



## Temperance Department.

### ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

Here is the rum curse,—a curse in its cost and a curse in its consequences,—impoverishing the nations, multiplying criminals, bringing suffering and sorrow to myriads of homes, and darkening the deepest shadows of eternity with the blackness of its never-ending woes! The struggle against it is in every land, and in every home. None can avoid the issue which is made by it. Every intelligent being is on the one side or the other of the line which divides its friends and its foes. On which side are you?

On the rum side of the line are the liquor dealers of every grade; from the bloated, foul-mouthed, brutal keeper of the reeking corner groggery, where cheap gin is peddled in a tin cup from the filthy cask, up to the proprietor of the most showy and fashionable wine-room on the principal street of the metropolis. All these dealers are included under one head in the census returns. Their profits are indistinguishably combined in the cost of \$600,000,000 per annum, which this nation pays to keep the broad road to destruction packed with the doomed army of hopeless drunkards. If you are in the "pure liquor" business, there need be no doubt as to which side of the line you must be counted on.

On the same side are all the rum drinkers, wine drinkers, beer drinkers—the drinkers of whatever is included in that annual outlay of \$600,000,000. If you are one of these drinkers you are with all the rest of them. They and example and influence in their own matters little to them whether you drink little or much of intoxicating beverages—if only you drink. You may tinkle at the bar, or swig in the beer garden, or sip at the family table; it is all the same to them. You are on their side. That is enough for them.

Perhaps, however, you use strong drinks only in the kitchen. They are never found on your family table, unless they are cooked. They are in your pies, and cakes, and sauces; but never pure and simple in your glasses. What harm can there be in this? If there were no other harm in it, it puts you on the wrong side of the dividing line in the struggle with the rum curse. You are a buyer and a user of strong drinks; and are so known and counted on by those who want free rum and an end of total abstinence.

But there is harm from using liquors in the kitchen, beyond the evil of being on the wrong side of this line. If children see wine in the store room, and smell its tempting odor in the more delicious articles of food, and learn that their parents deem it an important aid to an attractive table, they naturally come to regard it with favor rather than with fear. They fail to shrink from its taste and touch and sight, as they would if it were held before them or made mention of by those whom they reverence, as only a terrible poison and a thing accursed. There have been drunkards in many a parlor through a love for liquors acquired in the kitchen store-room. "For my part," said a prominent Christian man of our acquaintance, some years ago—"For my part, I hope that mince pies will never join the temperance society." That was a bright and playful speech, and many laughed at it then. The speaker was a pledged abstainer; but he could not forego the use of wine and brandy in the kitchen. His children learned there to love these liquors. The days rolled by, and that father lived long enough to be summoned by a cry of murder into the house of one of his sons, where he grappled with him in a struggle to disarm him of a butcher's knife with which he, in a fit of drunken fury, was attempting to kill his own wife. Possibly in that hour the father would have been willing to permit mince pies to join the temperance society, if only he could have back again the early sobriety and purity of his ruined son.

If you are a total abstainer; if you neither sell intoxicating liquors nor drink them; if you let such beverages wholly alone; if you keep them out of your dining-room, your kitchen, and your bedroom; if you neither touch, taste, nor handle that which destroys with the using; if you never look upon wine but with a shudder; if you teach your children to fear and to abhor the deadly thing, then you are on the other side of the line from the rum-drinkers and the rumsellers. There will be no danger, then, of your being counted in their support. This is a good side of the line to be on. If you are already there, stay

there, and try to bring others to be with you. If you are on the other side of the line, "come over and help us."—*S. S. Times.*

### WHAT SENT HENRY ROBERTS TO THE ALEHOUSE.

A brighter and a happier looking youth than Henry Roberts, it would be difficult to meet with. He was inclined to be stout, had a fine color in his cheeks, wide open blue eyes, white, regular and strong teeth, and was blessed with an excellent temper. He was the only son of his mother, and that mother was at the time of which we write, a widow, her husband having been dead about two years. But though Mrs. Roberts had no other son, she had several daughters, all younger than Henry, the youngest being only four years old. Mrs. Roberts managed to make a living, and to get on, as far as means were concerned, pretty comfortably with the help of her children. Henry was well paid for his work, and Martha, the eldest daughter, did tolerably well as a dressmaker, the younger girls being able sometimes to give her a little help. The father, after the first gush of sorrow was over, was not much missed; he had been an intemperate man, and had wasted a large portion of his earnings at the public house, causing thereby much misery and disension at home. But as Henry took after his mother's family more, in his appearance and temper, than his father's, Mrs. Roberts prided herself, and that in no small degree, that drink would never be his bane; certainly, at the time of his father's death, no one looking at Henry and seeing what a fine, spirited youth he was, and finding, moreover, that he had a great taste for reading, would have been at all inclined to prognosticate that anything so bad as his father's besetment would ever ensnare him. But yet, with everything to hope for by nature and disposition, Henry did become in danger, and actually fell for a time into the very trap which is so often laid for the feet of unwary workmen.

Would you like to know how it happened? It is a question in which mothers and sisters especially are interested. If you would, we and to give you in some sort a picture of Henry's home.

Imagine, then, Henry coming home to dinner into a room which, for confusion and litter, could scarcely be surpassed. There was a heap of dirty clothes in one corner of the room, which two young children had begun to pull about; they had been eating bread and treacle, and their hands and faces were so dirty and sticky, that Henry, who loved the little darlings very much, and wanted to nurse them during the few minutes that he had to spare at his dinner time, could hardly find a place on which to imprint a kiss. There was a smoky fire in the grate, and the fender was full of cinders, for they had not been taken away for days. The work from Julia's sewing machine was in a heap upon a small side table, and upon the only vacant chair. When Henry ventured to remove what was laid upon the chair, Julia raised her voice loudly, and "desired him to leave that alone, or he would do mischief."

"Well, then," said Henry good temperedly, but of course a little disconcerted, "clear it away yourself, Julia; a fellow must be able to sit down." So it was removed, and he waited for the not very appetizing dinner, which was served to him on a corner of the dresser, on which were piled many stray articles—the belongings of the breakfast, not yet cleared away.

"Is not your dinner ready?" said Henry. "I wish we could all have it together; it would be so much more comfortable; it is dull to eat by one's self."

"Ours is not ready," said Mrs. Roberts, "we will have ours when you are gone."

Henry was not master of the house, and he was only a youth, so he said nothing, but he was grieved and disappointed; a chilled feeling came over him, as he was very sociable, and naturally very domesticated. He ate his dinner, however, for he was very hungry; kissed little Hetty on the top of the forehead, drank a glass of water, nor wished for anything else, and went whistling down the lane to the workshop, wishing that they were a little more tidy at home, and wondering how it was that mother seemed satisfied to be always in a muddle; but yet not repining, good lad as he was, and so the day wore away until evening came.

When evening did come, Henry was in good spirits; we have before said that he was very fond of reading, and a kind friend, one of his shopmates, had lent him two or three very interesting periodicals, which he had tucked under his arm. He would have liked nothing so much as to sit down in a clean, comfortable room, and read the stories aloud to his mother and Julia, for he was not a selfish lad, and he liked others to share in what gave him pleasure. Occasionally he had had the rare treat of reading aloud, but that only for a very limited time; and the interruptions were so

frequent, and the discomfort so great, that had he not been blessed with the most forbearing temper in the world, he would have lost heart altogether, and never again contemplated contributing to the pleasure of either mother or sisters, by letting them partake in what gave him so much gratification.

"Julia," said he, almost before he had found his way into the room, "here is a book that will suit you; it is the *British Workwoman*, and here is one with tales in it for the children, *The Juvenile*; shall I come and read some of the stories to you?" But his countenance fell. "You are not washed, I see, after your day's work, and there is no place to sit down—not even one chair at liberty. Can't you and mother get tidied up a little before I come home?—it looks so miserable! You never see anything like this in Martin's house; it is clean and comfortable, and a bright fire in the grate; not everything all sixes and sevens. I could have gone out with my friend Bullen, but I thought I would come and read to you."

Julia assured her brother that she would soon be dressed, and ready to hear the reading, and went upstairs for that purpose; but the dressing occupied a long time, and the room was still in a litter. Henry became impatient, and read to himself for a time with a clouded brow, scarcely knowing what he read, though his eyes wandered frequently up and down the same page. When Julia was ready, and had seated herself, the mother came in and began to clatter the fire-irons by tidying the grate. Then the children had to be washed and put to bed; and as they were very dirty, and a considerable amount of scrubbing was needed to get them clean, they did not like the process, and began to cry lustily. Then Mrs. Roberts slapped them, which did not mend matters, and the reading was at an end.

Henry tried to pacify the children, and to make the best of things; but patience has its limits, and he began to think that it would be more agreeable to spend his evenings from home. He had gone to Mr. Martin's house sometimes, but did not like to be too frequent a guest there. If this state of things continued he must think of some plan, for comfort was necessary for him. O that mothers would learn the secret of making home happy!

A few more evenings passed, and matters did not mend much, if at all. One little story was got through aloud; of course Henry had read them all, but he wanted some one to share his pleasure—some one to talk to about the things he read, instead of having nothing in common with any member of his family but comfortless meals, with dirt and disorder. When, on the third evening, after a vain attempt to read, he stood cautiously and quietly on the threshold of his mother's house before entering, and looked round the room, there was no one there.

"As usual," said he, "there is no place to sit down."

So he went out again as noiselessly as he came in; sauntered up the street, paused at Martin's door, shrank from intruding there, and in a few minutes afterwards he was seated at the ale bench in a public house, with a pot of porter before him and a pipe, which some young fellows were chaffing him into smoking.

"Where is Henry, I wonder?" said Mrs. Roberts when night came, and Henry had not returned.

"Oh, he is at Mr. Martin's," said his sister; "he is fond of going there."

"I am glad that Martin has no daughter old enough," said Mrs. Roberts, "or I should think that Henry was going courting. What can the boy find there so very attractive, I wonder?"

The conversation was cut short by the entrance of Henry, who, hastily saying "Good night, mother," went upstairs to bed.

It seemed as if from this time they were to see no more of Henry in the evenings, for he never came home; the money he brought his mother grew less and less week by week. He was always in a hurry to go to bed when he did come home, and his manner seemed short and his voice husky; still he was never drunk, and Mrs. Roberts supposed that he spent his evenings principally at Mr. Martin's, and blamed Mr. Martin accordingly, fancying—ridiculously enough—that Mr. Martin had some end of his own to answer in enticing Henry there. But she was greatly mistaken; at that time Henry was so humbled and let down in his own estimation, that he would not have called upon Mr. Martin, scarcely for a sum of money.

Troubled in mind, and wishing to find out where her son was, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and set out one evening for Mr. Martin's house. Everything was very comfortable there, certainly; no dirt, no litter; a pretty room his was, with clean curtains at the window, and flowers blooming outside it, for the sweet spring time had come; but there was no Henry there. "Mr. Martin," said Mrs. Roberts, "can you tell me where my son spends his evenings?"

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, fixing his search-

ing eyes on Mrs. Roberts. "He spends them at the ale bench, at the 'Red Lion'."

"At the 'Red Lion?'" said Mrs. Roberts, and her voice was almost a scream. "And did you know of this, and not tell me? Oh, Mr. Martin, I thought you were a friend to my boy."

"I always have been, Mrs. Roberts," said Mr. Martin, "always wished to be; but he wants a friend at home,—a friend in his mother and sister. A comfortable home, if you will excuse my saying so. Your son has, or had, domestic tastes; was fond of reading, and pined for sympathy and comfort of an evening. He could not find it at home; he could not always be intruding upon friends, though he was always welcome here. He is too young to think of marrying, and could not support a wife yet, if he were not; the public-house door was always open; that was clean and bright, any way; so he goes there;—driven in, as it were. Had your house been what it might have been,—what it ought to have been, your boy, it's my belief, would never have crossed the publicans's door-sill."

Mrs. Roberts started; Mr. Martin's outspoken, truthful words had come home to her. It was as if a strong light had suddenly been brought into a very dark place, and had lit up every corner of it. She seemed to see Henry's beaming face, as he had appeared at the window of an evening, with his books under his arm, longing for a little domestic comfort, and interchange of thought. Then she saw the cloud suddenly overspread his features, as he looked round and said, "There is no place to sit down;" then she saw him battling nobly with himself, not giving way to temper, but trying to make the best of it, and taking his seat in a comfortless corner; wet clothes in a heap, perhaps, on one side of him, and dirty unwashed plates and dishes on the other.

The general disorder and confusion of her own house in the evening, struck her most painfully, as compared with the neatness and cleanliness of Martin's, and she felt humbled and pained, and without a word to say; for she felt instinctively how cleanliness and order elevates a person, while the contrary debases and degrades. She could have cried out in her dismay, "I have done it! I have sent him to the ale bench; his ruin lies at my door; his mother's!" and then, ah, there was another most unwelcome thought that came in like a flash of lightning. "Had the want of good management at home had anything to do with sending the poor buried husband to the public-house?" Mrs. Roberts could not answer that question, but she turned very pale, and leaned against the wall for support.

"Sit down, Mrs. Roberts," said Mr. Martin, seeing her agitation, and fearing that he had spoken too plainly; "sit down and rest yourself a bit."

"Mr. Martin," said Mrs. Roberts; "you have spoken plainly, but not a bit too plainly, and I thank you for it. I have not been sufficiently thoughtful of my boy's comfort. I have not made home what I might have made it; what I will make it, God helping me: I did not think how all this would work. I will make the house bright for him. Will it be possible to win him back?" Mrs. Roberts burst into tears.

Mr. Martin was a generous man, though a plain-spoken one, and he could not bear to see women weep; he was so concerned at the effect his words had produced, that he was about to beg Mrs. Roberts' pardon on the spot. A look from his wife, however, restrained him. "You will win him back with God's blessing, I hope," said Mr. Martin, wringing her hand. "Try and foster his taste for reading, and get him to read to you in the evening, while you mend the children's clothes. You don't know what ideas you would get, and how you and your children would be improved in every way. And as for Henry, poor lad, why it is a thousand pities that, with so fine a temper, and with such a taste for reading, he should be driven to the public house for want of a home to read in, and people to sympathize with him. I'll look after the lad, and whisper a word or two in his ear, as I have done many times before; and you, do your best."

Mrs. Roberts returned the pressure of Mr. Martin's hand for answer, and hastily left the house.

"Who would have thought that she would have taken what I said so meekly," said Mr. Martin, addressing his wife? "Yet I am glad that I said it. Poor Henry."—*British Workwoman.*

Though your sins be  
as scarlet, they shall be  
as white as snow.