



Temperance Department.

FROM THE SALOON TO THE PRISON.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches referring to the relation of intemperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kans., prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a young boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing, it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me, his face grew deathly pale, and as I grasped his hand he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion he said:

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me, the first woman that has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child?" I asked. "Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine as he replied—

"My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of my terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake."

As he buried his face in his hands, and heartsick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years!" was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed, "How did this happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from some of the young men to go into a drinking saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill. Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth that 'the way of the transgressor is hard!'"

I was holding the cold trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as imploringly he said,

"Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favor of you."

At once I expected he was going to ask me to help obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of its legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means wise to ask that the State pardon its victim. Interpreting my thought, he said, "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother, and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her so I can look upon it. Oh! I am so homesick for my mother."

The head of the boy dropped down into my lap with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent. Presently I said, "Murray, if I were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons were upon you, still you would be my boy. I should want to know where you were. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose there has ever been a day or night

that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write it to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy and for tidings of my boy—the first word we have had in two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be for long.

As the months have rolled on, the family have given him up as dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W. nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his dear head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor, dear boy—so generous, so kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You do not mention his crime, but you say it was committed while under the influence of drink. I did not know he even tasted liquor. We have raised six boys, and I have never known one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there no place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home-fold? O God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but, sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him, as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place. Tell him that when he is released, his place in the old home-nest and in his mother's heart is waiting for him.

Then followed loving mother words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heartbreak, I asked myself the question, "How long will this nation continue this covenant with death and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"—*Inter Ocean.*

SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH ALCOHOL.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

Charlie Kenson was much interested in the accounts he had heard from his cousin Sophia of the experiments with alcohol in the Temperance school. So he made an engagement to go with her as soon as possible; but in spite of their plans they were late in arriving. When they went in Charlie saw how much it looked like a Sunday-school. There were all the classes with their teachers, and they were reading a scripture exercise. He looked, expecting to see Bibles in their hands; but no, it was a little paper-covered book with responsive exercises in the back of it. Sophia had one of her own, and he looked over and read with her, and when they were through he looked at the book. It was the "Catechism on Alcohol," and in the main part of the book were questions and answers on that subject. He did not think much of catechisms anyway, and he did not suppose he would care for this, but he soon saw the boys in the class near him reciting and listening very eagerly. They seemed trying who could say it the best, and when the superintendent began to talk he saw why, for he talked about what was in the catechism and explained it. The catechism said:

"What is alcohol?" "A liquid poison," &c. The superintendent asked: "How many of you have seen alcohol?" and a few hands went up. "What does it look like?" "Water." "Yes, and they look so nearly alike that you cannot easily tell them apart, can you?" and he held up two vials, each nearly filled with a clear-looking fluid. "One of these is alcohol, and one is water. Which is alcohol?"

"The one in the left hand," "The one in the right," the answers came, but it was plain enough they could not tell, and the next question was, "How can we find out?" "Taste it," "Smell it," "Burn it," said a few of the scholars.

"You must excuse me from tasting. We ought to know it by the smell, but there is a quicker way to show it to you all."

Then he took the corks from the wide-mouthed vials, and, folding a strip of paper he dipped one end in one vial and the other

in the other. "Now," said he, "one end of this paper is wet with water and the other with alcohol; which will burn quickest?"

"The one with alcohol," said a bright little girl quickly.

"Let us try," said the superintendent, as he lighted a match and tried one end of the paper which did not burn. "Water, water!" came from the eager children. "Yes, that is wet with water. Now we will try the other," and in an instant the blaze shot up several inches. It was easy enough for all to say "Alcohol" to this, and then they watched to see it burn across till it came to the part wet with water, and some one called out: "Burn your fingers!" But the fingers held the wet part, and in the water was safety. When the fire came to that it went out entirely, and then there was a small shout.

"Keep to the water and you are safe from the alcohol. We expect the water-drinkers to put alcohol out entirely as a drink. Alcohol is good to burn, but water is the safe thing to drink. We can make alcohol do us good service in the burning line, because it burns without smoke. It is very convenient for the jewellers, for it heats their work without blackening it. Here is an alcohol lamp such as jewellers use"; and he lighted the lamp and passed a plate through the blaze to show that it did not blacken. Then he poured some alcohol into a silver spoon and burned it, and it did not blacken the spoon. Then he explained that this alcohol was strong, that it was only about one-fourth water, that gin and brandy would also burn, but that we could not prove that there was alcohol in cider and wine and beer in this way, because there was too much water with it, and it would not burn.

Some other things he said in his fifteen minutes talk, and then he asked questions to see if it was remembered, and after some singing and speaking pieces the school closed. But those experiments—oh! the boys did like them so much, and the girls too. Sophia declared she was going to study chemistry so that she could know all about it. She meant to be a superintendent herself some day. As for Charlie, he made up his mind to see more of that temperance school and of the experiments, if they had them.

BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.) LESSON VII.—ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN STOMACH.

Besides a sedative, what is an effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body?

A first effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body is, to produce what is called irritation.

What is irritation when applied to the animal body?

Irritation is an unusual action in any of its parts.

How is irritation in any part of an animal body caused?

Irritation in any part of the animal body is caused by contact with what is both disturbing and injurious.

How is it known that alcohol, when taken into the animal body, produces this irritation?

We know it from the character of alcohol itself, to which may be added the demonstration of universal experience.

Suppose this irritation is continued by the frequent use of alcohol, what follows?

One of two things follows: either the mouth, and throat, and stomach lose sensibility, or irritation is followed by inflammation.

What is the consequence of the loss of sensibility in the stomach and in the organs leading to it?

Much of the natural pleasure that comes of taking common, healthy food and drink is at an end.

What is inflammation?

Inflammation is the pain, redness, heat and swelling, caused by an irritation of any part of the animal body.

Does inflammation always follow irritation?

It does, unless the cause that produces the irritation is removed.

THE WAY to avoid great faults is to be aware of lesser faults.

EARNEST COUNSEL.

MR. EDITOR: To "E. E. C." in the Home Department, I wish to say, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." He says he quit the use of tobacco, "by the grace of God," last September. You are on shaky ground, my brother, as long as you remain where you are, "in a large tobacco house," where once I was, and abstained from its use for three years only to return to it "like a dog to his vomit." If you continue in the grace of God you will grow in grace, and add to your "virtue, knowledge." And that knowledge which maketh wise as serpents, and harmless as doves will also teach you that you cannot go upon hot coals and not have your feet burned. Neither can you remain in the tobacco business and not return to its use. (I speak from experience) much less grow into a good Christian character. We have good, honest Christian blacksmiths, carpenters, and even boatmen, whose example and witness for Christ is not doubted, but I have yet to find an earnest, working Christian tobaccoist, or one whose life has been spent in this pursuit. God does not "give that which is holy unto the dogs," or His Spirit freely unto workers of iniquity. So come out, my brother; let not Christ, when He comes, find you in a business founded by the evil one to destroy man's body, which is "the temple of the Holy Ghost," but, "Cease to do evil, and learn to do good." "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

ONE WHO HAS PROVED IT.

N. Y. Witness.

RESPECT THE BODY.—A writer in the *Hearth and Home* has some sensible ideas on the subject of bodily health. He says: "Respect the body. Give it what it requires, and no more." "Don't pierce its ears, strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother it under heavy bed covering at night; don't put it in a cold draught on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wine cask or a chimney. Let it be 'warranted not to smoke,' from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body; don't over work, over rest, or over love it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it, a well worn but not a misused thing. Meantime, treat it at least as well as you would your pet horse or hound, and, my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent thing to have—especially in the country."

THE "TEMPERANCE SCHOOL" is a little five-cent hand-book describing that institution from superintendent to infant class, and telling how to organize and conduct it. For fifty cents the teacher's outfit will be sent post paid, containing, "Temperance School Catechism," "Manual," "Ripples of Song," and tracts. A temperance school is better than a Band of Hope, because it is the proper place for children to be learners. They have not resources to conduct a society, and there is no real advantage in setting them to play at it. They are quite content without office in the Sunday-school and in day-school, and they will be in the temperance school if it is not put into their heads. Young people make excellent teachers in the temperance school, but sometimes it is desirable to have older people come in to start the work until the young people become interested.—*Youth's Temperance Banner, published by the National Temperance Society, New York.*

BISHOP KEEN, of Richmond, Va., in a recent address, said: "I again appeal to all Catholics engaged in the liquor business, and beg of them, for the love of our Lord Jesus, not to sell liquor on Sunday. I also most earnestly entreat and exhort all Catholics never to buy liquor on Sunday, nor to enter any place where it is sold on that day."

EVERY SERMON that is a sermon must leave on the mind of the hearer these two impressions: "This is the thing to be done," and "I am the man who must do it."—*National Baptist.*

HE THAT SEEKS the Lord by prayer in trouble, should seek the Lord with praise when the trouble is past; "I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me."