

Temperance

Why He did not Drink.

"I read the other day of four young men riding in a Pullman car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said: "Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented; the other shook his head, and said: "No, I thank you." "What!" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?" "No, fellows," he replied, "I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary; but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why: I had some business in Chicago with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it, he found it was a pair of baby shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said: "Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink." "Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me 10 cents for a drink." Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of that stuff would ever pass my lips again."—'The Standard.'

A Doctor's Story.

(Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, in 'National Temperance Advocate'.)

"You know nothing about temperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Catholic priest, may not betray the confidential. After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged; "please think of some."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion."

"My wife fell down-stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken."

"How do you find her?" asked her husband anxiously.

"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side."

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

"My resolve was taken."

"Please show me the place in the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine

dinner, wit, wisdom and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and I drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone and I pounded her, and left her. After a time she crawled, she says, upstairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and I went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself more or less, when she fell." And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, "She is an angel, and wine is a devil."

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When the noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and the Providence that so afflicted him was called "strange" in a tone of semi-censur! On her tomb is cut the "beloved wife!"

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."

'Yes, Sir, I Have Turned the Corner.'

In the employ of one of the largest manufacturers in Dayton, Ohio, was a young man of considerable executive ability, who was foreman of the 'roustabout gang,' a good fellow, who could get more work out of his men than any other man who ever held that position, but he would get drunk days at a time from his work. On account of his exceptional ability the manager bore with him for some time, but was just on the point of letting him go when a very great change was noticed in the young man. His appearance was different, and he attended strictly to business as never before. Finally, some of the men in the factory began to tease him about being converted in the shop meetings. He paid no attention, but kept steadily at work. The matter came to the notice of the manager, and, one day, in passing the young man, he said, "Is it so that you have been converted in these meetings?" The young man straightened up, looked the manager squarely in the face, and replied, "Yes, sir, I have turned the corner." He has been a different man ever since.—'Association Men.'

The Gideons.

A new movement started two years ago in Wisconsin by some travelling salesmen has been remarkably successful in carrying out the object of its founders. The 'Gideons' is an organization of Christian travelling men, whose motto is, 'the hotel bar must go,' and it is going. In the State of Wisconsin alone seventy-five hotels have been compelled to discontinue their bars during the last year on account of the tremendous influence exercised by the Gideons. Already 2,707 have joined the movement.

Among the Gideons the whiskey bottle has been thrown aside to give place to the Bible; the proverbial pack of cards has now been replaced by the hymn book and their place of amusement and resort changed from the bar room to the church and the prayer meeting.

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A State Without a Pauper.

One of the greatest Prohibition arguments of the day is the record of Kansas, without a single pauper, and 47 counties without a criminal trial in a whole year. Contrast this with Ohio's 3500 idiots, 11,000 criminals, 150,000 paupers, and 3,000 deaths annually through drunkenness.—'New Voice.'

'In appearance,' says the 'Scientific American,' 'the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased.'

Frank.

'Frank was the most capable and obliging boy I ever had in my office until the cigarette habit got its hold upon him,' was the testimony of an insurance man of Chicago. Frank tried hard to break the bonds that bound him, but failed, and lost his good position to drift out and join the army who are unable to 'hold a job.' His fingers with their guilty stain, the nauseating odor he carried with him, and his typical hang-dog expression, all told the story plainly of his abject slavery. He was of such robust build that for a time the color did not leave his face even when his hands constantly dripped with the nicotine-poisoned clammy sweat, which made shaking hands with him an ordeal to be dreaded. His family were ill able to afford his constant idleness, but he became virtually a piece of human driftwood, and all from the curse of the cigarette habit. This boy, like thousands of others, might have been influenced if his teacher or some other friend had noted the fatal beginning.—Lucy Page Gaston.

For the Children's Sake.

A saloon-keeper recently closed out his business and opened a small dry goods store instead. One of his acquaintances, knowing that he was exchanging a good income for a very limited one, remonstrated with him. "I can't help it, Jim," said the saloon-keeper; "my children are growing up, and they began to ask questions about the liquor business that I couldn't answer without being ashamed before them. They didn't like to see their father selling whiskey, they said. I'd rather be in a poor trade that there's no question about, and be able to look my children in the face." If other boys and girls were only as wise as the saloon-keeper's children about whiskey selling, there would be less of it. But some boys have a mistaken idea that a saloon is a manly place, and an attractive one, and the mistake leads to ruin.—Ex.

Foundation Truths of the Temperance Reform.

1. That alcoholic intoxicating liquors are not the product of vital action but of decay.
2. That such liquors are produced by the waste or destruction of true food.
3. That any perceptible effect on the human system is for evil and not for good.
4. That the degree of their evil effect is proportioned, other things being equal, to the amount and frequency of their use.
5. That they are specifically different from all proper articles of consumption.
6. That there is no desire or craving for them till they are used, and that this diseased condition is not dependent on the will or previous character of the consumer.
7. That the effects of such liquors in all their variety and virulence can only be prevented by excluding the liquors themselves from the dietary, customs, and commerce of mankind.—'Alliance Review.'