

his hands, turned them over, ran his eye along the edges, hesitating what to do. This shutter was not the only job that should have been ready, according to promise, days before. He began to grow worried, just as it had been with him so many times. But where to begin his day's work—which of his neglected customers to serve first, he did not know. His hands were unsteady; a sense of heaviness weighed down his limbs—in body and mind he felt wretched. He thought of Huber's and a refreshing glass. Just one drink, and his shattered nerves would be steadier for the day's work. Then he thought of the pennies in his pocket—the carefully saved treasure of his dear little Fanny, stolen from her that morning; and such shame fell upon his heart that he sat down on his work-bench and groaned in pain.

"I'll get one glass," he said, starting up; "for I must have something to put life into me. The pennies are only borrowed; and I'll return them, two for one."

This thought, that he had only borrowed the pennies, lessened the pain at his heart.

"Just one glass to make me all right." And off he started for the tavern, which stood on the roadside some distance away.

Between the shop and tavern was a pleasant cottage. Mr. Barclay was nearly opposite this cottage when on a child, holding in her little hands a small glass pitcher full of water, her golden hair tossing in the wind. She was about Fanny's age and beautiful as a cherub.

"Won't you have a cool drink, Mr. Barclay?" said the child, stopping before him and offering her pitcher, while her earnest, tender eyes, blue as violets, were lifted to his face.

Surprised and startled by this sudden vision of innocence and beauty, Mr. Barclay did not hesitate for an instant, but took the pitcher and drank almost at a single draught every drop of the cool pure water.

"Thank you, my dear!" dropped from his lips, as he handed back the empty vessel; and then he stooped and kissed the child. She did not turn from him and go back into the house, but stood between him and the tavern, gazing up into his face. He took a step forward. The child caught his hand.

"Oh! don't, Mr. Barclay!" she cried eagerly and in such a pleading voice that her tones went further down into his heart than human tones had gone for a long, long time.

"Don't what, little darling?" he asked bending toward her in new surprise.

"Don't go to Huber's any more," answered

many seconds just as still as a statue. The child looked at him with a half-scared expression on her countenance, but she kept firmly hold of his hand. Suddenly catching his breath, like one who had been deprived of air, he stooped quickly and touched the child's pure forehead with his lips. He said not a word, but stood up straight again, turned resolutely, and went striding down the road in the direction of his shop.

From the window of the cottage mother and aunt looked on the scene in surprise, half trembling in fear lest this man should do some violence to the child, yet rebuked for their own lack of confidence in the means her simple faith had made so strong for good. The act was her own. They had no hint of her purpose until they saw her crossing the road with the pitcher of water in her hand. Her own act, did I say. Let me lift your thoughts higher, dear children who read this. God's love and pity for the poor drunkard had flowed into the child's heart and moved her to do just what she did. So it was God acting through her; just as He acts through every one of us when we try to do good to others. Think of this. God working through us—making us the agents of His divine purposes—ministers of His loving-kindness—angels of mercy.

Mr. Barclay returned to his shop, took off his coat, and went to work. The cool water, but more the good resolutions the child had awakened in his mind, gave tone and refreshment to body and mind. His nerves, all unstrung when he started for the tavern, were steady now. No tremor ran through his hand as he grasped the chisel, mallet, or plane. He wrought with a sense of pleasure in his work not felt for a long time.

After an hour this feeling began to wear off and the old heaviness and thirst for liquor returned. His thought went to Huber's tavern and the tempting liquor to be had there. But there was something in the way that he could not pass—not fierce lions, such as frightened poor Christian, but a pure and innocent child. He felt sure that when she saw him coming along the road she would meet him with her sweet pleading face and pitcher of water, and that to pass by would be impossible.

"Go around by the old mill," said a tempting spirit in his thought, "and the child will not see you."

He hearkened for a moment to this suggestion, and then, with an almost angry tone, as if rebuking the tempter, said:

"No! no! no! God's angel met me in an

evil path and turned me back. I will not go round by any other way."

There was a spring not far from his shop. He drank freely at this, and, then refreshed, took up his work again. How clear his mind was! clearer than it had been for a long time. Like a beautiful picture, framed in his thought and holding his gaze with a kind of fascination, was the image of that lovely child meeting him in the road and offering her pitcher of cool water. It was perpetually before him, and the longer he looked upon it, the softer his heart became, and the stronger his good resolutions.

For the first time in months—it might almost be said years—Mr. Barclay came home that evening clothed with sobriety and in his right mind. What a great throb of joy his pulse gave as he saw the look of happy surprise in his poor wife's face, and felt the delight of dear little Fanny's heart as she sprang into his arms and hugged him in a way that told what a new gladness was in her soul! Not until he had, unseen by any one, returned the pennies to her box, did a red spot of shame fade off from his manly cheeks.

Mr. Barclay was never seen in Huber's tavern again, nor in any other tavern.

"If," he said to a friend, years afterward, in referring to this period of his life, "the old desire came back, and my thought went off toward Huber's tavern, it never got past the white cottage, for out from its porch I would always see coming to meet me, pitcher in hand, that heaven-sent angel-child, and to have passed her would have been impossible."—*Band of Hope Review.*

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE MAINE LAW.

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

The people of Maine are all agreed in this, that the State has suffered less during this financial crisis than any other part of the country. All our business men say that this is so, and has been so from the beginning, while few of them have thought of the reason of it. Trade has been dull in Maine, as it has been in other parts of the country and throughout the world; but there have been by far fewer failures here among business men, in proportion to their numbers than in any other State, and the masses of the people have suffered less from lack of employment than the same classes in other parts of the country. There must be a cause for this comparative exemption from

MR. TOWN, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, said, a year or two ago, that the expenditure for intoxicating drinks in the United States was six hundred millions a year. Now it has always been an axiom among temperance men that for every dollar spent in strong drinks another dollar is lost and wasted by lost time, misdirected industry, and by the thousand modes of strip and waste by drinking men. The great employers of labor in England say that in consequence of the drink trade there—amounting in 1875 to £143,000,000 or \$715,000,000—the industrial products of the country are one-third less than they otherwise would be.

Twelve hundred millions of dollars divided among forty millions of people will give thirty dollars to each; and that sum may fairly be regarded as lost and wasted to the country through the liquor traffic, because the article received in exchange for the money is of no value whatever, at the same time that it entails upon the community a vast expenditure in the way of poverty, pauperism, insanity, and crime. I know it has been objected that the whole of this sum is not an absolute loss, because a part of it is payment for labor and another part in payment for the materials from which the intoxicants are made, and goes into the pockets of farmers and those who are engaged in the business of transportation. But the whole amount is an absolute loss to the country, precisely in the same way that the great conflagrations of Portland, Chicago, and Boston were a loss to the full value of the property destroyed, though the money which it cost went into the pockets of the mechanics and laborers who furnished brain and muscle, and of the various trades that supplied the material.

Maine has about seven hundred thousand people, and in the old rum time there was as much liquor consumed in the State in proportion to the population as in any other part of the country. Now the proportion of expenditure for Maine—of the twelve hundred millions—would be twenty-one millions of dollars. But in fact there is not a tenth part of that sum expended for strong drinks in the State, and the difference between the twenty-one millions and the two or three millions we have in our pockets and in our business and in accumulated capital.

The course of this economy is precisely the same in a community on a large scale as in the case of an individual on a small scale. I have many tenants, and my experience in this way has been extensive and has continued through

many years. I have had abundant opportunity to see how it is and why it is that the suppression of the liquor traffic is in the highest interest of domestic and political economy. And all my experience and observation have uniformly led to the same conclusion, with no single case of exception or doubt—viz., that the liquor traffic tends directly and inevitably to the waste of individual property and resources, in which the national wealth consists.

I have many tenants whose course of life illustrates perfectly the point which I wish to establish. I will cite the case of one of them, as a fair sample of several others. He was formerly a drinking man—not a drunkard, so-called, but a good fellow, who liked a "good time" occasionally (even with the cracking headache next day), and consequently was sometimes off his work and gave a good deal of annoyance to his employer. He was in a good way of living, and might have had everything comfortable and nice and handsome about him. His young wife was a fine-looking woman, but there was a constant expression of anxious care in her face, and her dress and housekeeping bore unmistakable testimony to the fact that all her husband's wages did not come into the family, to provide for the common wants.

There was difficulty in obtaining the rent. It was never punctually paid and often the employer was obliged to pay it and stop the amount out of the wages, and everything was untidy and at sixes and sevens about the house. The furniture was scanty and poor and out of order and out of repair. While matters were in this condition the liquor traffic was put under the ban of the law, and the grog-shops were mostly suppressed, and the few which continued to run were driven into dark and secret places. The temptation was put out of the way; so that much time and trouble, as well as money, were required to obtain drink. My tenant became very soon a sober man, steady in his place and trusted in important matters by his employer. He came regularly and punctually to pay his rent; so that I had no occasion to visit the house for many months, and when I did so I found everything changed. Neatness and regularity had taken the place of disorder; the wife's dress was tidy and nice and her face lighted up with smiles; there was new furniture and everything was in good condition.

Now precisely this change has taken place in Maine in many, many thousands of cases; and the evidences of it are to be seen all over the State, in improved dwellings and improved farms and in nice and tidy farm-buildings, instead of the shabby and neglected ones which were to be seen everywhere in the old rum time. The suppression of the liquor traffic has been followed by a steady and constant improvement in the condition of the people in every part of the State. Pretty country churches and nice country school-houses have taken the place of the poor and shabby ones of the old rum time; and old hats and old petticoats are no longer seen supplying the lack of glass in the windows of ruminous old dwellings. And farmers and workmen no longer gather at the country grocery, spending their time, money, and health; because these groceries everywhere through the State are now free from the pollution and curse of the liquor traffic. No one who knew what Maine was in the old rum time and knows what it has been since and down to this day can fail to see the wonderful change for the better which has taken place in the condition of the people. Everywhere through the State the evidences of this are obvious and innumerable.

Some time since I saw two nice dwelling-houses in one block going up. I passed the place often, and noticed the progress of the work. By and by the roof was in place and the plasterers had finished their task. One day, as I was going by, I saw a carpenter busy about the place, one whom I had formerly known as a drinking-man. I supposed he was employed about the work, and asked him whose the houses were?

"They are mine," said he. "Won't you come in and look at them?"

I did so gladly, and with evident pride he showed me all over them, from cellar to attic, and explained to me the way in which he was to arrange it for himself to live in. The other he was to sell or let.

"And so these are yours?" I said.

"Yes, and all paid for. I shall not owe a dollar upon them."

"Ah! you couldn't have done this if you'd spent your money for rum."

"That's true. I've built a house for myself and family, instead of wasting my wages in a base and brutal gratification."

I might multiply these cases to almost any extent, demonstrating that the suppression of the liquor traffic is a most triumphant experiment in domestic and political economy.

In walking along a street in an English town, two workmen were just in front of me, talking in a free tone. They came opposite "a public," and one of them said: "Come in and let's have a drink."

"No, I don't drink."  
"Why, when I've had a glass or two I feel strong enough to knock a house down."  
"In consequence of not drinking, I've been able to knock two houses up," the other replied.—*N. Y. Independent.*

#### LYING SPIRITS.

At a recent meeting of the Alliance in London, Dr. Richardson said: In meeting this very difficult question of the putting down of intoxicating drinks, we are dealing, in fact, with a superstition not surpassed by that great superstition of the Juggernaut, the car of which rolled over its victims and mercilessly broke them into pieces wherever it travelled. As I go about teaching the doctrine of temperance, it is wonderful to see how this superstition produces false impressions. It is as though there were a lying spirit in the universe which instilled itself most artfully into the most innocent minds in opposition to our work. Not many days ago, at a comparatively large meeting, the name of a very distinguished advocate of temperance and of total abstinence was mentioned in this way; it was said of him, "Ah, poor fellow, he became a total abstainer because he was driven to it. He could not help himself. He was so given to intoxicants that at one time of his life there was no step for him between total abstinence and death from intoxication." "Well," I said to the person who made this observation, "do you know that individual?" "No," he said, "I do not." "Well," I replied, "I do, and I know this of him—and I wish I could say it of all who have come into the temperance movement, for then we should be a much stronger body than we are—that he was the son of a great advocate of temperance, and that in the whole course of his life he has never taken a drop of intoxicating liquor." A similar instance occurred to me not long ago. The name of a very earnest and learned advocate of our cause was mentioned by a gentleman to me, who said it was a pity he abstained from intoxicating drinks, and especially so that he expelled them from his table, because his family were badly influenced by that proceeding. His sons, being determined to set their father at defiance, were drinking on the sly, because they objected to this exercise of the paternal authority." "Well," I said to my informer, "that is a very curious case, because it was only a little time back that a father and mother who were heart-broken because their son who was pursuing wild courses had learned to drink moderately at their table, and they said, 'If we had only had the courage when the boy was young to drive the strong drink from our tables, perchance he never would have tasted it at all, and all this difficulty would have been solved.'" So," I said, "you see there is a counter-argument to your argument, but tell me the name of this gentleman." The name was mentioned, and I asked, "Do you know him?" "Not intimately, but he has two sons, both of whom are going wrong." I hadn't much difficulty in discovering the history of this gentleman, and found as a primary fact that he never had any sons at all. He had two daughters, who were well-married, and so he had sons-in-law, both of whom were extremely temperate men, and against whom no such breath could be justly urged. A day or two ago I received a letter from a gentleman I met, I believe on my recent tour in Ireland—and he said, "Your arguments are wanting in practical value, for this reason—that although you are nominally a physician you do not practice, and therefore are unaware of the practical difficulties that are in the way of inducing the people to abstain from strong drink." Well, I was obliged to respond to that "lying spirit" again by intimating that all my life I had been in practice, and that, unfortunately for me, I had no other means of gaining a living except my practice, and that on this one particular question as to the possibility of giving up strong drink, that was the question which in my practice came before me more frequently than any other.—*Alliance News.*

—We read in the London correspondence of the *Liverpool Mercury* that the writer "never knows which to admire more, the wealth or the piety of the gentlemen engaged in the liquor trade. Here in London some of our biggest brewers are also our most burning and shining lights at Exeter Hall; but we are far behind Dublin. No Barclay or Buxton has done for St. Paul's what Sir Benjamin Guinness, the porter brewer, did some years ago for St. Patrick's Cathedral; and what Mr. Rowe, the distiller, has just done for Christ Church. The latter magnate is actually spending £4,000 of the money which he has derived from the intoxication of his fellow-townsmen in producing a most elaborate book about Christ Church. Only a few copies are to be printed—say only one for every ten thousand glasses of gin which have been drunk."—*Alliance News.*