

he said to Sir James Outram, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."



Temperance Department.

TWO GIRLS' INFLUENCE.

BY FAITH ALSTEAD.

"I know you would not think my reason of any account, Emily, but I never wish to pursue the acquaintance of any one who is not a strict temperance man, a total abstainer from all that intoxicates." So spoke Bessie Sayres, as she stood with her friend in a deep window from which they had just responded to the bow of a gentleman who was passing.

"O, well, Bessie, of course," said Emily, with an uneasy laugh, "I believe in temperance principles, too; but then, you know, we cannot expect young men to be as strict as we are; they have so many more temptations."

"I do," said Bessie, quietly, "and I think that all the more reason why they should be strict, in order to avoid temptation."

Emily Rutherford looked unconvinced. She was a pretty girl, prettier than Bessie, but there was a look of indecision about her full red mouth, that contrasted forcibly with the decided lines around her friend's.

"Well, Bessie," she said at last, after a few moments' silence, "you know, as well as I do, that no one ever saw Mr. Ashland under the influence of liquor."

"No," said Bessie, "but he makes no secret of his views on the subject, that one can take a glass occasionally, or even daily, and suffer no harm."

"Do you think he does suffer from it?" asked Emily.

"Possibly not himself," said Bessie, "though even that is doubtful to my mind; but look at his influence, Emily," she said, laying her hand on her friend's arm. "Think of Charlie Maynard—is his influence over him what you would like?"

Emily flushed. "Charlie ought to be able to take care of himself," she said; "I should be ashamed of him, if he could not."

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," quoted Bessie, softly. "Mr. Ashland professes to follow the teachings of the Book from which those words are taken."

Emily turned away uneasily. She always felt dissatisfied with herself, when with Bessie. She knew the right way, but dread of ridicule kept her from coming out as a strong temperance worker. In the circle of society in which she moved, wine was a common beverage, even in a small company, and she remembered how, just a few evenings ago, she had smilingly handed Charlie Maynard a glass of the sparkling poison—for it was poison to Charlie. His blood was fevered by a small amount, and his gay laugh and unsteady step were but the forerunners of a blinding headache, and bitter remorse and self-upbraiding.

"I think, though, Bessie," she said, as her friend followed her to the door, "that you are rather extreme in your views. It surely would do no harm for you to show some appreciation of Mr. Ashland's attentions, and not so studiously avoid meeting him."

Bessie smiled. "You must allow me to do as I think best in the matter, Emily," she said, gently; and then the girls separated with an affectionate good-bye.

"You look gloomy, Tom!" It was Charlie Maynard's cheery voice that broke upon Mr. Ashland's reverie. The latter sprang to his feet, and welcomed the young man in a tone the reverse of gloomy; but when they were seated by the open grate, with a light stand between, on which stood a decanter and two goblets, his face grew grave again. The firelight flashed and flickered on the cut glass, the wine sparkled and glowed, and as Charlie, in response to a word from his friend, raised his glass to his

lips, he paused and said, "If I were you, Tom Ashland, I would not touch this again."

"What do you mean, Charlie?" asked the other, surprised.

"Simply this," said Charlie; "I believe that Miss Sayres thinks well enough of you to encourage you if it was not for your indulgence in this. She is almost a fanatic on the subject of temperance, it seems to me."

"Why do you not take your own advice?" said Mr. Ashland, with a half-laugh.

"O, Emily would not impose any such condition on me," said Charlie, flushing.

"If what you say is true, Charlie, I will let this be the last I will touch," said Mr. Ashland, pouring out what remained in his glass over the ashes. "Will you join me in it?"

"Not now," said Charlie. "I have not so much at stake as you, so I'll wait awhile before I join the temperance army."

"Better come now," said Mr. Ashland; but Charlie still shook his head.

Ah, Emily! if you had only made the stand you should, when Charlie asked you if you objected to the use of wine, what a different sequel your life might have had.

The months sped by, and found Tom Ashland keeping his word firmly through all temptations, and surely winning his way with Bessie. Charlie and Emily were settled in a snug little home not far from Bessie's. Emily seemed happy, but sometimes a shade of care would flit over her girlish face, and as the months grew to years this deepened and settled on her brow.

Long before this, Bessie was Mrs. Ashland, and her husband's interest in the work she had always had so at heart, was scarcely second to her own.

Charlie Maynard was the one always nearest to their hearts, always first in their prayers, but it was not until years after Emily had laid down her weight of grief and sorrow and gone to her rest, that these efforts were rewarded, and Charlie ransomed from the power of the destroyer.

Bessie would never give him up, never listen to Tom's discouraged words, when he told of some fresh fall of Charlie's, and said, "I am afraid it is of no use, Bessie."

"It must be of use, Tom," she would say. "I'll never believe that Emily's bitter repentance was not accepted, as long as Charlie is within reach of our efforts. But, O, if she had only used her influence in the right direction, earlier."

When Charlie was at last enabled to overcome his fatal weakness, he looked like an old man, although only in middle life. What wonder, then, that he often sighed as he contrasted his blighted powers with the vigorous manhood of his friend, and thought of the wasted years of his life, which even the most earnest efforts could not wholly redeem?

Reader, on which side is your influence?—*Church and Home.*

PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

One afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of school-boys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of a school-house only a few moments before, and had their books, slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thomson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone in to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking, a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he is always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and the prisoner, and we soon lost sight of them. As we passed on, we noticed the public-school building was only a short

distance from the saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before Paul Thompson had graduated from the High School. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen-doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing. He encouraged the boy's coming in with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste, it was bitter; but the saloon-man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of a good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face; every smile she gave him, and every kind word, made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by the saloon again, but to go home another way although it was much farther. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thompson a constant frequenter of the same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse for six years or more. The very years, too, of his life which were the most important to him—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honorable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She is weary and worn with the late watching. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but the "habit begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now boys, this case of Paul Thompson's is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over on the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their soul. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—*Evangelist.*

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

Not long since a good sister of the W. C. T. U. was visiting at a beautiful home in one of our cities, where some brandy peaches were passed at the tea-table. A little boy of the family watched her closely, and when he saw her decline them, a bright smile illumined his face, and leaning confidently upon her lap he said, "Oh, I know why you didn't take the peaches! It's because there's brandy in them, and it will help make us like to drink brandy and then we might get to be drunkards."

"I can't think where the child learned such nonsense!" said the lady of the house, apologetically.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said the little fellow, "I learned it at Sunday school; my teacher told me all about it, and I'm never, never going to eat any brandy peaches. Don't you see, mamma, the lady don't eat them, and I'm so glad she's temperance too."

And the little fellow crept close to his friend with a new air of fraternity, while the embarrassed mother left her own peaches untasted.

"Ah," thought the W. C. T. U. worker, "there's a temperance missionary in this house, whose influence can scarcely be counted."

Let us send out these little missionaries from every Sunday school armed with definite and clear instruction on these points where our insidious enemy is creeping in among the lambs of the flock.—*Union Signal.*

THE SNAKE STORE.

"There was once a man who came into a certain town and opened a store. He sold a kind of goods different from what his neighbors sold. One of his neighbors kept a grocery; you all know what a grocery store is, where they sell sugar, coffee, tea, soap, and many other articles for family use. You know what dry goods stores are, and hardware stores, and clothing stores and milliner's shops, where they sell many things that are very good and useful. Some of you have seen bird stores in the large cities, where they sell canary birds, parrots and other birds whose sweet song or beautiful feathers make them desirable. Some of you have seen horse-markets or cattle markets, where people might buy these animals for food or service. But this man did not have any such useful thing.

He had a snake store! Nothing but snakes, every one of them poisonous, was to be seen there. There were monstrous serpents coiled up in high barrels; there were the rattle-snakes and the cobras and theadders and the asps, of all sizes and colors. Many of them lived in long, narrow glass houses, with a hole in the top where they might crawl out. On the front of their glass house was printed a gorgeous label bearing the name of the snake within. There were beautiful labels, but behind every one of them were the gleaming eyes of the poisonous serpent, with the sharp fangs ready to bite. Bottled snakes stood in long rows on the shelves, or lay in their barrels and boxes and casks all about the store."

"But do you really mean to say, Mr. Lathrop, that the man really sold these horrid snakes to the people?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean. Every snake had its own price, and any one who chose could come in there and buy one, or as many as he wanted."

"But didn't they take out the poisonous fangs, before they were sold?"

"No, not a bit of it. People seemed to like their biting. Men and boys would take the snakes and play with them, even putting them into their mouths and let them run down their stomachs, where they would always bite. So they kept getting poisoned, and seemed to like it. They would get red and purple in the face, and their eyes would get glassy, and their speech thick, and they would become dizzy, and would stagger and reel all about, and sometimes fall down in a fit. Oh, how many were bitten! Old men and young boys, and sometimes even women, seemed to enjoy handling the smooth, slippery serpents, and they would always put them in their mouths. Many men died from the poison, and others would get terribly sick and thought they saw snakes in their boots, and on their beds, and in the air, writhing and twisting about them everywhere. Some were so fond of the snakes that they would sell their clothes, their Bibles, their food, and everything they had, so they might get bitten again by these reptiles. The people became poorer, and more miserable, while the snake stores flourished and multiplied. We have nearly one hundred of them in Macon."

"Oh, I know what they are! You mean liquor saloons!"

"That's it, my boy. Keep away from those evil places. All liquor has snakes in it. Alcohol is a poison. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*The Helping Hand.*

FRENCH "BRANDY."—The report of the United States Consul at Rochelle on French brandy ought to help in the strengthening of the hands of the Blue Ribbon Society. Brandy within the last three years has ceased to be brandy, being for the most part alcohol of grain, potatoes or beets. The proprietors of the vineyards themselves have become so clever in its fabrication that it is almost impossible even for honest merchants to buy a pure cognac when they wish to do so. When the bottle is invoiced or labelled 1849 or 1856 it only means that the article has been made to resemble the brandy of that year. The alcohol which has taken the place of the genuine spirit of the grape is described as a most pernicious liquor, producing an intoxication which inclines the patient to rage and physical violence, while the prolonged use of it leads to insanity.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*