

Temperance Department.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

National Temperance Society, New York.

CHAPTER III.—KATE.

was past midnight when Ben White was in his sound sleep by a loud knock at the outer door. The patient wife had her weary head upon her hands as she sat on the table before her. Now up, with a wild, anxious expression, she bolted the door.

With a weak, unsteady step that barely put his foot on the threshold, was a solemn earnestness in his face as he uttered that assured

at this time, at least, he had escaped the temptation.

"My wife, thank God! I am safe at home

and my wife!"

"since Kate had such a greeting and her heart throbbed

and were very wet, Harry, and covered, too," she said; "and how pale

and," he answered solemnly, "I have almost a dead man, and I can hardly believe now that I am safe and sound standing here by you once more."

Harry told in a rapid, earnest way all that had befallen him, tracing back the pictures of his life as they had passed before him, stopping now and then as he was choked with emotion.

It was in vain that Ben White stirred and half rose on the settee. No notice was taken of him, and he finally sank back and tried to compose himself again to sleep.

"Kate," said Harry, after a pause, "I can not tell you how I have suffered all these wicked years. I seem to be no longer my own master. The devil has me bound soul and body. Many a time I have thought to get free, and could not. I must go on till death strikes me, and then—that awful hereafter!"

Here Harry covered his face with his hands and shuddered.

"I see what I am before God. How He must hate and despise me! Think what I have brought you to and the children. Why, Joe is afraid of his own father. I can see it in his way every time he looks at me."

"But we love you," said Kate tenderly.

"We don't feel hard toward you. God is a great deal more merciful than we are; and, if you want to be forgiven, you need only ask Him. For the sake of the Lord Jesus, He will hear you."

"But I can't ask Him. I am not fit, and He knows it. Then it is of no use for me to try to be better. I must just go on till I am like a horrid brute, to lie down and die in the gutter. I tell you, Kate," and there was a fierce look in Harry's eyes, "I tell you, there's a devil, not outside of me, but inside of me, and it will have drink. It must have drink. Oh, that I had never tasted it! Oh, that a drop of it had never touched my lips! Now, there's no help. Have you any in the house, Kate? Just one drink would cure me of this tremble."

"Harry," said Kate earnestly, "stop; hear me for a moment. When the Lord Jesus was on earth, they brought Him men possessed with devils. Their friends brought them, when the poor creatures could do nothing for themselves, and the Lord spoke to those cruel devils, and they came out of the men and left them to worship God and lead a new life. Come, we will kneel down together here where we are, and I will ask God to help you, and you join in if you can. You have never tried that. God made you. He knows just how your soul and body are put together, and how your soul wants to do right and your body won't let it. He can help you. You know the Lord Jesus once had a body too, though He never let it do wrong. You know He suffered, being tempted. Come, we will ask Him to take away this dreadful thirst, or else help you to resist it."

Harry let Kate draw him down to his knees. His heart followed her, though his lips were silent, while she asked the tender, compassionate Jesus to pity her poor husband, and set him free from the awful habit that seemed like a devil within him. But not alone for that she prayed. She brought the humbled penitent beside her in faith to her heavenly Father. She confessed for him the sins of a lifetime, and then claimed the promise, that, though his sins were as scarlet, they should be as white as snow through the blood of Jesus. What he dared not ask for himself, she asked for him—asked of the Lord, who had long been her beloved friend and comforter, her stay and trust.

Harry followed the eager, earnest words of his wife with a yearning, but almost hopeless heart; but as she pleaded for him, speaking to God as if He loved the poor drunkard beside her and longed to save him, a glimmer of light broke in upon his soul. Yes, the thief on the cross was saved—why might there not be hope for him? The Christ who raised the dead could raise him up to newness of life.

(To be Continued.)

WILLIE OR GEORGE?

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"My own precious brother going to die—die!—leave us! leave me! Never, never see him again! Can't you do something, doctor?"

"I've done all I can—all any one can, my poor child. I must tell you the whole truth, for you will soon see it: your brother is very near his end, and—"

"Oh! don't say it, don't, Dr. Maxwell; you must not—you shall not; we will not let him die. It would kill mother. What would we do without precious Willie?" And throwing herself upon the lounge, the heart-broken sister gave way to a flood of tears. Her moans were heard in the room where her brother Willie was sweetly breathing his life out on the bosom of an unseen Friend. He was full of peace—and above the sobs and groans of waiting ones, he would break forth in singing as though he was about to join the heavenly choir. Stopping from failing strength, he called for his sister Mary, and was answered with her piercing cry of agony from the next room. But she was soon by his side to receive his last tender words, commending her to Jesus, whose grace is promised his own sorrowing ones in every time of need. Lifting a last sweet trusting look to father, mother, brother George, his faithful physician, and much-loved pastor, he said: "Blessed Saviour, into thy hands I commit my spirit—" And it was all over: Willie Langston was over on the other shore, singing with angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.

Mary's hands were unclasped from those of the departed one, and she was gently lifted and carried to her own room and tenderly laid upon her own bed to weep over what seemed to her the most dreadful calamity that could possibly come into their happy home.

"Why did he do it? Take my own precious one away! So good, so beautiful; never was such a brother. O what trouble like this! We were such a happy family. Now this has come. Why was it my brother? Come back, oh come back, Willie."

But Willie was listening to the voice of his Redeemer and the music of "harpers, harping with their harps." What could draw him back to a valley of tears and clouds from

"A land of pure delight where saints immortal reign"

Willie will never return to earth until he comes with the Lord, descending the skies "with ten thousand of his saints."

It was in vain that her kind pastor told Mary of Willie's being now at rest in glory, and that he was all ripe for heaven, and wanted so much to be where the Saviour reigns; that this world is not our home, and that in a very little while we all may see dear Willie wearing his crown, if we are faithful unto death; that we can not say what might have happened to Willie if he had stayed here and grown to manhood; so many young men fall into temptation and bring sorrow to their homes, bringing the gray hair of father and mother with sorrow to the grave.

"Oh, nothing so terrible can happen to us as precious Willie's dying. If he could but have lived, I wouldn't have cared if he had been a little fast, if I could only have seen

him and been with him, and heard him talk and sing."

"Poor child, I fear you do not know what you are saying. There are worse things than this peaceful death of your brother. You need not weep any more for him or ever be troubled about him, or lie awake nights wondering where he is or what he is doing. He is safe, Mary, safe. Can you be quite sure of that for any living young man? Do you know that nine out of ten go astray, and that it might have—"

"No, no, no, my brother would never have gone astray. I wouldn't have let him. I would have kept him at home, and made it so pleasant for him and been patient with him and watched if anything should have happened. No, no, no," almost shouted the wretched sister in her excitement; "my brother never would have done wrong. I would have lived for him. Oh, I wish I could die with him! What is there to live for now?"

"For your dear, sorrowing parents, Mary, and for your brother George. Willie does not need you any more; George will for years."

And the gentle, faithful minister fell upon his knees before God, and his voice was mingled with the sobs of father and mother and George, entreating so earnestly and persistently. As he closed his prayer, whispered "Amen" came from several voices—none, however, from Mary, who refused to be comforted, or to say in her heart, "The will of the Lord be done." "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Twelve months later, Mary and George were spending the evening across the way with a very dear friend. A few other young people were there. The hours were passing pleasantly by. At ten o'clock "refreshments" were served, a "little" wine among the rest. Her "very dear friend" offered it to Mary. She hesitated a moment; her face crimsoned; she remembered the words of her pastor spoken to her just one year before: "George will need you for years," and her warm statement: "No, no, no, my brother would never have gone astray. I wouldn't have let him. I would have kept him at home * * * and watched * * * and * * * I would have lived for him."

She knew that the eyes of several brothers, her own among the rest, were bent upon her and perhaps their eternal fate was hanging upon her taking and tasting or not tasting that wine. But something kept saying: "It's only this once; nobody need drink because you do. Don't make a martyr of yourself. Drink what is set before you, asking no questions. Maybe it is the mildest kind of wine. Are you going to be discourteous to your friend in her own house, and offend her forever, and perhaps make yourself a laughing-stock and do no good to any one?"

She took it and drank it—the confident sister, who "would have watched over her precious Willie," if he only could have lived.

George had never seen wine offered to guests before. He knew how bitterly opposed to its use his parents were. Often had he heard Mary's denunciation of families who dared to offer the intoxicating cup, and her indignant denial of the possibility of her intimate friend's doing that very thing. When he saw his own sister lift that cup to her lips and actually exhaust it with a gay laugh, and even with a fling at "total abstinents," astonishment, shame and confusion seized his mind, and, as in a moment, he reasoned all his former convictions away, and, in imitation of his sister, he grasped the proffered glass, and—liked it. And when the company dispersed that evening, George Langston staggered homeward, his watchful (?) sister trying to steady his steps, though herself just merry enough with the wine to keep her from realizing that a darker shadow was about to cross the home threshold than the death of "precious Willie."

George "liked it." And almost with the first taste, he held out hands, body and soul for King Alcohol to put on his chains. A few months sufficed him to find the den of strong drink and to like the base men who gathered there, and to come reeling home at midnight, cursing his father for keeping him out in the cold so long; cursing his mother for her tears; cursing, sometimes beating, his sister for her reproaches.

Rum made rapid time with a temperament such as George Langston's. Such would it do with some of my young readers if you but step on board this "Black Valley Train" by taking the first glass.

As the months went whirling by, and each night was a night of terror in the Langston home by the coming of a drunkard, his clothes befouled with the filth of gutters from which he had dragged himself; his eyes blood-shot, his words muttering, obscenity, blasphemy, Mary Langston at last understood that the peaceful bed-chamber, where a Christian brother dies in triumph, is one thing, while that of a living maniac brother maddened with rum, is quite another.

"Oh!" groaned the poor girl, on one of those dark nights when a fearful storm was raging without, and in the next room, where Willie had slept in Jesus so lately, the awful screams of delirium tremens were uttered, "Would to God he had died when Willie died, in his beauty and innocence! I thought it was all a calamity then; I found fault with my heavenly Father: I inwardly cursed the doctor for saying he must die, and our faithful minister, who tried to comfort me with the words: 'Taken from the evil to come;' and I almost hated father and mother for saying: 'The will of the Lord be done.' I would not—I could not say 'Amen' to our minister's prayer of resignation. I refused to be comforted. I knew it was all wrong then, that God was cruel, that the shock would kill dear mother. Oh, how blind I was and rebellious; and now—hear him, hear him; what dreadful oaths—and 'You did it—aye, you taught me—you; curses, hell's curses upon my sister—' What does he mean? Who did it? Did what?" cried the terrified Mary, as she sprang into the room of her dying brother.

"There she comes, tempter, destroyer," raved the maniac, at the top of his voice, as he sat up in bed and with clenched fists, hurled bitter curses at his sister. "See me, Mary, I'm doomed! doomed! 'No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven'—and I'm one; I, George Langston, your brother; and you, you, you," he shouted, "led me astray first. Curses on you!" and he fell back a corpse.

There's a greater calamity than the dying of a child of God. That is but going home to die no more. That greater is the First Glass with the serpent and with its adder at the last.

May our heavenly Father give you grace to say, when he calls from your home a dear one up higher, as did a Christian mother, when looking into the coffin of her darling child: "I wish you much joy, my darling, and to call nothing but sin a calamity.—Church and Home.

GOOD HABITS TAUGHT IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The Sunday-school might be made an agent for much greater good than it is. One of the things it might do is to teach boys to avoid the sin of using tobacco. This evil is very widespread throughout the world, and boys are using it more and more, simply from imitation of the wicked example set them by their parents, teachers and companions. If the teachers in all our Sunday-schools would set up a vigorous war against the use of tobacco it might be of some service. This habit is the father of very much drunkenness. When once a lad has strayed into this bad habit he is likely to be drifted on and on by the current until he is past redemption. Perhaps one difficulty in the way of making the Sunday-school of any use in preventing this habit is the fact that far too many of the teachers are themselves slaves to it. The blind cannot lead the blind. Such teachers are only half teachers, giving a stone where they should give bread. As women rarely use tobacco they might take hold of this matter and help to educate the rising generation as they ought to be educated.—Herald of Health.

NO MORE DIRECT or powerful testimony to the evil influence of intoxicating drinks could be given in words than is given in the action of the Directors of the Old Colony Railway of Massachusetts, by the adoption of a resolution that, inasmuch as railway accidents are often due to drunkenness on the part of employees, they will not retain or engage any subordinate who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

TO PARENTS.—The man who is father of a boy and then votes for license, can have the sweet and blessed consolation, if his boy becomes a drunkard, of saying: "The rum-seller and I wrought his ruin—the rum-seller for gain, and I—well—I—" No reason can be given that will stand the test of an appeal to a debased conscience, let alone anything like an enlightened reason.