



Temperance Department.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You think I love it— If this nerveless hand  
Could gain immortal strength, this very hour  
I'd sweep the hellish potion from the land,  
And crush its blighting, maddening, night-  
mare power.  
Yes, now, with all my latest dying breath,  
I'll curse the thing that drags men down to  
death.

I love it I loathe it! Yet I drink and drink,  
And hate my bondage with a loathly hate.  
And hate myself as through the town I slink.  
The pledge? No! Too late! too late!  
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of  
breath.  
Too late! There's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink but not to drink  
But such a train of ghastly horrors wake  
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.  
Ah, keep away, ye fiends for pity's sake!  
The very thought of them affects my brain.  
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum I'd love to hold my head up high  
And breathe God's air a free and fearless  
man;  
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and  
sky.  
With steady nerve to do and head to plan.  
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,  
In manly fashion brave and strong. Love  
rum!

If only I could come into some land  
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly  
I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned  
That clutch the soul of him who would be  
free.  
But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe,  
To fall again, as twice before— No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be,  
In those old college days so wild and gay,  
When first I drank in youthful revelry!  
How easy then to put the "up away"  
A mother's hope and joy I was till then!  
Now see me trembling— ha! Those eyes again!

Black, fiery eyes, to tell, where ye belong!  
I'll drink ye down, what blood? Drink  
blood?  
Help, help! they come, a hideous, devilish  
through  
Back, get back! They'll toss me in the  
blood!  
Long, crooked hands are lawing in my hair!  
Is this the end? Ha, ha! Too late for prayer.  
Selected

TRY AGAIN.

"Oh try again father try again!" What  
a sad, pleading voice uttered those words!  
What a pale little face was turned towards  
Peter Parsons, as he sat resting his head on  
the table!

"It's no use trying to give it up; I have  
tried, and I can't do it, was the father's dog-  
ged, despairing reply. "I know drink will be  
my ruin, but though it were poison, I must have  
it. Mr Barker, my employer, gave me warn-  
ing yesterday. He said he couldn't stand my  
habits longer. he was sorry to give me up,  
but he could have none but steady men to serve  
him. That's the third place I've lost in the  
same way. I know the road I'm treading; I  
know what lies at the end of it: I'm going to  
ruin with my eyes wide open but I can't  
help it—I must have drink!" And Peter Par-  
sons let his head sink on his arm, and looked  
the picture of an utterly wretched man.

No wonder that he shrank from looking  
around him at what had once been a comfort-  
able home! Where was the clock that had  
ticked so cheerily, given as a wedding present to  
his wife? Where was the neat mahogany press,  
which he had bought with the savings of months  
of toil, and in which he had taken such pride?  
Where was the valued old Family Bible, which  
his father and grandfather had used before  
him? All at the pawn-broker's, pledged for  
the sake of drink!

And if it pained the wretched drunkard to  
look at bare walls and a fireless grate, yet more  
it pained him to see the effects of his sin in his  
sweet little father— her clothes patched and  
threadbare her face pale and careworn, her  
eyes, that but for him would have been bright  
with the sunshine of childhood, tearful and sad.

"I have tried," Peter muttered to himself,  
without raising his drooping head. "The  
totaler spoke to me, and urged me. They  
made it as clear as day that half the misery in  
the city is caused by drink. that with every

penny which I throw down at the bar of the  
public I am paying my fare to the workhouse,  
or buying the nails for my coffin! They got  
me to take the pledge, and I thought that the  
danger was over. I had given my word, and I  
would keep it. And for weeks all went on  
straight enough. money came in, comfort came  
back, and my poor wife looked happy again.  
But then I fell into sore temptation, and it  
seemed as if I had no more strength than a  
babe in the claws of a lion. I awoke one  
morning, one wretched morning, to find my  
pledge broken, my character disgraced, and  
the habit of hard drinking fifty times stronger  
or more than ever."

"And I tried again," thus the miserable  
man continued muttering to himself, scarcely  
conscious of the presence of the poor little girl  
at his side. "Twas when my Sarah lay  
dying, and I couldn't bear to drink away the  
comfort she needed so much. Two days I ab-  
stained, but on the third— memory was like  
a barbed arrow in the heart of the wretched  
widower. his words were choked in his throat,  
and instead of finishing his sentence, he uttered  
a heavy groan.

For several minutes Esther did not venture  
to speak. tears were fast flowing down her  
pale cheeks. She, like her unhappy parent,  
was tempted to give way to despair, but  
though her prayers had as yet seemed unan-  
swered, Faith whispered to her, "Try again!"

"Child!" said Peter, suddenly raising his  
head, and fixing his eyes on his daughter,  
"when a man has once got into the habit of  
drinking, there's nothing can keep him from  
it. It's like a fever—like madness! Interest  
can't do it, resolves can't do it, even care for  
a family can't do it; for no one ever loved a  
wife or a child better than I did!"

"Can't God's grace do it?" faltered Esther,  
almost afraid to speak out the words.

"Don't talk to me of such matters!" cried  
Peter, starting from his seat and pacing up  
and down the room like one restless from pain.  
"I used to think about God once, but I dare  
not think of Him now; it's like going to judg-  
ment before the time, to think of the anger of  
God!"

"But may we not think of the love of God?"  
murmured Esther, with trembling earnestness  
in her tone. "Oh, father! dear, dear father!  
let me say one verse—only one little verse  
that the teacher gave me yesterday to learn.  
'I can do all things through Christ which  
strengtheneth me.'"

"Go to your school, child: go to your  
school!" cried Peter, with anger and half  
in sorrow. "Such words may do well enough  
for such as you. I'm too old to be learning  
things now!" and seeing that his little girl  
paused, he motioned impatiently for her to  
leave him.

Esther dared speak no more to her father.  
As she slipped on her rusty black bonnet and  
shabby cloak, preparing to go to school, her  
whole heart was full of prayer. "O God, for  
the sake of Thy blessed Son, help my poor  
father! Save my poor father!" And before  
she quitted the house, with a trembling hand  
she placed her little Testament on the table.

Esther had often done so before, in the hope  
that her father might read it, as he once used  
to read the great Bible. Esther had always  
found her Testament lying exactly where she  
had put it, unopened and untouched, but in a  
spirit of faith and hope she determined to  
"try again."

This time Peter Parsons took up the book;  
he could scarcely have said why he did so.  
Perhaps it was because he found any kind of  
employment more tolerable than thinking;  
perhaps he was scarcely conscious of what he  
was doing as he carelessly turned over the  
leaves.

His glance fell on a verse which seemed to  
him almost like a message sent to him direct  
from God: "There hath no temptation taken  
you but such as is common to man: but God  
is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempt-  
ed above that ye are able; but will with the  
temptation also make a way to escape, that ye  
may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x. 13.)

"I'll hold by this promise!" exclaimed  
Parsons, grasping the little book as he spoke.  
"I've tried to go right, but I've failed, I've  
wished to give up sin, but the habit has been  
too strong for me. Now I'll cast myself on the  
mercy and strength of my Lord, and hoping  
for the help of His grace, I'll try again—I'll  
try yet again!"

As Parsons' pale little girl walked along the  
gloomy streets, another little girl, in a comfort-  
able home, was pleading the cause of poor  
Peter. Mr. Barker, his late employer, sat in a  
large red-leather arm-chair, with his feet on  
the fender, before a blazing fire, with Clara,  
his youngest daughter, seated on his knee.

"Oh, papa, I wish you would try him again,  
only once!" said the gentle little lady, hold-  
ing her father's hand fast imprisoned between  
both of hers.

"And why should I try him again?" said  
Mr. Barker, amused at the earnest tone of the  
little pleader.

"Oh, because of his poor little girl—the best  
girl in the school, mamma says. She looks so

pale, and thin, and sad, and I've heard that,  
when her mother was dying, Esther watched  
and nursed her so fondly. It is not her fault  
that her father drinks. It is enough to break  
her heart."

"We will look after her," said Mr. Barker.  
"The man may ruin himself, but he shall not  
ruin his child. I should think that she is al-  
most old enough to go out to service. Perhaps  
mamma may be able to find her a nice easy  
place."

"But she would not be happy, papa. How  
could she be happy in any place, when she  
knew that her own father was going down—  
down—down to ruin? Oh, try him again,  
papa—just give him one other chance! If he  
knows that it is his very last, perhaps he may  
turn and repent."

Clara pleaded, urged, and entreated, and at  
last won her parent's consent to overlook for  
this once the offence of Parsons. Mr. Barker  
was a kind-hearted master, and he was him-  
self unwilling by severity to drive an unhappi-  
man to despair. Though shaking his head  
doubtfully, and expressing his belief that no  
good would result from the trial, he agreed to  
send word to Parsons to call at his office on the  
following morning.

When the long bright summer days had re-  
turned, again the old clock ticked cheerily in  
its place behind the door, and once more upon  
the table lay the old Family Bible. Peter  
Parsons sat with his child, as he had done on  
the morning on which my story opened; but  
how changed was their appearance from what  
it then had been! Parsons no longer hung  
down his head, as if he were ashamed to look  
his fellowmen in the face. His eye was clear  
and steady, his dress decent and clean; and  
instead of bitter tears, there were roses on  
Esther's cheek!

"Oh, father, are we not happy?" she ex-  
claimed, as the bright glow of the setting sun  
bathed the room in light.

"If I am happy here," said Parsons, look-  
ing with earnest thought into the golden  
clouds above, "or if I have a hope of being  
happy in the better world, I think, my Esther,  
that under God I owe it all to you. I was  
going fast on the down-hill road; I was giv-  
ing up all effort to stop, when your prayers,  
and your words, and your tears, and the bless-  
ed Book which you put in my way, made me  
see that there was hope even for me. They led  
me to 'try again' to get back to the safe path—  
to be a good father to you, my child, and a  
faithful servant to my God!"—Royal School  
Series.

I MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS.

A few weeks ago a saloon-keeper in Dover,  
Delaware, who patronized his own bar very  
liberally, stepped into a back room, where men  
were at work about a pump in a well. The  
covering had been removed, and he ap-  
proached to look down, but, being very drunk,  
he pitched in head-foremost. He had become  
so much of a bloot by the use of strong drink  
that it was impossible to extricate him in time  
to save his life.

There was great excitement in the town.  
Men and women who had never been inside  
of his saloon before were the first to rush to  
the rescue, and to offer sympathy to the be-  
raved family. As he was being dragged  
from the well and stretched out dead upon  
the saloon floor, a wholesale liquor-dealer  
from Philadelphia stepped in. After the first  
shock at thus finding one of his good custom-  
ers dead, he turned to a prominent lady, a  
crusader, and said, pointing to the wrecked  
victim, "I made that man what he was. I  
lent him his first dollar, and set him up with  
his first stock of liquors, and he's now worth  
\$10,000 or \$15,000."

Looking him full in the face, she responded:  
"You made that man what he was—a  
drunkard, a bloot, a stench in the nostrils of  
society, and sent him headlong into eternity,  
and to a drunkard's hell? What is \$15,000  
weighed against a lost soul; a wasted life, a  
wife a widow, and children orphans?"

He turned deadly pale, and without a word  
left the house.

And so we ask, "What is all the business  
and all the revenue to the millions whose  
homes are despoiled whose children are beg-  
gared, and whose loved ones are sent headlong  
to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?  
Put yourself in the place of that mother  
whose son is pursued day and night by this  
demon, till the hairs of his head become ser-  
pents, and live coal burn into his flesh to the  
very bone, and fighting devils, he leaps out  
into eternity, and then ask, 'Are my hands  
clean? Do I love my neighbor as myself?'  
Am I doing all I can to stay the tide that is  
bearing so many down and may yet bear me  
down?"—Christian Women.

MODERATE DRINKING.—Sir Henry Thomp-  
son, eminent both in medicine and general  
science, says in a letter to the Dean of Canter-  
bury, published in the London Times: "I have  
long had the conviction that there is no great-  
er cause for evil, moral and physical, in this

country, than the use of alcoholic beverages.  
I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence  
which produces drunkenness. The habitual  
use of fermented liquors to an extent far short  
of what is necessary to produce that condition,  
and such as is quite common in all ranks of  
society, injures the body and diminishes the  
mental power to an extent which I think few  
people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the  
result of observation during more than twenty  
years of professional life devoted to hospital  
practice, and to private practice in every rank  
above it. Thus I have no hesitation in attribut-  
ing a very large proportion of some of the  
most painful and dangerous maladies which  
come under my notice, as well as those which  
every medical man has to treat, to the ordi-  
nary and daily use of fermented drink taken in  
the quantity which is conventionally deem-  
ed moderate. Whatever may be said in regard  
to its evil influence on the mental and moral  
faculties, as to the fact above stated I feel that  
I have a right to speak with authority, and  
I do so solely because it appears to me a duty,  
especially at this moment, not to be silent on  
a matter of such extreme importance. I know  
full well how unpalatable is such a truth, and  
how such a declaration brings me into painful  
conflict, I had almost said with the national  
sentiments and the time-honored usages of  
our race. My main object is to express my  
opinion as a professional man in relation to  
the habitual employment of fermented liquor,  
as a beverage. But if I ventured one step fur-  
ther, it would be to express a belief that there  
is no single habit in this country which so  
much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the  
race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance  
in that competition which in the nature of  
things must exist, and in which struggle the  
prize of superiority must fall to the best and  
to the strongest.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES.—It  
Coer.—"What do the 49,000 deaths annually  
caused by alcohol cost the nation? The average  
cost of burial cannot be less than \$10 per  
capita, giving the sum of \$490,000. These  
49,000 persons should have had, according to  
a table of working years (calculated from life-  
tables by Dr. Edward Jarvis, and published in  
the fifth annual report of the Massachusetts  
State Board of Health), 37.46 years of effective  
life. From the best data obtainable we have  
been led to conclude that alcohol shortens the  
lives of those who use it, habitually or  
excessively, twenty-eight per cent. As this  
percentage pertains to the whole life, includ-  
ing both the development and the effective  
periods, it follows that these 49,000 persons  
have each lost to the nation twenty-eight  
per cent. of 37.46 years of effective life, giving  
a total of 784,000 years. These figures are  
much below the actual loss according to the  
expectancies of intemperate persons given  
above; for, according to those expectancies,  
the average loss of effective life is twenty-three  
years, within a small fraction. On this basis  
the annual loss of the nation of effective life  
from alcohol is 1,127,000 years. If each  
effective year of life is valued at \$150, the  
nation loses on the first calculation \$177,000,  
000, and on the second \$169,050,000. Eng-  
lish actuaries, from careful observation and  
calculations, estimate that for every death there  
are two persons constantly sick. We may  
therefore calculate that for these 49,000 deaths  
from alcohol there are 98,000 constantly sick  
from the same cause. Thus, in a single year,  
98,000 years of effective life are lost to the  
State, which, valued at \$150 per year, gives  
a loss of \$14,700,000. The cost of this suckers,  
at the very lowest estimate, cannot be less than  
\$150 per year, or a total of \$14,700,000"  
From Paper read before Am. Health Association

IS DRUNKENNESS CURABLE?—Over one-half  
of the all confirmed drunkards who take refuge  
in the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, are  
permanently cured of their morbid appetite.  
The official statistics on the subject which  
have been published, cover seven years, and  
a very large number of cases. This is en-  
couraging news for the slaves of drunkenness.  
Many of these slaves are utterly destitute of  
hope, and look on themselves as doomed.  
They feel that their desires are unquenchable,  
that their power of resistance is wholly gone,  
and that forcible restraint would destroy their  
reason. But yet it appears that even though  
their drunken habit has become chronic, and  
has gone to its furthest limits, they have an  
even chance of getting over it, and re-entering  
the paths of sobriety. There is not a drunk-  
ard who needs to feel himself lost, if he has  
a desire to be saved.—Bourneville Observer.

—A "Woman's Crusade," against intemper-  
ance, is in operation in Calcutta, India. Ladies  
visit the grog-shops and drinking saloons, and  
sing and pray there after the manner of their  
American sisters. In connection with the  
work there is a "House of Rest," after the  
style of a "British Workman" public house.  
A correspondent of the Lucknow Witness gives  
many interesting instances of the success of  
the work. A Temperance League has been  
formed at Bombay, on the total abstinence  
basis.—Christian Guardian.