

# Temperance

## The Dog's Wisdom.

One day I dipped a piece of cake in whisky bitters and gave it to the dog (says a Temperance reformer). He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever after I went for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinity surpassing that of foolish drinking men.—Everybody's Magazine.

## Too Many Licenses.

A Reminiscence.

They had been discussing the Licensing Bill, and the general opinion was that the reduction of licenses would not mean a reduction of drinking, and would not in any way benefit sufferers from that evil.

Mrs. Miles, the gentle, rather timid hostess who had not joined in the discussion, spoke up shyly.

"I read in to-day's paper, a letter from a lady who said that a poor woman had said to her, 'I go to meet my husband every Saturday, when he gets his wages; I can get him past four public-houses, but not past fifteen.'"

The members of the little company were silent, and presently the old white-haired grandfather spoke.

"I should like to tell you a story," he said. "Many years ago, an eminent surgeon living in a beautiful Northern city disappeared from the ranks of his profession. At first he was greatly missed, then forgotten. He had fallen a victim to the drink habit. (In those days we had not taken to dealing with inebriety as a physical disease—indeed we scarcely dealt with it at all.) The man had married a beautiful, refined girl, and they had one son. They drifted downward, and soon their home consisted of one wretched room in a slum of the city. Then the poor wife died.

"On her death bed she begged her son, a boy of twelve, not to desert his father.

"Go on trying, dear, keep the room clean, refuse to be dragged down, help your father whenever you have a chance, he is not a bad man, pray for him, and encourage him when he tries to give up the drink, and love him, always love him."

"After his wife's death, the man tried very hard to keep sober, his son used to lie in bed in the mornings, afraid to move, watching his father, who on his knees would be literally 'wrestling in prayer.' The boy had heard the man weeping, and crying out, 'Help me to get past the whisky shops, O Lord.'"

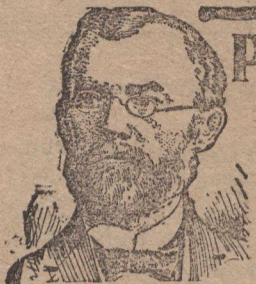
They would go out together, the man having made the boy promise to hold on to him and not to let him go into the public-houses; and the boy would hold his father's hand firmly; sometimes he succeeded, more often the man would wrench his hand away, push the boy over, and rush into the nearest public-house.

The next morning he would be full of remorse, that pitiful thing, the drunkard's morning remorse.

"It is no use, dear laddie, I cannot keep away from the drink, there are too many places."

There was one on the right-hand side of the entry up which he lived, one on each corner of the street that he must go up to get to his work.

Sometimes he would say, "O, laddie, if there was only one way clear, I would go



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far enough round to avoid the places, but I just cannot pass so many."

"And so he lived on for some years, struggling and praying—and drinking, until one morning his son tried to waken him and could not. He had gone beyond his temptations."

"That sounds rather like a story out of a

Temperance tract,' remarked a young man; 'if it is true one can hardly understand a man could be so weak as to be unable to pass these places if he really wanted to.'

'Those who are once victims of the drink crave are too weak, and ought to be protected—and the story is true, the man was my father.'—'Christian World.'

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