



Anthony Kellerman.

It was a raw, cold Saturday evening in the month of September. Anthony Kellerman walked slowly along the street toward his home, but his thoughts were not the thoughts of a happy man. He had started in business twenty years before as a flourishing young dentist. Everything at that time appeared bright before him. He had been successful, and twelve years before he had been married. The early part of the married life had been a happy one, particularly when a baby boy came into the home. The young wife felt little care. She held her infant in her arms, and paid no attention to the fumes of liquor which her husband often brought into his home while he stooped to kiss her and the baby.

'Every young man drinks,' she said, and she laughed at the 'straight-laced' temperance people as she sipped the wine, when in company, as well as occasionally, in her room. There was little danger, she thought, either to herself or to her husband; they did not intend to make fools of themselves.

But there came a first shock. The dinner waited, and grew cold, but the husband came not. The young servant-girl, having been sent on an errand, returned and quietly informed her young mistress that Mr. K. was sitting in the corner liquor-store reading the newspaper. The wife grew anxious, but as he entered soon after, slightly under the influence of liquor, and he was not wholly intoxicated, she quieted her fears.

The summer came with its intense heat. It was cause for alarm when the husband staggered in. 'Was it a sun-stroke?' 'Shall a physician be sent for?' 'This is an unusual attack!' There was one present who soon saw that only the Great Physician could cure this sickness. So Mr. K. was laid on the bed dead drunk! Mrs. K. awoke as from a dream. The husband awoke from his sleep, and from that day he went down! down! down!

Some years had elapsed since this occurred, and as he reviewed the past, full of remorse, and under the influence of liquor, despair seized him. What did he see as he recalled former days?

First, from a flourishing business he had descended to an inferior one. Perhaps he recalled the time, when, with two of his wife's relatives, he was recuperating in their country home. They expressed surprise when he took the small vial of brandy from his pocket and invited them to drink with him. He laughed at their narrow country ideas. He contrasted their present condition with his own. They two successful young men, he, a miserable drunkard. He saw another downward track. His patients all left him and he had been obliged to seek new ones in a low neighborhood. Even there he could not succeed, for so low had he sunk that he was obliged to give up at last and seek employment with a dentist friend. Then he was dismissed, and in a fit of desperation, without even a farewell to wife and child, he had left them for months, and had gone no one knew where. He returned and received forgiveness. But he entered into old scenes, and at one sweep lost a large sum of money in a bet made while under the influence of liquor. He was desperate. He had frequently threatened to commit suicide, but this threat had been repeated so often that no one believed him. All these scenes were presented to him as he entered the

parlor of his home. His wife had gone out. Angry, despondent, partially under the influence of liquor, he again repeated his threat to a member of the family; but it was regarded as of little importance. Some hours passed away, and bedtime for his little son drew near.

'Go and say "good-night" to Papa,' he was told, and the child started for the parlor.

What did he see? He had never looked on death, but though a child of only nine years, he knew that he stood in its awful presence. He returned pale with fright and trembling with horror.

'Papa is dead!' he cried.

He was right. In this hour of desperation he had taken a deadly drug from his pocket, and the work was done.

It is the old story. He did not intend to 'make a fool of himself.' 'He only did what other young men did.' 'He knew when to stop.' There was no fear on the part of either wife or husband. So long as he took drink moderately they both felt secure.

How few parents realize that when their children constantly attend socials and entertainments they are growing into a species of intemperance. Even the most harmless pleasures, if indulged in too frequently become a snare. This fact is not absorbed as it should be by those who have charge of the young.

When the apostle speaks of temperance it does not always apply to the intoxicating cup. 'Lead us not into temptation,' does not mean those temptations alone that we can see at once as dangerous.

Let any one watch the effects of pleasure when of long continuance.

But how about those young people, who night after night in a brilliant saloon, among weak and frivolous companions, return to their work the next morning? Everything is distasteful, and each succeeding day becomes more so, until all relish for work is gone, and intemperance follows. It was so with Mr. K.

A lady once remarked to a school superintendent, that she thought if the theatre were rided of its impurities many historical facts would be impressed upon the minds of the young that would be very beneficial.

'Madam,' he replied, 'that was tried hundreds of years ago, but you will find that whenever people frequently visit the theatre their feelings are very susceptible to emotions when in public; but there is very little left for the home life.'

The lesson to be learned is this; that there should be moderation in all things, otherwise it tends to intemperance. Constant pleasure brings dissatisfaction with one's solid duties; dissatisfaction makes life a burden. When life becomes a burden God is forgotten, and so in time desperation follows, and suicide is the result.

—Mrs. Peter Styker, in 'National Temperance Advocate.'

His Own Roof.

Chaplain McCabe tells the story of a drinking man who being in a saloon late at night heard the wife of the saloon-keeper say to her husband, 'Send that fellow home, it is late.' 'No, never mind,' replied her husband, 'he is shingling our roof for us.' This idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months; when passing the saloon-keeper in the street, the latter said, 'Why don't you come round to my place any more?' 'Thank you for your kind hospitality,' replied his former victim; 'I have been shingling my own roof lately.' The industrial aspect of the temperance reform is embodied in this illustration. The chaplain also said, 'One of your Chicago papers discoursed last winter in this wise: "It is the week of prayer,

but it strikes us that the poor need bread more than they need prayer." Well, at first that looks plausible, but it isn't so, after all. They need prayer more, for if you can only get them to praying they will soon be earning their own bread. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and universal prayer would soon assuage the woes of the world.'—'Union Signal.'

A Turning Point.

Dr. Hannay's secretarial colleague, the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, says a commercial traveller from Liverpool, who was in the habit of visiting Dumfries, had a custom, after he had finished his business, to go round the town with a bell, announcing a temperance lecture. Young Hannay went to hear him, and as the result became possessed of 'a strong and almost passionate determination to keep clear of the snares into which so many of his fellow-townsmen were constantly falling.' So 'I made up my mind as a boy that I would not be a drunkard.' He went on March 7, 1837, to a bookseller's shop where a pledge-book was kept. The bookseller was doubtful as to the wisdom of any but full grown men signing the pledge. He protested, but the lad's hand was on the book, and almost before the good man could recover from his surprise the words 'Alexander Hannay' were written in a round bold hand, and there they remain to this day. He himself regarded the incident as the turning-point in his life, for only recently he said, 'Most positively do I now declare my belief that my position in after life, and any service I have rendered to the cause of temperance or the cause of truth, is due to that one act.'

Why Bishop Potter Became a Teetotaler.

'Doctor,' said a lady at a fashionable dinner party, a few years ago, to Bishop Potter, 'I observe that you take no wine.' 'No,' said Dr. Potter, 'I have not done so for twenty-five years. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink used to come constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, dismissed him, on account of this terrible habit. One day I said, "Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, I will never taste liquor again?"' The man said, "Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that." I answered, "Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment." And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called on him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man.'

War on Cigarettes.

It is now thought that steps have been taken which will lessen the use of cigarettes by the boys in the Chicago public schools. It has been ascertained that most of the cigarettes which the boys smoke are obtained at little stores near the schoolhouses, and that they contain poisonous material which renders their use very dangerous. The Common Council has now imposed a tax of \$100 on each dealer, has limited the distance from the school building at which they may be sold, and rendered the continuance of the business so difficult as practically to destroy it altogether.