an attraction and convenience was most freely admitted, but this great want has remained unsupplied until within the last two months. The recently opened Victoria Hotel—a spacious and elegant brick building, five-stories in height, with 240 rooms, and finished and furnished in all respects as a first-class hotel—has fully met this long deferred and greatly desired accommodation for migratory Yankeeedom. The results are already just what might have been anticipated—an influx of travellers, which not only crowd this new house beyond its capacity, but fills it to repletion, and has led to much needed improvements in the better class of the other hotels in the city.

There is not any place within our knowledge more healthy, comfortable and economical, and where those of moderate means can spend a few weeks in summer and enjoy, to a good degree, home convenience, than St. John and vicinity. You can ride, and sail, and fish; go up the St. John River to Fredericton, greeted all the way with natural and ever-changing scenery of unsurpassed beauty; or across the Bay of Fundy to Digby and Annapolis Royal, and then take the cars to Windsor and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Annapolis Valley, between the North and South Mountains, is truly worthy of its title—"the garden of the Provinces." At Wolfville is Acadia College, and here you can obtain a magnificent view of Grand Prè, the basin of Minas, the dykes and meadows of Cornwallis and the towering, rugged Blomidon—so graphically described and immortalized in *Evangeline*; all these, and many other scenes that will afford abundant pleasure, and gratify the taste of the sublime and beautiful, are at your command; and if they fail to satisfy your longings and tone up your waning energies—why then you had better remain at home and revel in the delights of brick walls and hot, dusty streets.

But if you want true recreation and pure healthy enjoyment, and are willing to receive them for a moderate compensation, then make the trip we have indicated and all your rational anticipations will be more than realized.

St. John seems to be progressing in all respects. At the present time the entire

Province appears to be taking a "new departure." In the lumber trade and the building of ships, it occupies a first position. In various material improvements, in the recently adopted education system, in the Home and Foreign Mission, and Sabbath School work, in the manifest desire for an educated ministry, we believe are contained the germs necessary for a rapid and greatly enlarged development of material resources, combined with moral power, which will be in harmony with all healthy and true progress of this wonderful age in which we are now living.

N. P. K.

Correspondence.

MENTAL CULTURE.

Mr. Editor,—

I am very glad that a general summary of Prof. Higgins' Address, appeared in your columns. When your correspondent referred to the address and gave an idea of its purport I was quite anxious to learn what the Professor would have to say of such a subject. Of course I anticipated that he would take his stand upon the "old foundations." I find that he has done so, and sustained them strongly. Indeed most all that has been said and written of late of the subject of College Curricula has been in general in this direction. But I have, nevertheless, formed the opinion that there are two sides to this question, and further, that the side supporting Modern Culture was best adapted to the spirit of the times, and even further, that every thing was tending in that direction, and struggle and thunder as much as they may, the advocates of the old system must eventually give way to the overwhelming tide that is setting in in favor of the new.

I deem at least, Sir, that this subject is worthy of public attention and claims full discussion and careful consideration. Whatever private views you may possibly entertain on this subject, you cannot be averse to a fair discussion,—neither can any harm possibly result.

I may as well avow at the outset that I am confident that the day of Classical and Mathematic education is fast passing away, and that I have no hesitation in making the statement that these studies are by no means adapted to suit the wants of rising young men.—Having thus with sufficient clearness, I trust, expressed my view, I propose to consider, calmly and respectfully some of the leading points adduced in the Address aforesaid.

I was particularly struck by an idea which I discover among the opening sentences. "It is stated that 'a college aims not to make doctors or lawyers, but only to make men.'" This short sentence touches a note which rings throughout the entire lecture—the idea of "making men." I have frequently heard this idea very confidently proclaimed before by the schoolmen, and I confess I appreciate the desirability of the end, but I do avow that I fail to see the practicability of the means. How is this admirable object to be accomplished? Or, perhaps, it may be well to ascertain what these men mean by that word "man." How do they propose to apply the test of manhood? This is a point that has puzzled me very often. Do they mean to affirm that he who excels in his college course, can read Virgil and Ovid most glibly, or conjugate Greek verbs most flippantly—can work out long, complicated and terrible Mathematical formulas—in a word who stands at the head of his class, is after all the best man? If so, it is a huge mistake—any sane man in the country would laugh at such an idea, and well he might—for all facts are diametrically against such a theory, which bears on the face of it the evidences of its own monstrous absurdity.

Indeed, I fail to discover how we are to measure true manhood, save by deeds, and by the success which marks them. How are we to judge of what a man is save by what he is capable of doing. Give me a good doctor, a good lawyer, a good minister, a good farmer, a good mechanic, a good man of any honest calling, and the advocates of "Culture," so called, may have their "men."

I find I must dwell a little longer on this idea of "making men." What then is the conception which Professor Higgins has of a man, apart from his ability in whatever occupation he may choose to adopt? Can we regard any man as having fulfilled his destiny in this world if he does nothing in his chosen profession? Perhaps it will be replied that success is rendered more certain by the possession of this peculiar "Culture." To such an idea I would unhesitatingly take exception.

I would not deny but that it is an advantage to any man to have a good education, but what this education should be I would desire to have something further to say. I affirm confidently that a man may fill the most useful and honorable places in the whole world, who is not able to distinguish Latin from Sanscrit, or Greek from Micmac. In support of this let me instance a Washington, a Lincoln, a Spurgeon,—to say nothing of the hosts of men of all professions who are laboring successfully in all parts of the world.

What, then, is education? By an educated man, I conceive one who can take a broad expanded, liberal and elevated view of every subject which comes up for his consideration. And I do not think that even Prof. Higgins will object to my definition. But will any man presume to say that mere dry abstract study is going to aid a man in securing this ability? I have often heard this affirmed, but candidly confess myself so obtuse, as never to be able to feel the force of such a statement. Take, for instance, the study of History. As a student reads on from page to page, new facts, new principles, new theories of Government, are continually presented before him. He can read sage lessons in every chapter, and in the course of a few hundred pages a whole mass of useful and available matter is spread out for his consideration. And so as he proceeds in the study he finds his views enlarging and his powers expanding. Now in all reason I ask is this the result of the facts and principles he has acquired, or does it come of the mere force that he has expended in poring so many hours over so many pages? The correct answer to this inquiry would go far towards a satisfactory solution of that problem involved in the question, "What are the proper Subjects of a College Curriculum?" I experience little difficulty in determining how ninety-nine out of one hundred sensible men would answer it.

I find, Mr. Editor, that this is a large subject and as I do not wish to exceed the ordinary length of newspaper articles, I shall have to do myself the honor of addressing you again on this subject. For the present I would say that I know not that any distinct action has been taken by the authorities, in reference to the arrangement of the College Curriculum, but I do know that it makes little difference what present adjustment has been made, for the College must adapt itself to the spirit of the age, and the real wants of the times, or go down— one or the other.

MODERN CULTURE.

Missionary Intelligence.

In our last we gave some interesting items from the Report of the Burmah Baptist Missionary Convention. The same pamphlet contains in addition quite full Station Reports. In these we find a number of facts and details which will be read with deep interest by many friends of Foreign Missions. We have therefore made a number of extracts as follows:—

MAULMAIN BURMAN MISSION.
The working missionary force on the field was doubled numerically on the 5th of Feb. last by the arrival from America of Miss S. S. LeFevre for the Girls' Boarding School, and Rev. Jas. R. Haswell and wife.—Moung Kyau and his wife Mah shway Mai, after a long absence in the United States, also returned at the same time to their native place. Although not under appointment of any Society, and dependent upon themselves for support, they are devoted to the missionary work. Moung Kyau has already rendered valuable service. We have reason to believe they will prove true "helpers in Christ."

K'mahwet.—The interest at K'mahwet has not abated. Two persons, man and wife of middle age, were baptized early in the year by S'yah Ko Shway A. August 13, four more converts were baptized by Rev. J. M. Haswell in the presence of at least three hundred heathen witnesses. There are at present several persons "almost persuaded" to follow Christ. For several months a strong spirit of opposition has been manifested; threats of violence toward the Christians and inquirers have been repeatedly made. A paper refusing all intercourse with Christians or those consorting with them has been drawn up and numerously signed. Notwithstanding these things, we have never preached to so large congregations of adult heathen on the Sabbath as have met with the Christians on our visits to K'mahwet the past rains. We have

repeatedly counted over fifty present at our Sunday morning preaching service. The sudden death of one of the most promising inquirers a few weeks since, a man in the prime of life, made a deep impression on all. We have hope for him.

The Morton Lane School removed early in the year to the old mission Printing Office which has been refitted and furnished for its occupation at a cost of over 800 rupees. The removal of Dr. Shaw-Loo to Thongzai, made it necessary for Moung Kyau to assume the duties of the Head-mastership immediately on his arrival.—Frequent changes of masters made during the past three years have seriously affected the efficiency of the school. Moung Kyau and his assistants have discharged their duties creditably. There are now over eighty pupils in attendance.

RANGOON PGOHO MISSION.

All of the churches (16) are supplied with pastors without foreign aid and two men have been constantly itinerating in the heathen villages. They have also supported Th'rah Quain as a missionary to Siam through the Covenant.

BASSEIN PGOHO KAREN MISSION.

While for this present year, as for many others, the home missionary work performed by our Pgoho Karens can truly be said to be the glory of this mission, we are greatly hindered from the want of suitable persons to locate in the new places. In a good many of our churches the amount of time and labor devoted by the pastors, deacons, Bible-women, and other earnest ones, young and old, in companies from two or three to twenty or thirty, visiting and holding meetings, almost every where cordially received and listened to (especially where the Bible-women go with some of the scholars to read and sing)—the amount of time and labor, if counted in rupees, would exceed all the actual contributions we here report.

While we feel almost impatient of the scarcity of preachers, we are grateful for an encouraging number of very fine lads and young men now in school to whom we are looking, and whom we expect will in a few years become the teachers and preachers of the people. Our young women also are not behind in study, in sacrifice, in effort to teach in the jungle, in several instances, the last season, being located where there was no other person to read or lead in prayer, they have taken the lead. A very pleasant circumstance connected with the closing exercises of one of our best jungle schools (in the village of Mong Tha) was, that at a very liberal expense the people furnished entertainment for all who would come, circulating their invitation extensively among their surrounding heathen relatives, to spend two days in seeing and hearing their children recite and sing. And the people said, "the heathen had heard more gospel preached by the children than you could persuade them to hear in the chapel for years." For although they listen when the gospel is preached to them in their homes, it is a prejudice hard to overcome to induce them to attend the chapel, or even go into it. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Mrs. L. N. Van Meter in her report states that the teacher has not been forgotten in his long and suffering journey, and even when protracted silence has made us fear, the Karens have said, "We shall pray for our teacher and he will get to his country. We shall hear from him again, mama." Many of their prayers have been very touching from the earnestness of their faith. One good old woman sitting by me after listening to my account of Mr. Van Meter's illness in Egypt, a stranger in a strange land, and after that, the weeks of silence, clasped her hands and raising them with her face to heaven, after much earnest prayer, added, "O God hear me in what I pray for. Hear me, O God! what I ask for, give me, O God! give me! Hear, O God, for our teacher, for Jesus' sake. Amen"

BASSEIN SGAU KAREN MISSION.

About the first of last April, our highly-esteemed friend Miss M. DeWolfe left us for another field of usefulness. She had been associated with us in school-work for more than a year. All were loth to lose her, but it was thought that if possible, the need of Henthadah was greater than of Bassein.

In the most neglected churches especially there is an appalling lack of the commonest spiritual ideas,—a gross materiality in all their conceptions and desires,—the habit of prayer almost wanting,—the fear of disease, death, and the powers of darkness, almost universal, the use of charms and incantations very general, while the grosser vices are hardly checked. Many of these dis-