

Temperance

The Drinkshop Show.

(S. J. B., in the 'Alliance News.')

You wish to see the show, sir?
Then kindly step this way.
No, thank you, no; there is nought to pay;
Our show is maintained by the State, you see,
So we admit our visitors free.

You have never been here before, sir?
Yes, that I can well understand;
Though our goods are made on every hand,
To see the thing as it really is
You must certainly come to a place like this.

What do we call the place, sir?
It is known by many a name,
Though which of them has the better claim
Is not to be fixed by a man like me;
I'm only a porter here, you see.

Some call it a 'home for worn-out folk,'
And some the 'Haven of Rest,'
Though if these names were put to the test,
To my mind, now, they are neither true;
For the people here are an awful crew.

I call it the drinkshop show, sir!
For you must be aware
That all the things collected here
Are made in hotels and grogshop bars
By the stuff they sell from casks and jars.

Now then for gallery number one.
The exhibits here are hungry and cold;
Their food and clothes for gin they have sold;
They're dirty and thievish and murderous,
too—
They would make short work of me and you.

You see, they were tidy and decent once,
But the corner pubs. were open wide;
They were often invited to walk inside,
There they spent their money and nouses and
lands,
All to satisfy drink's demands.

The children here have no chance, you say?
Why, bless you, sir! they're drunk when born.
They have none of the rose, and much of the
thorn.

Yes, this is the way to gallery two:
A different scene now greets your view.

The men are here, the women there;
They're mostly thus through drinking beer.
Yes, 'tis a kind of prison here;
We call it the Workhouse, just for fun,
Though precious little work is done.

'Tis true, they're wrecks before they come.
See the bloodshot eye and palsied frame.
Some old, some younger, but all the same
Publicans' victims, blighted and cursed,—
But even this gallery is not the worst.

This third division we call the gaol.
A dangerous lot, I think you'll agree;
Quite needing the gates and bars, you see.
They're kept in check by loaded rifles,
For folk like these don't stick at trifles.

You see that woman over there?
She killed her baby a year ago.
She struck it a fearful, brutal blow.
They say she was driven mad by drink—
A most distressing case, you think.

But only one of many, you know.
This man, for instance, crouching low,
He carries the brand of Cain on his brow;
He slew his wife in a drunken bout,
Though a husband kind when the drink was
out.

Yes, we have thousands of them here;
Thieves and forgers, and many worse.
Sir, you should hear them often curse
The day they tasted the first fell drop;
For, having begun, it was hard to stop.

You've had enough, you say, for the time?
You may as well finish now you have come,
And see all the articles made by rum,
And whisky, and brandy, porter, and ale;
Just come and hear the lunatics' wail.

The articles here have wrecked their minds;
Some are harmless, and some are wild;
Some rave for parent, and some for child;
Some sit in helpless idiocy;
Some think they are people of high degree.

Some laugh an empty, joyless laugh,
And some are always shedding tears;
Some talk of hopes and some of fears;
Some are in padded rooms confined—
Choice samples of a drink-cursed mind.

Yes, the work is swift and sure;
The drink makes demons of them all;
And rich and poor alike they fall
Into the net of the brewers spread,
And soul and body soon are dead.

A rather gruesome show, you say?
'Tis true; but then 'tis sure to be
Till the love of God and humanity—
The Kingdom of Heaven—set up below,
Shall close for ever the drinkshop show.

The Recollections of One Reclaimed.

(E. A. D., in 'Alliance News.')

A pretty mess I've made of things, I said;
A wasted life is all I've got to show.
Full many years I've lived and struggled on,
And hoped to do some good,—but what's amiss
That I can make no headway? Something's
wrong!

What is it drags me down? But need I ask?
I really know too well that all my ills
Are caused by drink—my greatest enemy,
Which, from the day when my companions
made

Me stand my footing in the workshop there,
Has ever led me on with its deceit,
And with its smooth, soft promises of help.

'Though bread's the staff of life, drink's life
itself.'

It has been said, and I, believing, went
Just where this led me, on and on, till now
Drink is my master, I'm its slave, bound down
With chains so strong I scarce can call my
soul

My own. I've always had to work as hard
As most men have, but ever at my side
Stood drink to help me, as I thought, though
now

It stands revealed, and I can clearly see
I've been betrayed, I know it now at last.
For what it really is. Oh, that before
Someone had warned, and led me from its
sway.

The doctors tell us now what I have found,
From my own case, to be the truth.
Sir Fredrick Treves, the King's physician,
says

That drink's a poison; that it is no food;
That, in the march to Ladysmith, he saw
The men who weren't abstainers first knocked
out.

Drink doesn't warm; it doesn't cool; nor does
It feed a man, but this, instead, 'twill do:
'Twill harden liver, muddle brain, and when
O'ertaken by an accident, or struck
By sudden illness down, the man seeks health,
The cure will longer and less certain be,
Because his system's used to alcohol.

A fool's part I have played. I see it now
That I am well nigh past my work, and know
The palpitations that I often get,
And other pains, so queer, are greatly due
To my indulgence. Then again, I've not
A cent put by for rainy days to come.
My wife and children,—how I've sunk deep
down

In their opinion, dragged them with myself
Along the dreary road to poverty.
Why have I been so blind through all these
years,

As not to see how that small lad, my friend
In early days, who joined the Band of Hope,
And stood my taunting jeers, has beaten me
In all the paths of life—how, gradually,
He has acquired of houses quite a row,
Whose rents are now well-nigh enough to
keep,

In descent comfort, all his family,
Besides the good he does 'mid daily round?

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Thus spake I, full of sorrow for the past,
But years have gone since then, and I am free,
Not, be it said, by my own strength alone.
My conscience, wide awake, did sore accuse;
I was convinced of sin, but 'twas no good
To leave things there—'twas no use still to
stay

Within the gloom, indulging vain regrets.
'Twas better to repent, and this, I knew,
Meant turning round to face the other way—
To face the light, strong hope within my
heart.

It meant a struggle, but to win was gain
Of all things worth the having here below,
And rich reward above. Each battle won
Meant that the next would easier be to win.
How changed my home! What pleasures now
await

My fast returning footsteps from the work
I now perform with ease, and clearer head
Than used to be my wont. How changed
My wife and children are! No longer they
Look for my coming with alarm, and dread
Of what may happen. But, instead, they have
To unknown pleasures entered in. New joys,
New Blessings now are theirs and also mine.
Now Love's own brightness overspreads us all,
And make our hearts all glad. I bless the day
When first I saw my folly, and resolved
That, ere it was too late, I would amend.
Whereas I once was blind, I now can see.

Temperance Libraries.

A new enterprise is described in the *Journal of the Patriotic League against Alcoholism*, published in Brussels, that of lending libraries in small towns and villages in the province of Liege. A collection of books dealing with Temperance has been included in these libraries, and in a report received from Petit Warest, a town of some 2,000 inhabitants, it appears that it has been much appreciated by young and old, and the books dealing with effects of alcoholic liquors, and those dealing with other social questions, have been borrowed and taken home and read there. An inveterate drinker declared in a cafe: 'That since the librarian has given my son these anti-alcoholic books to read I hardly venture to go to the public house as my wife and children complain so bitterly, and tell me of the bad effects of alcoholic liquors.' At Sterpigny, where these libraries have also been established the people value the temperance books, and the librarian was told by one mother: 'You have saved us much money by lending these books, neither my husband nor my sons place their feet inside a public house now, all their leisure time is spent reading your books, and I have a thousand troubles to get them to leave off reading when I want their assistance in the house, but I do not complain. I only wish one thing—that it may continue.'—'Temperance Record.'

Write it Everywhere.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it in the copy-book
That the young may on it look:
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the rum slain dead are found;
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers by:
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it in the ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it large in letters plain,
Over every land and main,
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of State,
In the hearts of every band,
In the laws of every land,
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'