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## NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 2 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.



## Temperance Department.

### THE END.

BY JACOB PRICE.

Past twelve Oh, no, barkeep,  
Can't be the here asleep  
On this settle on to-day;  
Don't, I'll get up. Drunk, did you say?  
'Tis not the first time. I say, Joe,  
Give me a drop before I go.

Let's see my coin! O Joe, just think  
What I've given you for drink—  
Wealth—strength—children—wife,  
All—all man holds dear in life;  
And must I beg of you in vain  
One drop to ease my throbbing brain?

Don't push me that way; don't now, Joe,  
Hands off, I say! Before I go  
I must have rum. For God's sake, man,  
Spare me this torture if you can;  
His horrible thirst, this raging hell  
Within, rum alone can quell.

Here, see, I've fallen! (Oh, so low)  
You didn't strike me, did you, Joe?

Save, or I'll get another one;  
Another blow? Joe! Joe! beware—  
That—what—is that?—just over there!

Great God Almighty! Let me go!  
Help! keep him off! O save me, Joe!  
Spare—spare—he's gone—why Joe, I swear  
'tis you! There's snakes coiled in your hair,  
And in your bosom there's one!  
Hey're in mine too! Great God, I'm gone.

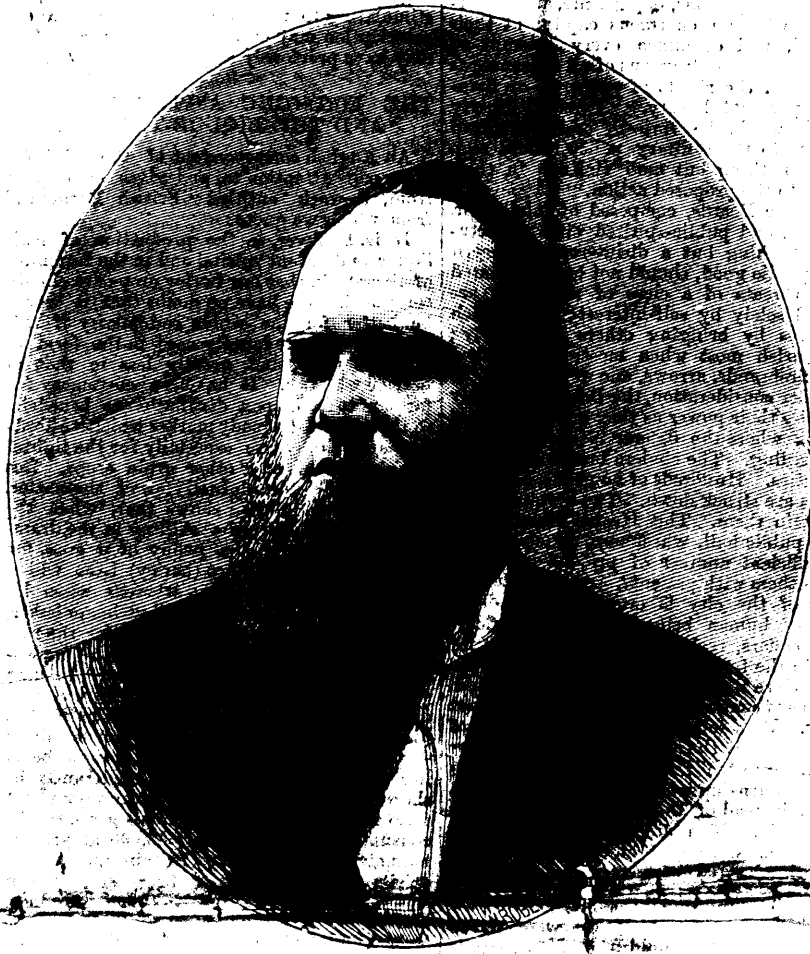
Dead on the sidewalk! Lo, the end  
Of him who was a genial friend,  
A husband fond, a father kind:  
A man of culture, learned, refined;  
A gentleman true hearted and brave—  
Alas! alas! a drunkard's grave.

## JIM'S MINUTES.

BY M. HARTWELL.

Jim stared around after he shut the door. Slum's saloon had greatly changed, thought Jim. Was that the bar—that round thing with books on the top? But where were the glasses, and bottles, and rows of kegs, and the background of billiard-tables? And why were the men all sitting in sleek, respectable rows, listening so attentively to Slum? Was that Slum, spreading his arms and speaking in a tender voice? The fact of the speaker's tenderness convinced Jim that it was not Slum, and that he had stumbled into another edifice than a saloon.

Jim's head whirled, and he seemed to catch only a brief glimpse of the place at each revolution. He had shut the door and groped along the wall some distance, and felt utterly incapable of finding that door again without help. His desire was to withdraw. A gentleman, catching sight of him, rose hastily and beckoned him to a seat. Jim opened his mouth to make enquiries concerning the present situation of Slum's saloon, but the floor proved so unsteady that he was glad to sink into the seat and breathe a moment.



MR. ADAIR, AUTHOR OF THE OHIO CIVIL DAMAGE LAW.

Very much has been said in Canada about the Ohio Liquor Law, but little attention has ever been given to the author of it—Mr. Adair,—whose portrait appears above. According to this law, which has done much good, and has already been copied by several other States the liquor-seller is held responsible for the evil he does and liable to fine and imprisonment. In the framing of this law the operative clauses have not been overlooked, as is too often the case, and the owner of the property from which liquor is sold is held responsible for the damage done by the latter's business to his customers, and in case of any dispute as to the ownership, the property itself is used to pay

the damages. Although this law is inferior to a prohibitory liquor law, inasmuch as by it the doer of evil is punished for his ill deeds while by the latter the evil is prevented, it is a step in the right direction and may lead to something more efficient. It has this advantage of being supported by the sympathies of the people more than almost any other law would, from the fact that when any injury is done to husband, wife or children by the use of intoxicants the public sympathy is with them, while in the case of seizure or punishment under a prohibitory law the public sympathy nearly always is with the man deprived of his goods or otherwise punished.

Jim was unfamiliar with the inside of churches. His strongest impression concerning the same had been received from a barn-like place, whither older hands used to draw his unwilling juvenile hand; where he watched tallow drip from candles in tin sockets. So Jim did not perceive that he was in a church; but a voice grew upon his ear till it filled all his sense of hearing. "We take upon our weak shoulders," said the voice, "all the burdens which belong to yesterday and forever, forgetting that we were made to live minutes, and not ages at a time!" "There was One upon a mountain, whom, for a season, the devil tempted and tormented. Yet moment by moment he stood against the tempter, although when his trial was over he lay an exhausted victor upon the mountain."

"I've heard 'bout that," muttered Jim, roll-

ing his head. "I've been 't Sunday-school mister."

"You are on the mountain of temptation," pursued the voice, "and no man can help you. You cannot resist temptation. You have been down a thousand times; you feel that you will fall again."

"Children, he is on the mountain of temptation with you. Though all men forsake, he presses closer. He knows how the lions rise and rage in you, and He only knows how to hold them. Children, hold to His hand. And while He steadies you, give Him the minutes of your lives, one by one! Don't try to live more than a minute in a minute's time. The yesterdays are gone. No man has to-morrows. Just stand against temptation this minute. He asks you to—this Man who loves you!"

The voice, through such few words as it could seize, pushed its plea deeper and deeper.

You have seen a sky which was spread thick and dark part suddenly, and show you the moon and stars sitting in state far up the blue sky.

Through such a gap in the fog of his head Jim caught sight of a Man on a mountain; and though Jim was a drunken wretch, lost to the world, the slow destroyer of his own family, and so besotted at that instant that the remainder of the service was never clear to him, he kept that picture of the Man on the mountain till it grew vivid in his weakened mind.

"I'll give him this minute," muttered Jim next morning, pulling his feet past Slum's door.

"And I'll hang on to this minute for him," said Jim, tightening to his work in the rolling-mill, when thirst woke up and burned him inwardly worse than the furnace-fires could burn him outwardly.

"And this here minute likewise I'll give him," continued Jim, holding to an iron post while he ate his dinner, to give weak resolution some visible anchor.

Perhaps he could not have saved one day had not the Man on the mountain watched him with eyes which melted his heart down—that Man who was nearer than the men in the mill, notwithstanding he was lifted up on a mountain!

At the end of this saved day Jim went out of his rough lodging-house, and uncovered his head in a shamefaced, unaccustomed fashion, to whisper that "here was one day's minute, and he'd try to hold on."

The minutes filed on past Jim, some black with the world's shadow, and some white with sunshine; some found him working joyfully; some found him twisting on the ground in lonely places; some brought him friends who saw the outside of his endeavor, and tried to help him reform; some brought him stinging jokes from mouths he used to "treat."

Each night he humbly told the Man on the Mountain of Temptation that "here was an-

hour that he'd give him, and he'd try to hold on." Each night he humbly told the Man on the Mountain of Temptation that "here was an hour that he'd give him, and he'd try to hold on." Each night he humbly told the Man on the Mountain of Temptation that "here was an hour that he'd give him, and he'd try to hold on."

Jim's acquaintances commented on his change. They knew he wouldn't hold out. Why, it's a physical impossibility for any drunkard to reform! He was a complete wreck. He'd come round staggering presently. How often had he quit drinking and begun again? Twenty times at least. Had a long sober spell just after his wife and child died, and then rewarded himself by a three months' spree! Poor fellow! He couldn't keep from drinking! You'll see him come round staggering one of these days.

Yet every night Jim went out under the star-altar, and offered up his day's tale of minutes. He grew stout upon his legs, moreover, and strong in his stomach. And the next time these men saw him stagger, he reeled with an intoxication for which they cheered him with all the might of their brazen throats—the intoxication of saving life.

He was hurrying to his work across a network of railroad tracks, when a little child, with smeared face and dirty petticoats, wandering and crying in the maze of rails, caught its copper-toed shoe and fell before the rushing switch-engine. I suppose any man sure of his ability would have leaped to save it. But Jim, doubting the body so long weakened by drink, yet dared to do it.

"Here's this minute!" muttered Jim, staggering with his exertion, and setting the child down in safety—"this minute and sumpin' else with it!"

Then his witnesses lifted a shout, but Jim saw above their approval the approval of the Man upon the mountain, to whom he will look up to-night (Jim the "drunkard," the "bloat," "old, ragged Jim," now clothed in his right mind, simple and strong), to whom he will whisper, "Here's another day's minutes, and I'm obliged, and hope the next minute won't floor me."—National Temperance Advocate.