



## White Shoes and White Dress.

Miss Willard always enjoyed telling this true experience of one of the leaders in the Temperance Crusade:

One morning during the crusade, a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and the children?'

Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not try to have that husband of yours converted?'

But she answered hopelessly, 'Oh, there's no hope of such a thing. He cares for nothing but strong drink.'

'I'll come and see him this afternoon,' I said.

'He'll insult you,' she replied.

'No matter,' said I; 'my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My father says he won't see anyone.'

But I sent him a message proving that I was indeed in earnest. I said, 'Go back and tell your father that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him if she has to stay till after supper.'

I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

'What do you want?' he demanded as he came shuffling into the room.

'Please be seated and look at this paper,' I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the end of the table where I was sitting and handing a printed pledge to him.

He read it slowly, and then throwing it down on the table, broke out violently:

'Do you think I am a fool? I drink when I please and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

'Do you think you can stop drinking?'

'Yes, I could if I wanted to.'

'On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner.'

'No, I ain't any such thing.'

'I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl.'

'No, I don't, either.'

'Well, let us see about that. When I passed the shop-keeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I come here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare.'

'That's so, madam.'

'And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you love your own wife.'

'Never, no never!'

'When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his wife come out with a little girl, and she was dressed in silk and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and the laces and the horses and the carriage. I come here and find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her own work; if she goes anywhere she must walk.'

'You speak the truth, madam.'

'You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking if you choose; but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself.'

'I never saw it in that light before.' Then, holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued, 'You speak the truth, madam—I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves or I cannot do it; but tomorrow, if you'll call, I'll sign the pledge.'

'That's a temptation of the devil; I did not ask you to sign the pledge; you are a slave, and cannot help it; but I do want to tell you this: There is one who can break your chains and set you free.'

## Old Hats and New.

A noted temperance lecturer once visited the shop of a hatter and asked him to give some money to the local society. The shop-keeper coldly replied that he had no interest in it, and then it was that the temperance man began to instruct him, after the Socratic method of question and answer.

'I am sorry to hear that,' he said, 'for it shows me that you are not acquainted with your own business.'

'If you are more familiar with my business than I am,' said the man with some spirit, 'I shall be happy to take lessons of you.'

'Well,' said the lecturer, 'you deal in hats, and intend to make a little money on every hat you sell?'

'Yes.'

'All that sends customers to your shop, and increases their ability to buy, promotes your interest, doesn't it?'

'Certainly.'

'All that makes men content to wear old, worn-out hats does your craft an injury?'

'Yes.'

'Well, sir, of you and I were to walk out along the wharves and through the streets and lanes of this city, we should see scores of men wearing on their heads old, miserable, slouched hats which ought years ago to have been thrown into the fire. Now, why don't those men come at once and buy of you?'

'That is not a difficult question to answer,' said the shop-keeper. 'They are too poor to buy hats.'

'What has more influence than liquor in emptying their pockets, and not only that, but injuring their self-respect to such an extent that they are willing to wear old clothes?'

'Nothing,' said the man hastily. 'Here is some money for your cause. You have got the better of me there!—Wellspring.'

## Faced Him.

A minister newly settled in Glasgow, Scotland, determined to visit every person in his parish. He began his rounds, and succeeded in finishing the entire list—with a single exception.

Up four flights of stairs, in a poor tene-

ment house, lived, or hoveled, an intemperate man who was so repulsive and savage that he dared not meet him. The minister's friends had warned him not to call there, for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his family away. Nobody could live with him, and he was best let alone. He was a 'beast.' This was confirmed by the minister's own impressions the few times he had seen the drunkard, and he shunned him.

Still, the good man could not help feeling ashamed of his fears, and the shame grew upon him the more he thought of the matter.

At last, one splendid morning, rising after a perfect night's rest, full of vigor and spiritual courage, he said to himself, 'Now is my time to go to Piper's alley and see Tim Burke. I'm just in the mood.'

He went straight to the place, climbed through the dirty entries, and knocked at the man's door. He listened, and then knocked again—and soon after again. The drunkard must be in at this hour, if ever, and he resolved not to lose his errand.

Finally, he lifted the latch. There was no lock, and the door slowly opened. Before him, crouched over the fire-place, he saw Tim Burke, the 'beast.'

Wild and dangerous enough the creature looked, in his filth and rags, and with his glaring eyes.

'Who be you?' That was his first greeting to his visitor.

'I am a minister.'

Minister! What d'you want?

'I came to see you!'

'Well, look at me, then,' and the man rose to his feet and came forward.

'Ain't I a beauty, eh?' stepping nearer and nearer. The minister expected an attack, and was prepared for it.

'Have you looked enough?' said the drunkard, approaching so close that his visitor caught his foul breath. 'Now, I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to kick ye downstairs!'

'Hold on, hold on! Not now!' said the minister. 'If you kick me downstairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've got a call to make on the next floor. Wait till I come back, and then if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why, I shall be at your service.'

'Well, you are a cool one,' muttered the drunkard, and he went and sat down again.

After making his call, the minister returned, and presented himself according to promise; but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him now. He had evidently been thinking.

'Sit down,' said he; and the minister sat down and talked with him like a tender brother; and when he spoke to him of his wife and children, the tears began to roll down the poor drunkard's cheeks. 'Oh, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy!' he groaned. But the minister pointed him to Christ, and knelt and prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again.

The good man followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, and faithfully stood by Tim Burke till he saw him re-united to his family, and established in honest employment, a sober, right-minded, church-going man.

Ever afterwards, when inclined to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he 'rescued the perishing.'—Youth's Companion.

It is said that 1,500 children under fourteen years of age were arrested in London for drunkenness in one year.