



Prohibition.

(By Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night'.)

The Doctor arose, 'Yes, friends, I favor
License for selling of rum.
These fanatics tell us with horror
Of the mischief liquor has done,
I say as a man and physician,
The system's requirements are such
That, unless we, at times, assist nature
Both body and mind suffer much.
'Tis a blessing when worn out and weary—
A moderate drink now and then.
From the minister back behind the pulpit
Comes an audible murmur, 'Amen.'

'Tis true that many have fallen,
Become filthy drunkards and worse—
Harmed others—no, I don't uphold them,
They made their blessing a curse,
Must I be denied for their sinning?
Must the weak ones govern the race?
Why! every good thing God has given
Is a terror and curse out of place,
'Tis only excess that destroys us,
A little is good now and then.
From the gray-haired, pious old deacon
Came a fervent, loud-spoken, 'Amen.'

A murmur arose from the people,
From the lips of the listening throng,
They came from their homes with a purpose
To crush out, and trample out, wrong,
But their time honored, worthy physician,
Grown portly in person and purse,
Had shown in the demon of darkness,
A blessing instead of a curse.
And now they were eager, impatient
To vote when the moment should come
They felt it their right and their duty,
To license the selling of rum.

Then up from a seat in the corner,
From the midst of a murmuring throng,
From among the people there gathered,
To crush out, and trample out, wrong,
'Rose a woman—her thin hands extended,
While out from the frost-covered hair,
Gazed a face as if chiseled in marble;
A face stamped with utter despair.
The vast throng grew hushed in a moment
Grew silent with terror and dread.
They gazed on the face of the woman
As we gaze on the face of the dead.

Then the hush and the silence was broken,
And a voice so shrill and so clear
Rang out through the room: 'Look upon me,
You wonder what chance brought me here,
You know me, and now you all hear me,
I speak to you, lovers of wine,
For once I was young, rich, and happy,
Home, husband and children were mine.'

'Where are they? I ask you where are they?
My beautiful home went to pay
The deacon who sold them the poison,
That dragged them down lower each day.
I plead, I besought, I entreated;
I showed them the path they were in,
But the deacon said—they believed him,
'That only excess was a sin.'

'Where are they? I ask you where are they?
False teacher of God's holy word,
My husband, my kind loving husband,
Whom my tears and prayers would have
stirred,
Remembered your teachings, turned from
me,

My kneeling and pleading with him,
'A God-given blessing,' you told him,
'And only excess was a sin.'

'And where are my boys? God forgive you,
They heeded your counsels, not mine,
You, doctor, beloved and respected,
Could see no danger in wine.
For my boys, brave, tender, and manly,
How could I hope ever to win?
When the doctor said "'Twas a blessing
'And only excess was a sin.'

'There were hands reached for their ruin,
Mine only was reached out to save.
They lie side by side in your churchyard,
Each filling a drunkard's grave.
I have come from the poor-house to tell you
My story, and now it is done.
Go on, if you will, in your madness,
And license the selling of rum.'

'Before the great judgment eternal,
When the last dread moment has come,
They'll stand there to witness against you,
My dear ones, the victims of rum.
When the shadows of earth are lifted,
And life's secret thoughts are laid bare,
By the throne of the great Eternal,
I shall witness against you there.'

Note.—This incident is true. When the woman had finished her pitiful story, the people, including the doctor, the minister and the deacon, voted with one accord for prohibition.

Bishop Potter's Reason.

If a man's heart is enlisted, he can, by the help of God, deny every faculty and appetite which tempts him to evil. 'Doctor,' said a lady at a fashionable dinner party a few years ago, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York City, 'I observe that you take no wine.' 'No,' said Dr. Potter, 'I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years.' She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. 'It may interest you to know why I abstain,' said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. 'I will tell you, A man with an unconquerable passion for drink came frequently to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him, on account of his terrible habit. One day I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, I will never taste liquor again?' The man said, "Docotor, if you were in my place, you would not say that," I answered, "Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment"—and I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation. Then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice, he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body, found a position, kept it; and became not only a sober, but a godly man.' Dr. Potter was able to do that because his heart was in it. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Poisoned.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon young men and young women that pictures of vice hung in the living room of the human soul cannot be turned to the wall. These pictures may be obtained by reading bad books, by hearing vile language, or by looking upon scenes of vice, but the damage once done is irreparable. Dr. Newman, in the course of one of his strong and delicate an-

alyses of the phenomena of the human soul, remarks that the knowledge of evil is a curse, and that knowledge once obtained will obtrude itself upon the soul in its very highest and holiest moments, and will infect heaven with the odor of the pit. The man who willingly and without the pressure of the most absolute necessity gains a knowledge of vice, has fixed upon his mind reflections from the pit. He has actually drawn near to the very flames of hell.—Zion's Watchman.

Mamma Did Not Want to be Seen.

The pastor went to call at a house, says an exchange. He rang the front door bell. It was not answered. He tried the lock on the front door, but the door did not open. Presently a child came from the back entrance. 'We cannot open the front door, to-day,' she said. 'Mamma would like you to come round to the back door.' He obeyed. He found 'mamma' over a wash-tub, washing with her right hand, holding the baby in her left hand. The hand that she was using in washing had one finger done up. 'What is the matter with your finger, Mrs. Sorrowful?'

At first she hesitated to answer, but by degrees the pastor learned that her husband, in his drunken rage, had bitten the finger savagely.

'Where is your husband to-day?' also the pastor asked.

The little child answered, 'He is lying on the floor, in the front hall, up against the door. Papa is sick to-day.'

Oh, what a curse is this curse!

A Child's Experience.

A Sunday-school teacher handed to her scholars little slips of paper, on which was printed the question: 'What have I to be thankful for?' Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had learned by bitter experience, the painful truth it implied: 'I am thankful there are no public-houses in heaven.'

What it Leads to.

'A cigarette properly made for a long draw, must contain something to produce a pleasant anticipated effect to satisfy the crave for it, and tobacco prepared in any other way will not take its place. The smoke, laden with particles of poison, is drawn deeply into the lungs and forced out through the nose in order that it be brought in contact with as much mucous membrane as possible. Tobacco is ruinous to the young, dwarfing the body and mind. The boy cigarette smoker soon feels the need of additional stimulation. He must resort to alcohol, or more naturally, to opium or he will soon break down and become imbecile with tobacco or drug heart and shattered nerve. He is a self-made, typical degenerate. Cigarette smoking irritates or poisons the mucous membranes, perverting action, affecting digestion, brain, heart, lungs, and liver, shatters the nervous system and ruins body and mind. More young men are led to the opium habit by cigarette smoking than by patent and proprietary medicines. Sixty percent of all males under forty years of age treated at Dwight for opium, morphine or cocaine using in 1896, had been smokers of cigarettes and had no other excuse for their habits than that they needed some stimulant more than that furnished by the cigarette.'—B. Broughton, M.D., in 'Christian Citizen.'