



### Temperance Department.

SAVED.

BY CHARLES LEE SLEIGHT.

The shadows of evening had closed in upon the lead-mining town of Joplin. It was a rough and uninviting-looking place, with its unpainted, weather-beaten dwellings, its smoking smelting-furnaces, and its unsightly heaps of rock and clay piled up by the sides of numerous shafts. Even in the very streets some of these shafts had been sunk, from a few of which the stores of heavy mineral were being taken, but many had been abandoned, and, lying open and unguarded, formed dangerous pitfalls for benighted or unwary travelers.

In one of the smallest and poorest houses of the town Mrs. Apgar and her young son were seated by a table whereon a frugal meal was set.

Poor woman! Her face looked careworn and anxious as she bent over her work. And well it might, for she had seen much sorrow during her brief stay in Joplin. Scarcely a year had passed since her husband, driven from the East by the hard times, had come to this place to better his fortune. Upon his arrival he had leased a mining lot and commenced sinking a shaft, and after some little time of hard labor had struck a rich vein of mineral. But then, when his efforts had been crowned with success and better times seemed dawning upon them, he took to drinking. Day by day the baneful habit grew upon him, until he not only spent the large income from his mine, but he became heavily in debt. No wonder his home was poor and mean, no wonder his wife looked sad and worn, and his little boy was in rags.

"I wish your father would come home," said Mrs. Apgar, with a sigh, looking up from the torn garment she was trying to repair.

"I'll go after him," said John, and catching up his hat he left the house.

Slowly, wearily the hours of the night dragged along without bringing John or his father. The anxiety of Mrs. Apgar's countenance deepened as the clock struck successively eight, nine, ten, and eleven. Many a time she went to the door and peered out into the gloom, but no sight nor sound of the absent ones rewarded her. At last about midnight, her quick ear detected footsteps approaching. She opened the door and her husband staggered into the room alone.

"Where is John?" asked his wife.

"I haven't seen him," he replied; "I suppose he's in bed, where he ought to be."

"But he went out to look for you more than four hours ago," said Mrs. Apgar, in a tone of alarm.

"Which way did he go?" he asked quickly.

"Up the street," she answered.

"Up the street!" he repeated slowly, as if endeavoring to collect his thoughts; "that's where those abandoned shafts are."

"Oh husband, can he have fallen into one?" she cried, in agonized tones.

He looked at her in a dazed sort of way for a moment, and then sank in a chair and covered his face with his hands. When shortly afterwards he raised it again it was very pale, but all traces of intoxication had left it.

"Light the lantern, Mary," he said calmly. "I will arouse the neighbors to look for him." Don't leave the house: I will send some one in to stay with you."

A score of men were soon with the anguished father searching for the lost boy. One shaft after another was examined to no avail. Some had long since caved in and were nothing more than shallow pools of muddy water, while others had remained as they were left, and their gloomy depths seemed to forbid all hope. Finally all lying near the street had been searched but one. As they drew near an old miner said,

"No use searching here; I used to work this, and it's over eighty feet deep."

"Well," observed another, "you know Bill Watson fell down one over ninety feet in Lone Elm, and was only bruised up a good deal."

"Yes," said the first, "but there's thirty feet of water in this one: that's why we gave up working it."

But the father still had hope. Bending over the dark pit, he called his son's name in hoarse tones, "John! John!"

There was a brief stillness, and then these words came up from the depths of the shaft, "All right, father."

What a shout of joy was raised by the assembled men! What a weight of woe those simple words lifted from that father's heart! A windlass was brought from a neighboring

mine and a man lowered, and the boy was soon restored to his father's arms pale and cut and somewhat bruised, but saved.

And then he told how, becoming bewildered in the darkness, he had wandered from the path and walked into the shaft; how he suddenly felt himself falling, and then lost consciousness. When he came to himself he found he had landed upon a platform at the mouth of a drift, not far from the surface, and there he had lain, not daring to move, until he saw the welcome lights above and heard his father's voice calling him.

That morning Mrs. Apgar and John were again sitting alone together at home. The boy's face wore a sober and thoughtful aspect as he attentively regarded his mother.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "whether father would have stopped drinking if I had been killed last night. If I knew he would have I wish that platform had not been in the shaft."

The door open and his father entered. He had overheard the words just uttered.

"God's warning has been severe enough, my boy," he said fervently; "with His help I will never taste liquor again."

And he kept his word. To-day Mrs. Apgar's tears have been changed to smiles, and John is no more clad in rags; and it is with a spirit of devout thankfulness that they recur to that time when "sorrow endured for a night, but joy came in the morning."—*Christian Weekly.*

### PUTTING UP THE PARAPETS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

There is a most lamentable waste of power in the Christian Church; in fact, among the best elements of society. This waste arises from misdirection. The power is applied at the wrong time and in the wrong quarter. Instead of being applied in the way of prevention, which would commonly be certain, it is applied in the effort to reform and restore, which is always difficult, and often impossible. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.



AN OKA WASHERWOMAN.

This principle is happily illustrated in an ancient regulation among the Jews—to be found in the Book of Deuteronomy. The regulation was this: "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement [or 'parapet'] for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house if any man fall from thence." No intelligent reader need be told that the roofs of Oriental houses are perfectly flat, and that they are constantly used for promenading, for rest, for drying fruits, for sleeping, and often (as in Peter's case) for religious devotions. It required but small expenditure of time and money to build the parapet. When that measure of precaution has been taken, the little children may romp there with impunity; good old grandfather may walk there, without danger of stumbling over, through dimness of vision. But if the inviting roof was left unprotected, and even a single child was pitched into the street below, what skill could restore the mangled form? What human power could bring back the dead darling unto life?

This Oriental law of the parapets teaches just what vaccination teaches—that prevention is well nigh certain; but cure is exceedingly difficult. Often all attempts in that direction are well-nigh hopeless. I have been laboring in the temperance enterprise for over thirty years, and during that period have watched the various movements for the reformation of drunkards. Each of these movements—from the "Washingtonian" onward—has been attended with sanguine hopes, at the outset, and usually with bitter disappointment at the close. The percentage of inebriates who are reformed by any method is pitifully and painfully small. "Inebriate asylums" do not cure one-half of those who are sent there. Of the converted drunkards who are received into our churches, nearly all have had one or more temporary lapses into drinking, and every man of them is in constant danger to their dying day. Such men as Gough, and Sawyer, and

McAuley are only upheld by the omnipotent grace of God. Gen. Scott once remarked that of all the intemperate officers he had ever known in the army only two had ever been permanently reformed.

Yet all the multitudes of victims of the bottle who have gone down to darkness and their doom might have been saved by the very simple process of prevention. If one-twentieth part of the effort which is put forth in attempted reformation of the dissipated had been spent in persuading them never to drink at all, how different would have been the result! The right time to put up the parapet of total abstinence is in childhood or early youth. The right place to plant the parapet is at home and in the Sabbath-school. Then is the time to instruct boys and girls as to the deadly peril which lies concealed in the glass of intoxicant. A "family pledge" of abstinence, signed by every one in the household, hangs on the walls of some dwellings as a sort of palladium. Such homes are commonly insured.

If I know my own temperament, I am quite sure that but for a pledge of abstinence, signed in my boyhood I should have been swamped into ruin by the drinking usages then prevalent in Princeton College. There was no half-way ground. Those whose consciences had erected the parapet of entire abstinence were safe. Those who tampered at all commonly went off the roof; and it is no easy thing to stop when half way down to the pavement. My own early experiences have been confirmed by all my later observations, and I have now reached two very positive conclusions. The first one is that the only effectual way to prevent drunkenness is by total abstinence, and that ought to commence in early life. The parapet should be put up in childhood. My second conclusion is that the only effectual method of dealing with dram-shops is by erecting the parapet of prohibition. The attempts to limit the number of moral slaughter-houses by the farce of a "license," or by the still more transparent farce of allowing all which are labelled "hotels," to sell *ad libitum*, have always ended and always will

which to build parapets. The Fifth Commandment and the Eighth are peculiarly good timber.

Happy is the man whose daily life is walled around with a Bible conscience. His religion is a prevention. Half of his life is not lost in attempting to cure the effects of the other half. Blessed is that Christian, cheerful, wholesome life which, like an Eastern battlemented roof, is lifted up into the sunshine of God's countenance! Its flowering graces charm the eye and perfume the neighborhood. From such a housetop of grace it is a short step to the glory of Heaven.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### THAT CIGAR.

BY REV. WM. THAYER, D. D.

A few years ago a New York merchant advertised for a clerk. The next day after the advertisement appeared, a young man walked into the store. "Walk into the office, young man," said the merchant, "I will attend to you soon." The youth took his seat in the office, and very soon the merchant came to him for an interview. On sitting down, he observed a cigar in his hat. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful person; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have found smoking to be connected with various other evil habits. Boys who smoke are less reliable than those who do not. You can leave; you will not suit me."

To some persons the course of this merchant seems unwise and severe. "To make such a fuss over a cigar," some would say, "is outrageous." Yet, that merchant knew what he was about. He was a sharp, discriminating man. Some of his fellow-merchants in whom he had entire confidence were smokers. But he spoke of boys. He saw that this class of boys were more easily enticed into other evil habits, as billiard-playing, theatre-going, and drinking. Nor did his observation deceive him. No matter how much a merchant may smoke himself, we believe that he has less confidence in the boy who puffs a cigar than he has in one who never smokes. It may be a little matter in itself, but straws show which way the wind blows. As small things as that have ruined many a lad. As small things have made others useful and crowned. It is said that a sum of money presented to Wilberforce by his aunt, accompanied with the counsel to give a part of it to the poor, turned his attention to philanthropic labors, and made him the great philanthropist that he was.

The tendencies of things should be studied and guarded against when the future of boys is in question. The merchant saw the tendency of cigars. They do not tend to mentality, morality, or spirituality. Boys need things that tend upwards, not downwards. The tendency of a cigar is downwards.—*Advance, Franklin, Mass.*

### DIET AND LIQUOR-DRINKING.

Mr. Charles Napier, in England, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of sixty, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of *delirium tremens*, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named he had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then about the normal weight for a person of his height. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism against alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled.

### THE SPIRIT'S SEAL.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

How oft we see upon some still, dead face  
A strange new grace;  
A beauty that in life we could not trace!

It seems as if this can be nothing less  
Than the impress  
Of the freed spirit's pitying caress;

As if, quick pausing in its glad release  
It touched with peace  
The clay o'er which its power now should  
cease;

And we who thought to look upon our dead  
With shrinking dread,  
By that sweet rapturous calm are comforted.  
—*S. S. Times.*