



Temperance Department.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"I hear you children talk a great deal about temperance," said our grandma. "Would you like to hear the first temperance story that I ever heard?"

"Oh yes!" we all exclaimed.

"When I was a little girl we lived among the hills of Scotland, where my father had a large sheep-farm. Temperance was never heard of then, and every day for dinner we had home-made beer, and all drank as much as they wanted; and no friend ever came in without being asked to have some old whiskey. On market and fair days I have seen the men come home sick, as the little folks were told; and all the remark that would be made about it was, 'Folks must have a little fun sometimes.' I used to think that getting sick was queer fun; but as I grew to understand that it was the whiskey that made them sick, I would wonder how people would take so much trouble to brew anything that made them sick and cross for a long time after they drank it.

"One day I shall never forget; we were in the kitchen with our mother, who was speaking very kindly to a poor crazy woman who had stopped to rest and beg a cup of milk. Mother felt so sorry for the old woman that she brought a glass of hot whiskey and offered it to her. In an instant glass and whiskey were hurled to the back of the fire. How her eyes sparkled! She screamed out, 'How dare you give me a drink of fire—fire, I say!'"

"We did not know what to think, but clung to mother, who tried to quiet the old woman; but it was of no use. With excited voice she continued—

"I want to warn you and your dear little ones never to taste the stuff that has burned up my husband and child, and left me to wander without a home.

"I was married to Joe, who was then as fine a young man as ever walked, and we had a sweet little babe and cosy home. My husband and I always kept the jug in the corner of the cupboard. After awhile I thought it had to be filled a great deal oftener than when we were first married, and not only that, but Joe would stay too long when out with a friend; and I would mix some hot drink to put me to sleep, and sometimes would drink so much I could scarcely remember even going to bed afterward. So you see I was getting fond of it too.

"One night I left the baby in Joe's care, and set the jug and a glass on the table for company, while I went to sit up for part of the night with a sick neighbor. Before morning we heard a fearful noise, and going out, I found, to my horror, that it was my house in flames. By the time we got there the roof had fallen in on poor Joe and the dear little baby. They never would have been burned up if he had not had the jug with the drink for company. He must have drunk himself stupid, and let the candle or his pipe fall into the cradle. I learned to hate it too late; but I want you to hate it as much as I do."

"My dear children," said our grandmother, when she had finished her story, "that was our first lesson in temperance, and it was an effective one. Not one of us who heard the old beggar-woman would after that day ever touch the drink which caused such sin and sadness. We did not have Bands of Hope in those days; but I am thankful we have now, and I bless God that all my dear little grandchildren belong to one."—*Band of Hope Review.*

STIMULANTS.

The fear of contracting disease induces many travellers to add alcoholic liquors to, or substitute them for, the water of the place in which they may be staying. Only very lately the *London Lancet* has published a number of scared letters in regard to the dangerous nature of the water furnished in the hotels in France and elsewhere on the Continent. But it is probable that most diseases contracted by travellers are due to in-

discretions which no amount of alcohol would render innocuous, and unwarrantably laid to the charge of water as good as they have ever been used to. Philadelphians will recall the timid inhabitants of a neighboring city visiting the Centennial Exhibition who laboriously transported and scrupulously drank bottles of Croton water to escape imaginary dangers supposed to lie hid in that which is probably the most wholesome of any city in the world.

Tea and coffee are used as luxuries or stimulants. If the latter, they hardly come within the scope of our present study; and if the former, like any other luxuries, they must be regulated by a sound discretion. Drunk in moderation, they are innocent enough—drunk to excess, they are decidedly injurious. Tea is believed by physicians to be an occasion of many nervous troubles to women; coffee is undoubtedly the cause of many indigestions. More than one cup of either it is not advisable for any one to take as a regular thing. And this for two reasons; first, because, if of ordinary strength, one cup contains as much of the active principle as is good for most systems; and, second, because a larger quantity will fill up the stomach to the exclusion of better things. Very recently a gentleman narrated to me the following history illustrating this latter point: A lady in constantly feeble health complained to her physician that she never had any appetite for her breakfast. On enquiry, he found that at this meal she was in the habit of only drinking a cup of coffee and munching a little bread. At once the coffee was interdicted, and the lady found that its place was much better filled with nutritious food, which soon restored her to strength and a healthy appetite.—*Dr. Dulles, in Leppincott's Magazine.*

THE BOY AND HIS DINNER.

When he first went into a store he took a few sandwiches from home for a lunch. They were nicely done up by his sister, rolled into a clean white napkin, and packed in a neat tin lunch box. For a time this did very well. But after a while the boy thought it was hardly manly enough, for all the other clerks in the store went to eating-houses for their lunch. He made one excuse after another for not liking his lunch, and gradually left off taking it entirely.

Then he went to eating-houses sometimes by himself, sometimes with one or more other boys. At first he took a plain and economical meal, for, indeed, he had not enough money to do otherwise. Gradually he increased his bill of fare, and with it his bill of expense. What had been luxuries at first seemed to be necessities. He found expenses increasing on him with very little to show for what he spent.

The chief trouble was not in the matter of eating, though that was expensive enough. It is an unfortunate fact that nearly all the eating-houses are also drinking-houses. The temptation thus set before every lad who goes to one of them for his dinner is a fearful one. The boy was not in the habit of drinking at home anything stronger than coffee. But here he found all sorts of drinks, from cider and ale up to gin, and what is worse, he saw respectable people drinking them. "They drink," said he, "and I don't see the harm of it. Why shouldn't I?" A mug of ale costs only a little. But a great many mugs of ale cost a great deal, and the habit of drinking the filthy mixture is a bad one. The other boys take ale at their dinner, and our boy is tempted; it sounds so manly to call for it, and it looks so manly to drink it. It is not nice to take, but that is no matter; people can learn to like anything.

It is astonishing how soon a boy who tries can learn to like these useless and evil drinks. Indeed, he can soon get into the habit of using them without trying very hard to learn. A good boy at an eating-house where strong drink is sold is like Lot in Sodom. Probably Lot at first made up his mind that he would have very little to do with the Sodom people. He felt that he had to live among them to take care of his business interests, but he would not do as they did. But by living among them he found that their evil communications corrupted his good manners. His godliness was not entirely wrecked, but he became so badly demoralized that he doubtless wished many a time that he had never seen Sodom, nor heard of it.

Boys, there is danger with the dinner!

Keep out of the whiskey shops. There are places where you can get a lunch free from the corrupting influences of strong drink. Try them, and be safe.—*S. S. Advocate.*

"NOT MY BUSINESS."

An American paper publishes the following statement, which is a fair answer to those who often object that it is none of our business if others drink:—

A wealthy man in St. Louis not long ago was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but scornfully refused. After being further pressed he said, "Gentlemen, 'tis not my business!" A few days after his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express train. In a grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark, did not some one say, "a terrible accident." That troubles him; it is his business now. He finds the accident occurred to the very train in which his family were expected. He telegraphs to the superintendent, "I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine." The answer flashed back, "a train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward: we have no other." With white face and anxious brow the man paced the station to and fro. 'Tis his business now. In half an hour, perhaps, which seemed to him an age, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay the other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away. A quart of whiskey, drunk by one of the railway employees, who was incapable in consequence, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dares say of this tremendous question, "'Tis not my business."—*Casket.*

THE COST OF TOBACCO.

How small items count, five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents a week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, \$18.25 a year—this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year, and the interest thereon at 6 per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$689—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper; you'd hardly miss it—only 15 cents a day—\$1.05 a week—enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over \$5,000. Enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought: yet with it you can buy a paper of pins and a spool of thread; seventy cents a week, it would buy several yards of muslin; \$36.50 in a year. Deposit this money as before, and you have \$2,340 in twenty years—quite a little fortune.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children, \$2.10 a week—more than enough to pay a year's subscription to a good newspaper; \$105.50 a year—with this you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could produce good music to pleasantly while away the evening hours. And this amount invested as before would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$15,000.—*Selected.*

WAR AND WHISKEY.—"After the election of Lincoln, twelve of the leading men of the South, representing six States, assembled in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, and spent a whole evening in discussing the question as to what the South ought to do under the circumstances. For an hour and a half, eleven of these statesmen were averse to war; one only being in favor of it; then, however, whiskey was sent for, and all partook of it quite freely, becoming, before the expiration of the third hour, quite inebriated. While these distinguished Southerners remained sober, they were averse to war; but when they became intoxicated they were unanimously in favor of war; and it was the opinion of the admiral that if liquor had been left alone that night, the terrible war, which cost the North and the South so many thousands of millions of dollars, and so many precious lives, and evil influences which we have still with us, would never have occurred." Dram-shop demagogues and pot-house politicians North and South were ever ready for war; and drunken

generals and tipsy surgeons took very poor care of precious lives confided to their charge. The whiskey bottle is responsible for an amount of mischief and misery which only the Omniscient One can estimate.—*The Christian.*

A TEETOTAL MAYOR.—The people of Leeds, England, are to be congratulated upon having for their chief magistrate a total abstainer, Mayor Tatham, a member of the Society of Friends, who neither uses wine himself nor provides it for his own or for the city's guests. At a recent opening of a working-men's temperance hall at Shipley Mayor Tatham said: "Temperance was the root of all social advancement, while its opposite led to nothing but sickness, distress and ruin. If it was only possible to obtain a nation of total abstainers there would be no pauperism, no crime and no lunacy, but comfort and abundance." He had "invited the council to dine with him without the usual accompaniment of intoxicating liquors," and again he had repeated the experiment, and with very satisfactory results, when it fell to his duty to give an assize dinner, at which were judges, leading members of the bar, &c., and he added: "Even if Her Majesty visited Leeds she might be well entertained on the same principle; at least she would be if she visited the hall during the time that it was his official home. He had had no wine in his house for forty years, and he made no exception in the mayor's parlor at the town hall." Such a mayor is an honor to any city. We wish New York might have his counterpart.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

DOES WINE PROMOTE SOBRIETY.—An American writer remarks on the question:—Turn to wine countries. Look at Italy. Cardinal Acton, then Supreme Judge in Rome, declared that nearly all the crime "originated in the use of wine." Take France, the wine country of the world. The Paris *Constitutionnel* said in 1872: "The habit of drunkenness has increased in France year by year since the beginning of the century. The French race is deteriorating daily. In forty years the consumption of alcohol has tripled in France." A French magazine writes: "Drunkenness is the beginning and end of life in the great French industrial centres, among women as well as men. Twenty-five out of every one hundred men and twelve out of every one hundred women in Lisle are confirmed drunkards." France consumes more strong drink, in addition to wine, than America per capita.

DO NOT DRINK IT.—You remember how David, with one of those fits of homesickness which seemed to have come over him occasionally, thirsted for a draught from the well of Bethlehem, at which, as a shepherd boy, he used to drink. There were those around him of his chief captains to whom his every wish was law, and they, ere he could say them "Nay," dashed away from him through the opposing ranks of Philistines, and brought back a pitcher of the precious water. But he would not drink it; he poured it out before the Lord, for men had risked their lives to get it for him. So, when you lift the glass and think of the multitudes whose souls for eternity are being endangered by that deceitful beverage, I want you, David-like, to pour it out before the Lord; and, believe me, He who poured out His precious blood for you and me will count it no vain sacrifice.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

WESLEY AND WINE DRINKING.—Mrs. Fletcher, of Madely, having been hearing a sermon from one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, presented him with a glass of wine as soon as he entered the house, when Mr. Wesley interrupted, saying, "My dear madam, do you wish to kill my preachers? Are you not aware that that young man's lungs are, after preaching, in a state of inflammation? and would you give him wine to irritate and make them worse?" "What must I give them, then, sir?" enquired Mrs. Fletcher. In the true spirit of teetotalism, he said, "Why, madam, if they must have something, let it be a slice or two of lemon sugared!"

BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.—When I started my temperance society, I was the first to take the pledge in public. My pledge includes abstinence from tobacco. Tobacco is a great evil amongst our young people.—*Canon Connor.* [Was not the Rev. Canon right? We wish that all ministers would follow his example.]—*Band of Hope Review.*