



Temperance Department.

JANET'S MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago there lived in Edinburgh the widow of a naval officer. Her family consisted of twelve children, the eldest and youngest of whom were daughters. The widow's income was limited, therefore when an intimate friend who was about to emigrate to America offered Janet, the eldest daughter, a position as governess in her family, the proposal was gladly accepted. At this time the youngest daughter, Ilene, was but four years of age, and the bustle and excitement attendant upon the preparations for Janet's departure, made an indelible impression upon her imaginative mind.

Janet had been away scarcely a year when news came of her approaching marriage to a gentleman of great wealth. The friends who had constituted themselves Janet's protectors, pronounced the match an excellent one, even though the gentleman was a widower and many years her senior. Thenceforth in all Ilene's hopes and dreams, Janet was the central figure, the crowned heroine. Years passed. The sons grew up, married and winged away; some near, others far, and only Ilene was left at home. When she was entering her eighteenth year the mother died. The thoughts of Ilene turned to Janet, who, alone of all the family, was in possession of great wealth. To go to her—to see the world—to enter society—perhaps to hold sway as a belle; surely these were dreams to be realized. Her friends also deemed it best that she should be sent at once to the wealthy sister, and so, immediately after the funeral, the affairs of the orphan were carefully arranged, and she set out on her long and lonely journey.

On arriving at her sister's home she found "all as her fancy" had "painted it." Luxury and elegance reigned. Ilene made her entrance into society, and soon her fondest hopes were realized, "the bright Scotch lassie," as she was called, became the reigning favorite. The future looked golden, and but for the remembrance of her lost mother, whom she had tenderly loved, life would have been without a single regret.

She had been about two months in her new home, when on returning late one afternoon from spending the day with a young friend, she found the front door locked, and she was obliged to ring for admittance. The drawing room shutters were closed tightly and a strange sense of dread tugged at her heart. "Where is my sister?" she asked of the servant who admitted her. "She is ill, and can see no one," was the reply, Ilene, ignoring the latter clause, ran swiftly up stairs. She was of an ardent, impulsive temperament, consequently she burst abruptly into her sister's room without staying for the ceremony of a premonitory knock.

Alas! for the sight that met her eye. On the floor lay her sister, partially dressed, her face slightly flushed, her hair dishevelled. The room was in disorder, yet, on a couch several yards removed, sat her sister's husband, contentedly reading a newspaper. He looked up alarmed as Ilene burst in.

"What are you doing here?" he said gruffly. "Did not the servants tell you that Janet was ill and must not be disturbed?" "Yes, oh yes," cried Ilene starting forward, "but why does she lie like that? Cannot you—cannot I do something for her?" As she spoke she bent over her sister as if to lift her head from the floor, but suddenly recoiled, a look of horror darting over her expressive face. Her brother-in-law laughed fiendishly. "O, yes, you can do something for her, of course; take her up and put her to bed, yes, take up your sister, your drunken sister, and care for her if you can. I am through with that sort of thing long ago."

Ilene burst into tears and rushed from the room.

It was several days before she saw Janet again. When she appeared among them, no allusion was made to her recent "illness."

Ilene, despite her brother-in-law's words, tried to believe that the dark occurrence was without precedence; but alas! less than two weeks elapsed when the terrible "illness" returned, and under circumstances still more heart-rending to Ilene. She longed to ask some one how all this horrible state of affairs had come about, yet she found it impossible to propound questions on the subject to either Janet or her husband. One day however, while the wretched woman was shut in her room for the third time, a chance remark from Ilene brought from an old servant a graphic account of the sad downfall.

"It is every bit his fault," she said, "and now he abuses the poor mistress for it. He always has had his wine on his table, and a barrel of beer in the cellar just as you see it now. My first mistress could drink as much as he and never feel it, but your sister is different; it goes right to her head, you know, poor thing, so she'd never touch a drop, which used to make him fearful mad at her. But after a while her health gave out, and he and the doctors together made her drink it for medicine, and that was, as you might say, the end of her. She never since then has been so long sober as she was just after you came. The master has been pickled in the filthy stuff since ever he was born, they say, and a hoghead wouldn't make him curl up, I do believe.

Janet's affairs gradually went from bad to worse, and at last the whole of their fortune slipped from their grasp. Now, in their old age she and her husband are dependent on a son, who is in straitened circumstances. Wine no more flows freely to tempt Janet every hour, yet, she is ever haunted by the craving thirst for it, which was awakened by its medicinal use, and sometimes, even yet, by "hook or crook" she obtains enough to reduce her to the old besotted condition. But saddest of all is it that she cannot recover the wasted years of womanhood, when with her accomplishments and engaging manners, she should have been in the full flower of her usefulness.—*Lover.*

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

BY EGBERT L. DANGS.

I am sitting by an open window. It is that witching hour just after sun-down, before it has grown dark. All sorts of vehicles are in the street before me. I am looking out upon the business thoroughfare of a very lively town.

Three places of business right across the way are open, and they are all having a good trade; for it is Saturday, and people from the country have poured in, as they always do on that day.

Out of one of those open doors there comes a plain looking man, leading a little boy by the hand. The boy has on a new suit of clothes, and is happy in the consciousness of being well dressed. The sign over the door where they have been, reads:

: CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS. :

Several persons have gone in at the next door, but they have not come out yet. At the third door there stands a farmer's two horse waggon; a cook stove, bright with tinware and copper boilers, has just been lifted in. They are putting in the end board, and now they start—brown faced man and buxom wife, for their home in the country. Over the door of the place they came out of, I read in great wooden letters:

: HARDWARE STORE. :

Between these two places there is another door. It admits you to a very attractive place. The windows are a perfect curiosity shop. There are stuffed birds, mounted on the dry branches of an evergreen. There are also stuffed animals, so naturally placed that they seem instinct with life. Strains of music from time to time come from that elegantly kept place of business. But whom do I see going in there? That well dressed gentleman, with a red nose, is one of our principal business men. The young fellow who comes after him belongs to a dry goods store. The seedy man who brings up the rear is a day laborer. He has just been paid fifty cents for sweeping a cellar and picking up the rubbish in a door yard. Lucky fellow, he is going to invest in what

he calls internal improvements. The sign in the middle place of business, reads:

: LIQUORS AND CIGARS. :

This kind of business is regarded as a necessary one. I heard a prominent business man—one of our City Fathers—say the other day that grass would grow in our streets were it not for the places where liquor is sold. I, for one, would let our city or any other city go to grass, and would try the dairy business on the spot for a living, sooner than I would thrive by a business that is kept moist with the tears of women, and red with the blood of murdered humanity.

But glance at those three open doors again. Let us ask each of the men who preside within them the same question.

"Mr. A.—What do you pay for the privilege of selling ready made clothing?" "What do I pay? why nothing at all. Thank God, I live in a free country."

"Mr. B.—What do you pay for the privilege of carrying on your business?" "I pay three hundred dollars, sir," says Mr. B, as he takes the change for a "set-em-up-all round," and drops it in his till. "And," continues he, "it's a shame to make me pay it; I tell you, and don't you forget it."

"Mr. C.—What do you pay for selling hardware?" "Nothing at all, sir. Can't I sell you a lawn mower, or a George Washington hatchet, or a catch-em-alive mouse-trap?" "No," I say, "I've just come out of a catch-em-alive trap that keeps the grass from growing in our streets; a trap that does double duty, like the old-fashioned clock that kept the time of day accurately and gave two quarts of milk on Sunday; I don't want to buy anything."

I go out of that place, the last of three with a puzzle, so to speak on my hands. The puzzle is this: Why does the man in the middle place of business, pay for the right to sell his property when neither the man on his right hand, nor the man on his left, pay a single cent for the privilege of selling theirs? Is it just? Liquor dealers do a great deal of cheap swearing on the subject. Have they any cause for their profanity?

The whole community would rise up in arms if bonds were required of every business man, and if he were compelled to pay heavily for the privilege of selling his goods. If it is right to sell liquor, if it is an honest calling, if it benefits the community,—then, clearly it is unjust to make any distinction between selling liquor, and selling ready made clothing or hardware. But suppose it to be a curse, as it surely is. What then? How does it look to take money as a compensation for an injury to society, and then credit a wicked business with helping us to pay our taxes?

Our Saxon ancestors allowed the most notorious offenders to commute for murder. We commute for almost everything. Cash down for a quantity, buys milk tickets, dinner tickets, and railway tickets at reduced rates. Cash down in advance, and the seller of liquor is allowed to be an accessory to every crime under heaven.—*Christian at Work.*

FOR MY SAKE.

There are a thousand applications of this principle of self-denial for Christ's sake. Grand old Paul had it in his mind when he wrote: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak." It is not easy for a true Christian to keep this text in his Bible and to keep a bottle on his table. They do not harmonize. The bottle means temptation. The text means that things were not always sinful, *per se*, should be cheerfully give up for her sake of others; and the legal liberty of the man or woman whose heart is in the right place will never be exercised when a moral evil may flow from such exercise. We have no right to put a stumbling block in the path of others. As a Christian I am bound to surrender every self-indulgence which works directly against the best interests of my fellow men, especially if it endangers precious souls for whom Jesus died. This principle gives to the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicants a broad Bible basis as solid as the Hudson "Palisades" on which I am now writing.

The two thousand unanswerable arguments against the drinking usages are these: An alcoholic beverage endangers me

if I tamper with it; it endangers my fellow-man if I offer it to him. My Bible teaches me to let it alone for the sake of the "weak" and those who stumble. Ah, those stumblers! How many wrecks the word reveals! How many tombs it opens, whose charitable turf hides out of sight what surviving kindred would love to hide from memory! For Jesus' sake, and for the sake of the easily tempted, who will hide behind our example, let us who call ourselves Christians put away this bottled devil, which conceals damnation under its ruby glow. This subject of self-surrender for Jesus' sake is as wide as the domain of Christian duty. To live for Christ is the sweetest and holiest life we can live; to live for self is the most wretched. Every cross is turned into a crown, every burden becomes a blessing, every sacrifice becomes sacred and sublime, the moment that our Lord and Redeemer writes on it "For my sake."—*N. Y. Independent.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON IX.—ALCOHOL AND THE DOWNWARD ROAD.

What is among the first indications of progress in the downward road by reason of the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

The loss of self-respect.

What is self-respect?

Self-respect is that consciousness of uprightness and purity of life, which puts persons at their ease, and keeps them in the upward way.

How is this loss of self-respect shown by those who are forming or have formed the drinking habit?

In many ways: in their seeking to avoid public observation when drinking; in their endeavor to conceal the fact when the deed is done; and commonly, in manifest shame.

What follows closely on, the loss of self-respect?

The gradual change from good company to bad.

What follows this?

Increasing indifference as to what persons think or say, and the slow but sure surrender of self to the appetites and lusts.

What next?

Entire loss of shame, absolute degradation, and at length the change from a person made in the image of God to a brute.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Kendal Mercury* states the following facts respecting the change produced in that town by temperance and religious effort. There are about 13,000 inhabitants. "From what I can hear matters are becoming very serious to the publicans in the town. The income of many of them must have been dreadfully interfered with by what is going on. One of them, in the upper part of the town, is reported to have said, on a certain Saturday evening, that he did not know what he was to do if such a state of things continued, as that evening, from seven o'clock till nine, he had not taken sixpence, though Saturday evening, used to be his busiest time. Another of them, in the centre of the town is reported to have said to one of his customers that same evening that he was the only visitor they had for two hours, and that he would give him a shilling if he would visit every public-house in the same street and see if others were as bad as they were. The man took the shilling and went forth, and having visited the ten public-houses that had been pointed out, returned and reported that he had only found eight persons sitting and drinking in the entire lot. Another, who used to brew regularly twice a week, is said to be brewing once a fortnight now. On every side the cry is going forth, whatever shall we do? It is said that one large firm in town, finding that so many of their workmen had mounted the Blue Ribbon, and were in danger of being drawn aside from that path for want of some place where they could meet to read the news and smoke their pipes, have actually rented a large house not far from the works and placed it at their disposal every evening in the week, except Sundays, for the purpose mentioned. Now, if all this is true, we are passing through a revolution, the consequences of which who can tell?"