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### Temperance Department.

#### THE PITCHER OF COOL WATER.

"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Lee, turning her eyes from the window. A child stood near her looking out upon the road—a small blue-eyed, cherub-like creature, that made you think of a better country than the one we dwell in. A man had just passed, and it was of him the lady spoke when she said "it is such a pity."

"A greater pity for his wife and children," replied Mrs. Lee's sister.

"Oh dear! It's a pity for all of them," said Mrs. Lee, in a troubled voice. "Why doesn't the man drink cool water when he is dry, an' not pour burning liquor down his throat? The one would refresh and satisfy him, while the other quenches his thirst only for a little while, and makes it stronger when it returns. I've thought, more than once, of meeting him with a cool glass of water as he came by, in the hope that, on drinking it, he would turn back to his shop, and not keep on to Huber's tavern."

"That would be too pointed," said the sister.

"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on. "Suppose he did feel a little annoyed, he would hardly refuse the cool drink, and that once taken he might not feel so strongly drawn toward Huber's; might, in fact, go back to his work instead of keeping on to the tavern. The next time I saw him coming, I could offer the drink again, and with it a pleasant word. I could ask about his wife and children, and show that I felt an interest in him. I'm sure, sister, good would come of it."

The sister did not feel so hopeful. "It will take more than a glass of water to satisfy his fiery thirst," she answered. "And then, you know," she added, "that Barclay is easily offended. He would understand just what you meant, I fear, and grow angry and abusive."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Lee. "We're alone here all day, and it would hardly be safe to provoke the anger of a drunken man."

"Not at all safe," was the sister's reply. "It's a great pity for him and his family, but something that we can't help."

"I don't believe it would make him angry to offer him a cool drink of water." The child, who had been listening to her mother and aunt, said this quite earnestly.

The two women looked at each other but did not answer the child.

Mr. Barclay was a carpenter, and his shop stood on the road not far distant from the home of Mrs. Lee. He had at one time been very well off, but like too many others, he would take a glass of liquor now and then. This led him into the company of those who visit taverns and ale-houses, and by them he was too often drawn away from his shop or his home. So neglect of business was added to the vice of drinking, and the carpenter's way in the world turned downward instead of upward.

Mr. Barclay had several children. The youngest of these was named Fanny; and she was just four years old. He was very fond of her, and often had struggles with his appetite for liquor

on her account. Many times had he gone backward and forward before the tavern door, love for Fanny pleading against love of liquor, urging him to spend the few pennies in his pocket for a toy, or some candies, instead of for beer or spirits. But the dreadful thirst for drink almost always got the mastery. Poor man! He was in a very sorrowful condition.

On the morning after the day on which Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a penny in his purse. What was he to do? Not a single glass of liquor could be had at Huber's tavern, for he was already in debt there, and they had refused to trust him until the old score was paid off. But how was he to go through all that day without a single drink of beer or whiskey? The very thought made his lips feel dry, and quickened his craving thirst.

He opened a bureau drawer to get a handkerchief, when something met his eyes that made him pause with a strange, eager, yet pained expression of face. At first, a light

had flashed over his countenance; but this faded out quickly. He stood gazing at the object with an irresolute air, and then shutting the drawer quickly and hard, he turned away and walked to the other side of the room. For some time he remained there quite still, his back to the drawers. A very bitter struggle was going on in his mind. Alas! he was not strong enough for this conflict.

Slowly, step by step, listening as he removed across the room, looking just like a thief, Mr. Barclay returned to the bureau, and opening the drawer he had closed so quickly a little while before, thrust in his hand.

What did he bring forth? I grieve to say it was a little wooden box, only a few inches square; he had made it himself of fine dark wood for his dear little Fanny. There was a small hole cut in the lid, which was fastened on with screws. Fanny's money-box! Yes, even so. It was Fanny's money-box. The pennies were very few that came into the child's hands; but all she had received for many months were in this box. She was sav-

ing them to buy a present for her father at Christmas.

A desperate look was in Mr. Barclay's face as he clutched this box. Hurriedly he took from his pocket a small screw-driver, and in a minute or two the lid was off. Half the pennies were emptied into his pocket, and then the lid replaced and the box returned to the drawer.

He had scarcely taken a breath while the box was in his hand. Now he sat down, like one suddenly robbed of strength, and panted. The dark flush went off of his face, and he looked pale and guilty.

"Papa!" It was Fanny herself. The loving child came in and put her arms about his neck. He felt as if clasped in a vice. It was as much as he could do to keep from pushing her with strong arms away.

"Are you sick, papa?" The child had caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.

"I don't feel very well," he answered. His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.

"I'm so sorry," and Fanny drew her arms tighter around his neck, kissing him.

This was more than the wretched man could bear. Rising hurriedly, and almost shaking off his child, he left the house and quarter of an instant. He did not go to work immediately, but sat down on his bench. He had no heart for work just then.

"Oh, Jim Barclay!" he cried out at last, in a tone of mingled shame and anguish. "That you should come to this!"

He got up and walked about like one bewildered. Just then a man rode up to the door of his shop.

"Is that shutter ready for me?" he asked.

"It will be done to-morrow," answered the carpenter, hardly noticing what was said to him.

"Just what you told me yesterday," said the man, roughly. "The fact is, Jim Barclay," he added, "there's no dependence in you any longer, and I shall take my work somewhere else."

The carpenter was in no mood to bear patiently a hard speech from any one; so he replied as roughly as he had been spoken to, and the customer rode off in anger. Barclay stood looking after him, as he moved down the road, his excitement gradually cooling until the blindness of passion was gone.

"Foolish every way!" he muttered, turning slowly to his work-bench and taking up a plane. "It wasn't so once. No dependence in Jim Barclay."

He was hurt by the accusation. The time was when no mechanic in the neighborhood could be more depended on. If Barclay promised a piece of work, it was sure to be ready. Alas, how changed! He was just as fair in promise now—just as sincere, perhaps, when his work was given—but in performance how slow! He would start in earnest every day, and get on very well, until the desire for liquor grew strong enough to tempt him off to Huber's tavern for a drink. After that, no one could count on him. When he returned to his shop he would be a changed man. Instead of going on steadily with the job he had begun, and finishing it, he would put it aside for something neglected on the day before; work at this for a short time, and then go to something else; at last growing so bewildered that he would drop his tools and go off to the tavern again, often not returning to his shop that day.

Some panels of the unfinished shutter lay on Barclay's work-bench. He took them in



"WON'T YOU HAVE A COOL DRINK, MR. BARCLAY?"