

who fed the forsaken prophet; and that glorious 'Sermon on the Mount.'

"But she had worked too hard, and as I got better, she fell ill, and then I had to care for her, but before long—I knew—although no one had told me, that the time of parting had nearly come.

"The sun was sinking to rest; the day had been fine, and the hills in the distance were just flinging their shadows over the landscape; the sunshine just came upon my wife's head as I held her up in bed, with her cheeks pillowed upon my shoulder. She was looking out into the distant country, we could see from our window, and yet she did not seem to notice anything. She had not spoken for some time, but at last, pulling my head closer to hers she said, 'Promise me one thing—only one. I know all about how your troubles came, you told me over and over again when you were ill; promise you'll never taste of that glass again—will you promise?'"

"I hastened to vow but she placed her hand upon my lips, 'No oaths, no oaths,' she said, 'only promise me, and I am sure you will try and keep that promise.' And then she said, 'I shall die happy now.'

"I was rising in haste and terror when she spoke of dying; but she held my head down to hers, and looking with a smile into my face, I saw the eyes gently close, while the marble hue of death rose slowly from the chin, till it covered her face. A gleam of sunshine brightly shone into the room, and then faded as quickly—she was gone, and I was alone.

"So you see, Sir, if I refuse a glass of liquor when it is offered me, I have a reason for it."—*A. Piers, in Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

### MODERATION AT FIRST; DESTRUCTION AT LAST.

A young lawyer won and married a bride who was the object of her parents' refined and devoted love, and the favorite of all the circle of her numerous friends. A beautiful cottage, elegantly located, and beautifully furnished by her parents, was the happy home of this favored pair. Several years glided by, and the husband began to ply the sparkling glass. Warnings from the Bible, entreaties from his devoted partner; and the solemn pleadings of his friends, could not arrest his downward course.

One fierce wintry night he came home reeling through the snow, and found his wife in a miserable, cold room, an invalid, trying to keep two babes warm. The drunken madman swore he would soon have it warm enough. Midnight came; the tempest had increased; the elements were in fierce conflict, and the raging fiend in human form was within.

How he fired his home will never be known. Madmen care for nothing. The flames, fanned by the winds, drove out the wife, bearing her darlings, to face that awful tempest. A quarter of a mile off stands the nearest house. Soon exhausted, she sank down in the deep snow, with her helpless babes clinging to their mother. But a few minutes sufficed to reduce their home to ashes.

In the morning, the sobered author of this ruin, with the parents and friends, were searching under snow drifts for the lost ones. At length, wrapped in spotless winding sheet, they were found. White as a marble, the lovely features of the mother disclosed frozen, silent tears on her cheeks, and cherub forms clasped in her arms.—*Our Union.*

### A STORY FOR DRINKING MEN.

A laboring man leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and a pair of horses standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer:

"Whose establishment is that?"

"It is mine," replied the dealer complacently. "It cost \$1,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad. Then with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by a startling flash, he said:

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and that gold-mounted harness, for the silk and laces and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and family shall have the benefit of my wages, and, by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake, and a cure for it."—*Michigan Globe.*

### WILL I BE LIKE YOU, PAPA?

A gentleman who for years has been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose and bloated figure stamped him as an inebriate, has gone home to his wife and children in this condition. He was not unkind in acts or in words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones, as he was able, and to entertain them with wonderful stories.

On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting room, and the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad about six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee, and was asking all sorts of boyish questions. He talked as a child will talk—of what he would do when he

was a big man! asking if he would be like papa then; and finally after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in his face and glance, put to him this bewildering query:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face swelled?"

Ah! why should that poor swollen face grow redder than it was won't to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw the boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tones that made his mother's heart glad:

"No, Freddie, please God you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

"Be like him!" he had never thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out again to him.

"That boy! His pride! Going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath! No, no! he was not prepared for that! Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly; they were reflected in the boy's—the boy grown to manhood; and honor, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain. Those words went home.—*Official Organ.*

### Intemperance Delus.

The number of horrible assaults, outrages, directly traced to drink, that are daily investigated in the Police Courts of our cities and larger towns is fairly appalling. In contrast to the ghastly record, we call attention to the following item:—

"The first drunk and disorderly case which has come before the authorities at Georgetown since the adoption of the Scott Act in Halton, nearly eighteen months ago, was tried last week."

The hotel-keepers in some western towns have been asking for relaxation of some of the provisions of the License Act. Some of them want permission to keep open later Saturday nights. At the same time the Government Inspectors are reporting that the law is well respected and well enforced. We find our daily paper teeming with such items as the three following:—

**A BOY DRUNKARD.**—A boy of twelve years of age, brother of Tommy Kitts, known as the "crying thief," was arrested for drunkenness on Lombard street last night. He was lodged in the Agnes street police station.—*Toronto Mail.*

**UNLICENSED DIVES RAIDED.**—Mr. Dexter, the license inspector, seems at last to have discovered that liquor was to be found for sale in unlicensed houses. Getting out a search warrant, and accompanied by three or four policemen, he proceeded about half past ten on Saturday night to 30 Victoria street, where he found about thirty gallons of lager and a number of bottles of ale. Yesterday forenoon he visited Ryan's dive at the corner of George and Duchess streets, again finding a quantity of liquor. The keepers will appear before the Magistrate this morning to answer the charge of selling liquor without a license.—*Toronto Mail.*

It is about time the inspector of the license inspectors throughout the western portions of Ontario paid a visit to Hamilton. We see from various reports that that officer finds the Crooks Act working well, and that a great improvement has taken place in the character of the liquor trade during recent years. The liquor dealers who feel compelled to have a screen before the door if it fronts on the street, are making a crusade against the liquor seller who combines the intoxicants with a stock of family groceries. The regular saloon men claim that by the indiscriminate disposal of liquors in shops they are defrauded of the exclusive right to which the terms of the license entitles them. It seems from the evidence of the hotel keepers of London that the combination grocery men do sell or give to customers glasses or bottles of liquor in their stores, or deliver the same after seven o'clock on Saturday night, the hour to which hotels and saloons are restricted on that day. We are glad to see the trade stand up for its rights under the provincial act, and will assist all in our power towards putting down the selling of liquors in family provision stores. The result of this "indiscriminate disposal" cannot be otherwise than bitterly evil. For many persons not disposed to indulge in intoxicants may be led to do so by finding the alluring commodity for sale where he buys his household supplies. Let the snare be removed.—*Hamilton Tribune.*

The case is plain. Government may honestly and earnestly do its best to enforce restrictive laws, but this unmanageable traffic, will not be submissive to ordinary agencies and influences. The proper method of dealing with it is the method of extermination.

In his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Peers, on temperance, Sir William Gull, M. D., F. R. S., said that it is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink without becoming drunkards. His opinion is that there is no more potent cause of disease than alcohol.

Statistics show that in Germany, where Sunday liquor selling is open and untrammelled, fifty-three per cent. of the crimes are committed between Saturday and Monday morning.

Of the 9,000 drinking saloons in Philadelphia, 7,500 set up free lunches.

The tax list of New York City for 1883 amounts to \$30,679,785. Its drink-bill will exceed \$40,000,000. Its tax bill might be reduced \$20,000,000 but for its 10,000 drinking saloons.

Frankfort, Pa., furnishes this temperance lecture: John Pollitt's two daughters had saved \$800 from their earnings of some years in a mill, and, having determined to buy a house, sent their father to the bank to draw the money. Late last evening he was found hopelessly drunk in a bar-room, with only \$65 of the \$800.