

steady, and her movements eccentric. She seemed to hesitate at first, but at length gathering courage, she moved up to the bar and said:—

"Landlord, don't sell my husband any more rum. You have already ruined us! You know that before he came to your bar he was a sober man. He was as kind a husband as any woman ever had. We had a good home, a good farm and every comfort. But you sold him liquors until he had no money to pay, unknown to me you got a mortgage on his farm; you sold it, and turned me and my helpless children out of doors! My husband lost his health, his character, and reputation. He become cross and abusive to me, whom he once tenderly loved. He turned me out of our wretched hovel into the cold and storm! He comes home from your tavern infuriated like a demon. My once kind and amiable husband, and the tender father, is a madman when in liquor. He beats me and my children cruelly, and threatens to murder us! Oh! don't give him any more liquor!" and the tears gushed from her eyes, while the landlord stood speechless.

In the midst of these entreaties, which should have broken a heart of adamant, a man stepped into the bar room, and with the vacant stare of an inebriate, moved towards the bar.

Instantly the pleading wife threw herself between the man and the bar, and with one hand against his breast, and the other stretched out imploringly to the landlord, said:—

"Oh, don't let him have it! don't."

And while this scene was passing, heart rending and awful beyond description, the landlord walked deliberately out from behind the counter, and taking the woman rudely by the arm, said, "This is no place for women;" and violently tore her from her husband, and, pushing her out, shut the door against her.

The wretched inebriate staggered up and drank his dram, placed a piece of money upon the counter, the landlord wiped it off complacently into the drawer, and the drunkard passing out, maddened with the draught to renew his brutal attacks upon his defenceless wife and children. \* \*

No one defended such barbarous cruelty as this. No one apologized for it. All agreed to pronounce the landlord worse than a brute. But there was one fact deserving of special attention. The whole transaction was under the sanction of the law. For the sale of every glass of that ruinous liquor, which reduces an honest man and good citizen to the lowest degree of suffering and infamy, he could show a

"LICENSE!"

There was then no redress in law for that suffering woman. She had been robbed of her home, of her comfort, of her husband, and the blight of despair had been thrown over her whole family; but the law protected the destroyer, and left her to endure the anguish without the hope of relief!

The people of that State have changed the law on that subject, since then. They have now got the Maine Law; so that the liquor-seller cannot take away the home of the helpless, and ruin a man with impunity. Have they done right?—*Ex.*

#### ANECDOTE OF THE LATE FATHER HUNT.

HOW HE INDUCED SEVERAL RUMMIES TO ATTEND A TEMPERANCE MEETING.—THE RESULT.

A clergyman residing several miles distant from Mr. Hunt, invited him to come to the village on a certain evening and deliver a temperance address. The letter of invitation informed Mr. Hunt that "the village was the hardest place in the country; that there were only a very few friends of temperance there, and that owing to the great preponderance of rummies, he might possibly be personally injured." On the afternoon of the day appointed, Mr. Hunt set out on horseback for the residence of his minister friend. He neared the place just before nightfall, and instead of going directly to the minister's house, he reined up at the village tavern, and hitching his horse under the shed, he entered the bar-room. It was full of the hardest kind of "bruisers," some with blackened eyes, some with noses resembling a freshly boiled beat, and all guzzling down the "blue ruin" at a rate which kept the gill cup and the toddy stick of the landlord very busy. Oaths, the most shocking, were uttered with a slippancy and thoughtlessness that denoted the absence of all moral restraint. Their glasses were frequently renewed, and such terms as "charming liquor," "hard ware," "rye in the sheaf," &c., were applied to the vile stuff which Boniface was dealing out to them in return for their sixpences.

Mr. Hunt eyed the scene for several minutes and then pressing his way through the crowd, he stood before the bar. "Landlord," said he, "what have you got that's good to drink?" "O," said the landlord, evidently delighted with his new customer, "I've got rum, whiskey, brandy, applejack, &c., &c." "Haven't you any water?" said Mr. Hunt. "O yes," said the landlord. "Well," said Mr. Hunt, throwing a sixpence on the counter, "you may let me have a glass of water." The landlord handed him a

tumbler of water, but declined to receive the sixpence, saying that Mr. Hunt was welcome to the water. "But," said Mr. Hunt, "I insist upon your taking the sixpence. I have seen these men here in your bar-room, throw their sixpences down on your counter, and in return receive that which injures them. One man after drinking your liquor goes home and beats his wife; another falls down in the street; others fight with their neighbors, and some are taking into their systems the seeds of fatal disease." "Landlord," said he, holding up the glass in imitation of the soakers, "this is excellent water, a capital beverage, never drank better water in my life; I feel refreshed already for having drank it, and I insist upon your taking the sixpence for it." Saying which he drank what remained in the glass, with a loud smack of the lips, and bidding the landlord "good afternoon," departed.

The drinking crowd in the bar-room had not been idle spectators, nor listless hearers of what passed. They followed Mr. Hunt out doors and saw him mount his horse and rein up at the minister's house, a few hundred yards distant. Then commenced some running comments on what had just passed. "Whoever heard," said one, "of a man's paying for a glass of water?" "He's a strange critter, that," said another. "Egad, he told us some flat truths," said another, "and my old woman thinks just as he does about drinking liquor." "I'll tell you what," said another, "I'll bet that the little hump-backed cuss is the man who is going to hold that temperance meeting over at the church to-night, and I for one am going to hear him." "So am I," said another, "and I," "and I," repeated a dozen voices, until nearly the entire crowd stood pledged to be amongst Mr. Hunt's hearers.

When the hour for meeting arrived, a large proportion of these toppers were present, many of them bringing their families with them. Mr. Hunt spoke with unusual fervor, as he recognized them amongst his hearers. The meeting was perfectly orderly, the utmost decorum being observed from its commencement to its close. The pledge was numerously signed and amongst the signers were several of the men whom he had met at the tavern bar-room in the afternoon; as also their wives and children. This was the first of a series of temperance meetings in the place which followed, and resulted in the formation of a flourishing temperance society. The village tavern became a temperance house and the neighborhood underwent an entire change in its moral and religious character.—*Temperance Journal, St. John's, Nfd.*

#### A SENSIBLE GIRL.

Some months ago a young English woman came to New York to marry a young man to whom she was affianced in England, and who had come to this country two years before to engage in business. She was to marry him at the home of a friend of her mother, with whom she was stopping. During the time she was making up her wedding outfit, he came to see her one evening just full enough to be foolish. She was shocked and pained beyond measure. She then learned for the first time that he was in the habit of drinking, frequently to excess. She immediately stopped her preparations and told him she could not marry him. He protested that she would drive him to distraction, he promised her he would never drink another drop, etc.

"No," she said, "I dare not trust my future happiness with a man who has formed such a beastly habit. I came three thousand miles to marry the man that I love, and now, rather than marry a drunkard, I will go three thousand miles back again." And she went.

Let all respectable women imitate her example, and see if the passengers who are on the broad road to perdition won't take the temperance route.—*Northwestern News.*

#### For Girls and Boys.

#### BLACK-AND-BLUE MARKS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

Hattie Holmes, whose father was an immoderate drinker, was visiting Nannie Arnold, whose father was a moderate drinker. She was only eight years old, but she had formed some strong opinions on various subjects. She felt a great admiration for Nannie's mother, lovely Mrs. Arnold, with her gentle, winsome ways and beautiful face. Whenever Mrs. Arnold kissed her she looked curiously into her face—which was fair and without blemish—as if searching for something.

"How pretty your mamma is, Nannie?" Mattie said one morning as the children were playing with their dolls in the nursery.

"Of course she's pretty—the prettiest mamma in the whole city.

"How do you know that?" asked matter-of-fact Mattie.

"'Cause papa says so."

"Does your papa love your mamma?"