

LIVING ON FOOLS.

REV. E. W. HICKS.

John Plummer passed in society as a Christian man. Personally, also, he was a temperance man, but not a temperance voter. He held that prohibition was an enemy to temperance, and a friend to drunkenness, since men would buy most liquor when the dealer had the least right to sell. And yet he had never known a liquor dealer in all his life, who was friendly to prohibition as a means of increasing his sales.

One day while Mr. Plummer was resting on the lounge, a bell boy passed along the street, crying:

"Auction! Auction! Fine lot of household goods't be sold almost for nothing!"

"Guess that's Jim Emmons," said Mr. Plummer. "I heard yesterday that Graff was going to sell him out to-day. He has not much to sell, that's one thing."

"Well, it's too bad," replied Mrs. Plummer. "When they moved in, last fall, they seemed so comfortable, him and her."

"And so they might be still if he'd let liquor alone," was Mr. Plummer's indignant comment. "I have no sympathy with such people!"

"But his wife is not to blame," returned Mrs. Plummer. "She has worked hard, and has made as good a home as she could."

"Yes, and has worked hard to keep him out of Graff's saloon, too," added Mr. Plummer, in a mollified way. "But—"

"What right has Graff to sell them out of house and home, anyway?" he exclaimed, after a while, starting up. A minute more and he reached for his hat, and went out.

"That's the trouble with these liquor dealers," he meditated, as he walked. "If they'd behave, a man might say something for them. The business is good enough, if they'd be human, or if such sharpers as Graff didn't get into it."

"Sixty cents for a good straw mattress!" shouted the auctioneer, by the sidewalk, in front of the little home. "Last call; and sold to Graff, for sixty cents."

"Here, take it over to the barn," said the liquor dealer to his man.

"How's this, Graff?" asked Mr. Plummer. "I didn't know before that you would sell a man's bed from under him."

"On yes," answered Graff, politely. "You see I had a chattel mortgage on this stuff, and I foreclosed and advertised two weeks ago. I shan't get half what he owes me."

"What does he owe you for?"

"Seems to me, Plummer, that's my business, isn't it? Sim, have you got that paper with you?" he asked, to a man near by. "Here's my documents," he continued to Mr. Plummer.

"Oh, I don't want to see it," said the latter.

"Look at it," persisted Graff. "Somebody may say I wasn't honest." And he put in Mr. Plummer's hands this document:

THIS INDENTURE, ... Witnesseth that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred dollars value received from the said party of the second part, do grant bargain and sell unto the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, the following goods and chattels, to wit: ... In witness whereof...

He handed the paper back with thanks. "That was security for a liquor debt," whispered a young man at his side, "and Emmons's wife goes out washing and knew nothing of it until to-day."

"Three pictures; how much for the lot?" shouted the auctioneer. "One's a marriage certificate with the bloom of the honey-moon still upon it. Let's see:

This is to certify that James K. Emmons, and Miss Susie Baldwin, were by me, united in marriage, in Xenia, O., on the 14th day of Feb., 1872. W. N. LEWIS, J. P.

"This family relic is for sale, gentlemen, together with these daintily framed pictures which show so plainly a woman's taste, and which speak so eloquently, gentlemen, of what has or might have been, but now will be never more!"

Mr. Plummer turned away, and walked fiercely up the street, to ease his feelings. "You're in a hurry, Plummer," cried a voice. It was Mr. Lutz, another dram-seller.

"I've been to Emmons's sale," rejoined Mr. Plummer, "and it provokes me to see what a fool he has made of himself."

"Ah, Plummer," returned the other in a facetious stage whisper, and he nudged him playfully as he spoke, "it's just such fools that business thrives on!"

"What business?" fiercely demanded Mr. Plummer but Lutz had passed on. It was enough! As a flash of lightning illuminates a landscape, so those words seemed to illuminate his mind. He saw that absolutely and necessarily—by virtue, that is, not of its accidents, but of its nature—the dram-shop business thrives on fools. Occasional drinkers could not keep the dram-shops running. Come to think of it nothing could be plainer! They must depend for their profits on large amounts, from men not able to take care of their own earnings. Following this thought came up fragments of Bible teaching on the subject.

"Mother," said he when he reached home, "where is that verse about doing as we ought toward fools?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied; "I would look in the Concordance." So when the lamp was lit, in the evening, he made the search, and stayed a long time over Rom. 15:1.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Then he leaned back and meditated. "Mother," he exclaimed at last, "you'll be surprised at what I shall say."

"Well," she quietly answered. "This whole business is robbery," he continued. "There's no saloon in this town that can live on its share of the moderate drinkers. The necessity of the business is to thrive by eating up the fools—the foolish, I mean, who can't hold their own. I have always said that a man who gave way to drink was a weak man, and I have assumed that for that reason I was justified in despising him. But he is of the very kind whose case we are charged with. We are commanded to take his part, and not his property. He belongs to us!"

Mrs. Plummer assented, adding: "I'm sorry for Mrs. Emmons."

"So am I," her husband replied, "but it's conviction, not sorrow, that moves me just now. Why, Maria," he continued, rising to his feet, and taking a turn around the room, "how is it I never saw this before? They must make their profits by robbing the weak, and they are doing it, and expect to do it, and we've always known that they do it. And it's contrary to all Bible and all humanity—that's plain!"

"What will they say, John,—" "I don't care what they say, only I hope that they will say enough to stir me up and keep me moving. One thing is certain, any man who is honest must either disprove my position, or come on my side. That's so, is it not, Maria?"

"Yes," she answered. — Union Signal.

NO HUMAN CREATURE BUT HAS INFLUENCE.

There are women's hearts bleeding to-night—there are dear little children who are in misery because their fathers and mothers are given up to drink; and shall we, whose lines are fallen in pleasant places, stand by and not care for the men and women who are selling their souls for drink? Shall we women not put forth our hands and give the whole interest of our hearts to this question? It is not much that one individual can do. But, oh! let us do that little. We have each a little circle around us, and no one can tell what a man or a woman can do by their efforts, their influence, and, above all, their prayers. There is no human creature but has an influence. And God gives every human being the message of His Holy Spirit to instruct us what to do and what to leave undone. Don't let us turn a heedless ear to the cries that come from the miserable homes in the Cowgate and Canongate. Let us listen, and ask for strength and wisdom to do something in this cause. It may be very little, but I believe that every young person, even the very youngest, has

something to do. Young women have a very great influence, and young men also among their associates. Oh! if the young men and young women would take up this cause they would make a mighty phalanx that could not be resisted. Let no young woman go with any one who will not give up the drink—and let no young man be led into danger for the sake of good social companionship. I hope every young man and young woman here will take up this matter of total abstinence, and take it up in union with their associates—Miss Wigham's address.

WHAT CAUSES MUCH SUFFERING?

Working late one summer's evening in a garden which fronted the high road, I became aware of a little figure standing by the railings, and presently that a pair of very bright eyes were watching me.

"Well! do you like gardening?" I asked gaily. But there was no laughter in the voice which answered.

"I can't do no gardening, I am lame."

"What is the matter then, it will soon get cured, will it not? Suppose we find a few strawberries, they are so cool and nice this hot evening." As I offered the child the fruit he held out a wasted little hand and I saw that one leg was useless—he walked upon crutches.

"I am afraid it is the poor hip which ails, is it not?"

"Yes, it's the hip—the bone comes out, they can't cure it, can't the doctors." No, poor little fellow, only to be cured in that land where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."

I learned afterwards that a drunken father had by a kick, intended for his wife, shattered this baby's hip when he was only three years old—three years more of suffering and the child was released from his woe.

In talking with a lady friend recently, she exclaimed angrily, "I do not believe that strong drink causes all these terrible sufferings—it is so absurd of intelligent persons to have but one idea," and yet I have never known an individual who has sought to assist the sorrowful or those who are maimed, amongst the poor, who has not had this "one idea" so firmly implanted in the mind that nothing could eradicate it, namely that although philanthropy can and does cure its thousands, strong drink is slaying all the while its tens of thousands. —British Woman's Temperance Journal.

GO HOME AND MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR SORROW.

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR.

Last evening, after tea, a gray-haired mother accompanied by her beautiful daughter, called at my house to ask me if there was any way to save herself and her family of children from the curse of the rum traffic. For two weeks her eldest son and her husband have been on a drunken delirium. Night after night these men have returned from the saloon near by, drunk and abusive; night after night these women have been obliged to endure all this with no redress whatever at their command. They have begged, they have pleaded, they have threatened these diseased men, but to no avail. Heart-broken they came to see if there was no protection for them under the law. The following interview took place:

"Do you know where they get their drink?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "at John R.'s saloon."

"Have you warned him not to sell to your husband and son?" was asked.

"Yes," the mother replied. "I have gone to him and pleaded with him, telling him how he was ruining my family, and that seemed to do no good; then I took witnesses and warned him according to law, and he told me insultingly that I had better give a pair of antaloons to wear, and blow a policeman's whistle to frighten me. He gives drink at all times; his place is open on Sunday, and poor, ragged, destitute children can be seen going in and out of his place on that day carrying beer to their homes, and we have no rest from this curse even on the Sabbath."

"What could I say to this woman? I could reply, 'Madam, Mr. John R. does

business under the seal of State. Back of his bar he has an official document, duly signed and paid for, that licenses him to destroy your son and your husband and your home. He has a right, under the protection of the State, to break your heart, to silver your hair with sorrow, to make paupers of your children. You must grin and bear it as best you can." "But my son is in gaol to-day—beaten up by a drunken man, poor boy—and it seems as if my heart would break," said the poor mother.

"O, yes," we replied, "Mr. John R. is protected by law in making men drink, and, of course, this brings their brutal passions to the surface, and our goals and prisons must take these dangerous men out of the streets. An Act of Parliament makes all this strictly legal, and there is no redress for you. Mr. R. is all right—you are all wrong. You are a woman; go home and make the best of your sorrow; there are hundreds and thousands of wives and sisters who have the same trouble to bear; all over this land whose lawfare built upon this foundation principle that all law derives its just power from the consent of the governed." —Home Protection Monthly.

LIFE INSURANCE.

We see it stated that a British life insurance company gives teetotallers a rebate of twenty percent on its rates for moderate drinkers. Of course, like other companies, it will not insure drunkards at all. This allowance is, we are convinced, quite within the mark. If two hundred persons, all healthy and respectable, but one-half of them teetotallers and the other moderate drinkers, insured their lives at the age of twenty-one, they would, according to the old system, be averaged together at the same rate. This would be most unfair, however, as the teetotallers would on the average be likely to live at least twenty years longer than the drinkers. That is to say, if the average of the whole was forty years, the actual average of the drinkers would probably be thirty years, whilst the average probability of the teetotal class would probably be fifty years. Thus, to get the same amount at death the drinkers would only have to pay thirty years premiums, and the teetotallers would have to pay fifty years' premiums. To deduct 20 percent from the latter class would not, therefore, equal the difference. The spread of total abstinence principles within the last half century has been the cause of great profits to insurance companies, who have perfect bonanzas in the teetotallers, who engaged, it may be forty or fifty years ago, to pay the same premiums with drinkers, and who may have to pay for twenty or thirty years more than the drinkers who were averaged with them. The teetotaler has less need to insure other point of view than the drinker to insure his life, as he can himself save and use to advantage the money he would pay to a life insurance company to save and use for him.—N. Y. Witness.

TO ARREST the hereditary craving for alcohol, is one phase of the temperance movement so peculiarly within the province and power of women, that to call attention to it in the Journal seems desirable. Medical authorities assure us that this craving is often produced by nursing mothers imbibing stimulants when nursing infantile life. As an abstainer of forty-three years' experience I have painfully observed this hereditary taint, and have watched it descend for two generations, and at this moment can point to young people struggling with this hereditary craving, through the drinking habits of their ancestors. Surely, as women, our path is plain to abstain from alcohol in every form, and in so doing we shall not only benefit ourselves but generations yet unborn.—British Woman's Temperance Journal.

OTTAWA MUSH ROLLS.—Take cold oatmeal mush, and work lightly into it enough Graham flour to mould it into rolls. Do not overwork it, as too much kneading spoils the effect. Roll out the dough with the hands on the moulding board into a long roll, about an inch and a half in diameter, cut off pieces three inches long, and bake on the grate of a quick oven half an hour. Serve warm or cold.