

MISS WILLARD'S WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

During the sixty-five days of Miss Willard's and Miss Gordon's sojourn in California and Nevada they traveled 2,276 miles, addressed 35,000 people, organized eighteen Woman's Temperance Unions and added 1,000 persons to these societies. Speaking of their visit, the *Rescue* says:

"It is surely a busy sixty-five days for these two true and brave women. Ye women who love to travel and take things easy, imagine the packing at morning only to unpack at night. The speaking at night, with the certainty of the same duty to perform the next night and the next, so on to the end of the chapter, with the extra forenoon committee meetings, and afternoon children's meetings, and a correspondence most religiously attended to every day, and averaging thirty letters and postals every twenty-four hours. This correspondence, together with her letters to the press and new plans of work to be evolved, made clear and circulated, Miss Willard puts in on the cars and at all times between her 'regular' work, like mustard between sandwiches."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

WOMAN'S WORK IN HER HOME.

Since the days of Crusade very much has been said about the determination of the mothers of America to root out this drink evil. Many of us have thus come to think the only thing necessary to be done to usher in the temperance millennium is to get the men all right, but frequently the sad truth presses itself upon us that in many of our large cities we do not yet realize that drunkard-making is as efficiently done in the home as in the saloon, and that vigorous temperance work is quite as necessary in some localities among Christian people as among the saloon sots. Society is not builded like a house, from the bottom up, but from the top down. The example of Mrs. Millionaire Tipple is studiously aped by Mrs. Twopenny Gentility, and the home life of the wife of Deacon Giles or Elder Slowcome, has a powerful influence upon the home life of the lay members of the church.

In my wanderings in Ohio, I was sent to the city of Dayton, with a population of about forty thousand. I was surprised to find the strength of the W. C. T. U. in that city lay in the most extraordinary efforts of two or three earnest women, and that I had only a handful of hearers, although the State is ablaze with excitement regarding the Constitutional Amendment. There is not a saloon in Dayton that is not in line for the great battle which is to be fought out for the saloon against the home on the 9th of October, but as yet *not a church in Dayton had filed into line*, and the Y. M. C. A. were too busy to give it any attention. The extraordinary state of affairs was explained to my entire satisfaction, however, when the next morning, in the sitting-room of my hostess, I took up a cook book, compiled by the ladies of the "First Presbyterian Church," and sold for the benefit of the church. In a fifteen minutes' survey of its pages I found *eighteen recipes in which wine and brandy entered largely into the composition of the dishes*. Here are just a few: "For a baked ham of sixteen pounds, which has been previously boiled two hours, and skinned, in the fat rub one half a pound of brown sugar; pour over it a gill of wine, cover with bread crumbs, bake for two hours, *basting with wine*." "Celery vinegar—the seed is *steeped in brandy* for flavoring soups." In three recipes for mince pie, every one contains wine and brandy. Mrs. L. A. Tenny, in her recipe for excellent mince pie, puts *two cups of strong green tea* into the mince meat, and a tablespoonful of *wine or brandy into each pie* before covering it is an improvement. This is too attenuated, though, for Mrs. J. J. Patterson, who to *two pounds of beef and two of apples, puts one pint of wine and one of brandy* (See page 63.) Mrs. E. F. Stoddard recommends "sherry wine or brandy to taste." Of course the quantity will depend upon how fond the taster is of the wine or brandy.

We had thought the day past when on the table of any Christian woman were to be put any viands whose odor savored so of the saloon that no reformed man is safe from temptation. We once sat at a table with a gifted minister who for years had been fighting a morbid inherited appetite for drink. His brilliant flow of wit had kept the table in an uproar of merriment. He was in a particularly happy frame of mind. Dessert was brought on. It was mince pie and coffee smoking hot. He lifted the crust and the brandy steamed up in his face. Never to my dying day shall I forget the look of helpless despair that came into his face. The blood mounted in a purple torrent to his face. The veins stood up on his forehead like whip-cords. He hastily excused himself and

left the table. The hostess looked surprised, but knowing all the bitter battle this man had been fighting for years, I pointed to the untasted pie and said, "Do you know what you have done?" Upon explaining the case, she said, "Surely it was not that; I am afraid he is ill. Go and see!"

I found him walking on the floor in the elegant drawing room, the cold perspiration standing upon the back of his hands, and a look of hopeless terror on his face. His first exclamation was, "Is there no place in all the world where a man can escape this whisky devil?" That man neither slept nor ate for the next forty-eight hours! I ask you, sisters, have we a right to keep hell's pitfalls *open in our homes*? "Oh!" says some lady, "but we don't entertain people in our homes who are vulgar enough to be drunkards!" Ah! my friend, don't imagine that you know all the tempted ones in your circle of acquaintance, and remember that some of the brightest names that sparkle in our national history have become the gems in the hideous crown of strong drink. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, have been worsted in this battle. God pity the senselessness of women who are nursing an asp in the home, more deadly than that which stung Cleopatra to death. God grant that the day will come when such "Presbyterian cook books" will find their way into the flames, along with other pernicious literature that is working damage to the home, and that some earthquake may shake these otherwise grand women out into a field of broader thought, and that the scales may fall from their eyes, so that they shall comprehend that temperance is a third part of the gospel. Surely we need a law for the protection of these poor women about a century behind the age—a law which shall make it impossible to get wine and brandy except for mechanical, medicinal and scientific purposes, and wake these women up to the fact that the day for brandied mince pies and ham basted with wine has gone by. No wonder there are in that city, to forty churches, three hundred and eighty saloons and over forty drug stores, when the homes of the Christian people are the most profitable customers.—*Emma Molloy, in "Morning and Day of Reform."*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

LOST A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone,
Only six years ago,
A laughing, frolicking fellow,
It would do you good to know.
Since then we have not seen him,
And we say, with nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We will never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
Comes home to us to-day,
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went;
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent;
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we can not help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we henceforth must miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever with a kiss,

—Official Organ.