



Temperance Department.

GRANDMOTHER GRUMBLE CONCERNING NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

My love first said he loved me
On a moonlit New Year's ride,
And on the very next New Year,
They kissed me as his bride;
And so for forty winters,
Around the New Year hung
A mist of tender memories
That kept my spirit young.

Then on the years' first morning,
My husband fell asleep,
And all our grown-up little ones
Came home with me to weep.
Yet in my lonely sorrow
I bowed and kissed the rod,
For I knew that love should claim his own
In the great New Year of God.

But now, when happy voices
Wish glad New Years to me,
My heart is with my youngest born,
Who sleeps beneath the sea
He had his father's features—
My Paul who loved me so—
His father's great, warm heart, but not
His power to answer "No."

So, when he sought the city,
For his father's sake and mine,
I charged my son strong drink to shun,
Nor once to taste of wine.
They tell me, for a twelvemonth
He kept his promise well,
Then Eve's fair daughters tempted him
With the wineglass, and he fell.

I all night long had journeyed
To spend the day with Paul,
And make it, with his glad surprise,
The best New Year of all.
I waited at his lodgings
Till day was almost done,
And when he staggered in at last
I did not know my son.

But he knew me and kissed
With lip and life defiled;
I could but shrink away, and gasp:
"Is this your father's child?"
And then I think I fainted—
I never did before—
They say my white face sobered him;
But him I saw no more.

You see, he was not hardened,
Though he had come to rate
His mother's views of right and truth
With notions out of date.
And so he cursed his folly,
And vowed on bended knee
To make himself a worthy son
Ere he came back to me.

He sent a letter begging
Forgiveness for the past,
And for a whaler's three years' voyage
He shipped before the mast.
God knows I had forgiven,
And could I only know
He sought forgiveness, too, of God,
His loss were less a blow.

Like David's over Absalom
Is my lament; for Paul
Fell overboard one stormy night;
They heard his frenzied call
Above the roaring waters,
And by the lightning's glare
Caught one glimpse of an ashen face
Uplifted in despair.

So I shall not behold him
Until the trumpet call
Shall raise the race from earth and sea
To meet the Judge of all;
The dead are past our praying
I know, yet can but pray
That God will give me back the child
Of many prayers, that day.

—Selected.

TOMMY VAN DOTT.

Thomas Van Dott started about ten o'clock on his round of New Year's calls. Thomas Van Dott's friends called him, indifferently, Tommy, Vanny, or Dotty, from which it may be judged that he was an object of fear neither for his size nor his dignity. Tommy was a bright, harmless young fellow, a clerk in Braxton Bros.' wholesale tea and coffee house, and only three months ago joined that St. Polychromatic Church on Marqueterie Avenue.

His first call was at the parsonage, where he received from the Rev. Dr. Majolica the congratulations of the day, with a kind word of hope that the year might be also full of spiritual blessings. Taking a sip of coffee and a nibble of iced cake, he proceeded with his list. Why it is that clergymen who think it perfectly right to drink wine at their parishioners' tables, should scruple to provide it for their New Year's callers we do not know.

Tommy's next call was on Mrs. Bric-à-brac, where he took another sip of coffee and another nibble of frosted cake. She offered him wine; but he had promised his mother—a tender little body, one of the most quiet and useful members of the Church Sewing Society, and who was quite too anxious about her son—that he would, for the day, join the Total Abstinence Society. Remembering his promise to his mother, and how it had seemed to please her and his invalid sister, who had nobody to love but Mrs. Van Dott and Tommy, he had no difficulty in declining.

At Madam Delft's, who was one of the praying band who broke up Peter Malady's groggery, last winter, he touched his lips again to the coffee cup and took a bite of boned turkey.

In the brick house across the street Mrs. Meissen offered him a glass of sherry; but the pretty Miss Mary Meissen looked pleased when he declined.

The next name on the list was Mrs. Faience. She lived in the elegant freestone house on the corner of Marqueterie Avenue and Palissy street, and it was with some trepidation that the little clerk rang the bell. Mrs. Faience was sister of Rev. Dr. Majolica, and she and her handsome daughters, apart from their desire to have their list of New Year's callers as large as possible, were willing enough to take a patronizing interest in the Doctor's young convert. They quite overpowered him with their politeness, blamed him softly for never having visited them, and invited him, with young Harry Majolica, who had just entered before him, into the back parlor, where refreshments were served. It was an elegant "spread," and appeared the more inviting that the warm sun, just breaking through the fog, was streaming in at the south window. While Tommy was satisfying himself with a dish of salad, Harry was enjoying his egg-nogg. Tommy had made up his mind to drink nothing stronger than coffee, and had succeeded thus far very well in refusing wine; but when grand Mrs. Faience declared it impossible that he should refuse, what she had prepared with her own hands and served from her favorite *Clois-donné* punchbowl, and when her two grander daughters begged him not to be too scrupulous, and assured him that their uncle, the Doctor, "doted" on it, and that all the clergymen in the city drank wine at their mother's house, what could poor Tommy do but follow the example of the Doctor's son? Though somewhat stronger of brandy than he had expected, Tommy pronounced the egg-nogg perfect and was not surprised at Dr. Majolica's taste.

He bowed himself out in a blaze of admiration, which burned all the way to Madame Crown Derby's, and left him no thought of his morning's vow. Never had he felt in such good spirits as at the Madame's, and the young ladies remarked, after he left, that they had not imagined he was such a vivacious young fellow. He did not refuse wine there, nor at Miss Ormolu's, nor at the Misses Satsuma's, nor at the Wedgwood's nor the Limoges', where he drank two glasses. When he had gone the lady who filled his second glass wondered that a young man should not know when he had drunk enough on New Year's Day. After that he does not positively remember where he drank wine, nor where he declined coffee; but when, late in the day, he made his last call at the Lowestoff's he could not find his card, and he stumbled when entering the door, and Mr. Lowestoff, who had finished his rounds two hours before, declared that he was disgracefully drunk. But Mr. Lowestoff was a fanatic on the subject of temperance and had made a vow to let no opportunity pass without bearing public testimony against the whole hellish series of fermented and distilled damnation.

Tommy could not tell you how he got home that night; but his mother could. Nor did he get up on Sunday morning. He does remember that when his mother and sister came to his room, before going to church, they kept their veils over their eyes while talking with him.

We fear us much for Thomas Van Dott. He missed the communion the second day of the year. Monday noon he took a toby of ale with his luncheon and laughed when the young fellows joked him about his Saturday's "sprae." We do not know; but we are afraid for him, for he is an easy young fellow and he has lost his scruples about drinking. Why should he be more particular than the Rev. Dr. Majolica and all the other city ministers? Dr. Majolica has got bravely over the scruples he used to have when pastor of a country church in

Maine, and Tommy Van Dott sees no necessity for being more strict than his pastor.

But we fear us much. Supposing—for such things have happened—that little Tommy should not be able to control himself quite so well as the minister. Supposing that he should get drunk again; and supposing that the day after he should be unable to be at his counter. Supposing that he should be turned out of his place, and should comfort himself with something stronger than ale; and supposing that word should come to the Rev. Dr. Majolica that his parishioner was in a bad way and had been seen several times intoxicated. What would the Doctor have to do? At the next meeting of his session he would tell his elders something like this:

"I am very sorry to learn that our young brother, Mr. Thomas Van Dott, who seemed so hopeful a convert a year ago, has fallen into bad company and is ruining himself with drink. I have taken pains to see him; but, instead of manifesting proper contrition, he excuses his fall by pleading the uses of society. He makes, brethren, your temperance and mine the excuse for his intemperance; and I fear there is no alternative but to apply to him the discipline of the Church."

And the elders will say: "It is a sad case, and very hard for his good mother and sister." And they will drop his name from the church-roll. They can't do anything else.

But we are almost sorry that Brother Lowestoff is not a member of that session; for we know he would remember his vow and take the occasion to say something like this:

"Dr. Majolica, the blood of that young man's soul is on your skirts. It is you and your example that have sent him on the road to hell. You, Dr. Majolica, are strong. You can control your appetite. You can drink wine in moderation; or, as you call it, with temperance. You say you have a right to do it; but you have no right to make your liberty the ruin of your weaker brother, it is the doctrine of devils that a man can march on his own independent way, careless where he may step on whom he may trample. You and your sister and your son, by an act that is safe enough for you, have sent this young brother, for whom Christ died, to perdition; and it were better for you that a millstone were hanged about your neck and that you were cast into the depths of the sea."

Brother Lowestoff is a well-meaning man, but he fails to apply the laws of temperance to his language when talking on this subject.

The eloquent Doctor would tell him that he was an impracticable bigot, and that it was most illogical in Mr. Van Dott to blame his pastor's example, when, instead of following it, he went so far beyond it. But is Dr. Majolica quite certain that the time may not come when against his naked soul there shall plead the shrivelled, ruined soul of the poor drunkard, and he shall be speechless?—*N. Y. Independent.*

DRUNKENNESS IN WINE COUNTRIES.

(Dr. J. C. Holland's Letter from Switzerland to the Springfield Republican.)

We have all been told in America, and I fully believed it, that if a people could be supplied with a cheap wine, they would not get drunk—that the natural desire for some sort of stimulant would be gratified in a way that would be not only harmless to morals, but conducive to health. I am thoroughly undeceived. The people drink their cheap white-wine here (in Switzerland) to drunkenness. A boozier set than hang around the multitudinous cafes here it would be hard to find in any American city, even where they enjoy the license of the Maine law. The grand difference in the drunkenness of an American and Swiss city is found in the fact that the man who has wine in him is good-natured, and the man who is equally charged with whiskey is a demon. There is no murdering, no fighting, no wrangling. The excitement is worked off in singing, shouting, and all sorts of insane jabber. Then the steady old white-wine toppers come into blossom. If you can imagine a cauliflower of the color of the ordinary red cabbage, you can achieve a very adequate conception of faces that are not uncommon in all this wine-growing region. So this question is settled in my mind. Cheap wine is not the cure of intemperance. The people here are just as intemperate as they are in America, and, what is more, there is no public sentiment that checks intemperance in the least. The wine is fed freely to children, and by all classes is regarded as a perfectly legitimate drink. Failing to find the solution of the temperance question in the Maine law, failing to perceive it in the various modes and movements of reform, I, with many others, have looked with hope to find it in a cheap and comparatively harmless wine; but for one, I can look in this direction hopefully no longer. I firmly believe that the wines of Switzerland are of no use except to keep out

whiskey, and that the advantages of the wine over the whiskey are not very obvious. It is the testimony of the best men in Switzerland—those who have the highest good of the people at heart—that the increased growth of the grape has been steadily and correspondingly attended by the increase of drunkenness. They lament the planting of a new vineyard as we, at home, regret the opening of a new grog-shop. They expect no good of it to anybody. They know, and deeply feel, that the whole wine-producing enterprise is charged with degradation for their country.

A large amount of land in this Canton of Vaud is surrendered to the cultivation of the grape; and as the wine of Switzerland is never heard of out of Switzerland, it is plain that it is all drunk here. Indeed, I have been assured that the wine produced in this canton is drunk mainly in the canton itself. Now from Villeneuve to Morges, a distance of twenty-five miles, as I guess somewhat at random, the entire lake-side, averaging half a mile in width, is a vineyard. One can say, almost with literal truth, that throughout the entire territory I describe to you, no crop but grapes are grown. For the last three weeks the whole working population, men and women, have been in these vineyards gathering the crop. The teams are employed in transporting the immensely large casks of new wine from the presses to the cellars of their owners, to the vaults of the dealers who have purchased it, and to the railroad depot for transportation to the storehouses of speculators in other quarters. There is an endeavor on the part of these people to throw a romantic interest around their vintage. The casks go through the streets with gay bouquets of flowers in their bungholes; but from what I have seen of the effect of wine here the show is all a sorry farce.

I was told, before leaving America, that I should be obliged to drink wine or beer in Europe. One good clerical friend assured me that I could not get through Great Britain safely without drinking beer. As I did not like beer, the prospect was not pleasant. Indeed, I felt about as badly discouraged as Brigham Young declares he did when the duty of polygamy was made known to him by heavenly revelation. Well; I did not drink beer, and I got through Great Britain very comfortably indeed. None of my party drank beer, and all survived not only, but improved upon cold water—the terribly poisonous cold water of Great Britain! In Paris, I took the ordinary red wine. In Switzerland, I continued it with great moderation, until I was thoroughly satisfied that every glass I drank damaged not only my health but my comfort. Now, I drink no wine at all; and that member of my party who has drunk nothing but water from the time of leaving America, has experienced not one particle of inconvenience from the practice. We have all concluded that wine-drinking in Europe is just as unnecessary as it is in America, and that there never was a greater mistake than the supposition that alcohol in any form is necessary as a daily beverage for any man or woman.

TEMPERANCE MADAGASCAR.

The (English) *Alliance News* publishes the following copy of an edict promulgated by the Queen of Madagascar. It has been received from a missionary in the capital of the Island:

I Ranavalomanjaka, by the grace of God and will of my people, Queen of Madagascar defender of the laws of my kingdom. And this is what I say to you my subject. God has given me this land and kingdom and concerning the rum, oh my subjects, you and I have agreed that it shall not be sold in Antananarivo or in the district in which it was agreed it should not be sold (Imerina, the central province). Therefore I remind you of this again, because the rum does harm to your persons, spends your possessions in vain, harms your wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish (literally, gives heart to the foolish), and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God.

"All this shows the rum to be a bad thing to have at Antananarivo, for at night (under its influence) people go about with clubs to fight, and they fight each other without cause, and stone each other; therefore, why do you love it, oh my people? But I tell you that trade in good things, by which you can earn money, makes me very glad indeed, oh my people. This, then, is what I say to you, oh my people, if you trade in rum, or employ people to trade in it, here in Antananarivo, or in the district spoken of above, then, according to the laws which were made formerly, I consider you to be guilty, because I am not ashamed to make laws in my kingdom which shall do you good. Therefore I tell you that if there are people who break my laws then I must punish them. Is not this so, oh my people?—Says Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, August 8, 1876."