

ing time, when the man of three meals a day and healthy feels that he must have food. Having secured it, I found myself in the reading room of the leading hotel. Presently, there appeared in the room, like a bovine escaped from its pasture, one whose bleary-sottish eyes ran curiously but stupidly over the company. Some were reading, and some, in groups of two and three, were engaged in conversation. His conclusion was as indiscriminate and impartial as a politician's. In fact, he was a fair representative of the greasy effluence of the average ward-heeler or political clacker.

He proceeded to make himself agreeable, even companionable, after the fashion of his drunken idiocy, with all and sundry. He shook hands all around. He declaimed for the party. The indication that his remarks had a hearing brought his staggering weight and rollicking affection whither it had come with the offer of a tender embrace, while his own wit provoked his own laughter, and his own laughter revived his own wit. One was—"as the crackling of thorns under a pot," and the other—"well, what can you expect when a man has been consenting to the theft which stole away his brains!

The landlord became uneasy. He left the place. Soon, however, the reason for his withdrawal was apparent. A policeman, clothed and equipped for the King's business, came forward. He tapped the companionable and hilarious friend of the company on the shoulder, and said, "Get out of here." Brooking no apologetic dalliance or delay he pushed him from the room, hustled him out to the sidewalk and bade him "be off," though he went forth unprotected from the driving rain.

What did Mr. Landlord say, as if to impress us with the fact that as for him and his house everything was highly respectable, *sans reproche*, when the cumber of his floor and the disturber of his guests had gone? Said he, "That man, gentlemen, is one of our city aldermen." "What is his name?" inquired one. The landlord told his name.

Now that is an ordinary, commonplace incident in connection with the liquor traffic. But let me ask my reader not to pass from a consideration of it until he has asked himself one or two questions.

1st. What percentage of the municipal and political lawmakers in Canada does that drunken heeler represent?

2nd. How many wives and children, how many mothers and friends are shamed by such as he?

3rd. Why should a landlord be licensed to take a man's money and make him drunken, and also have the use of the police to rid his premises of his own handiwork?

4th. Why should the hideous circle of offence be longer tolerated: beginning with law under which to commit a sin and ending with law to clean up the nastiness, while nothing is remedied? No appetite meets its check, no lust of gain is thwarted, no upward reach of manhood aided. The licensed liquor traffic is a bestial ditch.

Berlin, Ont.

## The Church and the Liquor Traffic.

While very much yet remains to be done in the direction of temperance reform, it must be admitted that great advances have been made during the past fifty years, especially in the attitude of the Church and the ministry toward the drinking usages.

In the "good old days," it was considered quite the proper thing to provide room for raising a church, and there was no assembly from a wedding to a funeral without it. In the State of Massachusetts, the meeting-house bell was rung in harvest time, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, to call laborers from the fields to get their allowance of rum.

An ordination was a great day for both parson and people, and in the bill of expenses there were always several items for wine and rum.

Even in our own country the churches of all denominations were more or less indifferent to the evils of intemperance. It is said that, some thirty or forty years ago there was a church in Montreal which, having no use for its basement, rented it to be used as a wine cellar, while services were still held upstairs. One Sunday morning a wag appended the following lines to the front door:

"A Spirit above, and a spirit below,  
A Spirit of love, and a spirit of woe,  
The Spirit above is the Spirit divine,  
The Spirit below is the spirit of wine."

It was not long before the wine casks were rolled out of that church. Such a case could not be imagined at the present time. No doubt about it, we have reason to be thankful for what has been accomplished, for the Church is now regarded as the sworn foe of the liquor traffic.

## The Young Man who Drinks.

The time is coming very fast—indeed, it has already arrived in our commercial life—when a young man who has habits of intemperance is narrowing very rapidly the possible range of openings in which he may make a living.

Fifteen years ago, as the trainmaster on a division of one of our large railroads in America told me, he sat in his office one day and saw a freight train stand for two hours waiting for a number of the train crew to recover from intoxication. When the men were able to handle the train it moved out of the yard. Now, the trainmaster said, if the brakeman or any of the train crew were found to be under the slightest influence of liquor, or if they were seen even to enter a saloon, they were instantly discharged. The idea of keeping a whole train waiting for a man to recover from drunkenness would seem perfectly absurd to the railroad corporation now. The time will come when such an idea will seem equally absurd in the army.

A young man who lost his position in an office of this same company came to me last year and begged that I would

use my influence to have him taken back by the superintendent of the division. He frankly confessed that he had been drunk, and was unable to report for duty one day, but the next morning he was at his desk. When he appeared he received his dismissal. He acknowledged his fault, and promised the superintendent it would never occur again, offering to let the road take his wages and pay them to his aged father and mother. He pleaded that it was his first offence.

I went with an influential citizen to the head of the department where the young man had been employed, and we stated his case and pleaded for a second trial, but the superintendent simply said: "This railroad is not in the business of reforming drunkards or reclaiming young men. Past experience has taught us that it is useless for us to take young men back in this way."—Charles M. Sheldon.

## Temperance in Maine.

Summing up a number of letters from various parts of the State of Maine, on the subject of Prohibition, the *Central Christian Advocate* says: The consensus of opinion from Maine is so eloquent in its teachings that little need be added even in comment. The letters make it perfectly clear: (1) Temperance laws can be enforced. (2) Temperance laws, when enforced, create a better condition financially and morally than license laws. (3) To secure the enforcement of temperance laws, temperance men who heartily believe in the temperance laws must be elected. Temperance laws are merely the tools with which temperance men can secure their ends. Moral: Obliterate license laws. The saloon-keepers want license laws. That appears in the correspondence from Maine and from everywhere. The whiskey-users want license. That is one reason why we do not want it. Obliterate license. Then, O ye friends of temperance, see to it by the most distinct methods that men steadfastly favoring prohibition are elected. Under no circumstances vote for a man who is not in favor of prohibition, unless you expect the law to be trampled under foot. Whoever votes for a man that does not steadfastly believe in prohibition invites him to commit perjury and let the joint remain in existence. Do not expose any man to that temptation.

## The People of Maine.

Prohibition has been twice submitted to the people for a direct vote, and with an increased majority, and there is no doubt but, if submitted again, it would be as strongly endorsed by the people as ever before.

Very much of the talk that you hear against prohibition in Maine is simply the echo from the grog-shops and liquor-dealers from outside our State. The people of Maine put prohibition into our constitution in 1884, and it will remain there for all time.—N. S. Parinton, Private Secretary to Governor Hill.