



Temperance Department.

THE FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.

WRITTEN IN THE STATE'S PRISON.

It's curious, isn't it, Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring;
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king.
And feigning the waiters with "ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight,
And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me to do it?" What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time.
He spends his substance as freely,
As the Biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,
High steps while fortune is flush,
The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night I sat here and pondered,
On the ends of my evil ways,
There arose like a phantom before me,
The visions of my boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school-house that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow.
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray,
Whose love was a precious treasure,
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again, in my visions,
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter—
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.
—*The Morning.*

THE RUMSELLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. J. K.

"Papa!"
"What, darling?"
"Jennie Mason is up in heaven, isn't she?"
"Why, yes, I hope so; but what makes you ask?"
"Because I saw her there."
"You have been dreaming, my child."
"Oh it couldn't be a dream; it was so real. She is so beautiful, so changed now. She always looked so cold and shivering when she used to come here. She had such poor shoes, and such a thin dress. Now she has beautiful white robes, and wings like an angel, and her face is so shining and happy. And there were ever so many children there, all singing together such beautiful songs. And while I was listening to the music, Jennie's papa came up to the beautiful gates. And over the gates it was written in great shining letters, and I could read it so plain,
"No drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God."

And one of the angels pointed to the words. Then Jennie's papa knew that he couldn't go in through the gates. When he turned away it was so sad, so dreadful. Oh, how sorry he looked.

The child covered her face with her hand to shut out the terrible sight, while her frame quivered with emotion. Then suddenly uncovering her face, with her sweet blue eyes full of tears, she said, "Papa, didn't you sell Mr. Mason the rum that made him a drunkard?"

"You are very sick, Mabel," the father said, and you must be very quiet and not talk any more."

"I can't help talking, papa. There were ever so many more people who came here to buy rum, that had to go away from the shining gates. I felt so sorry for them, that I promised to come and ask you not to sell them any more, and then they would not be drunkards and could go in through the gates. Now you won't, will you, papa?"

"Mabel was the only and idolized child of her father. For many weeks her life had been gently fading away. Everything that medical skill could do had been done to save that life so precious to the father's heart, but without avail; and he knew that she would soon pass through the gates into the beautiful city. There was little more that he could do for the precious child for whom he would gladly do all things.

"Papa, you will promise, won't you; then when I go up to the beautiful city I can tell them your promise, and Jennie's papa and all the others will be so glad; and the angels will so gladly let them in."

It was a terrible struggle. On the one side that pleading face and beseeching voice, begging that he would not shut those precious souls out of heaven; and on the other side the greed of gain. All the father's heart was stirred. Conscience was aroused. He could not shut out from his sight those living characters,

"No drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God,"

and be the cause of dooming so many immortal souls to everlasting despair. He saw the drunkard's child among the angels, with the hunger and cold all gone; and the tattered garments changed to robes of light. He saw, too, with a shudder the sad and solemn procession winding slowly away from the shining gate, revealing the wrong and the misery and the ruin which he had wrought. In his very soul he saw how mean and selfish it was to sacrifice the eternal happiness of his fellow men to his own ease and gain. The Holy Spirit strove with him, as He had done many times before, "convincing him of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come," and tenderly entreating him to make the great decision.

"Will you promise, papa? I can't wait much longer. They are calling for me and I must go."

Bending over his child the father fervently uttered, "With God's help, I promise, darling."

"I will tell them," she said, putting her arms about his neck and kissing him. That night the child carried the glad news up among the shining ones, and there was joy in heaven over the repentant sinner. The father kept his promise; giving up at once his dreadful business.

Who, that is now earning the curse pronounced against him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips, will go and do likewise?
—*The Morning.*

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SHOW FOR IT?

A young man commences at the age of 20 years to drink, and from 20 to 23 he drinks but one glass of beer a day, worth 5 cents a glass; at 23 he will have spent \$54.75; from 22 to 25 two glasses a day, he will have spent \$73; from 25 to 30, three glasses a day, \$273.75; from 30 to 35, four glasses a day, \$365; from 35 to 40, five glasses a day, \$556.25. By this time he will have spent in all the sum of \$1,222.75.

Now, if another young man commences at 20, and instead of spending the money named for beer each year, puts it out at 7 per cent. interest, without any savings but this beer money, he would be worth, at the age of 40 years, \$2,280, having saved his money, his character, his health, and perhaps his soul.

Now, if you have been paying out your money for beer—what have you to show for it? Are you any better, richer, happier for it? Are you any healthier than your total abstaining friend? Has your beer drinking given you any better position in society? Are your family any better off for it in any way? Does your drinking help you to lay up anything of any sort to offset the bank account you would have had if you had paid your beer money to the cashier? Or do you expect by means of beer drinking to lay up anything for yourself or your family in the future? If so, what is it?

When you make a bargain, there are always two values. You pay your money for a pair of shoes and you have the shoes to show for it, and you can wear them while you are earning money to buy more; but

when you have paid your money for a glass of beer, and swallowed it, what have you to show for it? Ten chances to one it makes you thirsty for another glass, and another, and you get a headache or a stupid feeling that does not help you work, and perhaps some other bad things—not worth paying for; but if you have any good thing to show for it, what is it?

Perhaps you have not yet drunk enough to count up much; if so, now is your time to forestall the cost and make your bargain. Will you pay out your money for the beer and lose it, or will you lay it out so that you may have something to show for it?

"Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"—Bible.—*Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.*

TOBACCO—SOCIALLY.

BY DOCTOR DEANE.

Not only does tobacco injure those who indulge in it, bodily and mentally—but, from a social standpoint, it is an almost insupportable evil.

In the first place, it is wholly unnecessary. Food is needful; exercise, rest, sleep, clothing, books, moderate amusement, rational pastimes; and for all these things we must make due and proper provision. But for tobacco we have no need. Not an organ requires it. The stomach needs food; the brain, sleep; thirst calls for drink; the body for raiment; but, from head to foot not a member, organ or function requires tobacco.

In the second place, the use of tobacco is expensive. A good cigar costs ten cents; five or six a day is a moderate number for an habitual smoker; ten a day is a dollar a day wasted. Think of the "fun," to say nothing of the benefit, might be obtained for a dollar.

There are many books which may be bought for a dollar. Think of the excursions, and the weekly papers, and the books, and the presents to mother or sister, or young lady friends, and the nice bits of bric-a-brac, and the tickets to museums, and the trips to the sea-shore, and the gifts to the really deserving poor, and the many other proper pleasures that are wrapped up in a dollar a day.

Three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year is a good deal to expend in spittle and smoke, it seems to me.

In the third place, the use of tobacco is impolite. You will have to be very rude to use it in the company of ladies, or of others who do not smoke.

The fact that many do smoke in the presence of ladies and others who do not smoke, and are tolerated, is no excuse for you. Because a hundred are ungentlemanly is no reason why a hundred and one should be; and it is more to have the art of politeness than that of smoking, it seems to me.

In the next place, both chewing and smoking are annoying to those who do not use tobacco. The smoke of a cigar is stifling, and pools of nasty juice anything but pleasant to look at, to say nothing of having to wade through it or sweep a dress over it.

Another remark comes in just here appropriately. The amount of lying that the cigar gives rise to is very great. It is considered "proper" before a "gentleman" lights his weed in the company of a lady, or of any one who has declined to smoke, to say, "Is smoking objectionable to you?" And it is considered "proper" also, that the person addressed shall reply, "Oh, no!" At any rate, nine times out of ten, persons do so, whether they really object or not.

A great many falsehoods are in this way forced from people who have not the courage to say "yes." "The right way is, if smoke is really unpleasant, or if you wish to discourage the habit, say plainly, but of course very politely, that you do object. No one would have the right after you had told him that, to smoke where you were.

Finally, the uncleanness of the habit should alone—even if there were nothing else against it—cause all nice persons to abstain from it.

The idea of any man who expects any one to go with him, walk with him, take his arm, sit in the room with him, perfuming his clothes and person with an offensive odor! What would be said of a man who should carry assafoetida in his pocket?

In fact, there are a hundred arguments against tobacco, and not one in its favor.

Many say they will, or do, use it in moderation. Hardly one person in a thousand does that. It is hard to do so—so hard

that a very, very small minority of tobacco users come anywhere near moderation.

The best way is not to venture. If you never smoke one cigar a day, you will never smoke twenty. Some think it manly to smoke and chew. On the contrary, it is only mannish, which is very different.

Don't think that I have exhausted the subject, for I have not. I have given only the main points of the argument against the use of tobacco. I have spoken as a physician and as an observer in society. And I want to ask the boy who smokes one question, and that is, if he smokes, why may not his mother or sister, and how would he like that?

Would any man marry a woman who was a smoker or chewer? Now, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.—*Golden Days.*

A SCORE OF BAD SIGNS.

It is a bad sign when an inn-keeper gets the first pull at a workingman's wages. It is a bad sign when a mechanic asks his employer for a draw about the middle of the week. It is a bad sign when a laborer says, "It's of no use. I can't do my work without beer." It is a bad sign when a young fellow, who earns eighteen shillings a week, says, "I can't save anything." It is a bad sign when a workman asks a butcher in a low tone, "What will you take for those few odd bits in the corner there?" It is a bad sign when drink fines and footings are enforced in a workshop. It is a bad sign when a laborer refuses a job of work as soon as he learns that no beer will be allowed. It is a bad sign when a skilful workman declares that savings banks have never been any use to him. It is a bad sign when a man is seen fumbling in his pockets whenever he comes in sight of a drink-shop. It is a bad sign when a husband calls to his wife as she is starting to market, and says, "Nance, don't forget my pipe, I can't do with less than four ounces for the week." It is a bad sign when a man, earning good wages, asks a temperance neighbor to lend him a few shillings to pay his children's schooling. It is a bad sign when the father of a family spends more time at the public-house than by his own fireside. It is a bad sign when the foreman of a workshop tells his men that he does not see why beer and gin should be taxed any more than meat and flour. It is a bad sign when a man says, "It's of no use laying up for a rainy day, because somebody will be sure to see that my wife and children don't suffer." It is a bad sign when a mechanic, as he comes to work, tells his mates, "I feel nohow this morning, and fit for nothing; I must have a glass or two to start with." It is a bad sign when a lazy fellow excuses himself by saying, "It's only fools who work hard." And lastly, it is one of the worst signs of all, when a man knows the treacherous character of strong drink, and feels it biting and stinging him day by day, and yet will not give it up.—*Temperance Record (English).*

"THE DEVIL IN SOLUTION."

The power of the demon of drink is strikingly illustrated in the following incident:

Two brothers were recently reunited in New York who had been separated for thirty-two years. One was a shoemaker and the other a sailor, and they separated in Ireland in 1848, one coming to this country and the other to sail around the world. They were devotedly and sincerely attached to each other, and great was their joy at the meeting after such a long separation. They celebrated their meeting with the foolish but prevalent practice of drinking liquor. Twenty-four hours with the drink had so transformed these loving brothers into human fiends that they quarrelled and fought until one was laid up in a hospital in a critical condition and the other in prison for a deadly assault on his brother. Any agent which will produce such results should be banished for ever to the abode of infernal spirits, and securely chained until the final day of judgment.—*Temperance Advocate.*

THE FOLLOWING appears in the advertisements of one of the largest public-house music-halls of the metropolis:—"New tea and coffee bar, erected expressly for those persons who have a desire to avoid intoxicating drinks. Charges moderate."—*League Journal.*