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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

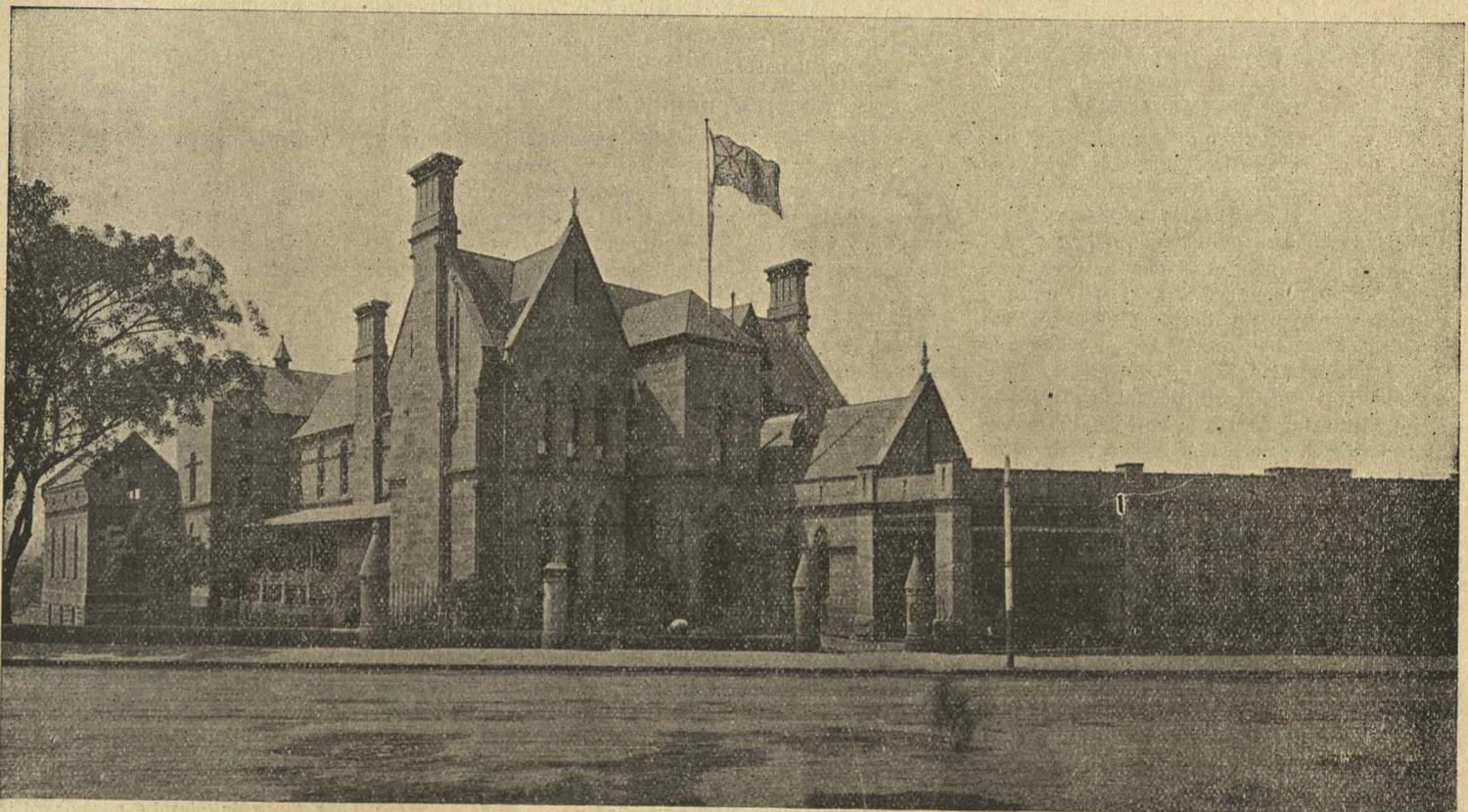
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Vol. V. No. 30.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1911.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



The Sydney Industrial Blind Institution.

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The Verdict of Experts.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

(By T. D. CROTHERS, M.D., Hartford, Ct.)

(Continued from Last Issue.)

WHERE NERVE POWER IS NEEDED.

The need of total abstinence is recognised more sharply than ever among drivers of motor-cars. In a recent journal a statement was made that in 50 accidents with motor-cars in which lives were lost at least 40 of the drivers had used spirits.

Why the public will tolerate the danger from a man with an alcoholic breath guiding a motorcar about the city is startling. Such men are not only insane, but actually inviting disaster, by occupying positions that require the best judgment and most accurate sense possible to avoid accidents.

The railroads will not permit an engineer who is known to be a drinking man to control an engine held to a track by rails, but the public tolerate all sorts and conditions of men driving motor-cars everywhere, and only require that they should keep down to a certain speed limit.

No one but a total abstainer should be permitted to handle a motor-car. This fact is receiving endorsement in the business circles and everywhere, and the idea is growing that total abstinence is not a theory, but is an absolute necessity to avoid disaster and peril, and to secure the best work possible.

ABOUT TUBERCULOSIS.

A very startling confirmatory fact has come into prominence, showing that the prevalence and mortality of consumption is very largely due to the use of spirits.

We have known for a long time that consumption and inebriety were interchangeable, that is, one disease followed another. Patients come to my hospital, recover from the use of alcohol, and later go home and die of consumption.

Consumptives go to the far west or to some sanatorium, recover, and begin to use alcohol, and die soon after. When the history of consumptive cases are examined, it is found that quite a large percentage comes from moderate or excessive drinking parents.

Persons who use wine on the table or beer, and who are supposed to be very abstemious compared with others, have children with low vitality, feeble resisting power to disease, and especially predisposed to consumption. Persons who have drunk to great excess are followed by children many of whom die of consumption, and are always defective and neurotic, and subject to a great variety of diseases.

Dr. Forel, a great authority, shows that the children of drinking persons **as well as** the moderate drinker himself are far more susceptible to the germ of consumption, and are less liable to recover, than the children of total abstainers.

Dr. Williams, a great authority in London, asserts that one of the great preventive causes of consumption is total abstinence.

Without this consumption is far more frequent and certain to break out.

MORAL DEGENERATION.

Criminality is another entallment from moderate or excessive drinking parentage. Statistical facts show that both moderate drinkers and the children of moderate or excessive drinkers furnish the largest number of criminals.

This is very clear from the scientific teachings of the effects of alcohol in destroying the ethical brain centres, diminishing the consciousness of right and wrong, and practically lowering all vigor and ambition to do right and live right.

Children from such parentage are inevitably defective and degenerate in other ways, and are without the power of resistance or ability to control themselves under conditions of strain or stress.

Pauperism is another distinct result of the delusive theories that alcohol can be used moderately. Facts along these lines have been worked out and studied with mathematical exactness, and the conclusion that both criminality and pauperism are traceable to the use of spirits, both in the ancestors and in the individuals in fully 60 per cent. of all cases.

OTHER PERILS.

The same facts appear in the study of idiocy, epilepsy, and many other great evils, and there is no one cause more prominent than alcohol. The mortality lists of every town and city of the country indicate the same cause; in some conditions very prominent, in others less so, but in all the same terrible exacting factors.

These facts are not accepted by many for the reason that they seem to conflict with the theories and so-called experiences, but when examined scientifically they are very clearly explainable.

THE REASON.

Thus the fascination for alcohol, and its relief to fatigue and apparent restoration is due to its narcotic action. It is a literal covering up, and narcotising the danger signals of pain, discomfort, unrest, nervousness, and a variety of symptoms, but not a removal of the causes.

The continuous use of spirits in any form, even in small doses, has precisely the same effect, only differing in degree, and this effect is narcotism, impairment of sensations, loss of vigor, and power of repair and resistance to disease.

Many men and women who have used spirits in moderation die without realising the injury they have inflicted upon themselves, and without realising the more terrible danger of the transmission to their children of defects which cripple them forever.

THE SAFE WAY.

In the storms and stress of life the moderate drinker goes down first. He dies from shocks, from injuries, from infectious diseases, simply because he has lowered his vigor and energy. There can be no possible moderate use of spirits that is free from peril. The brain and nervous system will not tolerate injury, however small, without in some way resenting it.

Total abstinence is the only road that leads to health and vigor, and there are no two sides to this question. It has passed beyond the stage of question or theory, and the facts are accumulating with such rapidity that all theories and previous opinions have no place in the evidence. A scientific age has come in which the causes of the great evils of civilisation are being studied, and measures to remove them constitute the highest element of progress.

STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS.

This is illustrated in the obliteration of yellow fever. In 1902, 3800 cases were reported in Rio de Janeiro, with over 1400 deaths. In 1908, six years later, not a single case of yellow fever or death from that cause was reported.

The same thing has occurred in Havana, New Orleans, and many southern cities of this country. Typhoid fever has practically become a thing of the past, because of the discovery of the causes and their removal. Other diseases are disappearing in the same way.

THE APPLICATION.

We are confronted with the fact that at least half a million persons die directly or indirectly from the use of spirits in this country. The same fact appeals to us in this State, where the overflowing insane asylums, jails, hospitals, reform schools, almshouses, and sanitoriums, the most prominent of which is alcohol.

Remove these causes and break up the delusion that alcohol has any food or tonic value, and establish total abstinence as an absolute fact, then we can predict the disappearance of these evils. The causes of yellow fever were discovered and their removal was followed by a stamping out of the disease.

LEGISLATION NEEDED.

We know the causes of the alcoholic evils which peril our civilisation, and why should we not insist on their removal? Connecticut and every other State in the Union that tolerates the saloon and permits alcohol to be used as a tonic and stimulant, are literally furnishing the soil and cultivating a growth of evils, diseases, mortality, which can and will be prevented and stamped out in the near future.

Total abstinence is simply a recognition of these causes. It is sanity, sound judgment, advanced thinking, and an effort to bring in a new age free from the terrible evils of the present. The delusions that alcohol is a tonic, stimulant, and has a food value, are destructive and obstructive to the great race march from the lower to the higher.



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"The Lord'll Pervide."

THE STORY OF AN ALPACA DRESS.

By MAYNE KNIGHT.

"Sallie?" queried Uncle Joe's weak, tremulous voice from the corner, "Sallie, ain't that alpaca a'most ware out?" For answer, the needle flashed back and forth in the sunshine more quickly. "Sallie," the anxious voice queried once more, "ain't that dress most done?"

"Aunt Sallie" paused a moment, then asked irrelevantly, "Joe, hadn't you better go down to th' postoffice, an' git th' News?"

It vexed him as much to be sent off now, because he vaguely felt her to be disturbed by his question, as it had in his boyhood days, when his mother had sent him to fill an overflowing woodbox, while she told a neighbor woman some bit of gossip not intended for his ears, and for the first time in his long life, he rebelled. "Naw," he said brusquely; "naw, I don't want no paper."

Aunt Sallie laid down the alpaca in speechless amazement, and looked him over carefully from head to foot, much as though she thought he had suddenly gone daft. "Joe," she demanded, "what's the matter with you? What do you want?"

"Tobacker," was the instant reply.

Without further comment, she whisked aside the checked apron with one plump hand, and with the other dived deep into a spacious pocket, bringing up a battered old pocketbook and so quickly extracting the money therefrom that Uncle Joe hadn't time to see the contents.

"You don't need it for anything, Sallie, tea er nothin'?" he questioned, dropping back into his old dependent way.

She shook her white head vigorously, and while she fumbled away back in the corner, searching for a missing cap, she proceeded to inspect the dress critically to see if, after having done active service for fifteen years as her "Sunday dress," it hadn't found out by experience how to do another fifteen. It had had experience enough, surely, if that counts, and had recorded each red-letter day faithfully.

For instance, that faint fruit stain on the front of the waist always reminded her of her daughter Annie's wedding-day; that shiny streak across the back came from the continued contact with the high, uncomfortable old seat in the "meetin' house;" one of the silk buttons on the right sleeve

had been chewed by baby Annie at Granma Howland's last birthday party, until it was quite shabby; and the rent on the side breadth of the skirt had been done at Annie's funeral, nearly a year ago.

Uncle Joe abruptly ended her day dream by heavily shuffling out, admitting their next door neighbor as he went. She unceremoniously threw the fat Maltese cat from Uncle Joe's rocker, comfortably ensconcing herself therein, throwing back her shawl across the chair as she did so. Aunt Sallie had become so accustomed to these informal little calls that she never looked up until Mrs. Peck exclaimed: "That dress looks like it wuz about done fer."

"Good as most folks', Mrs. Peck."

"Why, it's all shiny, an'—"

"There, that'll do," was the surprisingly terse reply; for a moment there was silence, during which Aunt Sallie regarded the dress with moistened eyes, as though it were a departing kinsman. Mrs. Peck again broke the silence.

"How er you goin' to git another when it's gone?"

"Time enough when it's gone to think of that."

"Time now, Aunt Sallie, with you wonderin' where your next meal's victuals air comin' from."

The thought of the last dime given to Uncle Joe, and consequently of a long, tealess Sunday looming up before her, wasn't particularly comforting, so she said nothing; Mrs. Peck chattered on:

"Ever since the well give out last fall, an' you had to quit takin' washin's, we've all wondered what you wuz agoin' to do. Why, everybody knows the two front rooms leak so that you can't live in 'em, an' haint enough coal to heat 'em if you could—an' how you're goin' ter git through the winter Lord only knows."

"Well, ain't that enough, Serenie Peck? If folks 'ud 'tend less to His business an' more to their'n, I reckon we'd all git along better."

Mrs. Peck was perfectly amazed at gentle Aunt Sallie's unwonted show of spirit, but her instrument of war was always ready. "Well, when folks won't 'tend to what He's give 'em fer a rainy day, instid o' takin' in ever' orphan, and helpin' the hull down, they'll hev to suffer fer it, that's all. An'

what good does it do? Not a mite o' thanks, er help either, do you git."

"Well, Miss Peck," answered Aunt Sallie, gently, "I've never nu'sed a sick body, ner raised a child, ner give to any needy soul that I wouldn't do it yet, if I could, an' mark my words, Miss Peck, the Lord'll pervide, and He's agoin' to do it purty quick now."

"He'll have ter."

Aunt Sallie went on quite undisturbed, trying to make amends for her sharp words. "I'll take care of the baby this evenin' if you're goin' to the school to th' box supper."

"Why, yes," assented Mrs. Peck with alacrity, picking up her shawl to go, "I'll send Mandy over with him right away after supper. Good-by, Aunt Sallie," she called as she disappeared.

Aunt Sallie still sat by the window, aut the sun had ceased to shine, and now and then a mist would rise before the faded blue eyes; finally she prayed, softly: "O' Lord, forgive me fer bein' so sharp-tongued, an' give us day by day our daily bread, fer His dear sake, amen."

Comforted, she sat contentedly, watching for a chance passerby, until a faint halloo warned her of the school boys' approach. Running to the front door and gathering a great handful of soft snow, she waited until the first one, roughish Bobby Murray, approached, then she threw it at him. Quick as a flash half a dozen balls were pelted back in answer, followed by loud shouts of boyish laughter. Poor Tommy retreated precipitately under the farthest corner of the stove, while Aunt Sallie laughed until little white ringlets bobbed all over her head.

"One little, two little, three little Indian four little, five little, six little Indian," she sang merrily, as she swept the snow out at the back door, and proceeded to prepare the evening meal. After supper, while the dishes were being washed and Uncle Joe was dozing over his pipe, Manly Peck suddenly popped through the back door with the baby, thrust him into Uncle Joe's arms, and disappeared through the front, leaving both doors open behind her.

"Whew!" ejaculated Uncle Joe, tucking the youngster under one arm, while he proceeded to shut the doors.

"Sallie, did you offer to keep this kid again?"

She nodded guiltily.

"Then keep him," he advised, "an' don't poke him off onto me."

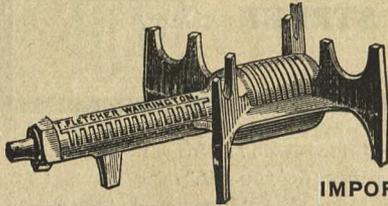
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New South Wales Alliance.

By EDGAR R. CARO.

Mr. Complin, our genial secretary, after several weeks of incessant work soliciting funds from prominent business men of Sydney, many of whom have signified their deep interest in the success of the great No-license movement, has hurried off to Gunning district, where he will conduct a two weeks' campaign.

* * *

This is a move in the right direction. Taking our ease after the last strenuous fight, many of our electoral committees and workers are remaining at ease too long. During the past two months an effort has been made by the Alliance officers to meet the workers of the several metropolitan electorates, and these meetings have been most enthusiastic. **But some of the secretaries have not yet arranged meetings in their electorates.** Why not, secretaries? If we learnt nothing else from the last campaign, we surely learnt that splendid organization and untiring effort are essential to a greater victory at the next poll. Now is the time to re-organize our workers into a permanent force, and, as opportunity permits, Mr. Complin will assist country electorates in this work, while metropolitan organization will go steadily on until completed.

* * *

A splendid example of organized effort is found in Campsie, the one suburb of Sydney without a public house bar to demoralise its citizens. Taking advantage of the large influx of new householders into this prosperous and healthy No-license district, an effort was made to secure sufficient names on a petition to make possible an application for a hotel license. The Campsie workers were alive to the danger. Headed by such campaigners as Messrs. Bustle, Hawkes, and others whose hands we have shaken, but whose names we do not remember, a counter petition was undertaken—and undertaken so successfully that the would-be applicant withdrew at least temporarily from the field. The section of land purchased for a hotel site is still vacant, and we trust that the vigilance of the Campsie No-license advocates, and the common-sense of campaign voters, will keep it so until State prohibition of the manufacture

and sale of alcoholic beverages is an accomplished fact.

* * *

One of the most bar-cursed towns in New South Wales is Broken Hill. "I have seen over and over again," said a gentleman from that city, himself not an abstainer, "little bare-footed boys and girls going into the hotels by back entrances with a coin in one hand and a jug in the other. If you want to see the bar at its worst, go to Broken Hill."

* * *

From Mr. W. D. Bohn, the veteran secretary of the Barrier Temperance Alliance, comes the following encouraging statements:

"You will please find enclosed cheque for the amount of balance owing to your Alliance by us. The Barrier Branch can assure you that it is giving us great pleasure to be able to liquidate this debt, and hope that at some future date we may be able to do more. We have a hard fight up here, but we are fighting on in the good old cause. **Our monthly meetings are improving.**"

* * *

The Gordon electorate, which polled so strongly at the last election, has never ceased to work towards its goal—No-license for Gordon. The following report from the energetic local secretary, Mr. Stark, is so excellent an example of the state of things, that should everywhere exist, that no word can rightly be omitted:

* * *

"The Gordon Electorate Leaguers are still pegging away. Realising that permanent organization is essential to success, these friends re-established their league immediately after the last campaign, and have since maintained their machinery in fair working order. While the steam pressure is not great, still the fire is there."

* * *

"Education and finance are regarded as the main objects of present organization. While not much has been done under the first head, plans are being developed by which it is expected that effective work will be carried out. **The young people and children are the objects of some very earnest thought in this direction.**

"The bottom-square box scheme has helped to solve the problem represented by that formidable term—finance. Largely as the result of about a fortnight's canvass by Mr. J. Marion, over 250 boxes are now in circulation, the results to date being decidedly encouraging.

* * *

"During the past few months the workers in Gordon have been reinforced, Rev. F. Colwell, of Newcastle, Rev. Alex. Campbell, of Greenwich, and Mr. H. Macourt, of North Sydney, being numbered amongst the new arrivals. Let the election come when it will, Gordon does not intend to be caught napping."

* * *

When ninety electoral secretaries send in ninety such reports, then, and not till then, will your Alliance officers retire to their beds at night with minds at rest and consciences void of offence towards the unfortunate drinking community and their dependents. "Organization and education, with special thought for the children and youth." This has a right ring to it. The Alliance Council is planning along the same lines. Not a day should be lost by the electorates in perfecting organization and starting an active educational campaign on behalf of both adults and children. A State-wide effort for the children, commenced before the year closes, might easily result in the bountiful harvest of a quarter of a million added votes within the next fifteen years.

* * *

Every secretary who has not yet filled in and returned to headquarters the report blank sent out last July is earnestly pleaded with to do so at once. Every metropolitan secretary, who has not yet arranged a meeting of the electoral committee and workers with the Alliance officers is heartily invited to delay no longer.

A VARIATION.

While a plumb-line may be straight, it is, curiously enough, not always vertical. Irregularities of density in the crust of the globe may produce this phenomenon. A remarkable instance in point was found in the island of Porto Rico, where the deviation from the vertical is so great that in mapping the island the northern and southern coast lines, as shown in the older maps, had each to be moved inward half a mile.

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE LIMITATION OF PROFITS.

In a very thoughtful article in last week's "Co-operator," it is pointed out that the recent rise in the workingman's wage has not benefited him any, since prices have been also raised very generally.

Such is quite true, and indeed was a fact foreseen by almost everyone. That the supposed boon of a higher wage has proved abortive is a fact we all, with the "Co-operator," deplore. But it's very hard to see how one can propose any reform. As the journal quoted says, "The only difference to-day is that the artisan on £3 per week feels that he has a bigger status to maintain than when he only earned 45s. or 50s. per week, and by the time he pays the increased rent, which the landlord has such a nice way of demanding, and the extra price on everything he eats or drinks or wears, he is, if anything, a little nearer destitution, should he lose his job, than he was some years ago on the beggarly pittance which has been risen, after much fighting, to a decent living wage."

All this, as we said before, is quite true, and very deplorable, since it seems to be well-nigh impossible to secure for the workingman any "margin" for the future. The "Co-operator," however, suggests a remedy we think to be practically unworkable—i.e., the "limitation of profits." If it were possible by legislation to prevent the manufacturer adding on the increased cost of production through higher wages, and if at the same time the situation was carefully analysed to make sure that in each particular industry the aforesaid manufacturer was making enough profit to stand the extra wage list, then no reasonable, unbiased man could complain of legislation that effected such a result. But the trouble is that as soon as you begin to discuss "profits" you are landed in a labyrinth of amazing problems.

In some industries 15 per cent. is a good margin; in others 50 per cent. would be insufficient. The baker could never agree to one price for a week on end, for the proportionate figure for flour is what he has to watch, and that varies like the weather in September.

Even a relative proportion of profit could not be justly determined, for the small manufacturer with poor machinery must make more actual margin than the big factory. Thus it comes to pass we are in no position to adjust margins—the work would be superhuman, and the boards simply endless. Half the community would be needed either to sit on the boards or act as witnesses. The whole proposition is an untenable one, to our way of thinking, yet we regret there are such difficulties in the way of improving the lot of the workingman.

AN ALTERNATIVE SCHEME.

Since it seems that the solution of the problem can not be looked for from the point of view outlined by the "Co-operator," can

anything else be offered for consideration? Will co-operation not meet the difficulty? Has it not been a great success in South Australia, as well as in the Old Country? We hear that practically all the employees in Messrs. Parke, Davis Company's huge factories are shareholders, and the great success of this firm in the past has been phenomenal. Why, may we ask, do the Labor leaders put the proposition for co-operation on one side? Is it because they fancy they have a better solution of the question in Socialism? We think it must be so. But co-operation will secure to the workman an extra share in the profits beyond his wage, and that, we take it, is our goal. Socialism may secure a more general equality in earning power, but it would seem to be at a very low rate of remuneration. It is in fact, a big step in the dark, but co-operation has in very many cases been proven a great success.

A NATIONAL INSURANCE.

When talking of nationalisation why cannot we have a national and compulsory insurance? If it is contended by the "Co-operator" that the profits of the manufacturer be regulated, it is not illogical to contend for the power to direct the spending portion of the wages earned. One has been struck by the straitened position in which the workman seems to be placed—unable to save much—and yet the father of more children on an average than any other class.

Cannot we induce him to make some small provision for the future? Cannot we compel him if he is obdurate? Is it not in his own best interests? This is an idea we leave our readers to work out, for, as so many men spend a quarter to one-half their wages with the publican, it should be possible to save a very small weekly sum from them.

An endowment scheme covering some 20 to 25 years would help, and would save a good deal of money now paid through the old age pension allowance.

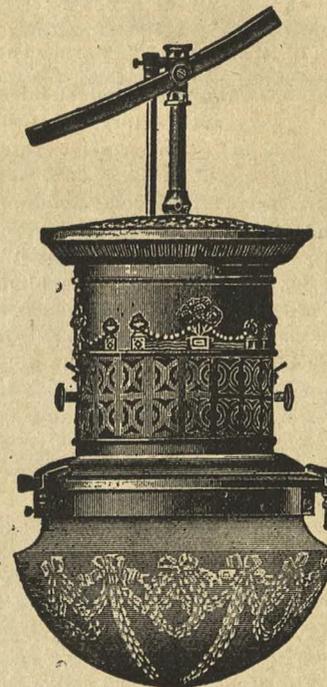
Some provision must be made to enable our good men to view the future with less apprehension, especially when they have been doing their part so well in keeping up the population of our fair land.

"I'LL CHEER YOU WITH THIS LANTERN."

During a damp, foggy evening along the New England shore, a summer resident who had been skirting the beach in a rowboat was struggling at the oars, trying to drive his little craft through the waters despite the drag upon it of a heavy object towing behind. It was a dismal evening, and he was tired and weary of his attempted task. But just when his depression was greatest he heard the voice of his little boy, hailing him from the beach. Looking through the gloom he could discern the faint glow on the shore, while his boy called encouragingly, "Papa, I'll cheer you with this lantern!"

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The heart of the father was gladdened, and his work after that seemed light, for so great is the power of loving sympathy that it illumines all shadows and lightens all tasks.

"I'll cheer you with this lantern!" We all of us hold in our hands some instrument of blessing, whether it be a lantern or not, by the use of which, if we are alert to note the changing necessities of those about us, we can every now and then cast a gladdening or directing ray over life's dark waters, or extend to some other "help in time of need" to a troubled brother. Every Christian should be in the cheering-up business—and there is enough of that business truly to be done in the world! Many a man now toiling wearily at the sweeps, and depressed by the surrounding fogs, waits to hear some friendly voice ring out through the darkness, "I'll cheer you with this light, and walk before you to the harbor's edge!" Keep the lower beach lights of faith and hope and love brightly burning, for there is no telling what spray-drenched mariners may next need their cheer and comfort—and revealing radiance beckoning to the desired haven.—The Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, in New York "Observer."

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THE A. M. P. SOCIETY.

87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Sydney Industrial Blind Institution.

THE THIRTY-FIRST REPORT.

(Written for the "Pharmaceutical Notes and News" by Mary Salmon.)

The report for 1910 of the Industrial Blind Institution is very satisfactory, as it shows us that the work is in a progressive state and that more and more is being done toward helping blind people to become independent through industry. During the 30 years that Sydney has possessed a Blind Institution, £55,714 5s. 2d. has been paid to the blind, independent of the costs of the Women's Home, home teaching, sick pay, and library for the blind. The departments are as follows:—(1) The Industrial Teaching of Trades Department; (2) Home Teaching in Reading Industries; (3) Industrial Home for Blind Women; (4) Lending and Reference Library for the Blind; (5) Home for Blind Boys.

Looked at from the front the building scarcely gives one an idea of the great extent of the entire establishment, for there are workrooms with large outside stairs, a large living-house, also store-rooms, as well as the fine construction which may be seen from William-street and which must strike the eye of the passenger along Boomerang-road into William-street. To the right of the main building, with the shop in which are specimens of the handiwork done in the workrooms, there is also the Braille Library, containing nearly 5000 volumes, embossed, so that the sightless may read them. This was opened December 5, 1905, by the late Hon. Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice of New South Wales. It is hard for those who have their eyesight adequately to realise the enormous benefit that this library is to the blind, for, as well as affording literature which may be read by them, it also gives employment to a number of educated blind persons,

WHO TRANSCRIBE THE BRAILLE BOOKS

for others to enjoy. Nearly all the standard works are now in the library and are lent free of charge to the blind throughout the State of New South Wales. In the cases of Sydney and suburban readers, books are delivered by the institution's carrier free of cost, and, in the case of country readers, they are sent free to the nearest railway station or by steamer to the nearest town. Of course, there is a possibility that a book may be injured, in which case the person who has the loan of it is responsible and must pay the value of it, but great care is taken that the books are not injured or lost on the road, the readers having the responsibility of returning them in six months from being issued. Among the volumes are many new additions, and such popular books as "The Cruise of the Cachelot," "The Triumph of the Wireless," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Master Craftsman," and other well-known novels are included in the list of books of a light character, as well as there being histories, biographies, works on travel, books of music and educational works. Theological and devotional works are in the library,

hymn, prayer and psalm books being also included.

Last April 8 the annual meeting took place in the large hall, when the president, the Hon. Sir Henry Stephen, took the chair, there being also present on the platform Professor Anderson Stuart (vice-president), Dr. Wright, Primate of Australia, His Grace Archbishop Kelly, the Hon. A. W. Meeks, Mr. T. F. Waller, the Rev. John Ferguson, Mr. Louis Phillips, Mr. W. M. D. Merewether, Mr. Sutherland Sinclair (hon. secretary).

HELP FOR THE BLIND

was the object which had brought these gentlemen and many friends of the institution together, and Professor Stuart said that the institution had been able to give employment to every blind person ready to accept it. Whilst it might be true that some of the large number now employed could only earn sufficient to pay their actual living expenses (and in this way did as well as many sighted people), it was equally true that others, through their thrifty habits, were able to save money and live comfortably.

The total number of workers, resident and non-resident, now stands at 107. The method of payment and the fact that the blind, from the date of their admission, are paid wages and supplied with clothes if required, explains the loss sustained in connection with the industrial work, and was one reason why the institution could not be self-supporting entirely. Further, while the income received from subscriptions and Government subsidy during the past year amounted to £3971 15s. 5d., the institution had paid in support of the blind a total sum of £5578 10s. 5d., being more than £1000 over the income obtained from the source named. The amounts were also exclusive of the cost of management, such as salaries and the money given to sighted instructors.

As well as having a great industrial work to do, there is also the charitable side of the institution, which undertakes especially to find homes for women and boys who are without that greatest gift of sight. A library is only useful to those who can read, but it is also necessary for instruction to be given. This is given free in any part of the State, and it is only necessary for a blind person to express the wish for instruction for a teacher to be sent, with no charge whatever, to give tuition in reading, writing and industries. Music and singing were also taught, the workers' fund subsidised, bonuses were granted to sick workers, and material was given to the blind working in their own homes.

THE COST OF ADMINISTRATING

this department for the year amounted to £2578 10s., which, compared with the expenditure for the previous year, showed an

increase of £505 11s. 7d. The greatest distance travelled by the blind instructor was in one case when he went 1020 miles to give tuition. The system is excellent, and there is no person in New South Wales who, being blind, may not find employment by means of the institution. These were the facts laid before the gathering by Professor Anderson Stuart and endorsed by the other members of the board.

In Archbishop Wright's speech he made a special appeal to the public for more monetary help. The common argument was: "Surely an institution that produces goods and puts them on the market should be self-supporting." This was quite true in the ordinary way, but, as had been pointed out, wages had to be paid higher than would allow of profit, as, whilst the workers might not be able to keep up to the standard of other factory hands, their living expenses were no less. By the training given in the institution the blind were equipped for the service of the community.

MILTON WAS THE CLASSIC EXAMPLE

of greatness achieved in spite of the loss of eyesight, and yet the poetry of this great man could not be read without realising the sight that ran through it all. A marvellous music came into the heart of one who was blind on receiving the sympathy of another, and the public would willingly give as a tribute of thankfulness some of their substance to help those less fortunate.

Archbishop Kelly also spoke of the great claim the blind had upon the community, and, although already there were perhaps almost too many institutions to support, yet none deserved more on its intrinsic merits than the Industrial Institute for the Blind.

The Hon. Sir Henry Stephen was again elected president, his work for the institute having extended over the entire years of its existence.

A return of the number of blind people in New South Wales, according to the last census, shows that under 15 years of age there were 29 males and 22 females; under 25 there were 25 males and 25 females; under 40, 57 males and 46 females; under 50, 69 males and 25 females; 53 and over, 355 males and 231 females. The total amounts to 884 persons, which is a considerable decrease per ratio of population over the results of the previous census. Infantile blindness has specially decreased, which is a matter for special thankfulness. There are, of course, a certain number of blind people who are too old to be taught trades or even to read by the Braille methods, but those who are at all capable of learning find in the institution the very best possible methods of mitigating their affliction and have every opportunity of becoming self-supporting citizens.

Those of our readers interested in the care of or the education of the blind should take some opportunity of visiting the Industrial Blind Institution and seeing the inmates at work. It will be little short of a revelation to them. We are so accustomed to pity the blind that to see a number of blind men at work with all the energy and activity of

(Concluded on Page 12.)

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

HIGHEST QUALITY
DELICIOUS FLAVOUR
DIGESTIBLE & STRENGTHENING



THE RECREATION OF THE BLIND.

(1) Type writing. (2) Braille writing. (3) Braille short-hand writing.



BLIND BOYS PLAYING CRICKET.

They use an ordinary bat, and the ball is hollow with a small bell inside.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

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All Communications to be sent to
ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND,
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1911.

A PROBLEM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

At a meeting of the Painters' Board recently one of the painters gave evidence as to how himself, wife, and two children lived on £2 12s. weekly.

He described the problem as a "conundrum," and from what we know of the present "stiff prices" obtaining in Sydney, such a term very accurately describes the situation. A working week of 44 hours at 1s. 3d. per hour gives a weekly wage of £2 15s., but (said the painter), taking into account three weeks' idleness per annum, the wages averaged £2 12s.

The following items were his expenditure:—Rent, 12s.; groceries, 10s.; meat, 7s. 6d.; bread, 4s. 6d.; milk, 2s. 6d.; vegetables and fruit, 5s.; fuel and lighting, 2s.; totalling £2 3s. 6d.; plus personal expenses, lodge 1s. 2d.; union, 6d.; tram fares, 2s.; tobacco, 1s.; tools, 6d.; papers, 6d.; total 5s. 8d. In all, these items totalled £2 9s. 2d., which, deducted from £2 12s., left only 2s. 10d. for clothing, boots, entertainment, or unforeseen extras.

It is thus to be seen that a painter is not on the present scale of wages, enabled to "put away" much for future contingencies. Some would claim that the above schedule seems a very generous one as far as the eatables are concerned. It may be so, but even with some reduction in that quarter one can see there is not much room for thrifty saving. But what we especially wish to point out is this—our painter has not included any margin for "drinks," unless it come under the heading of "entertainment."

What then happens in those most unfortunate households where the husband spends anything up to half his wages in drink? How do they all fare? Who looks after the little ones? What awful problems assail the

poor unprotected young wife and mother—the possessor of a drunken husband?

One cannot imagine anything more distressing than the agony of the wife who sees her young children badly clothed and fed, and knows well it all comes about from the greedy, self indulgence of a drunken father. Such a scene should secure the pity of even the most hardened of men.

SMOKING.

The Editor is in receipt of a letter with reference to the "Man on the Water Waggon's" treatment of the above habit, a friendly epistle to which one would accord an equally friendly reply. The writer mentioned above has always been desirous of inculcating a broad and sane method of treatment in all matters relative to innocent pleasures, and careful note of his remarks upon "smoking" in general will show:—

(1) That he particularly urged a spirit of tolerance, and that one should never condemn smoking, more especially when one found fully one-half of our temperance friends were smokers.

(2) That the condemnation of such an innocent pleasure did an infinity of harm, since it pleased our friends of the opposition to be able to charge us with a narrow spirit. Nothing, in fact, could help their cause more effectually.

In our opinion the "Man on the Waggon" is quite correct in his views on this subject, and the latter danger is one especially to be avoided.

It must also be remembered that to condemn our brethren who are smokers would be dividing our ranks when we need all the cohesion available. A little analogy may be very helpful to those (however few) who may feel as does our friend.

A few weeks ago war with Germany seemed not at all improbable, and, did such break out, we feel assured that, to a man, every male member of this community would either go or feel like going to the Mother Country's assistance. Now in all climes the world over there are different sects and sections dividing interests—parochial, petty jealousies, sectarian strife, etc., and, we must all regret to acknowledge, they are only too obvious in this State. In times of common danger, however, these are with manly feeling cast to the four winds of the heavens. With alacrity all sects and sections join hands, and fight the common foe. Now, reader, we ask you, what would anyone think of the man who, at the very outbreak of hostilities, sought to divide the "entente cordiale" by a criticism, however friendly, of the beliefs of the Protestant section of the army or vice versa? It is safe to predict he would need an aeroplane—the Railway Commissioner wouldn't be able to provide a fast enough train to get him away. We, then, as an army of Temperance workers, are in need of all the men we can get hold of.

We must strike hard and strong. Are we going to divide our army into non-smokers and smokers, and condemn the latter? The only persons likely to be pleased by such totally inane tactics (not to mention their

unchristian and pharisaic nature) would be the whole army of the brewers and publicans and his Satanic Majesty Beelzebub himself.

PREMIER VERRAN ON DRINKING.

Temperance workers will all be delighted with the manly speech of the South Australian Premier at Hindmarsh-street Congregational Church. Amongst other remarks we have culled the following:—

"Of course, the publicans don't like me, and I know it. There's no love lost between us. I cannot walk through the City of Adelaide without seeing many young lives going to ruin. It is an awful thing. There are in the city to-day many young men between the ages of 17 and 25 years who are getting into the whirlpool of destruction. You can see them when you walk down the street on Saturday night. It is all through the drink traffic. The drink traffic never built up a man yet, it never made a good thought, and has never been able to say a decent word yet. Here, in this country, where you have God's blessing and prosperity, you have young men between 17 and 25 who should be the coming nation-builders, and should take a living interest in the great questions of State, but who are to-day being driven into that great moral whirlpool, drink. How the Church of God and the honest man have got to fight it! It's no crime to talk about it, and no apology need be offered when we, who are God's men, denounce the evil. God forbid that the day shall come when I, as a follower of Christ, shall be afraid to denounce the drink traffic."

The above remarks speak for themselves. We should thank God we have in the Southern State a Premier bold enough to make them.

THE DIFFERENCE.

(Specially written for "Grit.")

I wonder why the sunlight seems much brighter,

And all the world is sparkling in new gleam?

I wonder why my heart is so much lighter,
Why fades the past as one unholy dream?

I wonder why the scent of every flower
Invades and burns into my very soul,
Why all the song-birds' richest notes of power

Exultant peal a joy beyond control?

Ah, yes! I know why all is joy and sweetness,

Why just for me the bird-song rings so true:

It is because in life there is completeness—
The path is now enchanted, Christ by
You!

GEORGE HERBERT WILSON.

THE BLACK HAND.

"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me about it," he said. "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Ploughing," said the farmer.

The Editor's Letter.

NEW ZEALAND "BIG OF GOOD HOPE."

It is recorded that when Charles Lamb, the author, saw the ocean for the first time it was on one of those beautiful days when it seemed to be asleep and only moved with the gentle motion of one in a deep slumber, and he exclaimed, "Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?" The passengers on the s.s. Ulmaroa, which left Sydney on September 16, could have given him such an answer as would have for ever put his mind at rest. The great boat moved off from the wharf and the sweet voices of loving friends united in singing, "God Will Take Care of You." It is not an exaggeration to say that every one on board was struck with the beauty of the words and the sweetness of the singing. It was only a matter of a few brief minutes when the Heads were passed and we were being rocked—nay, jolted, slammed, bumped, tossed, terrorised—on the cradle of the deep. In vain the bugle called us to dinner, in vain the steward told of dainty dishes, in vain did we jumble remedies for seasickness down our throats. We were victims and called upon to endure, puncturing our endurance with wicked wishes to be thrown overboard. The first day we did 277 miles, this being below the average which is 360 to 370; the day after 295, then 312, and for a brief hour hope told a flattering tale, but the wind had put paused to gather fresh strength and the worst was yet to come. The great boat (6000 tons) was like a chip on the foam of a mighty river, and many hours late we drew near the wharf at Wellington, where the wind was violent enough to blow "the breeks off a Highlander." The same day the Moikia, an inter-State boat, took three hours to go eight miles out from Wellington on the way to Lyttleton. Indeed, it was one of the most boisterous weeks for very many years.

GOD'S OWN LAND.

The next morning the sun shone, the hills glistened, the wind sighed and Nature in all its glory wooed the admiration of the visitors. The Rev. John Dawson, general secretary, had made every arrangement with the thoughtfulness and thoroughness characteristic of the man and his party. Never has the No-License party had so much reason to be hopeful. They have a wider experimental area to point to, there is an unvarying testimony as to the benefits of No-License, and there are great prospects of Dominion Prohibition. The literature of the Alliance is magnificent, and tons of it will go throughout the country. That grand old veteran of the anti-liquor fight, the Rev. F. W. Isitt, caught the morning train on Thursday with me and we journeyed to Napier, a distance of 199 miles. This took nine hours. In the middle of the day we were joined by a contingent of clergy who were going to Napier for the Synod, and the journey was made the shorter by the congenial company. At Waipawa we were joined by a police magistrate who is an enthusiast for No-License, and nothing but his official position keeps

him from a very active part in the fight. He says all the evidence is on our side. The Hawke's Bay country is very attractive. The passage through the Manawatu Gorge is a most attractive part of the journey, and then the hills, some 30 miles beyond the grassy flats, were all covered with snow, and they glistened in the sunlight in a most fascinating way.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD.

On Thursday evening the Synod commenced by a meeting for men under the auspices of the C.E.M.S. Bishop Averill, late Archdeacon of Christchurch, presided, and gave a brief address on "Influence." Canon Curson-Ziggers, M.A., had come from Dunedin specially to speak, and gave a thoughtful talk on cigarettes, the social vice, and unemployment. He is a fearless little man, by no means what the Yankees would call a "spell-binder," but one who is facing some of the big questions and making his contribution to their solution. Mr. McCarthy, stipendiary magistrate, an enthusiastic member of the C.E.M.S., read a paper that was distinctly academic, and perhaps owing to his official position, and owing to the occasion, was toned down to a point of harmlessness. The meeting was a small one, and was only redeemed from impotence by the fact that over 20 clergy were there, thus making it full of future possibilities. I had a very flattering welcome and a very encouraging hearing. The Hawke's Bay "Herald" gave a three-quarters of a column account of the meeting and the next day published the following letter:—

"One of the Audience" writes:—"I do not like to grumble, especially as the reporting for your paper is generally so good; but I must say that the report of the Rev. Mr. Hammond's speech at the men's meeting in the Athenaeum last night scarcely does justice to one of the finest addresses I have ever heard during my residence of a good many years in this town of Napier. Let me add this important fact that my opinion is shared by everyone I have spoken to who had the good fortune to be present. It was real oratory. Hoping you will pardon this little grumble from one who likes the 'Herald.'"

THE CAMPAIGN.

On Friday I journeyed to Hastings and held a meeting there. It was good, but convinced me, if I needed any convincing, that it is a mistake to visit any place for just one meeting. On Saturday Mr. W. T. Williams placed himself and his splendid motor car at my disposal and we "flew" in to the Bishop's garden party. Bishops court is a most picturesque place, situated on so steep a hill that all the visitors were practically stationary on the steep cuttings that zig-zagged up and down the grounds. We were soon back in Hastings for an open-air meeting, which was entirely delightful. The wind had dropped, the position was a good one, the

crowd large and good-natured, the inevitable drunk provided diversion and argument, if it was needed, as to the effect of alcohol. Prior to the meeting I had spent 20 minutes talking to a lad of 20 who was very drunk and had a bottle of beer in each of his four pockets, two bottles in one hand, and a gallon jar and a bottle in the other, supplied by a publican who raises the cry, "Close my bar, and you will drive drink into the home!" Comment is needless. The meeting laughed readily at the discomfiture of the interjectors and applauded frequently. Sunday a 10-mile drive brought us to Taradale, where I held a mission seven years ago, and a full church and meeting many who remembered the mission made it a pleasant morning. At 3 o'clock back in Napier to face 250 men, who were very keen to applaud any point that commended No-License. The Bishop preached at the Cathedral in the evening; he said it was his message to the diocese. It was brief and not as effective as many of his utterances, his text being, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified in truth." John, chapter 17, verse 19. One sentence of his, however, stirred one to hope that he would move his Synod to strong action against the liquor trade and other national offences. He said: "Why have we so little power? Because the voice of the Church is too often silent when it ought to ring through the length and breadth of the land." Immediately after the service a meeting was held in the largest theatre and a great audience filled it, many clergy being present, and an effective meeting brought the day to a close. From now on meetings will be held daily, and I hope to be able to present to my readers the facts that are slowly winning the intelligent people of the Dominion to take sides against the liquor business.

A NOTABLE FACT.

The Police Report for 1910 shows there was an increase in the convictions for drunkenness throughout the Dominion:—

Males, 10,898; females, 820; total, 11,718.

Increase for the year: Males, 1023; females, 38; total, 1061.

Auckland accounts for the increase of 829.

Wellington accounts for the increase of 220.

Christchurch accounts for the increase of 17.

Dunedin accounts for a decrease of 38.

Thus the increase took place where the open bar existed.

Hardly had the proud father entered the room to get his first glimpse of the new twins when both new-borns set up a loud bawling.

"Now, now," cautioned the father, holding up his hand and glancing from one red face to the other, "one at a time, one at a time!"

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"THE LORD'LL PERVIDE."

(Continued.)

"Can't you keep him, Uncle, until the dishes are finished?"

The remembrance of the tobacco mollified him somewhat, and going back to the corner again, he proceeded to jolt the baby upon one knee, singing in a monotone: "Byelow baby bunting, your father's gone a-hunting."

"Boo-oo-o!" wailed the baby.

"There, there," he comforted him, "let's find Tommy."

The baby quieted down as he walked over to the rocker, where Tommy was blissfully dreaming of Ratland. "Nice old kitty," he said, smoothing Tommy's shiny fur awkwardly, and feeling quite elated at seeing the baby quiet once more, Aunt Sallie turned to look around, quite pleased at his success, too.

"You wuz allays a good hand with children, Joe," she commented.

Baby's fear had, by this time, entirely disappeared, and he reached out a fat little hand and closed down hard on the cat's shiny fur with a contented "Goo."

"Hist, hist!" returned Tommy, and, with one mighty scratch at the offending little hand, he disappeared under the stove.

Then, simultaneously, there were mighty screams and tiny drops of blood breaking forth.

"Here, Sarah," he commanded sternly, "take this pesky kid, an' don't you ever keep him again as long as you live."

"There, there baby, don't cry," she crooned softly, deftly wrapping up the injured member. "Joe, they'll never forgive us fer lettin' him git scratched; they'll think he's killed."

"I don't care," he snapped.

She pretended not to hear and addressed herself to the baby. "Now, now, don't cry," she went on soothingly, lifting him up so he could peep over her shoulder at the light; but, instead of looking at the light, he nudged his sleepy little head down on her shoulder; her rheumatic shoulder, too, as luck would have it, so he tried to shift him to the other, feeling that the pain would become unbearable, but he immediately set up a hoarse, ear-piercing scream, and, seeing Uncle Joe's disturbed countenance, she settled him back on the suffering shoulder once more, and sang until he was quite asleep:

"In some way 'er other th' Lord'll pervide; It might not be my way, it may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way, the Lord'll pervide."

She felt his soft breathing on her throat and the warm pressure of the little hand, and felt comforted, despite the numb pain. She stopped rocking after awhile, and sat gazing out at the old meetin' house that threw long, caressing shadows over their tiny cot, which nestled snugly up on its sunny side, as if for protection from the cold northern blasts. Finally loud tramping of feet and talking and laughter roused her from her reverie.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed to herself, "th' folks air gittin' back from th' social. My, it's long past bedtime." But a loud rap interrupted; walking as gently as possible so as to not disturb the baby, she went to the door as quickly as her stiff, numb limbs would permit; and there stood all the villagers, old, young and middle-aged, that the town afforded.

The schoolmaster, evidently embarrassed, started forward as though to speak, when Mandy Peck interrupted him with:

"We raised a hundred dollars fer you an' Uncle Joe to-night at our box supper, an' you're goin' ter have a new well so you can do washin's again, an' a new roof—an'—an'—"

"Us kids don't want the library books nohow this year," interrupted Bobby Murphy.

Aunt Sallie stood looking rather dazed, unable to comprehend their meaning at first, then she asked slowly, "Why, whatever made you think o' givin' the school library money to me? What have I done?"

"You've been a mother to me; nursed me through pnoomony; give me doughnuts," could be heard above the babel of voices, old and young, who were all trying to sing her praises, for one reason or another, at the same time.

The gray-haired old minister stepped slightly forward, saying:

"You've been a friend to us all, and we don't attempt to repay your kindness—only to show our appreciation."

"God bless you, everyone," she exclaimed heartily, beaming down upon them with loving pride. "Come right in an' git warm," she urged hospitably, regaining her old composure, while the young'uns play 'Little Indian.'

The children pressed forward eagerly, but the older ones restrained them, the schoolmaster saying, "O no, thank you: It's late now, we must be going."

"Let's give three cheers an' a tiger, kids, afore we go," urged the impetuous Bobby. "One—two—three,

"Whoop! whoop! hooray! fer Aunt Sallie an' Uncle Joe!" roared out half a hundred lusty voices, which sent the boy-dreading Tommy under the stove again, nevermore to appear that night. Mrs. Peck lingered a minute with the baby—obtained in some unremembered way during the first excitement—to ask awkwardly, with unwonted kindness, "You'll git you a new alpaca right away, won't you?"

Aunt Sally nodded happily. Shortly after, Uncle Joe sat on the edge of the bed, clumsily pulling off a sock, while he read laboriously from the old motto which hung over the door:

"The Lord'll pervide."

"He has," corrected Aunt Sallie, sleepily, from the depths of the fat feather bed.

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.

Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear their sighing
For a little bit of love,
For the love that rights a wrong,
Fills the heart with hope and song,
They have waited, oh, so long,
For a little bit of love.

From the poor of every city,
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pity
For a little bit of love,
Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share;
Shall they falter or despair
For a little bit of love?

Down before their idols falling,
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pity
For a little bit of love,
If they die in sin and shame,
Someone surely is to blame,
For not going in His name
With a little bit of love.

While the souls of men are dying
For a little bit of love,
While the children, too, are crying
For a little bit of love,
Stand no longer idly by,
You can help them if you try;
Go, then, saying, Here am I,
With a little bit of love.

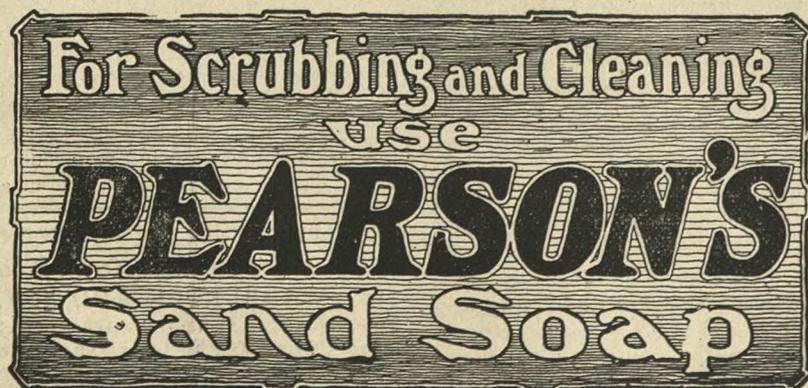
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

A LESSON FROM SOME CURIOUS LITTLE TEACHERS.

Who Didn't Know They Were Giving It.

By Georgina M. Bickford.

"Marjorie! Marjorie! Won't you come and help mother shell the peas, dear?"

It was a weary voice that called, but it brought a frown to the face of the little girl swinging lazily in the hammock at the end of the garden. It was hot everywhere but under the cherry-trees. It was fun to lie there and eat cherries and throw the stones up at the robins, and watch the great clouds drift across the sky. How white they were, and what wonderful pictures she could see in them!

The hammock tipped, and Marjorie's rubber ball fell to the ground with a bounce, upsetting two big ants that were carrying sand to their home at the edge of the tall grass. Marjorie watched them struggle. One seemed quite dead, and the other was crawling off very slowly.

She remembered the stories Uncle Ernest had told her the Sunday before about ants. How like human beings they were in their ways. He had told her that they live in colonies, building little hill houses, grain by grain, in sandy places, or digging out cells in the trunks of trees to live in.

He told of ants called mason-ants, that choose hard, clay soil for homes, and by digging and cutting passages, make wonderful houses of tiny corridors, pillars, and arches. Uncle Ernest said one colony would wage war on another. Sometimes a battle would last until dark, and the victorious army would even capture hostile ants and take them back to their colony as slaves.

Especially had he praised them for being so industrious, telling how they worked all day and all night, gathering and storing honey, planting grass-seed, from which they gathered tiny harvests, and even paying roads for themselves. It had all seemed too wonderful to be true, and as Marjorie thought of these stories, a small, shamed feeling passed over her.

The lame ant had hobbled off to the sand home among the grasses, and two big ants were following, carrying the first one, which was beginning to wiggle a little. Marjorie was glad he was not dead. She wondered, if a mother ant should ask one of her children ants to help her on a hot day, whether the child ant would run off and climb to the top of a long spear of grass and swing and swing, and watch the clouds? She felt sure that the child ant would not, and the shamed feeling grew, until Marjorie jumped from the hammock and started for the house as fast as her little feet could carry her.

She was really a very lovable little girl, but sometimes she forgot how tired mother must be, and baby brother was fussy because his pretty teeth were pushing through so

fast. She almost stumbled in her hurry to reach the house.

Breathless and eager, Marjorie ran up the back steps and into the kitchen, and stood there, stock-still, looking at the big clock! It must be wrong! Mother was sitting by the open window, feeding brother from his blue bowl, and dinner was ready, and there were no peas! Now that she was too late, after all, the shamed feeling grew so big that it hurt, and Marjorie longed to run to the corner of the big haymow and hide, but she knew that would not help any. She wanted to tell mother how sorry she was, but somehow the words got all choked up. If mother would only punish her, not look so sorry! But mother looked into her little girl's face, and seeing the lesson that in some way had been stamped there, said gently, "Mother is very tired, Marjorie. You can finish feeding brother, and then clear away his playthings in the dining-room before the others come in to dinner."

With a grateful bound, Marjorie took the baby and finished giving him his milk. Very quietly she cleared away the playthings; but it was not until the next morning, when, bright and early, she sat under the tree and shelled the peas, so that she could be ready to take baby brother out after his nap, that mother knew how well she had learned the lesson that the ants taught.

PUZZLE YOUR FRIENDS.

Why is a candle-maker the most sinful and unfortunate of men? Because all his works are wick-ed, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest?

Because it had no Eve.

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

What is the best material in a draper's shop for a wild animal? Muslin (Muzzling).

Why is a schoolmaster like a shamrock? Because he polishes the understandings of the people.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a woman.

Why is an author more free than a monarch? Because he can choose his own subjects.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

AN HONORARY NI.

Hon. Claudia, Bathurst, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Thank you very much for your kind appreciation of my poor letter. I liked what you said about the vision. I believe in visions, and think they are a great force in our lives if we read them rightly. Some folks, I know, are of the opinion that people who "see visions" are only dreamers, but I have noticed that



DORA OF WAVERLEY.

Dora is well known to "Grit," as she sometimes comes to look at the workers there. Dora is never going to be too old to write to Page Eleven, are you, Dora?—Uncle B.

they are very often in the front rank of the workers in any cause for the uplifting of our fellowmen. You want to know whether I was pleased with your photo, and whether you are the person I thought you were or not. Well, I cannot truthfully say I was pleased, as the sensation was more one of disappointment than pleasure when I saw it, but I must admit that the photo did remind me of someone I have seen before. Yes, I do think you did your best to look sweet, and you succeeded, too, fairly well. I wonder whether you were always as good as you look; that picture somehow makes me think of the

"Little girl,

Who had a little curl,

Right in the middle of her forehead," etc.

You know the rest, I'm sure; but I'm afraid that is not a very respectful thing for a niece to say to an uncle, but I heard a little girl say she thought "you didn't look old enough to be an uncle," so that must be my excuse.

Cousin Florrie Davies has recently undergone a very painful operation for her eyes, which has, I am pleased to say, proved successful, and she is now well on the way to recovery.

Trusting I am not taking up too much of your valuable time and space (what a lot of letters you are getting lately, aren't you?).—I remain, your honorary niece.

(Dear Claudia: Thank you for your welcome letter. We can almost test our Christianity by what we see. Do you remember how "Jesus beheld a great multitude and had compassion on them." Millions see the great multitudes, but they have no vision of their needs as Christ had. He saw a blind man. Now most people are very blind to blind men, but He saw and healed. No wonder the psalmist prayed, "Open Thou my eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Word." Write and tell of more things you have seen.—Uncle B.)

A NI. WHO HAS A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

Esther House, Mt. Keira, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I now take much pleasure in writing to you again, as it is quite a long time since I wrote last. When are you coming down to Wollongong. We should all like to see you again. Dear Uncle B., we had our annual tea meeting in aid of our church on September 2, and it was a great success. We are enjoying lovely weather down here,

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

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and the flowers and fruit trees look beautiful. We are living at Mt. Keira now, but I don't like it as well as where we lived before. I have a class at Sunday School, and I think it is very interesting, especially as it is a class of little girls. Will you please address "Grit" to Mt. Keira P.O. now, instead of Keiraville. There is a Band of Hope started at Keiraville, and we have very nice Temperance meetings. I think this is all, Uncle B.—With love from your fond niece.

(Dear Esther,—I love tea meetings; they help to make people sociable, and the Lord Jesus said we should be known as His disciples if we loved, i.e., are friendly, to one another. Will you write and tell us all about one of those Temperance meetings?—Uncle B.)

A WEE GARDENER.

Clarice, Bellevue, Tumut Plain, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I suppose you think I have forgotten you. There are a good few flowers about now, and we have a good many violets and snowdrops out now. There is also a lot of wattle about here.

There are not many bunnies about now. Nearly all the paddocks are ploughed ready for corn, so there is not much feed for them.

There are not many birds about here. Some of them are eating the blossoms off the trees. We have an orchard full of trees. A lot of them are blooming. We also have a good vegetable garden.

I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am in third class. I go to the Public School on the plain, and I am in second class. I have a lot of mates at school. My teacher's name is Mr. Dening. My favorite lesson is arithmetic. We have half a mile to go to school. My brother goes to school, too. I have two brothers. Their names are Walter and Gerald. The oldest of them is 7 years old, and the other is 2 years, and I am 8 years old. I like going to school very much. I have a little garden, too, with some vegetables in it. Dear Uncle Barnabas, I think this is all for this time. So good-bye.—With love to you and all your nieces and nephews.

(Dear Clarice,—You wrote a splendid letter. I think the longest letter any little girl has written me yet. I hope your little brother will soon write me a letter; he is old enough to be a Ne. now. I wonder what vegetables grow in your garden? Tell me something about what you learn in Sunday School when you next write.—Uncle B.)

SOME GOOD PUZZLES.

Kathleen Rankin, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was glad to see our letters in "Grit." Addie left our place the other day, and went into town again. She did not like leaving us, as she would much rather live out here than in town. We are milking

38 cows, and they average about 33 gallons of milk a day. It is not much, I know, but they are going up fast. At the end of this month, or the beginning of next, I will start school again. I will ride. Won't that be great fun? You asked us to send three of the best puzzles we knew. Here are mine: If apples make cider, what do pears make? What is it that goes from Melbourne to Sydney, and yet it never moves? Why is a pig's tail like the letter H? I will close now, dear Uncle.—With best love to all from your fond Niece.

(Dear Kathleen,—Thank you for your interesting letter. That seems a very great deal of milk. I wonder will you give me any cream when I come up. I love cream, but I never used to see any when I was in the country; it all went to the creamery. You will have to supply the answers to those puzzles—because I can't guess them.—Uncle B.)

SOME GOOD PUZZLES.

Emma Rankin, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Isn't this the verse you speak of in last "Grit"?

God so loved the world that He gave His Only begotten

Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not

Perish, but have

Everlasting

Life.

Those puzzles about the parts of our body are very clever, aren't they? These are three of the best riddles I know:—(1) What did Queen Elizabeth take her pills in? (2) Why is N the most cruel letter in the alphabet? (3) What is it that you must have taken from you before you get it?

There are signs of spring everywhere about here now, and all the paddocks are green again. There are hundreds and hundreds of wild violets out in the paddocks. There are a good many daisies and buttercups out, too; but next month is the time for buttercups, when the place is simply yellow with them.

Our double may is lovely now. It's just one mass of flowers. We have lots of violets and lilies and a few roses out, too, besides wild jessamine. The vine is enormous, and is now covered with sprays of yellowish flowers. I guess that's enough about our garden, although I've not mentioned the weeds which will keep growing so quickly.

The last debate I was at was—"Is it possible to develop and maintain a White Australia?" We had good leaders for both sides. After a good deal of discussion, it was decided by vote that it is not possible.

I think my letter is quite long enough now, don't you? So I will say good-night.—With best love to all relatives.

(Dear Emma,—What a splendid letter. Yes you found the verse with Gospel in. I have

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made a wee red line round the six letters in the text in my Bible. It seems wonderful that the text which sums up all the Gospel is should contain the letters in that order. Yes, those weeds grow without being watered, like our bad habits. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

THE OLD STORY.

"To-morrow," he promised his conscience,

"to-morrow I mean to be good;

To-morrow I'll think as I ought to; to-morrow I'll do as I should;

To-morrow I'll conquer the habits that hold me from heaven away."

But ever his conscience repeated one word, and one only, "To-day."

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow—till youth like a vision was gone;

Till age and his passions had written the message of fate on his brow,

And forth from the shadows came Death, with the pitiless syllable, "Now."

—Dennis A. McCarthy, in "Christian Endeavor World."

Industrial Blind Institution.

(Continued.)

men with their sight, happy in their work, some talking to the neighbors, others singing, and at the same time working rapidly and absolutely accurately and earning a very respectable wage quite dispels the idea that all the blind are poor beggars who have to subsist on charity. Mr. Hedger has every reason to be proud of the system of education of the blind that he has adopted. The results have been the means of lifting the blind out of beggary and of enabling them to live in comfort. Many have married and have happy families.

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WORLD VISION.

A new era for the Prohibition Reform was inaugurated with the founding of the International Prohibition Confederation at London in July, 1909.

No reform movement of modern times has so swiftly developed world-wide enthusiasm as this proposal. The new cosmic patriotism has been born which, rapidly growing to maturity, will yet move the millions of mankind out of their narrow, racial and sectional considerations into new reaches of human effort and affection.

Since its organization, less than twenty months past as this is written, The International Prohibition Confederation has become a force of vital encouragement to the reform workers in every part of the globe.

Under the auspices and direction of the Confederation, the translation and republication of Prohibition literature into all the principal languages of the earth goes forward with remarkable success.

Dr. Victor Delfino of Buenos Aires is almost continually publishing important articles in the medical and scientific press of the Argentine Republic; Senor Alfredo Palacios, M.P., lately had an important communication in one of the leading newspapers of Buenos Aires; Prof. Jose Feliciano of San Paulo, Brazil, republished in Portuguese the address on "The Moral Issue" as delivered by Principal Alfred E. Garvie of New College, London, at one of the Confederation's conferences; and Mr. Adolph Hansen, the Vice-President for Denmark, has recently published a number of articles in the newspapers of that progressive little kingdom. The Confederation is always glad to send literature in various languages gratis on request. Already propaganda leaflets in English, French, German, Spanish, Scandinavian and Hindoostani have been put in circulation.

The Second World's Conference of the International Prohibition Confederation will assemble in the Kurhaus at Scheveningen, The Hague, Holland, during the week of September 10-16, 1911.

This immediately follows the sessions of the XIIIth International Congress on Alcoholism, meeting by invitation of the Queen of the Netherlands and the Dutch Government, when it is expected that representative temperance workers from almost all parts of the world will be assembled there.

Further particulars regarding the International Prohibition Confederation and the Second Biennial Conference at The Hague may be secured from the Secretary, E. P. Gaston, 134 Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, England.

The world-wide bond of comradeship existing between reform movements of the twentieth century received notable emphasis at the five great World Congresses on Peace, National Law, National Health, and the Prohibition Cause held in Europe and America during 1910.

During 1911, in addition to the World's Congress against Alcoholism and the International Prohibition Confederation at The Hague, the World's Council of the Independent Order of Good Templars is scheduled for Hamburg, Germany; a National Hygienic Exposition, with special reference to the Alcoholic Problem, takes place at Dresden; and the first Universal Races Congress will be held in London, immediately following the coronation of George V.

SURVEY OF PROGRESS.

Prohibition is a World Movement. The evil it aims to remove is world-wide in extent and as old as the human race.

A sensitive, excitable nature characterises all animal life, and man, with an animal basis, is exceedingly susceptible to excitement, which must come either through the physical being, the mental nature, or the moral and spiritual capabilities; and the downward tendency of human nature is to seek excitement in the sub-cellar of its being, and the biggest task we have is to get folks to move upstairs.

For people of every clime and age have found methods of gratifying this lower propensity with intoxicants.

POISON'S CHARMS.

The Hindu chews his betel nut and pepperwort; the Indian of the Andes his quid of coca leaves, revelling in its narcotic delirium, or the thorn apple, under whose intoxication he imagines that he communes with the spirits of his deceased progenitors. The Kamchatkan obtains intoxication from a poisonous mushroom growing in that cold climate, which, dried and preserved, produces effects similar to alcohol. The Seminoles of Florida drank a tea made of a species of holly tree, which incited them to great and savage undertakings. The North American Indians chiefly relied upon tobacco. The ancient inhabitants of Sweden used a beer brewed from a plant of great intoxicating power. The mescal bean is used by certain American Indians as a short cut to ruin. The negroes of the South are being victimised by cocaine. Tea, when extensively used with strong decoctions, has been known to produce positive intoxication, while among savage tribes cruder compounds had stimulating properties, resembling alcohol. Besides these, the Turks, forbidden by the Koran to drink wine, have long been accustomed to hasheesh, a drug extracted from the hemp of India; but opium, alcohol and tobacco are more extensively used than any other drugs.

From mescal bean to hasheesh, we have, through hops, alcohol, opium and tobacco, a sort of graduated scale of intoxicants which stimulate in small doses and narcotize in larger.

An intoxicant from the cocoa bean is used among 10,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants, betel nut among 100,000,000, hemp or hasheesh among 250,000,000, opium among

500,000,000, tobacco among 800,000,000, and alcohol among hundreds of millions.

But, lest someone should think what always has been will be forever, let me remind you that the nineteenth century has to its credit the conquering of just such wrongs, hoary with the ages, fortified by conventional sanction, and fostered by the strongest passions of human nature. The grandest moral achievements of that century mark the total banishment of dueling, slavery, polygamy, cannibalism, lotteries, gambling, prize-fighting and religious controversies.

If the nineteenth century could kill that giant brood, the twentieth century must win the next great crisis—deliverance from the bondage to Alcohol, of Body and Soul, of State and Nation, and the World. Apparent recessions have been made, but they are only the back draught of the spent waves of the advancing tides, soon overswept by mightier and farther-reaching waves.

THE NEED OF WORLD VISION.

I have stood on the wharf and watched the incoming tide sweeping majestically, but chips dropped right off the wharf would be caught in the counter current and slowly borne out in the opposite direction until they float into the main current again and become part of the forward movement of the general tide. There are many discouraged temperance workers who have only looked at their own town, country or state, seen the counter currents moving out, and believed that the tide of destiny was setting out against the great reform. What they need for encouragement is a world vision of the triumphing temperance forces in World Movements.

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH INEVITABLE.

A survey of history, such as Daniel Dorchester gives in "The Liquor Problem of All Ages," will surprise the average reader, with the same old evils, same remedies and same illogical experiences to prevent applying real remedies that we are combating today; but there is no note of discouragement to the true reformer in any of these facts; neither the universality of evil, its age-long continuance, the proneness to err thereby, or the insistent claims and apparent triumph of the workers of iniquity—for, as the pagan would say, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," or, as the Christian would put it, "The wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

(To be continued.)

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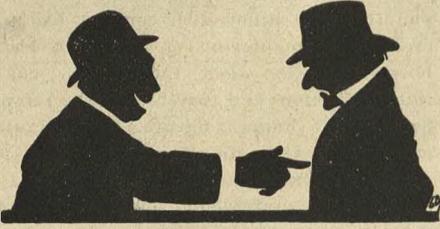
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HER DISTINCTION.

A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

* * *

The rector had preached a powerful sermon on "Economy." After the service a leading parishioner congratulated him on his discourse.

"Your sermon on 'Economy' sir," said he, "was extraordinarily effective—unusually appealing."

"Thanks," said the preacher curtly. "It seems to have been appreciated—judging from the appearance of the collection plates."

* * *

Customer (to attendant serving in confectioner's shop): Have you Chocolate Maina (Menier)?

Attendant: No, m'm. The gov'nor lets us eat as much as we like when we first come, and we soon get tired of it.

* * *

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forgot whether you said 'yes or no.'"

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said 'no' to someone last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."

* * *

"This is a good story about George Washington, but it seems strange that it never has been in print before."

"Not at all," explained the occasional contributor, "I thought of it only a few days ago."

* * *

"I regard conversation as a gift," remarked the studious women.

"It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."

* * *

When you have a base hit made,
Don't linger on the line;
Steal to second, dive for third,
And your finish will be fine.

* * *

"What's the latest from the Mexican revolution?"

"Looks as if it might go eleven innings or more."

A TOAST TO THE "RELIABLE" MAN.

(By Noble May.)

Here's to the steadfast, reliable man,
The man with the tongue that's true,
Who won't promise to do any more than
he can,
But who'll do what he says he'll do.

He may not be clever; he's often quite blunt,
Without even polish or air;
But, though it's not in him to "put up a front,"
When you need him he's always there.

* * *

WHY TOMMY GOT WHACKED.

Schoolmaster: What's that letter, Tommy?
Tommy: Dunno.

Schoolmaster: Yes, yes, you do. What does Farmer Brown feed his horses on?

Tommy: Straw.

Schoolmaster: No. 'A, Tommy, 'A. Now, what's that letter, Tommy?

Tommy: Dunno.

Schoolmaster: Yes, yes, you do. What's that dear little insect that buzzes about the flowers?

Tommy: Wasp!

Schoolmaster: No. B, Tommy, B. Now, what's that letter, Tommy?

Tommy: Dunno.

Schoolmaster: Yes, yes, you do. Now what do I do with my eyes, Tommy?

Tommy! Squint!

PASS "GRIT" ON

DANGERS OF MEDICATED WINES.

The Leeds Temperance Council has recently issued a very useful twelvepage pamphlet on "The Dangers of So-called Medicated Wines: A Warning by Leeds Medical Men." The pamphlet consists mainly of a reprint from the "British Medical Journal," and a preliminary statement on the subject is signed by some 60 medical men practising in the city of Leeds. The pamphlet has been sent by post to leading citizens, and at a meeting of the Leeds District of the B.W.T.A., held recently, and presided over by Mrs. William Harvey, an address on the subject was given by Mr. J. J. Hatch, hon. secretary of the council, and a large number of the ladies present undertook to circulate the pamphlet.

HOW TO HELP.

Said Peter Paul Augustus,
"When I am grown a man
I'll help my dearest mother
The very best I can,
I'll wait upon her kindly;
She'll lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently,
And keep her safe from harm.

"But when I come to think of it,
The time will be so long,"
Said Peter Paul Augustus,
"Before I'm tall and strong.
I think it would be wiser
To be her pride and joy
By helping her my very best
While I'm a little boy."

—"Brown Memorial Monthly."

* * *

"If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done,
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all."

* * *

So here's to the man on whom one can
rely,
And here's to his lasting success;
May his species continue to multiply
And his shadow never grow less!

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—

God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;

His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—

God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And to reflect His Holy face,
And to bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.

God wants the girls!

—"Craven Pioneer."

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For Fathers and Mothers.

WHY I BELIEVE IN TROUBLE.

A HOMILY ON THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.

(By Robert J. Burdette, D.D.)

Not because I want to, but because I have to. Because I believe in quinine, which isn't half so sweet as sugar, but is a much better febrifuge. I believe in the strengthening discipline of sickness and trouble because men don't go into a rose garden to look for ship timber. Because I believe a man who never had an ache never had a pleasure. Because a horse that is allowed to feed himself from the bin and have the run of the pasture never wins a race. Because I believe in the old Arab proverb, "All sunshine makes the desert." Because a snow-fed river lasts through the summer drouth. Because Jacob saw a vision that all the world still looks at, when his head was pillowed on a stone in the desert. Because David learned to govern Egypt in the cave of Adullam, and Joseph learned high statecraft in an Egyptian prison. Because people who get everything they want and get it easy, die crying for the moon.

MAXIMS THAT WON'T WORK.

I don't believe one little bit in the fundamental doctrine of certain—or rather, very uncertain—religious societies and schools of art, that "Whatever is, Isn't," and conversely, "Whatever Isn't, Is."

I believe in the reality of the world into which I was born and in which I live, as firmly as I know I was born. I believe the material world is as real as the eternal world—while it lasts. I don't believe God gave me eyes just to play a joke on a poor finite creature, taking infinite pleasure in watching me see things wrong all my life. I don't believe the Creator, who can make things right just as easily as He can make them wrong, gave me sensations which make the roaring of my bones fill the long night with aches and pains, that He might laugh with His smiling angels at the poor fool of a man who thought he was sick when they all knew very well there was nothing the matter with him.

That we do have some imaginary troubles and sicknesses, everybody knows. But these are easily cured by imaginary medicines and imaginary treatment, and can be avoided by imaginary preventives.

But sorrow in the soul of a man to-day is as real as was the agony in Gethsemane. The fire of human anguish is now as real as the suffering that made Job curse the day of his death, and smote his sympathising friends dumb with heartache. "The flesh still quivers when the pincers tear, the blood will follow where the knife is driven." Pain is as real as pleasure. Sorrow is as absolute as joy.

There is no virtue in mere suffering. There is no goodness inherent in pain. Had there been nothing on the Cross but the human figure of the Son of God, writhing in

mortal agony, the spectacle had been repulsive. The submission to the reality of the Cross was its glory. The endurance of actual bodily pain, positive anguish of mind and soul—this set the brilliants, outshining the stars, in the crown of victory.

AN EASY QUESTION.

"Why are afflictions sent upon the people of God?" That is one of the easy questions. I don't know. And yet I reckon I know as much about it as anybody. I don't know, for that matter, why afflictions are also sent upon wicked people. I don't know why innocent children suffer for the sins of their parents. But they do. I don't know why Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by an actor, vainly inflated with overwhelming sense of his own importance. I don't know why Socrates was poisoned while his judges remained in office. I don't know why Jesus Christ was crucified while Pilate sat on the judgment seat and Herod continued to pollute a throne with iniquities. I don't know why, for three hundred years, God's people, people of His hand and sheep of His pasture, walked on burning ploughshares under skies of brass, while storms of persecution rained upon them in every form of horrible torture and fearful death. But I do know that that is the way the Church conquered the world for Christ.

What do I know about pain, and sorrow, and trouble? I know only what everybody knows—I know what has grown out of the heart-soil scarred by the plough and torn by the harrow. I look at the receding storm and I see the splendor of the rainbow.

I look upon the cross of shame—a Roman instrument of torture and humiliation. Lo, it shines above every crown in the world, it glows with a radiance more enduring than the sun, throughout the length and breadth of civilisation—an emblem of authority, by which princes reign! It gleams in the splendor of heaven above the dome of the universe. It glorifies everything that it shines upon. The contemptuous phrase of a Roman governor, a brutal sneer at the prisoner whom he feared, and a taunt to exasperate the Jews whom he despised—"Jesus of Nazareth, King"—endures for ever. Angels echo it in anthems of exultation, and "the great multitude, which no man could number," and "every created thing which is in the heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea," with one mighty voice catch up the scoff of Pilate, and with it ascribe "the blessing, and the honor, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever," unto the Lamb which was slain.

Not unto Him who put the cup aside at Gethsemane. Not unto Him who came down from the Cross and saved Himself. But unto Him who suffered; who endured the Cross—unto Him who was slain,

THE DANGER OF THE EASY WAY.

Ah, this old desire to make things easy, to smooth away all the difficulties, to evade all the burdens, to make the way to heaven down hill and sunny weather—it is a sin as old as the race of man. It began in Eden, when the tempter said, "Pick out the easy things and the smooth path. Take only what looks good to yourself; reach out after what is a delight to the eyes and is desirable to look upon."

There are teachers to-day who say to us: "Shut your eyes to everything harsh and disagreeable, and if you can't see it, it isn't there. Try our great Ostrich Remedy for all the ills to which flesh is heir. Stick your head in the sand, and you can't see the lion coming."

The lion is there, just the same, and if you'll just stay right where you are and keep your head in the sand a little longer, there will be less ostrich and more lion on the landscape.

What do I know about afflictions? I know only what everybody else knows—that they are guide-posts along the way of pilgrimage. If the pathway lies through struggle and pains and fears, patience and love, and foes and fightings, you're pretty sure to be on the right road. What is this mighty "sea of troubles"? That's the Red Sea. Go right ahead and see the glory of God. This is death in the desert! Speak to the rock, a-quiver with the heat glimmer, and see the fountains of life burst forth. That? That's a king walling the sorrow of a broken heart in the chamber over the gate. You're on the right way. These? A long line of prison "finger-posts"—Peter and John and Paul and Silas—lots of prisons on the right road. This? A storm on Galilee. Good many storms on the "Jesus Way." This headless body? John the Baptist. That one? Paul. This shadowy garden where the starlight gleams softly on the crimson dew of agony falling on the grass blades? Gethsemane. You have to pass through Gethsemane. This fearful hill? Calvary. This burst of glory and splendor of life and joy?

Oh, Pilgrim, this is Eastern morn! You've come the right way, and you're Home, Pilgrim, you're Home!

Now, suppose you had avoided all this? Turned back to Egypt? Worshipped Diana, and kept out of prison? Made a little money by the sale of your Christ, like Judas? Gone around Gethsemane? Bowed to Pilate and avoided the Cross? What then?—"Sunday School Times."

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