



### Temperance Department.

#### A HOUSE BUILT OF WRECKS.

BY THE REV. W. P. BREED, PHILADELPHIA.

Some time since an account appeared in the newspapers of a house near the seacoast in California built entirely of the wrecked vessels. The whole edifice was a combination of bulkheads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It is beamed with ribs of shattered vessels. It is boarded with planks ripped off from the ship's side by the savage violence of wind and breaker. The ceilings are decorated with the linings of sumptuous steamer-cabins. The kitchen is the galley of a wrecked merchantman.

In reading a description of that house a feeling crept over us that it might require some nerve to be able to enjoy such an abode! Might not a sensitive, or if you will "nervous" occupant of one of those rooms be assailed in the dark hours of the night, by sounds hardly distinguishable from the moans, the groans, the sobs that enveloped those wreck-fragments as they were broken from the ship and scattered like chaff on the bosom of the hissing, foaming, seething sea? I think I should prefer not to dwell in a house built of the wrecks of hapless ships!

But in one of our far inland towns there is a beautiful house. The grounds around whisper of paradise. Lawns, trees, flowers of many a choice variety beautify the scene. The edifice itself is built after the richest style of modern domestic architecture. The doors are massive walnut with hinges of silver. There are winding stairs with ample landing places fenced with a heavy balustrade. There are frescoed ceilings and carpets that yield like down to the pressure of the foot. There are means of illumination that turn night into day. The proprietor lies upon a bed of ivory and stretches himself upon his couch; eats the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stall; drinks wine in bowls and anoints himself with the chief ointments.

And this house is built of wrecks! Every board and every brick, every stone and every timber, every piece of furniture and every appliance of comfort, the carpets on the floor, the frescoes on the ceiling, are each in whole or in part the fragment of a wreck—a wreck not of a ship but of a home, a life, a soul! The owner of this mansion is the owner also and keeper of a drinking saloon. The bar-tender is an adept at mixing tempting beverages; in the art of combining whiskies, brandies and the like into a wonderful variety of fascinating drinks. The waiters are models of attention and from early morning till after midnight a stream of coin pours over that counter into the drawer, and it is of coin thus obtained that yonder beautiful house has been built.

In another street not far away there is a house that was once the embodiment of thrift, neatness and domestic joy. The house has become a wreck. Old hats and old clothes now occupy many a place once filled with window-panes. Without, all looks like desolation, and within all is misery and destitution. The woman is wearing her life away to support her children while the father is a lounge about that drinking saloon. All that was comfortable, all that was beautiful in that home has gone into the gorgeous mansion of the saloon keeper. The wreck of this home has been built into that palace. There was a young man, I have seen him often, who had lost both his arms and who had become a slave to the appetite for strong drink. In that saloon the polite bar-tender would fill the glass for this armless young man, then hold it to the lips while it was drained, and then put his hands into the pockets and help himself to the money for the dram. The wreckage of this young man is built into the house of the saloon keeper. A young man—this is fact not fancy—the only son of his mother and she was a widow, spent his money in that saloon till he had no more to spend, and then went into a far country to spend his days in riotous living. But he

fell into the company of those who cared for his soul, reformed and set out to bring the glad news to his widowed mother. Before he reached the home door some frequenters of that saloon, former boon companions, met him and by mingled persuasion and ridicule drew him back to the old drinking-place and plied him with drink till at last he actually died on their hands and they had to carry the dead body to the mother; and the wreck of that woman's heart and of that young man's body and soul are built into that beautiful mansion where the liquor seller holds his court. In all that house there is scarce an ornament, means and appliance of comfort, an easy chair, an instrument of music that has not come from some such wreck.

Have not the sighs, sobs, groans of women, broken-bodied as well as broken-hearted, the ravings, the blasphemies and cries of despair of ruined men gone into the very walls of that mansion? and in the dark, lonesome night when the winds are sighing round it, may not these come out again and pour themselves into the ear of the sleeper on the couch? Sooner or later all these moans and groans, and these sobs and cries, will descend in one awful chorus upon the ears of the builder of that home!

No, I should not like to live in a house built of wrecks whether of ships or of home and souls!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

#### HUMBLE PIE AND POOR-MAN'S SOUP.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Halloo, Rob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?"

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Rob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Rob Westgate isn't it?"

"Yes, sir! that's my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me one?"

"Yes; if you have started in the track you intend to follow. You have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge Mr. Dale is circulating, and it wouldn't hurt you to sign it."

"It would hurt my disposition. I don't intend to give up all the things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing. His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to?"

"Tell us about it Rob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone to speak. "Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things every boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Rob Westgate. "Mr. Dale's pledge is against using profane language, tobacco, or intoxicating liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea that is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that cover cigarettes and cider?"

"Certainly; although some cigarettes have very little tobacco about them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink cider and beer too; and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have a roof over his head if it wasn't for somebody's charity."

"He would have a better roof over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept such a pledge as I have signed," said Rob Westgate, "father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always as strong a teetotaler as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup. So you may all know where to find me on the temperance question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for

nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the playground. "Now let's go down to old Willowdale's to-night and have some fun."

"What kind of fun," was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I wouldn't do so mean a thing as that," was the quick response, echoed up a chorus of voices.

Eustace Clare found himself in the minority, and although he still talked of humble pie and poor-man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and this soup, when he answered—

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is any kind of poor trash, without seasoning—like mince pie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that, I can eat it with a relish," said Rob. "My mother makes tiptop mince pies without a drop of brandy in them, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So you may take your brandy pies, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you as a friend to take Mr. Dale's pledge."

"Not if I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own chosen way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with a pale, pinched face, and in every way inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Rob, to whom no good thing seemed denied, whilst he lived on the miserable and uncertain wages earned in a low drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whiskey, eating with these the humblest of pies and the poorest of soups, realizing, as he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness. He might not have acknowledged that he was ashamed of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation.

DID YOU KNOW, good friends who are claiming and championing the revenues of high license as necessary to the prosperity of the city and the town, that you can far better afford to pay everyone of the 500,000 saloonists and druggists of your land, \$500 to quit the business, than to receive it from them for the support of your local governments? This would amount to only \$250,000,000. You can then pay \$50,000 to each of the 5,000 distillers and brewers of the country, as a condition of abandonment of the manufacture of liquors, with another \$250,000,000 and have still another \$250,000,000 left from the annual drink bill of America with which you may yearly reimburse tax-payers for the evils inflicted by the traffic through the term of years during which the government has fostered and protected it. Where are the nation's financiers?—*Union Signal.*

As a "STRAW" indicative of the direction of "clear thought" take the action of the board of education in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., which recently resolved that in view of the marked increase of crime among the young, the superintendent of the schools of the city be authorized to correspond with boards of education and educational men in the state, in relation to the necessity for a more complete education, as pertaining to the duties of citizenship, and to inquire of them if some course of instruction in civil law and in moral and social training, such as temperance, honesty, integrity, virtue, reverence etc., may not be required in the public schools of the state.

A PRACTICAL temperance argument was one day very deftly put forth by Prof. Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin. A friend sitting by him ordered brandy and water with a plate of oysters. Professor Haughton implored him not to ruin his digestion in that way, and sending for a glass of brandy put an oyster in it before the eyes of his friend. In a short time there lay in the bottom of the glass a tough leathery substance resembling the finger of a kid glove and just as digestible.

#### WATCHING HIS FATHER.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

It should not only be the duty, but also the pleasure of a father to watch carefully over the actions of his son. Do they all do it? A little boy, eight years of age, named Centennial Halcomb, residing in Brooklyn, at three o'clock in the morning, at the corner of the Bowery and Grand street, New York, was discovered sitting at his father's breast, looking helplessly around, the man who should have been the little fellow's protector being in state of helpless intoxication. When brought to court the father gave as his excuse that he "went to Williamsburg, lost his way, got over the city by mistake, and wandered among the saloons until he became unconscious." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has now charge of the boy.

About the same time the Senate of the State of New York justly passed a bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine and butterine. I'm glad of it; for, after looking at a picture in the *Judge*, eating any kind of butter is hard work, and I sigh to be the owner of one or two good cows, so that my family may know what they eat and drink. But what I want to know is this:

After a father or mother has partaken of oleomargarine, has it the same effect on them as the liquor had on Mr. David Halcomb; or, in other words, when a father eats butterine, does it lay him on the broad of his back in the public streets, with his little son sitting at his breast keeping watch over him?

Again: if it is right for legislators to forbid the sale and manufacture of what is hurtful to eat, is it not equally important to prevent the making and selling of what is detrimental to drink?

People tell me that the trouble with oleomargarine is, it is made out of such nasty materials that its manufacture ought to be suppressed by law; and I guess they are right.

Not long since I saw a man who is in the habit of drinking receive his wages at about 4-30 in the afternoon; at which time he was sober. On passing through one of the archways of the Brooklyn Bridge at 5-30 (one hour later) I saw the same man lying beside a log as stiff as a dead man, drunk through and through. What do you think the liquid he had been drinking was made out of to have had such a terrible effect in such a short time?

Oleomargarine is bad enough, but it can't hold a candle to "forty-rod whiskey."

The prohibition of the manufacture and sale of articles of food injurious to the human system is worthy of all praise, and the Senators of the Empire State have acted nobly in the matter. Will they now follow it up by passing a law to save little boys and girls from seeing their fathers and mothers ruined by the sale of what is called whiskey, brandy, porter, beer, etc.?

I have never as yet seen a case of delirium tremens, or anything equal to it, brought on by eating bogus butter. For blood-spilling, mischief-making, and producing poverty, a gallon of whiskey will do more than a waggon-load of the prohibited butter.

Both should be stamped out by law, and the quicker the better.—*N. Y. Witness.*

THE GOVERNMENT, in issuing its license, virtually says, and without any possibility of question as to its meaning, "Pay me \$500 and for one year you may proceed with that moral abomination. You may open a saloon and deal out strong drink, notwithstanding the fact that the saloon in any community is the invariable precursor and cause of social and moral blight and curse." The Government thus lends its high sanction to the traffic, gives it a legal status, throws about it its sacred shield, and stamps it with a legitimacy as real as if it were the most innocent and beneficent business of life. For the Government to do that thing, whether for five dollars, or five hundred dollars, or five thousand dollars is a moral wrong! Governments, like individuals, must forevermore do right. Permits to pursue the liquor traffic are permits to make inroads on almost every interest of life. License to sell intoxicating drink carries with it, not only liquor-selling, but the known and inevitable consequences of liquor-selling. This law of responsibility is true of the individual. It is just as true of the state.—*Rev. Herrick Johnson.*