

CLOSE YOUR DOOR.

AN APPEAL TO THE LIQUOR-SELLER.

BY REV. S. BISSELL.

(This can be used for a Recitation or Reading.)

MR. LANDLORD, close your door!  
Close your door! Close your door!  
In the name of Jesus we implore,  
Close your door! Close your door!  
For see the poverty and sin  
Caused by men who enter in;  
Yet all their souls Christ longs to win.  
Close your door! Close your door!

Your heart is human, just like ours;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
You see the curse and all its powers;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Then why not stop from dealing out  
The poison which brings it about,  
And put away all fear and doubt!  
Close your door! Close your door!

Just see the drunkards as they reel;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
To your heart they now appeal;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Look at their homes—they've comforts  
none;  
Their furniture and all is gone;  
They have no bed to rest upon.  
Close your door! Close your door!

The drunkard's child with rags is clad;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Half starved to death this sight is sad;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
His wife with care and grief doth go  
To beg a crust of bread or so;  
All this as well as we you know.  
Close your door! Close your door!

Do stop at once the dread supply;  
Close your door! Close your door!  
And let not men as drunkards die.  
Close your door! Close your door!  
Say to the man who may demand  
A cup of poison in his hand:  
"This is no more a whiskey-stand;  
I've closed my door! I've closed my  
door!"

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS;"

OR, THE DRUNKEN UNCLE RECLAIMED.

By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."



"M for temperance," said a brown-eyed little fellow; and he set his lips firmly, and he looked the picture of resolution.

"Indeed! then it is all over with King Alcohol,"

said his elder brother, laughing.  
"Oh you may laugh! it doesn't hurt anything," said John, not in the least cast down by his brother's poor opinion of his influence. "If I'm not as old nor as big as you are, I count one on the right side; and 'every little helps,' as mother says. So I'm for temperance, and I don't care who knows it."

"Don't you, indeed! Suppose all the world knew it—what then?"

"Why, the world would know that when I grow up there would be one man living who didn't spend his money nor idle away his time in the taverns, who didn't make his wife sit up half the night for him crying her eyes out, and who didn't neglect or abuse his children. That's what the world would know, and I am sure that would help the good cause a little." "Don't talk so loud, John." His brother spoke in a low voice. "Uncle Phil might hear you. He's in the next room."

"Is he? Well, I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance

—I only wish he was. Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they would have a house of their own to live in."

"Hush, John! he'll be angry if he hears you."

"Getting angry wouldn't make it any better, Ned," firmly answered John. "I'm a temperance boy, and if Uncle Phil gets angry because I just say that I wish he was a temperance man—why, he'll have to get angry, that's all! I love Aunt Susie; she's as good as she can be, and Uncle Phil makes her cry with his drinking and getting tipsy. It's a great deal worse for him to do it than for me to say it, and he'd a great deal better get angry with himself than with me."

It happened as Ned feared. Uncle Phil, who was in the next room, heard every word of this conversation. Was he very angry at the little apostle of temperance? We shall see. At mention of his name he pricked up his ear to listen. As John said, "I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance—I only wish he was," two red spots burned on his cheeks, and he looked annoyed, but when John added, "Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in," the spots went off his cheeks, and he grew quite pale. What John said after this didn't bring the blood back to his face, but made it, if anything, paler. He got up in a cowed sort of a way, and left the room so quietly that the two boys did not hear him go out.

Now Uncle Phil, about whom John had spoken so plainly, deserved all that was said of him, and a great deal more. Intemperance had almost destroyed his manhood. He was the slave of strong drink. Appetite indulged for years had gained a fearful power over him, and to gratify its craving thirst he spent nearly every shilling that he earned, and, with his family, lived mainly dependent upon his good natured brother. Once he had been in a thriving business of his own; now he was a clerk in a warehouse of a friend, Mr. Osborne, who kept him more out of pity than for the service he gave. Sometimes he would be absent from his post for days, and oftentimes for hours in each day. This friend, after scolding him, threatening him, but all to no purpose, had just made up his mind to turn him adrift.

"I can't have him here any longer," said Mr. Osborne, in talking over the matter with his head clerk. "I've tried my best to help him, but it's no use. As he drinks up everything he earns, it will be better for him to earn nothing."

"I've long thought that," answered the clerk. "The fact is, you've borne with him to a degree that surprises everyone in the warehouse."

"I'll do it no longer," was the resolute reply.

"There he comes now," said the head clerk.

Mr. Osborne turned with a hard look in his face, intending to stop Uncle Phil before he reached his desk, and inform him that his duties were at an end. Something, however, in Uncle Phil's manner kept him from speaking what was in his mind. The poor man came in with a quicker step and an air of earnestness not seen about him for a long time.

"I'll not be late again Mr. Osborne," he said in a decided way. "It's all been wrong, but shan't happen again."

"I hope not," said Mr. Osborne, in a tone that made Uncle Phil give a start. "You've a right to be displeased with me," said the wretched man. "I only wonder you've borne with me so long. But have patience with me a little while longer. I've made up my mind to lead a new life, God helping me."

Uncle Phil's voice trembled, and pity returned to Mr. Osborne's heart.

"God alone can help you," answered his kind friend. "Unless you get strength from him, your case is hopeless."

"I'm resolved never to drink one drop of intoxicating liquor again, so long as I live," said Uncle Phil solemnly.

"All good resolutions are from Heaven, my friend," answered Mr. Osborne, "and from Heaven comes the power to keep them. Trust not in your own poor strength—it has failed you a thousand times—but look upward, and while you pray for help, keep yourself out of the old ways where your feet have stumbled. That is your part of the work, and it must not fail for an instant. If you go where liquor is sold, you go outside the circle of safety, if you touch it, you fall. God cannot help you unless you try to help yourself, and the only way you can help yourself is to keep far off from danger. While you do this, no unconquerable desire for liquor will be felt, but if you taste it you will be lost."

Uncle Phil stood listening with bent head while Mr. Osborne was speaking.

"I will never taste it again," he answered—"never so long as I live."

A thing happened that evening which had not happened for months—Uncle Phil made one of the family circle at tea-time. He came in with sober face and quite air, giving all a pleasing surprise. John, who had spoken so freely in the morning, and who had been thinking about him all day—for he was pretty sure Uncle Phil had heard his plain talk—could not keep his eyes from his face. Uncle Phil soon became aware that John was observing him with keen interest.

All at once breaking the embarrassed silence of the tea-table, he asked, looking at the boy—

"What are you for John?"

For a moment John hesitated, while his cheeks grew red. Then he answered firmly, "I'm for temperance."

There was an uneasy stir around the table, and an enquiring look from face to face.

"So am I, too, John; and that makes two on the right side, and we don't care who knows it!" spoke out Uncle Phil, in clear, ringing voice.

Oh, what a tearful, happy time came then! Aunt Susie cried for joy, and John's mother cried and hugged her little son when Uncle Phil repeated the brave, strong words that went like arrows to his heart.

Uncle Phil never drank again. Before many years had passed by, he and Aunt Susie were in a house of their own, independent and happy.—*Band of Hope Review.*

A TEMPERANCE exchange says:—"Indianapolis has 100 Sunday-schools and 300 saloons. As a result, in ten years she has had 6,000 conversions to Christ and 50,000 arrests before the mayor's court for drunkenness. She has had 400 graduates in public schools and 750 graduates out of the grog-shops into the penitentiaries."

LADY MACDONALD'S TESTIMONY AS A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

EXTRACT of a letter written by LADY MACDONALD to a correspondent, of Savannah, Georgia, U.S.:

"I was myself led to give up wine-drinking after some reflection, suddenly, at last, on Christmas Day, 1867. I had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made any decided resolution until this day, when at dinner with a large party, the conversation turned upon Total Abstinence. One of our guests, himself a strictly temperate man, holding high office in our country (then and now,) said that practically total abstinence was impossible for any one in society. I said laughingly, 'What a dreadful statement; I quite differ from you.' He took me up warmly, and several joined in, all without exception agreeing with him in saying that the requirements of modern society were such that no one could be so singular as to become teetotal without being more or less ridiculous, and that the fatigues, excitement, and wear and tear of political society life especially, made the use of wine, in great moderation, of course, absolutely a necessity. I entered the lists, scarcely knowing why, and declared I did not believe this theory. At last the question was pressed more closely. My friend, who had begun it, said that he did not believe even 'you yourself, Lady Macdonald, could or would give up your glass of sherry at dinner.'

I asked 'why not?' And he went over with great force and clearness all the specious and dangerous arguments that are urged in support of drinking IN MODERATION, ending with the remark that in Sir John's public position my being a total abstainer would do him great harm politically. This seemed too monstrous, so I said (emptying my half glass of sherry into the finger-glass as I did so) 'Well, I will try; henceforth I enter the ranks of the total abstainers; and drink to our success in water.' Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine. In health I can do my life's work without any aid from dangerous stimulants; IN SICKNESS I HAVE INVARIABLY AND POSITIVELY REFUSED TO TOUCH IT. My life is a very busy one; I have sometimes, for weeks together, days of constant occupation and nights almost all sitting up. Politics are exciting and fatiguing, and every temptation to try stimulants is to be found in the late nights of listening to anxious debates, and the constant necessity of being 'up to the mark' late and early. I have had a good deal of nursing to do, with a delicate husband and child, and this often during our busiest 'society season;' and yet I have never sought strength from wine at any single moment, and my health is far better than that of so many friends who 'take a glass of wine, or a little beer, just to give them a little strength.' Thus I give you my experience, as far as it goes, to show that stimulant is not necessary in the station of life where it is unfortunately most commonly used. So far as mental and bodily fatigue goes, I have tested the possibility of doing without stimulant to the fullest extent, in long anxious hours over sick beds, in sudden disaster, in long watchings and journeys where food was uninviting, and in many fatiguing and very uncongenial society claims.

When I told my husband my decision, and that our friend had said that it