

took his departure. He had over a mile to go to Tontine No. 2, but the weather being cold he walked very quickly and soon reached his destination. Here he found a large number of workmen whom he knew, and while the landlord was getting his money (£2 13s.) Tom was freely standing treat to everybody. He had plenty of cash, and his resolution was now a thing of the past. The first glass he drank had made him thirsty, and so he called for a pint. The room in which he and his friends were assembled was what is called the bar parlor. It was handsomely furnished, with polished mirrors and attractively cushioned seats. Feeling a little tired, Tom sat down in a cosy corner close to the fire, which was burning brightly.

All at once a feeling of drowsiness came over him, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. One by one his friends departed, until he was left alone. The landlord did not like him; he had been a very poor customer for some months past and so he was left severely alone. All at once he gave a start and sprang to his feet. The first thing he noticed was that daylight had departed and the gas was lighted. He turned to the clock, the fingers of which pointed to half-past five. He had promised to be home by two at the latest, and now it was nearly four hours beyond that time. He put his hand in his pocket, where he expected to find nearly £8. What was the matter? He looked like one demented, and one by one he searched every pocket, only to discover to his utterable horror that he had been robbed, and that he had not one cent in the world. Three strangers were in the room who had been curiously watching him. Suddenly he turned to the man nearest him, and with the fierceness of a tiger accused him of having picked his pocket. Unfortunately this individual happened to be of a very hasty temper. In less than five seconds blows succeeded words, and blood began to flow. Tom was much the stronger of the two and roundly abused the other man. Nothing could pacify Tom, so the landlord whistled for the police. Two officers were quickly on the spot and about to arrest Tom, when he struck one fiercely in the face and tore the coat of the other nearly off his back. The officers, however, soon mastered him, and placing a pair of iron "bracelets" on his wrists lodged him in jail. In England such a thing as getting a man, situated as Tom was, liberated on bonds is never thought of, so there he had to remain until

Christmas was over, there being no court held on that day.

Let us leave Tom a while and go back to Woolf Street, where we left three sweet children impatiently watching for their father. They expected him at two o'clock, and he had never disappointed them; but the clock struck two, and three, and still no father came. The mental suffering and bitter disappointment of the little ones may be imagined. When four o'clock struck their mother called them in, put on her bonnet and went out for the purpose of ascertaining if some accident had befallen her husband. She left the children sobbing as only children can. Quickly she found her husband's foreman. To her inquiry as to accident he replied, "No; he was paid before one o'clock, and left quite well." She then went to Tontine No. 1, and was told he had been there and got his money, but did not stay ten minutes. She called at all the hospitals in the neighborhood, but could find no trace of her husband. Returning home, and still not finding him, she crossed the water to Birkenhead, where his mother lived, thinking he might have gone there, only, however, to be disappointed. It was nearly midnight when she got back home, and merrily the Christmas bells were ringing; but there was no merry Christmas for her. In the morning some of the neighbors kindly invited mother and children to spend the day with them, and several volunteered to assist in the search for Tom. No one knew of Tontine No. 2, and no one thought of seeking honest, industrious, sober Tom in a jail.

Christmas is past and the shades of night are falling around the 26th of December, when a policeman is seen inquiring for Mrs. Sarah Brown. Having discovered her, he informs her that Tom has been sentenced to go to jail for a month for being drunk, fighting and assaulting the police. The poor woman nearly fainted upon hearing the news, but went indoors hurriedly and had a good cry. What could she do? She could not even see her husband. He had been removed several miles away, and even if she went to the jail she could not get near him. English laws in this respect are harsh and cruel. She had no money and no food for her children, who were dearer to her than life itself. What could she do?

On the morning of the 27th word was brought to her that a lady had been stricken with typhoid fever and wanted a nurse. She decided to offer her services, and was accepted,

a poor widow kindly offering to care for the children during her absence. After being at the house a few days she incautiously came out and met her children in the street. They ran to meet her, and she stooped and kissed them. A few days afterwards she herself was stricken with the fever. Shortly afterwards the three children followed her to the Liverpool Workhouse Hospital, and in less than three weeks from the time Tom had arranged with his wife to make their children ready on Christmas Eve she and the two eldest children were dead and buried by the parish.

The month has gone and Tom is released. Eagerly he rushes to Woolfe St., only to find another lodger in the apartments in which he left his family on the morning of Christmas eve. They are gone to the Workhouse, says a neighbor. Tom rushes to the Workhouse. Stern and heartless as are the officials, Tom's agony moves them. Sarah dead—Mary dead—Tom, his favorite, dead—and only the baby struggling between life and death! Slowly his youngest recovered, and in a few weeks was restored to his arms. Tom was an altered man. For years he was hardly seen to smile; the sight of drink nearly drove him mad. There was no Christmas in this resolution now. Fixed and firm, he would neither touch, taste, nor handle again. When time had in some measure healed his wounds he would sit and relate his sad story, and while tears would roll down the cheeks of his hearers, he would entreat them never to taste even one drop of the accursed drink, one glass of which had brought him so much sorrow and misery.

Reader, this is a true story. It has never been published before; but Tom was well known to the writer, who like him, and like one of old, would (even at this festive season) say, "Beware of strong drink." How true is the revelation of God in these last days, "Inasmuch as any among you drink wine or strong drink, behold it is not good." S. A.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS.

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Wherever the Christian religion is known, no matter what the country, the race, the people, the creed, Christmas—the birthday of the Great Founder of that faith—is the most universally and joyously celebrated festival, both religious and social, of the entire year. But though Chris-