



Temperance Department.

THE "WORKMEN'S PET."

"By-the-by, ye haven't seen our new coffee-room yet," says my English host, as we turn our faces homeward after a long afternoon's sight-seeing among the Birkenhead dock-yards.

"Well, suppose we go there now. It's early yet, and a cup of coffee will be no bad thing after all this tramping about in the dust."

No sooner said than done. We mount the steep slope that borders the Mersey, trudge through Hamilton Square, with its little railled-in plot of green turf, pass along the front of the market, whose great round clock seems to stare after us like the eye of a Cyclops, and, turning a corner, halt in front of a large, substantial building, announcing itself in broad black letters as a "Coffee and Cocoa Room."

Our entrance through the swinging door at this early hour of the evening, when most of the regular customers have not yet "knocked off work," puts the "helps" behind the counter on the alert at once. There are four of them, two lads and two girls, all neatly dressed, and with a brisk, business-like air about them, which augurs well for the prosperity of the establishment. Our order of "two breads and two coffees" is promptly obeyed; and, seating ourselves in a corner near the door, we begin to look about us.

A long and tolerably high room, with white-washed walls and plank floor, both scrupulously clean; three or four gas-burners, throwing a bright hearty glow over the whole scene, that looks like a protest against the cheerless dimness outside; a row of long tables and benches, giving quite a school-room look to the interior; and a narrow space for passage between them and the counter, on which stand ranged a tempting show of meat-pies, buns, rolls, tea-cakes, and what not, sentinelled by the huge shining urns, which, looming through clouds of steam, might pass for some new and improved variety of engine-boiler.

But the one thing that strikes us at the first glance is the orderly behavior of the company. One and all are in their working clothes, and many ragged enough; but there is no sign of the boisterous swagger which the same men would instinctively assume in the bar of a tavern. Not an oath is to be heard, and the talk, though broken now and then by a hearty burst of laughter that it does one good to hear, seldom rises above the ordinary pitch. In this neat, well-kept room, they evidently feel themselves to be "on their good behavior;" and very well they behave, as an intelligent workman will always do, when not persuaded by mischievous agitators that the exaggeration of his natural independence of manner into noisy roughness is the best way of showing that he is a free man.

By degrees the room fills, little groups of three and four dropping in, in quick succession, many with newspapers in their hands. The intrusive presence of our black broadcloth at first seems to throw a slight chill over our immediate neighbors, for no one is quicker to resent any fancied condescension than the man who is working his own way; but my friends' genial manner, and his readiness in making way for them, and helping them to arrange their cups and plates, soon puts all to rights, and before long we are all chatting away sociably enough.

"Tell 'ee what, master," says a stalwart ship carpenter on my right "we ain't sitch fools as they thinks us, we ain't. Folks calls us beasts and brutes, and sitch-like, but there's a many on us never had a chance to be owt else. Says a gen'lman to me t'other day, 'My man, why don't you stay at home and save your money, instead of going and making a beast of yourself?' Says I to him, 'Well, master, if you was to come home some cold winter night, tired out w' yer day's work, and find the fire out, and the children cryin', and the wife washin' up, and the house all in a mess, and nowt for you to eat, mayhap you'd be glad of a snug place by the tavern fire, and a drop o' some at hot, jist the same as me.'"

An audible chuckle from the audience, who evidently regard him as an oracle, greets this quotation.

"Now," he resumes, "here's what it coom to. While we'd no place but the 'public' to go to, we went there; now we've got this place, we cooms here instead. Here's a clean room, fit for a man to sit down in; and here's good coffee 'stead o' bad beer; and here's lots o' good stuff to eat with it—and you jist see if it don't git more of our custom nor any 'public' in the town."*

Just at this moment, the eyes of my immediate neighbors, which have been straying toward the door as if in expectation of some one, light up with a sudden sparkle, and there is a general shout of "Hooray! here comes the Pet!"

Uttered in this way, the name suggests to me a broken-nosed gentleman in a white hat, with a monstrous bull-dog at his heels; but, to my amazement the hero of this uproarious welcome is a pale, fair-haired little boy of eight years old, whose smooth, delicate features and golden curls contrast startlingly with the grim, bearded, swarthy faces around him. But he is evidently quite at home among these rough playmates, and smiles cheerily as they toss him up, and clap him on the back, and pat his tiny hands, and pass him from one to the other, very much as the Brobdingnag giants may have made sport with little Gulliver.

Half-way down the line, a hulking fellow, with a slice of bread-and-butter in his hand, happens to look aside for a moment, when the "Pet" instantly whips away the morsel, and swallows it himself, amid the uproarious laughter of the company.

"Halloa, Jim! he was too sharp for yer that time."

"Aye, he be a reg'lar owd-fashioned 'un, that he be," declares Jim, smoothing the child's curly hair with one hand while proffering him his brimming cocoa-mug with the other. "See, he's a-wanting to git away to Big Sam now. Sam and him's always chums."

My sturdy neighbor holds out his huge hands with a grin of welcome, and the little fellows nestle into the broad breast, and twines his thin little arm around the great bull-neck, with a bright, confident smile that might melt the heart of a Nero. But now that the tiny face is close to mine, I notice a strange, wistful, longing look in the large bright eyes, which is speedily and sadly accounted for.

"He be deaf and dumb, poor little chap!" says the giant compassionately; "and his father and mother's dead, and him and his brother Jack, that's jist two year older, be left all alone. He works in our yard, does Jack."

"What, at ten years old?" ask I incredulously.

"Oh, bless yer! I don't mean heavy work like ourn—light jobs, an' such, and sitch. But, o' course, his wages, he can't keep this little 'un as well as himself, so" (he hesitates a moment)—"and so, see, it's got to be made up some other way."

"And as I can pretty well guess what that way is," puts in my friend, producing his purse, "I hope that you will allow this gentleman and myself to contribute."

There is a murmur of assent, and a shriveled little old man, with a humorous twinkle in his small grey eye, steps forward to receive the money. And then, warned by the admonitory "ting-ting" of a clock in the corner, we rise to depart, followed through the door by a hearty "Good night" from our late companions.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

* This prophecy is already being amply fulfilled.

DR. JOHN HALL ON DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is a sin of a peculiar kind. Society forgets it as it does not forget other sins. Let a man lie, or be base or mean, and society has its own way of expressing its opinion adversely to him. But it will forgive a man who has been overtaken by drink. It will be apt to conclude, for instance, that probably the man is generous, has a kindly heart, and has been betrayed into this sin. Now, just because of this characteristic it is more important that a certain influence should, to the utmost degree, be brought to bear against it. I know a man, at this moment in this city, who by birth, education, and social advantages might have reasonably aspired to the highest place this community could give him. He is hopeless and helpless through the indulgence in drink. When the question was asked of one who had known him from his childhood, and loved him well, how he got into the way of it, the answer was, "I am sorry to say that he learned it at his father's sideboard." That is the history of many of that class whom we know as gentlemen with liberal education, with large means, and the free kind of life that large means enable families to live, and because of these very qualities become the readiest victims to this ensnaring vice. If I may be permitted to add one word more, it would be, perhaps, in the direction of emphasizing one point, viz: the need of teaching people upon this matter. I have seen that whole region over which Father Mathew did such a great work. If any one wished to criticise that work, the weakness of it lay in this: that the people were moved by his eloquence more rapidly than their minds were informed or convinced. We want to the largest extent to lay the foundation of thorough temperance reform in intelligent conviction on the part of the people. No matter how much men and women are moved by the sympathy of numbers, by the magnetism of the personal pres-

ence or the vivid eloquence of the orator, when they come face to face with temptation again, back of the emotions there must be that deep-seated, intelligent conviction that tells upon the will and constitutes a permanent spring of action. I should be glad to say something to touch the young people in our common schools in this matter. I am exceedingly glad, as every good citizen must be, when the able and intelligent men who manage the press of our city utter in clear and unmistakable terms this truth: that the man who helps to make people drunkards is the enemy of his country, is the enemy of his race. When I was a student at college I think the deepest impression made upon my mind was at a great public meeting at which were four young men who had gone through the same college only a short time before, and who had dedicated themselves to the work of missions. I remember as I sat in the gallery of the church as a boy, looking with a kind of unutterable enthusiasm upon these young men, I pictured to myself the brilliant future before them, a future of carrying enlightenment and blessing of manifold kinds to the people to whom they were going in India. Twelve or thirteen years after, when I was myself a clergyman in the city of Dublin, I remember being called by the sexton one day from the class I was teaching to the entrance of the room connected with the church where I was engaged. He said: "There is a man [he did not say gentleman] outside who wishes to see you." He seemed so urgent that I interrupted my business and went to see him. He was shabby in his dress, haggard in his face, and had especially that look of self-condemnation that is so characteristic of the confirmed drunkard. I put a few questions to him, and to my horror I discovered that the man who stood before me begging for charity in the shape of a few shillings to get him bread was one of the four young ministers whose consecration to this work had made such an impression on my mind. And yet, though we see the horridly revolting character of the sin when a man in my own profession is thus dragged down and ruined by it, dear friends, what is it worse than the ruin that comes upon men, and upon refined, cultivated women, who, with every social advantage, become the victims of this temptation? Because you love the land, because you love the city, because you value Christian truth and Christian principle, don't be afraid to stand by this cause. Don't be afraid to put it upon the highest ground—viz., that it is destructive to every interest man ought to value, and is to be combated by every principle that it is possible for us as Christian men and patriots to bring to bear in hostility to it.—*From Recent Address in New York.*

WHO SHOULD CLEAR THE WAY?

Mrs. Bayley, the author of "Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them," and of "Who Stops the Way," has recently brought out, by the agency of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, a little pamphlet asking "Who should Clear the Way?" The question is addressed to "the two august assemblies, known by the names of the Church and State;" and by "the way" is meant the way of deliverance from some of England's greatest evils, due to the existence of the liquor-traffic. Mrs. Bayley writes as representing a large body of workers who are occupying themselves in striving to improve the home life of the working classes; and she rightly claims to write with some degree of authority on this subject, derived from long years of observation and personal contact with the evils she describes.

"What I have written," the writer says, "is no attempt to measure strength with strength; far from this, it is a cry for help—a confession of weakness, an admission that, if left unaided, we have little chance of accomplishing on any large scale what we are endeavoring to do. We can, most of us, speak thankfully of many cases of individual reform; but principally owing to the ever-increasing facilities provided for obtaining intoxicating drinks, the habit of taking these drinks has of late years so increased, among women especially, that where we had formerly in our mothers' meetings to deal with one drunken mother, we have now ten or fifteen."

And so in this little book we have a very earnest plea for the women of this country, that they may be preserved by a righteous law against the seductions of the liquor-traffic. Knowing nothing in this world so worthy of the name of heroism as the patient endurance and continuance in well-doing witnessed over and over again in wives and mothers who have been left, through the insobriety of husbands, to fight the hard battle of life as best they could, and remembering many instances wherein the children of such women have turned out remarkably well, Mrs. Bayley knows too well, as we all know, that where the wife and mother is the culprit, the children have no chance whatever. Either they perish miserably in their earliest years, or they live only to swell the ranks of the dangerous classes, causing their country an immense amount of expense and trouble,

and fighting as deadly enemies in the great battle of morality and religion. "Women," says this writer of their own sex, "quickly pass beyond the range of moderate drinking. They have less power than men to resist temptation, and if the home life of our country is to be saved, temptation, to a great extent, must be removed out of the way. If compassion, and a sense of right, are not motives sufficiently strong to induce those who hold the power to remedy this evil, then let them remember that women who perish by their vices never perish alone,—they drag down with them innumerable victims."

Mrs. Bayley cites the evidence of a superintendent of police on the value of the one hour per night which, a few years ago, was taken off from the sale of drink. After night fell, said the superintendent, the evil in our streets went on, hour after hour, increasing in intensity, until the last hour seemed a climax of all that was horrible; and the gain of that hour relieved the police from the worst of their work in dealing with drunkenness in its most revolting phases. "And to think," she exclaims, "that that one hour was again given back to Satan, that he might not be defrauded of his best time for drawing his chains tighter and still tighter round his unhappy victims, and that those who live by the vices of others might be protected from loss!"

And so Mrs. Bayley appeals pathetically to our legislators. "These men know that the country has confidently left its best and most important interests in their hands; and one of the uses they make of this power is to permit what acts as a fire to be kept ever burning in our midst, destroying the happiness of innumerable homes, consuming one life every ten minutes, besides causing an incredible amount of pauperism, crime, insanity, and misery of all kinds. It blights all that is beautiful and good; yet this fire must burn on, seven days in the week, and far into the night. Those who should be as fathers to the nation, ever keeping themselves sensitively alive to every thing which can hinder its prosperity, cripple the resources, or lower its standard of right, make themselves responsible for legalizing a traffic which sows broadcast the seeds whence, more than from any other, the dangerous classes spring. And this sowing is ever going on at an accelerated pace. The sheaves, as they ripen, drop into seed after their kind, and spring up in ever-varying and deepening forms of ignorance and vice."

The writer, therefore, appeals powerfully to the Legislature,—to the State,—to the Church of England, and to the whole Christian community. "If the whole Christian community will but recognize that this great battle must be fought out by them, we may with confidence hope for deliverance, for they will fight with God on their side."

We are deeply thankful for the invaluable aid to the good cause rendered by a pen so gentle yet so strong, so steeped in the black ink of our country's miseries, yet so pure and good, as this of the widely-known, and surely wherever known sincerely revered author of "Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them." The more she studies those homes, the more intently is her gaze drawn to the liquor traffic as their greatest rending cause, and to its suppression as an indispensable means of mending them.—*Alliance News.*

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION IN SWEDEN.—Ex-Baillie Lewis, of Edinburgh, in a recent address at a conference upon the educational aspect of the temperance question, under the auspices of the Scottish Temperance League, said: "In visiting the Swedish public schools I was particularly struck with the thorough manner in which physiology was taught to the children. I recollect going into one school in Gothenburg, where there was a large number of scholars, and the teacher said he would put any question to the scholars I wished; and I pointed to a large physiological map, and asked the teacher to put a few questions in regard to that map, and in reply to questions a young lad told correctly how butcher meat and potatoes built up the physical system. I then put the question, 'In what manner does brandy, or brandy, build up the human system?' and the young boy, with a look of contempt at my ignorance, answered with a kind of smile, 'Brandy does not build up—it pulls down.' [Applause.] So that you see we are much behind the educational authorities in Sweden."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TESTIMONIALS FOR ARTICLES OF DIET AND DRINK.—Dr. Hinckes Bird, medical officer of health, draws attention to the too common and very reprehensible practice of medical men and analysts helping the board-casting of testimonials for almost anything, including alcoholic drinks—especially sherry and whiskey. Does it at all follow that the public get the identical article of which, naturally, the advertiser would send the best possible specimen to the analyst?

EVERY license to sell liquor as a common beverage gives a legal right to him that holds it to injure his fellow-man, to impose heavy burdens upon society, and to hinder the progress of the church.—*Presbyterian Banner.*