



**The Public-house Bar.**

'A bar to heaven, a door to hell;  
Who ever named it, named it well.

'A bar to manliness and wealth,  
A door to want and broken health.

'A bar to honor, pride, and fame,  
A door to sin, and grief and shame;

'A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,  
A door to darkness and despair.

'A bar to honored, useful life,  
A door to brawling, senseless strife.

'A bar to all that's true and brave,  
A door to every drunkard's grave.

'A bar to joys that home imparts,  
A door to tears and aching hearts.

'A bar to heaven, a door to hell;  
Whoever named it, named it well.'  
—'Temperance Leader.'

**Living Up to Love.**

'So ye don't drink any more, Jim?'  
The question came as two working men  
walked along together.

'No.'  
'And ye don't talk as ye used to, either—  
dropped a lot of swearin' that used to come in  
pretty handy. What's up?'

'It's the wife and boy,' answered Jim, half  
pleased, half embarrassed, that the change had  
been noticed. 'Ye see, the little one was no-  
thin' but a baby when I went away, but he's  
getting to be a smart boy now. Lizzie believes  
in me. And that boy—he really thinks his  
dad is the best man in the world. I'd sort of  
like to have him keep on thinkin' so, that's all.'

Trying to live up to someone's thought of  
him, someone's faith in him, was making Jim's  
whole life higher and purer, as it has made  
many a life.—'Temperance Leader.'

**Drunken Mothers.**

(The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in the New  
York 'American'.)

It was a horrible sight that Magistrate  
Smith, of the Long Island City Police Court,  
was called upon to witness.

In a row before the dumbstruck Magistrate  
stood ten mothers, blear-eyed, with bloated  
faces, dishevelled hair and soiled, tattered gar-  
ments, their limbs still trembling from the  
debauch of the day before.

And as the ten mothers stood there, shaking  
from the dissipation which had degraded them,  
twice that number of little ones stood or sat  
in the court room and witnessed their moth-  
ers' shame!

It was a tremendously natural thing for  
Magistrate Smith to exclaim as he viewed the  
long line of wretched womanhood before him:  
'Why, this is something awful! Mothers—  
with little children, too!'

When France was in the throes of a great  
crisis, some one remarked to Napoleon, 'Sire,  
wherein lies our hope?' 'In the mothers of  
France,' was the Emperor's lightning-like re-  
ply.

If our national salvation depends upon the  
mothers of the land, in the name of God what  
is to become of us if the drink habit gets hold  
of the women?

A drunken father is bad enough, but when  
it comes to a drunken mother we have reached  
the bottom of the abyss.

We have heard of the 'devils' who, it is said,  
'laugh' when we human beings do anything  
that is especially wicked or degrading.

I don't know how it may be, but if there are  
such fiendish creatures, it is safe to say that  
they made 'hell' fairly echo with their infer-  
nal glee as those ten mothers stood up there  
in that police court!

It was indeed an awful sight, a spectacle  
to chill the very blood in the veins.

If the home is the 'heart of the world,' what  
may we look forward to if that heart becomes  
paralyzed by strong drink?

The father may debauch himself and the  
home still be saved by the purity and devo-  
tion of the mother; but when the mother be-  
comes debauched—then the deluge!

With a depraved motherhood our doom is  
sealed, and not all the prayers of all the saints  
on earth and in heaven can save us.

It were a severely interesting question to  
ask, How far has this strong-drink virus work-  
ed its deadly way into the heart of our wo-  
manhood?

How many women, how many mothers, are  
there in the land who drink? It is alleged  
by those who know what they are talking  
about that 'Society' is literally honeycombed  
with alcoholism; and here, in this Long Island  
case, we have the other extreme; but how about  
the middle term?

Ask the wine merchants and grocerymen  
what it is that their waggons carry too far to  
many doors?

But it will not answer to push the inquiry  
too far, and for the present we stop with the  
horrible sight of these ten drunken mothers  
lined up in the police court.

**To Fathers Who Smoke.**

May I give you my experience of tobacco  
smoke? It may be a warning to others. I  
have one child,—a little girl not yet two years  
old, a fair-haired, blue-eyed pet, who was as  
healthy as the birds when she was born. For  
more than a year past—ever since she was old  
enough to be less in the nursery and more with  
her father and me—she has ailed mysteriously.  
I could not say that she was ill, yet she  
was hardly ever well. I was kept in a per-  
petual state of anxiety about her. The sym-  
ptoms were absence of appetite, complaints of  
sickness, stomach and digestion out of order.  
Recently I took her to a country town, where  
we stayed two months. After the first week  
she flourished like a young bay-tree, ate and  
drank and laughed and played and slept, and  
kept me forever busy enlarging her garments.  
I brought her home rosy and robust. In one  
week all the old symptoms reappeared—loss  
of appetite, dark lines under the eyes, listless  
ways, restless nights. Some one suggested  
that the neighborhood did not suit her; and I  
was cogitating how to take her away again,  
when she caught a severe cold and was con-  
fined entirely to one room for three weeks. She  
recovered her general health completely. Ap-  
petit, spirits, sleep, all returned. It could not  
be the neighborhood. After her cold she joined  
us downstairs again, as usual, two or three  
times a day.

In less than a week sickness, etc., returned.  
For nearly three months I racked my brains  
about drains, wall-papers, milk, water, sauce-  
pans, any and everything in vain; the child  
slowly wasted. The weather was too severe  
to take her away. In an agony of mind I no-  
ticed one day that, so far from outgrowing her  
clothes as I had expected, they were too large  
for her. The little thing did not eat enough  
to keep up her strength, and we could not coax  
her to eat. Yet she was not really ill; she  
ran about and played in a quiet way, and look-  
ed fairly well to those who had not seen her  
more robust. Suddenly my husband was sum-  
moned into the country. A week after he  
went the child began to eat with a relish. In  
a fortnight she was her own happy self, full  
of riotous, childish spirits. 'Her father has  
never seen her like this,' I remarked one even-  
ing, when she was particularly merry, and  
then the truth flashed upon me. It was his  
tobacco that upset her.

He has been away now for a month, and  
the child's limbs daily get firmer and round-  
er, and she is the healthiest, merriest little  
mortal possible. He always smoked after his  
breakfast and after lunch, with her in the  
room, neither of us dreaming that it was injur-  
ious to her. But for his providential absence  
this time, I doubt whether it would ever have  
occurred to me, and we might have lost our  
darling, for she was wasting sadly. It was  
acting like a slow poison upon her. This is  
a true, unvarnished statement, which my nurse  
can corroborate. When shall we have a par-  
liament that will dare to tax our slow poisons  
to the utmost?—E. H., in the 'Pall Mall  
Gazette.'

**The Minister's Advice.**

(Carrol King, in the 'Temperance Leader and  
League Journal'.)

The Rev. George Maitland, waiting on the  
suburban omnibus, stood with his back to a  
group of working men talking and smoking  
together at the corner of a public-house. He  
was quite capable of keeping a sharp look-  
out for his omnibus and of listening with a  
quiet, unobtrusive interest at the same mo-  
ment to all they were saying, because a name  
had caught his ear, the name of a prominent  
member and a good man in his own church.

'Is't true that Davie Sinclair is putting in  
for the "Morley Arms," the biggest hotel in  
town?' was the first question that had stirred  
his interest.

'He was thinking of it,' was the reply, 'but  
last time I saw him he was swithering be-  
tween that and the big orchard that's to let  
at Grattanside. It's a fine opening for a man  
with a young family. I just wish I could take  
it myself.'

'The big hotel for me,' said a young, stal-  
wart working man in the group. 'He'll rake  
in the money a lot faster in the hotel than  
in the market gardening line.'

Not another word did the young minister  
dare to wait for. The omnibus had been sig-  
nalled, had stopped obediently, and he had to  
get in and drive homewards, thinking all the  
way. At the tea-table, the pleasantest, most  
leisurely and sociable interlude in all his busy  
day, he said to his young wife—

'Mary, have you seen the Sinclairs lately?'  
'Yes,' she said, readily; 'they are thinking  
of taking Muir's orchard at Grattanside, so we  
may lose them, dear.'

'Not at all; it is only five miles off' said  
Mr. Maitland. 'But—do you know if they have  
any other project in view?'

'No; I have not heard of anything else.  
Why? Have you heard anything?'

'I am not quite sure,' he replied, dubiously.  
'I believe I must run down after the prayer  
meeting and see Sinclair—he has not been at  
the meeting for many weeks.'

'His wife is always very faithful, and the  
children are always in their places in the Sab-  
bath-school and Band of Hope.'

'Yes, I know, Mary, and Sinclair himself is  
very much looked up to in the church,' said  
Mr. Maitland. 'That is why I must see him  
at once, for I heard a little whisper of his wish-  
ing to take the "Morley Arms."'

'Oh, surely not! A licensed hotel?'  
'So I must see him without delay,' contin-  
ued the minister thoughtfully, 'and plead with  
him very hard against such a terrible down-  
fall.'

His wife smiled at the expression, for the  
hotel in question was the handsomest, and had  
been the best paying in town; its late land-  
lord and his handsome wife had been quite  
'among the gentry' of their circle.

There was a good attendance at the prayer  
meeting that evening at eight o'clock, but the  
minister looked in vain for the face of his  
friend Sinclair. After the meeting was over,  
he walked quietly away without waiting for  
the customary greetings and kindly hand-  
shakes, and made his way to that part of the  
town where many of his church members had  
their homes. He found Sinclair at home, and  
received a frank though slightly confused greet-  
ing from him, for the man had no valid excuse  
ready for his neglect of the means of grace.  
But the minister did not speak of that, he  
plunged into his subject boldly.

'Have you taken the orchard at Grattanside,  
Mr. Sinclair?' he asked anxiously.

'There's nothing settled yet,' replied Sinclair,  
in some surprise—I was thinking of it.'

'I heard to-day that you were thinking of  
the "Morley Arms," Sinclair. It was that that  
brought me here,' said the minister, in his  
downright, straightforward manner. A flash of  
impatient anger rose to the man's face.

Bother their meddlesome tongues,' he said be-  
tween his teeth. 'I was thinking of that, too,'  
he said aloud. 'It would be a fine opening, and  
I believe I might get on very well there.'

'Get on to—what?' asked the minister seri-  
ously.

'To—well—. I could make it pay, and I  
would keep it properly and conduct it decent-  
ly,' said the man, with an uneasy laugh. He  
knew his minister's extreme ideas.

(To be continued.)