

How the Saloon Was Closed.

BY A CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

There were a number of saloons in the place, but on by-streets and quietly conducted. This one, however, stood in the public square, confronting three churches. It was a handsome building, the interior lavishly adorned, and at the spacious, attractive bar experts served drinks. A procession of tipplers pressed into its doors day and night, despite a vigorous temperance sentiment voiced in "union temperance meetings" in the churches Sunday evenings, and "Gospel temperance rallies" mid-week. Thus had it been for two years.

I was more impressed by the gravity of the evil because, as a resident physician, scenes of domestic discord, want and woe caused by intoxicants, often met my eye, accompanied at times by awful atrocities; besides which the sad career of the saloon keeper had shocked and grieved me. I knew him when a lad of much promise, but indulgence in the wine-cup had led to confirmed drinking, and, falling heir to some money, he built an elegant brick block and stocked it with liquors. He developed into a most odious manhood, bloated, blasphemous, fierce. One would scarcely believe that, from the fine-mannered, fair-cheeked boy, a face and disposition so brutish could be evolved. What could be done to save him and close up his infamous business? All I knew how to do was, as I passed the saloon on my professional rounds, to lift the heart in silent petition for divine interposition.

A patient of mine was an elderly lady who, for five years, had lain on her bed awaiting death. She was a remarkable example of the Christ-spirit and of faith in prayer. On asking her to pray for the saloon-keeper, she answered, "I am doing so;" and drew from under her pillow a list of her subjects for prayer—the "hard cases" of the town, his name among them. And she said:

"Perhaps the Lord is about to use you for the rescue of that poor lost soul. But don't labor with him until God's Spirit specially moves you to. Wait for your message. If you go to him in your own strength, in a purely human zeal, you will anger and harden him."

Weeks elapsed, when one day I was strongly impressed to write to the saloonist; but decided to devote another seven days to seeking grace for the delicate, difficult task. Then, on attempting it, the thoughts came more swiftly than the pen could trace them. Sure am I that the plea that resulted could not have been indited by my own unaided powers. It was terrible in its solemnly graphic arraignment of liquor selling and liquor drinking—yet every line seemed to throb with a more than human tenderness. The letter was sent unsigned. But later the thought arose, What if he should recognize the handwriting? And as I went by his saloon, I expected him to rush out and assault me, unless, indeed, our supplications on his behalf had reached the ear on high. I thought it singular, however, that whereas heretofore I met the saloon keeper almost daily, now, for a long time, he kept out of my sight. But one afternoon at twilight the office door-bell rang, and on answering it, the burly form of the liquor seller stood before me. Had he discovered the authorship of that letter, and, incensed, had come with ruffianly intent?

He entered, took the proffered chair, was silent a moment and then said:

"Doctor, some one thought enough of me to write me a letter. And I have called to

say that I have resolved never to drink or sell another drop of liquor as long as I live!"

I sprang to my feet in a mingled tumult of joy and anxiety, saying:

"My dear friend, you cannot do that. The drink-craze has its hold upon you—it is not possible to resolve it away. It will be with you as with hundreds of others—temporary reform, then fall to sink lower than ever. God can save you; you can't save yourself. If you will truly seek him in prayer he will fortify your weak will and hold you up. There is no hope for you otherwise."

He dropped his eyes and responded, "I do pray; I am praying; I feel that God hears me; and I believe I shall conquer."

His confidence was not disappointed. The saloon was closed, and now for many years he has been a steadfast and honored temperance worker, and a devout church member.

"Some one thought enough of me to write me a letter!" Tears start as I recall those plaintive words! A thousand of us, professed Christians, his neighbors, had visited on him scorn, invective, social ostracism. We had disputed about methods and divided into parties—woman working by herself and man by himself. And the fiery streams of intemperance swept remorselessly on. Ah! we had forgotten that for all moral evils a cure was provided on Calvary, and how to apply the cure was shown when by divine appointment the first Christian reformers "were altogether in one place" praying for "the promise of the Father" to fit them for their work.—*The Examiner*.

Uncrowned Martyrs.

SARAH WARNER BROWN.

High heaven is thronged with martyrs who have trod
Alone, through unseen paths of anguish, up to God!

The world knows them not; for silently they passed

Through the slow fires of torture, till at last
They won immortal palms, and took their place
Among the glorified, who see him face to face!
Fame counts her martyrs: unto them 'twas given

In flaming chariots to ride grandly into heaven!
Praise God for them, the kingly, the renowned!
Yet higher praise for these—who dared and died uncrowned!

When Do Children Grow Most?

Girls grow most in their fourteenth year, and generally attain their full height in their fifteenth. Boys, on the contrary, shoot up when they are seventeen, and often go on growing when they are eighteen or nineteen. Children grow more at one part of the year than another. During the cold months, from November till April, very little growth is made. From April till July they grow in height, and in weight from July till November. The average girl of about twelve to fourteen is bigger than the average boy, and were her muscles only as well trained as his, she would be stronger. In hot countries children of both sexes mature more quickly. The cold weather seems to stunt their growth as it does that of the plants.

"Isn't it kind of these people, ma," remarked the young fish, "to drop us lines with food on 'em?"

"Don't you believe it," replied the mother fish. "You must learn to read between the lines."

When Young Men Make Calls.

In making an afternoon call a man usually leaves his overcoat, umbrella or stick, hat and gloves in the hall before entering the drawing room. He may, if he chooses, carry his hat and stick into the room at a first or formal call, if it is to be very brief, except as a reception. He removes his right glove before offering to shake hands.

He never offers his hand first, but waits the invitation of his hostess. If she is behind her tea table, she may not rise to greet him, but gracefully includes him in her conversation and perhaps bows her adieus.

It is an evidence of good breeding to enter and leave a room unobtrusively.

It is not usual to introduce a guest upon his entrance to more than one other. He never shakes hands when presented to a woman, but always when introduced to a man.

He may leave upon the arrival of other guests after fifteen minutes, turning his back as little as possible upon the company and bowing comprehensively at the door.

A woman never accompanies a man to the vestibule, but takes leave of him in the drawing-room. It is no longer necessary to press one's guest to call again.

The lady always gives the invitation to call. A man must not go beyond an evident pleasure in her society by way of suggestion. Sometimes a woman friend will exert herself for him. The sooner the call follows the invitation the greater the compliment. A fortnight is the usual interval.—*October Ladies' Home Journal*.

Reminiscences of Septuagenarian.

Continued from page 631.

The meeting was held at the time and place announced. There was sitting room and to spare. The audience was not in any sense large, but it was select. Rev. Mr. Bell, president, occupied the chair—most of the audience were on the platform. All is blank to me now except what I must have gathered from the *Perth Courier*. It appeared that Mr. Duncan moved the office-bearers and committee for the following year, and Nemo's speech was given in extenso verbatim et literatim. "He seconded the motion."

Exhilarated by the success of the previous evening Mr. Troop approached me confidentially, and proposed that he should leave his belongings till the fall, to be conveyed by me to Toronto on my return to college. He coated over the proposition, that if the weather warranted I might untie the buffalo coat, and sport it on my way to and in Toronto. Mr. Duncan interfered, and affected by a second attack on my simplicity and gullibility, and fancying that I was tickled with the prospect of making a "showy return" to Toronto, argued that as the goods were perishable and that moth, if not rust, might corrupt them, advised Mr. Troop to take charge of them himself. With a swallow peculiar to Mr. Troop when baffled or irritated, and which I characterized as a "sweat," that ended the matter—and the baggage went west.

From the foregoing learn and inwardly gist:

First.—That we have to meet and associate with people before we can know and understand them, if indeed they are knowable;

Second.—That it is an essential duty which every man owes to himself and others and should diligently practice it, viz., "Keep an eye on your neighbor; and

Third and lastly.—"Take heed to thyself."

NEMO G. D.