

Temperance

A Temperance Psalm.

A modern alphabetical psalm on the virtues of total abstinence is furnished by Dr. Cyrus Edson, to the 'North American Review.' It is one of the best essays of its kind in print:

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip.
 B for Beginning, who takes just one sip.
 C for Companion, who urges him on.
 D for the Demon of drink that is born.
 E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
 F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.
 G for Guilt he afterwards feels.
 H for the Horror that hangs at his heels.
 I for Intention to drink not at all.
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.
 K for a Knowledge that he is a slave.
 L stands for Liquors his appetites crave.
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.
 N stands for No that he tries to say.
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
 P is for Pride that he drowns in his glass.
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
 R stands for Ruin that hovers around.
 S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.
 T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
 V for Vagrant he quickly becomes.
 W for Wanting of life that's soon done.
 X for eXit regretted by none.
 Youths of this nation, such weakness is crime,
 Zealously turn from the tempter in time!

Start in Right.

(By Beth Irving, in the 'Temperance Banner.')

Have you a hobby? Is there any subject in which you are more interested than others? I was greatly entertained the other day by a bright boy, in whose home I was visiting, who has a fine collection of geological specimens neatly arranged in a cabinet. He took great pride in exhibiting them to me, explaining where and how he obtained them, and I was surprised at his knowledge on the subject of geology. He showed me specimens of beautiful crystals, gerodes, corals, ores, and a large piece of famous Picture Rock brought from the banks of the Mississippi River. Its bright colors give it its name.

He brought out his favorite books and pictures, and then exhibited his pets. Among the latter was a fine Newfoundland dog, who performed several cute tricks that his young master had taught him.

One of this treasures, which he drew from his vest pocket, pleased me more than all the others. It was only a small card, on one side of which was the figure of a fine, healthy boy, and surrounding him were these words: 'I will never use tobacco in any form.' On the reverse side of the card were printed the words: 'Tobacco tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, vice, ill-health, insanity and death.'

'You mean to keep this pledge until you become a man, I suppose?' said I.

'Longer than that,' he replied, with a smile. 'I mean to keep it always.'

Judging from the earnestness of his tone I think he means what he said. No tobacco heart for any boy or man who keeps such a pledge, no poisoning of the blood or mental trouble from cigarette smoking. I wish, with all my heart, that every boy in the land would sign such a pledge; if they would they would never be in the condition in which I saw a young man not long since. He was the only child of loving parents, but they were obliged to send him away from home to an insane asylum, where it took three strong men to hold him and keep him from injuring himself and others. Excessive cigarette smoking had affected his brain, and unbalanced his mind. How I wished when I saw him that I could send out a warning cry to reach every

boy in the land, not to touch the little, innocent looking, but exceedingly harmful cigarette. Boys, don't smoke.

To the Point.

A butcher not long ago delivered a whole temperance lecture in a single sentence.

A young lady called upon him, and with much misgiving asked for a dollar toward paying a temperance lecturer who was to speak for the W. C. T. U. He replied:

'There's your dollar; I've sold more meat in one day since this town went no-license than I used to in a whole week when we had the saloons.'

Sandy's Resolve.

(Concluded.)

'Stay,' said Sister Agnes, 'it's not all his fault. Haven't I warned you more than once that if you didn't give up the drink it would some day bring greater trouble upon you? If you had kept outside the public-house there wouldn't have been any fine to pay.'

'That's true, Sister; and I begin to think I was a fool to spend so much money in drinking and gambling.'

'I'm glad you've started to think,' said she. 'If men would only think more they would drink less.'

The sailor bent down his head and seemed to be turning things over in his mind.

There was silence for a brief space, and Sister Agnes inwardly prayed that his thoughts might be guided into penitence for his faults and a real desire to abandon all wicked ways.

Suddenly Sandy started up with a brighter look on his face, and with his own merry laugh cried out, 'I'll tell you what I'm thinking. When I get out of this I won't let that chap have any more of my money; I'll bank it myself! I've resolved never to spend another farthing over strong drink, nor yet let anybody treat me. I know I can earn good wages if I like, and I mean to take a leaf out of the landlord's book and bank my money.'

'That is a good resolution, Sandy, and I should like you to confirm it by signing the pledge at once in my book. You may yet live to bless the day when your friend at the Crown and Anchor refused to lend you nine and sixpence. The Bible says that the Lord's judgments are right, and that it is in faithfulness that He afflicts us. Now He is dealing very faithfully with you in not permitting anyone to pay your fine; you'll have to spend a quiet week in gaol and it will be a grand opportunity to think over your past life and seek forgiveness for all your sins through Jesus Christ. Ask Him to give you a new heart and take away all desire for drink; and believe that He is able and willing to do it.'

'You talk like my mother,' said Sandy; 'she believed in God and heaven, and used to pray for all her children. I'll not forget your words, Sister, and I think I've learned a lesson that will last for a life-time.'

Two years passed, during which Sister Agnes heard nothing of Sandy. Once again it was a cold December morning, but a much pleasanter one than that on which we first made her acquaintance. The ground was dry with frost, and the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky. She had to go to a street near the docks to take some relief to a family of orphan children. She was looking into a shop window to choose some suitable garments for them, when she felt a hand lightly placed on her shoulder. Turning round she saw a well-dressed man, who greeted her with a smile, holding out his hand.

'Don't you know me, Sister? I knew you the moment you turned the corner of the street.'

At the sound of his voice memory reproduced the scene in the gloomy cell where Sandy M'Dermot had bemoaned his inability to pay the fine for being drunk and disorderly.

'Oh, yes, I remember you perfectly, and I'm glad indeed to meet you outside the Police Court.'

'I'll promise you that you'll never get a chance again to talk to me inside! Do you remember the publican's message? Well, that week in prison made a new man of me. I've never tasted drink since then, and I'll tell you what I do—I bank money myself! I'm on a larger ship, and earn more than I used to, so at the end of each voyage I put my wages into the Post Office Savings Bank.'

'Are you going to be at home for Christmas?'

'Yes, and my leave lasts till over New Year's day. Won't my wife and children be glad to get Daddy back! Last year at this time our ship was out on mid-ocean, so this is my first Christmas at home since I signed the pledge. I'm taking Mary a new dress, and I'm going to get a rocking-horse for Harry and a doll as big as a baby for Rosie.'

'So you've proved the truth of what I told you, that it was because the Lord loved you that He allowed you to get into such a fix?'

'Yes, I'm thankful to-day that He sent such a head-wind that I was compelled to change my course. While I was drinking I had poor clothes, poor food, and poor lodging, but now I'm well-clad, well-fed, and can afford to lodge at a decent place. I praise God for His mercy, and I don't forget to thank you for all the interest you took in me. And look here, Sister, I'd like just to give you five shillings for any poor, needy folks you're going to visit.'

'God bless you, brother,' said Sister Agnes, 'I'm on my way now to some dear little orphan children, and your kind gift can't be better spent than in helping them to have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.'

With a grip of the hand such as only a sailor can give, Sandy took leave of his friend and went down the street gaily whistling the tune of 'A life on the ocean wave.' Sister Agnes went into the shop to make her purchases with the welcome crown-piece in her hand, and a song of praise in her heart to Him who had graciously ordained that by means of the bitter discipline of prison life one of Alcohol's captives should be set free.—L. W., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

Sixteen Thousand Dollars.

'Uncle John,' in the 'Abstainer's Advocate' tells a good story which well illustrates how the 'old age pension' business might be settled if working men only had some sense: There was an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who stated that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year, at five per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's savings (365 sixpences) nine pounds, eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest, and thus went on, year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a-day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds nineteen shillings and ninepence sterling. Great was the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might have been worth this noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have had a house of his own and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy to others, or have used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.

It is simply beyond belief that any Christian man can say one word in favor of a beverage that poisons the blood and ruins the soul. The history of drinking is written within and without in mourning, lamentation, and woe. War cannot equal its ravages. Pestilence cannot rival its statistics of desolation. It stands alone as a record of sorrow and shame.—Joseph Parker.