



### A Five-Act Tragedy.

Act the first: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Waggon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. 'Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.'

Act the second: The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of 'How well she looks!'

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, and despair. 'Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.'

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died with dissipation. 'Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.'

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No hope. I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. 'Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.'—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

### Responsible? Who?

An eminent clergyman has said in a public address, wherein he defined drunkenness, 'the man who must have liquor every day, and whose nerves crave it, is a drunkard.'

We are unable to find any fallacy in this definition, while we, of course, realize that there are widely differing degrees and manifestations of drunkenness. The educated man, who, after his bottle of licensed wine, talks 'like a fool' is drunk, beyond all dispute; as absolutely drunk in fact as is the coarser brute who after his pint of licensed whisky amuses himself by beating his wife and children. Both belong in the same class, while it is possible that the former has less chance for apology for his condition than the second. Not improbable the educated man is likely, by his example, to debauch other men, especially young men, than is his comrade-drunkard of the lower social rank.

Two men in an evening each drink an equal quantity of licensed whisky. One becomes stupid and sodden, drops into a mudbed and sleeps off his debauch with no worse result than hunger and cold for his wife and children until he is able and willing to resume work. The other, different in temperament, becomes violent and, with no more intent than has any other insane man, kills his wife and children. The first man, when he has slept long enough, rouses himself, and finds charity and humanity ready to pity, feed and clothe him, and to rejoice if he gives the slightest evidence of penitence. The second man goes to the gallows, and very few pity him. But he loved his wife when sober.

The premeditation of each is identical, and is represented by an act that humanly is lawful. If sin against God and man is measured by intent, who shall say that the two men were not equally sinful, whatever human law and expediency may say? Reverently do we raise the question, 'What will be God's verdict?'

May God speed the day when a Christian people shall dare to face such problems as this!—'National Advocate.'

### Alcohol and the Body.

The strong exception which, in some medical and other quarters, has been taken to Sir F. Treves' unfavorable testimony in regard to intoxicants, certainly has had one good result—that of leading Dr. Kelymack to publish a paper, addressed to the medical profession, on the use and abuse of alcohol. The doctor points out that the remarkable change in modern scientific opinion is evidenced by the fact

that alcohol 'is now placed among the narcotics instead of among the stimulants.'

It has been well said that the physiologist is now able to demonstrate that even when taken in small quantities it interferes with the oxidation of the tissues, lowers the functional activity of many organs, impairs working power, and lessens the capacity for endurance. The pathologist can produce various disease processes by the action of alcoholic drinks. The bacteriologist has shown that alcohol lowers the powers of immunity and increases predisposition to many infectious diseases. The psychologist has proved that even in moderate quantities it may slacken and derange mental action.

Surely upon such a scientific basis as this it is not to be wondered at that Sir F. Treves should have denounced it as a poison, and have said that the limitations on its use should be as strict as with arsenic, opium and strychnine.—London 'Christian.'

### A Judge to a Saloon-Keeper.

A saloon-keeper in Kansas City was suing for divorce in the Circuit Court presided over by Judge Park. The wife of the saloon-keeper was in the state asylum for the insane at St. Joseph, taken there as the result of excessive indulgence in drink. Judge Park, in delivering his opinion, said:

'The salient facts of this case are that the husband sued the wife for divorce because of excessive intemperance. He married her when she was a mere girl and soon after their marriage, he went into the saloon business and is in it yet. His testimony was that his wife drank before he married her, and that she loved alcohol so well that she used it in her coffee. The testimony of the witnesses for the wife tends to show that the husband is not entitled to a divorce. He took this young and innocent girl from her father's home and made her his wife. If she was then addicted to drink he ought not to have been surprised at its development later. If she was not addicted to the excessive use of drink when he married her—and there is a strong testimony to show that she was not—then the fact that he is in the saloon business tends to show that he is responsible for her fall, and there is strong testimony to show that he is.'

'When a man is engaged in the business of making drunkards it doesn't lie in his mouth to complain if the effects of that business come home to him. The divorce is refused and the bill dismissed.'—'Life Line.'

### Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News.')

#### CHAPTER II.

#### AN ILLUMINED VISION.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

(Continued)

It was a fair Sabbath morning, and the minister was at his best. Miss Deborah sat in her customary seat, and listened to the sermon. It was a powerful one, dealing especially with the crying evils of the day; the social sins which darkened the land, and the duty of Christians to be definite in their actions and alert to the pressing needs of all those around them. Mr. Armstrong spoke particularly of the monopoly of the drink evil, and in no uncertain way pointed to the position which Christ's disciples were called upon to occupy. Miss Deborah sat and listened, and when the service was concluded she went quietly out, not waiting to exchange greetings with any. There were those who wondered what ailed her, and cast a curious puzzled glance of inquiry into her preoccupied face as she went quietly on her way. There was some indefinable difference about her, but none really could decide where and how it existed. The well-chosen gloves were as deftly fitted on her small hands as usual, and her dark abundant hair arranged with customary care. There was certainly nothing wrong about her dress, but that something had taken Miss Deborah everybody felt positive; but no one questioned her. In the afternoon she met her class at the ordinary hour, and the moment the girls entered the room and took their places they also knew that there was some change in Miss Deborah. The quick, alert, capable

air that they associated with her had vanished, or, more correctly, was hidden under a new impressiveness that seemed to emanate from her to those around. Miss Deborah was one at all times to make her personality very strongly felt, and it was so in an unusual degree that afternoon. She went through the opening of the little service without any variation from her habitual method of conducting it; then before proceeding with the afternoon lesson she clasped her hands upon her closed Bible and calmly faced the girls who were quietly, and in some instances curiously, watching her. Miss Deborah was very pale, but absolutely composed.

'It is ten years to-day since I first took charge of this class,' she said, 'and many changes have occurred since then. There are only a few gathering with us now who met with us then, and every year fresh faces come among us, and others are missed. It is not always possible to know where our old members go; but when I sit and think of my old girls I often find myself wondering which road they are travelling—the broad or the narrow; and the thought makes one full of awe and prayerfulness.'

'Before I ask you to look at the lesson chosen for our study this afternoon, I have some unusual words to speak to you, words that yesterday I should not have thought of speaking, but which to-day are the greatest duty I can see confronting me. Last night I had a dream, and though I know it was only a dream, yet nothing that I have ever passed through in actual life was more intensely real, more full of meaning. It was a revelation from God, a putting aside of the veil that had hidden the true, and the right, and the good. Listen, and I will tell you.'

Then, with graphic words, she drew for them the picture of her night vision, not repeating the words which in her dream she had seemed to hear the girls speak in their passioned soliloquy, but not repressing the manner in which they had one and all received her farewell words, written with such love and longing, and letting them feel the throbbings of her own stirred heart through all.

The room was very still; not a sound broke the steady rise and fall of Miss Deborah's low voice, not a leaf of one of the open Bible rustled, not a movement of one restless hand or foot ruffled the brooding quiet that wrapped around like a garment. On and on flowed Miss Deborah's voice; the cadences ever soft and winning, yet in them the searching sorrowful intonations of remorse and self-reproach. And gradually as she went on one head and then another drooped, and a tide of emotion swept over the whole class.

(To be continued.)

### 'One of the Grandest.'

(From the 'Northern Daily Telegraph,' July 3.)

The Mayor of Salford, speaking at a great Temperance parade on Saturday, said 'the Temperance cause was often derided, but it was one of the grandest missions to which one could put hand and heart.' It is one of the grandest, and it is one of the most urgent. Long ago, in another part of Lancashire, the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, said that drunkenness was the only enemy England had to fear. The Mayor of Salford on Saturday put it differently, but with equal accuracy, when he said that 'England need fear no foreign foe so long as her people were faithful to themselves, so long as she had a sober, righteous, and manly race of brave and God-fearing men and women.' He added that 'our danger was that we should forget ourselves and become easy-going and indifferent to the virtues that made and kept men strong—that we should substitute for clean living self-indulgence, and for hard and honest work misery and greed.' These words are wise and timely. The love of pleasure is mastering men and women. The chief business in life seems to be the rush for play, and Sunday threatens to become the pleasure day of the week.

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