



Temperance Department.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

What should she do? Once again she appealed to her husband, but was met only by unkind words, and when she told him that they must look for a cheaper dwelling, he seemed perfectly satisfied, and said that he would attend to that.

The next morning at breakfast he abruptly told her that he had rented two rooms, and had made arrangements to sell what furniture they did not need. Mrs. Leighton could scarcely express her surprise. "Why, Frank," she said, "need we go so soon?"

"Yes, to-day; so just choose what you want to keep to furnish two rooms, and I'll take care of the rest. I have debts to pay, and I must have the money."

"But, Frank, if you take the money that is paid us for this furniture, how can we live? One month's rent must be paid before we leave, and we have nothing to depend upon but that."

"I'll see that the rent is paid, and I must pay one month's rent in advance for the rooms I have taken, and after that there will be barely enough to pay what I owe. I tell you I want the money, and am going to have it, so hurry and choose what you want or I'll sell everything," and without another word Mr. Leighton left the house.

Sick at heart, his wife bowed her head upon her hands; but this was no time for inaction; she must rouse herself, and, almost unconsciously, she breathed a silent prayer for help to Him who, her little Rosa had said, cared for her. Rosa was not in the room when her father had told of his arrangements, and her mother dreaded to break the news to her; but this must be done too, so calling her to her she told her of the change in their home, shielding, as much as possible, the author of this new trial.

The cheerful spirit in which Rosa received the intelligence, gave her mother fresh courage, and together they planned and worked until toward noon, by which time everything was in readiness, and none too soon, for scarcely had all their arrangements been completed, when they heard a waggon stop at the door, and Mr. Leighton entered the house with another man.

He harshly ordered his wife to let the man have the things she had chosen to keep, and then walk herself with Rosa to their rooms in Birch's Court.

"Birch's Court!" the very name grated harshly on Mrs. Leighton's still sensitive ear. Had it indeed come to this? Was she to live in a court? she who once raised her dress daintily when crossing such places, imagining the very contact with poverty a disgrace? But their home was reached, and she found her rooms to be on the ground floor, where the sun shone in brightly, and she doubted not that when the familiar furniture should have been arranged, their new home would seem really homelike.

The ragged children of the neighborhood crowded around the door, their curiosity excited by the sight of blind Rosa, who still held closely Birdie in his cage. Fearing that some rude remarks might be made about her poor afflicted little daughter, Mrs. Leighton closed the door, and together she and Rosa waited for the waggon that was to bring their furniture. It came soon, and the driver, with the help of Mr. Leighton, who had walked from the house, soon deposited its scanty load in the rooms. Scanty indeed it looked, for although Mrs. Leighton had thought that she had reserved barely what was necessary for their comfort, her husband had thought her extravagant, and had sold several pieces of furniture that she would have kept, but which, he knew, would add considerably to the amount he was to receive for the rest. Suspecting the truth at once, she said nothing, knowing too well that the most gentle remonstrances would only be an excuse for words of anger and profanity.

At once, with the little help Rosa could give, she proceeded to give their rooms a look of home. White curtains that had once been in Rosa's nursery, subdued the sunlight that streamed through the windows, and a few books on the table, a bright carpet on the floor, a cheerful fire in the stove, with a tasteful arrangement of their limited supply of furniture, soon transformed the comfortless room into one really pleasant and cheerful, and it was well that it had that look, for henceforth it must serve as a parlor, kitchen, dining, and all but sleeping room.

Having arranged both rooms as well as she could, Mrs. Leighton sat down, and drawing Rosa to a seat upon her knee, pressed her close to her heart, and remained silent for a long time.

At length Rosa broke the silence by saying, "Mamma, we could be very happy here."

"Yes, darling. I know we could, if papa—but no, I won't say that; we will try to make our home so pleasant, Rosa dear, that papa will love to stay with us. But where have you put Birdie? His cage must hang in the window; you know I told you that I had hung your nursery curtains there."

"Yes, mamma, I would like him to be there, but please don't hang his cage very high, for I can't reach it."

"Mamma," said Rosa, as they resumed their seats, after arranging Birdie's cage, "what kind of a street are we living in, isn't it narrow? I felt that it was as we came up, and are there not a great many boys and girls here? I could hear them talking."

"Yes, Rosa, this is a very narrow street, and now, as Birdie is singing so sweetly, there is quite a crowd of boys and girls outside the window listening to him."

"I am glad of that; perhaps they haven't any Birdies of their own, and he will help to make them happy."

As night came on the mother and daughter still sat alone, waiting for him who should have been their earthly protector; but it was not until long after Rosa had gone to bed that Mrs. Leighton, still watching so anxiously by the fire, and planning some way by which she could earn something to support the family, now that she must give up all hope of her husband doing anything for them, heard his unsteady steps approaching the house. As he entered the room she saw that he was more entirely under the influence of liquor than he had been for months. Alas! too well she guessed the truth; having paid, as he promised, the rent due for their last home, and in advance for their present rooms, he had entered a tavern, feeling more independent than he had for a long time; for lately, as his account ran higher and higher, the tavern-keeper had begun to treat him coldly, and had even hinted once or twice that he must go somewhere else for liquor.

Now he could pay, and be treated as a gentleman; and with great show he asked for his bill; it was handed to him, and having paid it, at once the tavern-keeper's manner toward him changed; no one could have been more polite and attentive; and flattered by his treatment, Mr. Leighton drank glass after glass, treating and being treated, until toward morning he left the tavern penniless; all the proceeds of the sale of the furniture gone, and he, a poor drunkard.

Oh, Eleanor Leighton! on that New Year day you tried to hide from the world and yourself the fact that your husband was in danger of becoming a drunkard; what do you call him now, as he reels into the house, and without an approving glance at the room that you have rendered as attractive as possible for him, staggers across it, and entering the inner room throws himself upon the bed, and is soon in a deep, drunken sleep? His entering has disturbed the slumbers of dear little Rosa, who is asleep on a cot beside the bed, and dreaming, perchance, of the sunny days of long ago, she murmured, "Papa, my darling papa," and nestles down again to find perfect peace in forgetfulness of the dark sorrow that clouds her young life.

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Leighton sought and obtained work from a neighboring clothing-store, and by untiring industry and the closest economy contrived to keep the family from absolute want.

But on this bright New Year, five years from the time our story opens, we look in vain for our friends in their cheerful little rooms.

As year after year passed, Mr. Leighton, sinking lower and lower dragged with him

his wife and child, down into the lowest depths of poverty. Of course, it was impossible for Mrs. Leighton to support the family and pay even the small sum asked for their rooms, so they had been obliged to move what little furniture they had—for much had been sold from time to time to supply their wants—into one room in the garret of the tenement-house in which they lived.

Here on this New Year we find them, instead of in the abode of wealth and luxury where five years ago we made their acquaintance. Mounting the rickety staircase, we pause in the narrow entry before the half-open door. Mr. Leighton is not there; but Mrs. Leighton, whom we could scarcely recognize did we not know that it was she, stands beside a wash-tub in a room almost destitute of furniture. As she busily washes, a tear occasionally steals down her care-worn cheek, yet she tries to speak cheerfully to Rosa, who is sitting beside her talking to her little Birdie.

"Now, Birdie, I am going to put you in your cage again."

"I wouldn't, Rosa, darling, if I were you; sit still and talk to him a little while."

"Why, mamma, I have been talking to him ever so long, and now, you know, I want to finish that tidy that you tell me I have made so nicely, so that when you take home that washing you can try to sell it. So, shall I not put Birdie in his cage?"

"Yes, darling," and the mother turns away her face that she may not witness the disappointment that she knows is in store for Rosa.

The little girl—little yet, although thirteen years old, and as innocent and child-like as when she nestled in her uncle's arms five years ago—kisses her little Birdie and walks toward the low window where she had yesterday hung his gilded cage. Alas! she feels for it in vain. In its place hangs a broken wooden one, so old that were not Birdie the best of birds, it would not be safe to trust him in it.

"Oh, mamma!" she cries, "where—" and then she checks herself; too well she guesses the truth, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, she sobs aloud.

Mrs. Leighton, too, has guessed the truth. Last evening she had to go for the clothes which she was to wash, leaving her husband, who had come in again almost immediately after going out, apparently asleep, with his head resting upon the table, but when she returned he was gone, and looking up to Birdie, who moved uneasily in his cage as if disturbed in his sleep, she had seen the change which she knew would be such a blow to poor little Rosa, who had prized the gilded cage as Uncle George's last New Year gift to her and Birdie.

She had not seen her poor unhappy husband, who as soon as she had left the room had stolen cautiously to the window, and with his eye glancing suspiciously at Rosa, lest he should disturb her slumbers, had taken the old cage from a hiding-place, and then taking Birdie from his pretty home, had transferred him to this one that he had found among some rubbish on a vacant lot. Once, as Birdie fluttered, Rosa had murmured in her sleep, "Hush, Birdie," and her father started back, but the prize was too great, and he must run any risk; so, hastily hanging up the old cage, he concealed the gilded one under his ragged coat and hastened to the tavern, where an hour ago he had been refused trust for a glass of whiskey.

Now, on this New Year morning, Birdie's gilded cage hangs empty above the bar, and Mr. Leighton, having satisfied for a time his appetite from the proceeds of his last evening's sale, loafs around the alley-ways and the corners of the streets, afraid or ashamed to go home, lest he might see something in Rosa's face that should touch his not quite hardened heart.

(To be Continued.)

"TAKE ME ON SHORE!"

The son of a good and zealous minister took to drinking and ran away from home as a sailor. Months of ocean life in the society of the fore-castle made him more reckless than ever. In habits, morals, beliefs, affections—everything—he was "all aloft." The vessel that bore him anchored in an African port to discharge and take in cargo. In one of their trips to and from shore the sailors brought back a little native boy. He had some kind of curious instrument, and could make music on it with singular skill, and the sailors had persuaded

him to come on board that they might exhibit him to their companions.

He stayed a long time, and played on his instrument to the great entertainment of the crew. They were disposed to make quite a lion of him, but at last he grew uneasy.

"Take me on shore now," he said.

"Oh no," replied the sailors, "we can't spare you yet."

"But I must go," insisted the little negro.

"Why, what's your hurry?"

"I'll tell you. A missionary has come where I live, and he's going to preach to-night. I heard him once, and he told about Jesus Christ, and I want to hear him tell some more about Him."

The rough sailors smiled, but they could not resist such entreaty, and immediately rowed the boy ashore.

There was one on board whose conscience the little African's last reply sorely disturbed. It was the thoughtless boy who had run away from a Christian home. "Here I am," he thought, "a son of an English minister, who have known about Jesus Christ all my life, and yet my knowledge has made less impression on me than a single Christian sermon has made upon this poor little heathen."

Self-condemned and distressed, he retired that night to his hammock. There the truths and counsels he had so often heard at home came rushing into his memory. He had been too well-instructed not to know the way of life. He began to pray. His prayer was heard, for it was sincere. By it he was led to accept and consecrate himself to the Saviour whom he had so long rejected.

There was joy in that English parsonage when the prodigal returned. There was purer joy over him in heaven among the angels of God.

The reclaimed prodigal is now an earnest worker in the temperance cause and other good movements.—*Band of Hope Review.*

A PROBLEM.

Here is a little temperance arithmetic for our young folks. Who will work it out?

Intoxicating liquors cost every year, \$600,000,000. If as much more is lost by wasted time, shortened lives, men and material misemployed, what is the total loss by intoxicating liquors? How much would it be in ten years? How many churches could you build with this sum at \$20,000 each? How many school houses at \$5,000? How many homes for the poor at \$2,000? How many Bibles could be sent to the heathen at 50 cents each? How missionaries at \$800? How many towns could have a \$5,000 library? Would there be hard times if all this money was spent aright?—*S. S. Messenger.*

HOW WELL ALCOHOL keeps out cold from the system! In France, recently, a doctor made some experiments on pigs, to find out what were the effects of alcohol on the body, of taking spirits continuously in large doses. Various kinds of alcohol were tried, potato spirit, spirits of wine, spirits distilled from grain, and from molasses, and also absinthe. Sleepiness, prostration, and want of appetite, were the symptoms chiefly noticed, though, at the same time the animals grew fat and heavy. But what will interest you most to hear in this connection, is, that these pigs were unable to resist cold; and in order to keep them alive during the severe frost of two winters ago in France, the daily doses of alcohol had to be discontinued, or else these "tipping pigs" would have died of cold. An eye witness, who had seen some of the most dreadful scenes that the world has shown in our time—battlefields and slaughter—said that he had never witnessed anything more horrible than the scenes he saw in the Glasgow police-cells on a Saturday night. There are there different cells for people in different stages of drunkenness, and those who are brought in dead drunk are laid before large fires, which are kept up all night for the purpose. They are laid there to prevent them from dying of cold; for so powerful is the chilling effect of alcohol when taken in poisonous quantities, that persons dead drunk may actually die of cold if not artificially warmed.—*Signal.*

IT IS NOT so much the great preachers, and writers, and actors who move and change the world as the good people, the people of prayer, of faith, of good works.—*Catholic Review.*