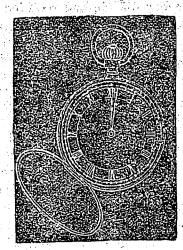


Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

(Mrs. W. F. Crafts in 'Temperance Banner.')

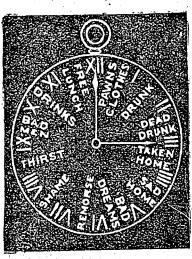


Every boy is happy to be the owner of a watch. Of course, he wants the kind that will go, and tell time. A play watch that is right only twice in twenty-four hours—a painted watch, so to speak—is not at all satisfactory to a boy. There is a good way and a bad way to use a watch. Indeed, there are then two ways of using almost everything that is good in itself. When you are set some kind of a task to do, whether it is to work or to study, or to practice music, it is a bad sign when a boy keeps taking out his watch every few minutes to see if the time is not nearly up.

Instead, let us look at our watches to see

Instead, let us look at our watches to see how we can do more to 'fill all the hours with the sweetest things,' the best things that we know how to do. This is the way Jesus wants us to do, for when he was in this world he told his apostles to live this way.

How is it with a drunkard's watch, do you suppose? It keeps on going all of the time, that is, if it is wound up and goes right too, doesn't it? It does not get drunk, because its owner does! The drunkard takes out his watch, and looks at it, but he cannot tell much about the time. He is pretty sure to come home late. How does he fill all the hours?



We will begin with six o'clock in the morning. He wakes up all tired out, for his sleep has been disturbed with bad dreams. He is sober when he wakes up, and he remembers what a bad man he was yesterday. He knows better, and so he has remorse. He is sorry and promises himself that he is not going to get drunk again. At seven o'clock he rises from his bed, dresses himself and comes out to meet his wife and children. He looks at his wife, and her eyes are all red, because she has been weeping nearly all night, and her face is very sad. His children do not come up to kiss him, but they look at him as if they were afraid of him. Yes, they are afraid of him. How ashamed the man is, so ashamed that he has nothing to say while eating his breakfast. At eight o'clock he goes out, and thinks

he will try and find some work to do. But everybody knows he is a drunkard, and nobody wants to hire a drunkard. He feels very thirsty, for what, water? No, for liquor, and so he begs for money, and gets a little, and goes directly to the saloon to spend it. It is only nine o'clock in the morning. At the saloon he meets a lot of bad men, and they treat him, that is, pay for his drinks, after the little money he has is gone. Between eleven and twelve o'clock he begins to feel hungry, but he does not need to leave the saloon, for the saloon-keeper sets out a 'free lunch.' He does this because he expects the men who eat to buy liquor. The drunkard has no more money, but he takes off his vest, and tells the saloon-keeper to take it, and give him so many drinks for it, so between twelve and one o'clock he 'pawns his clothes.' Between two and three o'clock he gets drunk. Between three and four he is so drunk that he does not know anything: 'dead drunk.' Between four and five o'clock he is taken home. Between five and six, the mother and children are filled with sorrow to see the drunken husband and father. He is very cross to them, and will hurt them if they do not keep out of his way. He goes to bed early and has a night of troubled, drunken sleep.

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This is about the story which a drunkard's watch tells nearly every day. Some days it is a little better, and some days worse. You do not wonder we are told in the Bible: 'Be not drunk with wine,' and that means any kind of strong drink. Jesus said to Peter and John and the other Apostles: 'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' Do you think a drunkard would be ready to see Jesus if Jesus should come back to this world?

How different it would be with those who

if Jesus should come back to this world?

How different it would be with those who are trying to fill all the hours with the sweetest things, kind words, noble deeds done in his name. There are some people in the world who would seem to be ready at any time for Jesus to come. Jesus says of such, 'Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he cometh, shall find so doing.' And Jesus promises that all such shall have great reward—even high places in heaven.

But, alas! for those who are drunken, Jesus says of them that they shall have sorrow and woe, for they shall not be allowed to dwell with the Heavenly Father and the holy angels.



What Became Of a Drink.

In the year 1849, on the 3rd day of October, a traveller from Richmond, in Virginia, to Philadelphia, got cut of a train at the refreshment station at Baltimore. He was tired with the journey and still had some distance to go. A friend whom he met there invited him to take a drink. What harm could there be in that? Was it not the part of good fellowship to do so? Who but a churl, a fellow who ought to be treated with contempt, some bigoted, miserable teetotaler, could raise an objection? The two friends, with good intentions, went to the bar. Had a drink. What was the result?

The gentleman who was thus tempted was a poet of very high promise. His career had been wild and bad. His name was Edgar Allen Poe. His tales had revealed rare genius. One or two poems he had written were radiant with promise. Every literary critic was assured that if he would become steady and settle down to a good life he would be one of the brightest stars of American literature. But the counsels of wise men and the influence of good friends had no effect. Whilst in Richmond he had been brought to penitence for the past, and vowed reformation. He signed the pledge and joined a temperance society to enable him

to resist his great foe, strong drink. He gave a lecture on total abstinence, which was attended by the best people in Richmond, who rejoiced at the change and were full of hope. A lady whom he had long loved now consented to an engagement, and arrangements were made for the wedding. All his friends were satisfied that the man had changed, and meant to work and live a good life. Before the marriage took place he had an invitation to Philadelphia for some literary work. Life was bright and all promised well. But whilst staying for a few minutes at Baltimore, a well-meaning friend persuaded him once more to open the door to the demon who had blasted his life up to that hour, but was now subdued. What inducements were used, what strong asseverations that one glass could do no harm were made, what jests at being a milksop were employed, what sneers at teetotal fanaticism were indulged in, we cannot tell. At length Poe only just turned the key in the lock. He took a drink.

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There are foolish persons who say they have no sympathy with a man who cannot take just one glass or two, perhaps, and stop there. No wise lover of his fellows will say that. Some of the very best men cannot. It is often the finest brains that are driven into insanity with a few drops of alcohol, which speedily destroys the equilibrium of the whole system, as a little snake poison will do. Poe could not stop at one glass. At Havre de Grace he was found so disorderly that he was taken back to Baltimore in the custody of the conductor of the Philadelphia train. There he did what numbers have done—run riot in drink, completely mastered by the demon he had been foolish enough to set free. In the course of a few days he was taken to a hospital in an insensible state. On Sunday morring, October 7, he awoke to consciousness 'Where am I?' he asked. A kindhearted doctor who was by the bedside said, 'You are cared for by your best friends. After a pause Poe solemnly replied, 'My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains.' In ten minutes he was a corpse. The next day he was interred in the burial-ground of Westminster church, and America lost one of the most promising, brilliant writers she ever possessed. What became of the friend who induced him to take that drink at the Baltimore refreshment room? What did he think of it when he learned the results? What will he think of it in eternity? If angels have any insight into futurity, what must they have felt if permitted to witness that scene at the refreshment bar? Surely some demon sent a thrill of hellish joy throughout the pit as it saw the man lift the glass! Oh, it is terrible to think what a brilliant light in English literature that glass quenched! And one is reminded of a certain great poet, who lived more than many centuries previously, who said, possibly seeing a similar evil in his day, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.'—J. Hunt Cooke in 'The Freeman.'

Sympathy Performs Wonders

A word of sympathy will often do wonders. In point of fact, sympathy saves.

John B. Gough, as a young man, was a notorious drunkard. No man in drunkenness was ever more the brute than he. At last he was induced to sign the pledge, and he determined that he would keep it. But later on, while working at his bench, despair seized him. No word of sympathy had yet been spoken to him. Throwing off his apron, he said:

'I'll give it up! I'll go to the saloon for a drink!'

In that moment a lawyer entered his shop, and extending his hand in a cordial greeting, said:

'John, keep up a brave heart! God bless you! Call at my office and see me.'

you: Call at my once and see me.

These words gave him new courage, and determined him to fight the demon. He had a bitter fight, but he fought, and with God's help, won. More than that, he became the world's foremost lecturer on the temperance platform, and did valiant work until death.

—'Forward.'

Dr. R. N. Bucke, medical superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane; London, Canada, in a report said: 'As we have given up the use of alcohol we have needed and used less opium and chloral, and as we have discontinued the use of alcohol, opium and chloral we have needed and used less seclusion and restraint.'