

Temperance Department.

A Practical Help.

About five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia, into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain him there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily-dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of the usur' stimulant.

He gasped with horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which a sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in.

Some elegantly-dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted. "That is George C—," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P—." His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead.

"What did it?"

"Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C— and took his arm.

"Come inside," she said, sternly, with a secret loathing in her heart. "The gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day he may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her.

She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences.

But that young man's brain did not want truth or the gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deathly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said briskly. "Come, we'll go together and find some."

George C— uttered something about "a trifle," and "tavern."

But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot-savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished, his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said:

"I thank you. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C—'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

"I was a man once, like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believed in Christ; but it is too late now."

"It is not too late!" cried his friend.

It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last.

George C— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age. Every Sunday morning the breakfast is

set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered in to it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.

What Would Follow.

Should all the inhabitants of this country cease to use intoxicating liquor, the following would be some of the beneficial results, viz:—

1. Not an individual would hereafter become a drunkard.

2. Many who are now drunkards would reform, and would be saved from the drunkard's grave.

3. As soon as those who would not reform should be dead, which would be but a short time, not a drunkard would be found and the whole land would be free.

4. More than three-fourths of the pauperism of the country might be prevented, and also more than three-fourths of the crimes.

5. One of the grand causes of error in principle and immorality in practice, and of all dissipation, vice and wretchedness would be removed.

6. The number, frequency and severity of diseases would be greatly lessened, and the number and hopelessness of maniacs in our land exceedingly diminished.

7. One of the greatest dangers of our children and youth, and one of the principal causes of bodily, mental and moral deterioration would be removed.

10. The efficacy of the gospel, and all the means which God has appointed for the spiritual and eternal good of men, would be exceedingly augmented; and the same amount of moral and religious effort might be expected to produce more than double its present effect.

11. Multitudes of every generation through all future ages might be prevented from sinking into an untimely grave and into endless torment; they might be transformed into the divine image, and prepared through grace for the endless joys of heaven.

12. God would be honored, voluntarily and actively by much greater numbers; and with greater clearness and to a greater extent would, through their instrumentality, manifest His glory.

The above results would be secured if, with the present effort to educate the people concerning the evil results of strong drink, they were not constantly confronted with the temptation to drink which is presented to them under the sanction of the government of the State and nation, with the consent and approbation of the great mass of the voters of the country. The effort to teach children to abstain and to impress upon their minds the danger of indulging in strong drink, can produce but meagre results so long as those children can see their parents, and instructors in the pulpit, in the school-room, and on the temperance platform, exerting their political influences to license the sale of that, the use of which is so strongly condemned. And, if we would secure these results which we admit we do follow from abstinence from strong drink, we must prohibit by the ballot the sale of strong drink, the use of which is so severely condemned by the Bible.—Sixteenth Amendment.

"Give me Back my Husband."

Not many years since, a young married couple from the far "fast anchored Isle" sought our shores, with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when in an evil hour the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it is red," and to taste of it "when it gives color in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalia

crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish—

"Give me back my husband!"

"There's your husband," said the man.

"That my husband! What have you done to him? That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to look erect to Heaven, and see in its mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar!"

Benjamin Franklin, the Young Printer.

About the year 1725, an American boy, some nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America; a lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:—

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, and returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster-General, Member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Ambassador to Royal Courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns, and villages in America named after the same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Things That Break Woman's Heart.

A husband treated to a glass of wine at the house of a friend (?)

A husband taking a game of cards in the neighboring grocery.

A husband who frequents places where the shutters are always drawn.

A husband who taints the pure atmosphere of home with beer and tobacco.

A husband who can take a glass with a friend and knows when to quit.

A husband who keeps the evil genius in his home, and consoles himself that he only takes it as a medicine.

A husband who goes in town to lodge (not Good Templars,) and does not return for several days.

A husband who grumbles and mutters extravagance when his children need shoes, but whose smile is bland as he lavishly treats his friends (?)

A husband who calls his wife thriftless and wasteful when the flour bin and sugar barrel are empty, but buys his cigars by the box and only indulges in the choicest brands, and purest liquors.

A husband who compels his wife to bend

daily over the wash tub, that he may spend the money earned by the sweat of her womanly brow for beer or poor bourbon. We hear so much of protection now. We have had altogether too much of that sort.

A husband who has lost all pride for himself or regard for his family. "Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies, too."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The voting on the Scott Act, in Kingston and Frontenac, last week, resulted in a victory and defeat. In the County the Act was carried by a majority of 300 or 400, and in Kingston city it was defeated by a narrow majority of fifty votes.

IRELAND.—The *Leagus Journal* says:—The fifteenth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland was held in the Assembly's Hall, Belfast, on the 7th and 8th of April. Mr. S. S. Fleming, G.W.C.T., presided. His report indicated that the Order in Ireland is making substantial progress. The report of the G.W.S. showed an increase of three lodges and three hundred and twenty members. Reports were submitted and discussed from the G.L. Executive, the representative of the W.G.S., on the Irish Good Templar, on finance, on distribution, on missions, on trust deeds, on affiliated membership, and on appeals. The grand lodge per capita tax remains the same as last year. Arrangements were made to carry on a successful mission throughout the whole country during the winter. The following officers were elected:—Br. Fleming, G.W.C.T.; Br. Mitchell, G.W.V.T.; Br. Xyle, G.W. Councillor; Br. Lytle, G.W. Secretary; Br. Bradshaw, G.W.T.; Br. Rev. Mr. Crowthwaite, G.W.C.; Br. Moore, G.W.M.; Br. Gibson, G.S.I.T.; Br. Blisenden, G.W.G.; Sir. Elliott, G.W.D.M.; Br. McNeill, G.W.A.S.; Br. Harvey, G.W. Messenger; and Br. Holmes, G.W.Sentinel; and were duly installed. The Grand Lodge closed in the usual way. It is fully believed that the coming year will be one of the most successful the Templars ever had.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Meeting of the Right Worthy G. and Lodge.

The representatives of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars of the United States and Canada met at the Rossin House on Friday of last week. The following members of the committee were present: John B. Finch, of Nebraska, R.W.G.T.; Dr. Oronhyatekha, London, R.W.G.C.; Hon. D. P. Sagendorph, Mich., R.W.G.Sec.; Hon. Uriah Copp, Jr., Illinois, R.W.G.T.; Rev. C. H. Mead, New York; Hon. E. R. Hutchins, Iowa; Miss Mary F. Peck, Connecticut; Mrs. John B. Finch, Nebraska. As we go to press the Right Worthy Grand Lodge is in session in the theatre of the Normal School building. A full representation of the various Grand Lodges is present, and the greatest unanimity and enthusiasm prevails. We shall give full particulars of this important gathering next week.

—For Truth.

An Appeal Against Drink.

WALTER S. PEACOCK.

Oh Drink! of human woes most cursed of all
Since men sink lowest by thy madd'ning power,
Our noblest men and women seek thy fall—
Nor will they strive in
When those who have no strength to resist thy chain
Shall be set free and feel like men again.

Oh drunkard! are you happy thus to stand
Before the bar and drink thy poisonous stuff
Knowing your praying wife, and little bard
Of ragged children have not half enough
To live on?—may a sense of shame
Prompt you to spurn the drink, to hate its name.

Oh bondsman of the drink which cannot eat
Your burning thirst, and but allures you on
With hope to quench it! Can drink compensate
For honor, love and happiness—all gone—
In the vain hope to cool your burning vein?
Arise! and break your bonds—help prohibition's rein.

Oh ye who drink a little, now and then,
And say 'tis but a pleasure—a bit and think
Do you not set examples to young men
Who do not know the alluring power of drink?
Are you so wise?—you can not give up
To save a fellow-man—your moderate cup?

Oh Christians! who are happy and content—
(For in those joys but Christians can delight.)
Rouse up and let a greater force be lent
To the great power that bravely strives for right:
Fight on! ye temperance soldiers;—there's much
Still to be done.
Fight 'gainst the demon drink until the victory
is won.