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BRAVE AND TRUE.

Whatever you are, be brave boys!  
The liar's coward and slave, boys!  
Though clever at ruses,  
And sharp at excuses,  
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!  
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!  
Still cleave to the right,  
Be lovers of light;  
Be open, above board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!  
Be gentle in manners and mild, boys!  
The man gentle in mien,  
Words, and temper, I ween,  
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!  
Be visible through and through, boys!  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The "greening" and "cramaing,"  
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!  
—Leicester, Eng., Post.

ERNEST ADLER.

BY MARGARET E. WINSLOW.

National Temperance Society, New York.  
CHAPTER X.—A HEEDLESS FALL.

How had this terrible thing happened so suddenly as to burst like a thunder-bolt upon the community and home? Alas! thunder-bolts do not gather as rapidly as they strike; the electric clouds may be for a time hidden behind mountains or forests, but the pent-up electricity is accumulating its forces all the while. For months Ernest and his admirers had been alike preparing for his sad fall, though, perhaps, alike unconscious of the tendency of their actions. In the first place the intoxicating atmosphere of flattery is a very unsafe one to be breathed by any one, but especially by one just escaped from the bondage of a very great sin. The height of popularity is a dizzy one, its summit surface is too narrow to admit of false steps, and only a strong hand stretches forth from above can hold one safely there. And just here where its need was greatest, Ernest had failed to secure to himself the upholding of this outstretched hand. He did not feel his need of it. He was strong now. The old life and the old liability to sin lay far behind him. He was a new creature, and there was no more temptation to him, let the wine move itself aright in any number of sparkling glasses. He had, as he thought, gained the victory, and his life was now a pean of praise, not a struggle with an unconquered enemy. Then unconsciously, but surely, he was drifting away from the means without which no soul dwelling in a human body, and compassed about with human infirmity, can hope to walk triumphantly in the midst of temptation. Again and again had judicious friends urged upon him the duty of connecting himself with some body of Christians, and pointed out the advantages of church-fellowship and help. Ernest was not quite ready for that step; he did not see its necessity as yet. The church-life as he remembered it at Harton was not a very lovely thing; it fell far short of his present enthusiastic state of feeling; it had never gone out to seek and save him in his loss and degradation, and now his sympathies were much more with the irregular workers, the evangelists and women who were out in the highways and ledges, rather than with the well-warmed and lighted churches and the cultured voices calling the multitude to come in. He was so busy with evangelistic meetings and efforts to rescue the perishing, that he had little time for church-going, though he occasionally accompanied his wife to hear a celebrated preacher; and as it is usually phrased, he was not always doing that upon every practicable occasion? So Ernest Adler made the mistake made by so many others, of holding himself aloof from the Church of God, and losing the beneficent influences and safeguards with which the Great Shepherd has surrounded His fold.

But back of this lay another source of weakness known only to God and his own soul. The fresh novelty of first love passed by, Ernest was not so faithful and devoted in his private intercourse with God as he had been at first, and in private prayer lies the hiding of the Christian's power. His time was very fully occupied with his secular

business and his temporary work. Night after night saw him thus occupied till a late hour, conducting a prayer meeting or engaged in prayer with some trembling soul, seeking to plant his feet upon the Rock, and he persuaded himself that it was a small matter if after an evening of such directly religious service, his wearied faculties refused again to engage in private prayer, or if in the morning sleep held his tired body in such a lingering embrace that he had barely time for a hurried breakfast and a brief romp with his little ones ere his office duties claimed him. Thus he fell into one of the two great antagonistic errors of really Christian souls: the living of an outwardly active religious life unsupported by an inner fund of ever fresh experience, perpetually pouring out, without a corresponding taking in, the capital drawn from being that first regenerative experience, rather than the perpetually fresh manna of a just new religion.

When Ernest Adler asserted in public, as so many others do, that the regenerating grace of God had entirely taken away the appetite for all spirituous intoxicants, he was, as they are, perfectly honest in his statement so far as his teaching and inner consciousness guided his opinion. For a long period he felt nothing but leathing toward the evil thing which had wrought him so much harm. He could go safely into the very jaws of death where the poison is dispensed, for the rescue of some of its enchanted victims, and temptations would not be such to him. But he forgot that such had been the case several times before, when, as at the time of his marriage, a new affection and new interests had, for the time, subdued everything else in his nature to their supremacy. He forgot, also, that his appetite was a thing of periodicity, and forgot to prepare for its time of re-awakening by increased watchfulness and prayer. For, much to his surprise, after a time it did re-awaken, at first in a faint, uncomfortable craving, of whose origin he was scarcely conscious himself; then, as the days rolled by, and the constant sight and sound of the accessories so familiar to the man who has once given himself up to a life of intoxication, recalled old associations with an almost numbing power, and Ernest found himself again fighting the battle which had been so terrible in the woods of Minnesota. It was terrible now; and still more, it was confusing as contradictory to all the theories upon which his present life was formulated. But still he never dreamed of being overcome. He was a converted man now and stood on different ground; he could not, and would not, disgrace the Cause he had espoused and the Name which had saved him, and so, though the only true Strength was close within his reach, he was once more fighting a super-human foe with weapons which, though honest and brave, were, after all, only human.

While this fearful conflict was at its height the warrior went one Saturday evening into a well-known liquor saloon in search of a young man in whose salvation he had felt great interest, and who, after having kept sober for a week, he had missed, and easily guessed where he would be likely to find him. The glare of the gas-lights, the glitter of crystal and silver, the old remembered aroma of the place thrilled his sensitive, nervous system as he entered; but barely casting a glance over these tempters, and not realizing that they could be such to him, he passed to the inner room, and there found the object of his search engaged in a game of cards with a companion. The young man was in a good-natured, half-maudlin state of intoxication, quite ready to listen to the expostulations of his friend, and to shed tears over his own fall, and Ernest, sitting down by him and entering into conversation, had soon around him a lively and interested audience whom he was eloquently addressing on the evils of their present course.

"That fellow's mouth must be stopped somehow," said the portly proprietor of the saloon, as he looked at the scene from behind his bar. "He's ruining the trade with that silver tongue of his; he'll have all those fellows at his meeting to-morrow night; most of the idiots will sign the pledge, and some of them will be fools enough to keep it. Such a man as that does us more harm than a dozen parsons, who stick to their theology and keep to their pulpit, and leave men to amuse themselves as they like. If one could only

make him once break his own pledge, what a blessing it would be. Sam"—here the unwilling bar-tender tore himself away from the spell of Ernest Adler's eloquence and answered his master's call—"Sam, go into the house, up-stairs, and ask your mistress to make me a cup of good strong coffee and send it down at once."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, wondering that his master should want any fluid except "his key straight" at that hour of the night, but departing, nevertheless, to execute his commission. The coffee was made and brought, and into its fragrant depths the cunning proprietor dropped a small portion of a dark fluid. Then advancing to where Ernest and his absorbed audience were, he said, in his most polished manner, although its tone of irony ought not to have been lost upon the person addressed:

"Mr. Adler, it is an unwonted honor to have a distinguished and eloquent temperance lecturer in my poor premises, and my inner parlor has not often been used for such a purpose; but you are very welcome to the use of my room, and, as I would not be wanting in hospitality, allow me to offer you a cup of my wife's coffee; I know you would accept nothing stronger should I select from my bar."

Ernest felt, with swift intuition, that there might be danger in accepting the hospitality offered by a liquor-dealer, but he was at a disadvantage, for he had not already taken advantage of it. He was, as Bunyan says, upon enchanted ground, and things appeared to him in distorted relations. What it quite courteous in him to take possession of a man's own premises for the purpose of destroying the means by which he prepared his livelihood? Perhaps if he accepted this offered courtesy he would disarm his hostility, and—for the flash of his recent eloquent talk was still upon him—induce him to listen to arguments concerning the illegality of his trade. Besides, that terrible demon, thirst, was raging within him just now; perhaps even coffee would quiet it for a time; and so, running over the arguments in much less time than he takes either to write or read, he held forth his hand for the cup, saying, with not least equal courtesy to the offerer, "Thanks, coffee is very grateful such a dazed epinephrine as this; I wish I could persuade you never to deal in anything more harmful."

The eye of the saloon-keeper lit with joy, though he ground his teeth at the adjective.

"Yes," he said, with an appearance of great frankness, sitting down by his guest, "I don't need any persuasion. It's a mean business certainly, not in the least fit for a gentleman; I'd give it up to-morrow if I saw my way to anything else; but a man must live, and I have my wife and children depending upon me."

This is the almost universal answer given by liquor-dealers, when asked to give up their business. What they really mean is, that they dread work, and know of no way in which a little capital can be invested to bring in so high an interest at the expense of so little labor.

A long conversation followed, the host good-naturedly listening to the talk of his guest, assenting to his arguments, and reproaching his cup with the coffee, whose gratefulness he did not know was owing to that scarcely distinguishable flavor of brandy. Something else was mingled with the last cup, a few grains of a fine white powder, and Ernest felt a sudden sensation of deathly faintness creep suddenly over him.

"I am unwell," he said faintly, "I must go into the open air."

"My dear sir, you do look deathly; allow me to lend you my arm, and really I must insist upon it, there is no question of scruple here; any physician in the land would prescribe bourbon for this sudden faintness," and he poured out a small glass of whiskey and handed it to his pallid visitor.

It was a moment of sore temptation. Ernest knew that he spoke the truth. All most any physician would have made the same prescription; and, besides, he did want it so much: every quivering nerve and fibre of his craving body, so long kept in severe subjection, and just now excited by the brandy in the coffee, cried out for the indulgence offered it under the guise of medicinal necessity. Half stupefied with the faintness and dizzy sickness creeping

over him, the dazed victim hesitated one moment, then, maddened by the fiery thirst within, stretched forth a trembling hand, grasped the glass and drained it with delirious joy. The saloon-keeper offered his arm as far as the curb-stone, and then left his dupe to his own devices. He wanted no more of him. The great temperance advocate had voluntarily broken his pledge—there were witnesses enough to prove that, and there would be no more temperance lectures delivered by him in that back saloon.

As to Ernest, having been speedily relieved by the action of the tartar emetic, he stood, in his own estimation, a degraded and lost man a prey to remorse of the bitterest kind, a prey also to that mad, overpowering appetite which, once fairly awakened, had assumed the mastery, and, like a lion that has tasted blood, would know no rest till its savage thirst was sated. Suffering, exhausted, ashamed, he crept home to bed—he was so often out late at meetings that his absence had caused Marion no anxiety—and lay tossing in feverish unrest, till, with the early morning light, he crept out again to drown the voice of his reproachful conscience in another glass of that delicious poison. At breakfast he was silent and moody; but Marion, occupied with her children, and household cares, took no notice, nor did she think it particularly strange when, after kissing the little ones very earnestly, he went out, saying:

"Don't wait dinner for me, I may not be back."

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence when work was to be done in some suburban town, and excited no surprise.

Ernest had gone out in order to be alone with himself in the face of his terrible position; but he could not stand the view long. He was a lost and ruined man for time and for eternity, if, indeed, there was any eternity, and it was not all deception and cheat, as his religion had proved to be. At any rate, he had been self-deceived; his pledge was broken, his honor lost, his name and cause disgraced; there was no more hope; ruin again stared him in the face, and not only him, but Marion and her helpless little ones. There was but one temporary refuge from these tormenting thoughts, and that was sought again and again, and yet again through that long Sunday, till when night came and a confused memory that he was expected to speak at the Gospel Temperance Meeting, drew his trembling steps in that direction, the scene occurring with which we closed the last chapter.

Does any reader question, as Ernest did, as to how the loving Father, to whom he had honestly given himself, came to allow His child to fall thus into sin and misery, we answer: The Lord constrains no man to look unto Him, and it is only in so looking that any one is safe. Moreover, it is through many bitter and hard lessons of His permission, if not always of His planning, that we learn at length the truth of His words:

"Without me ye can do nothing."

CHAPTER XI.—THE GATES OF DEATH.

The sudden relapse into fatal excess following the long, painful struggle, and accompanied by combined emotions of remorse, shame, and despair, were too much for the already exhausted frame and delicately poisoned nerves of Ernest Adler, and the terrible delirium which set in soon brought him to the very gates of death.

To describe a violent case of delirium tremens is beyond the scope of an ordinary pen, and would be most revolting to the refined taste of readers. And yet I would that a clear picture of this realization of torment begun could be placed before the "moderate-drinking" party of our temperance people, or hung, like the Egyptian skeleton, at every festival whose refreshments include the "rosy wine." Those who visit inebriate asylums and gaze with curiosity at the barred windows and padded walls of the cells appropriated to the victims of this terrible disease, while they listen to the stories told by physicians and keepers, can form some shuddering conception of its horrors.

What then must be the agonizing sensation of a delicate woman watching as Marion did, while the being in whom her hopes, love, and pride were all centred lay writhing in the grasp of the demon, his own folly,

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