

the License Commissioners to ask them to issue a license to them in the name of their manager they found a friend in court in the person of one of their brother directors who was a license commissioner, and now the value of such a friend becomes apparent. They refuse to interfere.

When a deputation from the Alliance waited upon the License Commissioners, adducing *prima facie* evidence that the liquor was being sold in contravention of the law, and asked them to instruct their Inspector to proceed as the law directs in such matters, they were met with a positive refusal, and were invited to proceed if they so pleased, by indictment of them (the Commissioners) before the County Judge, and they would abide by the consequences.

The lessons to be learned from this short history is: the need for such amendments to the "Crooks Act" as will prevent the sale of all liquors at all times on these public fair grounds. When men whose duty it is to enforce the provisions of the law, play fast and loose with such a matter as this, the question may well arise whether men who have a financial interest at stake are the best men to be intrusted with the administration of the law?

THE PROHIBITIONIST.

In certain senses the lot of the prohibitionist is not a happy one. He has sworn

"Undying hate
To all that can intoxicate,"

and therefore can have no tolerance in any form for that iniquity, the "Licensed Liquor Traffic." He may be thankful for every concession that is made to his demands, but the substitution of a Wine and Beer License for an ordinary tavern license is not such a concession as to make him rest from agitation for the larger measure of relief. This agitation brings him of necessity into conflict with those who have a financial interest in upholding the traffic. One of the saddest features in connection with this whole exhibition license business has been the power of the liquor traffic and the temptation of the gain accruing therefrom to sink the individuality of men prominent in church life and of pronounced temperance proclivities, yet these men who would scorn, as individuals, to have any connection with the liquor traffic are found as members of a corporate body, praying that a liquor license may be issued to them, and when issued can sign a bond for the due observance of all the conditions attached thereto. Men and brethren, these things ought not to be so. Can a fountain send forth both sweet water and bitter? Oh for more of the spirit of ex-Governor St. John of Kansas, who, when warned that his adherence to his principles might cost him his election as Governor, replied, "I can afford to be not Governor of Kansas, I cannot afford to give up my principles." Gentlemen, men are to be judged by their deeds, not by their words. The betrayal of confidence by a friend is harder to be borne than the open opposition of an enemy.

FIDES.

Tales and Sketches.

A RUM SELLER'S STORY.

"I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place who afterwards filled a suicide's grave. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my place, who now cannot buy his dinner." This was the beginning of an address by S. Stacy before the Cadets of Temperance, mere lads, who sat clothed in their bright regalia of blue and red, in long rows on the settees in Franklin Hall, in South Brooklyn, N. Y. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance, and it had been announced that Mr. Stacy, having given up his drinking place in Sixth avenue, New York, would give his personal experience. "For eleven years I sold liquor," he said, "I had one of the handsomest saloons in New York. Some one said it was the best saloon in the city. If it was the best, God help the poorest. I can recall twenty customers, each worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and only two of them are now able to buy dinners for themselves. To you, Cadets of Temperance, I would advise that you rather take a glass of prussic acid than a glass of liquor. If you must die, it is better to die at once. If a Gospel friend ever takes you by the arm and seeks to restrain you from drinking, don't turn and say to him, 'I know what I'm doing. Be kind enough to mind your own business.' I've seen young men stand at my bar with this blue ribbon on the lapels of their coats, drunk. 'No, no,' these young men would say, 'I've taken the pledge, I'm obliged to you all the same.' They had no business there. [Mr. Stacy raised his voice.] That was not there place. Liquor is at deadly enmity with a blue ribbon. Pretty soon it would be 'Well, I'll take a glass of cider.' I knew—I knew—I knew what that glass of cider meant. The rumseller is a good fellow. He is liberal with his money. He is jovial. When a customer enters his door, he says: 'Hello, Johnny, where have you been these two or three days?' But he's calculating all the time how much money the customer has in his pocket and how much of it he can put into his till. He is a thief. He takes money for which he gives no benefits in return. In all my eleven years behind the bar I can recall only one agreeable thing. A young lady came and said: 'I wish you would not give father anything more to drink.' I laughed, as rumsellers are accustomed to do in such cases, but she persisted, and finally I pro-

mised I wouldn't let him have a drink. I don't know what possessed me, but I promised. When next the father came in he walked up to the bar smiling and said: 'Well, I guess I'll take a drink.' 'No, sir, not here,' said I. 'What?' said he. I repeated what I had said and also ordered my barkeeper never to let him have a drink on pain of dismissal. The result was a quarrel, and I threw him out into the street. He was a smaller man than I. There was a struggle outside the door, but as he rolled over the curb at the edge of the sidewalk he seemed to lose his strength. Looking up to me he said: 'Here I am in the gutter, and turned out of a rum shop! That man to-day is a member of Dr. Armitage's church.'—*Grape Shot.*

"I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS."

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night,
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
With tears in my eyes I have begged my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

Just look at me now! boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my beared, haggared eyes and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand.
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze.
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow;
That she kissed me and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side.
Yes, with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there; then she whispered, "Good-by."
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured—
But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

At home my pet Susie, so sweet and so fair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread,
For one crust—on her knees my pet darling pled!
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see
I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered, I crept
Away from the house; and that night when I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile, let it pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

—*Louisa S. Upham.*