

Arrows for temperance bows : being one hundred readings and recitations, suitable for bands, of hope, temperance meetings, and family use / edited by Oliver Pacis.

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ARROWS FOR
TEMPERANCE BOWS

EDITED BY

OLIVER PACIS.

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ARROWS

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FOR

TEMPERANCE BOWS.

BEING

ONE HUNDRED READINGS AND RECITATIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

BANDS OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE MEETINGS, AND

FAMILY USE.

EDITED BY

OLIVER PACIS.

Editor of "Chips from a Temperance Workshop."



London :

WESLEYAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
2, Ludgate Circus Buildings; 2, Castle St., City Rd., E.C.

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PREFACE.

THE aim of the Editor has not been to make a book, but to render a little help to the large number of Band of Hope and Temperance workers who are seeking to lead the young people, and others who come under their influence, into an intelligent acquaintance and hearty acceptance of sound Temperance teaching.

It is hoped, too, that the "Arrows," will be as acceptable and useful in the "Homes," as in the larger and more public gatherings.

In making the selection, it has been sought to blend interest, instruction, variety, and brevity; the last only being sacrificed when the importance of the subject seemed to demand it.

Knowing, too, something of the needs of the societies whose meetings are frequent, the endeavour has been made to secure both "Quantity and Quality."

Hearty acknowledgment is made of indebtedness to Editors of *Methodist Temperance Magazine*, *Temperance Record*, *Christian Million*, and others.

OLIVER PACIS.



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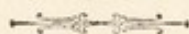
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ARROWS FOR TEMPERANCE BOWS.



WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILDREN ?

Who bids for the little children,
Body, and soul, and brain ?
Who bids for the little children,
Young and without a stain ?
" Will no one bid," said the angels,
" For their souls so pure and white ;
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write ?

" We bid," said Pest and Famine,
" We bid for life and limb ;
Fever, and pain, and squalor,
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
And when they grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear them moan."

“I bid,” said Beggary, howling,
“I’ll buy them one and all ;
I’ll teach them a thousand lessons,
To lie, to skulk, to crawl ;
They shall sleep in my lair, so darksome,
Where the sunlight cannot come ;
I’ll plunge them in sorrow living,
Then bear to a pauper’s tomb.”

“And I’ll bid higher and higher,”
Said Crime, with wolfish grin ;
“For I love to lead the children
Through the dreary paths of sin.
They shall swarm the streets, to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.”

“Stand by !” said Drink, so scornful,
“For feeble ones are ye ;
I’ll bid for the little children,
So give them up to me.
I’ll show them the glass so tempting,
Till their minds I have beguiled,
And then I’ll ruin body and soul
Of every British child.

“Prison, and hulk, and gallows,
Are many in the land ;
’Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children,
I’ll take them as they are born,
And I’ll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn.

“ Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise ;
And let the busy world go on,
While idly ye shut your eyes ;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag their tongue,
And the jailors and policemen
Shall be the fathers of the young.”

“ Oh, shame ! ” cried true Religion,
“ Oh, shame, that this should be ;
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me ;
I'll raise them up with kindness,
From the mire in which they're trod ;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God.”

HOW JAMIE CAME HOME.

“ COME, mother, set the kettle on,
And put the ham and eggs to fry—
Something to eat, and make it neat,
To please our Jamie's mouth and eye ;
For Jamie is our only son, you know—
The rest have perished long ago !
He's coming from the wars to-night,
And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
And his old smile will play right free,
His old loved home again to see.

“ I say, for 'twas a cur'us thing
That Jamie was not maimed or killed !
Five were the years, with hopes and fears,
And gloomy, hapless tidings filled ;

And many a night, the past five years,
We've lain within our cottage here,
And, while the rain-storm came and went,
We've thought of Jamie in his tent,
And offered many a silent prayer
That God would keep him in his care.

“ And he shall tell us of his fights,
His marches, skirmishes, and all :
Many a tale will make us pale,
And pity those who had to fall ;
And many a tale of sportive style
Will go, perhaps, to make us smile.
And when his stories all are done,
And when the evenings well are gone,
We'll kneel around the hearth once more,
And thank the Lord the war is o'er.

“ Hark ! there's a sound ! He's coming now !
Hark, mother ! there's the sound once more.
Now on our feet, with smiles to greet,
We'll meet him at the opening door.
It is a heavy tread and tone—
Too heavy far for one alone ;
Perhaps the company extends
To some of his old army friends ;
And who they be, and whence they came,
Of course we'll welcome them the same.

“ What bear ye on your shoulders, men ?
Is it my Jamie, stark and dead ?
What did you say ? Once more, I pray—
I did not gather what you said,
What ! drunk ? You tell that lie to me ?
What ! drunk ? O God ! it cannot be—

It cannot be my Jamie dear
Lying in drunken slumber here!
It is, it is as you have said!
Men, lay him on yon waiting bed.

“O mother! take the kettle off,
And set the ham and eggs away.
What was my crime, and when the time,
That I should live to see this day?
For all the sighs I ever drew,
And all the grief I ever knew,
And all the tears I ever shed
Above our children that are dead,
And all the cares that creased my brow
Were naught to what comes o'er me now.

“I would to God that when the three
We lost were hidden from our view,
Jamie had died and by their side
Had lain, all pure and spotless, too!
I would this rain might fall above
The grave of him we joyed to love,
Rather than hear its coming traced
Upon this roof he has disgraced!
But, mother, Addie, come this way,
And let us kneel and humbly pray.”

WILL. JN. CARLETON.

THE OLD BOATSWAIN'S SPEECH.



HE Boatswain was requested by his commander to attend a certain meeting while the vessel was in port. He did so, and heard things to interest him. When it was his turn to speak, he rose, with his shaggy pea-

jacket, clean shirt-collar, tidy black silk neck-cloth, loose grey locks, and sedate expression of face, and said, "Ay, ay, sir! Please, your honour, I've come down here by the captain's orders, and if there's anything stored away in my old weather-beaten sea-chest of a head that may be of any use to a brother sailor, or a landsman either, they are heartily welcome. If it will do any good in such a cause as this that you've come here to talk about, ye may go down below and overhaul the lockers of an old man's heart. It may seem a little strange that an old sailor should put his helm hard up to get out of the way of a glass of grog; but if it wasn't for the shame, old as I am, I'd be tied up to the rigging, and take a dozen, rather than suffer a drop to go down my gangway."

By this time, all eyes and ears were riveted upon the speaker. His voice, though he spoke at the natured pitch of it, was remarkably clear and strong, and his whole manner was calculated to create a feeling of respect.

"Please, yer honour," the old sailor continued, "it is no very pleasant matter for a poor sailor to go over the shoal where he lost a fine ship; but he must be a shabby fellow that would not stick up a beacon, if he could, and fetch home soundings and bearings for the good of all others who may sail in those seas. I've followed the sea for fifty years. I had good and kind parents. Thank God for both! They brought me up

to read the Bible, and keep the Sabbath. My father drank spirits sparingly ; my mother never drank any. Whenever I asked for a taste, he always was wise enough to put me off. 'Milk for babes, my lad,' he used to say ; 'children must take care how they meddle with edged tools !' When I was twelve I went to sea, cabin-boy in the *Tippo Saib*, and the captain promised my father to let me have no grog, and he kept his word. After my father's death, I began to drink spirits, and I continued to drink till I was forty-two. I never remembered to have been tipsy in my life ; but I was greatly afflicted with headache and rheumatism for several years. I got married when I was twenty-three. We had two boys ; one of them is now living. My eldest boy went to sea with me three voyages, and a finer lad——"

Just then something seemed to stick in the old boatswain's throat ; but he was speedily relieved, and proceeded in his remarks. "I used to think my father was over strict about spirits, and when it was cold or wet, I didn't see any harm in giving Jack a little, though he was only fourteen. When he got ashore, where he could serve out his own allowance, I soon saw that he doubled the quantity. I gave him a talk ; he promised to do better, but he didn't. I gave him another, but he grew worse ; and, finally, in spite of his mother's prayers and my own, he became a drunkard. It sunk my poor wife's spirits entirely,

and brought me to the water's edge. Jack became very bad, and I lost all control over him. One day I saw a gang of men and boys poking fun at a poor fellow, who was reeling about in the middle of the circle, and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonoured, so I thought I'd run down and take him in tow. Your honour knows what a sailor's heart is made of; what do you think I felt when I found it was my own son? I couldn't resist the sense of duty, and I spoke to him pretty sharply; but his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through; and doubling his fist in my face, he exclaimed, 'You made me a drunkard!' It cut me to the heart, like a shot from an eighteen-pounder, and I felt as if I should go by the board."

As he uttered these words, tears ran down the channels of the old man's cheeks like rain. After wiping his eyes on the sleeves of his jacket, he continued: "I tried night and day to think of the best plan to keep my other son from following on to destruction in the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily lessons on temperance. I held up to him the example of his poor brother. I cautioned him not to drink spirits on an empty stomach, and I kept my eye constantly upon him. Still, I daily took my allowance; but the sight of the dram bottle, the smell of the liquor, and the example of his father, were abler

lawyers on the other side. I saw the breakers ahead, and I prayed God to preserve, not only my child, but myself, for I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety. One Sunday, I heard the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliath. As I returned home, I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath, and I asked myself why there might not be found some remedy for the evil as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time, the thought of going altogether without spirits came into my mind! 'This, then,' said I, 'is the smooth stone from the brook, and the shepherd's sling.' I told my wife what I had been thinking of. She said she had no doubt that God had put the thought into my mind. I called in Tom, my youngest son, and told him that I had resolved not to taste another drop, blow high, or blow low. I called for all there was in the house, and threw it out of the window. Tom promised to take no more. I never had reason to doubt that he kept his promise. He is now first mate of an Indiaman. Now, your honour, I have said all I had to say about my own experience. My opinion is, that to go without spirits altogether is the only cure for hard drinkers, and the evils of intemperance will fall before this simple remedy alone, as the giant of Gath fell before a smooth stone from the brook and a shepherd's sling."

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

My influence—what shall I do with it ?

Without doubt, a great part of the wretchedness, and irreligion, and crime prevalent in our land is to be traced to the use of alcoholic drinks. One cannot take up a newspaper without getting additional evidence to prove that this statement is true. What fills the jail, the asylum, and the workhouse ? The Drink. What makes wives widows, children orphans, and parents fiends ? The Drink. What desolates the home, empties the cupboard, destroys self-respect, hardens the heart, degrades the appearance, eats out health, stupifies the senses, and brings on premature death ? The Drink. What robs the Churches of thousands of their members every year, and proves the greatest hindrance to the progress of the Gospel in our midst ? The Drink. In the face of this,—My influence ; what shall I do with it ?

I am told that in addition to other shops where liquor is sold, there are more than 150,000 houses employed solely for the drink traffic ; and that, allowing a frontage of thirty feet to each house, if put side by side they would reach nine hundred miles, or form a street, with houses on both sides, from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Land's End. I am told that 600,000 persons are employed in these 150,000 houses, that their annual receipts amount to one hundred and

twelve millions sterling, and that if that sum were distributed among our paupers, most of whom have been made so by the drink, each would have £2 a week all the year round. I am told that while in England we give eightpence per head per annum for the conversion of the world, and spend six shillings per head per annum for the cotton goods we wear, we pay £4 per head per annum for strong drink. I am told that the seventy million bushels of grain used in the manufacture of intoxicating drink, if converted into flour and baked into bread, would give one hundred and seventy four-pound loaves yearly to every family in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. I am told that of every sovereign expended in strong drink, not more than sixpence goes as wages to the working-man. I am told that it is estimated that we have in the land at least 600,000 habitual drunkards; and that more than three-fourths of the poverty and crime, and more than one-half the diseases which afflict humanity, are traceable to the use of the drink. In the face of all this,—My influence; what shall I do with it?

I hear our missionaries declaring that they are more afraid of English drinking than they are of native idolatry,—that in some places, Christianity and drunkenness are synonymous, and that when one is drunk, the heathen say, “He has become a Christian.” “What a picture,” wrote good Duncan Matheson, from Constantinople, “What a picture our poor countrymen

give of Christianity in these parts! You hardly see anyone drunk but an Englishman or a Scotchman, and English oaths are the first things many learn here." I see that drinking shops are accessible when all other shops are closed—that the publican's doors are open not only from morning till night during the six working-days, but also during several hours every Sabbath. I see that the frequenters of the tavern are for the most part haggard and besotted, that their language is anything but what a respectable man wishes his children to hear, and that their families are neglected and poor. I see that the many traps open to catch the unwary and the weak to a great extent counteract the efforts of Christian Ministers, and Home Missionaries, and Sunday-school Teachers. I see that preachers of the Gospel as well as private members of the Churches fall—slain by the drink. I see—but the subject saddens and sickens one. In the face of this gigantic curse, supported by custom, protected by Acts of Parliament, and alas! to some extent countenanced by the Church, I ask again—My influence; what shall I do with it?

Each one must for himself and for herself not only ask the question, but reply to it. To my own mind the way appears plain enough. Many good people plead for moderation, and consider that their example is as influential for good as is that of the man who abstains from the use of strong drink altogether. They say,

“If you abstain from beer, why not abstain from beef or any other good thing? It is not the use of the article, but the abuse that injures. You tell us that because some men drink to excess, we must not drink at all. Why not tell us that because some men make money an idol, we must not touch money at all? or that because some men eat to excess, we must not eat at all? or that because some men study to excess, we must not study at all?” Surely there is a fallacy here. Undoubtedly, food, money and study are good things; and these and all other good things may be—and are—sometimes abused. But is alcoholic drink a good thing? I question it. How can it be? I look at the catalogue of evils which result from swallowing it. I hear the testimony of many of the medical practitioners of the day. I think of the multitudes of poor lost souls ruined by the wine-cup. I remember the myriads of sunken, besotted men and women, broken down in pocket, broken down in health, broken down in intellect, broken down in character, hurrying on in the way to ruin. I hear of members of families I visit, causing untold anxiety; indeed, there is hardly a house I enter in which I do not find “one dead.” Is the tree known by its fruits? Then I hold this tree is bad, utterly bad, and we must cut it down. “It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.” Believing that,—My influence; what shall I do with it?

“But if all were moderate?” True; but there is the “if.” I do not think all can be moderate. Drinks containing alcohol cause in many cases an unnatural thirst, and a craving for more. Hence so many who begin and mean to end with moderation, get this thirst intensified, until at length they fall victims to the deceitful cup. “Sir,” said Dr. Samuel Johnson, “I can abstain, but I can’t be moderate.” If the cause of drunkenness is drinking, and if to get rid of the effect we must remove the cause—My influence; what shall I do with it?

There is no necessity for me when I see a sot to be troubled with the reflection, “I helped to make him what he is.” No. For the sake of the many who are living in the midst of temptation, and find themselves so weak to resist; for the sake of the little children, each of whom is only a picture of what the reeling, drivelling drunkard was in early days; for the sake of the Church, some of whose brightest lights have been extinguished by the Drink Demon; for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who to save others, gave Himself and died, and Whose servant I profess to be, I will neither touch, nor taste, nor handle, the accursed thing.

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, ‘Behold, we knew it not;’ doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth

thy soul, doth not He know it; and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

"YOU CONQUER ME! ME CONQUER YOU!"

THERE was an old Indian escaped from a bear;
He afterward found him asleep in his lair.
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "how do you do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

He raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down, laid Bruin's brain bare.
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "how will that do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

The Indian went to the city one night,
Where he became exceedingly tight.
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "this will not do,
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

So to put in an entering wedge,
He signed the total abstinence pledge.
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "this will I do,
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

Some fellows, the Indian's temper to try,
A whisky jug placed where he would pass by,
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "know you me do,
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

He raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down on the crockery ware,
"Yo! ho!" said the Indian, "guess that will do,
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

S. P. H. GUILD.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT SMOKING.

“MOTHER, how much tobacco does it take to make a sermon?”

“What do you mean, my son?”

“Why, I mean, how much tobacco does father use, and how many cigars does he smoke, while he is making a sermon?”

“Well, the tobacco and the cigars don't *make* the sermons, do they?”

“I don't know, but they do—they help along, at any rate, for I heard father tell Mr. Morris, the minister who preached for him last Sunday, that he could never write *well* without a good cigar. So I thought the tobacco makes the sermons, or the best part of them.”

“My son, I am shocked to hear you talk so.”

“Well, mother, I was only telling what father said, and what it made me think. He said a prime cigar was a great solace (whatever that is); and he said, besides, it drove away the blues—put him in a happy frame of mind, and *stimulated* his brain, so he could work better. I've been thinking, mother, if I had something to stimulate *my* brain, I could study better; and the next time I have one of those knotty questions in arithmetic to work out, I will get a cigar, and see if it won't help me along. You know, you often tell me, if I follow my father's example, I shall not go very far astray; and now, I should like a few cigars to make

my brain work well, so that I can stand at the head of my class."

"I hope I shall never see my son with a cigar in his mouth ; it would be the first step to ruin."

"You don't think *father* is ruined, do you ? And he has taken a good many steps since he took the first cigar."

"I think, my son, your father would be better without cigars or tobacco, in any shape ; but he formed the habit when he was young, and now it is hard to break off."

"But father says, we are to blame for forming bad habits, and it is a sin to continue in them ; I heard him say that in the pulpit, not long ago. There is poor old Jenkins, who drinks hard. I suppose he would find it rather hard to leave off drinking whisky. But father says, 'It is no excuse for a man, when he gets drunk, to say he is in the *habit* of getting drunk.' He says, 'people should exercise *resolution* and *moral courage* to break off bad habits."

"But, my son, smoking tobacco is not quite like drinking whisky, and getting drunk."

"No, I know that, mother ; but I was going on to say that, if smoking *was* a bad habit, father would have given up long ago. If he *could* write as well, and do as much good *without* using tobacco, he would not spend so much for it. When I want to buy a little candy, or a bit of spruce gum, father tells me I had

better practice the grace of *self-denial*, and save my money for the missionary-box. I heard Mr. C——, the circuit steward, say his cigars cost him £20 a-year; for he used none but the very best, and they are all imported. He told father so, the other day, when they were smoking together after dinner. Now, mother, do you think my father, and the steward, and a whole host of ministers and local preachers, and leaders, and temperance-lecturers, and lots of good people, would spend so much money to keep themselves in *bad habits*? Why, the sum that Mr. C—— spends on cigars would more than support a child in the Children's Home for a year. Please, mother, give me a little money to get some cigars."

"My son, you may talk the matter over to your father. Ask him if he thinks it will improve your habits and your health to learn to *smoke*. I think he will tell you that it will only do you harm."

A HAPPY FATHER.

"WHY, sir, I am one of the happiest fathers in the world;" and no one looking at his open countenance and the light in his eyes could for a moment doubt it.

The speaker was a hard working man. You could not call him old, for although he had left his sixtieth birthday a good way behind him, his hair was only a little grey, while his step seemed as firm and his form



as erect as ever. He looked as though he had found out the secret of living respectably and comfortably on his small income, without having to distract himself every now and again to make both ends meet.

"You see," he continued, "I could not help being happy, having such children as I have."

"How many have you?"

"Six, all boys; and, bless the Lord, all doing well—doing well for both worlds. The eldest is pastor of a growing Nonconformist church, four are doing well in business, and are all of them local preachers; and the youngest—we call him little Benjamin—is on the right road; yes, sir, on the right road!"

"Then there is no black sheep in your little flock?"

"No!" thank God, no!"

"It must, indeed, be a great comfort to you to see your sons not only doing well in the world, but also serving their generation according to the will of God. But how did you manage them that they have turned out so well?"

"Well, sir, the first Sunday after I was married—that's about forty years ago—I said to my wife, 'Now we'll spend our Sunday mornings as my father used to, over the Bible.' It was my father's habit, ever since I could remember, to get us all together, big and little, on the Sunday morning for reading the Bible; and the lessons I learnt thus have been a wonderful help to me through life. Well, we begun then, and have never

left off since. As soon as my eldest was able to handle the Bible, he would bring it over to me, and then we all read together; and as the rest came on they joined in. But that was not all. There was a lot of drunkenness about our village at that time, and it struck me one day, when my first was just learning to walk, What if he should grow up be a drunkard? I thought about it until I resolved never to touch a drop of liquor any more. I never did take much, only a glass at dinner and another at night, but the thought of my boy going wrong ended that; and not one of my children have ever tasted it. Then giving up the drink led me to think about the pipe. It was a bit of a struggle to give up that, for I used to enjoy just a pipe at night when work was done, but the thought of my boy again decided me. I should have been ashamed to have seen him go through the streets with a pipe in his mouth as I have seen some boys."

"So you gave up both your pipe and glass for the sake of the children!"

"That was just it, sir: I had no fear of going wrong for myself—although stronger men than I have been thrown down by the drink—but it was the thought of the children that did it."

"And now you have your reward."

"Yes; only the Sunday mornings and the Bible have had a good bit to do in making them what they are. Some people don't keep temperance and religion

joined; they fancy temperance is going to do all by itself, but it won't; we must have religion too, you know, sir; we are told to take both the shield and the sword."

"But had you never any fears about your sons when they left home?"

"Why, I believe I was more thankful than anything else that they were going out into the world without ever having tasted the drink or learning to smoke; and beside that, before they left home they were all converted, every one of them; but if it had not been for that I should have feared, especially for some of them. Tom, the second, was one of those high-spirited, impulsive boys, full of fun; if he had not taken teetotalism and religion with him when he went to the great city, I should have trembled for him; as it is, my prayers are mostly praises for them, for I feel so grateful to God that they are all on 'the rock.'"

As we said good-bye, I could not help thinking that if parents would but follow the example of my friend, and give up for the sake of the children—*their own children*—the "little drops" they drink and the little idol they serve (the pipe), England would soon be full of happy fathers, bright homes, and useful churches.

OLIVER PACIS.

WHAT WHISKY DID FOR ME.

TO BE RECITED IN CHARACTER.

KIND friends, I'm glad to meet you here,
I stand before you all,
A soldier who has served his time
With old King Alcohol.
I've stood by him through thick and thin,
Until they call me sot,
And when for him I sold my coat
This was the coat I got.

I fought for him, I bled for him,
As through the street I'd rave,
And when through him I lost my hat
This is the hat he gave.
My boots were of the neatest fit,
As fine as boots could be ;
For him I gave away my boots,
And then he booted me.

My eyes were of the deepest blue,
Nor lustre did they lack ;
But now you see they both are red,
And one is also black !
My nose was never beautiful,
But still was not amiss ;
Old Alcohol, he touched it up,
And what d'ye think of this ?

He promised I should courage have
For all the ills of life ;
The bravest thing he made me do
Was beat my little wife.

He promised he would give me wit,
 And I should ne'er be sad,
 Instead of which he took away
 The little sense I had.

The health and wealth he promised me
 He never, never gave ;
 But when he'd taken all I had,
 I found myself a slave.
 So now I'll fight for him no more,
 For woe is all his pay ;
 He's cheated me and lied to me—
 I'll join the " Sons " to-day !

EDWARD CARSWELL.

THE TRUE LADDIE.

HERE'S a laddie, bright and fair,
 And his heart is free from care ;
 Will he ever, do you think,
 Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink ?
 Make a furnace of his throat,
 And a chimney of his nose,
 In his pocket not a groat,
 Elbows out and ragged toes ?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
 And his step is light and free ;
 Will he ever, do you think,
 Mad with thirst, and crazed with drink,
 Stagger wildly down the street,
 Wallow in the mire and sleet ;
 Hug the lamp-post, and declare
 Snakes are writhing in his hair ?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose ;
Will he ever, do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
Soul and body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save ?

No ; this laddie, honour bright,
Swears to love the true and right ;
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet ;
Never, never will he sup
Horrors from the drunkard's cup ;
Never in the " flowing bowl "
Will he drown his angel-soul.

JULIA M. THAYER.

THE VICTIM AND THE VICTIMIZER.

ONE beautiful afternoon in August (says Wendell Phillips), there came to me the heart-broken wife of a State prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and the world. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man—one who lived only to serve the poor, the tempted, and the criminal. All he had, all he was, he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home. His name, their bail to save them from prison. His reward their reformation. It

was a happy hour to hear him tell of the hundreds he had shielded from the contamination and evil examples of prisons, and of the large proportion he had good reason to believe saved. Out of hundreds, he once told me, only two left him to pay their bail, forfeited by neglect to show themselves in court according to agreement—only two!

Bred under such a roof the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams, and high purpose. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry, and character, ended in a bankruptcy, as is often the case in our risky and changing trade; then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation—despair—intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, forgetfulness, and crime.

How hard his wife wrought and struggled to save him from indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure! How long wife, sister, and friends laboured to avert conviction and the State prison! “I would spare him gladly,” wrote the prosecuting attorney, “if he would only stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he will be a sober man. *But all this wretchedness and crime comes from drinking rum!*”

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise, and kept his promise, perhaps a month—then fell. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly while

so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbours' vices—lured him to indulgence. So rightfully the State pressed on him, and he went to prison. An honoured name disgraced; a loving home broken up; a wide circle of kindred sorely pained; a worthy, well-meaning man wrecked: sorrow and crime. "All came of rum," says the keen-sighted lawyer.

As I parted from the sad wife on my doorstep, I looked beyond, and close by the laughing sea stood a handsome cottage. The grounds were laid out expensively, and with great taste. Over the broad piazza hung lazily an eastern hammock, while all around were richly painted chairs and lounges of every easy and tempting form. Over-head were quaint vases of beautiful flowers, and the delicious lawn was bordered with them. On the lawn itself gaily dressed women laughed merrily over croquet, and noisy children played near. A pair of superb horses pawed the earth impatiently at the gate, while gay salutations passed between the croquet players and the fashionable equipages that rolled by. It was a comfortable home as well as a luxurious one. Nature, taste, luxury, and wealth. All came from rum. Silks and diamonds, flowers and equipage, stately roof and costly attendance, all came from rum. The owner was one who, in a great city, coined his gold out of the vices of his fellow men.

To me it was a dissolving view. I lost sight of the gay women, the frolicsome children, the impatient horses, and the ocean rolling up to the lawn. I saw instead, the pale convict in his cell, twelve feet by nine, and the sad wife going from Judge to Attorney, from Court to Governors' Council, begging mercy for her over-tempted husband. I heard above the children's noise, the croquet, laugh, and the surf waves, that lawyer's stern reason for exacting the full penalty of the law. All this comes from rum.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink. Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

THE ELOQUENCE OF GRIEF.

THE inhabitants of a thriving town of Pennsylvania having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of spirit-licenses the town should petition from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the *pastor* of the village, one of his *deacons*, and the *physician*.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and

after a short speech, moved, that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license *good* men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favour. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light suffering. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask *where* are they now?"

"In yonder burying-ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh, they are all drunkards' graves!"

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that *temperate* drinking would do them good.

"And you, too, sir," (addressing the parson), "would

come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

“Deacon, *you* sold them rum which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by RUM.

“And now,” she said, “I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is *my* home. You, Rev. sir—you, doctor—and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard’s grave.”

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—“Shall we petition the court to issue licenses to this borough for the ensuing year?” and the one unbroken “no!” which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman’s appeal. There were no more licenses granted.

THE SALOON KEEPER’S VISION.

I HAVE had a fearful vision,
And it haunts my memory yet :
Doleful shapes in wild collision,
Sounds I never can forget.

I within my home was seated
At the twilight hour of day—
In my home, where luxuries greeted
Every sense in fair array.

Pleased, I looked on my surrounding
With a glance of kindling pride,
On the comforts so abounding
By my daily gains supplied.

On a sudden, through the doorway,
Lo! a weird procession came:
Struggling forms as on a foray,
Every age and every name.

Onward came they—oh! their number
Filing through that pleasant room,
From mine eyelids driving slumber,
Shading everything with gloom.

Staggering gait and bloated features,
Leering glances there were seen
Ragged, dirty, loathsome creatures
Wrecks of what they might have been.

Stolid faces, or impassioned,
Fierce with fighting and disputes,
Man, so near the angels fashioned,*
Sunken lower than the brutes.

Wives and mothers broken-hearted,
Weeping infants, pale and wan,
Women from all shame departed,
Children with sweet childhood gone.

* Ps. viii. v: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels."

With delirium's frenzied aspects
All the ills intemperance brings,
Like a swarm of noxious insects
Stinging me with countless stings.

Circling round me, nearer, nearer,
Came that hideous, serried band,
Filling all my frame with terror,
Powerless still to move a hand.

With their finger toward me pointed,
Fixed on me their bloodshot stare,
Cursed they me thus: "Thou hast done it;
Thou hast made us what we are!"

Then my child, my loved Alicia,
Took her harp and struck a chord,
But the sounds which thence made issue
Smote my spirit like a sword.

Cries of anger, shrieks of madness,
Wailing tones of pain and woe,
Language foul, and groans of sadness,
Mingled with the music's flow.

Softly sang she in sweet measures
With a voice unknown to crime;
Sang of happy homes and pleasures,
And of deeds of olden time.

Yet alike o'er song and sonnet
Ever rose that sad refrain,
"Thou hast done it, thou hast done it;
Thou hast caused us all this pain.

Conscience, with a voice accusing,
Laid these evils at my door,
While Remorse, new tortures using,
Wounded my heart's inmost core.

Then unconsciousness, relieving,
Kindly to my succour came,
But I woke again to grieving;
Would to God 'twere but a dream!

BY MISS L. A. M.

SONG OF THE DRUNKARD.

A figure all dirty and ragged
Sat on a rickety chair,
As it rocked itself to and fro:
'Twas the picture of woe and despair.
It rocked, rocked, rocked
Itself on the chair to and fro,
And sang aloud in a doleful strain,
This song of grief and woe.

Drink! drink! drink!
And destroy the vigour of youth;
Drink! drink! drink!
And blight all virtue and truth;
Better, far better 'twould be
With the *savage* and *heathen* to dwell,
Than with swillers of brandy, beer, and wine,
And sink in the *drunkard's hell*.

Oh, talk not of Hell or Death!
I fear not that phantom of bone;
His terrible shape but seems to me
A likeness of my own.
My life's but a *living death*;
Alas! I must reap what I've sown!
Oh, let me drink of the drunkard's cup!—
In hell I must wear his crown.

Drink ! drink ! drink !
 The appetite never flags ;
 What are its wages ? Beds of straw—
 Want, penury, and rags ;
 A roofless house—a naked floor ;
 No chairs nor tables are there ;—
 A house that's a picture of woe and want,
 With walls all blank and bare.

Ye never can drown the voice
 Of conscience, if you try,
 By all the rum ever yet distilled ;
 Nor make God's truth *a lie*.
 Oh, for an hour of youth ;
 Ere to drink I did begin ;
 When I loved religion, virtue, and truth,
 And hated crime and sin.

Oh, moderate drinker, beware !
 The snare of the mocker fly !
 Quick, dash the poison chalice down,
 Ere the drunkard's death you die.
My fate is already sealed ;
 Repentance comes too late ;
Once there was time, but now, alas !
 Tears can not blot my fate.

Thus the inebriate sang,
 And rocked on his chair to and fro ;
 Would that all could have heard him sing,
 And the poison cup forego !
 He gave a shriek when his song was done,
 And starting up with dread—
 Back ! Back ! ye fiends ! he wildly cried,
 Then fell—his spirit had fled.

Oh, temperate drinker, beware !
He that is dead, we know,
Once felt as safe, and spoke as loud
'Gainst intemperance as you.
And yet—died, mad with drink.
Oh, who may his doom foretell ;—
God give us power to banish rum,
And save *all* from the drunkard's hell.

A TROPHY WON.

TEN years ago three young men came ashore from a man-of-war lying off the coast of Massachusetts. They entered Boston. Life to these young men was full of hope, and the future was a dream of joy. Each of these young men knew by fearful experience the power of strong drink, and that if he tasted the intoxicating cup, he opened the flood-gates of hell upon his soul. Did they drink? They did; and that night one of them was murdered in the most degraded street of Boston. The second, in a drunken fit of frenzy, jumped from the upper window of a brothel, and his brains were scattered on the curb below. The third was to be found at any hour in the lowest haunts of infamy, his eyes wild with the light of passion, and his heart untouched by the fearful fate of his companions. He had a mother—a mother who loved him with the deepest affection. Alas, for that loving mother; she was doomed to wait the coming of her

bright-eyed boy for years ; to sit in deep mourning, watching, waiting, praying, hoping against hope. I can see that young man now, standing by the accursed bar, the quick destroyer in the glass, taking his own young life. Though ruin was within the glass, he drank the rum, though he knew he was casting himself into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell.

From that eventful hour commenced a life of sin, so wild, so dark, so blasting, that it seemed as though that young soul had sold itself to a most infamous career of shame. And there seemed no hope of escape. Bound in the dark prison-house, cradled in the arms of vice, he closed his ears against the voice of friends and God—steeled his heart to every noble impulse, and with his own hand wrote his name on hell's crowded register, thus asking for admittance there. Standing thus upon the crumbling crust already cracking beneath his tread, lost to every sense of holiness or shame, with the coronet of death bound fast upon his brow, a withering curse to all who loved him, yet worthy of a better life. A Christian lady met him. With all a woman's tenderness, she pleaded with that young man. He tried to stand—he staggered ; she held him up. He staggered, fell again—her love was there again to raise him to his feet, and whisper sweetly, “Be a man.” Again he fell ; again she helped him to arise. On bended knees, with tears of agony, he struggled to get free. The chains were on him : the

chains of vice, of shame, of death. But on his soul had dawned the morning of a better life, and with one gigantic effort, he burst the bonds and rose—a man. It was a mad, wild conflict, almost hopeless, to win back what he had lost, but he gained the victory. Step by step he fought, until upon the ruins of his lost youth he raised a new manhood, consecrating it to God, who received the offering. Since that glad hour of battle triumph, the voice of that young man has been heard, calling upon men to look up and live, to fling down the gauntlet to the years, and from defeat win victory, and from overthrow eternal life. Still that young man pleads with his fellows, and having known what they are learning—having suffered from the scathing touch of the destroyer, he spends his life earnestly imploring men, and in the name of all that is worth living for, to shun the demon drink.

TEETOTALISM LEADING TO THE CROSS.

MR. GOUGH, in one of his lectures, gives the following striking and encouraging narrative:—

“I was once speaking in Dundee to an audience of outcasts, and faced about eight hundred men and women in the lowest stages of degradation. The image of God had been wiped away, and the die of devils substituted. Provost Rough was with me, and

said : ' We have got fire in the house ; and, pointing to a woman amongst the audience, told me that she was known by the name of ' Hell-fire.' She had been fifty-three times convicted, and it took three policemen to carry her off to the station-house. When intoxicated, her blasphemy was fearful to hear, and every man would run when she began to blaspheme.

" I was fearful of a row ; my knees felt shaky ; but I commenced speaking to my audience as men and women, not as thieves, brutes, and outcasts. Suddenly I was interrupted, and a naked arm, with clenched fist, was shaken aloft, and a voice cried out, ' Oh, my God ! my God ! that's true !' After the lecture ' Hell-fire ' came to me on the platform ; I didn't like that, I thought she was going to tackle me, and I was not partial to that kind of strong-minded woman. She asked me how I liked the looks of her, and then came close up to me, and said, would I give the likes of her the pledge ? A gentleman near me whispered : ' she's drunk ; don't do it ; she is fooling you ; she can't keep the pledge !' I told her of this, when she shook her fist fiercely, saying, ' show me the man that said that.' We had some little talk, and then I allowed her to write her name to the pledge. Such writing ! like a fly dripping with ink crawling over the paper. I lost sight of her.

" Four years afterwards, after lecturing to fifteen hundred people in the Corn Exchange, Mrs. Archer,

alias 'Hell-fire,' was introduced to me. She told me she had faithfully kept the pledge, and that being a poor, ignorant old body, out of whose head the police had knocked what little sense she ever possessed, she was often troubled with dreams, and dreamt that she was drunk and fighting; and so terrified would she become, that she would get out of bed and kneel at her bedside until morning, praying, 'God help me, I cannot get drunk any more.' Her daughter confirmed her statements, adding that hail, rain, or snow, she would go to hear the Gospel preached on Sunday. George Rough writes that she has kept her pledge for sixteen years, and spends her time in rescuing abandoned women. It was Temperance that made her hear the Gospel. I believe total abstinence is that which rolls the stone from the door of the sepulchre. A Christian is not made by Temperance, but by the saving power of Divine grace."

THE POWER OF CHRIST TO SAVE.

THE meeting-house was crowded—many stood—
 And numbers asked for prayer;
 And all acknowledged it was really good
 To be found waiting there.
 Old men, whose heads were white, arose and told
 How God, from place to place,
 Had led, in pastures green, the faithful fold
 Who trusted in His grace.

And hopeful youth, with bright and sparkling eye,
Delighted there to tell
How Jesus, in temptation's hour, was nigh,
And had done all things well.
'Twas sweet indeed to catch the words which came
From quiv'ring lips that day ;
To hear them lisp the blessed Saviour's name,
Who bore their sins away.

The minister arose from prayer ; said he
" The time to close is nigh,
But all who hear my voice to-day, are free
To further testify."
A pause ensued—and then a man arose—
A stranger tall and gray ;
Said he : " I could not let this meeting close
Without a word to-day.

" Just five and forty years ago, I stood
Beside my mother's bed ;
A woman gentle, patient, kind, and good ;
These are the words she said :
' My son, I soon shall pass away to rest ;
So promise, e'er I go,
To serve the Lord—it is my last request ;
Good-bye, my boy, my Joe !'

" I then was twelve years old ; at seventeen
I left my father's roof ;
And soon a greater scapegrace ne'er was seen—
I heeded not reproof,
But learned to love the drunkard's cup ; in it
I strove to find relief,
And tried to drown therein all thought and care :
My happiness was brief.

“ My wife was taken by her friends away ;
I sold all that I had,
And lay through many a bright and lovely day
With foul delirium mad.
Thus by degrees I very quickly fell ;
An object was for scorn ;
My home the cold and cheerless prison cell,
Where oft I've slept till morn.

“ But He who doeth all things well
I shall forever praise,
And for a good and praying wife,
Give thanks thro' all my days.
One night, controlling for awhile my brain,
The promise I had made
Came vividly before my mind again—
'Twas then I sought God's aid.

“ Upon my knees, in vain I tried to pray,
While from me burst a groan ;
That night my sins were washed by Christ away,
Who doth for all atone ;
And by His grace, I from that hour have stood,
Snatched, as it were, from death—
A guilty sinner cleansed by Jesus' blood,
I'll praise Him while I've breath.”

THE WIFE'S STORY.

My story, marm? well, really now, I haven't much to say ;
But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day,
No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see
How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John
and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed.
Now just peep in the larder, marm, there's sugar, flour, and tea,—
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and
me.

That pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer,
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year.
He pays his debts, is strong and well, and kind as man can be,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and
me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low,
As if he didn't dare to meet the folks he used to know ;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and
me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs and nothing on their feet.
But now they've shoes and stockings, and warm garments, as
you see—
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for them and
me.

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play,
But now, when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic round his chair, the baby climbs his knee,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and
me.

Ah ! those sad, sad days are over, of sorrow and of pain,
The children have their father back, and I my John again.
Oh, pray excuse my weeping, marm,—they're tears of joy, to see
How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John
and me.

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look and say :
 " O heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day,"
 And every night before I sleep, thank God on bended knee,
 For what the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and
 me.

W. B. HARRISON.

MODERATE DRINKING.

THERE are many pleas in favour of moderate drinking. I shall try to expose certain of these pleas, and show where they are wrong. And first I notice the assertion that alcohol is a necessity—*a necessity as a food for man*. It never presumes to assert that it is necessary as a food for any inferior animal, but it says that for man it is a necessity, and that he must take it as a food.

I am recording a matter of history—of personal history—on this question when I say that I for one had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it warmed us. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. But I was asked to study the actions of alcohol along with a whole series of chemical bodies, and to investigate their bearing in relation to each other. And so I took alcohol from the shelf of my laboratory, as I might any other drug or chemical there, and I asked it in the course of experi-

ments, extending over a lengthened period :—What do you do ? I asked it : “Do you warm the animal body when you are taken into it ?” The reply came invariably : “I do not, except in a mere flush of surface excitement. There is, in fact, no warming ; but, on the contrary, an effect of cooling and chilling the body.” Then I turn round to it in another direction, and ask it : “Do you give muscular strength ?” I test it by the most rigid analysis and experiment I can adopt. I test muscular power under the influence of it in various forms and degrees, and its reply is : “I give no muscular strength.” I turn to its effect upon the organs of the body, and find that while it expedites the heart’s action, it reduces tonicity ; and turning to the nervous system I find the same reply : that is to say, I find the nervous system more quickly worn out under the influence of this agent than if none of it is taken at all. I ask it : “Can you build up any of the tissues of the body ?” The answer again is in the negative. “I build nothing. If I do anything, I add fatty matter to the body, but that is a destructive agent, piercing the tissues, destroying their powers, and making them less active for their work.”

Finally, I sum it all up. I find it to be an agent that gives no strength, that reduces the tone of the blood-vessels and heart, that reduces the nervous power, that builds up no tissue, can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food. On that side of the

question my mind is made up--that this agent in the most moderate quantity, is perfectly useless for any of the conditions of life to which men are subjected, except under the most exceptional conditions, which none but skilled observers can declare.

Next, I turn round to the facts of experience. I think—Well, as I have come to the above conclusion, I will experiment on myself. I do so. I give up that which I thought warmed and helped me, and I can declare, after considering the whole period in which I have subjected myself to this ordeal, I never did more work; I never did more varied work; I never did work with equal facility—with so much facility; I never did work with such a complete sense of freedom from anxiety and worry as I have done during the period that I have abstained altogether. Let this fallacy, then, as to the necessity of moderate drinking be removed.

But alcohol is said to be *necessary for the happiness of man*. "It cheers the heart," it is said; "it lifts the man, for a time, above himself, and makes him joyous and brilliant, happy and merry." Well, there is a mad kind of excitement, if that be happiness, which alcohol brings; but who is there who has gone through that who forgets the morning that follows?

Another fallacy connected with moderate drinking to which I specially wish to refer, is *its undefinability*. What is moderate drinking? What is a moderate dose

of the "devil in solution?" I have asked this question of a great many people, and I have written down a few notes of certain persons who declare themselves very moderate. I will not give names, but I will put them down as B, C, and D. B is a moderate man, and, what is more, he is a rigidly regular man. He takes one pint of malt liquor at dinner; he takes one or two whiskies at bedtime, and he takes half-a-pint of wine regularly at dinner. I find that represents 6-oz. of alcohol; and then I turn to the physiological side of the question, and I find this alcohol does this for the man—it makes his heart beat 18,000 times a day beyond what it ought to do, and it makes that unfortunate heart raise what would be equivalent to 19 extra tons weight one foot from the earth. This is the effect of his moderation.

I turn to another moderate man, who says he is "very moderate." He tells me he takes one pint of cooper—a mixture of stout and bitter ale. One "B and S" in the course of the day, if he feels flagging; a pint of claret at dinner—for that he considers the soundest wine—and a couple of glasses of sherry or port with dessert. That man takes at least 4-oz. of alcohol a day, the physiological effect of which is to force his heart to 12,000 extra beats, and to make it do about 14 foot tons of extra work.

I pass to another man, who is called "a very, very moderate drinker." He is really moderate. He takes

two glasses of sherry at luncheon, and one pint of claret at dinner. That would represent 3-oz. of alcohol, and would give 10,000 extra strokes to the heart, and 9 extra foot tons of work. Perhaps you will say, "If the heart beats 100,000 times in the course of the twenty-four hours, this is not a great additional labour put upon it, in the last case, at all events." I have calculated it in a simple way. In a ton, there are 35,840-oz. Now, suppose you had this gross weight of nine tons divided into 9-oz. weights before you, and you used your hand, which is not quite so strong as your heart, or your hand and arm, for the purpose of raising each weight of 9-oz. one foot, 35,840 times. You would find, in the course of twenty-four hours, that your arms would be paralysed with work before you had got to the end of the labour. Yet that is the extra work we put upon the heart when we indulge in moderate drinking to this comparatively small extent.

Another evil connected with moderate drinking is, that *it induces false and bad automatic acts*. Men do things in drinking, and repeat drinkings without ever intending to do so, from a habit, or automatic movement. I was driving into Canterbury in an open carriage in the course of my holiday last summer, and was sitting on the box by the driver. The horse stopped at an inn, and the man said, "If you were to drive past this place twenty times a day, the horse would invariably stop here." I said, "Why?" "Because

always at this place we give him a pint of beer." That was a good representation of what men constantly do. Men are accustomed just to go near a public-house until they cannot pass it. It becomes automatic to go in, and all through their lives they fall into that defined habit. Moderate drinking leads on to that, and in such respect, it is extremely bad, not only in regard to the individual himself, but because it induces a habit which passes from the generation which is, into that which is to be.

I see another evil in moderate drinking, that *it generates a taste and a desire for alcohol*; and here I have made some research of a physiological and of a psychological kind, which is extremely interesting. So long as any portion of alcohol remains in the body and has to be eliminated, though the quantity be ever so minute, the desire for the continuance of alcohol is present, and present in the strongest degree, so that we may say of a confirmed alcoholic, he is never safe from the desire until the whole of the alcohol has been eliminated. There are still more serious influences. There is the influence on the mind. Why, not one of you can wear a ring, a married woman, for instance, and have it taken away without feeling the sense that it is still there, or that it ought to be there. Such is the effect of the impression. So it is with regard to alcohol, even taken in the most moderate way possible; it generates the impression for it, and it is one of the

most determined banes of those who begin by indulging in its moderate use, that they must resort to it as if it were a support.

Once more, this system of moderate drinking is to my mind injurious in that *it keeps up in the minds of those who indulge in it one persistent course of self-deception*. I am quite sure there is not a man or woman who indulges in alcohol, even slightly, who, if he or she retires, shuts out the world, locks up the senses, and lets no passion enter to warp the reason—I say there is not one who thinks over the matter in this way who remains unconvinced in his own inner soul that he can do perfectly well without strong drink, and that whenever he indulges in it for the sake of the support it is reputed to give, or for any other reason whatever, he is simply deceiving himself, and is taking that which he knows to be of no service whatever. It cannot be good that this system of self-deception should go on, and we, in opposing its beginnings, are doing the greatest work towards the conversion of man, to sober and wholesome thought.

To sum up, I say that the agent which employs and carries with it a false necessity, a false idea of happiness, false action, false organisation, false belief in self, self-deception, is a bad agent. No priest, no physician, no poet, no painter, ever clothed the devil in more telling attributes of evil. We are sometimes told it is fanatical, it is unpractical, it is contrary to the

interests of individual men, or classes of men, to speak these things and oppose alcohol. Be it so. In another age it will be a wonder that such arguments as those which we are obliged to use were ever necessary to convert an unwilling world. In the meantime, undeterred by any of those specious pleas, it is our duty, whether it be called fanatical or philosophical, practical or unpractical, advantageous to class interests, or opposed to them, to unite body and mind, heart and soul, in suppressing this evil at its root, and in endeavouring to make this earth something nearer heaven, by pulling down from his high place the demon who still reigns so triumphantly in the sphere in which we live.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

THE NARROW CROSSING.

“You never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?”

Uncle John was Harry's ideal of a great and noble man. And it was not a mistaken ideal. Uncle John's hair was white with the passing of over eighty winters, but his eye was bright, his step firm, and his voice earnest and kindly as ever. His life had been one of uprightness, as well as one of what the world calls success.

“I never signed a pledge on my own account; I

presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John.

"Casper Firmstone is all the time teasing me to sign," said Harry; "but I know I can drink a gill of cider and not want any more, or let it alone if I do want it. And I can take one sip of the best wine Mr. Fraser has and not take the second. So I don't see any use in hampering a fellow with a piece of paper."

"Don't be too sure about what you can do, Harry. I've seen a good many 'sure' people in my life, as well as a good many 'cautious' people, and I've always noticed in the long run that the 'cautious' people were the safest. I'll tell you where I first learned that lesson, if you'd like to know."

"I should," said Harry, always ready at the first hint of a story.

"When I was a boy, a good deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even-edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water, was a bridge spanning the stream.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side-pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring of the school-children used to

walk on this narrow capping-board when crossing the bridge, and there was more than one fall and serious injury happened there.

“There was one thing that saved me from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what it was? The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't ‘sure’ of my head, and I was sure on the broad, open bridge.

“I can think of a great many places that boys and men try to pass safely which are quite as dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, for ever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path.”

MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

OUR DUTY.

(FOR A LITTLE BOY.)

Pray listen to what I am going to say,
 And when I have done, I'll get out of the way;
 I'm not very big, but I'll do what I can,
 To amuse and instruct every woman and man.
 I think it's our duty to do as we're told—
 To succour the needy, be kind to the old,
 To willingly mind all our parents may say,
 And strive to be useful and good every day;
 To shun naughty boys, who tell lies and deceive—
 The statements of such you can never believe.

'Tis better, by far, to be honest and true,
To side with the right, tho' in numbers but few ;
And shun all bad habits, they prove a sad curse,
Oft leading to others a thousand times worse.
Be courteous, be kind, and forgiving of wrong ;
And ready to help a weak brother along.
Shun liquors, which 'rouse the worst passions within ;
And ask God for grace that will keep you from sin.
Don't drink even cider, much more wine and beer—
From wicked companions at all times keep clear.
I hope you'll excuse me for speaking so long ;
We want you to help us, we shun what is wrong.
Kind words we would always endeavour to use ;
Tobacco and drink, of course, we refuse.
And, girls, let me whisper a word in your ear :
Don't marry a man who loves spirits or beer.
And now I have said nearly all that I can,
I'll bid you adieu like a good little man.

WHY AND WHEN WE DRINK.

FROM THE "TEMPERANCE RECORD."

How many are the pleas,
And wond'rous strange the thinking,
Of those who love the drink,
And advocate the drinking !

Some drink because 'tis hot,
And some because 'tis cold ;
Some drink because they're young,
And some because they're old,

Some drink to make them work,
And some to make them play ;
Some drink because 'tis night,
And some because 'tis day.

Some drink when they go out,
And some when they come in ;
Some drink because they're stout,
And some because they're thin.

Some drink whene'er they lend,
And some whene'er they borrow ;
Some drink to raise their joy,
And some to drown their sorrow.

Some drink to please a friend,
And some to spite a foe ;
Some drink because they're high,
And some because they're low.

Some drink because 'tis wet,
And some because 'tis dry ;
Some drink because they're bold,
And some because they're shy.

Some drink because they buy,
And some because they sell ;
Some drink because they're sick,
And some because they're well.

Some drink when friends step in,
And some when they step out ;
Some drink because they're sure,
And some because they doubt.

Some drink when they are good,
And some when they are bad ;
Some drink when clothed in rags,
And some when gaily clad.

Some drink without a thought,
They do not care to think ;
They drink until they feel
A raging thirst for drink.

Strong drink, with luring charms,
Around its victim clings ;
Then, like a serpent, bites,
And like an adder stings.

Drink reigns almost supreme ;
How potent is its sway !
It prostrates high and low ;
It wrecks both grave and gay.

Then sign the safety pledge,
And linger not about it ;
Give up the treach'rous drink,
We're better far without it.

THOMAS CRAMP.

BOYS AND THE BOTTLE.

NOTHING from the pen of Dickens or Thackeray goes nearer to the fount of tears than many a scene in child-life which is occurring every day.

Not long ago I came upon a staggering father, who was being led home by his own little boy. When the helpless sot reeled over and was likely to fall, the lad dexterously steadied him up again, as if he had acquired the knack of it from a long experience. The expression of shame and grief on the poor child's face

haunted me for hours. I shuddered to think that the accursed appetite might descend as an hereditary bane, and be reproduced in that child in future years. One of the most hopeless cases of drunkenness I ever knew was the case of a church-member, whose father and grandfather were confirmed toppers. That the lust for strong drink is hereditary has been often proved; but what father has a right to bequeath such a legacy of damnation to his offspring?

A few days ago an interesting lad called at my door, with a request from his mother for me to visit her. "What is the matter, my lad?" His countenance clouded over as he said tearfully:—"It's about papa." The old, old story. I knew it too well. "Papa" had broken loose again, and the seven evil spirits which had been cast out, had come back again, and the last state of the man became worse than before. Such visits are among the saddest which a pastor can ever be called to make; to me—after my long observation of the *clutch* which drunkenness fastens on its victim—they are among the most desperate. There is a bare possibility that the father may be saved; but what an example to his boy!

A friend gave me lately the experience of a skilful professional man, in about the following words:—"My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic

happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties, where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it, I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread.

“One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me lying on a lounge, sleeping off my previous night’s debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes, and saw my little boy of six years old, tumbling upon the carpet. His older brother said to him:—‘Now get up and fall again. *That’s the way papa does*; let’s play we are *drunk!*’ I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor! I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country—thinking over my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that, with God’s help, I would quit my cups, *and I did*. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys ‘playing drunk as papa does.’ I never pass a day without thanking my God for giving me a praying wife, and bestowing grace sufficient to conquer my detestable sin of the bottle. Madam, if you have a son, keep him, if you can, from ever touching a glass of wine.”

It is the ready excuse of many a young lad for taking a glass of champagne—"We always have it at home." The decanter at home kindles the appetite which soon seeks the drinking-saloon. The thoughtless or reckless parent gives the fatal push which sends the boy to destruction.

Long labour in the temperance reform has convinced me that the most effectual place to promote it is *at home*. There is the spot where the mischief too often is done. There is the spot to enact a "prohibitory law." Let it be written upon the walls of every house—*Wherever there is a boy, there should never be a bottle.*

REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

A WORD TO OUR GIRLS.

GIRLS, whatever else you may do, do not marry a drunkard!

No matter how deeply in love you may fancy yourselves to be, do not marry a man who drinks intoxicating liquor.

It is better to be an old maid, and miss the desired *Mrs.* from your tombstone. It is better to go on through life single and alone, to keep a cat, and make aprons for the heathen children, than to be a drunkard's wife.

Young men addicted to taking a glass now and then will doubtless laugh at you if you call their habit a vice, or hint that it is in any wise dangerous. They assure you in a lordly way, that they know what they are about! They wonder what you take them for! Haven't they control enough over themselves to take a social glass, now and then, and stop there? Why, you talk as if they were common drunkards!

And so they are liable to become. There is no safety in playing with poison. He who touches pitch must be defiled. The first glass makes room for the second. The appetite for strong drink grows with what it is fed upon. The man who drinks a glass of brandy, or whisky, to-day, will want another to-morrow. If he is not strong enough to abstain from the first glass, how is he to put away the second?

Young women, beware of him. Shun him as you would one infected with the plague!

Oh, young girls, fair, and pure, and loving, think of what lies before you! Think of the moral contamination, the miserable degradation which hang around the drunkard, and forswear the young man who drinks!

Smile no more upon this deadly sin of wine-drinking! Scorn it! Never give its practice your sanction in ever so remote a degree.

Oh, that the women of our nation would turn their faces, as one woman, eternally from the man who

drinks ! Oh, that the mothers would close the doors of their houses against the wine-drinking young man as against the leper, and let society understand that no embryo drunkard will be received as honoured and respected into its ranks.

Call us radical, or fanatical if you will—it matters not ; we are bound to stick to the belief, born with us, that no man is safe who takes the first glass of liquor ! For if he takes the first glass, he may want the second ; but if he never takes the first, he cannot take the second !

And again we say to you, young girls, beware. No matter how handsome, or fascinating, or wealthy the man may be—if he drinks, turn away from him, and save yourself from becoming that most miserable of all women—a drunkard's wife ! KATE THORN.

JEMIMA AND JOE.

JEMIMA and Joe,
 I wish you to know,
 At the sea-side first met with each other,
 And meeting they walked,
 And walking they talked,
 As they would not to sister or brother.

'Twas love at first sight,
 And perfectly right,
 Thought Joseph, the time to be telling

The sentiments sweet
That made his heart beat,
As though it would leap from its dwelling.

“Jemima,” said he,
“I wish you would be
My wife—but I’ll send you a letter.”
To which she replied,
As she walked by his side,
“I will, Joe—the sooner the better.”

She never before
Had seen Joseph Moore,
And knew not her friend’s occupation ;
And as to his ways,
Were they to his praise,
Or had he a bad reputation ?

Suppose that he had
Some ways that were bad,
When wedded they all would be righted ;
So she longed for the day,
When, merry and gay,
She might with her Joe be united.

Three months had gone by
From that day in July,
And now ’twas the first of November.
And wedded they were,
With the usual stir,
As she had sad cause to remember.

When the fee had been paid,
Together they strayed
For a walk by the side of the river,
They sat on a style,
And chatted awhile,
Till both were beginning to shiver.

Then back to the town,
 To the Anchor and Crown,
 They went for the purpose of dinner ;
 And there sat the bride,
 With Joe at her side,
Dear Joseph her wooer and winner.

The bride, be it said,
 On the day she was wed,
 Took nothing but tea for her drinking ;
 The bridegroom, alas !
 Could not let the day pass
 Without something to keep him from sinking.

But brandy and beer
 Soon made him feel queer,
 Producing sad intoxication ;
 So much so, indeed,
 That his wife had to lead
 And support him right up to the station.

I will not declare
 That Joseph Moore bare
 No love to the lass he had chosen ;
 But this I must say,
 Ere ended that day
 The springs of affection seemed frozen.

For muddled by drink,
 And unable to think
 What he to Jemima was doing,
 To the face he had kissed,
 He uplifted his fist,
 As homewards at night they were going.

Jemima's two eyes
 Were as blue as the skies,
 But blackened they were by the morrow ;

A pretty sight she
For her neighbours to see,
Who thought of her marriage with sorrow.

Young women beware!
And be sure to take care,
Or marriage will make you no gainer,
Be sure that *your* Joe,
Whether lofty or low,
At least is a Total Abstainer.

REV. J. BRIGG.

A SIGN-BOARD.

I WILL paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller,
I will paint you as you stand

With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended in each hand.
He wavers, but you urge him :
"Drink, pledge me just this one,"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid,
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labelled with one word—"lost."
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime, and the want, and the woe,
That is born there in your work-shop
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view,
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terrible, fearfully true.

ELLA WHEELER.

A BARGAIN WITH A PUMP.

DID you ever hear of a man making a bargain with a pump? We are going to tell you of one; but you will probably think it a queer bargain, for the bargain was all on the man's side. A bargain is an agreement between two or more persons that they will do thus or so—that they will furnish goods or sell property for a certain sum of money, or that they will do various other things.

But this man had it all to himself. The pump said not a word in reply to the man's bargaining, whether of approval or disapproval, but simply stood there in the same place—always the same day after day, always ready to give what the man asked of him. And a good friend it proved to him.

But now for the reason why he chose to make the bargain. He was a weaver, and earned fair wages when he had a mind to. He had saved up a guinea for the purpose of "having a good time"—a bad time we would call it; for what he considered "a good time" was "having a week's fuddle"—that is, he meant to drink all the liquor he could get for a week. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days. On the morning of the eighth day he was burning with thirst, but his money was all gone. He went to the back-door of the beershop where he had spent every penny of his money, to beg a pint of beer

on trust. The landlady was mopping the entrance. He stood looking at her with his cracked lips, parched tongue, and blood-shot eyes, wishing and hoping she would ask him to come in and have just a drop of beer ; but she did not, and he finally ventured to ask her to *trust* him for only one pint. One would think that she would willingly do this, such a good customer as he had been, but with an angry look she exclaimed—

“Trust thee ! Set a step in this house and I will dash this mop in thy face.”

The poor man hung down his head in shame. There happened to be a pump near the door, and against this the man was leaning. After a little study he began to talk to it. He had enough sense left to know that he had been acting very foolishly. Turning round, he said : “Well, Pump, I have not spent a penny with thee. Wilt *thou* trust me a drop ?” He lifted the handle, put his burning hand to the spout, and as the clear, cool water ran out he took a long, refreshing drink. Then he said—“Thank thee, Pump. And now hear me, Pump. By God’s help, I will not enter a drinking-place again for the next seven years ; and, Pump, thou art a witness.”

The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a manufacturer, and did a large business which yielded him a good profit. He often said it was a grand thing for him that the landlady threatened to dash the mop in his face.

So you see the pump was a good thing to bargain with ; good for him, and good for every thirsty mortal.

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S LAMENT.

Dis be a queer country, I tink. Ven I virst comes here, I can sell my peer, and my likers behind my stained-glass vinders, and no one trouble me. I shoost gets my licens, I pays for it, and den I goes to vork an' I gets der money. Men comes in to my blace an' spends dere wages an' I ax no questions, so long as I gets pade ; it ish not my pizness if dere vimmins and childrens suffer from hunger and cold—I shoost looks out for myself. Vell, pooty soon some mens dey make vot dey call a civil tamage law. I know not vot dat ish, but I soon vinds out. One man he drinks at mine saloon, he gets very drunk ; his money all gone. I looks into his pockets, I vinds no more, so I turns him out. I tells him to go home, but in de dark he stumbles over sumpting and preak his leg unt ish lade up all vinter. Virst I knows, his frau sues me for tamage ; I go to court ; I pring my vitnenses, she pring her vitnenses, and den de joory say I must pay one hundred dollars ; dat ish vat they calls civil tamage—I tink it not berry civil. Vell, I goes on, I sells my peer unt my likers. I almost forgits apout de hundred tollars—I make so much money. But who should

come den but de vimmins, de crusaders. Dey comes right in mine saloon unt dey calls me dere brudder, and say dey come to talk to me 'bout my soul's salvation. Dey sings an' dey prays and dey cries, an' say I moost give up my pizness, or I can never go to live mit Got in Himmel ven I dies, but vill surely go to de pad place. I tells dem I no give up my pizness and I vant dem to come no more. But dey keeps coming and dey sing and pray, and calls me dere brudder, an' I can not stop dem, so I shoost shuts up my place an' clears out, likers and all. I goes to anudder place and I hear no more of de vimmins. I tink dey givie it up as a pad job, but I soon vinds out dey are holding conventions all over de State, and dey are having prayer-meetings, daily and veekly. Many mens dey gits converted and drinks no more, and some of de liker-tealers dey gits converted too. And dese vimmins send petitions to Albany and Washington, dey vant to stop our pizness and vat can we do, they say not give us licens at all. Oh, de vimmins, dey do seem possessed—dey never gives up. Now dey are getting up dese Joovenile Temperance Unions and Bands of Hope, and I don't know vhat all, and teach de chillins to drink no vine, no cider, no peer, and gets dem all to sign de pledge, and tells dem our stuff is all pizen, and den ven they grows up dey be teetotalers, and den vere ve gits our customers, I like to know. Oh, dear, dear, it ish very pad for our pizness already. I tink mens

are getting possessed too. Dey are even having mass meetings, and all de preachers are banding against our pizness, dey say it ish criminal pizness and dat we are ruining the souls of men, and our own souls too. Oh, it ish very pad, pad already ! I vish I minds de vimmins and gives up my pizness and be goot, den I have dem on my side and de law too.—*Young People's Comrade.*

THE RUM-SELLING GROCER.

Nor a dollar, Mr. Grocer, do you ever get from me,
 While you keep your wines and liquors by the side of rice and
 tea ;
 Not a cent for eggs and butter, though I live so very near—
 You are selling wines and brandies, bitters, bottled ale and
 beer ;
 You are dealing out destruction, yours is not an honest trade,
 While you deal in liquid ruin, while your fellows you degrade.
 You may think me odd and squeamish, you may think it very
 queer ;
 But I never spend a dollar with a man who deals in beer.
 Neath the guise of honest business, in a strictly legal way,
 You are leading many thousands straight and hopelessly astray
 Yours is not the dingy grog shop, yours is not the filthy den,
 Where the wretched drunkard guzzles, 'midst a host of sottish
 men.
 You would scorn to sell that tippler, drunken, destitute, and
 poor,
 Liquors by the glass or bottle, should he enter now your door.

It would mar your reputation, cast a shadow o'er your fame ;
 Render you less influential, bring a slur upon your name ;
 Yours is deemed a higher calling, but it must not be forgot,
 You are selling, as a grocer, that which goes to make a sot.

Yours, dear sir, the greatest error, yours the more deluding
 snare ;

You, a man of social standing, frequenting the house of prayer ;
 Placing wines and other liquors on a footing with your tea ;
 Truly, sir, appears appalling, and a mystery to me.
 So I tell you, Mr. Grocer, once for all, distinct and plain,
 Rum will ever make men drunken, if from it they don't abstain.

You may be a perfect angel, yours may be the choicest brand
 E'er imported to the nation from some far-off foreign land ;
 Still, the fact is ever foremost, and the truth you can't gainsay,
 It will make men just as drunken as that sold across the way ;
 You may stand behind your counter, he may stand behind his
 bar,

But, when valued by the devil, you beside him stand at par.

PUBLICAN'S PARLOUR.

"WILL you walk into my parlour ?"

Said the publican to me,
 'Tis the prettiest little parlour
 That ever you did see ;
 It's nicely warmed and lighted,
 There's many an easy chair,
 And lots of merry company
 To meet you when you re there."

"Oh, no, no," I answered him,

"That will not do for me ;
 I've heard what's in your parlour,
 And I do not wish to see."

“ I have within my parlour
 Good store of all that's nice ;
A glass of whisky toddy
 I'll get you in a trice ;
Whatever drink you call for,
 Be sure we've got it here :
Do step into my parlour,
 And try my bitter beer.”
“ Oh, no, no,” I answered him,
 “ I won't by you be led,
For much I fear your bitter beer
 Would get into my head.”

“ Dear friend,” replied the landlord,
 “ Pray do not leave me so,
I like a lad who knows his mind,
 And boldly answers, ‘ No ’ :
I hate the toper and the sot,
 Who drink their health away,
But just one glass of nut-brown ale
 Would make you blithe and gay.”
“ Oh, no, no,” Mr. Publican,
 “ I'll hasten home away,
For if I quaffed your nut-brown ale,
 I might forget the way.”

“ Poor milksop,” cried the publican,
 “ You're some teetotal muff ;
If I'd my way with such as you,
 You'd find my treatment rough.”
I plucked my pledge card from my breast,
 And flourished it aloft,
And as he read its characters,
 He stamped, and stormed, and scoffed.

I touched my hat, and took my leave,
But greatly raised his spleen,
By gently placing in his hand
The "Temperance Magazine."

B.

THE HYACINTHS.

"My lovely hyacinths!" said a middle-aged lady, as she leant over a flower-pot, in which were some hyacinths just opening their blossoms, and giving out a rich fragrance. "How good God is to fill the world with such beautiful things."

She looked round on her bright pleasant room, filled with every comfort, and sat down to enjoy the fire and her breakfast.

Miss Brown lived by herself, and, having ample means, she devoted herself to looking after and caring for the poor and suffering. Her life, though lonely, was a happy one, and rich in good works. Soon after breakfast she put on her bonnet, and went out to see some poor people she often visited.

One of the first cottages she came to was inhabited by a couple whom she felt a deep interest in; she had only found them out a fortnight before, and their evident wretchedness and misery made her anxious to try and help them.

The room was a dirty disorderly place ; and when Miss Brown entered, she found the poor woman she had come to see sitting listless and dirty on one of the chairs, with her elbows on the table, and a defiant look on her face.

“ Good morning, Mrs. Nelson ! ” said Miss Brown.

“ It ain’t much of ‘ good ’ morning to me, I guess, ” was the sullen answer.

“ You are in trouble, I fear ? ” said her visitor, gently.

“ Eh ! trouble enough ! so would you be if you’d a drunken husband—a husband that spends every half-penny he earns at the public, and leaves his wife to starve. ”

“ Have you been long married ? ” asked Miss Brown.

“ Nigh upon two year ; and he was as pleasant a chap as you’d wish to see before that. ”

“ Did he take the drink then ? ”

“ Of course he always took his half-pint, like everybody else, but he never took no more. ”

“ Ah ! ” said Miss Brown, “ it’s that half-pint that has been the ruin of so many. If only people would learn that it is never safe to touch it at any time ! ”

“ Rich folks set the example. They take it, and take a deal more than half a pint, too, ” said Mrs. Nelson, hastily.

“ Yes, ” said Miss Brown, quietly, “ I know some of them do, and get into great misery and trouble through

it. None are safe, either rich or poor, while they touch it." And she glanced round the forlorn room, so plainly showing the utter wretchedness of its inhabitants, while through the window she could see the public-house which wrought all the misery in the neighbourhood.

As she was talking to the poor wife, and trying to get her to take more heart, the poor thing suddenly jumped up, and pointing out of the window, said—

"There he goes again! Pays good gold and silver over the counter for headaches, and sickness, and misery. What a fool he is!"

"Is that your husband?"

"Yes! that's the man that promised to love and cherish me! He looks like it, don't he? He loves the drink a deal more."

"Do you try to prevent him?"

"Prevent him? who could do that? I talk to him till I'm hoarse."

Perhaps there is too much talking, thought Miss Brown, but she only said:—

"Did you ever make the room bright and clean to attract him? Did you ever get a nice cup of tea for him?"

"No," said Mrs. Nelson, slowly, and then added, "but how could I get it? he spends all the money."

"I will bring you some tea and sugar this afternoon, if you will tidy the room," said her visitor.

“When the afternoon came, Miss Brown put on her bonnet, and took up her parcels of sugar and tea, and a rasher or two of bacon, which she had put up for poor Mrs. Nelson. As she was leaving the room, her eye fell on the pot of hyacinths, so sweet and bright. “I’ll take them too,” she thought; and then she said to herself, “No I won’t, either; its too good for them, and would be out of place in that dirty room.”

But as she turned to go, she remembered—“The Father gave the prodigal ‘the *best*,’ why should I think God’s sweet flowers too good for that poor drunkard? I’ll take them.” And she wrapped up the pot in some paper, and walked off to Bishop’s Court.

When Miss Brown reached the house she found the floor swept, the hearth washed, and Mrs. Nelson mending a long hole in her dress. The place looked forlorn enough yet, but how changed since the morning!

“Well!” was Miss Brown’s greeting, “you *have* made a difference; the room doesn’t look the same.”

The woman’s face brightened. “I used to be reckoned a good worker,” she said; “but he didn’t care how things looked, and where was the good of my caring?”

“See if he won’t care to-night!” said her visitor, cheerily. “Now look here: I’ve brought you some tea and sugar; mind you make him a very good cup of tea

to-night, and fry him a bit of this bacon ; and we'll try and win him from the public-house."

Poor Mrs. Nelson sat down and sobbed. Presently she found voice to say, "God bless you! God bless you! If things ever take a turn I'll never cease to thank you."

"Don't thank me, thank God, said Miss Brown ; remember it is His doing which has brought me here at all. And now, I've brought these flowers for your husband. Tell him they are a present to him, and I hope he will like them."

"For Jim ! Them ! Why, and he used to be so fond of flowers too, only he never sees none now ; and such beauties ! why he won't want any tea. Ain't they sweet ?" she said, as she hung over them, with tears in her eyes.

"Shall we thank God for them ?" asked Miss Brown ; "and ask Him to save you and your husband ?"

Together they knelt, while Miss Brown prayed ; and the sweet smell of the hyacinths filled the room ; and shortly after she left.

Six o'clock came, and soon a heavy step was heard on the stair. Presently the door was pushed open, and Jim appeared. For a wonder he was sober, as he had spent his last money the evening before, and had not been able to find work that day.

"Why, what's up ?" he exclaimed. "Have I come

to the wrong place? ain't it smart! Don't it smell good?" he added, still standing at the door.

"Come in, Jim; come and see."

"Who's been here?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

"It must have been an angel," said his wife, sobbing; "and she brought them flowers for you—God's flowers, they were, she said."

He sat down on the nearest chair, and looked at them, inhaling their sweetness, and drinking in their beauty. Presently his head went down on his arms, and for long he did not move.

At last he looked up and said, hoarsely—"I've been a bad husband to you, my lass. I've had an awful time of it lately. I couldn't get any drink, 'cause I owe 'em a long score, and I hain't no money; and I was that miserable this afternoon, I nigh drownded myself in the river.

As he said these words his wife jumped up with a white face, and hid it on his knee.

"God knows how miserable I've been these weeks back," he went on; "and now to come in and find you like this, and those flowers here, I don't know what to make of it."

"The lady prayed for you," said his wife, in a smothered voice.

"For me!" he said; "then that's why I didn't get into the river."

They continued silent some time, and then Jim said : —“Cheer up, my lass ; don’t cry so, better days are coming ; you and me ’ll go and take the pledge to-night, and, by God’s help, we’ll have no more of the drink.”

Then they cheered up enough to have some tea, and afterwards went out to Miss Brown’s, and there signed the pledge, to her great joy. And they kept it too ; and six months after, when Miss Brown went one day to see them, she heard from Mrs. Nelson a bright tale of her husband’s love, and God’s goodness.

“Yes, ma’am,” she said, “it was your prayer and the hyacinths that did it. My husband said he couldn’t bear the smell of the public-house since then ; and he’s saving up some of his wages to buy flowers for some of his old mates, to try and get them from the drink, as you got him.”

C. A. W.

BILLY’S FIRST AND LAST DRINK OF LAGER.

[The following is taken from “A Strange Sea Story,” a book interesting and exciting in a high degree.

“Poy Pilly” was the adopted son of Father Zende, an eccentric Teuton, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager-beer saloon, taking off a foaming glass of lager. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing about the matter till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity.]

“KOMMEN zie hier, Pilly !” cried Christian. “Vy

vast du in te peer shops te tay, hein? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Pilly, it vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig vaces als didst make, Pilly. Pilly, you dinks it vill dast gute, py-ant-py, and it ees like a man to trinks, an' so you trinks. Now, Pilly, eef it is gute, haf it; ef it ees likes ein man, trinks, Pilly. I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute ant manly, mein shilt; *but* trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and lets me pays vor it. Kom, mein poy! You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout, heir I haf all te peer stuff simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, opens dein mout, ant I vill puts it een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Don you makes me madt, Pilly! Opens dein mout!"

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum. After a little, Christian cried, "Opens deins mout, peer ist not all alums!" And he dropt in a bit of aloes. This was worse. Billy winced. Again, "Opens dein mout!" The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife point; but Billy howled.

"Vat; not likes dein peer!" said Zende. "Opens dein mout!" Just touched now with a knife point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry.

“Opens dein mout, dein peer is not haf mate, yet, Pilly!” And Billy’s tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. “Opens dein mout!” Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

“Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic, and some strychnine; dese pelongs in te peer. Opens dein mout!”

“I can’t, I can’t!” roared Billy. “Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die!—O—O—O—do you want to kill me, father Zende!”

“Kills him! joost py ein leetle peer; all gute and pure! He dells me he like peer, and eet ees manly to trinks eet, and ven I gives heem te peer he cries I kills heem! So, Pilly, heir is water; dere ist mooch water in peer—trinks dat!”

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, “Ant, dere ist mooch alcohol in peer. Heir! opens dein mout!” and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

“Kommen zie heir, dein peer ist not done, Pilly,” shouted Christian; and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall; then, “Pilly! heir is more of dein peer. Heir ist jalap, copperas, suphuric acid, acetic acid, and nox vomica: open dein mout!”

“O no, no!” mourned Billy. “Let me go! I hate

beer ; I'll never drink any more ! I'll never go in that shop again ; I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. Oh, let me be ! I can't eat those things ! I'll die ! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, father Zende !”

“Dakes em away ! dakes away dein goot beer !” cried the old man, innocently, “ven I hafs paid vor eet, ant mein Pilly can trinks eet pure at his home, likes eim shentilman ! Vy, poy, dese ist te makins of peer, ant you no like dem ? All dese honey, ant sugar, ant vater, poy ?”

“But the other things,” said Billy. “Oh, the other things—they are the biggest part—ugh—they make me sick.

“Mein poy, you trinks dem fast to-day ! Looks, Pilly—a man he trinks all dese pad dings mix up in vater, ant call peer. Ach ! he gets redt in hees faces—he gets pig in hees poddy—he gets shaky in hees hands, he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets veak in hees eyes, he gets pad in hees breat, he gets mean in hees manners. Vy ? Pilly, you sees vy. All dese dings on mein dable ees vy !”

Happy Billy ! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture, such home thrusts, such practical experiments as fall to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

“He ees all goot now,” said Zende. “I hafs no more droubles mit mein Pilly.”

CLEAR THE WAY.

MEN of thought! be up and stirring night and day.
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—CLEAR THE WAY!
 Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow;
 There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
 Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY.

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
 What the unimagined glories of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken into play.
 Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day,
 And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
 Lo! the right's about to conquer: CLEAR THE WAY!
 With the right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us for their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

CHARLES MACKAY.

"BROTHER, COME BACK!"

[The following lines are supposed to be spoken by an orphan sister to her only brother, who is about to leave his home for his usual midnight haunt—the gin-palace.]

BROTHER, you won't go out to-night ?
 See, the fire burns clear and bright ;
 Here are your slippers warmed for you,
 Your easy-chair, and foot-stool, too.
 The room is full of warmth and light ;
 Brother, do stay at home to-night.
 I'll sing the song you loved to hear,
 And if the strain call forth a tear,
 I'll sing a lively, gladsome lay,
 To chase the thoughts of gloom away.
 You do not care to hear me sing ;
 Another's songs your tears can bring,
 But mine are tame, their charm has gone,
 You tell me, with a look of scorn.
 Home is not what it used to be ;
 Brother, the change is not in me.
 When father died you promised me
 That you would my protector be ;
 That naught on earth should sever us,
 Then, brother, wherefore treat me thus ?
 You used to stay at home with me,
 And talk so kind and tenderly ;
 And when you spoke of days gone by,
 The tears would glisten in your eye.
 Not long ago I went to view
 The spot that once was dear to you,
 The grave where both our parents lie ;
 But now that spot you seem to fly.
 Brother, do stay at home to-night ;
 And, while the fire is blazing bright,
 We'll talk about the happy years,

Before our eyes were dimmed with tears ;
And while the wind is howling wild,
I'll try and dream I am a child ;
I'll close my eyes and see once more
The little porch beside the door,
Where you would sit in summer time,
And read to me some careless rhyme,
And when the twilight shadows fell
I'd sing the songs you loved so well.
I see it often in my dreams ;
The hedge-rows trim, the rippling streams,
The little well beside the road,
The diamond panes that brightly glowed
At sunset, when the sky was red
And birds were flying overhead.
Oh, brother, if you'll stay with me
I'll sing the wildest melody,
I'll tune my harp afresh, and try
To raise my sweetest song on high.
Brother, my brother, turn again !
Hark to the pattering of the rain.
Oh, stay awhile, the rain may cease ;
Oh, let us have a night of peace.
Brother, my brother, pause and think
Ere you become a slave to drink.
Brother, there's death within the bowl—
Death for body, mind, and soul.
Oh, take your hand from off the door !
Brother, come back ! I'll say no more.
Brother, I've nobody left but you ;
Brother, you will not leave me, too ?

* * * * *

Was that the door ? It was. He's gone,
And I am left once more alone.
Brother, if you can hear, come back !

Brother, my brain is on the rack ;
 For our dead mother's sake, come back !

— W. A. EATON.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE Bishop of Rochester, in an address to the undergraduates of Oxford and a distinguished company of professors and heads of colleges, on the subject of Temperance, after referring to the fact that the greater part of his life had been spent as a parish clergyman among the very poor of London, went on to say :—

“ My experience tells me that unless the Church, with God's love beaming on her, with her Divine light and force, sets herself to work to stem this tide of intemperance, and with God's blessing to try and cast the evil spirit of intemperance out of the people, we may save ourselves the trouble of building churches, organising missions, and sending out people to preach the Gospel, as there will be no moral soil on which to cast the seed of the Gospel. . . . Of this I am quite sure : that if we are to make any sort of impression upon the intemperance of England, it can only be done by *total abstainers*. I will not say one word to take from any man his perfect moral liberty, or that

any one that chooses to use the gifts of God is not as good a Christian as another ; but still what I say is this, that we shall never reach the moral imagination of the masses by drinking three glasses of wine instead of six. Those who come in contact with the masses, those whose lives are spent amongst the people who have to be delivered from this great evil, and those who want, with God's help, to break off the fetters of this sin from those who are slaves to it, if they want to go into the battle with both hands free to fight for men's souls, *they must set the example.* I feel that the English clergy, who are more and more dealing with the masses, and who feel that their first duty is to try to redeem men from the bondage of this vice, must try and make up their minds—and they need not be too much afraid of their health—to deny themselves this thing."

The bishop's words are not only true, but seasonable. At a time when "temperance" is becoming popular, almost fashionable, indeed—it is well to bear in mind that the real work of the temperance reformation *has* been done, *is* being done, and, beyond doubt, *will* have to be done, by total abstainers. Although the progress of the cause has been, especially during the last three or four years, most encouraging, the evil of drink remains as deadly as ever. There is but one effectual remedy for this terrible curse, the remedy which has been for fifty years faithfully and consist-

ently proclaimed by a noble band of earnest and self-denying men.

We are firmly persuaded that that Church will win the richest harvest of souls from among the poor and outcast, whose ministers and agents are resolved frankly and self-sacrificingly *to set the example* of the only safe rule of life for those among whom they labour. We would not for one moment judge those who decline to surrender their "liberty of action;" to their own Master they stand or fall; but we believe with the Bishop of Rochester that such are deliberately going into the battle imperfectly equipped for the conflict.

WHAT IS MODERATION ?

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:—What a great deal of nonsense some people talk about moderation in drinking, as if it was right to drink, but to do it moderately.

And yet, though they talk so much about it, they cannot tell what moderation is; they cannot lay down any rule that can be of use in keeping people from drinking to excess; they cannot say what a moderate quantity is. What one man would say was a very moderate quantity, would make another man drunk. One man takes a glass, and says he is drinking moderately; another takes three, and says he is drinking

moderately ; and another man takes a whole bottle at a time, and yet maintains that *he* also is drinking moderately. One man thinks a person drinks moderately so long as what he takes makes no difference in his voice, or his look, or his manner. Another thinks he has been drinking moderately so long as he can find his way home without help, even when other people see quite well that he is half-stupefied. And many, alas ! go on drinking and think they are drinking moderately till they awake too late to find they are already confirmed drunkards ! No, no ; old Samuel Johnson was right when he said, "Everybody knows what total abstinence is ; but what moderation is, nobody can define."

Gen. Neal Dow said once :—"You can tell about as easily when a man becomes a drunkard as you can tell when a pig becomes a hog."

Mr. John B. Gough defines moderation thus :—"A moderate drinker can stop, but won't. A drunkard is one who would stop, but can't." The grace of God alone can help him—and a stout Maine Law.

The fact is, that moderation is not only difficult to define, but even if you give a definition, and lay down a rule, it is a rule that, as we see, has not kept, and therefore we may be sure never will keep, people from going on in multitudes of cases to drunkenness.

Moderation is like the Highlander's horse—which he said had only two faults : 1st, it was difficult to

catch ; and 2nd., it wasn't worth anything when it was caught.

But total abstinence !—everbody knows what that is. And total abstinence is not only a safe rule for ourselves, but a safe rule and a safe example for all others to follow. So I say, “ Total Abstinence for ever ! ”

TEMPERANCE VERSIFICATION.

FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.

YE friends of moderation,
Who think that re-formation,
Or moral re-novation
Would benefit our nation ;
Who deem intoxication
With all its dissipation
In every rank and station
A cause of degradation ;
Of which your observation
Gives ample demonstration ;
Who see the ruination,
Distrust, and desolation,
To open violation
Of moral obligation ;
The wretched habitation,
Without accommodation
Or any regulation,
For common sustentation,
A scene of deprivation
Unequalled in creation ;
The frequent desecration
Of Sabbath ordination ;

The crime and depredation
Defying legislation,
The awful profanation
Of common conversation ;
The mental aberration,
The dire infatuation,
With every sad gradation
Of maniac desperation :—

Ye who with consternation
Behold this devastation
And utter condemnation
Of all inebriation,
Why sanction its duration
Or show disapprobation
Of any combination
For its extermination ?
We deem a declaration
That offers no temptation
By any palliation
Of this abomination
The only sure foundation ;
And under this persuasion
Hold no communication
With noxious emanation
Of brewers' fermentation,
Of poisonous preparation,
Of spirits' distillation,
Nor any vain libation
Producing stimulation.
To this determination
We call consideration,
And without hesitation
Invite co-operation,
Nor doubting imitation
Will raise your estimation,

And by continuation
Afford you consolation ;
For in participation
With this association
You may, by meditation,
Insure the preservation
Of a future generation
From all contamination ;
And may each indication
Of such regeneration
Be the theme of exultation
Till its final consummation.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

THOUGH you see no banded army,
Though you hear no cannons rattle,
We are in a mighty contest—
We are fighting a great battle.
We are few, but we are right :
And we wage the holy fight,
Night and day, and day and night.

If we do not fail or falter,
If we do not sleep or slumber,
We shall win in this great contest,
Though the foe is twice our number.
This the burden of our song—
“We are few—but we are strong,
And Right must triumph over wrong.

Oh, my sisters ! oh, my brothers !
There is death all round about us.

Must we, then, sit down discouraged,
Will you let the wine-cup rout us?
Hear the drunkard's awful wail—
See the mourners, bowed and pale—
Will you, coward, then say "Fail?"

Say not that your heart is with us,
Though you cannot help, or aid us.
All who love the cause sincerely
Can do something. God has made us
Tongues to talk with, you can say
Something, if you will, each day,
That will help us on our way.

Though you are not highly gifted,
Though you are not bard or poet,
Though you do not preach, or lecture,
You can love the cause, and show it
Boldly in each thing you do,
Seeking all that's pure and true,
This will be a help from you.

You can say the liquor traffic
Is a curse to any nation.
You can say that prohibition
Is a blessing and salvation.
You can sow your seeds, and though
You may never see them grow,
They will not be lost, I know.

In this mighty Temperance Contest,
When no guns or cannons rattle,
Though you cannot lead the army,
Or be Chieftain of the battle,
With the mighty sword, the tongue,
You can fight against the wrong—
You can sing some Temperance song.

Say not, that you cannot aid us ;
Drops of water make the river,
Make the mighty Mississippi,
That sweeps on, and on forever.
Every word you say for right,
Gives us courage, gives us might,
And brings nearer, morn and light.

ELLA WHEELER.

MORAL PEST HOUSES.

I HAVE a good deal of a certain sort of kind feeling for wicked men. I am sorry for them. Looking at them one way, I have sympathy with them. I would serve them if I could. I would do all in my power to make them better. But, on the other hand, if they assume superiority over me, and tell me to hold my peace, I have forty men's spirits of indignation roused in me ! The idea that these very men who, I know, are exhaling from Stygian morasses a pestilential miasm, which is poisoning my children, and my neighbours' children. The idea that they should arrogate superiority over me, and tell me to hold my peace, makes my blood boil. If a man should open a sty upon the heights, the signatures of all the men in the neighbourhood would be obtained declaring it a nuisance ; and it would be abated quickly. When it is something that smells in the nose, men understand

rights and duties, and they say, "No man has any business to create a nuisance in our midst;" and they resort to measures for compelling the offender to remove that by which he offends. Let a man start a mill for grinding arsenic, and let the air be filled with particles of this deadly poison, and let it be noticed that the people in the neighbourhood are beginning to sneeze and grow pale, and let it be discovered that this mill is the cause, and do you suppose he would be allowed to go on grinding? No, men would shut up his establishment at once.

And yet, men open those more infernal mills of utter destruction—distilleries, and wholesale and retail dens for liquor; and you can mark the streams of damnation that flow out from them; and yet nobody meddles with them. One man is getting carbuncles; another man is becoming red in the eyes; another man is becoming irritable, and losing his self-control; another man is being ruined, both in body and mind; multitudes of men begin to exhibit the signs of approaching destruction; and the cause of all this terrible devastation may be traced to these places where intoxicating drinks are manufactured and sold. You would not let a man grind arsenic; but you will let a man make and sell liquor, though arsenic is a mercy compared with liquor. And I say that you have no right to suffer to exist in the community these great centres of pestilential influence that reek and fill the moral atmosphere

with their poison. In those sections of the west, where chills and fevers prevail, counties combine and drain the swamps from which it comes; and in cities and thickly settled places, you have a right to suppress distilleries and grog-shops. You have not only a right to do it; but, as you love your country, your city, your fellow-man, your children, and yourselves, it is your duty to do it. It is your business to set your face against every demon that possesses man, and say, "By the authority of Christ, I command you to come out!"

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TEMPT NOT THE WEAK.

"JAMES DUNTON, arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Fined twenty shillings. In default of payment, sent to jail for thirty days."

This item in the morning paper met my eyes, and I read it again, for the name seemed familiar. Could it be possible that this was my schoolmate? And my mind turned back to the time when James stood among the brightest of the class. True, he was a little wild, and soon after leaving school he commenced drinking, and would occasionally become intoxicated. Then he joined the temperance organisation, and seemed so deeply in earnest, that I had really thought him safe from all further temptation.

Such was the condition of things when I moved to a distant city in the Far West. I had been absent for ten years, and was now on a visit to the old home. I had heard nothing of James Dunton during my absence, and supposed him still working in the temperance ranks.

Could it be possible that this was the same man? On inquiry, I found it to be true. James Dunton had become a victim of intemperance, after abstaining for three years. He had not simply gone back to his old way, but had fallen far lower, until the chances of his ever reforming seemed almost hopeless. I called on him, and learned the story of his fall:—

“I had tasted no kind of liquor for more than three years, and had conquered the old habit so far that it had little or no temptation for me. One evening I attended a party celebrating the birthday of a lady friend. Wine and other liquors were used quite freely. I had twice refused to drink, when the hostess approached and offered me a glass of wine. I begged her to excuse me from accepting it, but she answered somewhat petulantly:—

“I should think you might drink once with me in honour of this occasion.”

“As I said something about the principle involved, and the possibility of a single glass leading to further indulgence, she retorted rather sneeringly:—

“‘Oh, I beg your pardon. I had supposed that Mr.

Dunton was man enough to drink a harmless glass of wine without fear of becoming a drunkard.'

"This stab at my pride in the presence of others, who had no scruples about taking an occasional glass, had its effect, and with some light remark in reference to the excuse I had made, I took the glass of wine, and quickly drank it. This led to another, and then another; for I wished to show the lady that I had sufficient manhood to drink several glasses of wine if I chose. The result was, I was carried home beastly drunk. After that night all the old cravings came back tenfold. I tried to fight against it, but it seemed of no use. My courage all forsook me, and I became reckless. In my false attempt to sustain my manhood, I had lost all. I feel now that my fate is fixed, and there is no help for it. The sooner that the end comes, the better for all concerned."

I tried to encourage him to hope for better things, but he would not listen.

As I went away, I thought of the wonderful influence of woman, and how sad that it should ever be put to such bad use—that it should be used to lead men downward, when it might do so much toward lifting them up.

The loss of manhood through life, and of soul through eternity, are too weighty matters to be trifled away.

THE HELPER.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO YOUNG WOMEN.

"God help me!" the young man trembling said,
When he saw on the table the wine gleam red.

"For two long years I have kept it at bay;
But all will be lost if I touch it to-day!

"But what must I do with the birthday toast?
Must I slight the lady, and grieve the host?"

He cried to God, though his lips were not stirred;
In the highest Heaven that cry was heard.

'Mid the thronging guests was a maiden there,
Whose thoughts were true, and whose heart was fair.

But little she heard, in her sheltered life,
Of the curse of drink, with its terror and strife.

That week the story first reached her ear,
Of its devastations so far and so near.

And she thought, "If drink to such trouble has led,
I don't care about wine; I'll drink water instead!"

And so at this feast she made water her choice
(Ah, sweeter than music that girlish voice!)

She has led the way, as the brave will do,
And five other girls drank water too.

The young man watched, with a beating heart,
Till the host pressed him to take his part.

Then, "You will allow me, I know," he said,
"To follow the way which the ladies have led."

So God helped him, dear girls, to his promise true,
And God helped him, that night, through such as you!

Is there any of you who this honour would win,
To shelter some soul from destroying sin?

When the danger is near, and the wine is bright,
You may stand in the way like an angel of light.

And by gentle deed, or soft word of might,
Your God may help some one through you to-night.

M. O. ROGERS.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn ;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as there I knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray ;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall ;
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen ;
Behold the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lie bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow ;
Go catch his withered glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's deep misery.

Go to the mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer ;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark the worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading form and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth ;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And let her down through love and light,
And all that made the future bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, " a drunkard's wife " ;
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, " a drunkard's child."

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty will atone ;
Think of its flavour, you will try,
When all proclaim, "'Tis drink and die !'

Tell me, " I hate the bowl ?'
Hate is a feeble word ;

I loathe—abhor—my very soul
 With deep disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
 Of this dark beverage of *Hell!*

THE SOCIAL QUICKSAND.*

“It sometimes happens, on certain coasts of Brittany, or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that, for several minutes, he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch ; his soles stick to it ; it is sand no longer—it is glue.

“The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change ; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil ; all the sand has the same appearance ; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so ; the joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavours to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what ? Only he feels some-

* The first parts in quotation are from Victor Hugo.

how as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

“He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognises, with unspeakable terror, that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late: the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

“He is condemned to that appalling burial long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth, while you look upon

the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the villages on the plains, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him, he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

“Behold him, waist-deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, and disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.”

You have, doubtless, noticed during this description, the striking analogy between the quicksand and intemperance.

The young man indulges in his social glass, joyously, merrily, until, at length he feels a little of the

power of appetite ; but he is not anxious. His strong will can keep it in check, and he goes on with his indulgences without a thought of fear. Songs are merry about him, laughter is loud and frequent ; he is in no danger of crossing the invisible line between moderation and drunkenness. And yet, somehow, his feet become unsteady, and his nerves tremble strangely. Suddenly he wakes from his dream of security to find that last night he lost control of himself, and became the laughing-stock of the street. He makes resolutions of reform ; he will give up his drinks. Then he finds that the dregs of the social glass form a quicksand that holds his feet with a terrible power.

With agony he realizes the power of a quenchless thirst. He takes the pledge, entreats the aid of friends, resolves to amend ; falls, resolves again ; again he yields to temptation. Then, if Faith, Hope, and Charity do not lead him to Christ, and "hope all things" for him, even against hope, and forgive all his failures, and deliver him from evil, he will die in despair.

And what a death is that which the quicksand of rum gives to victims ! fires of hell devouring him slowly within ; terrible visions surrounding him without.

"He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs."

The path which he entered seemed bright to him, but the end thereof is the way of death.

Amid smiles and songs "his feet took hold on hell."

Are not some of our young men unconsciously crossing the line between safety and death ?

Bid them beware the quicksand that looks so enticing, but hides a grave ! “ Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.”

Are there not some who begin to realize that appetite is getting powerful within them, and who are struggling with it ?

Let us help them, in the name of God ; encamp round about them with our charity, and answer their prayer, “ Lead us not into temptation,” by closing the dens of the tempter.

And let us, who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love ; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

FEARFUL EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

THE most melancholy spectacle I ever saw was the number of young men,—men of family and education,—who, becoming drunkards soon after their arrival in the colony, and falling step by step in dissipation, had at length reached the lowest abysses of a sullen and sombre despair. I met with many such cases in Sydney,—of men who told me their stories with their hands before their eyes, and their strong bosoms

heaving with hopeless misery. "I came out to Sydney," said one, "with a thousand pounds. I was the youngest son; I had always been taken care of at home. When I landed I felt very lonely, and this, coupled with other causes, drove me to drink. In six months I had not a penny. Since then I have had to sell oranges for a living; I must drink; there is no hope for me." "Will you buy this old Bible?" asked a young man of me: "It is nearly two hundred and fifty years old, and was washed ashore in a barrel, on the Cornwall coast, about a century ago. We have had it in our family ever since. My mother gave it me when I came out, and I would not part with it under any than the most pressing circumstances." "How much do you ask for it?" "You shall have it for a pound." I bought the book; but afterwards found it was too heavy for me to carry home (a hot wind was blowing), so I allowed him to keep it. Five minutes afterwards I passed a public-house, and saw the owner of the Bible standing at the bar with a decanter of spirits before him, and heard him offer to let the landlord have the book for half a sovereign. That young man, I subsequently discovered, was brother to a distinguished member of the two great guilds of politics and literature. All erring younger brothers fly to Australia. Some reform, and in a few years go home with pale faces but purged souls; others think much of those they have left behind, take to

drink, die out, and are forgotten. My own profession in Australia affords many awful instances of the same character as those I have cited,—of fine, regal minds drowned, like the royal Clarence, in the fatal wine-cask. I have seen a man, with a heart as fine and tender as a woman's, and a genius and scholarship which, I think, would be considered rare in the highest literary circles in England, lying drunk and insensible in a tavern, his pockets drained to their last farthing, and his Apollo-lips pressed upon the dust.—*Southern Lights and Shadows.*

THE HARVEST OF RUM.

Ho, ho, ho! The harvest has come,
 And the crop that was sown by sellers of rum
 Must be gathered in! No word like fail!
 Some to the almshouse, and some to the jail
 Hurry and scurry
 With nimble feet,
 Up Broadway,
 Down Washington Street,
 Through Franklin and Union,
 Water and Main,
 Over the West Side,
 And up on the Plain,
 Through Falls village,
 Up Town, Bean Hill—
 Thrust in the sickle
 And gather in still!

Aye, gather the havest rum-sellers have sown
 Till the wheels of the public cart shall groan
 With fearful weight
 Of the horrible freight!
 Creak—creak!
 Creak—creak!
 Every day in every week!
 Come, stir up your cattle and use your goad
 For rum-sellers' crops make many a load!

Pitch in that bloat with the swollen head,
 They say his friends have wished him dead,
 For, filled with lager and whisky and rum,
 He makes a hell of what was home!
 They have often had him in court, they say
 And it worked very well till he'd nothing to pay;
 For the police court
 Must have its support.
 "Eight dollars and cost"
 Is too much to be lost!
 'Twas a handsome sum,
 And still it will come,
 If we let the poor fellows have plenty of rum;
 Give license to sell
 The elixir of hell
 And the police court will get on very well.

So in with the bloat and hurry away,
 What he can't furnish, the people will pay.
 Though times are hard, their patience won't fail,
 We'll empty their pockets and fill up the jail!
 Aye, ply your goad,
 Away with your load,
 To the cell,
 To the hell.

Here comes the grandmother, feeble and lame,
Bowed to the earth with sorrow and shame,
She shivers with cold and trembles with fear,
But on her cheek is never a tear ;

The shame and the strife
Of a long sad life

Have drained the fountain of tears dry.
It's a long time since tears wet her eye !
Rum killed her husband ! Yes, he was a bloat !
And her only son is a drunken shoat !
Her daughter, good woman, is long since dead,
And now she's none to furnish her bread.

So, ho ! to the almshouse ! Feeble and lame,
Bowed to the earth with sorrow and shame !

It seems a sin ;
But pitch her in,
Then apply your goad
And away with your load.

'Tis vain for fanatics to raise a din,
For the harvest of rum must be gathered in !

Here comes a lad
With shoeless feet,
It seems too bad
With snow in the street,
And a little girl, too,
With her eyes of blue,
So sad in her rags,
But toss her in, too !

For what will it profit to raise a din,
The harvest of rum must be gathered in !
Aye, toss them up, a bouncing load,
Our team is good, and they know the road.
We wish you all joy of your morning ride,
To the door of the almshouse on the West Side !

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

THE AUCTION.

WILL you walk into the auction, for the sale is just begun,
 And bid and buy, my masters all, before the lots are done?
 Such wond'rous curiosities were ne'er exposed to view,
 So, I pray you, pay attention, while I read the invent'ry
 through.

LOT I.—Some dirty, dirty dishes, which have once been edg'd
 with blue.
 But, alas! the rims are broken, and they let the water
 through;
 A broken knife, a one-pronged fork, and half a wooden spoon,
 And a little ten-cent whistle, which has never played a tune.

LOT II.—A crazy fiddle, without finger-board or peg,
 Twas broken at the "Fox and Goose," when Scaper broke
 his leg;
 The fiddle-bag and fiddle-stick are with it, I declare,
 But the one is full of moth-holes, and the other has no hair.

LOT III.—An old oak table, which has once been neat and
 small,
 But, having lost a pair of legs, it rests against the wall;
 The top is split, the drawers are gone, its leaves have dropped
 away,
 And it has not felt the weight of food for six months and a
 day.

LOT IV.—The shadow of a chair, whose back and seat are
 fled—
 The latter Jenny burn'd, because the former broke her head;
 And now they've tied its crazy joints with cords of hempen
 string,
 And it creaks when it is sat upon, just like a living thing.

LOT V.—A tress of barley-straw, and two small pokes of chaff,
Which have served for bed and pillows just five years and a
half;

Two sheets of home-spun matting, of the very coarsest grain,
And a piece of ragged carpeting, which was the counterpane.

LOT VI.—A corner cupboard, with the things contained
therein,

A spoutless teapot and a cup—both well-perfumed with gin;
A broken bottle and a glass, a pipe without a head,
And a dirty, empty meal-bag, where two mice are lying dead.

LOT VII.—One old bottle-neck, bedaubed with grease so
thick,

Which form'd, when they'd a candle, a convenient candlestick;
Also, an old tin-kettle, without handle or a spout,
And a pan, of which a neighbour's child has drumm'd the
bottom out.

LOT VIII.—A het'rogenous heap of bits of odds and ends,
Which you may purchase very cheap as presents for your
friends;

Also some locomotive rags, which move with perfect ease,
Like the little coach we read of that was drawn by little fleas.

Come, walk into the auction, for my catalogue is thro',
Yet I have just one word to say before I bid adieu;
These lots are all produced by Drink—which you'll do well to
shun,

Before your health and substance, too, are going, going—gone.

“DICK, THE DEVIL DRIVER.”

How he got that name I cannot tell. I have an idea, but it is somewhat crude. Everybody called him Dick but his mother. His wife, and sometimes his children, would indulge in the familiar expression, but his mother *never*. By her he was always mentioned by the one name. Richard she called him the very day he was born; and on the night he died, she was heard in the solitude of her chamber sobbing out her sorrow, “Oh, Richard, Richard! my poor lost Richard! Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!”

It was in the autumn of 18— I first made his acquaintance. The village in which he lived was one of those narrow strips of a place that has grown up along the great highway which led from London to B——. His house was along the road. Behind his dwelling was the smithy. Proceeding thence on one occasion, after a visit to his house, his wife quietly suggested that I should not go then. “He is drunk,” she said. “He is mad,” added a neighbour. “The devil is in him,” said a third. And so, acting upon their suggestions, I retraced my steps.

“A bad ’un, that, sir,” said a decrepit old man, as I turned to depart.

“Do you know him?” said I.

“Know un? Shud think I did. Know’d un ever since a wer’ a child.”

So with this bit of information, I commenced plying my questions about this unfortunate man. I found that Dick was a child of godly parents—that as a boy he was of a free, almost of a wild, rollicking disposition—that at one time he gave promise of a useful life, and even went so far as to make a profession of religion, and, as the old man remarked, “Enjoyed it, too”; that at length he fell in love with a good, godly girl, and made her his wife, and that shortly after their marriage he gave way to bad companions and the drink, until at length he became, as the old man observed “a very brute of a man.”

“Hold! hold!” I replied; “draw it mild. Not quite so bad as that, to be sure.”

“’Old, ’old, where you will,” said the old man, in a pet; “but by the time you’ve know’d un as long as I ’ave, my name ain’t Billy Brown if you don’t say so, too. Why, he is the biggest villain out. Know his wife? Shud think I did. She wer’ the purtiest little crittur as a child I ever cast eyes upon. And so good! Born religious, she wer’, if there ever wer’ one. Why, I saw ’er t’other day, poor thing, weeping like a child. ‘’Es a drunk, Sue?’ said I. ‘Well, doan’t ’e see,’ said she, ‘he went out this morning on an empty stomach, and the veriest thimbleful has mad’n troublesome like.’ But lor’, sur, I know’d what it meant. He es breaking ’er ’eart by inches, ’e es; and if ’e don’t break his neck some

day, my name ain't what it es. So good day, sur, good day!"

In another hour Dick had leaped upon his horse, and was off. The old feelings had come back; and in spite of pleading wife, and weeping children, he was gone.

It was late that night when there came dashing down the street a riderless horse. "Stop him!" shouted one. "Stand clear!" bawled another; whilst on and on rushed the horse, until at length, foaming and trembling, it stopped at the smithy door.

"My goodness!" exclaimed a neighbour, "what's up? Here's the hoss, but no Dick!"

Away a mile and a half down the road Dick had alighted at the "First and Last." Calling for a glass of half-and-half, he quaffed it at a draught. Asking for another, he served it much the same; and then, with the finish of a third, he rose to depart.

"Steady, old feller, st-e-a-dy," said a bantering few, who were tipping at the bar.

"I-I'll st-e-a-dy you," added Dick, with an oath, as with a slash of his whip he aimed it at the knot of men from whom the taunt had come. But the blow had missed its mark, and with a wild "Ha! ha! ha!" they said, "Go it again!"

Mad with excitement, and missing his revenge on the men, he slashed it on his horse. Mounting as best he could, and striking his spurs into his steed

before he was well into his saddle, he exclaimed, "I'll ride thee to hell!" when the animal reared, and Dick fell with a heavy thud to the ground.

"Hark! what's that?" shouted the publican; and amid the breathless silence of the house, the quick clatter, clatter of the runaway horse fell softer and still softer on their ears.

"Missus, quick! bring us a light," said the publican, "there's something wrong"; and so saying he rushed to the door. Groping his way through the darkness to a huge mass of something which lay motionless in the road, he put down his hand and felt the face of a man, and with "Here, men, quick! for pity sake, help!" he raised the head of the fallen, and placed it for a time between his knees.

"Oh," said the publican, as the flickering light fell upon the face of the unfortunate man, "it's Dick! Why, he's dead!" and so bearing him up in their arms, they carried him back to the "First and Last."

The next day a coroner's inquest was held. Certain facts were elicited; and after a protracted investigation of the case, in which it was found that the fall had dislocated his neck, a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

UNCLE EISSEN.

A WEDDING-DAY.

ONE, two, three—stroke after stroke until eleven were told, and then it flashed upon Harold Kent that this was eleven o'clock of the 21st of June; the day that had been the crisis of his life. He dropped the flower-pot that he had taken from the shelf and, oblivious of making up the last order that had come to the greenhouse, sat down on a box, and considered himself. "She was right, she was right!" he groaned. "What am I? Once Mr. Harold Kent, with a tidy little fortune, a house of my own, plenty of friends, a good head-clerkship, partnership in view, handsome, well-dressed—a gentlemen! Heaven help me! what am I now? Cowhide shoes, battered hat, out at the knees, rough-faced, red-nosed, unkempt—taken as a greenhouse sub out of mere charity to keep me from the gutter a little longer. She was right. It is not her fault; it is mine. She was right."

And back through ten degraded and degrading years his mind went to those better days, and to the girl he loved, who had promised to be his wife. Then, when the wedding day was set, she heard that he drank. She told him firmly, but with tears, that she would never give her future to the keeping of any man who dallied with the red cup of death. Yielding to his prayers, she promised that, if for six months he

proved his strength by total abstinence, she would give him her hand.

The months passed, and he kept his vow. The marriage-day was set for a date three days within the fixed six months. On that very marriage-morning of the 21st of June, elated, excited, he failed, and "drank to future joy."

At the church they met. How lovely she was in bridal-veil and white array! They stood before the altar. He had uttered the promise to love and honour and cherish. Then to her the solemn vow was repeated, and she turned her blessed face to his before that sweet "I will," and he bent toward her, won by her tender grace, and—hot and reeking as from the pit of doom—his breath came to her, laden with the curse of a broken vow! One moment she stood, smitten dumb, as an accusing angel who looks, and cannot utter, his reproach. Then she dropped her hand and said: "Never! I cannot. You have broken one vow; I cannot trust my life to you." Sobbing, but resolved, she turned away.

Darkness fell over the rosy June day. For him, he wandered on in the downward path, when by manly effort he might have returned. He justified her fear. For her, eight years had the virgin lilies bloomed above her quiet grave, and she had entered into the rest that remains for the storm-tossed and weary.

THE BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD.

You have heard of the ride of John Gilpin,
That captain so jocund and gay,
How he rode down to Edmonton village
In a very remarkable way.

You have heard of the ride of Mazeppa,
Bound fast to his wing-footed steed ;
How he coursed through the fields and the forest
At a very remarkable speed.

But I sing of a trip more exciting,
In a song which I cannot restrain,
Of a ride down the Black Valley Railroad,
Of a ride in the Black Valley train.

The setting-out place for the journey
Is Sippington Station, I think,
Where the engines for water take whisky,
And the people take—something to drink.

From collisions you need fear no danger,
No trains are ever run back ;
They all go one way—to perdition,
Provided they keep on the track.

By the time they reach Medicine Village
The passengers find themselves sick,
Have headache, or backache, or heartache,
Or some ache that strikes to the quick.

We break up at Tippleton Station,
To try and get rid of our pain ;
At Topersville also we tarry,
And do the same over again.

Our spirits indeed may be willing ;
But, alas ! very weak is the flesh !
So oft as we stop for five minutes,
We use all the time to refresh.

Now we come to the great central station,
The last stopping-place on the line,
Drunkard's Curve—where is kept the chief storehouse
Of rum, whisky, brandy, and wine.

From this place on to Destruction,
The train makes no break or delay ;
And those who may wish to stop sooner,
Are kindly thrown out by the way.

A full supply of loved whisky,
For our engine is taken in here,
And a queer-looking fellow from Hades
Steps on for our engineer.

From Drunkard's Curve to Destruction,
The train is strictly express,
And will not be slowed or halted
For any flag of distress.

And so, when all things are ready,
From Drunkard's Curve we set out ;
Let me give you some flying glimpses
Of the places along the route.

First Rowdyville calls our attention,
Then Quarreltown comes into view,
Then Riotville breaks on the vision,
And the filthy Beggarstown too.

As we rush by the village of Woeland,
Three wretches are thrown from the train ;

We can see them roll over and over,
Through the darkness, the mud, and the rain.

Our engineer chuckles and dances
In the wild, lurid flashes he throws ;
Blaze the red fires of his furnace,
As on into darkness he goes.

Oh! the sounds that we hear in the darkness,
The laughter, and crying, and groans,
The ravings of anger and madness,
The sobbings and pitiful moans !

For now we have entered the regions
Where all things horrible dwell,
Where the shadows are peopled with goblins,
With the fiends and the furies of hell.

In this deep and Stygian darkness,
Lost spirits have here their abode ;
It is plain we are near to Destruction—
Very near to the end of the road.

Would you like, my young friend, to take passage
To this region of horror and pain ?
Here stretches the Black Valley Railway,
And here stands the Black Valley train.

THE FRUITS OF RUM.

FRUITS of the traffic in rum are these :
Poverty, crime, and foul disease ;

Revelings, drunkenness, and strife,
Loss of estate and loss of life ;

Loss of companions kind and dear,
Headaches and pains, the fruits of beer ;

Loss of employment, sad disgrace,
Blotches and pimples on the face ;

Brains that are softening day by day,
Health that is fleeing fast away ;

Bruises and wounds most hard to bear,
Ruin and death and blank despair ;

Hopes that are crushed, and vows unpaid,
Husbands in paupers' coffins laid ;

Desolate homes, cheerless and bare,
Women and children starving there ;

Tears and distress, and lack of clothes,
Fighting and swearing and other woes.

Such are the fruits we daily see,
Oh, what a pity such things should be !

TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT.

"I DON'T want to go to school any more, father."

Mr. Palmer raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his first-born, a lad of about fifteen.

And a bright, intelligent face it was, though it was a little clouded now by a feeling of dubiousness as to how his words would be taken.

“Why don't you want to go to school any more?”

“Well, sir, I'm tired of studying, and—I don't see any use of it.”

“Think you know enough; that you don't need to learn any more?”

“I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that ‘he ain't going to drudge away at school when his father has plenty of money.’”

“Did George Lyman say that, Walter? His father is a poorer man than I thought him.”

“Mr. Lyman is rich, father; everybody says that he is.”

“That remains to be seen. So you have quite made up your mind that you don't want to go to school any more, my son?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You needn't, then.”

“Oh, thank you, father,” cried Walter, his face brightening.

“Wait a minute,” said Mr. Palmer, as the boy caught up his hat, preparatory to making a dive through the open door. “Come back; I have something more to say to you. You have nothing to thank me for—except, perhaps, my good intentions. Considering it

as the best gift I could bestow, it was my intention to give you a thorough education. But there is a homely but true saying—‘One man can lead a horse to water, but ten cannot make him drink.’ So, though I have by no means changed my opinion as to the value of an education, I consent to your leaving school, because, if you feel as you say you do, it will only be time and money thrown away. But I want you to understand clearly one thing—that if you don’t go to school you will have to go to work. I can’t afford to have you idle.”

Walter’s countenance underwent a very perceptible change.

“Do you mean that I must go out to daily work, like Dan Baker and Sam Blake?”

“I mean that you must have some steady employment—some trade or business, which will give you just so many hours’ work as surely as the sun rises.”

“Why, father, George Lyman and Will Bromley don’t have to work; and they don’t mean too either. George told me that he heard his father say you were the richest man in the county.”

“I might be the richest man in two counties, and yet not rich enough to afford to have my boy idle.”

Mr. Palmer smiled as he saw Walter’s puzzled look.

“This is a hard thing for you to understand, my son; and I might talk to you from this time until sun-

set, and not make it any more clear to you. Tomorrow is Saturday, and you know I always take you somewhere on that day. This time, it shall be to Plainfield, to see an old schoolmate. A visit to him, and the place where he lives, will serve better to explain my meaning than anything I can say."

The next morning, Walter and his father started out, bright and early, in an open phaeton, drawn by a pair of well-matched, mettlesome bays, which bore them swiftly along the smooth, hard road.

Plainfield was fifteen miles distant, and the way thither through such a beautiful country, and so entirely new to Walter, that he forgot all about what his father had said the day before, until the carriage had stopped in front of a gloomy stone building.

"Are you going to stop here, father! Why, it looks like a prison!"

"It is a prison," said Mr. Palmer, who had been unusually grave and silent during their ride, as Walter remembered afterwards.

"But I thought you were going to see an old schoolmate of yours?"

"Here is where he lives."

"Did you ever think that any one of your schoolmates might find a home in such a place as this?—or that even you might?" said Mr. Palmer, as he pulled a bell, whose clangour broke harshly upon the strange silence that reigned around.

Before Walter could reply, a heavy door swung back, and they were ushered into the warden's office.

He was a heavily-bearded man, with a stern, almost forbidding countenance ; but he shook hands with Mr. Palmer, whom he had met before, bestowing on Walter a pleasant word and a smile, the latter giving his face quite another aspect.

"I came to enquire about John Jackson, the forger," said Mr. Palmer, after a few preliminary words. "He is an old schoolmate of mine. I remember him as a high-spirited boy, and rather headstrong, and fonder of play than study, but with many genial and pleasant traits of character. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. Had he been competent, I should have given him a place as bookkeeper, made vacant by a convict whose time was up. As it was, I had to put him in the shoe-shop. He is quiet ; but takes it pretty hard, as such chaps are apt to, who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. It is not in strict accordance with the rules, but, if you would like to see him, I will have him brought out."

Mr. Palmer assented ; and, in a few minutes, a grave quiet man entered, whose closely-cut hair, and peculiar dress gave him a very strange look to Walter, who had never seen anything like it before.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Palmer, but there was a

visible constraint in his manner, which showed that he felt keenly his changed position and surroundings.

Of the two, Mr. Palmer seemed the most affected. His voice broke a little, as he said, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Jackson; but sorry, very sorry, to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man, with a forced smile. Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Walter. "I needn't ask whose boy this is?"

"It is my oldest son, Walter. He is just about the same age that we were, when we used to go to school together in dear old Bridgeville. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

Whether it was these words, or the sight of the fresh, innocent face, for a few moments Jackson struggled silently with the tender and subduing recollections that rushed upon him; then, breaking down utterly, he covered his face with his hands.

"I wish I could," said the wretched man, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget what I once was, all that I might have been, and what I am! I sometimes think that it is a horrible dream; that I shall, some day, awake and find it so!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Palmer, as soon as his companion was calmer. "When I last saw you, your prospects were bright—apparently brighter than mine."

"It may be summed up in two words," was the

response: "Idleness, and bad company. If my father had trained me to habits of industry and self-reliance, I had not come to this. But he loved me; and glad am I that the grave has hid from him all knowledge of the shame and misery of his son, whom his ill-judged, short-sighted kindness ruined. As you know, I would not study; I thought there was no need for me—a rich man's son—to do that. I can remember how I despised the dull, plodding fellows, who are honoured men to-day. My father's death put me in possession of wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went, I hardly knew; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the establishment my father had built up with so much care and labour, but which had now passed into the hands of strangers. My fair-weather friends, who had helped spend my money, urging me to every conceivable folly and extravagance, left, as soon as they found that there was no more to spend. I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must have; so I turned my attention to the various ways of getting money without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here the warden entered; and with his heart somewhat cheered and strengthened by Mr. Palmer's whispered words of encouragement and sympathy, Jackson returned to his dreary task.

The warden now took them around through the

various workshops, cells, &c., kindly explaining to Walter all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe-shop, Walter saw Jackson sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men, not one of whom dared to lift his eyes as they passed by.

“How many of these men,” inquired Mr. Palmer, as they returned to the office, “have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?”

“Not one in ten.”

The spirited bays, in their glittering harness, were champing their bits and tossing their heads impatiently outside the high walls; and Walter experienced a feeling of relief as he found himself once more out in the pure sweet air and bright sunshine.

“How dreadful it must be to have to live in such a place as that!” he said, as reaching an eminence, he gave a backward glance at the building which looked so grim and solitary in the distance.

“It is the necessity that is dreadful, my son. Miserable as these men are, they are happier there, where they are obliged to be orderly and industrious, though only through the fear of punishment, than if they were allowed to follow unrestrainedly the devices of their foolish and evil hearts.” There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Palmer said, “You asked me a question yesterday, Walter, and this is my answer; a better one than any words can frame. The world calls

me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to afford you many advantages—all the opportunities you can ask for moral and mental culture; but I am not, I never shall be, rich enough to have you idle. Strange as it may sound, I am too rich to afford it. I have a mill filled with industrious operatives, whose living from week to week depends on its skilful and prudent management. I have houses full of tenants whose health and comfort depend largely upon whether their landlord is a just and faithful man. These and other interests may some day be entrusted to you. Many a father has learned to his sorrow that to have his boys idle is something that a rich man cannot afford to do.”

“I think I will go to school on Monday, father,” was Walter’s only response to this.—*Temperance Record*.

A DOCTOR’S STORY.

“You know nothing about intemperance,” said a noted physician. “I could write volumes that would amaze you.”

“Write one,” I said.

“It would be a breach of honour. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional.”

After a moment, he added: “Our profession takes us into homes, and lives and hearts that seem all bright

and happy, are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged. "Please think of some."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed, fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion."

"'My wife fell downstairs,' said her husband, 'and I fear has hurt herself seriously.'

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken.

"'How do you find her?' asked her husband anxiously.

"'I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?'

"'I fell down the stairs.'

"I hesitated. I was not in a poor home, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

"'When did she fall?' I asked.

"'Last night,' he said, after a second's pause, and a glance at her.

"My resolve was taken.

"'Please show me the place on the stairs where she

struck,' I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

“ ‘I was not with her when she fell,’ he said.

“ ‘The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor.’

“ ‘She begged me not to tell you the truth.’

“ ‘Then get another physician,’ I said.

“ ‘I will tell you the whole truth. The night before last I had been out to dinner.

“ ‘I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine inspired?’

“ Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me upstairs, as she had done many times.

“ ‘But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone; I struck her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, upstairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honour I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit that a physician should be sent for, lest it should

disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell.' And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, 'She is an angel, and wine is a devil!'

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell you. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and the providence that so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On the tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in that land of no licence.

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."

ENGLAND'S CURSE.

FATHERS of our noble cause,
 Prophets of the long ago,
 Soldiers in the earlier wars,
 Waged against a nation's foe.

Splendid was the work ye wrought,
 Toiling for the bliss to be,
 Sound the principles ye taught,
 Meet to make a nation free.

We your children stand to-day,
Proud your fallen robes to wear,
Warriors in the later fray,
We your trusty weapons bear.

Darkness brooded o'er the earth,
When ye led the long campaign,
But ye gave a morning birth,
Bringing blessings in its train.

Higher and yet higher still
Climbs the sun the smiling sky,
Soon its light the land shall fill,
Never, nevermore to die.

England in the darkened past
For her drunkenness reviled,
From the curse set free at last,
Bright shall be and undefiled.

Drink shall not for ever steal
Kindly light from human eyes,
Human hearts not always seal
Victims for its sacrifice.

Trade in life-blood and in tears,
Traffic in the souls of men,
In the noontide of the years
Never shall revive again.

Moved by drink-made widows' woe,
Stirred by starving orphans' cry,
Brothers, let us onward go,
Pledged to death or victory.

Let your clouded hopes be bright,
 For the patriot heart shall see
 Right triumphant over might,
 England sober, England free.

REV. JULIUS BRIGG.

A TRUE HISTORY.

LOST!

A MAN that once in God's image was made
 A soul that angels with pleasure surveyed ;
 A mind that beautiful thoughts came to fill ;
 A heart that to conscience never was still ;
 A conscience which, tender, spoke oft to the heart ;
 A shame that from all evil things kept apart ;
 Two hands, which to doing good deeds were lent ;
 Two feet, which on errands of mercy were sent.
 Wealth, honour, home, friends—all swallowed up,
 Drowned, ruined, lost—ay, lost in the cup!

FOUND!

A being, beer-bloated, in tatters arrayed,
 A soul that is dyed in crime's deepest shade ;
 A mind so befogged that light never shines
 In the heart that melts to but liquors and wines ;
 A conscience so dead that no shame can show
 On the cheek that claims only whisky's dull glow ;
 Two hands that are stained and dripping with sin ;
 Two feet that pathways of vice stagger in ;
 Pain, misery, death—all found with a sup
 From that sin-cursed thing, the dram-sellers' cup.

THE STYLES OF DRUNKENNESS.

A TEMPERANCE paper classifies, after a new method, the various styles of drunkenness now prevailing in the land. This classification is made on the peculiar characteristics manifested by different men when in a state of intoxication. Like the laughing gas, inebriating liquors, when taken in considerable quantities, exhibit the true character of the man, and especially bring to notice his distinctive personal traits ; and we agree with our contemporary that one of the most foolish things a man can do is to allow himself to be drunk, and thus exhibit the worst points, or traits, of his nature. The classification made, is somewhat after the following style :—

1. *Monkey drunk*, wherein a man grins, makes all sorts of grimaces, leaps or dances, looks silly, and thinks himself well rewarded if he can but excite the laughter of his fellows.

2. *Bear drunk*, when he becomes sulky, growls, mutters, and grumbles at everything and everybody. Sometimes wants to put his huge arms around you, or lay his hands upon you, and would fain hug or paw you, as would a bear ; then looks sleepy, walks sluggishly, and finally becomes so bearish, that nothing but a fight will satisfy him.

3. *Tiger drunk*, when, in his own estimation, he can wrestle with Ajax, fight with Sampson, and jump over

the moon. His eyes flash with a vengeance, that nothing but blood can satisfy. This unfortunate creature generally winds up his drink by abusing his wife and children, and quarrelling with his best neighbours and friends.

4. *Hog drunk*, when he rolls in the mud and filth ; when the ditch or sewer is as good a couch to him as a feather bed, and when he grunts and whines for more drink, as swine do for more swill.

5. *Dog drunk*, when he snaps and snarls, shows his teeth, runs this way and that way, and betokens madness to such an extent as to suggest the necessity of a straight jacket, or of knocking him on the head, to prevent the spread of hydrophobia.

6. *Hound drunk*, when he whines and weeps, would grasp your hand, would lean upon you, beslaver you in the excess of his love. He loves you very much, says you are his best and dearest friend, would fight for you, risk his life for you, do anything for you. This poor creature is to be pitied. Whisky seems to have softened his brain—if, indeed, he had any brain—and made a complete fool of him, provided he were not a fool by nature.

7. *Owl drunk*, in which the unfortunate creature is fain to suppose that the wisdom of the world centres in himself. He knows it all, can bear no contradiction, pities the ignorance of all contradictors, and looks on them with ineffable contempt and disgust,

You must not differ with him in politics, or law, or religion, commerce or manufactures. You must not differ with him in anything, for he knows it all, and all about it. Solomon was a mere child to him, and all others whom the world has esteemed as wise and great, are, in his estimation, mere waifs on the current of time, and not to be compared with his august self. The only way to manage such poor ninnies, is to let them alone, pay no attention to them, which, perhaps, is the greatest mortification to which you can subject them.

8. *Fox drunk*, whom whisky makes *smart*, cunning, crafty, ready to utter and swear to broadest contradictions, always ready to trade, to run a race, swap horses, or offer bets upon anything or in any sum.

These are the classes in which our contemporary categorises drunkards. May there not be added to the above another class, which, for the sake of uniformity, may be styled the—

Donkey drunk, wherein he looks dull, stupid, silly, sleepy ; his lip hangs down, and his eye rolls expressionless ; he moves in a slow, tottering, irregular gait, and disgusts every decent man with his stupid nonsense ; is a laughing-stock for silly and ill-mannered boys, and the shame of his family and friends !

The classification given is, we must confess, more forcible than classical, and more pointed than elegant, and the point can easily be seen,

DEATH.

ALL inspiration combines to give fearful and impressive warning from the inspired Word, where God declares that no drunkard should enter the kingdom of heaven, there comes a voice from the infinite lips, saying to you and to me and to all, "Beware! beware!" In that land where the streets are gold, and the gates are pearl, and the walls are jasper and sapphire, the finger of God has written, "No drunkard shall enter here." No drunkard shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven. I know not why it is there. It may be because he has voluntarily debased the image of God in which he was created. It may be because he has given himself up to the temptation which leads one away from that which is of good report, virtuous, and just. But, whatever may be the reason, from that book which never errs comes this warning to us: "Beware!" To you it says, "Beware!" To the moderate drinker it says, "Beware!" The man you met this afternoon, reeling in his cups on the sidewalk, the man you have seen drinking at the counter of the lowest saloon, began as you begin. Poorhouses and prisons say to you, "Beware!" They whose arms were nerved and whose forms were grace, to-day, dead from intoxication, say to you with their gloomy lesson, "Beware!" Homes once happy, now miserable; wives once joyous in the love of their husbands, now turned to hatred, while the caresses

of the husband are turned to abuse, and competency to poverty, from the midst of their miseries and desolation warn you and exclaim, "Beware!"

Choose you, this day, whether you and yours will stand with us on the rock of safety, above the snares, and evil, and anguish, and misery, and woe, and desolation of the tempter; whether, defying the warnings that nature and inspiration combine to give, you will go down, down, after the first step (for it is always the first that costs), that easy descent, until at last, wretched and dishonoured, having lost the respect of others and your own self-respect, you end a miserable life by a home in a tomb from which there is, if inspiration be true, no resurrection that shall take you to a better land. Does not your hope for happiness, here and hereafter, give emphasis to that one word, which embodies all I can say to you, which comes from God's own lips—"Beware!"? SCHULYLER COLFAX.

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

DRUNK in the street!

A woman arrested to-day in the city!

Comely and young, the paper said—

Scarcely twenty, the item read;

A woman and wife—kind angels pity!

Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street !
 Yes ! crazy with liquor ! her brain on fire !
 Reeling, plunging, and stagging along—
 Singing a strain of a childish song—
 At last she stumbles and falls in the mire,
 Drunk in the street !

Drunk in the street !
 What news to send the dear ones at home,
 Who're wond'ring what has detained so long
 The wife and the mother—yet thinks no wrong ;
 The day is waning—night has come—
 Drunk in the street !

Drunk in the street !
 Drag her away to a station bed !
 Helpless, senseless, take her away ;
 Shut her up from the light of day ;
 Would for the sake of her friends she were dead
 Drunk in the street !

Draw nigh and look !
 On a couch of straw in a station cell
 Is lying a form of matchless mould !
 With her hair dishevelled—so pale and cold—
 Yet tainting the air with the fumes of hell !
 Draw nigh and look !

How sad the sight !
 The sunlight streaming across the floor,
 It rouses the sleeper to life again ;
 But oh ! the anguish, the grief, the pain !
 As thoughts of the shame come crowding o'er—
 How sad the sight !

But hark ! a sound !
The bolt flies back ; she is told to rise ;
Her friends are waiting to take her home.
They know it all, yet in love they come,
But with speechless lips and tearless eyes—
The lost one's found !

Let's reason now :
Suppose 'twas your mother, your sister, your wife,
Who'd stained her soul with liquid fire—
Who'd laid her womanhood in the mire—
Who'd barter'd away her bright young life—
Who'd fallen low.

And then, again,
Suppose the fiends you've licensed to sell
Had sought to ruin a much-loved son,
Esteemed and honoured by every one,
And were dragging him down to a drunkard's hell
With might and main !

Would you keep still ?
Is it nothing to you that such things be ?
You who have little ones soon to be men
And women, to take your place—what then ?
Is it nothing to you if they're bond or free ?
Have you no will ?

Work night and day !
Nail up the bars where liquor is sold !
Free your town from its load of death !
Add no more to the ghastly wreath
Of widows and orphans whose knell you've tolled !
Work, fight, and pray.

The end will come!
 God help and strengthen us day by day,
 And nerve us all for the coming strife!
 Our foes are strong—they struggle for life—
 But God is stronger than they!
 The end will come.

DR. E. WICKS.

THE TWO GLASSES.

THERE stood two glasses filled to the brim,
 On a rich man's table, rim to rim :
 One was ruddy, and red as blood,
 And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother :
 "Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
 I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
 And the grandest and proudest souls on earth
 Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight,
 Where I was king, for I ruled in might.

"From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
 From the heights of fame I have hurled men down ;
 I have blasted many an honoured name,
 I have taken virtue, and given shame ;
 I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
 That has made his future a barren waste.

"Far greater than any king am I,
 Or than any army beneath the sky :
 I have made the arm of the driver fail,
 And sent the train from the iron rail ;

I have made good ships go down at sea,
 And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
 Fame, strength, and wealth before me fall,
 And my might and power are over all.
 Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
 "Can you boast of deeds so great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
 Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
 I can tell of hearts that once were sad,
 By my crystal drops made light and glad;
 Of thirsts I've quenched, and of brows I've laved,
 Of hands I've cooled, and of souls I've saved.
 I've flowed through the valley, and dashed down the hill;
 I've slept in the sunshine, and danced in the rill;
 I have burst my cloud fetters, and dropped from the sky,
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
 I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
 I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
 That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
 I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
 That I have lifted and crowned anew.
 I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
 I gladden the heart of man and maid;
 I set the chained wine-captive free,
 And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
 The glass of wine and its paler brother,
 As they stood together, filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table rim to rim.

ELLA WHEELER.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

THE following statement was given by the venerable ex-Member of Parliament for Leeds, at a recent public meeting in Exeter Hall, and is worthy the most serious consideration of all who desire to possess that greatest of earthly blessings, "a sound mind in a sound body."

"There are scores of thousands of good men and women, rich and poor, who, if they could really believe that alcoholic liquors were absolute superfluities, and also dangerous as well as useless, would discontinue their use. I remember when I thought a glass of good sherry must necessarily help digestion, and that a glass of old port must pour strength into the veins. Happily for myself, I was led to put the matter to the test of fair experiment; and it will be right that I should tell the result. Wishing to save a man addicted to drink from impending ruin, and knowing that persuasion would be useless without example, I resolved to try total abstinence for a month. Finding myself just as well at the end of the month as at the beginning, I repeated the experiment for a second month, and with the same satisfactory result. It then occurred to me that it would be useful to know how long I could dispense with strong liquor without affecting my health and strength. I had to wait a long time for the final conclusion of this experiment, and I have not yet arrived at it.

"It is more than thirty-nine years since I first became

an abstainer, and I declare that I have the same consciousness of sound health, though not of youthful elasticity, in the year 1877 that I had in the year 1837. I find that He, who made the human frame, made it so wisely, that it does not need the stimulus of beverages which, when taken in excess, blind the reason, inflame the blood, sow the seeds of disease, and implant an unconquerable craving for the fatal poison. The kitchen and the dairy, with the cheering and fragrant drinks which we owe to China and the Indies, supply every want of animal life, and keep all its springs in motion. To the doctor, it speaks volumes, when I say that I never sit down to table without an appetite, and never rise from bed with a headache. When I hear total abstainers designated as ascetics, I smile at the ignorant blunder, because it has always been my firm conviction that I enjoy the pleasures of the palate much more than if I had taken wine of any kind or in any quantity; and for this good reason, that the digestive organs are in a healthier state than they would have been with that indulgence.

“ If examined as to my mode of life, I may humbly and thankfully say that it has been one of no small activity: at first as a pretty close student, and afterwards having taken part in the public questions and controversies that have stirred one of the most exciting periods of our history. After many years of editorial and political work, I was called, at the age of fifty-nine, to enter

Parliament ; where I spent fifteen years in charge of the business of a great borough, and taking interest in the concerns of the empire, through several eventful Parliaments. When I entered the House of Commons, I was told by one of my predecessors that I should not be able to go through the business without the help of wine. My judicious medical adviser knew better ; he did not recommend any alcoholic drink, and only laid upon me one injunction—namely, that whatever late hours the House might keep, I should every night lie in bed seven hours. The advice was worth more to me than all the wine in the London Docks. Not one glass of wine or ale ever touched my lips ; and, *in consequence*—not in spite of it, but, *in consequence*, I say—I was able to do almost as much work as any man in the House. I am perfectly certain—every organ of my body and function of my mind tell me—that I should have been much more likely to suffer from Parliamentary worry, from late hours, hurried meals, bad air, party strife, and anxious responsibilities with wine, even in moderate quantity, than without it. I left Parliament absolutely unscathed, and all but unworn.

“ This simple statement owes whatever value it may possess to the fact that it disproves the necessity or usefulness of alcoholic drinks to the human frame, and therefore to men in general as well as to me. For I am an ordinary and average person ; I think my

constitution is sound, but not particularly strong; and I am as fair a subject for experiment as any medical man could desire. If wine or ale were needful, as so many men and women imagine, to help them through the hours from breakfast to dinner, or through a moderate railway journey, I should have found it out long since. If these drinks were necessary to make blood, or muscle, or nerve, or sinew, or bone, I must, for want of them, have experienced constant deterioration, and by this time have wasted away. If they even imparted cheerfulness or inspired thought, or kindled affection, I must, without them, have dried up into a log. How can it be accounted for that, well advanced in the eighth decade of life, my pulse beats as firmly, that I walk up hill nearly as fast, and that I play with my grandchildren as merrily as ever? But, if my testimony should be disregarded, I believe there are thousands who have abstained from liquor as long, or longer, than I have, and who would give the same testimony to the well-working of the regimen. And if we go to the Eastern world, we shall find hundreds of millions of life-long abstainers, and among them many of the finest races upon the earth."

EDWARD BAINES.

SPIKE THAT GUN.

THE great struggle for victory on the heights of Inkerman was decided by a young officer bravely carrying out an order to spike a gun that was sweeping down the troops with its shot and shell. The battery had to be approached with great care, or the attacking party would be swept away before ever the gun could be reached. The officer in command led his men under the cover of some rising ground, and then waited his opportunity to face the battery. At first, a brother officer who accompanied the party, said that it was perfect madness to attempt an attack, and the men began to feel that it was charging into the arms of death; but the officer who had received the order to spike the gun was determined to carry it out, or die in the attempt; and addressing his small party, said: "If no man will stand by me, I shall go alone. Who'll volunteer?" and immediately he went out from the shelter of the rising ground where he had halted his men, and faced the battery. No sooner did the men see his brave determination to carry out his instructions, than they rushed to the front, and, with a victorious shout, took the battery, and spiked the gun. That brave deed turned the battle scales to victory in favour of the British. The Russians lost all heart when the battery, which had done such deadly mischief to the troops all that fearful day, was silenced, and the gun spiked.

The great conflict between good and evil is still raging. Year after year rolls on, and the deadly strife continues. The ranks have been thinned, gaps made, homes desolated, families broken up, and thousands have passed away. One of the great (if not the greatest) difficulties in the progress of every good work is drink. It is one of the most prolific sources of evil that the civilized world has seen. It baffles our legislators. It startles the Church. It blights the progress of Christianity. It hinders the advance of missions. It degrades our army, and is found to be the chief agent in supplying pauperdom with starving beggars; mad-houses with the insane, and orphanages with the fatherless. Crime is fed by it; jails, reformatories, and penitentiaries are crowded with its victims. Men have lost their honesty, and women their virtue, through the effects of drink. Good has been weakened, evil has been strengthened, by the baneful influence of drink. Whether we speak of high or low, the educated or ignorant, the wealthy or poor, from each drink has claimed its victims, and scattered seeds of misery in all ranks, which have produced a sad harvest of wretchedness, woe, and death, sufficient for us to point out the danger in which every good work is placed, so long as that infernal weapon of evil is belching forth its deadly missiles against those enterprises which are making war upon sin, and the enormous disadvantage at which they war, so long as drink is allowed to decimate their

ranks, and destroy their hopes of success. For the sake of all that's good and true on earth, we raise the cry: *Spike that gun!*

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A MOTHER kneels by the cradle,
 Where her little infant lies,
 And she sees the ghastly shadows
 Creeping around his eyes;
 And she clasps her hands together,
 And her heart beats loud and wild,
 And she cries in a gush of anguish,
 "O Father! save my child!

"Oh, do not, do not take him
 So soon to the home on high;
 My beautiful, dark-eyed darling,
 O God! he *must not* die.
 I cannot pray in meekness,
 'My Father's will be done;'
 I can only cry in anguish,
 'Oh! save my infant son.'"

Slowly the ghastly shadows
 Crept from the baby's eyes,
 And the mother saw the bright orbs
 Open in sweet surprise;
 And she heard the lisping prattle,
 And the childish laugh again,
 And she clasped him close to her bosom,
 And her glad tears fell like rain.

The mother stands at the window,
Watching the night come down,
As it settles slowly, slowly
Over the busy town ;
And the withered face is troubled,
And she sighs in a weary way :
“ Oh ! where does my darling tarry,
Now, at the close of day !

“ Surely his task is ended :
Why is it he does not come ? ”
Ah ! mother, one word will answer,
And that one word is rum.
He stands at the bar this moment,
Draining the tempter’s bowl ;
And your beautiful boy has entered
His name on the drunkard’s roll.

Ah ! well, your prayer was answered :
You prayed that he might not die ;
That he might not join the angels,
Who dwell in their home on high.
O mother ! say, is it better,
Or is it worse than death
To see your darling stagger,
And feel his rum-foul breath ?

You could not pray, “ My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done ; ”
But cried, in your deaf, blind sorrow,
“ Oh ! save my infant son. ”
And is he saved, fond mother ?
And which is better, pray,
To know he is there in the rum-shop,
Or under the grass, to-day ?

O God of a mighty nation!
 When shall the glad day be
 That the liquor reign is ended,
 And our land is truly free?
 When our darling boys may wander
 Through all its breadth and length,
 With never a serpent lurking
 To slay them in their strength?

ELLA WHEELER.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

FOR pleasure or pain, for weal, or for woe,
 It's the law of our being, we reap what we sow.
 We may try to evade it—may do what we will,
 But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
 And detects, in a moment, the base or the pure.
 We may boast of our claims to genius or birth;
 But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthly strife?
 Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
 Remember this great truth has often been proved—
 We must be lovable, if we would be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
 Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back.
 This law was enacted by Heaven above—
 That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone ;
In our gardens are flowers from every zone ;
But the beautiful graces that blossom within,
Grow shrivelled and dry in the upas of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old.
Ah ! did we the same for the beautiful Love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

“ We reap what we sow,” O wonderful truth !
A truth hard to learn in the day of our youth.
But at last it stands out like the “ hand on the wall,”
For the world has its debt, and its credit for all.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S ADVICE.

IN Cayley's “ Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,” we have the following very weighty advice which that distinguished man gave to his son :—

“ Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there was never any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it ; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men, hated in thy servants, in thyself and companions ; for it is a bewitching

and infectious vice. And remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delights of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth, the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut.

“Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death, thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father. Anacharsis saith, ‘the first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness’; but in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural seed of generation. And, therefore, except thou desire to hasten thy end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time hath decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature, the sooner she will forsake thee, and trust altogether to art. ‘Who have misfortune,’ saith Solomon, ‘who have sorrow and grief, who have trouble without fighting, strifes without cause, and faintness of

eyes? Even they that sit at wine and strain themselves to empty cups.' Pliny saith, 'wine maketh the hand quivering, the eyes watery, the night unquiet, lewd dreams, a stinking breath in the morning, and an utter forgetfulness of all things.'

"Whosoever loveth wine shall not be trusted of any man, for he can not keep a secret. Wine maketh man not only a beast, but a madman; and if thou love it, thy own wife, thy children, and thy friends will despise thee. In drink, men care not what they say, what offence they give; they forget comeliness, commit disorders, and, to conclude, offend all virtuous and honest company, and God most of all, to whom we daily pray for health, and a life free from pain. 'And yet by drunkenness and gluttony (which is the drunkenness of feeding) we draw on,' saith Hesiod, 'a swift, hasty, untimely, cruel, and an infamous old age.'"—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

THE ORIGINAL LIQUOR LEAGUE.

ONE day the bad spirits met together, and resolved that our human race were too happy; and a delegation of four infernals were sent up to earth on an embassy of mischief. One spirit said: "I will take charge of the vineyards!" Another said: "I will look after the

grain-fields!" Another said: "I will supervise the dairy!" Another said: "I will take charge of the music!" They landed in the great Sahara desert, clutched their skeleton fingers in a handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame, and separated for their mission.

The first spirit entered the vineyard one bright morning, and sat down on the twisted root of a grape-vine, in sheer discouragement. He could not at first plan any harm for the vineyard. The clusters were so full, and purple, and luscious, and pure. The air was fairly bewitched with their sweetness; health seemed to breathe from every ripened bunch. But in wrath at so much loveliness, the fiend grasped a cluster in his right hand, and squeezed it with utter hate, and lo! his hand was red with the liquid, and began to smoke. Then the fiend laughed, and said, as he looked at the crimson stream dripping from his hand: "That makes me think of the blood of broken hearts. I will strip the vineyard, and squeeze out all the clusters, and let the juices stand till they rot, and will call the process 'fermentation.'" And a great vat was made, and men, seeing it, brought cups and pitchers, and dipped them in, and went off, drinking as they went, till they dropped in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyards wanted to go back to his home in the pit, he trod on the bodies of the slain all the way, going down over a causeway of the dead.

The fiend of the grain-field waded chin-deep through the barley and the rye. As he came in he found all the grain talking about bread, and prosperous husbandmen, and thrifty homes. But the fiend thrust his long arms through the barley and rye, and pulled them up and flung them into the water, and kindled fires beneath, by a spark from his own heart, and there was a grinding, and a mashing, and a stench. And men dipped their bottles into the fiery juice, and staggered, and blasphemed, and rioted, and fought, and murdered, till the fiend of the grain-field was so well pleased with their behaviour, he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky-barrel; and there he sits by the door-way, at the bung-hole, laughing right merrily at the fact that out of so harmless a thing as barley and rye, he has made this world a suggestion of Pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy met the cows as they were coming up full-uddered from the pasture-field. As the maid milked, he said: "It will not take me long to spoil that mess. I will add to it some brandy, and sugar, and nutmeg, and stir them into a milk punch, and children will like it, and even temperance men will take it; and if I can do no more, I will make their heads ache, and hand them gradually over to the more vigorous fiends of the satanic delegation! And then he danced a breakdown on the shelf of the dairy, till all the shining row of milk-pans quaked.

The fiend of music entered a grog-shop and found

the customers few. So he made circuit of the city, and gathered up all the instruments of sweet sound, and after the night had fallen, he marshalled a band, and trombone blew, and cymbals clapped, and harp thrummed, and drum beat, and bugle called, and crowds thronged in and listened, and, with wine-cup in their right hand, began to whirl in a dance that grew wilder, and stronger, and rougher, till the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke through, and the crowd dropped into hell.

They had done their work so well, these fiends of vineyard, and grain-field, and dairy, and concert-saloon, that, on getting back, high carnival was held, Satan from his throne announcing the fact that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as the vineyards, and orchards, and grain-fields, and music paid such large tax to the diabolical. Then all the satyrs, and spirits, and demons cried, "Hear! hear!" and, lifting their chalices of fire, drank "Long life to rum-sellers! Prosperity to the gallows! Success to the liquor league." REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A DRINK TRAGEDY.

I.

LITTLE white hands
 Pale, pleading face,
 Beseeching, imploring—
 Oh, piteous case!

Hear the harsh answer ;
See the rough blow ;
Mad like a torrent,
The bitter tears flow.
A demon, the man ;
An angel, the wife ;
Ill mated, ill fated—
Death wedded to life.

II.

May-time long gone,
He won that sweet maid ;
She, guileless and trusting,
Believed all he said.

Glad was the may-time,
With promise of bliss ;
Sad it should ever
Have autumn like this.

She fondly cleaveth
To happiness past ;
Despairing, scarce daring
To think it will last.

III.

Trusting to win him
Back from the wrong ;
Entreating, persuading—
God make thee strong.

Strong to endure
Harsh answer, rough blow ;

To hide, e'en in smiles,
 Thy sorrow, thy woe.

Dreary, dark life—
 Year sighing to year—
 "Love blighted, love slighted
 And no one to cheer.

IV.

Fading away,
 Pure woman in all—
 Thy faith lives for ever,
 To touch and recall

Memories holy,
 Kind looks and kind tone,
 Shall haunt him and vanquish
 That cold heart of stone.

Labour is ended,
 Death brings thee release ;
 Thy teaching, far reaching,
 Shall lead him to peace.

V.

No fiction is this,
 Or fancy of mine ;
 But a story of life—
 A drama of wine.

One of the many,
 By night and by day ;
 In palace and hovel,
 'Mid sad and mid gay ;

In satin, in rags,
Hearts languish and pine;
Slow-breaking, sore-aching,
Because of the wine.

VI.

And shall we look on,
Be passive and mute,
While all around, MAN
Is changing to brute?

And womanhood sweet,
Is stript of its grace—
Besotted and sunken;
Of woman no trace!

No, no! is the cry
Of our Temperance band;
United and plighted
To save the dear land.

VII.

The drink-shops to close,
Where sorrow and sin,
In dark human tides
Flow out and flow in.

To save the poor wrecks
The "traffic" has made
The young life to cherish,
Our bold crusade.

Oh, God! for the time
 When each Christian heart,
 Arousing from drowsing,
 Shall with us take part.

JOHN TEMPERLEY GREY.

DRINK FOR ALL, AD LIBITUM!

"They gave them drink in vessels of gold . . . and royal wine in abundance . . . the drinking was according to the law; none did compel."—ESTHER i. 7, 8.

THE generous Squire of Stanton Lea,
 Upon some glad occasion,
 Invokes his friends and tenantry
 To general jubilation.
 Their tastes he knows, and solid food
 He gives in portions scanty;
 But, for the thirsty multitude,
 Strong drink goes round in plenty.

Six men go forth with four-horse dray,
 And fix—the folks to rally—
 A hogshead in each public way,
 A cask in every alley.
 Six maids—the amorous youths to draw,
 All habited genteelly,
 Parade the streets with spirits raw,
 And deal out noggins freely.

Strong men drink down the liquid fire,
 Gaunt dames with faces sunken;
 Big boys, frail girls, lie in the mire,
 Who ne'er before were drunken.

The treacherous draught that maketh mad,
 They drink by quart or quartern ;
 And all because the Squire has had
 A stroke of happy fortune !

Sir ! has the God of love to-day
 Made your condition better ?
 Then, answer me—Is this the way
 To show yourself His debtor ?
 Your envied gates you open throw
 To all surrounding dwellers ;
 And bring strong drink, *pro publico*,
 From your replenished cellars.

Kind heaven is owned with wicked hands,
 And bacchanalian revels !
 So, I have heard, in savage lands
 They sacrifice to devils.
 But scores exult about your board,
 And hundreds share your bounty ;
 And, surely, great is your reward—
 The praise of half a county !

Good Sir ! bethink you—What is this,
 To that which soon must follow ?
 All false and fleeting is the bliss,
 The acclamations hollow.
 How long shall blind good nature live
 By hellish hate outwitted ?
 And who, anon, must answer give
 For all the sins committed ?

The helpless sottishness of those
 In hoary age well stricken ?

Of stalwart men the frantic blows,
 And horrid oaths that thicken ?
 Of helpless babes the wailing cries ?
 Hard usage, and desertion ?
 Meek virtue taken by surprise ?
 Youth's fatal first perversion ?

Of talents the forbidden use,
 High duties all unpondered,
 Of lent possessions the abuse,
 Time profligately squandered ?
 All this, and more, which here to tell
 My feeble powers defieth—
 Mistaken Sir! bethink you well,
 Before whose door it lieth.

Would you, for benefits divine,
 Give thanks in present payment ?
 Instead of beer, and gin, and wine,
 Give food, and fire, and raiment.
 Make glad the widow's heart, and cheer
 The orphans' desolation ;
 And win, when fails your worldly gear,
 A heavenly habitation.

REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

AN AMERICAN JUDGE ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

THREE saloon keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors, and the following is the address of the judge who sentenced them, as reported in the *Chicago Tribune* :—

“By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond, and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law; you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated with violence, what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent; your business is legalised, and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonise over the loss of a son, or sister blush for the shame of a brother; you have a right to disregard them all, and pursue your legal calling: you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements to amusements; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skilfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and captivating beverages. You may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it: you have a license.

“You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent

your saloon ; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass ; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips, but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, ‘Leave my son to me until the law gives you the right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment, when I can assert for him no further right of protection ; that will be soon enough for him to take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood, at least. Let us have a few years of his youth, in which we may enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.’ This is something you have not paid for ; this is not embraced in your license.

“For this offence the Court sentences you to ten days’ imprisonment in the county gaol, and that you pay a fine of seventy-five dollars and costs ; and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid.”

THE VIPER IN THE FIRST GLASS.

ONE of the latest contributions to the literature of the bottle which I have seen, is the following note, written last week, and now lying before me:—
“My Dear Sir,—I am sorry to inform you that I have again fallen, and am now at Jefferson Police Court, Sixth Avenue, and Tenth Street. Will you not, in God’s name, come and pay my fine and deliver me? Please come at once; I will repay you. I am sick and almost beside myself.”

The author of the above distressing note is a young man of fine family, fine education, and attractive manners. He was for a short time a student in a Theological Seminary. Twelve hours before he was locked up in “Jefferson Police Prison,” as a street drunkard, he was at Dr. Bunting’s “Christian Home for Inebriates,” in Seventy-eighth Street. For several weeks he had been an inmate of that excellent institution. Knowing how often the wretched youth had fallen before, Dr. Bunting secured a good situation for him, to keep him from the temptations of idleness. Before sundown, he had slipped away from his new place of employment, and was arrested for drunkenness in the open street. And all this, too, in a young man of gentle, refined manners, not yet out of his twenties.

What are the lessons of this last text in the ever-enlarging chapter of damnation by the dram? Several

lessons. The first one is that when a drunkard has "reformed" often, and fallen quite as often, he gets used to falling. His will grows weaker every time, like a rope that has been broken repeatedly, and is the worse for mending. He becomes hardened in conscience, by every blow given to conscience. His self-respect has been wounded so often, that he grows reckless. He has broken so many good promises, that he does not really *believe himself* when he signs the pledge for the fifteenth or twentieth time.

2.—A second lesson from my fallen friend's case is that drunkenness becomes a horrible *disease*. It is as much a self-inflicted disease, as a consumption would be which was brought on by sleeping on the wet ground. This young man tells me that when the appetite clutches hold of him, he is *powerless to resist*. He is swept away like a chip on the rapids of Niagara. The utter impotence makes him the more desperate. Bitterly has he learned what God's word meaneth—"Whoso committeth sin is the *slave* of sin." What miracle the grace of God may yet work for my poor friend no one can predict; but up to this time no efforts, prayers, or promises have been of any avail. The demon of appetite still hurls him into the fires, and into the flood; and when cast out, he returns again with seven other evil spirits, and the last state of the man is worse than the first.

3.—But there was a time when my friend A——

was a sober boy, untainted with the cup. When he let it alone, he was safe. He saw his father drink, and began to tamper. His *first glass opened perdition* to him. Touching that first glass was like touching a victim of yellow fever; it was fatal. That last dram which sent him into the police cell, was but the last drop of his first drink.

Every day I see God's truth written up in more and more vivid lines of fire in the sky—"Look not on the wine when it is red; for at the last it biteth like an adder, and stingeth like a viper." *Total Abstinence* is the only gospel of salvation from the bottle. We have got to preach it from our pulpits, and teach it to our Sunday-schools, and enforce it in our homes—that the viper lies coiled up in the *first glass*.

T. L. CUYLER.

National Temperance Advocate.

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

A FIEND once met a humble man
 At night, in the cold, dark street,
 And led him into a palace fair,
 Where circled music sweet;
 And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart,
 From frost and darkness screened,
 Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
 And he worshipped before the fiend.

Ah! well if he never had knelt to the fiend,
 For a task-master grim was he ;
 And he said, " One half of thy life on earth
 I enjoin thee to yield to me,
 And when, from rising till set of sun,
 Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow—
 Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be."
 And the poor man ne'er said " No."

The poor man had health, more dear than gold,
 Stout bone and muscle strong,
 That neither faint nor weary grew
 To toil the June day long.
 And the fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud :
 " Thy strength thou must forego,
 Or thou no worshipper art of mine."
 And the poor man ne'er said " No."

Three children bless'd the poor man's home,
 Stray angels dropped on earth ;
 The fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,
 And he laughed in fearful mirth.
 " Bring forth thy little ones all," quoth he,
 " My godhead wills it so—
 I want an evening sacrifice."
 And the poor man ne'er said " No."

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,
 Who, since she blushed a bride,
 Had gilded his sorrows and brightened his joys—
 His guardian, friend, and guide.
 Foul fell the fiend! He gave command :
 " Come, mix the cup of woe ;
 Bid the young wife drain it to the dregs."
 And the poor man ne'er said " No."

Oh! misery now for this poor man,
 Oh! deepest of misery—
 Next the fiend his God-like reason took,
 And among the beasts fed he;
 And when the sentinel—mind—was gone,
 He pilfered his soul also;
 And, marvel of marvels! he murmured not—
 The poor man ne'er said "No."

Now, men and matrons in your prime,
 Children, and grandsires old,
 Come listen with soul as well as ear
 This saying whilst I unfold.
 Oh, listen, till your brain whirls round,
 And your heart is sick to think,
 That in England's Isle all this befell,
And the name of the fiend was—Drink.

MCLELLAN.

THE BONDAGE OF DRINK.

You think I love it? If this nerveless hand
 Could gain immortal strength, this very hour
 I'd sweep the whole hellish traffic from the land,
 And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.
 Yes, now, with my latest, dying breath,
 I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death.

Love it? I loathe it! Yet I drink and drink,
 And hate my bondage with a loathing hate,
 And hate myself as through the town I link.
 The pledge? No, no! Too late—Too late!
 No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath.
 Too late! There's no relief for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink; but not to drink
 Doth such a train of ghastly horrors wake
 As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.
 Ah, keep away, ye fiends, for pity sake,
 The very thought of them affects my brain;
 My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high,
 And breath God's air, a free and fearless man,
 And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
 With steady nerve to do, and head to plan;
 I'd love to grapple trials as they come
 In manly fashion, grave and strong. Love rum!

If only I could come into some land
 Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
 I'd fight these dreadful torments of the damned
 That clutch the soul of him that would be free!
 But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe
 To fall again as twice before? No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be
 In those old college days, so wild and gay,
 When first I drank in youthful revelry!
 How easy then to put the cup away!
 A mother's hope and joy I was till then;
 Now see me trembling—Ah! Those eyes again!

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, where you belong,
 I'll drink you down—what, blood? Drink blood?
 Help! Help! They come, a hideous, devilish throng.
 Back, get ye back! They'll toss me in the flood!
 Long, crooked hands are crawling in my hair!
 Is this the end? Ha, ha! Too late for prayer.

THE PRICE OF TWO DRINKS.

"REMNANTS, three-halfpence per yard! Cheap enough! Goods is going down! hope wages won't go after them." Tom Dillon went on, hands in his pockets. What connected in his mind the brown calico sewn with blue and yellow roses with the thin, wee, fretful face of his Betty? Betty was ailing that day, her mother said; and she had thought fit to whine and hold out wistfully her little hand when her father went off to work. The fingers in Tom's pockets held fivepence, the price of his regular morning drink. By some mental process, it occurred to him that fivepence would buy three yards of the calico, and that would make Betty a gown, and when she sat on his knee unfolding it at night the cross, sickly face would grow childlike and gay.

"She'll be more glad of the frock than I will of my drink," said Tom, and he turned back, and asked for three yards of the calico.

On the counter, a basket held narrow white trimming, marked " $\frac{1}{2}$ d."

"Does that mean a halfpenny a yard?" asked Tom. "Chip in a yard, and bring the money even."

"It will make a very neat little dress, and the edge will trim the neck and sleeves," said the shop-girl, pleasantly.

“Just the price of a drink,” said Tom, uneasily.

If all men would use their drink-money so, there would be less ragged children and discouraged mothers.

Well, Betty was not ragged, but she was shabby, and Nora, his wife, was getting to look listless and hopeless. Was it his fault? He never was drunk, never was drink-cross. Fivepence in the morning, the same at night, now and then a Sunday afternoon tippie, and a Monday off when he felt dull and cross—not much over five shillings a week, on the whole, year in and out; that was all. It was an “all” that made the difference between comfort and safety, and narrowness and anxiety at home. Tom did not realise it. He picked up his parcel.

“Suppose you buy the little girl a doll; these are only twopence-halfpenny,” said the shop-woman, persuasively, holding up a doll.

Tom was not wise in dolls, and this looked fine to him; it would to Betty, who had no doll. He paid the money. “Half of to-night’s drink gone,” he chuckled, and off he went to his work.

The master was going about the shop that morning. He finally called out: “See here, lads, I don’t wish to interfere with your private lives, but you are spending too much on drink. Now, who has *not* had a dram this morning?”

“I never touches it,” said an old fellow.

"I haven't had one," said Tom Dillon.

"And what have you in the bank," Abram?" asked the master.

"One hundred pounds," quoth Abram, feeling rich.

"Well, *I* had no dram, because I spent the money on a gown for Betty," said Tom. "I usually has a dram."

"It would be well if Betty stood always in the way of the dram; then each little Betty would have clothes, and schooling, and books, and a good trade or dowry. Say you spend five shillings a week on drams; if you put it instead in a box for Betty, until she was ten, she would have one hundred and thirty pounds. Betty would be an heiress."

As Tom went home that night he saw a shabby old man selling oranges.

"Halloo!" said Tom. "I've money due to Betty in my pocket."

"Two for twopence-halfpenny," said old Tim.

When Tom went home, he bestowed one orange on Betty and one on Nora. He felt as if he must excuse such generosity and delicate attention to his wife and child.

"You see, Old Tim worked in our shop once. But he got paralysis, and so he's took to selling oranges to keep him out of the poorhouse."

"What did he earn in the shop?" asked Nora.

"Say thirty-six shillings a week, year in and out."

“How many years did he work there?”

“Thirty, I’ve heard say,” replied Tom, innocently.

“And what did he spend on drams?”

“Well, he took a little more than I do; but he was not a drunkard, after all. Let’s say three half-crowns a week.”

“Do you know what he’d have had if he had laid that up every week?” asked Nora.

“No; I’m not so good at schooling as you, my lass?”

“Nigh on six hundred pounds, without a mite of interest. He’d have been a rich man now, not an orange pedlar. A snug little house, a servant, good furniture, a warm hearth, a tidy table. Now what good do his drams do him, and he round in the cold and mud hobbling about selling oranges?”

Betty in a beatific state, the flavour of the orange in her mouth, her doll hugged in her arms; Nora, looking cheery, diligently cutting and sewing the little gown—these represented to Tom Dillon the price of two drinks!

“What are you about, Tom?” someone asked at “nooning” next day.

“I’m making a box to hold my drams for Betty.

“Why, man, that child can’t use *drams*.”

“She thrive on ’em surprisin’,” responded Tom Dillon.

J. M’NAIR WRIGHT.

ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN BRAIN.

CASSIO's words to Othello are to-day adopted by cool, physiological science :—

“Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.”—Act II., Scene 3.

My support of Temperance Reform I would base upon the following propositions :—

1. Scars on the flesh do not wash out, nor grow out; but in spite of the change of all the particles of the body, are accurately reproduced without alteration by the flux of its particles.

2. It is as true of scars on the brain and nervous system as of those on any less important parts of the body that they will not wash out, nor grow out.

3. Scars on the brain or nervous system may be made by physical or mental habits, and are the basis of the self-propagative power of habits.

4. When the scars, or grooves, in which a habit runs, are made deep, the habit becomes automatic, or self-acting, and, perhaps, involuntary.

5. The grooves worn, or scars made, by good and bad habits, may be inherited. There is a physical

identity of parent and offspring; there is a spiritual identity of parent and offspring—and this twofold identity is concerned in the transmission of the thirst for drink. When the drunkard, who has an inflamed stomach, is the father of a child that brings into the world with it an inflamed stomach, you have a case of the transmission of alcoholic scars.

6. While self-control lasts, a bad habit is a vice; when self-control is lost, a bad habit is a disease.

7. When a bad habit becomes a disease, the treatment of it belongs to physicians; while it is a vice, the treatment of it belongs to the Church.

8. In probably nine cases out of ten among the physical difficulties produced by the use of alcohol, and not inherited, the trouble is a vice, and not a disease.

9. Alcohol, by its affinity for water, hardens all the albuminous or glue-like substances in the body.

10. It thus paralyses the small nerves, produces arterial relaxation, and deranges the circulation of the blood.

11. It produces thus an increased quickness in the beating of the heart, and a ruddiness of countenance, which are not signs of health, but of disease.

12. The deteriorations produced in the blood by alcohol are peculiarly injurious to the brain, on account of the great quantity of blood sent to that organ.

13. Alcohol injures the blood, by changing the colour and chemical composition of its corpuscles.

14. Most poisons and medicines act in the human system according to a law of local affinity, by which their chief force is expended on particular organs, and sometimes on particular spots of particular organs.

15. All science is agreed that the local affinity of alcohol, as of opium, prussic acid, haschish, balladonna, etc., is for the brain.

16. The brain is the organ of the mind, and the temple and instrument of conduct and character.

17. Whatever disorganises brain, disorganises mind and character; and whatever disorganises mind and character, disorganises society.

18. The local affinity of alcohol for the brain, therefore exempts it, in its relation to government, from the list of articles that have no such affinity, and gives to government the right, in self-defence, to interfere by the prohibitory regulation of its sale as a beverage.

19. It is not sufficient to prove that alcohol is not a poison to overthrow the scientific basis of its prohibitory laws.

20. Intemperance and cerebral injury are so related, that even moderate indulgence is inseparably connected with intellectual and moral disintonement.

21. In this circumstance, and in the inerasability of the scars produced by the local affinity of alcohol for the brain, the principle of total abstinence finds its justification by science.

JOSEPH COOK.

BRITAIN'S BANE.

COME join our ranks and help to fight
Our country's greatest foe,
We're listed on the side of right,
And right is might you know.

Old England has a mighty name,
Her power the nations fear,
The story of her matchless fame
To all her sons is dear.

Her soldiers yet are bold and brave,
Her ships on every sea
Still bear above the crested wave,
The standard of the free.

The world its tribute stoops to lay
At great Britannia's feet,
And some may say, who bless her sway,
Her glory is complete.

But 'tis not so—a mighty foe
Threatens our nation's life,
And tears and blood, and want and woe,
Attend the deadly strife.

The patriot weeps beside the graves
Of those whom drink has slain,
And mourns o'er all the fettered slaves
Bound by the demon's chain.

Up! if you would your country bless,
And brighten her renown,
Into the conflict bravely press,
And bring the monster down.

Come join our ranks, and help to fight
Our country's greatest foe,
We're listed on the side of right,
And right is might you know.

And right shall triumph over wrong,
And Britain yet shall be,
In truth and heaven-born virtue strong,
The country of the free.

REV. J. BRIGG

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

Who killed Tom Roper?
Not I, said New Cider,
I couldn't kill a spider;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Strong Ale,
I make men tough and hale;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Lager Beer,
I don't intoxicate. Dy'e hear? (cross.)
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Bourbon Whisky,
I make sick folks spry and frisky;

The doctors say so ; don't they know
 What quickens blood that runs too slow ?
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said sparkling old Champagne,
 No poor man e'er by me was slain ;
 I cheer the rich in lordly halls
 And scorn the place where the drunkard falls
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not we, said various other wines ;
 What ! juice of grapes, product of vines,
 Kill a man ? No, never !
 We didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Holland Gin,
 To charge such a crime to me is a sin ;
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Nor I, spoke up Brandy strong,
 He grew too poor to buy me long ;
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Medford Rum,
 He was almost gone before I come ;
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha ! ha ! laughed old Prince Alcohol,
 Each struck the blow that made him fall ;
 And all that helped to make him toper
 My agents were, to kill Tom Roper.

WHAT AN ARMY.

“Who hath woe?” Forward, march! Here comes the army of paupers. Look at them. Eight hundred thousand in divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies! Uniformed in rags and tatters. Look at their banners: “We waste 1,000,000,000 dollars a year We cost the tax-payers 100,000,000 dollars more each year.” Many were rich, most of them were comfortable. They unite in one chorus from sea to sea, “We have woe!” “Who hath sorrow?” Look! See the second army corps. Sixty thousand hearses, poor-house wagons, and biers, carrying sixty thousand drunkards to the grave each year; followed by the parents, brothers and sisters, wives and children, friends and neighbours, in funeral procession. Watch the tears, hear the groans and cries of the broken-hearted ones who lead little children by the hand. The orphan asylums are empty to-day. They answer, with one wail of agony and despair, “We have sorrow!” “Who hath contentions?” Third corps, move on! With the shuffle of the feet and the rattle of chains and fetters, three hundred thousand rioters, thieves, burglars, and murderers step forth from the dram-shops and beer-halls, where they are recruited to prey on society. Their million of victims join them in saying, “We have contentions!” “Who hath babblings?” The words mean vicious, obscene, and

liquor than is usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his long, bony finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound, like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightening, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet. "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all His children."

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water. But in the glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs, and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where storm-clouds brood and the thunderstorms crash; and out on the wild, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it—beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing

of beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem, till they seem turned to living jewels ; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon ; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower, folding its bright curtains softly around the wintry world, and weaving the many-coloured bow, that seraph's zone of the air, whose warp is the rain-drops of the earth, and whose woof is the sunbeams of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers of the mystic hand of refraction—that blessed life—water. No poisonous bubbles on its brink ; its foam brings not madness and murder ; no blood stains its liquid glass ; pale widows, and starving children, weep not burning tears in its depths. Speak out my friends ; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol ? ”

A shout, like the roar of the tempest, answered, “ No.”

JOHN B. GOUGH.

HOLY CHIVALRY.

WEEP not for the vanished glory,
 Burden of the minstrel's song ;
 When the knights of ancient story
 Battled against banded wrong

Or, with falser thought of duty,
Rushed where'er the lists were spread,
Thankful if some Queen of Beauty,
Crowned the living, mourned the dead.

Chivalry's was cruel splendour ;
There are nobler conflicts now ;
Worthier shrines, at which to render
Manhood's faith, and valour's vow.
Still the trampled nature calleth
For the valiant heart and hand ;
Ready, whatsoe'er befalleth,
In the deadly breach to stand.

Where the famine-stricken languish,
Pining through the hopeless years ;
Where grim laughter marks an anguish,
Far more terrible than tears.
Where o'er all the fated city,
Sorrow's ceaseless sable hangs ;
Where the helpless wail for pity ;
Where the martyrs hide their pangs.

Where, through months of midnights dreary,
Anxious but to screen from blame,
Women keep the watch unweary,
Grieving for a loved one's shame.
While the drunkards, homeward reeling,
Stagger through the silent town,
Or, before their idols kneeling,
Cast their vaunted manhood down.

Oh ! we need not wait for chances ;
Sin hath borne too bitter fruit ;
And the heavens, with pitying glances,
Look on man beneath the brute ;

Look on sorrowfullest sorrows,
 Which no healer charms away ;
Look on hearts, whose darker morrows
 Make less stern the dark to-day.

Christian soldier ! rise and arm thee !
 Take the Spirit's sevenfold shield !
Let no coward fears alarm thee,
 Recreant from this solemn field ;
Fiercer than the fabled giants,
 Are *thy* foes of Want and Crime ;
God thy helper ! men thy clients !
 Haste thee to the strife sublime.

Bid the slaves of sins' excesses
 Hearken what the Saviour saith ;
Weave the spell, which charms and blesses
 Round the spirits "drawn to death."
Though they spare from cursing never,
 Though men hate, deride, condemn,
Cease not from the brave endeavour ;
 Work to lift and rescue *them*.

By the heaven that shineth o'er you ;
 By the soul's uncounted worth ;
By the love which Jesus bore you ;
 By the human loves of earth ;
By the moments, speeding faster
 To the shore as yet untrod ;
By the dread of worse disaster ;
 By the holy name of God ;

Forward ! men beloved of Heaven !
 Wave your white device on high ;
Rest not till its hope hath given
 Light to every troubled sky ;

Go where none have gone beside you,
Go to homes of dark despair,
Men implore you, Christ will guide you,
Win your spurs of knighthood there.

W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

WHEN to the ballot-box you go,
Be careful what you do or say ;
But always have the nerve to stand,
And cast your ballot as you pray.

Remember uttering prayers alone
Will never speed you on your way ;
Your efforts should your prayers attend :
Be sure to work as well as pray.

Your prayers from early morn till night
To free men from the drunkard's way,
Will flee like dew before the sun,
Unless you act as well as pray.

In every contest for the right,
Stand firm and never fear to say
You'll stand and battle with your might,
And cast your ballot as you pray.

Faith should be shown by all your work ;
Press on ! for others lead the way ;
E'en though the contest may be great,
And cast your ballot as you pray.

The ballot is the mightiest power
For which to give to right the sway ;
Come, stand up manfully in your might,
And cast your ballot as you pray.

SAM SMALL'S EXPERIENCE.

THE following is the experience of Sam Small, as related by him in a meeting in Cincinnati :—

“ Further and further, deeper and deeper I was sinking, getting hopeless for business, hopeless for all social standing, hopeless for all the temporal interests of this world, hopeless for eternity ; and in the very madness of my disordered brain, and in my very soul, there seemed, at times, no avenue of escape at all from this self-imposed bondage, except through insanity on one hand, and through suicide on the other.

“ I saw that my wife and children had given up all hope ; they did not know, from day to day, how I would come home to them. They had seen me brought there, day after day, time after time, insensible and unable to recognise them from the influence of this deadly and poisonous drug. They had seen me when I was brought in and laid on my bed covered with blood, and it seemed as though my days were indeed numbered, and that I should soon fall in the midst of my iniquity.

They had seen me when I was brought home with the wounds of the knife and pistol on my body, and they had heard the rumours from the streets and delves of the dangers with which I had been constantly surrounded of late. To them it seemed as though there was no avenue nor loophole of escape from a terrible death. There was not the sign of hope or spirit beaming out from their beautiful faces. They knew not, from day to day, whether I would live to greet them another day. They knew not whether, if my life were prolonged, they would be able to procure the very necessities of life from day to day.

“They knew not at what hour the very shelter that shielded them from the storm, and from the heat, would be removed from over their heads, and they removed from under its shelter. There were visions of uncertainty, of the sheriff to dispossess, of the heartless landlord to distrain for rent, of the creditor to come and take all. There was no future ahead of them, except a future of impenetrable gloom, through which seemed to come nothing but warnings of deeper woe and agonies yet to come. O Lord, how good Thou wast to me: Thou hast given me relief from that bondage at my seeking.

“At last there came a time when I seemed to have reached the limit. Something strange impelled me to take my little children, as a loving act, an act it seemed to me of reparation for neglect of weeks preceding, and

go upon the train to Cartersville, where Brother Jones was preaching to immense audiences, and from whence the report had come that there were many and many hundreds, and even thousands, who were coming back into harmony with God. And as I sat upon the platform endeavouring to take in stenography the words as they fell from his lips, it seemed to me that God had inspired him to preach upon one certain line. He preached it with the faith that is his alone; he preached it with that fidelity which is his distinguishing characteristic; he preached with the earnestness, and with the conviction, that broke down the casement of my heart, and went home to it. When he had finished, those words of 'Conscience!' 'conscience!' 'conscience!' and of 'Record!' 'record!' 'record!' God the infinite, the all-seeing, and the ever-judging God came home to me.

"I went away from there troubled in mind and soul. I went home, and back into the devious ways, back into the bar-room, back into the open highways, back to the maddening bowl, in order to get away from the torments I was suffering from an awakened conscience. But they would not leave me. I could find no solace where I had often found insensibility. I could find no relief in potations, where I had often found indifference and capability to take on a cool exterior. There was nothing there to give me surcease from the sorrow in my bosom; and I went on and on until the second day,

on Tuesday, at noon. I went into my library-room, fell upon my knees, buried my face in my hands ; and I pleaded with Christ that He would let me cling to His cross, lay down all my burdens and sins there, and be rescued and saved by His compassion ; and that I might be washed in the stream of His blood from His bleeding side ; and that my sins, though they were scarlet, might be as snow.

“ I wrestled for four long hours in as much agony as I ever suffered. At the end of that time, when I had reached a conclusion, when I had come to understand that there was nothing of earth that could avail me, least of all with Christ ; then I gave myself entirely to Him, made an unconditional surrender, and that moment He seized my soul. He dipped it in the stream that was white and pure, and the light of heaven shone in upon me.

“ In my new found joy, I rushed into the presence of wife and children. I proclaimed the glad tidings to their astonished ears, and they could hardly believe it, though they saw that some great revolution had taken place. They knew not whether it was a surrender to Christ, or whether it had been a surrender to madness.

“ But when I went out that evening, I had three thousand circulars printed and distributed all over Atlanta, telling the people I had found my Saviour ; that I had made peace with God ; and that I would live a life of righteousness ever after, and desired to

make a proclamation for once, and irrevocable. They gathered at seven o'clock upon the public streets that night, and there before them I proclaimed the fact, and blessed be God, I have been proclaiming it ever since with increasing joy, and with the certainty that my salvation is complete.

“Returning home, I could see that Jesus had knocked at the tomb of my wife's life, as he did at that of Lazarus, and had called it forth in all its pristine strength and beauty ; and its bloom and blossom have been on my pathway ever since. I could see that my children had found tongue to sing the joy and praise, and their hearts had been set attuned, as they never had been before, to the melody of childhood, singing to the ears of fatherhood. I could see that there was gladness wherever I went upon the faces of acquaintances and friends ; and when the news had gone abroad in the land they who had known me abroad sent me their glad congratulations and their encouragement.

“Blessed be God that from the day He reached down and lifted me up from the miry pit, and established my feet upon the rock of Christ that is higher than we, I have been going on from joy to joy, a bird of liberty, singing the praises of my Redeemer.”

From Western Christian Advocate.

WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

BEFORE our war came on we had slavery, and we had what we call "the Mason and Dixon line"—a line running through the Republic, dividing the slave States from the free States; and there was a constant war going on in Congress. The slaveholders wanted the line extended, and the free States said that they would never have another State admitted into the Union with slavery; and that is what brought on the war. If a man got out of the Southern States and into the Northern States, the master could go into the Northern States and claim him back. There was a Fugitive Slave Bill passed that gave the master power to go into any State in the Union and take his "property"—his slave back. I remember when I went into Boston, at the age of seventeen, I had never seen much of political excitement. It was in those days when the abolitionists were in their great power, and had many orators. Some of the finest speakers I ever heard were those who were to the fore at that time. Phillips, Garrison, Garrett Smith, and also a good many young men like Charles Sumner and Senator Wilson. I have never seen audiences moved as those audiences were moved. Those orators swayed them by thousands and tens of thousands. About that time Anthony Burns was arrested, and his old master came from Virginia into Boston, and said he must go back

into Virginia, and the issue was raised: Shall that man take him right out of the cradle of liberty, and carry him back into slavery? And the whole nation was moved from end to end. The military were called out, and it looked as if there was going to be bloodshed. There was a conflict between the law and the multitude. The multitude said that Burns should not go back, and the law said that he must go back. I remember when the mob broke into the court-house they were fired on, and I was very much excited. My blood was stirred within me when the law prevailed, and when Anthony Burns was taken through the streets from the court-house to the wall, the wall was craped in mourning, and right across the street there was on a coffin: "Liberty buried this day in Boston," and men wept as they saw Anthony Burns led back into slavery and servitude. There was another law passed here in the days of Wilberforce, and the law was that no slave could breathe under the Union Jack, that slavery was to be swept away. But you have something *worse* than this in England—the *accursed liquor traffic*. When will you sweep that away?—D. L. MOODY.

“GIVE US A CALL.”

[Suggested by seeing these words in a Saloon Advertisement.]

GIVE us a call ! we keep good beer,
Wine and brandy, and whisky here ;
Our doors are open to boys and men,
And even to women now and then.
We lighten their purses, we taint their breaths,
We swell up the column of awful deaths.

All kinds of crimes

We sell for dimes

In our sugar'd poisons, so sweet to taste !
If you've money, position, or name to waste,
Give us a call.

Give us a call ! In a pint of our gin
We sell more wickedness, shame and sin,
Than a score of clergymen, preaching all day
From dawn till darkness could preach away.
And in our beer (though it may take longer
To get a man drunk than drinks that are stronger)
We sell out poverty, sorrow, and woe—
Who wants to purchase ? Our prices are low.
Give us a call.

Give us a call ; we'll dull your brains,
We'll give you headaches, and racking pains,
We'll make you old while you yet are young,
To lies and slander we'll train your tongue ;
We'll make you a shirk,
From all useful work,
Make theft and forgery seem fair play,
And murder a pastime sure to pay.
Give us a call.

"Whispered of honour and spoke of fame,
 Lured them with hopes of a glorious name,
 Of conquered lands, of increasing power,
 Led them, step by step, on to this hour ;
 For I love to see a murd'rous fight,
 To hear the clash of the weapons bright ;
 I love to list to the cannons roar,
 I shout with joy at the sounds of war.

"Dear are the shrieks of the wounded men,
 Led on to slaughter again and again,
 'Tis nothing to me that mothers weep,
 Over murdered sons, with anguish deep ;
 That the fair girl waits her lover brave,
 But waits in vain—he is in his grave ;
 That the wife sits fast by the cottage door,
 And thinks of him she will see no more.

"Ah ! no, I care nought for sighs and tears,
 For woman's fond hopes, or woman's fears ;
 I revel in bloodshed and dying groans,
 Fall sweet on my ear those plaintive moans ;
 I like to list to that thrilling cry,
 The Demon—the Demon of War am I !"
 And he waved his hands that dripped with blood,
 And shouted aloud as there he stood.

"Well may you glory," another cried,
 As he nimbly sprang to the dark fiend's side ;
 "Grand is the triumph around you spread,
 Those ghastly forms of dying and dead ;
 But it does not last, 'twill be over soon,
 And then for awhile your work is done ;
 'Tis not so with me, for day by day,
 And year by year, not once do I stay.

“ Restlessly, ruthlessly, toiling on,
My terrible work is never done ;
I make not such noise and show as you,
More stealthily I my way pursue ;
But just as deadly the grasp of my hand,
As fatal my pois'nous breath o'er the land.
I carefully hide *myself* from sight,
And clothe me in beauteous garments bright.

“ Men do not see 'tis a demon come,
But welcome me as a friend to their home ;
Yet 'tis I that nerve the murderer's hand,
At the prison doors 'tis I that stand ;
I help the robber to do his work,
In the foul haunts of the town I lurk ;
I urge men on in a mad career,
Fill women's hearts with alarm and fear.

“ Destroy the bliss of many a life,
And curse alike both husband and wife.
By the side of beauty I take my stand,
And hurl her down with relentless hand.
To the wise and good I craftily steal,
And crush them beneath my merciless heel ;
I stain the once bright, unsullied name,
Bow down the father's grey head with shame.

“ I help to people the maniac's cell,
To crowd the workhouse, to fill the gaol ;
I drown the senses, and torture the brain,
I glory in thousands of victims slain.
'Tis thus I go on, and year by year,
Do deadly fruits of my work appear ;
For I lead men on to believe a lie,
The terrible Demon of Drink am I.”

And loudly he laughed in his fiendish glee,
As he shouted, "Oh, what a curse are we!"
And both rejoiced at the ills they had wrought,
The misery they to this earth had brought.
A harvest rare the War Fiend is reaping,
Filling fair homes with anguish and weeping;
And thousands ensnared, deluded, still sink,
The victims of the dark Demon of Drink.

THREE FRIENDS, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

PART I.

"FOR my part, I don't see what's the good of a friend, if you can't ask a favour of him," muttered Martha Cutts, as she leaned her grimy elbows on the low half-door, which kept the children within her cottage.

"What's the matter, Martha?" asked her neighbour, after a reconnoitring glance down the street, to make sure that Cutts was out of hearing.

"Haven't you heard me and Jim have some words?"

"Yes, I thought so. What's it all about?"

"Coals. I use such a sight of 'em, now I've taken to the ironing, and it's just ruination to keep buying dabs, like I do. I want him to get me four or five hundred,

when he gets his wages paid, and borrow Joe Brown's donkey-cart, to lead them home. Joe'd ha' done with it by that time o' night, and I'm sure he'd lend it. But Jim says he hates to be poking, and he can't think of asking."

"What stuff! Why, if he's so very particular, he might hire the cart for an hour; he'd save a deal more than that, in buying wholesale."

"Of course he would, and so I told him; but he says, 'No.' Says he, 'Joe's my friend, and if I offered to pay him, he wouldn't let me, and so I shan't cheek it to ask.'"

"In plain English, he didn't mean to do it, and, if I was you, I should just natter at him till he did."

"I think I shall, for, really, if ever there was an aggravatin' do-nothing kind of a man, it's *Jim!* There, I may moil all day and all evening, and he never offers to do a hand's turn to help me, nor ever so much as says, cheery-like, 'Well, Martha, how have you got on to-day?' If I'd known how little he'd care about me by now, I'd never have married him!"

With this original reflection, Martha went back into her kitchen, fully resolved to "bother him into doing it."

* * * * * *

"I say, Jim, my missis says your missis wants me to lend you my donkey-cart to haul her a load of coals," said Joe Brown one night, as he and Cutts and

Greeves were drinking together at the "Spider and Fly."

Jim intimated, in a manner that was more forcible than elegant, that he had heard that till he was tired of it, and did not mean to do it, either.

"You might as well," said Greeves, who, *when he was sober*, was very kind to his wife. "It won't be much trouble, and it's a deal better than having so many words about it, I should think."

After a little more altercation, Jim went sulkily off, and soon appeared at his garden-gate with the desired load of coals.

The cottage fronted a river, which, though narrow, was rather deep, and sufficiently rapid to furnish water-power for a large wheel near by. The narrow lane was protected by a slight paling, on the water-side; the other was formed by the cottages, which opened into it without gardens. Jim was cross, and half-tipsy; the donkey was tired, and not accustomed to the strange voice and hand; so, instead of backing up to the door, it twisted round, and brought the little cart against the palings, with a shock that tore down three or four feet of it. With a desperate drag, Jim stopped the creature depositing its load in the water, and got the coal safely on his own premises. It was not till Jim had gone to work next morning, and Martha had taken up her favourite position, gossiping in the doorway, that she knew of Jim's accident.

"Well, there's destruction, I do think!" she exclaimed, as she looked at the gap in the fence, and the splinters lying round. "I must get Jim to mend that when he comes home at dinner-time."

Easier said than done. Jim was not much disposed to exert himself, as usual, and the most his wife could extort from him was a promise that after work he would nail some of the larger fragments across, so as to prevent the children falling into the water. By night, however, some quick eyes and hands had been at work, and every scrap of wood that was large enough for a kindling had been carried off. It was no use for Martha to scold or coax, Jim only assured her "the young uns would be safe enough if she looked arter 'em;" and there the matter ended.

A roistering company sat in the tap-room of the "Spider and the Fly," and Joe Brown had been obliging the company with a song; after which, of course, there was a general filling up of glasses or pots, and the sober soon became drunk, and the tipsy half-mad.

"Say that again, Greeves," shouted a man who suddenly thought himself insulted. "And if you do, I'll knock your teeth down your throat with this mug;" and he waved the weapon wildly as he spoke.

"You'd best not," answered Cutts, "Greeves is quite proud of his teeth, I can tell you; I don't know what he can't do with them. To hear him talk, you'd think it was a Nasmyth steam hammer he kept."

"I know something he can't do," said the knight of the mug.

"What's that?" chorussed several voices.

"Draw a pin out of a beaver hat with them," was the answer.

"I can," was the prompt reply.

The challenger disappeared, and after a longish search he returned with a greasy, battered old hat. The nap on the crown was rough and stubbly, and an ordinary pin was rammed well down through it.

When Greeves, after grabbing vainly for some seconds, raised his face to breathe, he was greeted by a roar of laughter that both surprised and infuriated him. Successive attempts provoking similar shouts, he lost all command of himself, and flung the hat at his tormentor. He promptly "bonneted" Greeves, and a general fight began, which brought the landlord in at once. He turned the combatants out wholesale, and they soon dispersed. The three friends linked arms, as they were all decidedly unsteady, and set out slowly. Before they had gone very far, Brown began to drag deplorably. In the scuffle he had fallen with one foot under him, and had sprained his ankle severely. As it gave way under him he dragged the others, and all fell heavily on the ground.

After they had with great difficulty found their feet again, Cutts and Greeves walked on, but, recalled by poor Brown's appeals for help, they returned, and tried

to carry him between them, with what result may easily be imagined. They were all stupified with drink and stunned with their repeated falls. Brown seemed, indeed, to have relapsed into unconsciousness, and was a very dead weight to carry.

Suddenly a strange and wicked thought darted into Jim's head. "We can't go on like this," he stuttered; "we shall never get to our homes again. Let's chuck him over the wall."

"All right," responded his fellow-inebriate. "Let's count three to him."

"One, two, three, and away!"

A dull, heavy thud told them that their *friend* had reached the ground, which was some feet lower than that on which they were standing. They bent over the low wall and peered down for a moment, but Brown did not move or call.

"He's asleep," said Cutts; "he'll do well enough till morning, then his little lad can take the donkey-cart round for him."

PART II.

GREEVES and Cutts plodded on in silence for about a quarter of a mile, and then their roads parted.

Greeves groped his way in, for his wife had been in bed some time, and the house was all dark. Flinging himself down beside her, he was soon fast asleep.

The next thing he knew was in the broad daylight, when his wife's voice aroused him.

"Dan! what's the matter with you? are you convulsed?"

"Of course not, fool! Are you convulsed?" was the surly answer.

"What is the matter, then? you're black in the face!" and as she spoke she took down the looking-glass from the wall, and handed it to her half-awake husband.

Black in the face he certainly was, in irregular patches, and his drink-bloated skin showing between, made him truly hideous. For some moments he gazed speechless, utterly at a loss to explain the appearance; at last he guessed the truth. The long absence of his challenger the evening before, had not all been taken up in *finding* a hat, but rather in preparing it. A liberal allowance of soot had been rubbed among the nap, and his grimed face had been the cause of the peals of laughter which had annoyed him so much.

"Well, you had better lie still a bit, and try to sleep it off," said his wife with a sigh; "you're no good to work at present, that's flat!" and she left him quiet, while she busied herself about her work, and at last went out to the town pump for water.

As usual there was a group of women and children talking, but to-day there seemed to be something of

more than usual interest, for voices were eager, and the crowd was continually increasing.

"Here's Mrs. Greeves! Have you heard about it?"

"No, nothing. What's happened?"

"Neither Cutts nor Joe Brown has been home all night. There was a row at 'The Spider and the Fly,' and they were turned out, along with your husband and a few others, all fighting, and no one knows anything more about it."

"My husband came home; he has not said one word about the others," answered Mrs. Greeves, with an instinctive feeling that she had better say as little as possible. "Let me fill my pail, and I'll go and ask him as quick as I can."

"Dan!" she exclaimed, anxiously, on her return, "what's the last you know about Cutts and Brown? they are both missing!"

"Both?" was the startled answer, and Dan sprang up and began to dress. "Brown sprained his ankle, or something of the sort, and we couldn't get him along, so we left him in Farmer Newton's clover patch for the night, and promised to send his lad and the donkey-cart for him this morning. As to Cutts, I know he got safe to the end of his lane, for we parted there."

"Don't come out, Dan; you are the last that was with them, and it may be very awkward if anything's happened to either."

The wife went back and told the expectant group, some of whom started at once for the clover patch, while the others lingered to wonder and discuss about Jim Cutts.

A suspicion that he might have staggered through the gap in the fence and drowned himself, had taken possession of Mrs. Greeves; but she dare not suggest it, lest the others should think she was too knowing, and suspect her husband.

“The idea of Brown staying in the field all night!” she remarked. “It’s a good thing there’s no pool there, or he might have rolled in in his sleep. How could Cutts get lost between the end of the lane and his home?”

“Perhaps he found the water, if Brown didn’t,” said another, with a shudder. “That opening in the fence is just opposite his own gate!”

“They have a drag at the mill,” added a third; “we’d best get it, I think.”

“Just wait till they bring news of Brown; they’ll be here directly.”

They came, with the news Mrs. Greeves was dreading yet expecting to hear. Brown was dead, quite cold and stiff. Swiftly she regained her cottage, and told her husband, ending with, “So there will have to be an inquest, for sure, and you’ll have to tell all you know about it. Oh, Dan! will it get you into trouble?”

“I’m afraid it will. The fact is, I have not a very

clear idea of what did happen now, and I'm afraid they will think I know more than I will tell."

"Then hadn't you better make off while they are busy dragging the river?"

"What, and leave you behind to bear it all? I've done enough mischief without that, I think."

"Then I'll come too," replied his wife, who had a lively horror of seeing her husband arrested, and sentenced to the gallows.

A hasty collection of anything valuable and small was made, and they quitted their house by the back door, hurried by unfrequented paths to the railway, walked down the line to the next station, and then took tickets for a small town, where, living under false names, no one was likely to know them. It was summer weather, and they managed to get employment in the fields; but they were in continual fear of discovery till they had left England, and settled, with a new name, on a new shore.

That time of peril and hardship was not lost upon Greeves. He has learnt now to refrain from putting the enemy into his mouth that steals away his brains; but, though repentant and forgiven, sin can never be undone. He cannot look forward to an honourable old age in his native land. He cannot blot out the picture which conscience has impressed so vividly on his memory, of the night when he made himself beneath contempt, and cast a shadow over all his future life.

And what of the future life of the shattered and the
drowned bodies, that lie side by side in that cemetery ?

E. WADDY.

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

AFTER TOM HOOD.

WITH skirts that are sodden and worn,
With filth on their shivering feet,
The women go in unwomanly rags,
Wending their way in the street ;
Sickly, dishevelled, and soiled,
By gutter and gully begirt,
Where the open drain, with its direful wash,
Bubbles the song of the dirt.

Dirt, dirt, dirt,
In the gloomy hours of night,
And dirt, dirt, dirt,
With morning's dawning light ;
In entry, alley, and court,
Puddle and poisonous stream,
Drunk with vice till they fall asleep,
And drink again in a dream !

Oh, Christian women and men,
In the dens of the squalid shoals,
'Tis not alone the dirt that is seen,
But that which creeps to their souls.

Sunk, sunk, sunk,
By vices and filth begirt,
Living at once for a double death,
A life in the reeking dirt.

But why should we talk of death,
When life is a greater curse ?
The heart may shrink at his horrid shape,
But the picture of life is worse ;
This picture of life is worse—
Though the flesh on the bones may creep,
As the rattle of death in the throat is heard
When he gathers them in to sleep.

Dirt, dirt, dirt,
And want that never flags ;
Not always a crust, nor often a couch,
But always the filth and rags.
A fatherless child in the throes of death,
A lipless jug and a chair ;
A human brute on a broken bench,
And a starving mother there.

Lost, lost, lost,
In a chaos of filth and crime,
And lost, lost, lost,
In the whirling mesh of time ;
In entry, alley, and court,
In reeking street and den,
Making mere brutes of women and girls,
And fiends of boys and men.

Dirt, dirt, dirt,
In winter's murky light,
And dirt, dirt, dirt,
When the summer is warm and bright ;

When the flowers their incense breathe,
And the birds their anthems sing,
There's still no balmy breath for them,
No smile of the loving spring.

Come, some reforming hand,
And come in merciful might,
Come, spirit of love, to the lowly poor,
Where never hath shone Thy light.
Oh, that the day would dawn
When, by crime and sin begirt,
From sickening "slum" may ne'er be heard
The song of the sickening dirt.

W. W. ROWE.

THE FOE WE LOVE TO HATE.

PRESS home this truth on age and youth,
That drink's a foe to high and low.
Whate'er it's name—it bites the same ;
In colours fair—it's sting is there.
Howe'er it moves—a mocker proves.
Where'er it's found—mishaps abound.
Its power destroys our dearest joys.
Its shouts and cheers oft end in tears.
Dupes hoot and sing beneath its sting ;
Then, filled with fear, they disappear.
It crowds the way that leads astray.
Instead of gains, it yields fierce pains.
Its vaunted hopes all end in mopes.
Abroad, at home, where'er we roam,
Look where we choose, it mischief brews.

It sinks men in—to debt and sin ;
Their prospects bright it turns to night.
By its vile aid dark plots are laid ;
Then barbarous crimes disgrace our times.
It fires men's brains, then madness reigns.
With groans and wails, it fills our gaols.
Its weighty rates distress creates.
From vice and rags, and sorrow's dregs,
The brewing class their millions mass.
Its dealers fall, the first of all ;
Their tipping ways cut short their days.
Its fatal spell enchants so well,
That men renowned are charmed and bound,
Then whirl'd round—the abyss—and drowned.
Huge gains it brings to queens and kings ;
But, O ! how soiled, debased and spoiled.
No court is paid to sex or grade :
Its talons strike all ranks alike.
It gives the rich twitch after twitch ;
They've household woes—rheumatic throes—
A strawberry nose—and gouty toes.
In all its doing it leads to ruin.
It blocks the road to God's abode,
And crowds can tell it leads to hell.
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers
(For your own sakes as well as others),
To this dire foe no quarter show.
Its dread career should make all fear.
Don't touch, nor taste—'tis worse than waste.
Don't buy, nor sell—'twill peace dispel.
Don't give, nor take—'twill trouble make.
But rise and stand—pledge heart and hand—
God's armour take, and ever make
Your wishes known, at mercy's throne.
Thus armed complete, let none retreat ;
But shout this truth to age and youth

That drink's a foe, to high and low ;
 And ne'er refrain—'midst loss or gain—
 To cry amain—"Abstain, abstain!"

THOMAS CRAMP.

From Temperance Record.

LONGFELLOW ON INTEMPERANCE.

IN Longfellow's beautiful dramatic poem of "The Golden Legend," there occurs a life-like picture of the fascinations and terrible consequences of drink. We give a few abridged extracts. The scenes are mediæval, and the ideas in accordance with the superstitions of the times. In the prologue Lucifer and the Powers of the Air appear, trying to tear down the cross from the spire of Strasburg cathedral. They fail, and then attempt to destroy the bells, the stained windows, the porches, the house of God itself, but are

"Baffled, baffled ;"

and they fly away

"With the night wind,
 Over field, and farm and forest,
 Blighting all we breathe upon."

The first scene opens in a chamber in a castle on the Rhine. where, at midnight, Prince Henry sits ill, restless, and alone. To him enters Lucifer, disguised as a travelling physician. The prince describes his malady and its hopelessness, and Lucifer boasts his wondrous lore and skill, and asserts that he has

"Discovered
 The secret that so long hath hovered
 Upon the misty verge of truth,
 The elixir of perpetual youth.
 Called Alcohol."

Angel—"It is but the rest of the fire, from
Which the air has been taken!
With fiendish laughter
Hereafter
This false physician
Will mock thee in thy perdition."

Prince Henry—

"Speak! speak!
Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!
The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er;
I feel the chill of death no more!
At length
I stand renewed in all my strength!
Beneath me, I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending God
Upon its surface trod,
And like a pebble, it rolled beneath his heel!"

Angel—"Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the angel of death;
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! Oh, beware!
For sickness, sorrow, and care
All are there!"

Prince Henry (sinking back)—

"O Thou voice within my breast,
Why entreat me? Why upbraid me?
Golden visions wave and hover;

Golden vapours, waters streaming ;
 Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming !
 I am like a happy lover
 Who illumines life with dreaming !”

The Prince's head falls on the book, and the angel, receding foreshadows the remorse and sorrow which will follow the false and fleeting excitement and pleasure produced by the Alcohol, which Lucifer lured him to drink.

Angel—“ Alas ! alas !
 Like a vapour, the golden vision
 Shall fade and pass ;
 And thou wilt find in thy heart again
 Only the blight of pain,
 And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !”

In these extracts, Longfellow preaches a powerful temperance sermon. So many gifted poets have prostituted their powers at the shrine of Bacchus, that we ought to honour one who had the courage and the convictions which led him to sing the sins and sorrows of those who bow down before the vinous god.

OUR PLATFORM.

If there is any one democratic principle known among men, it is the principle of the right of the people to abate a public nuisance, the right of the people to self-preservation. We claim, therefore, the right of the people in every community on all this continent to

suppress, by legislation, the great nursery of crime, pauperism, degradation, immorality, and the destruction of what is, after all, the life-blood of the nation—its brain and its working power. The liquor-traffic has not only drained the pockets and filled the almshouses, but it murders manhood; and, therefore, our American republicanism, as well as our Christianity, rises up in stern indignation, protesting against it, and demanding the right to suppress it wherever the people see fit to exercise that right.

Here are our principles: total abstinence, the reformation of men through the love-power, personal persuasion, and the right to suppress the tippling-houses by law. We welcome to our ranks all who hate drink, and drinking usages, and dram-shops; we widen our platform for all prohibitionists and moral-suasionists, asking each to stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder, and to work in the line God calls them. With God's help, henceforth there shall not be dissensions, bickerings, and alienations in the ranks of this great Christian reform. There is work enough for us all. We claim that no man can work with us efficiently who does not so hate drink that he is willing to put it out of his house, and to put it out of his own hand. If he prefers to work in the line of prohibition, so let him work; or in the line of personal persuasion, so let him or her work. We have before us an ideal; we are striving towards it. People say of us teetotalers, "You

are idealists." We are. This nation would not be what it is to-day but for the striving towards a glorious ideal that the Abraham Lincolns and the Charles Sumners kept ever before them as the mark of the prize of their high calling. The Christian Church is a company of idealists striving towards the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Just imagine a church drawing up a creed full of compromises! How long would that Church live? Imagine a pulpit striving to preach a piebald morality! No, the temperance cause cannot compromise. We cannot sink below our ideal, which is as lofty as the Word of God and the welfare of humanity. We believe in touching not, and tasting not, intoxicating drinks. We believe in all efforts to suppress the dram-shop, and we shall still strive towards that end. The moment we lower the standard, the moment we compromise, the cause is gone, and we are gone with it.

I call upon you, therefore, to stand with us on the platform that to so many seems mere idealism. Paul was an idealist in the estimation of Athens, and Corinth, and Rome. If Paul had abated one jot, or compromised one line, where would the Gospel of Jesus Christ be? Let us put the mark as high as heaven. Let us take our tempted fellow-creatures by the hand, pointing them to that mark, bid them strive towards it, and ask God to help us to help them towards it. This is no hour for retreat. God sum-

mons this nation now, as He summoned it years ago, to enter the great conflict against the most terrible enemy of the nation's life and liberty.

“ Deeper than thunder on summer's first shower,
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour ;
Shall we falter before what we've pray'd for so long,
When the wrong is so weak, and the right is so strong ? ”

REV. T. L. CUYLER.

I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you—not any for me ;
My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free ;
I will go to my home and my children to-night,
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight ;
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife,
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
“ *I have never refused you before ?* ” Let that pass—
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red bloated face ;
Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand.
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.
Why even the children will hoot as I pass ;
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

Away from the house ; and that night when I slept,
 Next my heart lay the PLEDGE. You smile, let it pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me ; her faith and her love
 Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above.
 I will make my word true, or I'll die in the race,
 And sober I'll go to my last resting place ;
 And she shall kneel *there*, and, weeping, thank God,
 No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-strewn sod.
 Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
 When he spoils a neighbour's fame ;
 If we would but help the erring,
 Ere we utter words of blame ;
 If we would, how many might we
 Turn from paths of sin and shame !

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
 If we would but see the way !
 Ah, the pains that might be brightened
 Every hour and every day,
 If we would but hear the pleadings
 Of the hearts that go astray !

Let us keep outside the stronghold
 Of our selfishness and pride ;
 Let us lift our fainting brothers,
 Let us strengthen ere we chide ;
 Let us, ere we *blame* the fallen,
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed !—Ah, how blessed
 Earth would be if we'd but try
 Thus to aid and right the weaker,
 Thus to check each brother's sigh ;
 Thus to walk in duty's pathway
 To our better life on high !

In each life, however lowly.
 There are seeds of mighty good ;
 Still, we shrink from souls appealing
 With a timid " If we could "—
 But the Lord who judgeth all things,
 Knows the truth is " If we would."

"BROKEN."

CLAREMONT COTTAGE was one of the prettiest homes in "the Island," as the Isle of Wight is affectionately called by those who know and love its truly English beauty. Mrs. Vivian thought it specially suited to herself, the wife of a gentleman holding a commission in the Royal Navy. Not too near the beach, so that stormy weather and the sound of dashing waves could

make her nights restless by reason of foreboding fears for her husband's safety ; yet so near, that the element he worked on should be familiar to his children's eyes, and they should grow to love its varying moods, as did their father.

Never was mother so blest in her children as was Mrs. Vivian. A boy and a girl, getting old enough to be companions, with an instinctive love for truth, deep affections, good health, and clear, capable minds. As she watched them at their play, or taught them, or walked with them, she daily thanked God that He had given her such blessings to cheer the many lonely months of her husband's unavoidable absence.

Mrs. Vivian was a very quiet, retiring woman, and though she had now lived in Claremont Cottage three years, she had made no intimate friends among her neighbours. Many longed to be friendly, touched by the soft voice and the look of care on the still young face ; but as their attempts failed, they gave it up, saying, " That after all Mrs. Vivian took too much to heart her husband's absence—many wives were much worse off—and in times of peace there was no need for such extreme anxiety."

Ah, they little knew all that the young wife feared. If peril only to the body had been before him, she would have cast her care on the Lord, and prayed Him for strength and patient resignation ; but it was a worse peril that she feared for him, a worse dread that

made her hands tremble as she opened any unfamiliar letter, or heard of an unexpected caller.

Lieutenant Vivian was a loving husband, a fond father, a true friend, a good, brave seaman, a pleasant messmate—*when sober*; when drunk, he was, alas, a a sot, an imbecile, or by turns a passionate, violent, bumptious fool.

No wonder that she feared what any day might bring forth. When with her, in his terms of leave, so great was her influence, that he rarely exceeded sobriety, and that to so slight an extent as to be almost imperceptible; but sometimes, when out at sea, he had been guilty of that offence, drunkenness, which is justly unpardonable by our Articles of War, and had only escaped exposure by some kindly messmate taking his duty, or in some way screening him from the consequences of his own mad folly; but, when in port, abroad or at home, numberless were the times when he had disgraced his position and his manhood, impoverished his pocket and his health, by giving way to his besetting sin.

He knew, in his sober intervals, how fearful a risk he ran; he knew how, but for kindly screening, or fortunate accidents, he would have been "broke" long ere this and dismissed Her Majesty's service. He knew that every time he gave way to temptation he risked his professional prospects, his children's bread, his position as an officer and a gentleman, his health of

mind and body. Aye, and he knew, also, remembering it most keenly when he thought of his loving wife, and all her Christian patience and care—he knew that the welfare of his soul was risked, that his only safety for here and hereafter was in determined, manly resistance to the vicious craving which was becoming his master. And yet he continually gave way—gave way yearly more and more—so powerful a curse is strong drink, so mighty may become a habit, small at first, when it is allowed to overpower our sense of right.

It was summer time, and in their sheltered, well-shaded garden, Laura and Willie Vivian revelled in the bright days, and by their affectionate chatter and merry ways, brought many a sudden smile to their mother's careworn face.

They little knew, while secure in their happy home, that even then their father was in terrible peril. The sun that looked down on their fair, merry faces, burnt with scorching glare the haggard, weary faces of strong men dying day by day, exposed to thirst amid a waste of water, straining their bloodshot eyes for sight of a helpful sail. Yet so it was. This August month that found the children so well and happy, and even the young mother looking hopefully forward to her husband's expected return, was the date of the loss of the *Astarte*, one of Her Majesty's ships, foundered at sea.

Few knew for certain how the terrible disaster had

occurred. A sudden storm at night had come unexpectedly on the officer on watch, and found him utterly unprepared to face the danger. Wrong and contradictory orders, given incoherently, had caused bewilderment where all should have been calm—drink had robbed the clever officer of his usual skill; and though others, clearer headed, did their best to counteract the mischief caused by his unfitness, their help came too late to save the ship, and nearly half the crew perished in the *Astarte*—the victims of Vivian's sin.

Boats were lowered hastily, and many thus escaped present death, only to taste the horrors of lingering torture. Without food, without water, they tossed about till some succumbed to their fate, and died ere help came. Others lingered on and were saved—the boats were picked up by two different vessels bound for English ports, and the rescued were treated with the greatest kindness.

Among those thus saved was Vivian himself. How this had been effected he never knew; and there were times when he almost wished he had gone down with the *Astarte*, so great was his remorse, so great his dread of the inquiry that he knew must follow.

Providentially Mrs. Vivian was spared all knowledge of her husband's peril till assured that he was safe. The same day that told her of the loss of the ship brought her also a letter from her husband telling her to expect him at home as soon as the inquiries

respecting the loss of the *Astarte* were over. In her first delight at his safety, she dismissed all cause for fear. After such a signal mercy, surely he might remain a few days at Portsmouth without giving way to his besetting failing, more especially as his attendance would be necessary—that he had been on watch at the fatal moment never occurred to her. Still, as days passed by, an intense uneasiness took possession of her; she resolved to go to her husband, and return with him to Claremont Cottage.

She reached Portsmouth only in time to hear that her unhappy husband was “broke” at last, that he might no longer wear the Queen’s uniform, or receive the Queen’s pay—that his profession, his character, and his income were all gone. Not for the loss of the *Astarte*, for so great had been the confusion at the time, and so contradictory was the evidence, that it was difficult to fix decided blame; but during the inquiry Vivian had tried to drown remorse and dread in drink. Called suddenly before the court-martial, his state was only too apparent—he had replied with drunken effrontery, and had insulted his superiors—he was dismissed the service.

Sitting in a room at an hotel in Portsmouth, Vivian tried to tell his wife all.

“It would have been better for you if I had gone down with her,” he said at last, “they would have glossed over a dead man’s faults, and this worst expo-

sure could not have happened. I should have died an officer, and you would have had some pension, anyhow. Now there's nothing for you and the children but your own little money—next door to starving. If I had only gone down with the *Astarte*."

He looked up to see that his wife's strength had given way at last—she was fainting. He rang for help. Assistance soon came. Some weak brandy and water was given her, and she was laid on a bed in an adjoining room. A doctor coming in, advised a slight opiate and perfect quiet. A few hours' rest would, he said, calm the excited brain, and give the weary frame time to recruit. Soon the medicine took effect, and Mrs. Vivian slept. Her husband remembered that he had left some papers in the adjoining room, and went for them. On the table stood the bottle of brandy newly opened for his wife. The sight of it was enough. He poured out glass after glass—he had scarcely eaten that day—glass after glass was emptied, till all was gone. He forgot his wife lying there; he forgot everything but his "wrongs," as the evil fiend within him now called them. He rushed wildly into the street like a raving maniac, to be crushed beneath the heavy wheels of a timber waggon under which he had slipped.

His wife awoke to find herself a widow.

The inquest was over, and she was free to take her dead to its last resting-place beside the mother and

father whose last days he had clouded by his own awful failing.

The little children watched at the window for their mother's return till rain and darkness set in. The full moon came out, between the rain, clear and strong, and by its light they would be able to see the fly that they expected would bring her home.

It was a different *cortège* they saw—the coffin borne in—a strange, sad procession, that made their hearts beat with dread. They could look no longer ; they sank hand in hand upon the floor in the dark, only the girl's sobs breaking the terrible silence. And there the mother found them.

For a few months she fought hard with weakness for their sake, but her heart and health were broken ; before six months they were motherless also. Happily not friendless, but no friendly kindness could give them a father with an unstained name, or replace the love of a devoted Christian mother ; this blight, this loss, was theirs throughout their lives ; while as for the other victims of Vivian's crime, those who went down in the *Astarte*, who could replace them to their widowed wives, their orphaned children, their helpless parents ?

If, when we take one glass of spirits in our hand to drink the dangerous contents, we could only foresee all that *might* come from the beginning, however small, of such a habit, we would surely dash the temptation

away, and pray God's blessed Spirit to preserve us from risking happiness here, and eternal happiness hereafter. It is too awful a temptation to play with, or make light of. Health of body, the peace and lives of others, our eternal welfare, are at stake.

A CONTEST FOR LIFE.

THE fight is one that is waged with bitter force on both sides, and bitter animosity, not for years only, but for centuries. It is a problem which no sword can cut, as was cut the Gordian knot ; but it must be untied by the patient fingers of thinkers and philanthropists. No one should enter into the lists of the temperance cause, as a private or as an officer, who does not enlist for life. The victory which is to be achieved cannot be achieved by any spasmodic effort on our part. We must submit again and again to apparent defeat ; but having faith in Almighty God, and having large courage of heart, we must fill up the broken ranks ; we must stand shoulder to shoulder ; we must advance upon the enemy with Roman courage, knowing that in the end the ramparts will be taken, and our flag will float to the breeze. The temperance cause, so far as the character of man lies, stands, first of all, in sobriety, a strong will, an earnest purpose, and the surroundings of a

generous religion. A young man can come even to this city of temptations and not only win his way and make his mark, but reach up so high that in the end he shall grasp coveted influence and glory. But when he crosses the threshold of our city gate, turning his back upon the verdency of the green fields of his childhood, he must do it as a temperance man or not at all. If he lifts the fatal cup to his lips, if he enters upon that insinuating career upon which so many have entered with the hope of escape, he will assuredly dim his prospects, blast his fair name, destroy his hopes, and end in a grave that is moistened by the tears of those who once loved him, and heaped upon by the curses of his foes. And there is no compromise in the matter. A man cannot make a bargain with evil and with good at the same time. Virtue and vice are water and oil, and were never intended to mingle. Ten thousand temptations surround us all in such a city as this; but there is positively no hope whatever for a young man who stands with the wine-cup in his hands and the ribald laugh on his lips. The eternal laws of God are against him, and that man's doom can be prophesied with something that approaches to absolute certainty. The first word, then, of warning to be uttered is this: hold yourself well in hand, and never touch anything, whether it be to eat or to drink, which will enchain you, ensnare you, entrap you. He is noble who controls himself; he is noble who holds himself well in

hand, and, like a blooded horse, is doing his utmost and saving his strength going along the high-road to win the race at last. Gentlemen, hold the reins over your passions, keep a curbed bit on yourself, draw the rein tight, even to the laceration of the flesh, but never under any circumstances touch, taste, or handle that which has the element of destruction and the prophecy of death and damnation.

REV. GEO. H. HEPWORTH.

“I’LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES!”

’Twas in the flow’ry month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay ;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare,
The guests sat down to dine,
Some called for “bitter,” some for “stout,”
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company
A modest youth appeared :

Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near ;
"What will you take, sir ?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear ?

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wine and cakes."
The youth, with guileless look, replied,
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict, deep and strong,
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine ;
"Oh, God !" he thought, "were he to taste,
Who could the end divine ?

"Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray ;
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day ?

"No, Heaven forbid ! ' Here, waiter, bring
Bright water for me ;
My son will take what father takes :
My drink shall water be."

W. HOYLE.

TWO KINDS OF PITY FOR THE DRUNKARD.

I.

WE pity thee, poor drunkard, and we wish thee quite as well
 As those fiery, hot, cold-water folk ; but dare not so rebel
 Against the laws of custom, or from olden habits pass
 So much as quite to fling away the spirit-cheering glass.

We pity thee, poor drunkard, and thy starving children too ;
 And think that total abstinence is just the thing for you. ●
 And we would take thee by the hand, and lead thee to this cure
 But then we must abstain ourselves, and that we can't endure !

We pity thee, poor drunkard, and we think that this " Society "
 Is just the thing to bring poor sots to reason and sobriety ;
 To fill the foodless cupboard, and the hopeless heart to cheer,
 And would join it but that act includes the forfeiture of beer.

We pity thee, poor drunkard, and we see thy weeping wife,
 A wretched, sad, and haggard thing, grow weary of a life
 Made scarcely worth the caring for, and grieve to see it so,
 But cannot spare our " little drop " our sympathy to show.

We pity thee, poor drunkard, and we tremble lest thy soul
 Should perilled be, and perish through the Bacchanalian bowl ;
 And fain we'd draw thee from the sin that would thy spirit slay.
 But yet for thy soul's sake we cannot put our drink away.

We pity thee, poor drunkard, and perhaps once thou did'st find
 In Jesus' blood a balsam for thy sin-distracted mind ;
 And through strong drink did'st stumble, and forsake the Gospel
 track ;

But we cannot give our liquor up to bring our brother back.

II.

We grieve for thee, poor drunkard, and, in token of our grief,
 Have joined the band, who, heart and hand, go forth for thy
 relief,

And think the sacrifice but small, if, by our doing so,
We lessen, by a feather's weight, the sum of human woe.

We pity thee, poor drunkard, and have chosen to abstain,
In hope, that, by example led, thou may'st once more regain
Thy standing in society, may'st walk erect and free,
And cherish in thy heart the love of Him who died for thee.

O, haste the time, dear Saviour, when Thy saints shall all
abstain

From that which robs the Church of God, and fills the world
with pain;

Till cleansed from all that doth defile, to Zion shall be given,
To work thy perfect will on earth, as it is done in Heaven.

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY.

"WHICH will you take, ale or toddy? All cool and comfortable; here goes——"

Neddy stopped short, and, as say the highest Latin authorities, "his voice stuck in his jaws," owing to the not merely stern, but absolutely furious expression of his Uncle Brown's usually jolly countenance.

"Ale! Toddy! Turn it out! turn it out! Who has dared send that to my hay-field? Once let me catch——"

"Why, Uncle Brown! I was only joking. Here's water, Adam's ale, you know; and here's buttermilk."

"You gave me a powerful turn," said Uncle Brown, wiping his forehead. "Wait a bit; pour me out a tin

of buttermilk, and sit by me while I rest. Mind you, I don't take to practical jokes, and if you'd slung a hissing hot coal or a lively rattlesnake in my face, you couldn't have startled me more than by mention of ale or toddy. Now, here's a story, and then you can pass the milk and water to the rest."

"I'll run with it first, so they can get it cool."

"Right, my boy."

"Now, here goes for a story," said Neddy, returning from his rounds.

"Ten years ago, instead of all this wheat and hay, I grew my crops, mostly barley, for the brewer in C——, and rye for the distiller in B——. I thought no harm. I did not think at all, except to get a good price for the crops. I did not drink a drop, but my harvesters liked liquor, and I let them have it. I served them out two or three rations a day of pretty strong whisky toddy, or flip, and they and I thought I was generous in so doing. Ten years ago this summer, your cousin Phil was three years old. One extra hot day the harvesters drank more than common at noon, and I think most of them were rather stupid from drink. The grain was in shocks, and some lying down along in rows all over the dry stubble of the field. I was yonder at the barn, directing the unloading of a great wain, and two of the best men were with me. It seems one of the hands was really drunk, so much so that, having smoked, he knocked his burning ashes out on a wisp

of dry grain and stubble, and did not even tramp it out when it blazed up. I heard a yell. I looked. A smoke rose up. A great sheet of flame was sweeping down my twenty-five acre field. The men were standing helpless, the flame licking up my fortunes! But that was not all. The wind lifted the smoke, and I saw, right in the track of the flame, running to it, in his little straw hat and cotton dress, Phil, my only child, and no one near enough, nor sober enough to help him! At that same minute I saw a horse leap the nearest fence and dash down toward little Phil, and I knew nothing more, for I fell senseless from the top of the wain. That fire, Neddy, burnt on straight across my noble barley-field, and, except for two loads, ate all that crop up, and my fences too. When I came to myself I was in bed, and the doctor was setting my broken leg. I cried out for Phil, and they showed him to me in a bed, alive, but his right leg badly burnt; and my Phil will limp some all his life. A friend, who had always reproved me for dealing liquor to my men, and for the way I sold my crops, passing in the road on a fine horse, had seen Phil, and saved him at the last minute. Owing to Phil's trouble and mine, and the loss of barley, tools, fences, and so on, I had that fall to go to B—— bank to borrow some money—my first and last borrowing. My friend went with me to aid me, and while at B—— he took me to see other fires, burning from ale and whisky. He took me to

grog-shops, bars, dens, where bodies and souls were being burned up with strong drink. Since then, Neddy, if anyone has asked after a 'rabid teetotaller' as a natural curiosity, folks most generally send the inquirer to take a view of your Uncle Brown, who was 'saved so as by fire.' "

J. McNAIR WRIGHT.

* THE INDIRECT TEACHING OF SCRIPTURE.

* From a series of valuable papers entitled, "The Bible and Teetotalism."
By the Rev. G. A. Bennetts, B.A.

1. *The opponents of teetotalism are accustomed to assert that there are certain teachings of Scripture which involve principles contrary to our views. We will examine one or two of the things which they thus advance as specimens of the rest.*

1. A very favourite quotation of this school is 1 Tim. iv. 4. They say, "alcohol is a 'creature of God,' and therefore I ought not to refuse to drink it." The argument would be quite as good if I were to say black-beetles are creatures of God, and you ought not to refuse to eat them. If a Chinaman were to invite one of these gentlemen to dine off roast dog, it would be highly inconsistent for him to refuse to partake of the

feast. We admit that alcohol is a creature of God, good *for the purposes for which He made it*. What we deny is that God made it for food. It is good for pickling specimens for a museum, it is good for making thermometers, it is valuable as a solvent for certain substances, and, doubtless, has many offices to perform in the general economy of nature of which we are ignorant. But we cannot be so credulous as to believe that a thing, which modern science proclaims to be unable to build up a single tissue of any animal organism, was intended by the Divine Being to be an article of diet.

2. They quote:—"Let your moderation be known unto all men," Phil. iv. 5. Query: Is it moderation to use poison as an ingredient of our food? What is moderation? Moderation is *living by measure*, the word being derived from the Latin *modus*, measure. Now what is the true *measure* of the life of a Christian? Is it not to be found in the cross of Christ? Which, then, is the more moderate man—that is, which regulates his life more accurately according to the measure of that cross—the man who to the peril of the weak parades his liberty to drink, or he who abstains for the sake of others? When the measures of men's life are drawn from eternity, it is a question worthy of consideration, whether the teetotaler is not, according to those measures, the true moderate drinker?

But, alas for the Alcoholites, there is no such passage

as the one to which we have referred. The Revised Version reads, "Let your *forbearance* be known unto all men." The beautiful Greek word (*epieikes*) is one of doubtful origin, the authorities dividing between *eiko* and *eoika* as its etymology, according to the former of which it signifies "yieldingness," and according to the latter "fittingness." There is not much doubt, however, as to its meaning in the usage of the language. It has not in it the least shadow of the signification of the English word "moderation." It is the word used in 2 Cor. x. 1, where the Apostle speaks of "*the gentleness* of Christ." Surely the man who is a teetotaler for example's sake, has a right to claim that, in this respect, at all events, he is "letting his gentleness be known unto all men." He does not assert his rights to the injury of the weak.

3. A similar use is made of the teachings of Scripture with respect to "*temperance*." Total abstinence, these men say, is intemperate; it is going to the extreme which temperance always avoids.

The English word "temperance" is derived from the Latin, "tempus," time, and denotes "the right timing of our actions," "the preservation of a beautiful rhythm in our conduct." Then it comes to mean the accurate measuring of our actions, so that in every respect there shall be preserved that even balance which is necessary to "the beauty of holiness." In this regulation of our conduct it is found that, in many cases, the right

consists in taking the course which lies midway between two extremes, and so the word has finally come to mean among us "the avoidance of extremes." Here again the question arises whether the man who advocates the use of poison as a beverage, does avoid extremes.

But the Bible contains no word expressing the idea of our word "temperance." The word so translated in the New Testament (*egkrateia*) properly means "the exercise of restraint upon ourselves," and is well represented by the marginal rendering "self-control." It denotes the putting of a bit into the mouths of the restive steeds of passion and appetite, and holding them in with a firm hand. Whether the teetotaler or the Alcoholite (we refuse to use the term "moderate drinker") most fully exemplifies this grace, we leave our readers to judge.

4. The rights of Christian liberty are often declared to be violated by teetotalism. Liberty is in these days frequently a name assumed by Licence to disguise its true character. Liberty has its limits, as the Apostle tells us when he says, "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak" (1 Cor. viii. 9). Great as Liberty is, Love is greater. Liberty always degenerates into Licence, and becomes the mother of baleful Reigns of Terror, when she oversteps the bounds that Love lays down for her.

5. It is urged that Christianity proposes to save men by *regeneration*, and not by *reformation*. No one more heartily indorses this than the advocate of Gospel Temperance. The Blue Ribbon is a visible proclamation that the wearers of it only expect to secure the triumph of their principles through the might of the saving grace of God. Our only hope of rescuing the perishing is in the strong right hand of Him who came to "preach deliverance to the captives." But we do believe that one of the strongest manifestations of the grace of God in any man is to be found in his *total abstinence* from the things leading up to his besetting sin, whatever that sin may be. The Holy Ghost will not deliver us from temptation without our use of all the means within our reach ; and when any man to whom drink has been a snare, continues to play with the tempter, he is presuming upon the grace of God, when he hopes to escape by its means. Further, in those who have not formed the habit of intemperance, is it not possible that the grace of God may be leading them to take proper precautions for themselves when they become teetotalers ? Or may it not be that "the gentleness of Christ" is being wrought in them by the Holy Spirit, when for the sake of the weak they abstain ?

Prudence is one of the fruits of the Spirit of regeneration. It is worthy of prayerful consideration whether teetotalism among us may not be considered to be one

of the manifestations of this virtue, especially in view of the hereditary tendencies to drunkenness which run in the Anglo-Saxon blood.

At all events, it is presumption to expect the grace of God to do for us what we can do for ourselves. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and it is one of the supreme laws of Christian ethics, that we must use all available means for the death of our corruptions. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts" (Gal. v. 24).

II. *In conclusion, we will touch for a moment upon those great principles which so strongly sanction teetotalism, that some persons feel that they make it a necessary part of Christian duty.* So long as this one passage remains in the New Testament, it seems difficult to escape from the Scriptural argument in favour of total abstinence:—
 "IT IS GOOD NEITHER TO EAT FLESH, NOR TO DRINK WINE, NOR ANYTHING WHEREBY THY BROTHER STUMBLETH, OR IS OFFENDED, OR IS MADE WEAK" (Rom. xiv. 21).
 The Scriptural stronghold of our position is to be found in the following passages, and others like them:—
 —Luke ix. 23; 1 John iii. 16; Rom. xiii. 8; xv. 7; 1 Cor. viii. 1; ix. 22; Gal. v. 13-15; vi. 1-10.

We wish we had power to make our readers feel what to us is the irresistible argument in favour of teetotalism. St. Paul presents it to us in those pathetic words of his, "DESTROY NOT HIM WITH THY

MEAT FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED" (Rom. xiv. 15). The cross is the great type of Christian conduct. Let us go to Gethsemane, and gaze upon the unspeakable mystery of that prostrate form there under the shadow of the olives, crushed beneath the weight of the world's sin, and from the great Burden-Bearer let us learn that the law of Christ is *fulfilled* in bearing the burdens of others (Gal. vi. 2). Let us go to Calvary, and behold the fearful sufferings of Him who gave Himself to the death for us, and let us tarry there till our hearts have caught the infection of His great compassion, and then we shall know that the consummation of Christian virtue is in SELF-SACRIFICE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

REV. G. A. BENNETTS, B. A.

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

"EXAMPLE is better than precept," you say;
 Now give me an instance to prove it, I pray."
 "Yes, that I will do with very great pleasure,
 And hope to convince you, at least, in some measure.

"In a nice little town in this island of ours,
 Stood a neat little cot embosomed in flowers;
 Around it the jasmine and clematis bloomed,
 And free 'mid their blossoms the honey-bee roamed.

“ And happiness in that cottage abode,
For my friend who dwelt there was a servant of God ;
And he and his neat little, sweet little wife
Were strangers to penury, quarrels, and strife.

“ On the day of their wedding, ‘ My dear little wife,
The abstinence pledge I will keep all though life,’
He said ; and she lovingly, quickly replied,
‘ I too by the pledge to the end will abide.’

“ As years passed away, many ‘ olive plants ’ grew
‘ Round ’ their ‘ table ’ and hearth ; yet their happiness true
Was unmarred by intemperance, folly, and woe ;
Thus ‘ example is better than precept,’ I know.

“ Six sons and three daughters, strong, blooming and bright.
Followed ‘ parents’ ‘ example,’ and lived in the light
Of home influence sweet, and temperance true,
And wore as their badge the ‘ Ribbon of Blue.’

“ While poor Mr. Francis who died o’er the way,
Full oft to his sons and his daughters would say,
‘ I wish, my dear children, you’d leave off the drink,
For I fear if you don’t, you’ll to misery sink.’

“ And they each to their father would quickly reply,
‘ Dear Father ! you drink, then why should not I ?’
And so the old home was at last broken up,
Through the father indulging in draining the cup.

“ And thus they all followed his fatal ‘ example,’
 And on his good ‘ *precepts* ’ continued to trample.
 Till ruin and want stared them all in the face ;
 And none of them now remain in the place.”

E. R. N. B.

THE LADY AND HER SERVANT.

At a temperance meeting we held in our town,
 It may be a year ago,
 A Quaker lady rose up to speak,—
 A Quaker lady aged and weak,
 With hair as white as snow.

A reverent stillness came over the crowd,
 As we all bent forward to hear,
 While she told a story in Quaker phrase,
 Simple and sweet, like her people’s ways,
 In a voice still firm and clear :—

“ In our household,” she said, “ Many years now gone by,
 When I was a new-wed wife,
 We had a servant much given to drink,
 Tottering hard by the fearful brink
 Of a drunkard’s death in life.

“ Deeply I grieved o’er the man and his sin ;
 And said, ‘ I entreat thee, shun
 Thy evil habit, and take the pledge ;
 Thou art so near a perilous edge,
 Abstain, or thou art undone.’ ”

“ ‘At your table, good madam, I wait,’ he replied,
‘And, when company comes to dine,
I place three glasses, by your command,
Three glasses fair, at each guest’s right hand,
And serve them all with wine.

“ ‘And every day by your chair do I stand,
Throughout the whole of the year,
And every day your glass I fill ;
You always drink it, thinking no ill—
Why shouldn’t I have my beer ?’

“ The words of that man went home to my soul,
And my conscience smote me sore ;
‘I know thou hast done so, James,’ I said ;
‘Thou hast ; and I take the blame on my head—
Thou shalt do so now no more.

“ ‘Greatly I fear that my thoughtless ways
May lead thy soul to death ;
But if thou would abstain, by help Divine,
From thy spirits and beer, I will leave my wine
From now to my latest breath.’

“ So we took the pledge, and for many a year
We kept our temperance vow ;
And a happy home and children dear
Had James ; and all of us left revere
His name and memory now.

“ And when he was dying he thanked God for me,
As only the dying can,
That the Lord had helped me to make that stand
Against evil ways, and to stretch out my hand
To save a sinking man.

“I trust that his soul is safe above,
For he sought the Lord of a truth;
And I thank my God now I'm feeble and old,
And the days of the years of my life are nigh told,
For the pledge I took in my youth.”

Temperance Record,

LIZZIE ALDRIDGE.

“GIVE A MAN A CHANCE!”

“WELL, Jones, have you anything to say for yourself, eh?”

So spoke Captain Springfield, chairman of the county magisterial bench, to Charles Jones, a man of about forty years of age, who had been brought up before him charged with being drunk and incapable a day or two previously. The case was clearly proved by the constable, who had found the defendant in a helpless condition on the highway. Indeed, there was no defence.

The man looked sheepishly at the Bench, as he replied: “Well, sir, all I can say is, give a man a chance!”

“You have been a soldier, have you?” queried the magistrate.

“Yes, sir,” answered the man, involuntarily springing to attention and giving the military salute.

"I thought so," was the quiet response. "I am sorry to see a man who has served his Queen and country standing in the position you are. Anything against him before, Inspector?" turning to the police officer.

"No, your worship. He could do well enough if he would keep away from the drink," replied the officer.

"Supposing I give you a chance, are you willing to work if you could get a job?" asked the magistrate of the accused.

"Yes, Captain, give me another chance, and see if I wouldn't turn over a new leaf," respectfully answered the man.

"Very well," was the reply, "as this is your first offence you will be discharged with a caution. Don't come here again on this charge, or it will be remembered against you. If you will wait for me outside the court till the business is concluded, I should like to have a few words with you."

"Thank you, kindly, sir. I will be there," answered the man, as, giving a salute, he turned to the right-about and left the court.

At the rising of the court Captain Springfield went outside, not much expecting, if the truth be told, to see the man he intended to befriend.

"It's all very well, Springfield," a brother magistrate said to him in the ante-room, "your temperance notions

may be all right, but you only get imposed upon after all. That fellow will get all he can out of you, then go away, get drunk out of the proceeds, and laugh at you for your pains."

"I hope not," quietly responded the Captain, as he put on his coat. "At any rate I intend trying the experiment. I saw too much of the evils of intemperance whilst on service not to be anxious to do all I can to mitigate some of it, if it lies within my power to do so."

The other laughed, and saying: "You mean well, no doubt," passed on.

Captain Springfield, it should be explained, had seen much service in various parts of Her Majesty's dominions, and had been frequently called upon to punish drunkenness among the gallant fellows under his charge, who occasionally forgot themselves and yielded to the temptation which so plentifully beset them. When placed upon the half-pay list he returned to England, settled down at his country seat, qualified as a county magistrate, and had for some years past been doing all the good he could to those around him, or with whom he was brought into contact. His magisterial duties frequently brought him face to face with the evils of the drink traffic in our midst, and he determined to take some steps to show his practical sympathy with those who were trying to inculcate habits of thrift and sobriety. He first of

all tried the strictly moderate plan as the basis of his advice and example ; but finding, as many others have done, that this is but a half-hearted way of getting about the work, and being really in earnest, he took the further step and came out boldly as an abstainer, and at once found his power and influence for good vastly increased, although, as a matter of course, some of his personal friends and acquaintances rather deprecated his "fanatic notions," as they called them. But, strong in the consciousness of doing right, and having the approval of his conscience, Captain Springfield kept right on, till by and by his friends not only began to respect his ideas, but also to render pecuniary assistance when necessary, to carry out any charitable design or relief scheme in which he was the prime mover.

The man *was* waiting outside the court when the magistrate emerged from the court, so telling him to call at the Grange in half an hour, Captain Springfield entered his carriage, and was driven away.

True to his time, Jones presented himself at the Grange, where the magistrate was waiting for him in his study.

"Well, my man," said the Captain cheerfully, "I am anxious to do you a good turn if I can, and I hope you are anxious to help yourself. Depend upon it, that is the best way to succeed—help yourself, and others will help you. Your worst enemy at present is,

without doubt, the drink. No man can do himself or anybody else any good if he is continually on the fuddle, and I have seen enough of life—and so have you, I expect—to know that the men are most successful in life, most respected by their comrades, and most useful all round, who do not take intoxicating drinks in any form. Now I want to make an offer to you. I will give you a chance if you will accept it.”

“Only try me, sir,” eagerly replied the man.

“Stop a minute,” said the Captain. “There is one condition which I must insist upon. I will take you into my employment and give you a fresh start, but I must ask you first of all, are you willing to sign the pledge not to take intoxicating drinks in any form? You know your own danger, and you know how we used to get at that in the army. When a danger or a difficulty *was* in the way we went straight at it, and got the best of it. Now, that is what I want you to do in this matter. Go straight at it, and sign the pledge. You will conquer if you are determined to succeed. What do you say?”

Jones hung his head, and mused for a few moments before venturing to reply. The Captain waited patiently, thinking it best to let him have due time to consider the matter. At length the reply came—“I hardly know what to say about that, sir, because I am afraid of myself. I don’t believe I could resist the temptation long if any drink were to come in my way and how *is* a fellow to get away from it, sir?”

“ Yes, I know,” answered the Captain, sadly. “ A man is tried and tempted at every turn ; and if we had to rely upon our own exertions or our own strength we should be sure to fail. We must put our trust in One above, who will not leave us nor forsake us if we will only call upon Him in our times of trial and temptation. You can join the Good Templars or the Temperance Society, and have a meeting to go to occasionally, to encourage and assist you. I have taken an interest in you, because you, like myself, have served under Her Majesty in the army, and also because of the love of Him who went about doing good, and who puts it into our hearts to speak a word in season. Think about this matter, Jones ; pray to God about it, and enlist under the banner of the Captain of our salvation.”

“ Please God, I’ll try my best, sir,” responded the man, and the eagerness and heartiness with which he spoke showed that he was in earnest. “ Nobody ever spoke to me like this before, sir. It has always been the way of the world to kick a man as soon as he gets down, and not to give him a chance to pick himself up again. I shall have a hard fight I know, sir, but please God, I will get the best of it.”

* * * * *

Captain Springfield was as good as his word : he gave the man employment, found him lodgings in rooms over the coachhouse, surrounded him with safeguards,

and at the end of a year was able to promote him to a position of trust. Nor was this confidence misplaced, for no one would recognise in the smart honest-looking valet at the Grange, the hopeless dejected sot who twelve months before was pleading before the magistrates for "a chance" to do better. "Yes, temperance and godliness have changed Charles Jones from a useless encumbrance upon the State to a respected member of society, and brought him out of the mire and placed his feet firmly upon the rock.

* * * * *

The moral need scarcely be drawn; he who runs may read, so legible are the characters. If temperance reformers would more often give a practical turn to their opinions and their sympathies, like Captain Springfield of our sketch, there are many, very many, in this fair land of ours, who, like Charles Jones, are pleading for just another chance to do better, and who, in broken accents, are appealing to be relieved from the weight of sin and woe which oppress them, and whom, even yet, there may be a chance to save, if we only heed the heart-piercing cry, "Give a man a Chance."

Temperance Record.

EDWARD LAVER.

“I LIKE TO WEAR MY OWN CLOTHES
FIRST.”

“HALLO, Bill! I declare I thought it was the Squire coming,” said a good-natured-looking, but poorly dressed, working-man, as he met one of his shopmates coming from a place of worship one Sunday morning. “Has somebody died and left thee a fortune?”

“No, Jim,” was the kindly reply, “I haven’t many friends that can help me, but I have always tried to be my *own* friend, and to make the best of what God gives me.”

“Well, but,” said Jim, “*I* never had such a suit of clothes as that on *my* back since I was born, and I don’t see how, with my wages, I can ever hope to get one; I’ve never had a chance of getting on.”

“You are wrong,” said Bill; “the fault is not in the wages, but in yourself; your wages are much the same as mine; indeed, if there is any difference, I think I could show that the advantage is on your side. The only difference between us is this, that *I* like to wear my own clothes *first*, while *you* pay the publican to wear yours for you, and then, you wear them when he’s done with them. The suit I have on now cost me four pounds, that is eighty shillings. Now, you spend from half-a-crown to ten shillings every week end. Suppose we say four shillings. In twenty weeks, or about half-a-year, you will have spent enough to buy

a suit like the one I have on. It all depends, you see, whether you go to the drink-shop, or to the tailor's shop; and what a difference it makes to your family. As I came by your house last week, I saw your Jane, looking very different from what she looked when you were courting her. I used to think, when I met you on a Sunday, that a smarter couple never trod the streets than you two. She has been a good and true wife to you, and has made the best of all you have given her. But I don't think she has had fair play; she has had to put up with anything she could get; and a woman can't keep her good looks when she's treated that way. You musn't be vexed with me for what I'm going to say, but I couldn't help thinking that the dress she had on, when I saw her last week, was very much like one that Mrs. Wilkins, the landlady of the 'Red Lion,' wore two or three years ago."

Poor Jim, who, like many men that are slaves to drink, had a kindly heart, tried to speak, but a choking in his throat made it almost impossible. At last he said, "Bill, thou art right, I've been a great fool, and have behaved better to the landlady and her family than I have to my own wife and children. Jane has been all that a wife could be to me, and I have been a scoundrel to her. When I was laid up, through the fight I had with Joe Tomkins, she watched over me like an angel, and never said a wrong word to me about it. And, when I was down in the fever, she never had her

clothes off for nearly a fortnight ; and the doctor said that, but for her nursing, I should never have got over it. She had nothing coming in, and was often sore put to it to get bread for herself and the children ; and yet she always had something nourishing for me, and I had everything I wanted. And, as to dress, I haven't bought her a new one for many a year, and I dare say you are right about the one she wears ; we bought it the other day at Skinem's, the pawn-shop, for four shillings ; and I shouldn't wonder a bit if it were an old one of Mrs. Wilkins. It's a burning shame that my lass should have to wear her cast-off clothes ; and yet, how can I help it ? ”

“ Help it ! ” said Bill, “ why easily ; you have but to carry your four or ten shillings home on a Saturday-night, instead of carrying it to the ‘ Red Lion,’ and you will soon have a wonderful change. Give your Jane the money, and see if, at the end of the year, there doesn't turn out of your house a mother and children, dressed in such a way that you will be proud of them.”

“ That's right enough,” said Jim ; “ but, you see, a fellow must have something to keep up his strength, and a glass of beer is both victuals and drink, too. I don't see that I shall mend matters by committing suicide ! ”

“ Suicide ! ” replied Bill ; “ that's the very thing you *have* been doing the last dozen years. I was down-

right sorry to see you as you came into the shop on Tuesday morning ; you were fit for nothing, and you looked as if you were ready to finish your suicide by jumping into the canal. *Drink* keep your strength up, indeed ! Why, it is bringing it *down* every day, There never was a greater imposter than strong drink. It says : I'll make men happy, and it plunges them in misery ; it says : I'll give them strength, and it makes them weak. A moment's thought will show you that it is so. You have not forgotten that fight with Joe Tomkins ? ”

“ Not likely,” said Jim. “ Well, when you were in training, and wanted to be at your strongest, did your trainer give you plenty of drink ? ” “ Nay,” said Jim, “ he would scarcely let me have a sup.” “ And why ? ” continued Bill ; “ because he knew that it would weaken you. If it would have given you strength, you would have had plenty. Everybody that has looked at the matter knows that drink is the enemy of strength, and that when a man has to fight, or run, or walk, or wrestle, he must keep away from the drink ; and so it is with hard work. Jim, you are a good fellow, and I want to see you doing better. There is, however, but one way, and that is by becoming what I am, a staunch teetotaller. Drink has been your worst enemy. It has kept you poor, and made you miserable ; and so it will do to the end, if you continue to take it. Try teetotalism, and there will soon be a

happy change. I have tried it now for nearly twelve years, and I can say it is good for both body and soul, for this life and the life to come."

Excited by his own words, Bill held out his hand to his shopmate, and said: "Come, old fellow, be a man, and not a walking beer-barrel. Try teetotalism for one year, and if at the end of the year you are not better in every way, I'll buy Jane a new dress, so any way *she* will be the better for it." After a moment's hesitation, Jim put his hand into the outstretched hand of his friend, and said: "God helping me, I will."

That week he had a hard struggle, for habit, appetite, and companions were all against him. Bill, however cheered him on, and more than once, when he saw by his dejected look that he was in danger of yielding, he whispered: "Don't forget that God will help us, if we ask Him." In a few weeks everything brightened. His companions, seeing his fidelity, ceased to tease or tempt him; the habit which had bound him so long, was broken, the appetite subdued. Not many weeks passed before Jane was gladdened by the sight of a new dress for herself, and another for the eldest girl. As the little one sprang on his knee, to thank him, Jim said with deep feeling: "Jane, God being my helper, from this day we'll wear our own clothes first."

Friend, have *you* made this resolution? If not, why not? We talk about trade being bad, but what makes it bad? The true answer is, because there are

so many people who don't wear their own clothes first.

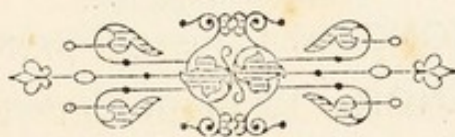
If every working-man, yes, if *half* the working-men of Great Britain, were to order a new suit of clothes for themselves and their families, there would be an end of the bad trade at once. We should then be nearly independent of foreign trade; every mill would be running full time, and every man would be fully employed. If, however, the working-men, instead of consuming the articles which they produce, take their earnings to the publican and spirit-merchant, the bad times will not only continue, but will get worse. The whole matter is in their own hands. *The working-men can have good times whenever they choose, and no other class can.* The rich, and the middle-class do all they can to make trade good; as a rule, they spend their money freely; they, and their families, have more garments than they can wear, and more furniture than they can use; but they are in the minority, they are the few, and the working men are the many. There are, at least, a thousand working-men to one rich one. Let the thousand come into the market, and buy their own clothes first; they would at once create a brisk demand for goods, and our commercial clouds would all roll away.

Let every working-man look this matter fairly in the face. Let him see that the employers can do but little to make things better. What is wanted is *customers*, and

the only new customers we can have, of any importance, must come from the working-classes themselves. Of the 33,000,000 inhabitants of the United Kingdom, 30,000,000 belong to the working classes. Half of these, at the very least, are very poor customers of the manufacturers. A vast number of them never buy a new article of wearing apparel, and the reason, the only reason is, they take every penny they can obtain to the public-house. Let the working-men strike against the drink-shop, and there will soon be a glorious change. They will find their way to the baker and draper, tailor and shoemaker; and every kind of legitimate trade would feel the beneficial effects.

The working-men have to choose between the public-house, with poverty and bad times; and total abstinence, with full work, and prosperity. There is no middle course; every man must decide for himself. Let the working-men continue to support the public-house, and there is nothing before us but bad trade, and national disaster; let them forsake the public-house, and resolve to wear their own clothes first, and there lies before us universal good trade and national prosperity.

CHARLES GARRETT.



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