

# Temperance

## An Old Temperance Rallying Song.

Fill the ranks with soldiers, and be ready for the fight,  
Let the world behold us, with our colors waving bright;  
We're the Temperance army, and we battle for the right,  
As we go marching on.  
Rally, rally round the standard,  
As we go marching on.

Fill the ranks with soldiers, oh, never be afraid,  
First in every conflict where the tempter would invade;  
Bringing back the sunlight o'er the ruin he has made,  
Oh, we'll go marching on.  
Rally, etc.

Water, crystal water, from the quiet mountain rill,  
Cool and sparkling water, that with joy the heart can fill,  
Merry, laughing water, let it be our chorus still,  
As we go marching on.  
Rally, etc.

## A Back-attic Saint.

(By Abbie A. Fairfield.)

Easter came early that year, and the typical, raw, penetrating, irritating March wind had held high carnival all day in the little corner of the small city park where old Tom Abbot had slept away the effects of his last night's spree. All day he slept, disturbed only by the occasional proddings of the park police; and when at dusk he finally awoke and sat, repentant, with his hands propping his dizzy head, life, whichever way he looked at it, seemed so hopeless and useless that he decided to end it. If it had been a mid-April Easter, with the new grass springing in the park, and the few robins that daringly build in the city trees, busily darting about, and the gay tulips tossing and nodding in the flower beds, it might have made some difference to Tom, for he was a passionate lover of the beautiful, like many other miserable creatures. But all was bare and dismal, the cold wind chilled him through and through, and he was so soaked in rum, and so dead to all things but the ever-present craving of his own appetite that he didn't even know it was Easter.

This man was not utterly bad,—nobody ever is. In every living soul there is a divine spark, real, honest and true, small enough and dim enough in some of us, God knows, but never quite extinct.

Tom looked back through the years, and saw only misery and sin. He saw himself a generous, good-natured, free-hearted fellow, helpless in the hands of any one who wanted to sell him liquor. Did you ever hear of a miser, a close, tight-fisted, flint-hearted miser who was a drunkard? Did you never notice that a rumseller is a good reader of character, and selects the man of big heart and open hand and weak will as his easiest victim? Tom Abbot had the heart and hand and weak will that make men an easy prey, and he lived in that part of New York city, where in a great, crowded square mile, there were five hundred rumshops, and only five churches. He remembered the miserable attic which he called home, and going there night after night, to find his wife drunk also; and he recalled without any pain, how they fought and knocked each other down, and drank and fought again. His home was the back attic, close under the eaves. In winter, the snow drifted in through the cracks, and the rain trickled in and smote them icily in the face. In summer, the pitiless sun beat down all day upon the roof, and made the tiny room a breathless, stifling horror.

But the way Tom and Kate, his wife, must

enter, was the worst of all—for they had to pass through a grocery store which occupied the lower story. An innocent looking grocery store enough, but it had a dark, back room connected with it, through which one must also pass to reach the stairs. Oh, such a terrible place, slippery with dirt, reeking with foul odors, and crowded with big, fat, black barrels, and always, on the barrels, leaning at you as you passed, men and women reclined in various stages of intoxication. Beyond this room were the stairs, so dark that you couldn't even see how dirty they were; and the overpowering odors of liquor which seemed to saturate everything, made a deeper darkness, and a thicker, more impenetrable blackness.

Tom, looking back, remembered all this and determined to end the struggle; for, he said, no matter what awful thing he might have to suffer in another state of existence, at least this present, unspeakable gnawing at the pit of his stomach, and this agony of resentment against fate would be over.

So, as the twilight deepened, he started upon that grim walk which was to be his last, and which was to end in the cold darkness of the river. At length he found himself in Water street, and there was the river beckoning him to its oblivion. All around him were men and women who looked as little like human beings as he did—blear-eyed, loose-mouthed, dirty, ragged and loathsome. He was weak from debauchery and fasting, and the crowd pressed him along without his own volition, until quite unconsciously he found himself entering the low doorway leading into the Jerry McAuley Mission. It was the last place Tom Abbot would have chosen; he knew all about it; he knew well how they would help him and love him and make a man of him if he would only let them. But it was whisky he wanted, not help.

The evening service was beginning, and the announcement that the Easter lilies would be given away at the close, had drawn a crowd.

Do you know what it means to these wretched people whose lives are swept so far aside from beauty and purity, to have a great, sweet, white lily? I have seen them cherished and coaxed for days by hopeless drunkards, and then wept over because they withered, emblems to them of their own inexorable fate, the oncoming darkness of which no hand seemed powerful enough to stay.

Inside the mission room, there they were, silvery, tall and stately,—and white, oh, so white, and so many of them! Enough to satisfy everybody. They were grouped in vases and pitchers on the piano, they were growing in pots all along the edge of the platform, they were tied in bunches with broad white ribbon and piled upon the desk; and, over all and beyond all, and dominating the whole was a great, wonderful cross of the sweet, stainless lilies and delicate ferns. All these were the holy, loving gifts of thoughtful people, who, while enjoying their own Easter among far different surroundings, did not forget their unfortunate brothers. The superintendent of the mission was a man whose face was as pure as the lilies he stood among. Hundreds of men cannot speak of him without strong emotion, for from him they received their first impulse to rise from sin. That night he seemed inspired. In what tender, glowing words he spoke of the risen Lord, and what Easter was and what it is, and of the grand possibility held out to each one, no matter how dead to good influences, to rise into newness of life,—to begin over again,—to keep perpetual Easter in their hearts, with all the beautiful purity of the lilies.

Then, one after another, more than fifty persons arose, and told of the Easter that had come to them, and of the sustaining power of the Mighty to save.

And the Holy Spirit passing through that audience opened Tom Abbot's eyes that he might see, and touched his heart that he might feel! Old Tom Abbot! miserable and hungry, with that awful gnawing in his stomach; with the maddening desire for a drink of whisky, and the black despair in his heart urging him down to the brink of the turbulent river whose roar filled his ears! They sang 'Throw out the Life Line,' and if you want to know what that hymn means, you must hear it sung by such an audience as that, for

nearly every one present has either just been saved from ruin, and knows what it means to catch the Life Line, or is one who is struggling in the depths even yet. At all events, it is a memorable experience to have heard it sung, nay, throbbled out by such a crowd.

And Tom, listening and gazing up at the great, white cross, began to have a wild hope surge through his heart. And when a woman with the still, pure face of an angel passed the lilies around, she found poor old Tom on his knees weeping; and with her practiced eyes and woman's instinct, she recognized that here was one who stood at the parting of the ways.

Oh, how they prayed for him! And how they prayed with him! And how they made him pray for himself when he could only falter out: 'God help me; I am too wicked to pray.' And what a triumph it was to see the light of a firm purpose rising in those watery, whisky-dimmed eyes,—a veritable Easter, that.

With brotherly love he was sustained and ministered unto, until he could really feel that he possessed that all-powerful strength which cannot fail.

All this happened seven years ago; and I wish you could see Tom Abbot now. Old he still is, and feeble, and pitifully poor in this world's goods, for forty years of such sin as his wrecks the vigor of manhood. But oh, how rich and strong and happy he is in the joy of that new life which he has accepted. He has never once fallen since that blessed Easter. His eyes are as clear and beautiful as a child's. He, who, when he began life, was an expert workman, can now earn very little indeed, for rum is a hard taskmaster, and undermines all one's faculties. But his little attic is a very different place now, though sordid still, beyond description; but if ever a room was crammed full of glory, this is the one. Here he must stay because he can't afford to move. So here he has praised God for his deliverance; here he has prayed for Kate, his wife, such prayers as must be heard and answered. Here he has lived his beautiful new life, shining with such brightness that all may see. Here he and the little cripple who lives in the front attic had delightful little prayer-meetings all by themselves. He says that his poor health and his wife's continuance in sin are the penances God assigns him for his wicked past and that it becomes him to bear it all bravely.

Think of it! You, who, having fallen and tried to rise, are sustained by every human prop that earth knows how to give—home, friends, loving hands on every side stretched to help you—and then think of Tom Abbot, who, every time he goes into his attic, must pass through the vileness of that back grocery shop and smell the fumes of the liquor, and hear the coarse jokes of the wretches congregated there; and when he goes into his room, instead of strong, loving words to sustain him, he must meet the maudlin complainings of his miserable wife! He says he deserves it all, and more. But he says that when he passes through the grocery store, in all his comings and goings, he always sees that white cross of Easter lilies just ahead, and he can feel Jesus close at his side!

Oh, you who are strong and pure, pray, pray with all your strength and purity for all such as poor, rich Tom Abbot and for Kate his wife; for they were real people, and the back attic a real room, and the back grocery shop a degrading reality.

And you who are yet young, with the power of choosing your life path still in your grasp, this story, although about an old man, is nevertheless for you,—for Tom Abbot says that his bitterest memory is of one night when he was only fifteen years old; that was the night when he deliberately decided to take the wrong path, in which for forty long, shameful years, he walked and staggered and fell.—'Union Signal.'

## 'Pigs is Pigs.'

A pig once got hold of a bottle of liquor and drank it. When he recovered from the effects he pulled himself together in deep self-disgust with the remark, 'Well, that's the last time I'll ever make such a man of myself.' Even so! Did someone begin to quote, 'Oh wad some power, etc.'—Selected.