



The Drunkard's Dream.

(Francis S. Smith, in the Irish Temperance League 'Journal'.)

The drunkard lay on his bed of straw,
In a poverty-stricken room—
And near him his wife and children three
Sat shivering in abject misery,
And weeping amid the gloom.
And as he slept the drunkard dreamed
Of happy days gone by,
When he wooed and won a maiden fair,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
And heavenly, soft blue eyes.

Again he wandered near the spot
Where Mary used to dwell,
And heard the warbling birds
His darling loved so well,
And caught the fragrance of the flowers
That blossomed in the dell.

Again he at the altar stood,
And kissed his blushing bride,
And, gazing on her beauty, felt
His bosom swell with pride;
And thought no prince could rival him,
With Mary at his side.

The drunkard's wife is brooding o'er
The happy long ago—
In mute despair she sighs, and rocks
Her body to and fro,
He dreams, she thinks, yet both their
thoughts
In the same channel flow.

But now upon the drunkard's brow
A look of horror dwells,
And of his fearful agony
Each feature plainly tells—
Some hideous scene, which wakes despair,
His dream of bliss dispels!

Upon him glares a monster now,
With visage full of ire,
And yelling fiends, with ribald songs,
Replace the feathered choir,
And the pure water of the spring
Is turned to liquid fire.

And as the red flames leap and roar
Around the brooklet's brink,
The fiends a flaming goblet raise,
And urge the wretch to drink,
While overhead the stars fade out,
And all is black as ink.

'Drink, comrade, drink!' the demons cry,
'Come to our banquet come!
This is the fitting draught for those
Who sell their souls for rum!
No word the drunkard speaks, but stares
As if he were stricken dumb.

And now they point him to the brook,
And cry, 'See, drunkard, see!
Amid yon flames are struggling
Your wife and children three,
And in their terror and despair
They call for help on thee!'

He rushed to aid them, but at once
The demons blocked his way,
And then he sank upon his knees
In agony to pray;
But palsied was his tongue, and he
Could not petition say.

The drunkard writhed, and from his brow
Cold perspiration broke,
As round the forms of those he loved
Curled up the flame and smoke,
And, shrieking in his agony,
The wretched man awoke!

He glared around with frenzied eyes—
His wife and children three
Sat shivering in their tattered rags,
In abject misery,
And wept outright to look upon
His waking agony.

A pause—a sigh—and reason's light
Again did on him beam,
And, springing to his feet, he cried,
'Thank God, 'twas but a dream,
And I, perchance, may yet regain
My fellow-man's esteem!'

Then reaching forth his trembling hands,
He from the table took
A mother's gift when he was wed—
The good God's Holy Book;
And while his loved ones knelt around,
A solemn vow he took:

God helping me, I ne'er again
Will touch the poisoned bowl
Which ruins health and character,
And steepes in guilt the soul,
And swells the fearful list of names
Affixed to Satan's scroll!

'Help me, O Lord! to keep this vow—
To shun each vicious den
Wherein I'd feel the tempter's power
To make me sin again!'
And from his sobbing wife's white lips
Arose a loud 'Amen!'

And then on her wan visage beamed
A smile of joy once more,
And clinging to her husband's neck,
She kissed him o'er and o'er,
And wept such happy tears as she
Had never wept before.

He kept his vow, and from that time
Their home did heaven seem;
No discord now—sweet peace was theirs,
And love their only theme,
And daily both gave thanks to God
Who sent the Drunkard's Dream.

Balancing Accounts.

A thick set, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

'You seem to be much interested in your writing,' I said.

'Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand.'

'And he comes out ahead, I suppose?'

'Every time; and he has lied like sixty.'

'How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?'

'That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me; but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up; but he made me go staggering around, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me "sick as a dog."'

'Of course.'

'He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless.'

'To be sure.'

'He promised me courage.'

'Then what followed?'

'Then he made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife, and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made a tramp.—'Waif.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching in Schools.

In France scientific temperance is regularly taught and examined in all the state schools. In Belgium, temperance lectures are ordered to be given from time to time in all the state schools, temperance reading books are to be used, and temperance wall sheets displayed. In German schools occasional temperance lectures must be given from time to time by order of the government, and it is intended shortly to introduce systematic temperance teaching as an ordinary school subject. In Austria the Education Department of Vienna have directed temperance lectures to be given from time to time in all state schools, and, further, that all libraries maintained for the use of teachers shall contain a certain number of

books treating scientifically of the injurious effects of alcohol.

Among English-speaking countries scientific temperance has been taught for many years in the greater part of the United States. Since Georgia last year came into line with the other States of the Union in the matter, this teaching is now universal there. It is also given in Canada and a Canadian lady told us not long since how very thorough the instruction is, and that she believed it is principally due to this teaching that Canada stands as it does at the bottom of the list of countries in the matter of the consumption of alcohol.

In New South Wales temperance teaching has been introduced into the schools within the last year. In the other States of the Commonwealth all that is done as yet is to give occasional temperance lessons, and to hang up temperance wall sheets in schools, but an earnest agitation is being carried on for more than this.—'Exchange.'

Effect of Smoking on Boys and Youth.

(The Rev. F. Hill, D.D., in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

Boys learn to smoke because it is a habit of our times; because it is sanctioned by the practice of many eminent men in all the walks of life. More than one boy has replied to my argument on the ground of health: 'My doctor smokes;' on the ground of morals: 'my pastor smokes;' on the ground of higher breeding: 'my father smokes.'

Now, while tobacco is injurious to everyone, it is far more hurtful to those who are growing. All physicians agree in saying that a boy who uses tobacco can never be as large or well developed a man as he could have been without it. He can never have the strength of body nor the vigor of mind that he would have had except for the use of tobacco.

Dr. Willard Parker says: 'Tobacco is ruinous in our schools and colleges, dwarfing body and mind.' Dr. Ferguson: 'I believe that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong, healthy man.' Prof. Richard McSherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, says: 'The effect of tobacco on school boys is so marked as not to be open for discussion.' Dr. N. B. Delamater, specialist in mental and nervous diseases, says: 'The use of tobacco in any form previous to sixteen years of age has an undoubted tendency to lower very materially the mental force and acumen, and to render the user a person without ambition, and may even cause insanity or idiocy.' Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, says: 'Tobacco retards both physical and mental development of boys and youth. This effect is so fully proved that all intelligent writers agree in prohibiting the use of this narcotic until maturity of youth has been attained.' Out of thirty-two young men in New York City who were recently examined for West Point cadetship, only nine were accepted as physically sound. Beer, the cigarette, too much amusement, and the hidden vices are making havoc with the physical manhood of all our towns and cities.—'Journal of the American Medical Association.'

Mr. Charles Bulkley Hubbell, of the New York Board of Education, says: 'I have found that a boy who smokes becomes morally and mentally weaker than those who do not. I have observed that boys who are employed in business houses and smoke are often dishonest, and that they never attain the success that non-smoking boys do.'

Principal Bancroft, of Philips Academy, says: 'Tobacco is the bane of our schools and colleges, and increasingly so. Teachers who have given any attention to the subject agree that boys go down under its use in scholarship, in self-respect, in self-control. It takes off the fine edges of the mind, injures the manners, and dulls the moral senses. School disorders are always rank with the fumes of tobacco.'

In Oberlin no professor or teacher is employed who uses tobacco, and it is strictly prohibited in the college. Among the terms of admission to the Training School for Boys at Oxford, Ohio, is found printed in italics: 'No pupil will be received into the boarding hall who uses tobacco in any form.'