



Temperance Department

THE PRICE OF A DRINK

"Five cents a glass!" does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I hear you say; "Why that isn't very much to pay." Oh, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb; And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride. And lies a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast to-day. The price of a drink? let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell. Honor and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavor and noble aim— These are the treasures thrown away, As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" how Satan laughed As o'er the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do. And before the morning the victim lay With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink? if you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through that wretched tenement, over there Where dingy windows and broken stair, Where foul disease like a vampire crawls With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls, There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food; There shame in a corner crouches low, There violence deals its cruel blow And innocent ones are thus accursed, To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would indeed be small, But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows this ruinous appetite! "Five cents a glass!" does anyone think That that is really the price of a drink? —J. Holland, in S. S. Messenger.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER II.

"Annie, isn't it very late? Did not I hear the clock strike eleven?"

"Eleven, mother; it has struck twelve! Where can Fred be?"

"There was a time, Annie, when you and I would have been very anxious were he to have stayed out as late as this; but now I know something has detained him. I have been thinking, dear, how kind God was to us last year."

"Kind, mother! do you call that kind?" and she looked down at her own mourning dress and up at her mother's widow's cap.

"Do you call God kind when He has taken father away from us?"

"I don't think you understand me, dear; I was thinking what Fred was this time a year ago—oh, I feared there was no hope for him; and your father too, as he felt that he had not long to live, how earnestly he prayed that God would let him see before he died his only son a reformed man, and above all a Christian; and the first part of his prayer was answered; kneeling beside his father's death-bed, Fred promised never, never to touch another drop of liquor; oh, how I long to see the second part of his prayer answered; if Fred were a Christian I would feel more sure that he would never fall."

"Why, mother, do you fear for Fred? Hasn't he strength enough to resist tempta-

tion when he has once made up his mind? and the promise he made father, do you think he would ever forget that! No, no, mother, I don't fear for him in the least; I know he won't fall, for he has said he wouldn't."

"Annie, darling, I hope with all my heart that you are right, but I sometimes fear he has too much confidence in himself."

"Well, mother, I expect then, that you agree with Mr. Newton, that he ought to sign the pledge. I declare, I think that is a downright insult; sign the pledge indeed—my brother sign the pledge! That will do very well for drunkards, but wouldn't it look well for Mr. Frederick Lansley to go to a temperance meeting, and before all the low drunkards collected there, say, 'I'm afraid I shall be just like you; I am not strong enough to resist temptation, so I'll sign the pledge too, and then you and I can help each other.' Now, mother, how do you like that?"

"I do not know what to say about that, Annie. Mr. Newton has, under God, been the means of saving Fred, and he knows better than we his temptations. I have heard him say that he himself has signed the pledge, and you can scarcely think that there would be any reason to fear that he, a minister of the Gospel, would be in danger of becoming a drunkard. Besides, Annie, Mr. Newton thinks, no more than I, that a pledge would really save him. He knows that nothing but dependence upon Jesus can be a safeguard, but he thinks that a pledge would be a check upon him, for few men can break an oath carelessly; but why doesn't Fred come? He was not going to make many calls; he told me that no one would expect him so soon after father's death, and he was really glad they would not, for he did not want to see so much liquor. He intended calling on Mrs. Leighton, Mr. Newton's sister for he felt sure he would not be tempted there, as Mr. Newton said he would urge his sister to set an example of temperance, and banish all liquors from her table."

Mother and daughter became silent then, and both sat looking into the cheerful grate fire, thinking her own thoughts and trying to peep within the unturned pages of the book that had this day been opened before them.

Nothing disturbed the meditation of Mrs. Lansley, and her daughter except the ticking of the great clock in the hall, and as it sounded the warning before striking the hour, they looked at each other in surprise, for it was one o'clock, and the son and brother not yet returned.

Now the clock strikes, and its one lonely peal sounds through the quiet hall, and is taken up and answered by the innumerable bells of the city as one by one they proclaim that the second day of the year is an hour old—one page of the new book filled, and work begun upon the next. Both ladies listened attentively; yes, they surely hear footsteps, but they can't be Fred's, for they are confused and unsteady, as if more persons than one are walking with difficulty; a voice also is heard, talking loudly, and another answering in a quieter tone.

Nearer and nearer they come, and as the loud talking becomes more distinct, the mother and sister turn pale, look at each other anxiously, while the mother presses her hand to her heart to quiet its hurried beating. Yes; they pause at their door-steps, and some one with a steady hand puts the night-key into the lock and opens the door. Both ladies are in the hall now, white with anguish, for too well they know what it means, and it is scarcely with surprise that they meet, as the door opens, Mr. Newton almost carrying their beloved one.

There was no time for explanation; the mother and sister knew enough—enough to tell them that he who went from them in the morning, exulting in his boasted strength to successfully cope with the tempter, had been vanquished—caught in one of his most transparent snares.

Enough for the Christian friend to know that his sister had lured back to the path of destruction and death this young man, the only stay of his widowed mother and orphaned sister, whose hearts were now indeed stricken with grief too deep, too intense for utterance.

Knowing too well that the fire smouldering in Frederick Lansley's breast needed but the spark that had been applied, to kindle it to a flame, Mr. Newton had followed him soon after he left his sister's table, and searched for him in every saloon that he had

been accustomed to frequent before his father's death, but all in vain. Frederick Lansley knew that his friend's untiring devotion would not allow him to rest until he had found and restored him to his mother and sister, so, with a mad desire to drink until he died, he had shunned all his old haunts and with the cunning born of despair, he had gone from one low groggery to another—places he would have disdained to visit in the former time—in a vain endeavor to quench his insatiable thirst and to find a safe retreat from his best earthly friend. In one of these Mr. Newton found him, after searching until after midnight, and thence he had almost dragged him home to his anxious mother and to his proud and too confiding sister.

(To be Continued.)

A VICTIM OF BRANDY

But three years have passed since Mr. Paul Felix Labarriere was leaning back in a comfortable easy-chair in the inner room of a law-office. The quiet of a tranquility made a pillow for his existence, which was each day rendered more delightful by the liberality of his numerous clients. His office was a remunerative one, and he possessed a handsome fortune.

To-day Paul Felix Labarriere is sitting upon a dirty bench in the eleventh chamber of the tribunal of the Seine. His cheeks are sunken, his brow is wrinkled; he recounts his past, babbling in his speech, now pleading for mercy, now weeping for his lost honor.

What, then, has made so vast a difference in only these years?

A very small matter truly: only a few bottles of brandy!

Brandy has transformed the successful lawyer, the employee of government, into a malefactor.

The lawyer drank; his business forsook him. Having sold out the office where his credit had failed, he went to Paris. He persevered in his worship of the genius of the brandy-bottle. He sought for work.

A merchant who employed him observed the depth of his potations and dismissed him. Another acquaintance took pity on him and delayed in some degree his ruin. But anon Labarriere became a thief. He discovered in the desk of his patron certain sums of money and he appropriated them. When his deadly thirst increased on him he must have brandy. His own funds were expended; he stole money for drink. Grown desperate, he took his employer's silverware and pledged it at the brandy-seller's. And now behold him leaving the police court in charge of two constables!

Consider to what depths he has descended. Felix Labarriere is thirty-six. Hitherto his family name was unstained.

In his abasement he has not lost consciousness of the shamefulfulness of the deeds he has committed.

He turns as he leaves the bar and begs pardon. "My appetite," he says "was too strong for my will!"

But the law cannot condone his offences, and with a long groan he hears his sentence and turns away to meet the penalty he has dread. —From The French.

DON'T MARRY A MAN TO SAVE HIM

Any girl who marries a man to "save" him makes a great mistake. Don't do it. The probability is that instead of "saving" him, you throw yourself away. That has been the almost universal experience in the past. But the case is very different with those who already have husbands who drink, or who are becoming addicted to this or any other bad habit. Treat him as you would your brother in this respect. Labor with him; show him that you are deeply interested in his welfare, and how earnestly you desire to "save" him from the evil consequences of his course. If he is half a man he will be able, with your assistance, to overcome his appetite. Not easily, however. It will require all the manhood he can summon, and all the help you can possibly give him. But if he is a man and one who respects himself as such, and whom you respect, he will succeed at last. Such a habit is terrible, however, and our heartfelt sympathy goes out to that wife who has this trial to contend with. Rum is truly "an enemy hard to conquer," and the worst of it is that it is only half conquered when

it seems to be entirely so. Many an appetite is only sleeping and will be awakened in all its original activity and force by a single glass of wine, thoughtlessly given by a friend. Our article "Triumphant," printed in another column last week, is only one success of many trials, most of which are miserable failures. Don't marry a drunkard in hopes that you may "save" him. But if you are so unfortunate as to have a companion who drinks, leave no possible stone unturned, and shun from no possible effort that will help him out of his evil and terrible habit. —Christianity Worker.

ARTIFICIAL PORT WINE

Dr. Collonette, a Jersey physician of temperance principles, lately gave a lecture on the "Manufacture of Old Crusted Port." One of the audience was requested to purchase from a local wine merchant of repute, a bottle of port for which he paid six shillings. This, with cobwebs, &c., was deposited on the lecturer's table. Dr. Collonette then stated he would, in the course of a few minutes, produce a similar article at a cost of five farthings. A judge—a gentleman said to be well qualified—was then elected by the meeting. A committee was chosen to come on to the platform and witness the operation; this consisted of weighing out ingredients. The basis of the composition was cider; bullock's blood was used for a rich tawny color, tartaric acid to give age, cream of tartar mixed with gum water was smeared on the inside of the bottle, and gave a beautiful crust. Outside, cobwebs with dust and whitewash were applied to give an ancient look, and the bottle was stopped with a well-stained cork. The expert was introduced, and tasted a glass from each bottle, declaring, with a knowing wink at the audience, that the wine a la Collonette was the genuine article. The temperance audience of course applauded to the echo. —Signal.

A CHILD'S WORD IN SEASON

An English clergyman says:—"Very recently a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent to fetch his father from a public-house. He found his parent drinking with some other men, one of whom invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the little fellow replied, 'No, I can't take that; I belong to the Band of Hope.'"

The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said, 'Well, if you won't take the beer, here is a penny to buy some bull's-eyes.'

"The boy took the penny, and said, 'I thank you, but I had rather not buy bull's-eyes; I shall put it in the savings' bank.'"

The men looked at each other, and for a few moments they were entirely silent. At length one of them rose, and gave utterance to his feelings in these words:—"Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the penny-bank the better." The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the speech of a boy only six years old.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The great daily papers of New York City cry out against the daily murders, assaults, crimes, fights, etc., which are the direct result of the liquor-traffic, and these do all they can to protect, foster, and legalize the business which brings about such results. They oppose prohibition, fill their columns with false statements about its enforcement, and defame its advocates. Such papers are greatly responsible for the crimes and assaults which arise from the traffic, which could be suppressed should they unite with the friends of temperance in honest efforts for this purpose. The legislature must go to the root of the evil if it would cure it. It has tried license laws for a century, and they have always and everywhere proved an utter failure. Now, gentlemen, give us a chance for a constitutional amendment and submit it to the people for a popular vote upon the whole question. —National Temperance Advocate.

WARNING TO SMOKERS

A boy, who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular as well as mental energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison. —A Physician.