



## A Temperance Speech.

For a Boy.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I propose to consider the Temperance cause—

How it has run  
What it has done,  
Where it is known,  
What is its tone,  
Why has it flourished,  
How it is nourished.

How has it run?

It has run steadily,  
It has run merrily,

What has it done?

Arrested the mad,  
Reformed the bad,  
Refreshed the sad,  
Improved the glad,  
Cooled many a lip,  
Saved many a ship.

Where is it known?

In every zone.

What is its tone?

Its tone is inviting,  
Its tone is delighting.

Look at our Loyal Temperance Legion! See how happy the children are! See what delight they give to their parents! See the happy families it makes! See the reformed drunkard's wife as her husband, in his right mind, comes home! See his children as they go to Sunday School, and see the change in himself!

Why has it flourished?

Because it is nourished.

How is it nourished?

By lectures and orations,  
By books and illustrations,  
By subscriptions and donations,  
By glorious expectations.

—Temperance Advocate.

## Poison!

Dr. Rutherford, says 'that at the judgment-seat of science no excuse, no apology, no extenuating circumstances of ill-health or poor nourishment will pardon the mother guilty of so grave an offence against her child, her country, and her God as poisoning her child with alcohol during infancy.' The Doctor went on to say that 'after the citizen reaches maturity he is still subject, only to a less degree, to the insidious action of this enemy of the race. Instead of stimulating his activities, alcohol always paralyses them, even in small doses, and in proportion to the amount taken. The effect is seen in the blood, on the heart, or the muscles, and in the whole system, as well as on the mind. Physiologically alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic and paralyser. The history of alcohol is one of progressive paralysis to the individual and to the nation.' —Temperance Leader.

## Tobacco Prohibited.

The Surgeon-General of the United States Army, in giving his reason for prohibiting tobacco in the National Military and Naval Academies at West Point and Annapolis, says: 'Before all other things the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at the Military School require the absolute interdiction of tobacco.'

Professor Richard McSherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, declares that 'the effect of tobacco on schoolboys and young persons is so marked and injurious as not to be open to discussion, and its use should be discouraged and opposed by every parent and teacher of youth, and shunned by every young man.'

Of thirteen physicians whose opinion was recently asked, every one is decided in saying that the use of tobacco, in smoking and chewing, is "exceedingly injurious, both physically

and mentally. 'One says that boys and young men who use it, rarely, if ever, make well-developed men; or if developed in size, there is a great lack of endurance and vital force and of mental activity.' Another, that he has seen cases of partial and almost complete idiocy in young boys, caused by the use of tobacco. Another, that 'it causes nervous prostration, and seriously affects the eyesight.' Another, that 'it destroys a healthy appetite, and prevents digestion; and thus starves the physical system, and so produces dwarfed and emaciated specimens of boys and young men.' Another, that 'the spinal cord and the brain are affected by its poisonous action;' and still another, that 'its active principle, nicotine, diffuses itself in the blood with great rapidity, and corresponds in its mode of action to that terrible poison, prussic acid.'

## Ben Allen, The Cripple.

(F. M. Wells, in the 'Lincoln Magazine'.)

Primrose Alley was not a pleasant place in which to live, in spite of its name. There were no primroses to be found there, indeed, no place where possibly they could grow. Primrose Alley was a wretched street for the most part of dirty hovels, where drunken brawls and noisy quarrels were of every-day occurrence. There was only one pleasant spot in the whole place either within doors or without.

The one pleasant spot that I speak of was the room where lived crippled Ben Allen. More sunlight came into that room because the window was several degrees cleaner than the rest. But more than that, in this room was a wonderful sense of peace and restfulness and calmness. And no wonder, for in that humble room dwelt one who had found peace and guidance for his soul, one who looked at the dreary world about him with the eyes of a man who sees something beneath the squalor and sin and dirt around him. I want to tell you the story of Ben Allen's life, and of how he found his peace. I think the simple and touching pathos of the story best will be felt if I tell you the story in his own words, just as he told it to me.

When I entered his room he was busying himself with his basket-work, which he was able to do when feeling unusually well. His busy fingers moved quietly to and fro, for I bade him continue his work while I would sit and read to him awhile. At last I put the book aside and sat watching, as painfully and slowly the crippled fingers did their work.

'You did beautiful tooling-work on book-bindings at one time?' I questioned.

'Yes,' Ben said, with a touch of pride. 'I did the most delicate work the firm turned out—until—well—until I took to drink, and my hand grew unsteady and my brain dull.'

'You took to drink—you, Ben?' I asked incredulously.

'I did that,' Ben said with a sigh. 'The time came when I spent most of my wages in drink, and fell to depths I hardly dare to think of now. But I had a friend, sir, a brave lovin' friend. We had been boys together, we had come to the city together, we worked together, and in fact we were like brothers. If anything could have kept me straight it should have been Dick Mavers. He pleaded with me day after day. He reminded me o' the old folks at home, and the sore trouble it would be to them if they should chance to hear. He would come o' nights, sir, and lead me out o' the public-houses—same as sometimes you hear o' wives doing to their husbands—poor women. There was nothing Dick would not have done. It was Dick on one side wrestling to save me from myself, and the cursed drink on the other side dragging me down.'

'Ah, sir, now as I look back on it and remember all the horror o' that time, and remember the thousands, nay, tens o' thousands that are now what I was then, I bow my head with shame, and a sorrow comes over me that cuts me like a sword-thrust. I lost my situation through my own sinful folly. I went down to the depths of shame, but when the drink had turned me into a brute rather than a man, still Dick would not give me up.'

Ben stopped. He looked up through the window, through the clouds, it seemed to me, and his eyes took that far-off tender look that comes to those who are thinking of some beautiful human deed. Almost under his breath he muttered, 'Dick—old Dickie—but

the rest of the poor sinful souls have not a friend such as you to save them from themselves!'

There had come a lump into his throat, as once more he continued his story, and it made his voice husky.

'One night, sir, I was drinking hard. Dick came in to try what he could do for me. That night I knocked him down for his pains, and told him to go his way and I would go mine. I poured out cruel curses upon him—upon Dick, the best friend that ever a man had. As he fell he caught his face against a fender and cut a long, deep gash across his cheek. I laughed as I saw the streaming blood. I was beside myself that night, and in my fury and madness I hated Dick.'

'Well, sir, there were some there that knew us both who cried "shame" upon me, and one of them took Dick to a doctor and had the gash sewn up. I stayed drinking until we were turned out, and then I tried to make my way to my home. I fell into the canal.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I knew that it was by falling into the canal that you caught your rheumatic fever, Ben, and that you have been crippled ever since.'

'You did not know that drink was the cause of my fall, sir?'

'No, I never guessed that, Ben,' I said, for indeed I had never suspected it even.

'It seems that Dick was following me; something in my reckless conduct made him uneasy, and he had come back and stood outside the public-house until I was turned out, and then he followed me. When he heard me go over the edge of the canal and strike the water he never stopped to think of himself, but leaped in to save me. Powerful swimmer though he was he was drowned, while I, the worthless, drunken brute, was saved. I can hardly believe it sometimes that he died—died for me—gave his good, honest, clean life for my worthless one. I can't understand it, sir.'

'It is one of the mysteries that we shall never understand,' I said—and crippled Ben drew a heavy sigh.

'I suffered for that night's work,' he said. 'They never thought I could live. But I did, such as I am—crippled, helpless, useless—and with Dick dead for my sake.'

'I do not think your friend died in vain,' I said as I looked into Ben's deep, sad eyes. 'Two souls were brought to God that night, one to dwell with Him above, to continue the faithful service begun on earth; the other to serve Him here, in spite of helplessness and ill-health.'

Crippled Ben bent his head.

'Yes, sir, yes. What Dick did for me made me think of that other Sacrifice that had been made for me long ago. Dick Mavers died to save my life. Christ died to save my soul. Ah, sir, Dick's brave deed brings home to us who loved him, all that has been done for every man of earth. Dick died for love of me, and Christ died for love of every sinner that ever has lived.'

## Temperance.

Mr. Richard Rigg, speaking at an open-air meeting on the sands at Blackpool the other day, said that temperance lay at the root of every moral and social reform in this country. He believed that every man, however humble his position in life, might still be powerful for good among his fellow-men. In the House of Commons they had a large number of men representative of the working classes, and it was to their lasting credit that they were in the vast majority of cases total abstainers. Although he had mixed with all kinds of people in various lands, he had never felt the slightest handicap by being a total abstainer, and he believed in their heart of hearts the drunkards themselves admired temperance men. It was not the strength of our army, he continued, nor the number of acres we owned that would make us a great nation; but the pure, noble, unsullied lives of the people.—Temperance Leader.

The story is going the rounds that Admiral Dewey one day ordered the biggest rope and tackle on his vessel fastened to the stump of a cigar some careless smoker had thrown upon the deck, and it was thus ceremoniously thrown overboard. Shouldn't a boy be as clean as a man-of-war?