



## Temperance Department.

### WHY HE DIDN'T SMOKE.

BY ALMA.

The son of Mr. Jeremy Lord, aged fourteen, was spending the afternoon with one of his young friends, and his stay was prolonged into the evening, during which some male friends of the family dropped in. The boys withdrew with the backgammon-box into the recess of the bay-window at the end of the room, and the gentlemen went on chatting about the most important matters of the day, politics, &c. Still apparently enjoying the game, the two boys kept their ears open, as boys will, and taking cue from the sentiments expressed by their elders, endorsed one or the other as they happened to agree with them.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked Mr. Benedict, the host. A simultaneous "thank you" went round, and a smile of satisfaction lighted all faces but one. Not that he was gloomy, or a drawback on the rest, but his smile was not one of assent. A box of cigars was soon forthcoming, costly and fragrant, as the word goes.

"Fine cigar," said one, as he held it to his nose before lighting. "What Linton, you don't smoke?"

"I'm happy to say I do not," was the firm rejoinder.

"Well, now, you look like a smoking man, jolly, care-free, and all that. I'm quite surprised," said another.

"We are hardly doing right, are we," asked a rubicund-visaged man, who puffed away heartily, "to smoke in the parlor? I condone that much to my wife's dislike of the weed. She makes a great ado about the curtains, you know."

"For my part, that's a matter I don't trouble myself about," said the host, broadly. "There's no room in this house too good for me and my friends to smoke in. My wife has always understood that, and she yields of course."

"But you don't know how it chokes her," said young Hal Benedict, *sotto voce*. "Yes, indeed, it gets all through the house, you know, and she almost always goes into Aunt Nellie's when there are two or three smoking. There she goes now," he added, as the front door shut.

"Why it's absolutely driving her out of the house, isn't it?" asked Johnny. "Too bad!"

"Why don't you smoke, Dalton?" queried one of the party; "fraid of it? Given it up lately? It don't agree with some constitutions."

"Well, if you want to know why I don't smoke, friend Jay," was the answer, "I will tell you; I respect my wife too much."

"Why you don't mean"—stammered his questioner.

"I mean simply what I said. When I married, I was addicted to the use of cigars. I saw that the smoke annoyed her, though she behaved with the utmost good taste and forbearance, and I cut down my cigars so as to smoke only when going and returning from business. I then considered what my presence must be to a delicate and sensitive woman, with breath and clothes saturated with the odor, and I began to be disgusted with myself, so that finally I dropped the habit, and I can't say I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't be, I know," said another, admiringly. "I'm candid enough to own it, and I think your wife ought to be very much obliged to you."

"On the contrary, it is I who ought to be obliged to my wife," said Mr. Dalton, while the host smoked on in silence, very red in the face, and evidently wincing under the reproof that was not meant.

"I say that Dalton is a brick," whispered young Benedict, as he swept his men off the board first.

"He's splendid!" supplemented Johnny, who was thinking his own thoughts while the smoke was really getting too much for him, and presently he took his leave.

The next day Johnny was thoughtful, so quiet, indeed, that everybody noticed it, and in the evening, when his father lighted his pipe with its strong tobacco, Johnny seemed on thorns.

"I can't think that you don't respect mother," he blurted out, and then his face grew the color of scarlet flannel.

"What do you mean?" asked his father, in a severe voice. "I say, what do you mean, sir?"

"Because mother hates the smoke so; because it gets into the curtains and carpet,—and—and because I heard Mr. Dalton last night give as a reason that he did not smoke, that he respected his wife too much."

"Pshaw! Your mother don't mind my smoking—do you, mother?" he asked, jocularly, as his wife entered just then.

"Well—I—used to rather more than I do now. One could get accustomed to anything, I suppose; so I go on the principle that what can't be cured must be endured."

"Nonsense! you know I could stop tomorrow, if I wanted to," he laughed.

"But you won't want to," she said, softly. "I don't know whether Johnny's father gave up the weed. Most likely not; but if you want to see what really came of it, I will give you a peep at the following paper, written some years ago, and which happens to be in my possession."

"I, John Lord, of sound mind, do make this first day of January, 1861, the following resolutions, which I pray God I may keep:

"First. I will not get married till I own a house, for I expect Uncle Henry Lake will give me one, one of these days, because my mother says he will.

"Second. I will never swear, because it is silly as well as wicked.

"Third. I will never smoke, and so make myself disagreeable to everybody who comes near me, and I will always keep these words as my motto after I am married:

"I don't smoke, because I respect my wife." Mr. Dalton said that and I will never forget it.

"Signed, etc., etc."

Isn't that boy all over? But Johnny kept his word like a hero.—*Youth's Companion*.

### "DO ALL IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS."

PARTING WORDS IN SCOTLAND FROM MAJOR COLE.

Major Cole, of Chicago, who has been in Campbeltown, Argyllshire, with his family, for the last eight weeks, and has held a number of meetings, gave a farewell address on the evening of Sunday, the 19th ult., in the parish church, which was crowded to the doors by a most attentive audience.

In the course of his remarks he said: I believe, as firmly as I believe I will meet you in eternity, that if there is going to be a great work of the Lord in this place, a work that will shake your city, it will only be when these distilleries are swept from your midst. I have no ill-will to any distiller or poor drunkard here. I love them both, and it is just because I do love them that I speak as I now do. But I pray professing Christians here to shut up distilleries before God visits them in his wrath. It is a solemn thing to stand before an audience knowing you have got to meet at the bar of God, and I speak it in love. Oh! do remove the hindrances to the spread of the Kingdom of Jesus out of the way. I have travelled about a good deal, and know of no hindrance to the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom like intemperance.

You perhaps say, "We will join you in that; we hate intemperance, and will be only too glad to see it put down, but we are not to be blamed for men drinking." Well, let us look what our text says, "Whatsoever ye do," &c. Can you distillers say that you carry on your business in the name of the Lord Jesus?—I would like any or all the distillers present just to come forward to the pulpit and give thanks to God for their distilleries, and ask God to bless their business. Perhaps there is a minister present who will pray for your institutions; or an elder who is a distiller. Let them just come forward.

Look at the text, and then just imagine such a prayer as this, "O God, in the name of Jesus, we ask you to protect our distilleries from destruction by lightning, storm, or fire. May they stand until Christ comes to reward us for what they have done. Bless the thousands of barrels of whisky sent from this town; may none of them be wasted. Bless our poor workmen as they take the three drinks we give them daily, and especially bless the gallon of whiskey that we give to each of them at the end of the year to gladden their homes. Bless us as we go from the Lord's table to our distilleries. Bless especially the elders in our churches and in our employ who are kept from the house of God because their services are needed in the distilleries. Bless, O Father, the little children who work for us on the Sabbath, and are thus kept from the Sabbath-school. Remember, O God, the widows and orphans that whiskey has made. Have mercy, we pray Thee, on the thieves, liars, whoremongers, Sabbath-breakers, and murderers that our distilleries are making, and keep us from their hell, for it is an eternal hell. Amen."

Who dare offer such a prayer? Yet under the cloak of religion you are doing it and, I believe if there has been anything evil "invented" it is whiskey. You will perhaps say you do not like anyone to be so personal. Let us look at Matthew xxiii. The preaching of Jesus Christ we see there was very personal preaching. I beg the Christians in this town to pray earnestly until these distilleries are destroyed or turned into something that will alike be honoring to God and helpful to humanity.

No matter what the crime is, the devil will find excuses. When in Liverpool some time ago, there were no less than seven murders committed, and it was found that six out of seven were set down to whiskey. *That was their excuse.* Do you think their excuses will count for anything at the bar of God? I know a great many think that by giving to the Church they are doing God's service, and insuring themselves against eternal rejection. Some may have given a bell, or a tower, or a corner-stone, thinking it would be put down to their account. But no! Let each one of us see how we stand before God; the Church cannot save us.

How God is going to take this hindrance out of the way I don't know, but he can do it; and He will. In America, there were many churches built by slave-owners, and slavery seemed as strong and immovable as the drink traffic. It seemed immovable. Oh! the bitter wails and cries that went up. The professing Church said "it would do no good to cry." No, it did no good to cry to man, but God heard the cry of the oppressed slave, and the accursed system tottered and fell. America was drenched in blood, but the slaves are free!

That slavery was nothing to the slavery of intemperance. The cries, the groans, and the agonies of the sufferers by this terrible traffic in strong drink are going up to God, and by-and-by God will answer them, and blast your distilleries, and the churches that uphold this traffic. He will utterly destroy. Better a thousand times to preach in a boat, better to stand on the streets or on the quay, than to have churches supported by whiskey.—*The Christian*.

### RANSOM'S SECRET.

A man's daily life is the best test of his moral and social state. Take two men, for instance, both working at the same trade and earning the same money; yet how different they may be as respects their actual condition. The one looks a free man; the other a slave. The one lives in a snug cottage; the other in a mud hovel. The one has always a decent coat to his back; the other is in rags. The children of the one are clean, well dressed and at school; the children of the other are dirty, filthy, and often in the gutter. The one possesses the ordinary comforts of life, as well as many of its pleasures and conveniences—perhaps a well-chosen library; the other has few of the comforts of life, certainly no pleasures, enjoyments, nor books. And yet these two men earn the same wages. What is the cause of the difference between them?

It is in this. The one man is intelligent and prudent; the other is the reverse. The one denies himself for the benefit of his wife, his family, and his home; the other denies himself nothing, but lives under the tyranny of evil habits. The one is a sober man, and takes his pleasure in making his home attractive and his family comfortable; the other cares nothing for his home and family, but spends the greater part of his earnings in the gin shop or the public-house. The one man looks up; the other looks down. The standard of enjoyment of the one is high; and of the other low. The one man likes books, which instruct and elevate his mind; the other likes drink, which tends to lower and brutalize him. The one saves his money; the other wastes it.

"I say, mate," said one workman to another, as they went home one evening from their work, "will you tell me how it is that you manage to get on? how it is that you manage to feed and clothe your family as you do, and put money in the Penny Bank besides; whilst I, who have as good wages as you and fewer children, can barely make the ends meet?"

"Well, I will tell you; it only consists in this—in taking care of the pennies!"

"What! Is that all, Ransom?"

"Yes, and a good 'all' too. Not one in fifty knows the secret. For instance, Jack, you don't."

"How! I? Let's see how you make that out."

"Now you have asked my secret, I'll tell you all about it. But you must not be offended if I speak plain. First, I pay nothing for my drink."

"Nothing? Then you don't pay your shot, but sponge upon your neighbors."

"Never! I drink water, which costs nothing. Drunken days have all their to-morrows, as the old proverb says. I spare myself sore heads and shaky hands, and save my pennies. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. And that, let me tell you, makes a considerable difference in our out-go. It may amount to about half-a-crown a week, or seven pounds a year. That seven pounds will clothe myself and children, while you are out at elbows, and your children go bare-foot."

"Come, come, that's going too far. I don't drink at that rate. I may take an odd half-pint now and then; but half-a-crown a week! Pooh! pooh!"

"Well, then, how much did you spend on drink last Saturday night? Out with it."

"Let me see; I had a pint with Jones; I

think I had another with Davis, who is just going to Australia; and then I went to the lodge."

"Well how many glasses had you there?"

"How can I tell? I forget. But it's all stuff and nonsense, Bill!"

"Oh, you can't tell: you don't know what you spent? I believe you. But that's the way your pennies go, my lad."

"And that's all your secret?"

"Yes; take care of the penny—that's all. Because I save, I have, when you want. It's very simple, isn't it?"

"Simple, oh yes; but there's nothing in it."

"Yes! there's this in it,—that it has made you ask me the question, how I manage to keep my family so comfortably, and put money in the Penny Bank, while you, with the same wages, can barely make the ends meet. Money is independence, and money is made by putting pennies together. Besides, I work so hard for mine,—and so do you,—that I can't find in my heart, a penny to waste on drink, when I can put it beside a few other hard-earned pennies in the bank. It's something for a sore foot or a rainy day. There's that in it, Jack; and there's comfort also in the thought that, whatever may happen to me, I needn't beg nor go to the work-house. The saving of the penny makes me feel a free man. The man always in debt, or without a penny beforehand, is little better than a slave."

"But if we had our rights, the poor would not be so hardly dealt with as they now are."

"Why, Jack, if you had your rights to-morrow, would they put your money back into your pocket after you had spent it?—would your rights give your children shoes and stockings when you had chosen to waste on beer what would have bought them? Would your rights make you or your wife thrifter, or your hearthstone cleaner? Would rights wash your children's faces or mend the holes in your clothes? No, no, friend! Give us our rights by all means, but rights are not habits, and it's habits we want—good habits. With these we can be free men and independent men now, if we but determine to be so. Good night, Jack, and mind my secret,—it's nothing but taking care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"Good night!" And Jack turned off at the lane-end towards his humble and dirty cottage, in Main's Court. I might introduce you to his home,—but "home" it could scarcely be called. It was full of squalor and untidiness, confusion and dirty children, where a slattern-looking woman was scolding. Ransom's cottage, on the contrary, was a home. It was snug, trim, and neat; the hearth-stone was fresh sanded; the wife, though her hands were full of work, was clean and tidy; and her husband, his day's work over, could sit down with his children about him in peace and comfort.

The chief secret was now revealed. Ransom's secret about the penny was a very good one so far as it went. But he had not really told the whole truth. He could not venture to tell his less fortunate comrade the root of all domestic prosperity, the mainstay of all domestic comfort, is the wife; and Ransom's wife was all that a working man could desire. There can be no thrift, nor economy, nor comfort at home unless the wife helps;—and a working man's wife more than any other man's; for she is wife, housekeeper, nurse, and servant all in one. If she be thriftless, putting money into her hands is like pouring water through a sieve. Let her be frugal, and she will make her home a place of comfort, and she will also make her husband's life happy—if she do not lay the foundation of his prosperity and fortune.—*Smiles*.

—Rev. J. F. Gardiner, at a recent medical conference in England, said that "Within one hundred yards of the Sailors' Home at Liverpool, there were forty-seven public houses, and the publicans actually strewed sawdust on the pavement in front of them, and sprinkled run over it, so that the smell of the spirit might decoy sailors within their doors."

—The city of Salem in Oregon has adopted this original method of dealing with drunkenness. When any person becomes intemperately given to strong drink, a certain number of citizens may petition to have him declared a drunkard. The petition is directed to the City Recorder, who gives notice, by publication in some daily paper, that the person named in the petition has been declared a "common drunkard." After such notice, it is unlawful for any one "to give or sell to such person, or assist him in getting, any wine, spirituous or malt liquor."

