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NOTICE.

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Temperance Department.

THE WAR WITH INTEMPERANCE.

By Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, Missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

AIR:—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Stalks abroad a direful foe,
Spreading death, disease and woe,
Causing tears and blood to flow

Over all the land;
Rise we then with all our might;
Rise and for our country fight;
Rise and put the foe to flight,
Closing hand to hand.

Shall the orphan cry in vain?
Shall the widow still complain?
Shall death and sorrow reign?

Are there none to save?
Fly the captives to reclaim;
Save from guilt and woe and shame;
Snatch them, burning, from the flame,
Dying, from the grave.

By the sufferer's suppliant tone,
By the maniac's plaintive moan,
By the murderer's victim's groan,
To the battle fly!

Lay the fell destroyer low;
Strike the last, the fatal blow;
Make no peace with such a foe;
Let the monster die!

THINE ENEMY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You see that house, over there?" The speaker's voice quivered with excitement, and her cheeks were rosy red.

Yes, Mrs. Lee saw the house indicated, and thought the architecture very fine and imposing.

"Rum built that house, Mrs. Lee. To me there is nothing beautiful about it. I never look at it without I see the bloodshot eyes of his victims looking out of the windows at me. Ugh! it is horrible. Just think how he has murdered by the wholesale. Think of the families he has desolated. If ever a man in this world deserved the gallows that man does."

Mrs. Lee changed the subject. Singularly enough, her great heart took in the rum seller as well as the rum drinker. Her experience had shown her all sides. She knew that her enemy was as dear to the good Lord as her best friend. She was aware that a declaration of her principles would cause all future influence with her impulsive friend to be null and void; so she wisely kept quiet. The two friends walked on; Mrs. Lee's sympathies going out in a steady loving current to every class of sinners, and Mrs. Harrison wondering if it would be possible to pass a law which should put an end, not only to rum-selling, but to rum-sellers.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Lee looked up into a pair of earnest, grey eyes, smiled pleasantly, and with a kind "good morning," which was immediately and almost impulsively returned, passed on. Mrs. Harrison was furious.

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country place you pass your neighbors without speaking to them?" enquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him—No! I never have, and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in our way of looking at things; but let us not quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbors. He is not to be scorned for that. At least this is my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I can not pass that man in this quiet country-neighborhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You can not speak to him, and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of harmony unless we can cherish and act out our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison answered that she knew that was the case; but the sullenness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rum-seller must have mentioned this greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for, one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady enquired, in astonishment.

"Oh, that is the rum-seller's wife," Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find so very willing to recognize them, that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rum-seller's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes from contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolve into execution she found the lady of the house away, and the rum-seller only at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait, and the host conducted her to the library, a large, elegant room, and settled himself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He seemed quite unfit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterance to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said,—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" she enquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood redden his temples, as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years, and you are the first woman in the neighborhood who has stepped foot across our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate," he went on slowly, and with a quiver in his voice, "sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's intuitions, let us

know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew then, just as well as if she had been told, that his wife was dying of remorse and grief. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbors despised; so she asked her whole soul in her face.

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired, and low-spirited all the time. I have tried everything, and every body, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

"I doubt very much if she needs any treatment, except perhaps that which you can give her."

The red blood mounted again to the temples of her companion.

"I give her, madam," he tried to say laughingly. "I am not a physician."

"I feel very certain that you are all the physician she needs. Your wife, I presume needs, wants, must have, to save her life, just one thing. If a fever patient wanted water, you would think it very foolish and wicked to offer coffee and tea, and lemonade, would you not? in short, everything but the one the thirsty soul longed for."

"Certainly," he answered glancing toward the door. "Have you ever talked with my wife?"

"Never, sir."

"Of course, you know what my wife is."

"I do."

"And you consider it infamous, and all that sort of thing?"

"I consider it the worst business that any man can be engaged in."

"Then what do you come here for?"

There was a mixture of sadness and fierceness in the tones that made her heart ache.

"Oh! I forgot; you came to pay your respects to my wife, my victim."

"And to see you, also," was the low, earnest answer. "Long ago, my dear sir, I learned to discriminate between the sinner and the sin. I loathe the sin, but I love you, and would help you in any way in my power."

"Your words sound very strange, and sweet," he said, after a moment's pause. "My wife wants me to go into another kind of business, to give the money I have made in this to the amelioration of the condition, of—of—." The words were hard to utter.

"Of the families of drunkards," suggested Mrs. Lee, in the same sweet voice.

"Yes, that is it. How well you understand her! This is a hard thing for a man to do."

Just here the pale, tender-eyed wife glided in, with a greeting which spoke volumes.

"I am so glad to see you, dear madam," she said. "I told my husband that if you did not come to see us, I should send for you, didn't I dear?" and the thin little hand caressed her husband's arm affectionately.

"And I told my wife that there wasn't the least hope of your coming; but her eyes sometimes see farther than mine."

"Husband told me," she went on, "that he met a lady who bowed to him, and whom he thought would do me good. Oh! I was so glad. I had asked God so many times to send me a friend; and—drawing close to Mrs. Lee—" if I could have picked one out myself, I could not have been better suited."

"Our dear Father answers our prayers, sometimes, according to our desires," said Mrs. Lee, taking the thin hand in hers.

"Yes, and sometimes He doesn't seem to answer them at all. Oh, Mrs. Lee, I have prayed one prayer so long, so faithfully, so hard, without getting an answer, that I am almost discouraged. It is about him," pointing to her husband. "You don't know, I never can tell how kind and how loving he has been to me, ever since he married me. He thinks I am sick, because he sees me falling every day. I am not. Only for one thing,

I should be as healthy and as happy as any body. Won't you please kneel down here and ask God to answer my prayer?"

Mrs. Lee could hardly see the pleading woman for her tears, but she wiped them away, and looked up at the husband. His fine face was drawn with pain, and his whole manner that of one who suffers keenly.

"If you can do such things, Mrs. Lee, please oblige her," he said, with an effort at sternness.

Mrs. Lee's petition was earnest, touching, and to the point. Words could not have been more simple and eloquent. When she rose from her knees the rum-seller, with his wife in his arms, was sobbing like a child.

"God has heard! God has heard! Edward has promised! Oh, Mrs. Lee, he has promised to do the right. You know what Christ has said, 'When two or three are gathered together, I will be there.' You see I have had to pray alone all these years. Oh, my loved husband, I shall be well now, and strong enough to help you."

"Yes, wife; I believe you will," was the solemn answer. "And now, Mrs. Lee, I want you to hear me promise before God to do in this matter now, and in the future, just as my wife directs, even if the doing makes me a beggar."

"As much as my husband loves me, I should never have succeeded in getting him to leave the room. A coarse or a threatening word would have settled the question forever. You came pitying and loving both of us, and the work was accomplished. Oh, Mrs. Lee, how many are suffering and dying for the right word."

"I hear," said Mrs. Harrison, a week afterwards, "that Edward Lathrop has left the liquor business altogether. Somebody said he gave two thousand dollars to the temperance missionaries yesterday. Do you believe it?"

"I think it is true," was Mrs. Lee's quiet answer.

"Well, wonders never will cease. Let's go and call on his wife some time."

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"You are very eloquent, Mrs. Bates, and in listening to you one might almost be converted to your view of the subject. But my husband says, and I think he is right, that women have enough to do in attending to their own domestic affairs. Indeed, if a woman has a house to keep, two or three children to feed, clothe, and send to school, and a husband to cheer and sympathize with when he comes home after his wearisome day of business, it is as much as she can do, more, I sometimes think than she can do properly, with justice, to her own health," and Mrs. Livingston sighed, as she looked wearily down at the little blue merino sacque which she was literally covering with a weight of heavy embroidery.

Then she added with considerable feeling, "I really wonder, Mrs. Bates, how you can justify it to your conscience to leave your house at six and seven, and your seven children running wild, and their wardrobes not half attended to, while you are following up every new fancy that idle women may take into their heads. If I were your husband, I should utterly forbid your having anything to do with this temperance movement."

A faint flush might be momentarily seen upon Mrs. Bates' brow as she said gently:

"My husband is quite satisfied with his cheery little home, and if his children are healthy, happy, and neatly if plainly dressed, which they certainly are, he is pleased to say that he owes a thank-offering to God for the blessing of his wife, and can only pay it by