



Temperance Department.

MRS. DALE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE CHAPLAIN OF THE GAOL

Are you the gaol chaplain, sir? Sir, you had better just first please to read my minister's letter;

His name in the almanac, sir, you will see, The reverend Charles Thomson, of West Branksomelea.

I'll no keep you long, sir, I'll no take a seat,

I'm no tired, I didna come here on my feet;

Our neighbor, John Brown, he lent me his cart, And he drove it himsel', oh, bless his kind heart.

I see, sir, the letter has told you all clear, Of the terrible grief that has brought me down here;

Yes, sir, I'm the mother of poor Thomas Dale,

The lad that last Friday was put into gaol. It's the drink, sir, the drink, that has ruined my boy,

The pride of our hearts, of our household, the joy.

The first in his class, and the foremost at sun,

He learned his tasks quickly, and when they were done

He would work in the yard, or the bairns he would mind,

For he always was cheery, and canny, and kind.

But he was the eldest and four boys beside, It was not for him at the homestead to bide,

So to Glasgow he went, he had got a good place.

Ay, I mind how the smile came all over his face

When his letter was answered by Kelvin & Co.;

And they said that to town next week he might go,

They told him they liked his certificate well,

(He had got a good one from the master himsel',

And the minister, too, had written a letter, Which the gentlemen said had pleased them still better.)

So he went to the warehouse of Kelvin & Co.;

He went and did well, that's but four years ago;

But he took to the drink, and you know all the rest;

And I'm keeping you long. Oh! sir, when would be best

For me to get leave to visit my son? It's hard, oh! it's hard, but the Lord's will be done.

And yet, 'mid my sorrow I cannot but think,

That it's not the Lord's will that young lads should get drink;

I make bold to speak, sir, I've found you so kind;

And often the thought has come into my mind

That the people's best friends a good work would begin,

And hinder much sorrow, and hinder much sin,

If they made it unlawful for drink to be sold

To boys and to girls under twenty years old.

—Kirkland Davidson in League Journal.

OUR TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY A. C. MORROW.

"Get out there, you drunken vagabond. Get out, I say!"

That was what George Wilkins' father said to him one cold December Sabbath afternoon; and when "Old Tom Wilkins," as the boys all called him, spoke in that rough angry tone of voice, the son knew he must obey him or suffer the consequences. This time it was the father who was intoxicated, though, I am afraid, as George left

the den he called his home, if there had been any money in his pocket he would have gone to the nearest saloon, and have soon been the low thing his father called him. But to-day he had no money, so he wandered listlessly about the streets until his unhappy thoughts were arrested by the sound of music. He stopped and listened.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now," were the words he heard distinctly. He knew no more of Jesus than if he had been a native of Africa instead of New York City; but very sweet the refrain sounded as it floated out to him, cold, desolate, and forlorn as he was. It was a mission Sunday-school. He sauntered in, and stood just within the doorway as the boys and girls concluded the chorus, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now." There he stood during all the prayer, the very picture of poverty, his coat and pants torn and soiled, and his face and hands looked as though it was long since they had enjoyed the luxury of water.

The superintendent finished his prayer, but no one took any notice of the strange ragged boy by the door. He turned to leave the room, when a kind voice arrested him, and, looking back, he saw a lady approaching him. She extended her hand.

"My boy, I am glad to see you. I have a class of boys here; I wish you would come and join them."

"I ain't fit," he answered, looking down at his old, dirty clothing.

"Oh yes, you are!" the teacher answered.

He followed her reluctantly. As they reached the class, the boys giggled, and though there was plenty of room did not offer to give him a seat.

The teacher's little seven-year-old Greta, who occupied a chair by her mother, rose, saying, "Take my seat, please." Then, turning to the rude boys, she asked pleasantly, "Will you make room for me to sit by you?"

I cannot tell what the teacher said to those boys that afternoon, but it was a temperance lesson; and when she had finished, she took out a temperance pledge, and asked them to sign it.

When it came to George, he said, very decidedly, "No."

"Why not?"

"Cause I like gin and brandy too well." Before her mother could answer him, little Greta had risen to her feet and stood beside him. There were tears in her blue eyes, and her voice trembled. "I wish you would," she said.

"Tain't no use," he answered; "I couldn't keep it."

"I would pray the Lord to help you," the child said, "and then he could—couldn't he, mamma?"

"I believe he could, if he would ask the Lord himself too."

"Won't you?" the child pleaded.

"I vum, I believe I'll try it, if only to please you," George answered her, taking the pen in his clumsy fingers and writing his name.

Before George left the school, he had promised to come again, and carried with him a letter of introduction to a manufacturer who would give him work.

He did not dare to return home, so slept that night, supperless, as he had often done before, in an old cart.

The next morning he went with his letter to Mr. Brunn, the shoe manufacturer. When the proprietor had agreed to furnish him employment, at three dollars a week, the boy asked, "I haven't had any breakfast; could you lend me—"

"I'll lend you nothing," the man interrupted, "but wait here a moment."

He stepped into his office, and addressed a boy, who went out, but presently returned with a ham sandwich and a foaming glass of beer which he handed to George.

For twenty hours the boy had not tasted food. How tempting the sandwich looked, and how he longed for a taste of the beer! He reached out his hands to take them. Then he saw a childish face with blue eyes filled with tears, and heard a sweet voice say, "Won't you? I'll pray for you." His hands dropped to his side again.

"What does this mean?" the proprietor who had been watching them, asked.

"I can't drink the lager; I promised I wouldn't," the boy answered, stoutly.

"Oh! you've signed the pledge—have you?" he inquired with a sneer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're too good to drink lager,

you're too good to work for me," were the words which trembled on his lips, but something prompted a different answer.

"Here, Jim," he said to the office-boy, "Give the boy the sandwich, and take the lager back and get him a glass of milk."

"Thank you," George said, simply. It was the first time the words had ever passed his lips. But he was learning, faster than he knew, how Christianity refines and elevates.

He finished his frugal breakfast, and went to the work assigned him happier than he had ever been before.

I cannot tell you all the ways in which George was tempted, but he continued to attend the mission school and learned to pray for himself, and grew to be a thoughtful devoted Christian boy.

This was thirteen years ago. George is now the superintendent of that mission school. He never broke his pledge.—S. S. Times.

A TEMPERANCE SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. LEWIS DEXTER.

Several weeks ago we promised to give a description of a temperance school which has now been in successful operation nearly two years. The school was organized, in Blackstone, Mass., with thirty members, in the early part of July, 1881. Previous to this, those interested in the scientific study of alcohol, its nature and effects upon the human system, were invited to meet in the vestry of the Free Baptist church. Special invitations were given to several persons whose influence and help it was especially desirable to secure. The plan and object of the temperance school, which was a new feature of the work to most if not all in that meeting, were explained. It was then ascertained how many of those present would like to become members of the school; also how many were willing, if necessary, to serve as officers or teachers.

The school is organized and conducted like a Sunday-school. Its membership is restricted only by good behavior. "Who-soever will may come." No one is required to sign a pledge. Efforts are made to bring in as many as possible who believe in the free or occasional use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Pledges, both single and triple, are continually before the school, and all are invited to sign as soon as they are satisfied of the wisdom of such an act. Each person upon signing receives an illuminated card, with his name upon it, containing the pledge he has taken. All signatures are also kept in a pledge book belonging to the school, in which are designated the pledge taken, single or triple, date of signature, and age of the signer.

The officers of the school are a superintendent, assistant superintendent, secretary, treasurer, librarian, organist, chorister and janitor. These officers with the teachers constituted a board of managers, which had entire control of the school. The secretary of the school is also secretary of the board, and in the monthly report to the school gives also an account of the proceedings of the board. These offices were not all filled up at the time of the organization; nor is it essential they should be, if suitable help is wanting. Indeed, if it were necessary and there were but a single class, one person, self-appointed at that, might fill all these offices and constitute himself the entire school board. What an important personage that would be!

The school meets in the church vestry each Monday evening and continues in session one hour and a quarter. The last fifteen minutes are spent in review. The entire school, except the primary classes, usually study the same lesson. This makes the review much more interesting than if they studied different lessons. They first studied quite thoroughly the "Catechism on Alcohol," by Julia Colman. This is a simple and excellent little book for beginners. The lessons are full of interest for young and old. They have since studied the "Boys and Girls' Temperance Text Book," by H. L. Reade, "Alcohol and Hygiene," by Julia Colman, and the "Temperance Lesson Book," by B. W. Richardson. They sing from "Ripples of Song," by the National Temperance Publication Society. Discussions, literary exercises and concerts are occasionally given.

The school usually takes the same vacations as the public schools, though sometimes part of their classes are allowed to proceed with their lessons regardless of the

vacation. To better accommodate the little ones, the primary classes meet immediately after the day school closes; one in the vestry and the other in a school-room in another part of the village. There are seven classes with nine teachers. Each of the primary classes, being large, requires an assistant teacher. The school register is in all about one hundred and fifty members, of whom one-third are Catholics, and some of them the children of licensed liquor dealers. They are from three to seventy years of age. Much the larger portion here, as in Sunday-school are children. The largest attendance at a single session has been one hundred and seventeen, and the smallest thirteen; this, however, was in vacation when but three classes were represented.

The following named works will be found especially helpful as teachers' aids: For those in the Catechism, the Juvenile Temperance Manual, by Miss Colman; for those in the Boys and Girls' Temperance Text-Book. Twelve Addresses on the Physiological Action of Alcohol, by J. J. Ridge, and Our Wasted Resources, by William Hargreaves; for those in Alcohol and Hygiene, the Temperance Lesson-Book, by B. W. Richardson, Alcohol, its Nature and Effects, by C. A. Story, and Reid's Temperance Cyclopaedia; for those in Richardson's Lesson Book, Alcohol and Science, by William Hargreaves, and Ten Lectures on Alcohol, by B. W. Richardson; Sewall's Stomach Plates will also be found very helpful in any department of the study or work. Any of these and many other helpful works, as also many among the best Sunday-school books published, may be obtained of J. N. Stearns, Agent for the National Temperance Publication Society, 58 Reade St., New York.

This article is written with the hope that where no other method is in use, that is equally as good for instructing both old and young in this important study, this may be adopted. Nothing could be more simple or more easily worked. One determined person, man or woman, can successfully carry on this work until others seeing its value and importance are ready to help. Of course, it is desirable to get as many as possible of the influential members of both church and society enlisted in the cause. Any one wishing to start a school will do well to carefully study the "Temperance School," by Julia Colman. It can be procured by sending five cents for it to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade St., N. Y. Any question upon this subject, addressed to the writer, Blackstone, Mass., will be responded to most cheerfully.—Morning Star.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON VI.—ALCOHOL AND ITS RELATIONS TO PERSONAL ESTATE.

To what sum will the expenditure of five and one-quarter cents a day amount in round numbers in one year?

Twenty dollars.

In ten years, with compound interest?

Two hundred and sixty-dollars.

In fifty years?

Five thousand eight hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of eleven cents a day amount in one year?

Forty dollars.

In ten years?

Five hundred and twenty dollars.

In fifty years?

Eleven thousand six hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of twenty-seven cents a day amount in one year?

One hundred dollars.

In ten years?

One thousand three hundred dollars.

In fifty years?

Twenty-nine thousand dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of fifty-five cents a day amount in one year?

Two hundred dollars.

In ten years?

Two thousand six hundred dollars.

In fifty years?

Fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Is it usual for persons in ordinary circumstances to expend either of these sums daily for alcoholic drinks and at the same time accumulate property?

It is not usual. The cases where personal estate is increased under these circumstances are exceedingly rare.