

Temperance.

Smash the Traps.

General Booth tells the following anecdote: "A little girl, whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her, injected this into her bed-time prayer: 'O Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please, don't let them! Oh, I know they won't! They can't. Amen.'"

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, 'cause 'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap.'"

"We pray for souls threatened by the traps of Satan," said the General, "but that's not enough. We must smash the traps."

Run it by Water.

A young lumberman whose habits of drinking had given the "blind staggers" to his business reformed and ran his saw-mill with profit. While in the transition period he met Tom, an old friend.

"How are you?" asked Tom.

"Pretty well, thank you; but I have just seen a doctor, to have him examine my throat."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least, he could not find what I wanted to find."

"What did you expect him to find?"

"I asked him to look down my throat for the saw-mill and farm that had gone down there in drink."

"And did he see anything of them?"

"No; but he advised me if ever I got another mill, to run it by water."

"It's Breaking My Heart."

The newspapers never reported a more pitiful story than the following: A wretched mother dropped dead about four weeks ago at the feet of a son who had been a burden and a sorrow to her. This son, who was thirty years old, instead of helping his mother, spent his wages for whiskey. At last the mother concluded that committing him as an habitual drunkard might lead to his reformation. She was called to the witness-stand to swear to the complaint, but the strain was too great for her, and she fell dead with the words on her lips: "It's breaking my heart!" No orator, living or dead, ever delivered a temperance lecture equal to this in pathos and eloquence.

A Conclusive Argument.

A noted temperance lecturer once visited the shop of a hatter, and asked him to give something to "the cause." The shopman coldly replied that he had no interest in it.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, "for it shows me that you are not acquainted with your own business."

"If you are more familiar with the business than I am," said the man, with some spirit, "I shall be happy to take lessons of you."

"Well," said the lecturer, "you deal in hats, and intend to make a little money on every hat you sell?"

"Certainly."

"Whatever makes men content to wear old, worn-out hats does your craft an injury?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, if you and I were to walk out along the wharves, and through the streets and lanes of this city, we should see scores of men wearing on their heads old, miserable, slouched hats, which ought years ago to have been thrown into the fire. Now, why don't those men come at once and buy of you?"

"That is not a difficult question to answer," said the shopman. "They are too poor to buy hats."

"What has more influence than liquor in emptying their pockets, and not only that, but injuring their self-respect to such an extent that they are willing to wear old clothes?"

"Nothing," said the man, hastily. "Here is some money for your cause!"—*Ram's Horn.*

Intemperance and Crime.

Have you ever read a newspaper that did not publish some crime that could be directly traced to intemperance? Listen to a statement that a Brooklyn magistrate has recently made: In eight months, thirteen thousand eight hundred were brought into the second division of the magistrate courts of Greater New York for drunkenness, and five thousand seven hundred and thirty-one for disorderly conduct, nearly all of whom were intoxicated as well as disorderly. Nearly ninety per cent. of the arrests in Greater New York are the result of indulgence in spirituous liquors. *The Chicago Tribune* says that saloons are responsible for the 53,000 murders committed in the United States during the last fourteen years. This does not include other crimes. "Intemperance causes greater loss of life than war, pestilence, and famine combined," Gladstone once said.

A Tomahawk Well Used.

An Indian chief, seeing that his young men were being weakened and ruined by the "fire-water" which was brought by the white traders, forbade that any more liquor be brought within his limits.

A Frenchman dared to come and bring a keg of whiskey, and was about to draw it, when the chief discovered the violation of his prohibitory law.

The old man drew his tomahawk from his belt, cut the hoops from the keg, spilled the whiskey on the earth, then turned to the trader, and holding the tomahawk over his head, said: "Go home, you dog. If you bring the fire-water again, I'll split not only the keg, but your head, too." The speech was short but sufficient.

It Saves the Boys.

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was, for political reasons, mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rumshops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from ruin by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better.

Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want.

—*North American Review.*

An Easy Start.

Dr. Lobb tells the story of a man who stood at a bar pleading for a glass of liquor. The bar-tender refused him, having been warned not to sell him any. He tried to bribe the man to supply him, but the bar-tender was firm. "You have had delirium tremens," he said, "and I dare not sell to you." The man was angry, and he stepped aside sullenly to make room for two young men, who gave their order and received their drink without demur.

The first man was annoyed, and he said to the bar-tender: "You would do less harm by giving me the liquor than giving it to them. I am ruined, body and soul, and it can make no difference to me now how much I drink; but those young men will be ruined by it, as I have been. When I was of their age you sold me liquor freely enough. Now, after I have been drinking for years, you refuse me and you ruin someone else." Then, turning to the young men, he said: "Keep on thus, and in a few years you will be like me."

DRUNKENNESS is not only the cause of committing a crime, but the encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravoes of any age or country.—*John Ruskin.*

ONE of the rules which Andrew Carnegie made for his own guidance upon the road to success is this: "Never enter a bar-room, nor let the contents of a bar-room enter you." A young man who does not understand that strong drink is a foe to professional advancement has not as yet mastered the A, B, C of the alphabet of success.

BIPIN CHANDRA PAL, an educated Hindoo, is in the United States, lecturing on the temperance question. He is an eloquent and interesting speaker, and says many suggestive and striking things. In a recent address he said that Hindoo logic was utterly unable to understand some things found in Western civilization. For instance: To exhort men to temperance and sobriety, and then license the sale of the thing which makes them drunken, was incomprehensible to the Oriental.

DR. BARRETT, the Y.M.C.A. representative with the Canadian soldiers in South Africa, says: "I think it a crying shame that our 'Christian' public is sending men on such a solemn errand, and has loaded down the ship with liquor and tobacco which are free to the men, at the discretion of the officers. On the other hand, there is not a free temperance drink to be had. Take for instance the officers' mess; at every meal there are decanters of liquor on the tables free to all, with as many cigars and cigarettes as one can smoke; but when a few of us want a drink of soda water, we pay fifteen cents per bottle. Many a man has taken his first drink and cigar during these days. However, since we have entered the hot weather this form of 'rations' has been more or less restrained, and lime juice substituted."