



Temperance Department.

THE LAST GLASS AND THE CHILDREN'S FIRST FEAST.

"Why, you careless man, you've been and broken your glass," said a smart-looking young landlady, with a quick tongue, to one of the best of her customers, who spent the bulk of his wages at her husband's house, and kept his wife and family in rags and misery. "Nonsense, missus," said the man, Saul Hobson by name; "I haven't broken your glass."

"But you have, then," she retorted, impatiently, annoyed at his contradiction; "just look at that crack; do you mean to tell me that crack was there when you took your drink? You've knocked it against something, that you have—why the glass is ruined."

"All right," said Saul, pacifically, in a rather maudlin tone, for he had drunk a good deal already.

"Tisn't all right," said the provoked landlady; "tis all wrong, and I can tell you you shan't leave this house till you've paid for that glass."

"Nonsense," said Saul; "you know me, and you ought to believe my word. I didn't break that glass. You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it," she said. "Bless my heart! and think what an old friend I am of you and yours; you'd never be so hard upon a fellow as that? Besides, I know I didn't break it neither."

"You did," she repeated, still more angrily. Then Sam Hobson grew angry in his turn. "Very well, missus," he said sternly; "what's to pay for the broken glass?"

"Fourpence," said she? "t'was worth every farthing of the money, too."

He flung out four penny pieces noisily upon the table.

"There, then, and now the glass is mine, I suppose, and I can take it home with me."

"Of course, you can," she rejoined, haughtily and sarcastically, "if you've a mind to go filling up your place with poor broken stuff like that. Take it and welcome."

"There's no welcome about it, missus," said Saul; "I take it because its mine, and I've paid for it."

And with these words Saul Hobson rose to leave the "Three Fawns," carrying in his hand the broken tumbler. At the door he met the landlord, who had been out and was but just returned.

"Good evening, Saul; where are you off to, man?"

"I'm going home," said Saul, doggedly.

"Home! nonsense," said the landlord; "why 'tisn't nine o'clock yet—you've been in no time at all, man; what's the matter?"

"I'd better not speak any more in this house," said Saul, "for my word isn't believed."

"Sally," said the landlord of the "Three Fawns," turning a look of annoyance on his buxom partner behind the bar, "what have you been quarrelling with Mr. Hobson about?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hart," she answered, defiantly; "he's broke a glass and had to pay for it, that's all."

"I didn't break it," said Saul.

"Had to pay for it? Give him back the money this moment. Is that how you manage my business when my back is turned? Don't you know better, Sally, than to treat an old friend and a good customer that way? What's the price of a tumbler? Come back, Saul, and forget all about her folly."

"No, thank you," said Saul, not smiling nor yielding in the slightest degree to Mr. Hart's good-nature and blandishments; "I'll keep my word and go home."

So saying, he left the house.

"You are a beauty to quarrel with Saul Hobson," said the landlord angrily to his wife, and there ensued a war of words between the pair which we need not chronicle here.

"There's no sense in your being so savage, Mr. Hart," said his wife, amongst her other speeches; "that man will be back in a few nights at furthest, as sure as my name is Sarah Hart."

But the landlady's positive prognostication was destined to be unfulfilled.

Saul Hobson took his way to the desolate, barely-furnished room he called his "home."

His wife looked up in surprise as she saw him enter. With dry humor, that she hardly appreciated, he set the broken tumbler on the table, and said, "There, Fan, what do you think of that as a bargain for fourpence?"

"Fourpence, Saul!" she answered, in grave earnest; "it would be dear at a ha'penny."

What on earth did you buy a broken tumbler for? Surely we have broken things enough about us," and her eye glanced around at the contents of the room, of which certainly quite a large proportion was unsound. Saul followed her glance, with a bitter smile on his lips.

"Yes, Fanny, so the tumbler will match." Wandering alike at the comparative sobriety and the strangeness of his tone, the disreputable wife ventured no further remark.

"Have you got any supper for your husband, Fanny?" he next asked.

"I've a bit of bread, Saul; there's nothing else in the house," she answered, timidly.

"And you didn't expect him." He laughed rather bitterly.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I don't blame you for that. Is it too late to buy a pound of bacon? There is fire enough to fry it, more's the wonder. There's a shilling, Fanny; perhaps you wouldn't dislike a bit of tea."

"Oh! thank you, Saul." Fanny Hobson was hungry and tired, and the prospect was inviting. She slipped out readily, wondering and excited. She soon returned with the bacon, and an ounce of tea. It was quite wonderful the alacrity with which, thus encouraged, she bustled about to get the place comfortable. The warm savory smell, and the noise of the frying bacon as it fizzed and hissed in the pan, reached the children in their bed on the floor in a little recess of the room, and they called out—

"What is it, mother; who's frying?"

"Mother is," answered Saul Hobson; "and if you are good and quiet you shall have a taste."

Awestruck at their father's voice, the children were like mice for the next few minutes, save a whispered comment or two on the pleasant prospect before them.

It was a sight to behold that family half an hour later—the poor little wan, half-fed, scantily-attired children gathered around their parents' knees, and eating ravenously of bread and bacon, with an occasional sip of warm tea from the basin which their father used, or the cracked tea cup of their mother. When they had gone back to their bed, warm and contented, there was a whisper among them, and then uprose in tremulous tones—a little out of tune, perhaps, and yet surely somehow in tune with the angels' music—the simple words of thanks:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.
Amen."

Saul Hobson's eyes grew moist with blessed tears, and he was silent for some while. Then he raised the broken glass in his hand and flung it on the fireplace, where it shattered and fell in a dozen pieces.

"There, Fanny," said he; "that's my last glass at the 'Three Fawns'—that's my last glass of drink."

And Fanny's response was—
"Thank God!"

Eight years have passed away—eight happy years for Saul and Fanny Hobson. Slowly but surely the work of reformation has been carried on in that once miserable family. Almost the first act of its head, when he had recovered all his pledged articles from the pawnshop, was to remove into a tidier quarter of the town, and to engage two rooms.

Being an able workman he soon obtained an advance in his wages, when his master discovered he could depend on his punctual attendance; and Saul began to save. He had ideas of "bettering" his condition formed in his sober brain, which in his drink-loving days could not find room there. And now, with a small capital carefully and prudently accumulated year by year, he has just gone into business as a master tradesman, with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a happy home.

Best of all, he and his wife have become members of a Christian church, and are endeavoring to bring up their family in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

Saul Hobson never ceases to rejoice in those circumstances which led him to decide that he had taken his last glass.—*British Workman.*

WHY IS IT SO?

JOHN DOUGALL.—Dear Sir: According to the information given by the press out West, as well as in our own cities, "nine out of every ten" of the victims of the recent heat were either whiskey or beer drinkers, and yet some of our city editors are all the time recommending beer and other beverages as cooling drinks against the intense heat! As a workman I have not tasted any kind of intoxicating drinks for upwards of thirty-five years. I can say after this long experience as well as observation of total abstinence that I have not known one single case where the individual has abstained for any length of time, so that the physical as well as the mental faculties of the body have become natural

and free from all exciting emotions, that either "epidemics or the heat of the sun" made any visible impression on their system: that is, with proper precaution. Perhaps our medical men, editors, and clergymen, are amongst our best informed on general topics, and yet how few seem to come out square-footed on this simple question of total abstinence!

JOHN GLOVER.

[We can corroborate the above testimony in favor of total abstinence, having wholly abstained from intoxicating drinks for forty-four years, and found such abstinence eminently promotive of health, strength, comfort, happiness, and usefulness. Winter's cold and summer's heat have few or no terrors for the teetotaler: Old Time himself, that most invincible of all life's enemies, treats the temperance man with great leniency.—Ed.]—*N. Y. Witness.*

PLAYING FATHER.

A group of little children were playing in the street, when one cried to his companions, "Come, let us play home, and I'll be father coming from work."

Now, how do you suppose the little child represented his father? He commenced reeling about from one side of the street to the other, feigning drunkenness. Alas! he must have been accustomed to the sight. This was his idea of father.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The *Boston Traveller* says:—A person afflicted with this disease can easily supply himself with the remedies used at nearly all the inebriate asylums, and be his own physician at his own home, without the necessary expense and publicity of visiting the Washingtonian Home or any other reformatory institution. His laboratory need contain only a small quantity of cayenne pepper, a pot of concentrated extract of beef, and a few grains of bromide of potassium. When the desire for alcoholic drink recurs, make a tea from the cayenne pepper as strong as can be taken with any degree of comfort, sweeten it with milk and sugar, and drink. This tea will supply the same place that a glass of liquor would fill, and will leave no injurious effect behind. Repeated daily as often as the appetite returns, it will be but a few days before the sufferer will have become disgusted with the taste of the pepper, and with the appearance of this disgust disappears the love of liquor. This fact is proven every day. The extract of beef is to be made into beef tea, according to the directions on the pot, in quantities as may be needed for the time being, and furnishes a cheap, easily digested, and healthy nutriment, it being made "to stay on the stomach" when heavier articles of food would be rejected. The bromide of potassium is to be used carefully and only in case of extreme nervousness, the dose being from fifteen to twenty grains, dissolved in water. This is a public exhibit of the method of treatment adopted at the inebriate asylums. In addition thereto the drinking man should surround himself with influences which tend to make him forget the degrading associations of the bar-room, and lift him upward. He should endeavor, so far as his business vocations will permit, to sleep, bathe, and eat regularly, and obey the laws of health. By the adoption of this course, energetically and sincerely, no man who has the will to reform can fail to do so. Hundreds and thousands can attest the truth of these statements.

SUDDEN DISUSE OF STIMULANTS.—The Rev. T. H. Choze writes from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon:—"It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beverages in a person—much more an aged person—who has used them through life is prejudicial to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of eighty-two summers. Her usual drink through life has been gin, which she changed for beer previously to reaching her eightieth year. She suffered from occasional attacks of gout in her left hand, and also a running foot-sore. Upon her reaching the age of eighty—that is, two years ago—she suddenly adopted the total abstaining principle, much to the surprise and consternation of her friends, who all prophesied a speedy and sudden termination of her life for the want of her accustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanished, and for two years she has been free from these harassing complaints, and is a living monument of the good effected by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic regimen. She is in her eighty-third year, and frequently walks out into her son's garden or farm-yard without any covering on her head. Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian."—*Leisure Hour.*

WATER TASTERS.—Mr. Wrench, the Vice-Consul, in his commercial report on Constantinople, says that the Turks are as great connoisseurs of drinking water as the Western Europeans are of wine. To suit particular

tastes, the water sellers at Constantinople supply the beverage by the names of the sources from whence it has been procured. The water of the "bends," or catchment basins of rain water, known locally by the name of "Taxiom" (the Pera reservoir), though muddy is not unwholesome, and when allowed to settle, or is filtered, it is held in great esteem, as is also the water from Cura Koulak, a spring near Tokat, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and that from Tehamlidja, near Scutari. A copious spring at Beicos, also on the Asiatic side, supplies the shipping at Constantinople. The water of Kanlikavak spring, near Arnaont Kioy, is perhaps the purest spring water in the world, for by careful analysis it has been proved to rank next in purity to distilled water. Two sources in the valley of Roses, beyond Buyudéré, called Fundilli and Kestane, are in great demand among the natives; but the water mostly drunk by the highest class of Turks comes from two springs in Asia, called Goz-tepe and Tash-Delen.—*Alliance News.*

"IT WAS VERY STRIKING to see the Canadian Parliament the other day almost unanimously passing a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill for the Dominion of Canada. What a curious thing it would have been had Mr. Bright been a member of that Parliament, to have seen him—the most brilliant adversary of monopoly which this generation has known—standing up in that assembly to maintain the right of the monopolists to enrich themselves at the expense of the community! My firm belief is that, when the people of England more thoroughly understand this great question, they will neither be deterred by large majorities in the House of Commons, nor by disparaging letters from great authorities from supporting the policy of prohibition more and more earnestly as the years go round. Of one thing I am absolutely certain, and that is, that already daily increasing numbers see the evils of the present system so clearly that argument, and sound argument alone, will prevent them from demanding a trial of the remedy which we suggest. Mr. Bright in his letter declines argument, and that fact greatly encourages me, as I hope it will also any friends of our movement to whom you may show this note."—*Sir Wilfred Lawson.*

MRS. BAYLY, of the Women's Union Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, says: On my way home, one Saturday afternoon, I observed a woman coming in the opposite direction. The expression of her face struck me very much. It was not the quiet, deep sorrow we so often see, but a look of fierce, desperate grief. I could not help fearing she was planning mischief for herself and others, and as we passed I laid my hand gently on her shoulder and said, "I think you have some great trouble." Without attempting a word of explanation, she said, "He is doing of it again, he is; he has expended all his money for weeks and weeks, and I know he is at it again. I know he is. We are almost starved now, and shall soon be quite. It was the 'cussedest' thing they ever did to make this here half holiday. They hadn't used to have time to spend all their money, but now they have, and they spend it most all afore we see 'em. I wish I was dead, I do." I said, "I wish the public-houses were dead, and then perhaps you would care to live, and be glad of the Saturday half-holiday." "They're dead, indeed!" she said, scornfully: "They'll never die. Why, they gets 'most all our money."

ENGLAND HAS adopted, but modified, a method of dealing with habitual drunkards which, we believe, in its origin is American. The English Parliament has provided that habitual drunkards may apply for admission into inebriate asylums, which are already established in Great Britain, and, on signing their application, may be held for twelve months, unless earlier pronounced cured by the manager. In its present form the bill provides only for those who can pay for their keep, but if the experiment succeeds it is proposed to extend it and support inebriate hospitals by taxation. The original proposition, to allow the courts to commit habitual drunkards to the asylum in a manner analogous to that in which insane persons are committed to insane retreats, was abandoned by the advocates of the bill, and withdrawn from it. In its present form the bill secures the almost unanimous approbation of the English House of Commons.—*Christian Union.*

Dr. NICHOLS, who had made a series of dietetic experiments on himself, has arrived at the conclusion that if the stomach is allowed to rest, any case of dyspepsia may be cured; that the diet question was at the root of all diseases; that pure blood can only be made from pure food, and that if the drink of a nation were pure and free from stimulating qualities, and the food was also pure, the result would be pure health.

ONE of the results of a recent temperance revival in Iowa is the sale of over twenty miles of blue ribbon to adorn the 223,000 signers of the pledge.