

correct. He must leave it alone forever, or live the life of a drunkard. There could be no half-way work about it. For years he had been so comfortable and secure in carrying out his total abstinence principles, that he had ceased to dream of danger. Now it had come to him from a quarter least expected; from the woman he loved more than the world.

Murray Hill was lined with carriages. One more brilliant party for Bertha Osgood before her marriage and departure for Europe. It was the jam of the season, and the young lady in whose honor it was given was more brilliantly beautiful than ever. The manliest man in the whole assemblage was Frank Stapleton; and all went merry as a marriage bell, until—

"Say, come out here, Frank," said the host in a whisper. "Tom has been making some egg-nog under Bertha's directions, and half-a-dozen of us are going to drink to your health in the library; come along, old fellow!"

"Tom says he shouldn't like to make egg-nog every day," laughed Bertha. "He says 'it's awful hard on the arms, ma'am.' See how nice it looks!" going over to her lover, and gracefully accepting the offered glass.

"No, I thank you!" said Frank, trying to smile and appear natural. "Nothing of that sort ever agrees with me."

"Frank prefers his brandy straight," said the host, passing the decanters.

Bertha gave her lover one annoyed and indignant look, then said under her breath,—

"For mercy's sake don't parade your temperance eccentricities here." Then louder, "Frank will try the egg-nog, please. I cannot have that slighted to-night."

"A little more brandy, Frank? There is hardly a suspicion of liquor in this," urged the host again.

"Certainly," was the firm answer. "Anything to please Bertha. Here's to our future, dear, a long life and a jolly one!" and the glass was drained to the dregs.

"It is singular where Frank is!" said the promised wife two hours later. He had not been seen since they all drank together in the library. "Surely something must have happened him! He never neglected me so before."

"Your egg-nog may have affected his head, Bertha," suggested the host laughingly.

"Nonsense," she retorted. "It would be a weak brain indeed that couldn't stand a glass of egg-nog."

A strange shuffling noise in the hall. "That may be Frank," said Bertha, rising, unconscious of the unsteady steps. "Well, sir, please give an account of yourself," she began; but the words died upon her lips. Was this her lover, her promised husband, the man she had chosen out of all the world to love and honor? A pair of bloodshot eyes looked vacantly into her own; a trembling hand was stretched out to take hers.

"Frank Stapleton!" she shrieked. He replied, staggering to a seat, "Went out and got some more egg-nog, you see; one glass wasn't enough; time to go home, isn't it?" and almost before he had finished speaking, his head dropped upon his breast, and he was sound asleep.

One glance of horror and disgust was all the tempter bestowed upon her victim.

"Be kind enough to take him home," she said to a friend. "I never want to see him again as long as I live. How fortunate that I discovered this weakness before he had entangled me into marriage!"

Frank Stapleton is walking steadily down to destruction, and all for a glass of egg-nog.—*Congregationalist.*

## LOVING THE SINNER.

By Eleanor Kirk.

HIS STORY.

I never turn any one from my door hungry, but we have so many applicants for something to eat that I do not always feel the necessity of treating them personally; but this time, when my cook with a very sad face asked me to please step into the hall, I knew that no ordinary beggar awaited me."

"Well, sir?" said I, as I looked up into a pale handsome face, quite reassured by his gentlemanly manner, "is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Yes madam," he answered earnestly, and with cultured intonation; "you can give me something to eat, for I am very hungry."

As he came slowly in, at my invitation, I noticed that his steps were slightly unsteady, and that he appeared weak and suffering. Some poor fellow with a sad domestic history, I thought, just recovering from a long sickness. The idea of intoxication never presented itself. Here was an educated, handsome, dignified gentleman. His clothes bore the appearance of long travel, but they were fine of texture and fashionably made. His hands were very white, and very slender; and I noticed, as he drank the coffee I handed him, that they trembled painfully.

"Have you been ill?" I asked.

"Ill, madam?" he answered. "Ill? Yes; ill unto death—so ill that I shall never recover; but (with a groan) not in the way your kind heart supposes."

"We are often mistaken," I answered, "in our first impressions, but do not be afraid to tell me what your trouble is. I shall sympathize with it, whatever it may be."

"Do you not see," he replied, extending his hands, with a gesture of despair, "what is the matter with me? I am weak and unnerfed from the effects of liquor, madam; that is my trouble. I did not mean to deceive you. Shall I go?"

"Go?" I said, putting my hand on his arm. "Go? Why bless your heart, what do you take me for? Stay and refresh yourself, and if you feel like it, tell me all about it."

"I am not sober enough to tell you now," he replied. "I wish I could; but this much I can always tell, drunk or sober: I have a perfect passion for alcoholic stimulants. When I am where they can be bought, I must drink. I am trying now to get to some place in the heart of the country, where the damnable stuff is not sold. Do you think I can find such a spot? Rum has broken up my family; rum has killed my mother; and there is no help for me, here or hereafter."

I replenished his cup, and filled his plate. There seemed to be really nothing I could do but to attend to his temporary physical wants. By his own confession he was too much intoxicated to talk connectedly, and of course, under such circumstances, words of mine would be useless. "Poor child!" escaped from my lips involuntarily. He heard, looked up quickly, dashed away some tears, and said, with the sweetest smile I ever saw on mortal man's face, "and you pity me? Poor child! poor child!" he repeated, with an accent of fondness.

"How many times my mother has said 'poor child' to me! And you pity me?"

"I pity, and I love you," I answered. "I yearn over you, as I pray God some mother would yearn over my boy in a like position! And if I, a perfect stranger, can care for you in this manner, how much more must your Heavenly Father love you!"

"But, madam," he sobbed, "I have no will, no power to assert myself when liquor is before me. Just think how the banners of invitation are thrown out from every street corner in this city. If I only could make some one understand the longing, the feverish thirst, the ravenous, consuming desire which takes possession of my whole being when I see, smell, or hear of the soul-destroying stuff, I believe I should be arrested and confined for a maniac. If I could only find the right spot in the country, perhaps—oh, madam, who knows but I might get back some of my lost manhood?"

Oh, how my heart ached for the poor fellow; but with a house full of children, and my husband always unwilling to extend hospitality to the evil doer, I was powerless, as far as personal influence was concerned. The coffee and the good substantial lunch had had their usual humanizing effects, and as he rose from the table I was pleased to see that his step was once more firm, and a little color had risen to his poor, pale face.

"I am better now," he said softly, "and if I dared I should ask God to bless you for your great kindness; but whatever else I am, I have never been profane."

"Don't talk in that way," I interrupted; "and don't allow yourself to go on misinterpreting the character of your Heavenly Father. He is all love and mercy. He so loved the world as to give His only Son—for what? For whom? For just such poor sinners as you and I. He sees your temptations, understands why your will lacks force, and makes every possible allowance for whatever you may have inherited."

"How strange this all sounds!" he said again, very softly. "How strange and how sweet; but—"

"There are no 'buts' with God," I put in quickly; "and it is the meanest kind of profanity to use them. Now you talk about going into the country! The devil invariably gets the best of everybody who turns the back on him. It has got to be a hand-to-hand, face-to-face, up-and-down, square fight; and if you ask God to help you I know you can utterly annihilate this enemy."

"I will try," he answered firmly; and as the words left his lips a convulsive chill crept over him, and he was again as pale as death. I went up stairs and got him a clean collar and neck-tie, brushed his clothes, put a clean handkerchief in his pocket, with a few pamphlets I wanted him to read, tucked a bill in his vest, and then my courage and self-possession left me, and I broke down into a fit of sobbing.

"I will try as I never tried before," he resumed. Taking my hand and placing it on his head, he said, "Now, give me your benediction."

I gave it, and he walked away, grave and solemn, but with a new light in his eyes—a strange something that made me thrill with happiness. Oh! I wonder what has become of him!

HIS STORY.

I am going to her to-morrow, to tell her what she has done for me. I determined to wait till I was sure of reformation. I must never disappoint her—the good angel God sent to lead me out of the mire of sin and temptation. When I went from her presence, on that day ever to be remembered, I felt that a new strength had been given me. I could hold my head up and look about me. Her blessed words kept singing in my heart, and for the first time since I became a drunkard, I felt that, with God's help, I could put an end to the demon who had so long and so effectually ruled me. I believe I have done it; or rather she has accomplished it. How kind God was to send me there—I, a poor drunken wretch, to be so transformed by His divine love, made manifest in her. I hope it is not wrong, dear Saviour, but when I lift my thought to Thee, and in fullness of spirit look into Thy smiling face, close beside Thee stands the loving instrument of my salvation—a noble woman.—*Zion's Herald.*

## OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

In Mr. Charles Nordhoff's new book, just published by Harper & Brothers, and entitled "Northern California and the Sandwich Islands," we find the following:—

"I have now seen the grape in almost every part of California where wine is made. The temptation to a new settler in this State is always strong to plant a vineyard; and I am moved, by much that I have seen, to repeat here, publicly, advice I have often given to persons newly coming into the State: Do not make wine. I remember a wine cellar, cheaply built, but with substantial and costly casks containing a mean, thin, fiery wine; and on a pleasant, sunny afternoon, around these casks, a group of tipsy men—hopeless, irredeemable beasts, with nothing much to do except to encourage each other to another glass, and to wonder at the Eastern man who would not drink. There were two or three Indians staggering about the door; there was swearing and filthy talk inside; there was a pretentious tasting of this, that, and the other casks, by a parcel of sots, who in their hearts would have preferred 'forty-rod' whiskey. And a little way off, there was a house with women and children in it, who had only to look out of the door to see this miserable sight of husband, father, friends, visitors and hired-men, spending the afternoon in getting drunk."

Mr. Nordhoff, in another part of the chapter quoted from, states that not every vineyard is a nest of drunkards, yet he adds these emphatic words:

"But everywhere, and in my own experience, nearly as often you will see the proprietor, or his sons, or his hired men, bearing the marks of strong drink; and too often, if you come unexpectedly on to a vineyard, or to a wine cellar rather, you will find some poor wretch that, by four o'clock, is maudlin; that is, too drunk to know you, or to stand."

## DOCTORS, DEATH, AND DRINK.

It is a sad fact resulting from the present practice of a majority of our physicians, that very few even of those who have during their whole lives protested against the traffic in, and the use of intoxicating liquors, but are made before they leave the world, to contradict to a certain extent the testimony of a life, and create distrust of the soundness of the doctrines they have so zealously advocated, by using alcoholic liquors for days, perhaps for weeks before their departure. Three-fourths of the adults who die, are by the order of their physician, brought under the influence of liquor, and not infrequently to such an extent that the feeble brain reels under the power of the potent drug, and for the first time in the life of the individual, perhaps he is maudlin. Most likely if his condition attract the special notice of relatives, nurses, or watchers, they will be assured by the doctor that the patient is delirious, and that is true, and it is often true when the delirium is not to be credited to the partial failure of the function of respiration and the consequent action of decarbonized blood upon the brain, but the effect of alcohol. It was given "to prolong life," so it is said, "to support the failing strength," to give added force to the feeble, flagging pulse.

But what man or woman, sinking inevitably under some incurable malady, would wish his friends to protract for a few hours, if it were possible, a painful existence by means that may cloud his intellect and endanger his sanity so that in his last interview with the loved ones on earth he may possibly be maudlin? What, in that condition, would be the value of a Christian's testimony to the sustaining power of his faith in the power of the Redeemer, of the hope of a blessed future, inspired by the religion he had professed? What an everlasting shame it is, that one who has done all he could for years to convince the world of the folly and danger of drink, should himself be made to bear testimony to the very great val-

ue of the drug he has for years decried.—*Charles Jewett.*

## "YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE."

A minister whose praise is in all the churches was asked on one occasion to visit a family in the deepest distress.

On his way to the house he met a brother minister, and repeated to him the sad story which had drawn him from his home. The minister was interested, and at once decided to accompany his friend on his errand of mercy.

The sight which presented itself as the two friends crossed the threshold was one not soon to be forgotten. In a room destitute of all the comforts that make an attractive home, a woman was dying. She was young in years, but on her face the traces of want and suffering and care were plainly visible. A babe wailing feebly was on the bed beside the mother, but her ears were closed to its cries.

A third person was present—the husband and father; but he seemed deaf to the voice of his child, as well as unable to comprehend the fact that his wife was even then passing away from earth.

He was a man tall and well-formed, with a finely-shaped head, and large, full eyes.

He arose and staggered towards the two gentlemen as they entered, and muttered something meant to be a welcome and an apology for the condition in which they found his home.

As his eyes met those of the gentleman who had been won to accompany his friend, the two stood a moment as if spell-bound. The clergyman was the first to speak. "Bond, can it be possible that you have come to this?"

The man thus addressed turned away his face a moment from the sad reproachful gaze bent upon him by the clergyman, and in that moment he seemed to rally his scattered senses; then he turned fiercely upon his questioner.

"You see me in a ruined home, and drink has brought me here. It has killed her," he added, pointing to his wife—"and you, sir, are responsible."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the clergyman in amazement.

"I once attended your church," continued the man.

"I know," answered the clergyman, "but as I had not seen you since your marriage, I concluded that you had left the city."

"You married me," was continued. "At my wedding the wine-cup was passed. I had never tasted the accursed cup; but that night, seeing you, my pastor, take a glass, I felt that I could not be wrong to follow your example, that it certainly could do no harm to take just one glass on my wedding night. But that one glass has proved my ruin, for it awakened an appetite for the intoxicating cup, and now I am its slave; and you, I repeat it, are responsible."

Hard must have been the heart of that pastor if he did not from that moment resolve to shun for ever that which might cause a weak brother to stumble. Not alone for our own safety, but for the sake of those about us who may be led astray by our example, should we resolve to touch not, taste not, handle not.—*H. H., in Temperance Advocate.*

## JUDGE FLETCHER.

Mr. Fletcher, when a young man, boarded in the old Exchange Coffee House. Without much consideration, he had fallen in with the drinking fashions of the day so far as to have a glass of spirits and water brought to his room every night to be taken on going to bed as a "night cap." One night an unusual press of company prevented the bar-keeper from carrying up Fletcher's usual night dram. The equire didn't regard it as quite the thing for him to go to the bar and get his grog, and so he went to bed without his "night cap." But to sleep he could not. All night long he tumbled about for lack of his accustomed drink, and, as he did so, his active and discriminating mind worked most diligently. The fruit of his reflections appeared next morning, when on getting up weary and worn by his hard and restless night, Mr. Fletcher went to the bar-keeper:

"Mr. —, you didn't bring up my brandy and water last night, and as a consequence I have slept little or none all night."

The bar-keeper was very sorry. The neglect should not occur again.

"Not so," rejoined Mr. Fletcher. "Never bring me another drop of liquor unless I order it. If it comes to this, that I can't sleep without a tumbler of toddy, it is high time that I stopped drinking, and broke up the dangerous habit."

From that day Mr. Fletcher became a thorough-going temperance man.

The above anecdote is worthy the attention of all young men. Habit has an unaccountable power over us. In many cases it gets entire control, and every young man should stop before he becomes a slave to habits, particularly habits which are sure to ruin us.—*League Journal.*