



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME X., NO. 9.

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1875.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. PER AN.

NOTICE.

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Temperance Department.

THE MAN WHO COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

NOT A FICTION.

(By Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.)

Sensational stories, however good their moral, fade away like pictures in the cloud; but facts, properly presented, remain before the mind with lessons of hope or warning. There is no fiction in the following sad story. God's eye looks down to-day on the desolate scene described, and his ear hears the groans that are pressed from a mother's heart by the evil doing of those she loves.

Some years ago there lived in a neighboring city, in great style, a rich and elegant man of the world with a gentle Christian wife, whose chief earthly joy and care lay in her three beautiful boys. This gentleman drank wine at his dinner and at the club-room, but had no more fear of being a drunkard than of being a leper. He drank, however, "a little more" every year. Indeed, he "felt the need of it," as all moderate drinkers do. Finally the boys began to taste the cup, and, while yet at school, could judge of wines and criticize their flavor as skilfully as did their father. The mother had thus far been asleep to the danger, but she now began to urge her husband to "give up wine for the sake of his example on her sons." But he "knew what he was about, and could take care of himself without the help of a woman."

This sharp speech was a new demonstration of the destroyer's hand. Then she admitted for the first time to herself that he was a drunkard.

Before long there was proof that one of the sons could not "take care of himself," and a heavy loss in business, reducing the wealth of the family about this time, led the mother to lay plans for their salvation.

She proposed leaving the city and finding some pleasant rural home where their reduced income would be an ample support; but, while she was planning, and urging, and entreating, the club-room, the gilded saloon, and the meaner "bar" were doing their work on these fine-looking youths, who were just entering manhood.

Before long the degradation of the father ceased to be a secret in the neighborhood, and frequently it required all the strength of two men to get him from his carriage to his chamber. Business was now utterly neglected; rash schemes were entered into, and mad risks were run, till there was no longer money to keep up such an extravagant style of living without seizing on the lady's patrimony, which had hitherto, according to her father's expressed wish, been kept sacred against some great emergency.

The husband, seeing the wreck of his own estates, felt that "the great emergency" had come, and consented to leave the city if she would pass her property over to him for family uses.

The poor woman now realized fully that she was the wife and mother of drunkards, and thought this a small sacrifice for their salvation. Before her plan could be carried out, however, the hopeful mother had fierce flames to pass through. Hitherto her youngest son had but once or twice "gone," in his father's words, "a little too far." But one night, as

The subject of this sketch is Secretary to the Dominion Evangelical Alliance, and is pastor of St. Andrew's, one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic churches in Montreal. His congregation embraces some of the leading Scotch bankers and shippers, among them Sir Hugh Allan. Rev. Mr. Lang is a ready and instructive speaker, and has ministered with considerable success both here and in Scotland. He is the leader of the anti-Union party which lately unsuccessfully opposed the Union of the Presbyter-

ian Churches of the Dominion; and he has in the temperance movement espoused the broad platform of a general combination of total abstinents, and moderate drinkers with which to combat the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks. He is a clergyman of very kindly feelings and of a broad catholicity of spirit, which is exemplified in his taking part with the clergymen of all other Protestant denominations in charitable enterprises and religious services.

she sat watching for his return, while the small hours were passing, she was startled by violent ringing at the door, accompanied by loud voices and terrific cursing. This was the death-knell of her hopes for that time. Two policemen brought in her boy of seventeen years, the darling of her heart, raging with drink, and pouring out profanity, till then a stranger to his lips. When he saw her pale face, he burst into a fit of wild weeping, and, throwing his arms around her neck, he shrieked out: "O mother! I'm your boy for all this. Oh! love me still. Can't you save me? They are all trying to ruin me, body and soul! Take me away from father and the boys, and never let me out of your sight again! Take me away from them! Hide me—anywhere—in prison—in the grave—only where there's no brandy! It is burning out my brain! O mother, mother!"

Let all women who have yielded up pure-hearted and undefiled young sons to God stand dumb before this mother's anguish, and thank heaven that their boys are safe, beyond the reach of the tempter!

In a rich but almost wilderness region, a long day's journey from the city, there lay a farm with wondrous advantages for cultivation as well as of scenery. Hills rose on every side, forming, as it seemed to this crushed woman, a little world of her own to which the destroyer could not gain access. A lovely lake, shadowing on its surface high hills and tall forest trees, lay before the house;



REV. GAVIN LANG.

quiet retreat. Among the furniture and supplies there had come a cask of brandy and cases of rare wines, which very soon revealed their work to her! When the heart-broken woman asked, "What did you come up here for?" her husband replied:

"I came to drink myself to death away from the eyes of the multitude!"

"And what can I do for my sons?" she cried in despair.

"Let them drink themselves to death, too; they are too far gone now for anything else," was the heartless reply.

But still her hope did not fail, and she wrought on, trying to make home happy, and looking for the day when this brandy would be gone, and no more could be found in the forest.

The old man kept the key to his horrid treasure, which lay hidden in a closet in the harness-room. But once, when beyond the power of caring for it, his eldest son, to whom heaven had given the form and the head of an Apollo, robbed him of his keys, and, with thirst whetted by partial abstinence, they all again drank deeply and madly. They sang, they swore, they shrieked, and they laughed, till their few rustic neighbors, who had looked on them as beings of a loftier sphere, came to see what had befallen them!

In the midst of the uproar the father awoke from his drunken slumbers, and with a faint show of parental authority commanded silence. This, and the threats which accompanied it, so aroused the demon in the breasts of the two eldest sons that they flew at their helpless father, and dealt blow after blow on his defenceless head; and, but that their brother and mother interfered, would have murdered him on the spot. As it was, he was sorely wounded, and the patient martyr mother was dashed, while fainting, from the room, and lay bleeding in the hall!

Her youngest son, less wild than his brothers, attempted to revenge the wrong done her, when a scene ensued which could not be rivalled in North street or at the Five Points for brutality. The father and his sons engaged in a promiscuous fight, making the tasteful parlor a scene of horrible bloodshed! The servants, well used to such scenes, removed their mistress to her room; and soon the noise ceased, and the stillness of death reigned in the parlor, now turned into a dormitory for the debased men.

When the morning broke, the sun looked in on the scene of those fearful orgies, and disclosed the work of the night. Thousands of dollars' worth of pictures, marbles, and bronzes had been destroyed by drunken violence! The legs of a chair had been thrust through the canvas of a matchless Titian. Venus had lost her head by a fall from her pedestal; Jupiter's face was marred, and Juno ruined. What were the marvels of the brush or the chisel to these infuriated madmen?—If they had no pity on the mother who bore them, what cared they for cold marble and senseless bronzes?

The two younger sons were terribly crushed and humiliated when they saw their desolation and heard the moans of their mother. But the rage of the father and his eldest son was aroused anew at the sight of each other; and, exhausted as they were, they sprang up afresh like tigers, and fought like prize-fighters, till the mother was forced to send for her neighbors to separate them, and, finally, for a sheriff to imprison her first-born, lest he might kill his father.

Then, in the wild confusion of that awful day, the youngest son, not yet eighteen years old, pleaded with his mother to send him at once to the Inebriate Asylum, that she might, perchance, have one son to stand by her to the last.

But the father, who now held all her property in his hands, refused to "waste money on asylums," adding, "If the boy isn't a fool, he can take care of himself, as I do!"

And the poor boy, who was struggling in his fetters, cried out: "Let me go as a pauper, then—only save me from the smell of brandy and wine."

To-day the man of mercy, at the head of that asylum, is helping the poor boy, in God's name, to crush the foe, and to rise in the

and far off, between openings in the hills, were other lakes and distant villages, and towers.

The road which led to this (what seemed a mansion of peace to that poor tired heart) led no further; no stage brought dangerous passengers; no sly expressman conveyed mysterious packages, boxes, or demijohns. She felt that a new paradise had been found; and again, as when her boys were in their cradle, her poor heart began to draw fair pictures of an honorable and happy manhood for them. The husband consented to go there, as there was fine hunting and fishing there!

The plan of this family was not to take up a rude life, but to carry all that betokened their intelligence and refinement with them to their new home. Their costly library, their rare gems of art—many of which they had inherited—were so much a part of their home that no place would seem like home without them. And these pictures, marbles, and bronzes, made a strange display in the low, broad parlor of the old farm-house.

The autumn was in its glory, and heaven seemed opening new joys to this fond mother as she gathered her family around her, nine miles away from any stronghold of their enemy! If ever a poor heart turned to heaven in gratitude, it was hers, in the few short days of triumph that followed. The world was dead to her, now that she had saved her family!

But very soon the dream was broken; for when they came, "Satan came also," to that