

giving a few afternoons of her time to His more immediate service."

A few moments of embarrassment followed, and then Mrs. Bates asked:

"What has become of your Frank? He has not been to spend an evening with our boys for a long time. The reading-circle has missed him sadly. The members are reading German plays now, and they say Frank's knowledge of the language would be invaluable to them. Harry commissioned me to ask him to be sure and come next Thursday. Why, now I think of it, I haven't seen Frank in church for a long time; is he out of town?"

A terribly painful flush crossed Mrs. Livingston's face; her hands grasped her work convulsively as she stammered out, "Frank—I don't know. What do you mean? Frank's all right; he has been very much occupied lately; he is a great favorite, you know; he don't have much time to spare even for me."

Mrs. Bates saw that something was wrong, and rising with ready tact, said:

"Really, I had no idea it was so late; it is time that I was attending to my domestic affairs; if I don't go straight home, John will have burnt cakes for his supper, and Johnny will have to go to bed without his good night story."

## II.

It was a long time before Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Bates met again. The latter had joined the Temperance League; and having thus drawn aside a corner of the curtain which hangs between our smooth conventional life and the tragedies daily enacted by myriads of our fellows who jostle us in the streets, mingle their breath with ours in public conveyances, and are carried past us to the silent cemetery, scarcely exciting our attention, had seen that which gave such an importance to every spare moment as to leave her very few for visiting; and her friend's "domestic affairs" were always of such an absorbing nature that she generally allowed social duties to devolve upon her acquaintances.

One Sunday evening Mrs. Bates was, with five other ladies, holding a prayer-meeting in a liquor-saloon in one of the low neighborhoods of the city. A strong body of police were detailed for their protection; but this precaution was quite needless, since there was not an arm in all that rough assembly but would have been raised in defence of "our ladies," had the insult been offered them. A barrier was placed between them and the audience, who stood packed together upon tier, with eyes out of which looked hungry spirits, famishing for the bread of life. Young forms were there with matted hair once curled over somebody's fingers, old, white heads, bowed, not with honored ripeness, but maudlin imbecility, and stalwart men of middle age whose sullied lips were better used to oaths and curses than to the holy hymns they were singing now. All sang, all listened reverently and with uncovered head to the words of prayer rising in this strange cathedral.

While Mrs. Bates was speaking earnestly to this rough but attentive audience, she became aware of a terrible familiarity and yet strangeness in a young face directly opposite to her. Again and again she studied the swollen lines, bloated eye-sockets, rough hair, and disordered apparel, and at length as an actual tear stood in the bleared eye, giving it a boy-like and innocent expression, she recognized, with a throb of inexpressible sorrow, Frank Livingston, and a pitying prayer went up from the depths of her heart that her old girl-friend might be forgiven for the way in which she had toward this her firstborn attended to her "domestic affairs."

"Does your mother know?" she said, as at the close of the meeting many crowded round the table to sign pledges, receive tracts, or shake hands with the ladies; and she secured an opportunity of intercepting Frank's retreat and speaking with him.

"She knows," he said doggedly, "and all the rest of them; they've been disgraced as much as they're going to be by me though. Father turned me out last week, and I suppose he was right. Since then I've found a roost up stairs; that's how I came to be here."

"How long has this been going on?"

"How long? Ever since I was a little boy I have loved the taste of liquor. You know mother always kept a first-rate cook, and all the puddings and pies and sauces were flavored with brandy, and we had lots of dinner-company, and then there was always wine on the table, and I used to stay after they were gone and drink up all that was left in the glasses. Sometimes I would carry a bottle of champagne up stairs, and invite in the boys. But one night we all got drunk, and father found it out—mother never would; she was too busy sewing ruffles on to the girl's dresses—and he said I must stop, it wasn't respectable to drink, and I tried to, but I couldn't. So as I had plenty of money, I went with the boys where we could get as much as we wanted, and—and—you know the rest; I need not tell you."

"My poor, poor boy, what are you living on now?"

"Whiskey; that's cheap, and you don't want anything else."

"Frank Livingston, look at me; do you know what you are doing?"

"Mrs. Bates, you don't know anything about it. They taught me about hell in Sunday-school; but I know what it is now. I might as well be there now as here. I tried to take some laudanum last night, but the people here would not let me. I shall take it yet, though. What's the use of living with no hope?"

No hope, and nineteen years old! The lady thought of her own bright group returning at this hour from evening service, and she felt drawn to make one more effort for the lost boy. "You are sorry, and want to do better, Frank, I am sure."

"No, I don't; I don't care any more."

"O Frank! I saw tears in your eyes a little while ago."

"Well, you were speaking of His compassion and for one minute I wondered if it were possible He could have any compassion left for me."

The voice was tremulous now. Mrs. Bates saw that the chord had been struck, and unwilling that any human words should weaken the impression, obtaining a whispered and reluctantly-given promise from Frank that he would come to the Ladies' meeting the next day, she hurried away, wondering if the care of one's own and one's neighbor's sons was not at least a part of the "domestic affairs" intrusted to women.

## III.

"If there are any who would like us to pray for them, we would be glad to have them signify it by rising." So said the leader of the meeting the next afternoon; and with trembling limbs and flushed countenance, Frank Livingston, among a score of others, arose. The picture drawn by the sympathetic voice of a woman, of infinite Goodness stooping to have compassion on utter villainess, offering infinite strength to supplement entire weakness, had so rested in his imagination and stirred his heart, that he felt irresistibly drawn to hear it again; and now he stood committed; the first step heavenward had been taken.

Of the struggle of the next three weeks it is impossible to write. God alone knows the agonies of a soul bound in the iron chains of an over-mastering appetite—will gone, self-respect gone, hope gone, all gone but a resolute determination to grasp the outstretched hand of mercy, which was raised "even as by fire." But Frank was in earnest. Three days and nights he passed without food, since there was no restaurant accessible to him where liquor was not sold. At first he slept on the green sward of the park; then one of the ladies offered him the bed he had been too proud to accept from his mother's friends; and he found little jobs of cutting wood, putting in coal, and the like, by which he earned a pittance sufficient for present support. But every afternoon found him at the meeting, attentive and earnest; and every day, by word or gesture, he continued to implore the ladies, "Pray for me."

At length, when some of his most earnest friends were beginning to feel almost discouraged, so difficult did it seem for this poor prodigal to find peace in his Father's house and heart, he rose one day and said in faltering accents, "I, even I have some faint hope in Christ, and faint as it is, I would not part with it for the universe. Now I will sign the pledge, for I trust the dear Lord will enable me to keep it. Thank God for the ladies of this Union. What would have become of us poor fellows but for them?"

There may be a greater amount of joy among the angels who surround the throne of God, but it could hardly be deeper than that which broke out from those woman hearts in one glad strain of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

## IV.

A very merry tea-party had assembled at Mr. Livingston's house. It was Frank's birthday, and if the fatted calf had not been killed to honor the prodigal's return, the joy which this ancient emblem signified was all there. Nor was wanting the substantial cheer dear to the many little Livingstons and Bateses who surrounded the board. The only unusual peculiarity of that always bountifully-supplied table was the entire absence of anything the constituent parts of which were the "accursed thing" which had so nearly wrecked the happiness of that home.

"Frank," said his father, "I have resolved to take you into my own office, and I shall give you plenty of work, for we all know by experience how much mischief Satan finds for idle hands, especially young hands, to do;" and turning to Mrs. Bates, he added: "Will you let me have your Harry in my office also? I believe I can give him a much better salary than he is now receiving, and I will promise to leave him an equal share in the business with Frank when I am called away. I do not pretend to offer this as compensation; God alone, to whom you look and in whose name

you labor, can give adequate rewards for such work as he has enabled you to do for my unhappy and neglected boy; but I shall feel that he will be safer and the business more prosperous, if it has added to it as an element of success the son of such a mother."

The conversation was broken by little Della Livingston, who had been well crammed by the juvenile Bateses with temperance statistics and facts.

"Mamma, I wish you would go and take care of all the poor little girls and boys whose fathers get drunk and beat their mothers—who don't have anything to eat or any clothes to wear. You may give them all my pretty new dresses, and I will wear my old ones all summer. That will be ever so much nicer, for I sha'n't be afraid to spoil them, as I am all the pretty ruffles and work."

"You don't know what you are saying, little daughter," said Mrs. Livingston; "but your words are sharp, nevertheless. O Jane, my old school friend, where would my precious boy be; how could I ever meet and answer God's claim upon my responsibility concerning him, if you had not understood better than I did, and been more faithful to your convictions of a mother's duty concerning her 'domestic affairs'?"

Mrs. Bates' "John" was a silent man, and when he did join in a conversation, it was to add something which he thought of great weight, and now he said, with a glance of loving pride towards his wife and another of gratitude towards heaven,

"I think that when a consecrated woman gives her time, her talents, her voice, her influence, her money, or anything else her Master has intrusted her with, to his blessed service, in doing good to the bodies or souls of her brothers and sisters, children of the same loving heavenly Father, and so members of the same great household, she is faithfully attending to her own 'domestic affairs.'"—*Christian Weekly*.

## DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

The Rev. G. M. McCree, at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope, said: Our chief difficulties have arisen from the medical profession. Educated, philanthropic, and invaluable as its members are, we have found them, as a whole, hindrances to the progress of our movement. I do not forget the noble speeches of Dr. Beaumont, of Bradford, who was a champion of our cause when scientific and medical advocates were few and far between; nor the vast labors of Dr. Grindrod, author of "Bacchus," a perfect library in

itself; nor the names of Mr. Mudge, of Boumin; Mr. Higginbottom, of Nottingham; Dr. Munro, of Hull; Dr. Bowen, of Preston; Collette, of Guernsey, and many others of splendid repute; but I still maintain that medical men have hindered our movement, and not seldom by their advice robbed us of bright children, reformed drunkards, wavering friends, and useful speakers, and how many ministers of the Gospel they have led off our platform suffering severely from relaxed nerves, sore throats, and Timothian infirmities I cannot tell. Of this I am certain, that a severe censure might righteously have been passed upon some medical men for the manner in which they have treated our converts and our cause, and I think that the time has fully come for us to affirm that a medical man who ignores the experiences and discoveries contained in temperance medical literature is walking in darkness instead of in the light.

What, then, shall we do with the doctors? It is a hard question, but I will try to answer it.

But, first, let me tell you a little story of a Quaker and his doctor. A Quaker, who had been seriously ill, but was fast recovering, was recommended by his medical man to take some "stout." "Indeed," said the Quaker, "how am I to get strength out of that which does not contain it?" "But you must take it," said the doctor, "or I will not be answerable for the consequences." "Thou mayest makethyself perfectly easy about it, for I will take the consequences but not the drink." "Well you'll do yourself great harm," said the doctor. "Nay, friend, I can't do harm by abstaining from a bad thing." "But you require it as a medicine just now," said the doctor. The Quaker hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Doest thou like stout, doctor?" "Yes, I do." "I thought so," said the Quaker; "go thy way, I pay thee for thy skill and not for thy likings."

I will now venture to furnish a few counsels. I would advise that committees should endeavor to supply the medical men, who attend their Band of Hope children, with the *Medical Temperance Journal*. It is published quarterly, by Mr. W. Tweedie, and would be sent to any address for two shillings a year. If you sent it for one year, it is possible that you would have no more trouble as to medical men prescribing alcohol to your members. Whenever you have any meeting or lecture of a first-class character, you would do well to forward reserve seat tickets for medical men and their families, and, you might thus induce them to take a deep personal interest in your work.

You would do well also, whenever it is possible, to imitate the wise plan of the Stannary Band of Hope, Halifax, and have your own medical man, with the understanding that he prescribes no alcohol. Should it be necessary to send a child to an hospital, let a courteous letter be sent with it, stating that it belongs to a Band of Hope, and suggesting—that this to be done very gently—that, if possible, a non-alcoholic treatment be adopted. Do not be alarmed if you are told that total abstinence will kill the child. So many of us have been killed so many times over in that way, that we have lost our fear, and I for one do not think that wine endows mortal men with eternal life. I am like a good Quaker who had taken the usual course of medicine prescribed in certain diseases, and was informed that to keep off the debility it was necessary to take London porter twice a-day. "Sir," he said to the doctor, "I readily took the physic you sent me, because I believed you to be a skilful and conscientious man; but not having the same knowledge, or the same good opinion, of Dr. Buxton & Co., I will take none of his physic; and I am confirmed in this resolution when I call to mind some of my own friends who have taken his medicines for twenty or thirty years, and are not yet cured." I would earnestly advise that our more powerful societies and organizations should, once a year, at least, convene meetings to be addressed exclusively by medical men, or, when this cannot be done, to endeavor, even at great expense and trouble, to have one medical man at the annual meeting, and then take care that a lengthy report of his speech is secured for the local papers. Let me add, in addition to what I have said, that when a new medical man settles in a village or town that it would be well to send him a copy of your annual report, and Dr. Henry Munroe's small book (price one penny), entitled, "Is Alcohol a Necessity of Life?" You will thus render him informed of your existence, your watchfulness, and your intelligence—three things which medical men sometimes forget. And when elaborate and costly efforts are impossible, then let copies of Sir Henry Thompson's famous and powerful letter be used as opportunity may offer, and such seed, although small, may fructify and spread when you and I have gone away to the land no human eye can see.

LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.—The first annual meeting of this new effort to command and justify the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks under all circumstances, was very successful—even too much so, indeed, for the comfort of those who were there. The room at the London Tavern was most inconveniently crowded, and the people who had to stand under the open windows in a piercing east wind, must have required a good deal of nursing next day, either in the Hospital or elsewhere. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., president of the institution, presided, and spoke earnestly and strongly in favor of the treatment of disease without alcohol, and he sustained his opinion by reference to several high medical authorities. The report of the last year's work was read by the Rev. Dawson Burns, the indefatigable honorary secretary. It stated that, from the first week in October to the end of April, 73 in-patients had been admitted, and 482 out-patients; and the Board had reason to believe that all of them were fully satisfied with the attention received. After this seven months' trial the officers of the institution were satisfied that the principle on which it is established is a perfectly sound one. It was urged that greater things ought to be attempted—that provision should, at all events, be made for fifty in-patients. As an incentive to greater liberality on the part of others the members of the Board had resolved largely to increase their individual subscriptions. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Grindrod, Canon Ellison, Dr. Edmonds, Mr. Thomas Cash, chairman of the Board, Mr. John Hughes, treasurer, and other gentlemen, upon whose advocacy resolutions in support of the principle of the non-alcoholic treatment of disease, and in behalf of an extension of the operations of the London Temperance Hospital, were unanimously adopted.

GOOD SECURITY.—By the new liquor law of Mississippi, no person can be licensed to sell liquor till he has secured the recommendation of more than half the men in the township over 21 years old, and more than half the women over 18 years of age.

COUNTER ATTRACTION.—Two liquor-saloons in Chicago have been compelled to close, owing to the fact that in the Bethel Home, near by, a restaurant has been opened where a bowl of good coffee and three slices of bread are furnished for five cents, cheaper, better and more satisfying than beer or poor whiskey.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—So successful have been the efforts of the women in Northern Ohio to break up the liquor-traffic, that no strong drink can be obtained at any hotel or saloon in Cleveland. Many liquor-sellers are demoralized, and have quit the business. Ladies of wealth and influence lead the movement.