



Temperance Department.

WHY AGATHA FLEMING NEVER DRANK WINE.

BY MISS L. BATES.

"Of course we must have wine. Just think how perfectly shabby it would look!"

The remark was made by a beautiful girl as she danced out of the conservatory with a spray of pink blossoms in her hand. "It is my first party, and I want everything splendid. And, auntie," turning to a sweet-faced woman, with large, love-gleaming eyes and an almost alabaster purity of complexion. "You must wear that rose-colored brocade. It is just the color now, and your hair will trim beautifully. I am so glad we are to have plenty of flowers."

Helen Brayton was just from school, where she had been since she was ten years old. Of course, she knew little of life; but her father was a wealthy man, and her dream of "everything splendid" was about to be realized. Aunt Agatha was her mother's sister, a scholarly woman of whom she knew little, save that she was a trifle eccentric, giving away nearly all of her income and never so much as touching wine.

Mrs. Brayton leaned back in her luxurious chair and rested her eyes with a mother's delight on Helen's face.

"If we have wine, Aunt Agatha cannot come," was said slowly.

"Cannot! Why so?" with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "She will not be obliged to taste it."

Mrs. Brayton beat her satin-slipped foot against the Persian carpet. It was a question she could not decide. Mr. Brayton had given her *carte blanche*. He had not time to attend to it, he said. In calling in Agatha she had not thought of wine. With exquisite taste and wonderful tact in arrangement, her service would be invaluable. All the morning she had been trying to persuade the really elegant woman to consider this as an exceptional case. Not that she herself cared for it; neither did Mr. Brayton. But what would people say? Mrs. Brayton was not one with the moral courage to oppose Madame Grundy. She could not endure to be called shabby, especially when the money in hand would enable her to be profuse.

All the while Helen stood at the back of Aunt Agatha's chair talking of the pink and silver brocade. "Nobody will know it was ever worn. I am sure it never would show a seam."

A servant entered bearing a silver waiter and on it a small card. Helen colored, and Mrs. Brayton excused herself and went down to the parlor.

"Do you say that you will not mind this time, auntie?" plead Helen.

"And thus break my promise?"

"Did you promise, auntie, never so much as to drink a drop?"

"I promised never so much as to drink a drop; neither would I stand by and see another drink."

"That is going a little too far, auntie. If another drinks, it will not hurt us."

"I am not so sure," returned Aunt Agatha. "Whose card was that Dick brought in?"

"Henry Fargo's," answered Helen, with a vivid blush.

"If Henry Fargo should drink wine to excess, would it not hurt you?"

"O auntie! he never could," with a face from which all color had fled.

"If I have been rightly informed, one of his brothers died a drunkard," persisted Agatha Fleming.

"That was Will. He was always a little wild. Went to San Francisco, spent a good deal, and drank to drown his trouble," was Helen's answer.

The Fargos lived in the same square. In the vacations Helen had seen a good deal of Henry, and learned through him of Will's wanderings. But she did not connect it with wine; the latter was a mere accident. He drank to drown his trouble.

The expression of Agatha Fleming's face grew tender; tears filled her eyes. It was a favorable moment to say to Helen all there was in her heart to say—why she should not touch wine!

"You have heard your mother speak of Herbert Wyeburn?" turning her gaze full upon the young girl.

"Your old friend, or flame, I don't know which?" returned Helen with her usual vivacity. "Yes."

"My friend, as Henry Fargo is yours. We

lived in the same square, and we loved each other with a love that grew stronger as we grew older. Herbert went to college. He was grandly gifted. But he learned to take wine; it made him brilliant. The head of his class, he was likewise the master of oratory. But he could not speak without his glass; then it required more—one, two, three at a time. When he returned he brought the habit with him. His manner was no longer the same, at one time wild and capricious, at another time gloomy and morose. I expostulated. He was angry and upbraided me. The next hour he was ready to beg my pardon, and I forgave him. Of course, he would never again give way. Thus it went on until he was ready to establish himself in business, and I was looking forward to becoming a happy bride. One night there was a quarrel, in which Herbert struck a brother lawyer, and himself received a fatal stab in return. They had been drinking to excess, but when I reached Herbert he was rational. Never shall I forget his face as he said, 'The doctor says I must die. If I had never tasted wine, Agatha, this would not have been.'

"They had not told me that the wound was fatal. I buried my face in the pillow and sobbed outright. In that moment I would gladly have given my own life could I by that means have saved Herbert. My agony made him worse. They took me from him, and only permitted me to return when I promised to command myself. When I entered the room Herbert was lying with his eyes shut. As I approached I saw that his lips moved. Was he praying? I tried to think so, for I had been brought up to think it was a dreadful thing to die without an interest in Christ. As I knelt by his bedside he put out his hand. 'I have asked God to make it easy for you, Agatha. You warned me against drink; but I did not see the danger. Now I must die. But you will think of me sometimes, and, thinking of me, you will not fail to warn others against wine.' I had promised to be calm, and to be calm I tried to point him to Christ. I cannot tell just how it was, but in death there was a smile on his face, as though at the last he had caught the gleam of celestial wings. The thief on the cross received assurance, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' I trust it was so with Herbert."

Silence brooded over the room. Helen did not lift her head. Agatha was the first to speak.

"Now you know the reason why I do not drink wine, the reason why I do not go where wine is made a temptation to some poor soul who has not the strength to resist it. You will not now expect me to go to your party."

Slowly the brown head was lifted, while through tears Helen answered:

"I shall not have wine at my party, Aunt Agatha. It is too dreadful; I cannot think of it. Will Fargo drank wine, and drank to excess. Henry takes a social glass. No," with more emphasis, "I shall not have it. It shall never be said that I helped to make a young man a drunkard."

When Mrs. Brayton returned Helen hastened to explain.

"We will not have wine, mother. I could never hold up my head again if I knew that one person was led to drink to excess through my offering him a social glass."

"What I have to say will be unnecessary in this case," smiled Mrs. Brayton. "I have just seen Henry Fargo. He hopes we will not have wine. Since Will perished miserably as he did, he cannot go where wine is used freely. As this is the first party of the season, he trusts we will set the example that many, very many, will gladly follow."

"I could never have done it but for Aunt Agatha," Helen answered, with her old bright look. "Henry Fargo shall never have it to say that I tempted him with wine."—*National Temperance Advocate*.

SIR WILLIAM GULL ON ALCOHOL

This is an age of surprises, and events which have long been thought impossible are occurring every day. That a Court physician should homologate the "extreme" views of the thorough teetotalers has, till of late, been considered quite out of the question, and yet we now find the most fashionable physician of the day testifying before the Lords' Committee that alcoholic liquors are, in all quantities, neither more nor less than poisons. Sir William Gull, in answer to the question as to the presumed efficacy of brandy in keeping out cold, says that this is a fallacy, that he would take cod liver oil in preference, and that there is a wide difference between heat and the feeling of it. In this statement we believe all physiologists will agree, accurate experiment and observation having demonstrated that alcohol, in all appreciable quantities, lowers the vital temperature. Sir William evidently does not classify alcohol among foods; for, after stating that in his opinion small doses of it might be beneficially used (as a medicine) in

certain cases of extreme fatigue and exhaustion, he emphatically adds, "I very much doubt whether there are not some sorts of food which might very well be taken in its place." Pressed as to what kind of food he considers most desirable in such circumstances, he says that when he is fatigued with overwork he eats raisins instead of drinking wine, and, notwithstanding the ridicule by which a presumptuous and youthful medical apologist for alcohol has attempted to discredit the prescription, confesses that this has been his personal remedy for exhaustion for more than thirty years. Sir William distinctly gives it as his deliberate opinion that, instead of flying to alcohol when they are exhausted, people might very well drink water or take food and would be very much better without the alcohol. Sir William is very decided on the danger to intellectual workers in resorting to wine or alcohol, declaring that all things of an alcoholic nature injure the nerve tissues for the time if not altogether, quickening but not improving the operations—the constant use of alcohol, even in moderate measures, injuring the nerve tissues and being deleterious to health. "One of the commonest things in our society," he says, "is that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is difficult to observe even." Again, "there is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. This applies to people who are not in the least intemperate, and who are supposed to be fairly well." Sir William candidly admits that he does not know how alcohol acts upon the body, and—though some physiologists clamor loudly that they know all about it, and that alcohol is burnt as a hydrocarbon, and is therefore a food—he is undoubtedly in the right. But, though Sir William so honestly admits that the precise behavior of alcohol in the system is as yet unknown, he has seen enough, as all intelligent practitioners have, of its effects on the body and mind to warrant him in saying, "I know that it is a most deleterious poison." When asked if he means in excess, he answers promptly in the negative, and boldly announces his belief that "a very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it." When pressed by Lord Hartismere as to whether it is safe to leave off the use of alcohol at once, Sir William fairly laughs at the very idea of danger in these remarkable words:—"If you are taking poison into the blood, I do not see the advantage of diminishing the degrees of it from day to day. That point has been frequently put to me by medical men, but my reply has been: If your patient were poisoned by arsenic, would you still go on putting in the arsenic?" Sir William is quite as emphatic on the absurdity of supposing that the injurious influence of impure water can be lessened by admixture with alcohol. He confesses that, though alcohol is an antiseptic, he would be very cautious about using it as an antiseptic in his drink. He would rather abstain from drinking the water. Even on the delicate question of the medical administration of alcoholic liquors Sir William is very advanced in his views. It has constantly been his practice to treat fever without alcohol, and he is quite satisfied that in the rare cases where alcohol may be of benefit, as a medicinal agent, it does not cure the disease, which runs its course irrespective of the alcohol. In fact, he holds that alcohol, in such cases, acts as a sedative or a narcotic, deadening the feelings of the patient and rendering him more indifferent to the morbid process. Such are the main points in this remarkable evidence. The witness is above suspicion on the score of enthusiasm, fanaticism, or bigotry. He has had enormous experience in the treatment of disease, and his professional skill is as highly esteemed by the nation as it is appreciated by the Court. If the people of Great Britain will not believe the testimony as to the uselessness and injuriousness of intoxicating beverages in health, of one of the most distinguished physiologists, the most accomplished surgeons, and the most favored physicians of our country, they are, indeed, difficult to convince.—*Alliance News*.

HERE AND THERE.

From a mother's lips I had heard frequent lamentations over a beloved son. Brave had he been in his country's service and faithful to her cause. But the temptations of the camp had been stronger than his powers of resistance, and he had fallen apparently a prey to the destroyer.

Now from the same lips, quivering and tremulous with grateful joy, I have heard recently that her son had renounced his evil habits; had signed the "Temperance pledge," and had become an attentive worshipper with her, at her church.

Scarcely could she express in words the gratitude that beamed upon her face; and the

strong conviction on her mind that this result was an answer to prayer, and to the instrumentality of "a good woman"—an active worker in her church—who had exerted all her influence to this end.

This mother has since told me that her reformed son met, in a state of intoxication, a young man who had been one of his former companions. "Oh, Will Armstrong!" exclaimed the poor inebriate in tears, "when I saw you going to church with your mother, I prayed to God that I might be the next."

His friend could scarcely restrain his own emotion, as he replied, "Come on then, and God helping me, I will do all I can for you."

"God helping me!" In these words lies all his power to keep his pledge, or to aid his companion to join him in the path he is treading: "God help me!" Let this be his frequent and fervent ejaculation, especially at the moment of temptation, when the sight of the intoxicating cup or the voice of a companion would lead him to break his resolution.

Says one whose experience of life has given him a deep knowledge of our human nature, its foibles and its weaknesses: "If a man cannot pass a drinking saloon, and resist the temptation to enter it, let him go to a 'square' out of his way to avoid it." But to do even this requires the petition: "God help me!"

And may not Christians in their closets, as well as in the public gatherings, lend their aid to these, the weak, the erring, and the fallen ones, struggling in the grasp of the tempter? Let not their prayers ascend for those alone who are kindred and friends, or for those alone who are within the circle of their knowledge. But for all—the weak, the tempted, the fallen, the sorrow-stricken of this world—let petitions arise from every Christian heart and blend together as an acceptable offering, as holy incense before the throne of God.

So shall the "power of prayer" be felt in the remotest regions where our feet have never trod, and descend in blessings upon those whom our eyes have never seen, and never can see till we meet beyond the veil.—*N. Y. Observer*.

The following resolutions were passed at a great meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, held in Exeter Hall, London, on Monday evening, October 15th, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Manning, supported by a large number of the Catholic clergy:—1. That we, who are assembled at this meeting in honor of the birthday of the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, look back with affectionate gratitude upon his mighty labors and his wonderful success; and are determined, each one of us, either by the practice and promotion of total abstinence, or at least by the practice and promotion of the strictest temperance, to continue and to extend the work in which Father Mathew labored and died. 2. That, whereas the practice of total abstinence is for all persons the surest, and for many persons the only safeguard of temperance, we earnestly call upon all who are not as yet total abstainers, either to become such—for their own sake or as an example to others, or at least to regard with approval a practice on which the religious, social, and domestic happiness of a vast number of our fellow-creatures depends. 3. That, while it is our duty as Catholics to have our own total abstinence associations, we nevertheless most heartily wish success to all persons who, though not Catholics, are promoting by their respective associations the great cause of temperance; and we especially regard with approval the political action of the "United Kingdom Alliance" in supporting the "Permissive Bill," which has for its object the removal of public temptations to intemperance.

WHO SHOULD SUPPORT INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.

—A lady writes from Indiana to the *Temperance Advocate* making the following suggestion: A thought which has of late forced itself quite frequently upon me has voiced itself for utterance, and I beg a place in your paper to enquire of the reformers of the day, why the first petition to the legislature of every license State should not be for an act compelling every saloon-keeper in the State to pay a tax sufficient to support an inebriate asylum. The good old State of Indiana licenses men to make drunkards, but makes no provision for their care or cure; and recently, when poor Luther Benson, crazed by the appetite which was kept on fire by the licensed dram-shops which stared at him on every hand, had no protection except to flee to the penitentiary or insane asylum, and he chose the latter. That one example alone is a blot on the fair name of Indiana, yet there are thousands of such cases. Let us send up a petition to the legislature of every State which licenses the traffic, that they who make drunkards take care of their productions. The Lodges can then save their dollars to take care of the drunkard-makers.