

and receiving the blessing, but these were due to the practice of total abstinence which followed.

In course of time, especially after Father Mathew's death, the medals which he had given to those who signed the pledge came to be regarded with somewhat of veneration by the more superstitious of the people. Love of relics seem natural to us. But in proportion to the ignorance of the owner was it accredited with wonderful virtue. Like a quack medicine, it would cure everything. An amusing story is told how, on one occasion, a medal was borrowed to put out a neighbor's fire.

We all know what enthusiasm has been in the North at blue ribbon meetings, and what good results have followed; but we fear the same success is not to be looked for in Munster. There the blue ribbon means to them Protestantism, and the meetings a means of proselytizing.

But while we recognize that individual or united efforts can work wonders, the law of the land is licensing the temptation to evil on all sides, and thus undermining the best efforts of the philanthropist. Fifty years hence, when all public houses are swept away, and houses of real refreshment provided instead, will not people hold up their hands in horror at "what used to be," and rejoice that their lot has *not* been cast in

"The good old times?"

—L. C. in *The Irish Templar*.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A few years ago, I was in company with a gentleman who just returned from the city of L——, in New England. He said he put up at the hotel, and for a time took his seat in the bar room.

The door opened suddenly, and a woman stepped in. She was the very picture of agony; her hair dishevelled, her dress negligent, her eye unsteady, and her movements eccentric. She seemed to hesitate at first, but at length gathering courage, she moved up to the bar and said—

"Landlord, don't sell my husband any more rum. You have already ruined us! You know that before he came to your bar he was a sober man. He was as kind a husband as any woman ever had. We had a good home, a good farm and every comfort. But you sold him liquors until he had no money to pay. Unknown to me you got a mortgage on his farm; you sold it, and turned me and my helpless children out of doors! My husband lost his health, his character, and reputation. He became cross and abusive to me, whom he once tenderly loved. He turned me out of our wretched hovel into the cold and storm! He comes home from your tavern infuriated like a demon. My once kind and amiable husband, and the tender father, is a madman when in liquor. He beats me and my children cruelly, and threatens to murder us! *Oh! don't give him any more liquor!*" and the tears gushed from her eyes, while the landlord stood speechless.

In the midst of these entreaties, which should have broken a heart of adamant, a man stepped into the bar room, and with the vacant stare of an inebriate, moved toward the bar.

Instantly the pleading wife threw herself between the man and the bar, and with one hand against his breast, and the other stretched out imploringly to the landlord, she said,

"On don't, my dear! don't drink! You'll break my heart!" and bursting with agony, she turned to the landlord, and said,

"Oh, don't let him have it! *don't!*"

And while this scene was passing, heart rending and awful beyond description, the landlord walked deliberately out from behind the counter, and taking the woman rudely by the arm, said, "This is no place for women;" and violently tore her from her husband and, pushing her out, shut the door against her.

The wretched inebriate staggered up and drank his dram, placed a piece of money upon the counter, the landlord wiped it off complacently into the drawer, and the drunkard passed out, maddened with the draught to renew his brutal attacks upon his defenceless wife and children. * *

No one defended such barbarous cruelty as this. No one apologized for it. All agreed to pronounce the landlord worse than a brute. But there was one fact deserving of special attention. The whole transaction was under the sanction of the law! For the sale of every glass of that ruinous liquor, which reduced an honest man and good citizen to the lowest degree of suffering and infamy, he could show a

"LICENSE!"

There was then no redress in law for that suffering woman. She had been robbed of her home, of her comfort, of her husband, and the blight of despair had been thrown over her whole family; but the law protected the destroyer, and left her to endure the anguish without the hope of relief!

The people of that State have changed the law on that subject, since then. They have now got the MAINE LAW; so that the liquor-seller cannot take away the home of the helpless, and ruin a man with impunity. *Have they done right!*—*American Paper*.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

In a hospital ward a woman lay,
Painfully gasping her life away;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face,
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled,
In a tangled mass was like threads of gold,
And never a sculptor in any land
Moulded a daintier foot or hand.

Said one who ministered to her need:

"None but a coward could do this deed;
And what bitter hate must have nerved the arm
That a helpless creature like this could harm."
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's eclipse
Slowly unlocked, and the swollen lips
Murmured faintly, "He loves me well—
My husband—'twas drink—be sure you tell
When he comes to himself—that I forgive;
Poor fellow—for him—I would like to live."
A shudder, a moan, as the words were said
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay dead.

Oh, fathers who hold your daughters dear,
Somebody's daughter is lying here.
Oh, brothers of sisters! come and see
What the fate of your precious one may be:
Oh, man, however you love your home,
Be it palace or cottage, 'neath heaven's blue done,
This demon drink can enter in,
For law strikes hands and bargains with sin.
You may legalize crime, you have the gold,
Now hand them over, the sons you sold—
Keep pushing them forward. Drink, boys, drink!
Your fathers are paid for your souls they think.
And in the great marts where Mammon strives
Cheapest of all things are human lives.

—*St. Louis Cimeter*.

For Girls and Boys.

DOOMED TO FAILURE.

Fifteen years ago Harry Fowler—we do not use the real name—was a brilliant but nervous boy, in a preparatory school of one of our large cities. He entered college, and soon became noted for his essays in the literary club, which he joined.

He was not a thorough scholar, and his observation had been limited; but he had a happy faculty of expression, and could say "nothing" with a crisp vivacity which strongly resembled wit.

The college boys with one voice pronounced him a genius. He was the man—every college can boast of one—who "would be heard of in the world."

Harry was easily convinced of the truth of this prophecy. Why not assault fame now, he thought? Why spend years of drudgery in preparation for authorship? *Poeta nascitur, etc.*

He sent one or two articles to a daily paper. Unfortunately they were accepted. He left college, went to the city, and at nineteen began what he was pleased to call "a literary life." The boy had talent; immature, but attractive. A sketch or two was accepted by the magazines, and won praise. But there his success ended. He had neither knowledge, experience, nor poetic fancy to give to the world, and pleasing nothings do not long command a sale in publishing offices.

To support life he became a reporter on a daily paper, working all night to gain a pittance, which supported him. At the same time he besieged in vain every magazine and publisher in the country with novels, sketches, and poems. Made fitful and uncertain by his temperament and habits of life, he soon lost his position as salaried reporter, and became a sensational writer, a mere hack, furnishing accounts of murders, of prize fights, accidents, etc., at so much—or so little—a column.

Disappointment and irregular hours had soured his temper and wore on his nerves. He began to "need something to brace him up." There is no need that we should go down the miserable road step by step. A few weeks ago Harry Fowler committed suicide in his room,