



## Temperance Department.

### TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

#### IV.

Summer faded away and died, and the fairest of her flowers drooped and paled, and vanished. Autumn, with sober mien, commenced her march across the beautiful earth, chanting low, solemn dirges over the bier of summer, the while her train of faded leaves rustled strangely in the winds. Sometimes the nights were glorious with mellow moonlight; sometimes wind and storm held carnival on the earth. Mrs. Bates dreaded the coming winter. Last winter she knew how her poor children's faces had been pinched by hunger as well as cold—provisions had been so dear. Then Jessie was so unwell. She feared the cold for her; she would certainly suffer much.

It was a cold October day. Large masses of gray cloud had drifted for hours across the gloomy sky, but no rain had fallen. The shades of evening were darkening, and the wind, which had been moaning all day, was fast rising to a gale. Johnny and Fred came in from school, and settled themselves near the fire. Mrs. Bates put the baby in Jessie's keeping, and brushed the little boys' hair.

'You mind you are good lads this evening,' she said pleasantly, 'and perhaps papa will stay at home with you, and help you to do your lessons.' She always liked to talk cheerily to the poor children.

'Ma,' said Johnny, starting up, 'there's the lamplighter; we ought to have the blinds down. Let me do it, ma; and we can have the lamp lit, and have tea jolly to-night. It does blow outside, ma,' he added.

'Yes; the wind's rising, my dear.'

'When shall we have tea, ma? I'm hungry.'

'We must wait for papa, dear, it would not be kind to go on without him.'

'We had drawing to-day, ma,' said Freddy.

'And didn't I get some marks? I'm going to try to draw as well as papa.'

'That's right, Freddy,' said his mother.

'You'll learn to do grand things, I know.'

'I shall, mamma,' said the boy, with an earnest face; 'and Johnny too. He's at the top of his class.'

'I know mamma will be proud of her good little sons some day,' said Mrs. Bates, stroking their soft curly hair. Such motherly encouragement used to help her children much. She never heard them say they could not do their lessons, no matter how difficult they might be.

How sad that any circumstance should cloud that bright home that evening! Mr. Bates came in intoxicated as usual, but unusually excited. It was the same old, old story he had to tell. Mr. Harris had given him notice to leave.

'Aleck,' said his wife, 'don't trouble. He will have you again. He has been kind and forgiving hitherto.'

Mr. Harris had borne long and kindly with poor Bates. Time after time he had listened to his promises of amendment and encouraged him in every possible way. He often talked to him as an equal and a brother, and advised him as a true friend. Indeed, he was a man of a thousand. Bates knew what he owed to him. He knew how he had requited him for his kindness; and, when sober, his self-reproaches were bitter indeed. He wished, above all things, to show how he appreciated his generosity, but, alas! he was bound. He had the will—sometimes strong, and sometimes very, very feeble, but he lacked the power.

Just now, in response to his wife, he cried out in thick, guttural tones, 'I won't go back! I'll never ask him again. I'm a devil! I hate myself!'

The children cowered. 'Hush!' said his wife. 'Come and have tea and let to-morrow bring its own troubles. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

'Don't talk like a fool, Marian,' he replied. And, sitting down on a chair that stood near the table, he pushed aside the tea-tray, which sent a plate or two clattering to the floor, and leaned his head down on his folded arms

with an air of utter weariness. Jessie stooped to pick up the broken pieces, and to hide her tears too. Having tea was out of the question now; so the little boys got their lesson-books, and engaged themselves with slates and pencils.

Presently Bates looked up and said with strange calmness, 'It's a wonder that I came home; the temptation was fearfully strong to-night. I shall be sure to do it some day. Mark me, Marian, I shall! I am burning, soil and body; and the water is cool! It gives me an idea of rest. And there is no rest here: no rest anywhere! I wanted to get away from myself. But all the fiends rushed past me, shrieking—I heard them in the wind; and I disappointed them this one night.' Then he hid his face again. Mrs. Bates trembled. The blast howled down the street, and made a moaning noise about the windows.

'Hear them knocking at the door,' said Bates, mysteriously. 'That's just how they wake me in the night. I get no sleep—no rest. I wish I were dead!' He rose, and walked backward and forward like a caged tiger; his hands were clasped behind him, and they trembled visibly. He kept up a continual inaudible mutter, save when an unusually loud gust of wind seemed to struggle at the front door. Then for a moment he paused to listen.

'Now, Aleck, come and have a cup of tea,' said Mrs. Bates, affecting not to notice his strange manner. 'Here, come round to your old seat by the fire.' He gazed vacantly at her for a moment, and then turned away, speaking more naturally. 'Oh! yes; I remember,' he said. 'No, I don't want any tea. Where's Jess?'

'Here, papa,' said the child, springing forward. He smoothed her silken hair, saying, 'Poor darling!'

'We'll have tea now, papa, eh?' said Jessie.

'Yes, anything; but don't tease, dear. You shouldn't come near me.'

Jessie looked astonished, but went away quietly. After much persuasion poor Bates took a cup of tea which seemed to do him good. Then he asked Jessie to fetch his hat,—a shocking bad hat it was.

Mrs. Bates had hoped so much to have kept him at home. She was alarmed at the idea of his going out after what he had disclosed of his state of mind. 'Don't go out, dear,' she pleaded.

'I must, Marian, I could not stay here: I should go mad—raving mad!'

She followed him to the door. The cold, damp air rushed in, and chilled her; it was reviving to him. 'It is such a rough, miserable night. Do stay,' she implored.

'The night suits me, Marian. It is full of unrest and darkness. It is glorious! And he hurried away.'

The wife returned to her children, and her long pent-up feelings burst out in irrefragable sobs. 'Darling mamma, don't cry,' said Jessie. 'Let me run and ask him to come back.'

'No, no, Jessie, not you.' She glanced across at the happy, unconscious babe, and Jessie understood the look.

'Not you, mamma, because if anything should happen to baby. Let me run, now, quickly. Oh, ma.' She ran and snatched up a shawl of her mother's. 'Put this round me and let me run quickly,' she urged. 'Suppose if he should do that, ma!'

That was enough. The shawl was folded about her and she was at the door.

'It is a pouring rain, my dear. Here, Jessie, wait, your shoes are thin.'

'Oh, don't mind, ma. I will run. It isn't much.' And she sprang off, a mother's prayers following her all the way.

A sudden gust dashed the small, blinding rain into her eyes. She stopped short for a minute; then recovering breath, held her arms tightly across her chest and started again. The rain came on faster and faster; the pavements became slippery with it, and shone in the flickering light of the street lamps. Jessie strained her eyes to endeavor to discern her father in the distance; but when hurrying up to one or another whom she supposed to be him, the figure would suddenly disappear in a doorway. Yet she would not give up. There were not many people about, that was one advantage, for it enabled her to keep a good look-out, and otherwise spare her the jostling which she would surely have encountered had the streets been fuller. Nothing but urgent business would have called people out on such a night.

The tempest rushed sobbing along and poor Jessie's clothes were wet and heavy with

the angry rain. She was beginning to feel faint and despairing, when, just as she turned into D— street, she caught sight of her father some way on. Yes, there was no mistaking that tall, bending form: she knew it well; and, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on it, she quickened her steps. Suddenly he came to a large door-way whence a stream of light issued and glared on the muddy pavement. He passed in, and the child's heart sank. She hurried up and stood gasping under the sheltering portico.

People passed in and out, but heeded her not. It was no uncommon thing to see children waiting about there for their parents.

(To be Continued).

## THE CHEWER'S DOOM.

BY DOCTOR DEANE.

The cultivation of this plant was introduced into America by Sir Walter Raleigh, and is now, as is well known, largely cultivated, particularly in some of the Southern States.

The valley of the Connecticut produces a small yearly crop of this plant, but in proportion to the whole crop of the country, not more than a day's chewing or smoking for one man in proportion to the total amount chewed and smoked in the country.

One gentleman in this fertile valley recently refused to rent his farm because he understood tobacco was to be raised on it—an instance of moral courage in every way to be applauded.

I now give a few medical reasons why the use of tobacco for chewing and smoking should never be indulged in, especially by the young.

In the first place, every atom and tissue of our bodies is formed from the blood, and the blood is made from what we put in the mouth. Blood made from bread and butter and milk and meats and all natural and wholesome food is good, and helps to build up the system in a strong and proper manner; but blood that is produced by tobacco is not only unnatural, and does no good whatever to the body, but does harm by introducing into the veins a deadly poison.

Blood is good or bad, according to the material it is made from. Accordingly, blood from that which is itself a poison, must be poisonous, unless the poison has been in some way extracted.

There is poison in the potato, but this is destroyed by heat. In tobacco there is no protection against the poison which it contains, and the deadly matter goes right into the blood.

If enough tobacco could be eaten to cause death, death would follow at once. Fortunately, men do not chew it in sufficient quantities to produce death, but they do consume enough of the vile plant to do themselves great injury.

Nor is this injury any the less real because slow. The harm done the body by the use of tobacco is permanent, and year after year becomes worse and worse.

Because boys who do not see men who chew fall down dead as men who take strychnine do, they are apt to shake the head dubiously when told by their elders that tobacco is a poison.

Spit a mouthful of tobacco into the mouth of some small animal, and it will die. Men—the larger animals—do not, on the use of a bit at a time, because what they take is small, and the damage done them by it is partly repaired by the good, strong blood which their food makes, and which they take into the body by the side of this poisoned blood of which I am speaking.

Every mouthful of tobacco-juice contains a certain quantity of nicotine, which is a virulent poison.

Imagine a man opening his veins with a penknife and letting arsenic or strychnine into himself! But what is the difference, except that the mineral poison would kill him at once, and the vegetable poison—tobacco—may kill him in time, if he go on with it and use it excessively?

If even the water we drink affects the quantity and the quality of the blood, surely tobacco-juice must. The idea of any man drinking impure, muddy water is unpleasant even to think of; but what is bad water compared with the juice of tobacco?

You may think that chewers do not swallow the juice of the weed. They do. They swallow some, and more, too, than you or they think. With all the amount they expectorate from the mouth, some, notwithstanding, is swallowed.

Besides, there is a large amount absorbed. This process of absorption I must stop to explain. You will hear in mind that all over the inside of the mouth are glands in great number. The duty of these glands is to do somewhat as a sponge does when put in water—suck up the liquids that they touch. All the saliva that touches them is more or less filled with the juices of what we chew—whatever it is—and these juices, of course, float around in the mouth, and, as soon as they touch the glands, are more or less absorbed, or sucked up by them. So that, partly by swallowing a little, and absorbing a good deal more, the system, in the course of a day's chewing, gets a good deal of the poison of the tobacco-juice taken into it.

As I before said, every drop taken into the body goes to blood—and blood of the poorest sort—blood that not only does no good toward building the body up, keeping it healthy and making it long-lived, but which on the contrary, does harm, poisons the system, renders the tissues of the body liable to disease, weakens certain functions, increases the likelihood of insanity, and of sudden and even of premature death.

If more can be said against anything that goes into the mouth of man, I do not know what that article is.

Smoking is less injurious than chewing, because less poison is swallowed and absorbed; but even this is injurious to a great degree.

To say nothing in this article of the social and moral reasons against the use of tobacco, the medical ones which I have given ought to deter every boy from ever soiling his lips with the weed.

I may add that the use of intoxicating drinks is to be classed with that of the use of tobacco in its ill effects on the body.—*Golden Days.*

## THE DOCTOR'S WORK.

Physicians have a great deal to do in making drunkards, and this I know by experience; for I was innocent and did not know anything about strong drink until my first babe was borne. I was very weak and the doctor recommended ale: he said that would give me strength; well, perhaps it did, but by the time my baby was ten months old I was a drunkard. Oh! warn all mothers never to take ale, for if you only knew the bitter experience that I have had in "drinking to make nourishment for my babe," as I thought, it would make your blood run cold. I have attended a great many temperance meetings, where they are always talking about men drinking. Why, there are as many women, almost, who drink as there are men. Unless you have drank yourself you cannot imagine the misery and the suffering one has to endure, when he or she is a slave to this accursed appetite. I could write and tell you things about the appetite for strong drink and what it will cause one to do, in order to get it, that I am sure you would not believe. This letter is written by one who was raised by Christian parents, and yet knows a great deal about suffering from the accursed appetite for rum.—*From Letter in the Morning.*

## DON'T MENTION IT.

Many people notice wrong going on, but do not mention it for fear it would injure them in some way. Many a father raises his boy in the neighborhood of a saloon, he would not under any consideration want his boy to go into the saloon, does not want him to get drunk, he knows that place is open to tempt him, but is actually too cowardly to try to close the hell trap. Persons have frequently said to us, "Well, I know that's wrong, but we can't remedy it by making a noise about it." The fact is, people must notice these wrongs; speak of them and they will be stopped; but if people notice them and say nothing about it they are bound to increase. If every church member would use his or her influence against the liquor traffic publicly half the saloons would be closed in six months.—*Morning.*

A few months ago, a woman interested in relieving want and promoting Temperance opened a five-cent coffee-house in San Francisco, with so good success that three more were established, then a fifth, and all are self-supporting. Hundreds patronize these places, where a cup of coffee and a roll of bread are served for five cents.—*Signal.*