



Temperance Department.

THE WIFE'S NEW STORY.

The story, ma'am? Why, really now, I haven't much to say; If you had come a year ago, and then again to-day, No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see Just what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour to make a batch of bread, And many a night these little ones went hungry to their bed; Just peep into the pantry, ma'am; there's sugar, flour, and tea;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used to fill with beer; He hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year; He pays his debts, he's well and strong, and kind as man can be;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets feeling so mean and low, And always felt ashamed to meet the folks he used to know; He looks the world now in the face, he steps off bold and free;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Why, at the shop, the other day, when a job of work was done, The boss declared, of all his men the steadiest one was John; "I used to be the worst, my wife," John told me, and says he— "That's what the friends of Temperance have done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play; Now every night, when supper's done, and the table cleared away, The boys will frolic round his chair, the baby climb his knee;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Oh, yes! the sad, sad times are gone, the sorrow and the pain; The children have their father back, and I my John again. Don't mind my crying, ma'am, indeed it's just for joy, to see All that the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

And mornings when he's gone to work, I kneel right down and say, "Father in Heaven, oh, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!" And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee For what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.
—The Christian.

TIMOTHY GRAFT'S FORTUNE.

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

CHAPTER II.

The warmth and the rubbing soon had the desired effect, and Nan opened her eyes and they found that she was not seriously injured. The younger woman had heard the story from Phil, who under the excitement and her sympathy told the whole sad history almost before he knew it.

"I didn't mean to tell 'bout father," he said, with the color mounting to his face as he thought what he was doing.

"Of course you didn't, but I want to know; perhaps we can help you."

Miss Earl spoke so assuringly, Phil was comforted, and now that Nan was looking like herself again, he began to think that they had stumbled into heaven.

Nor was he altogether wrong, for these Christian women by their kindly ministries

were doing their best to bring a little of heavenly brightness and comfort and good cheer into this desolate, degraded neighborhood. They knew just what Phil and Nan needed and after the latter had grown a little stronger they bathed her face and brushed her hair and showed Phil to a little side room where there was a luxury of warm water and soap and clean towels. Meantime the janitor had been sent to a restaurant near by for a pail of hot soup and the sight of those two famished children as they devoured the savory mess was reward enough. Then she made Nan comfortable in a warm corner, and told her she could just lie there and enjoy the meeting.

The boys and girls came dropping in singly and by twos and threes. Some of them were orderly and quiet with painstaking in regard to their personal appearance that was pathetic to those who knew how meagre were their sources in this direction; and others were noisy and rude, with uncombed hair, and hands and faces that seemed never to have known the beneficence of soap and water.

Margaret Earl and her friend had the experience of all those who undertake work of this kind in a great city. Sometimes they went home asking, "Will it do any good? Is it worth the time and patience and strength?" And then again they saw such signs of improvement, and came, often accidentally, upon such clear evidence of the working with them of "One mightier than the sons of men," that their hearts were made glad and their faith strengthened.

There opened before them such abysses of woe as the result of the drink habit that Margaret would say, "If those who are different could see the ruin it works and the sorrow it brings to the helpless and innocent they would care, they would do something to help cure the nation of this curse."

Sometimes she asked the friends she entertained in her own delightful home to come and see what they were trying to do and the need of such effort. Some of them said "it was a lovely work and they should be glad to know more about it," and never came. Others wondered how she could go into such places and among such people. These she never asked a second time, and maintained a discreet silence when with them concerning the matter.

Let us go back to the meeting. There were songs and devotional exercises—a temperance lesson and recitations by the young people, and a cornet solo, which latter, of course, received a flattering encore. Then Miss Earl spoke to them. Her heart yearned over those two forlorn little souls, and she knew no better way of comforting them than by telling over again the old, old story. It seemed never before to have held such depths of sweetness and grace as she tried to make very plain to the children the message that the angels brought; "Unto you is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." Thinking of Phil and Nan in their loneliness, which even she could not reach, there came a sense of the precious personality of the dear Christ-Child, and again and again she said it over, "Unto you, each boy, each girl, is born a Saviour, just as truly as if there was not another soul in the world. And He is born—all ready for every one of you. When you want Him you don't have to travel a long way to find Him or give your order to somebody who will keep you waiting a long time. He is close by—born to save every one of us if we will only let Him."

Sometimes men dropped into the meeting because the place was warm, or their children had asked them to come. When Miss Earl said, "if you have any questions to ask or anything you want to say, we shall be glad to hear from any of you," a great, rough man rose and told how his children had brought home a pledge for him to sign, and how he wouldn't at first, and how his heart was "all broke up" hearing them sing about Jesus loving everybody, and how at last he had given up the drink and found that Christ could save even him. And he said in closing, "I'm that much happy I can't help coming here to tell 'bout it an' thank the ladies for what they've done for the children an' me."

Nan's eyes grew large and eager as she listened, and two bright spots burned in her cheeks. She could hardly wait till the meeting closed and Miss Earl was at liberty.

"Do you think Christ could save my father? You said He was born for every-

Nan's breath came and went so fast she could hardly get out the words, and the look in her pinched face brought the tears to Miss Earl's eyes as she answered brightly: "Of course He can, dear child, if he will let Him."

"Can I bring him here? Didn't I tell you, Phil, if we could only get to somebody who cared and would help us?"

Nan's face shone with the new hope that had seized her, and Phil was in quite too blissful a state to doubt anything however marvellous.

Miss Earl sat down and told the story all over again as plainly and simply as possible for she had learned the value of individual talks with the children. Then she took the number of the street where they lived, and said she would come and see them. She sent the janitor home with them, and went away herself, wondering how long it would take to reach and save Timothy Graft, or if he could be saved at all.

It would be too long a story to tell how Nan and Phil worked with Miss Earl to save their father. It was weeks before he would come to the meeting, and as many more before he took hold of Christ. It is the saddest thing of all about the drink that it keeps people away from Christ and His love. But one night he stood up in the meeting and with a trembling voice asked them to pray for Him. He signed the pledge after it was over, and Nan and Phil kept hold of his hands, one on either side, as they walked home. You do not need to hear of the days that followed when they all rejoiced with trembling.

Timothy Graft was a good workman, but he had lost places more than once because of his drinking habits, and everybody seemed suspicious of him. And there were a good many others looking for work about that time. He loved his family, and now that his brain was clear and he was his old self once more, "It made his heart like lead," as he told Miss Earl one day, to see them so poor. Every morning he started out with fresh courage to find work—up and down the streets, into the shops and factories, everywhere that there was the smallest chance. Every evening Mollie Graft watched and waited for his coming with a quickly-beating heart, and when she heard his step and knew it was steady, there was a joyful thanksgiving that he was safe at home once more. But it was hard to meet him and learn by the look in his face that his weary search had been all in vain. She often feigned being very busy, thinking this would help make it a little easier for him.

One night he said to Miss Earl: "If somebody had told me when I was a boy how true them words in the Bible is 'bout its bitin' like a serpent an' stingin' like an adder at the last, I'd been saved all this mobby. Trouble is, young folks don't think nothin' 'bout 'at the last' part of the drinkin'. It seems fine 'nough at first, but its awful sorrow I have, worse than starvin' an' freezin', to think how I've let the liquor bite me an' my family." And he added: "If it wa'n't for all ye that's prayin' for me, I'd go crazy, but I b'lieve I'll find some work afore long, an' if the good Lord'll only lemme git onto my feet again, I'll serve Him right powerful all my days—what's left of 'em"—and there came a great sigh and a look of pitiful sadness as he thought of the many that had been worse than wasted.

One night Miss Earl gave him a package to take home, saying, "Your coat is very thin for such weather as this. You'll find one here that is warmer. A gentleman left it for me to give to some one. I guess you need it the most; you are out so much in the cold looking for work. Keep up good heart. I'm sure it is not far away."

Nor was it. He put on the coat the next morning, and wore it up town. He put his hands into the pockets to keep them warm. His fingers touched something that felt like money. He drew it out. It was only a penny, but in that little circle of copper lay Timothy Graft's fortune. A few weeks before, the sight of a penny even would have made him think of drink, but now it was quite different. An idea came to him—who shall say it was not heaven-sent? A shrill, high-keyed voice rang out on the frosty air, "Tribune—Times—Inter Ocean—Daily News, one cent." This penny would buy a News; that had advertisements; he might find something in it. It was a quick exchange, and sure enough, there was an advertisement for work he could do. He

almost ran to the place. Unlike so many others it was not filled, and very soon he was at work and could have it straight along at \$2.50 per day. How blessed it seemed, that hard, heavy work in the snow and ice? He thanked God for it all the day through.

It was such a new, happy going home! But poor, tired, patient, loving Mollie Graft—you ought to have seen her, as she gave one swift glance into Tim's face, which told as much as the words, "I've got it, Mollie! I've got work!" and then sat down trembling with joy, and the glad tears dropping fast into her old, checked apron.

That was the beginning of better days for Phil and Nan. Their father kept hold of the strong Hand that had clasped his, and when Christmas came around again, they had "a warm place an' 'nough to eat an' a nice home to go to."

They gave Miss Earl a present. You might laugh if I should tell you what it was. Phil and Nan spent three whole Saturday afternoons making the selection, and, do you know, it came from the very identical store on State street where we first made their acquaintance. Miss Earl cared a good deal for the present, she said, because back of it was the heart of these little folks, and back of that was the love of the dear Christ to whom they owed everything, even Timothy Graft his fortune.—Zion's Herald.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON VII.—ALCOHOL AND THE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

Do persons who habitually and excessively use alcoholic drinks, live as long as those who do not?

They do not live as long.

How is this known?

It has been proved by selecting a certain number of persons who habitually and excessively use alcoholic drinks, and an equal number who are total abstainers, and then, through a series of years, keeping a record of the age at which those in both classes die.

Having reached the age of twenty years how long may a total abstainer of average bodily health expect to live?

He may expect to live forty-four years.

How long may a man addicted to the habitual and excessive use of alcoholic drinks expect to live at the same age?

He may expect to live fifteen years.

Having reached the age of thirty, how long may a total abstainer expect to live?

At the age of thirty he may expect to live thirty-six years.

How long may a drunkard expect to live at that age?

A drunkard at the age of thirty may expect to live twelve years.

Is the proportion, as persons grow older, between the expectancy of life of those who drink alcohol excessively and those who do not drink it at all, nearly the same?

It is. Although few, if any, excessive drinkers of alcohol live much beyond middle life.

What do these figures conclusively teach? They teach that excessive drinking habits lessen the average length of human life two-thirds.

ONLY STIMULATES; CANNOT STRENGTHEN.

—When the body is tired rest and food are required to repair the waste. Alcohol has no power to mend the waste of the body; it robs the blood of oxygen, which is absolutely necessary to the proper action of the nervous and muscular systems. Alcohol may give the drinker a spurt, and thus enable him to accomplish something beyond his natural strength, but it leaves him weak and exhausted afterward. It is like the whip to a horse, making the animal use his strength too rapidly. Benjamin Franklin demonstrated the fact that there is no more strength in a gallon of ale than in a penny loaf; Dr. Livingstone travelled many thousand miles in Africa, and Sir Henry Havelock bore the fatigues of a war campaign in India, without the aid of alcohol. While alcohol cannot give strength, it does serious injury to that vital organ the heart.