



Temperance Department.

WHAT COMES OF IT.

Young man, if you wish to make yourself obnoxious to a large proportion of the genteel, and to a still larger proportion of the sensible people; if you want to contract a habit that makes necessary separate accommodations for you in cars or on boats, where your offence may not smell in the nostrils of respectable people; which makes them drop out of the atmosphere of your smoke-stack, or swing around the mephitic pools you leave at intervals in your wake—a habit which turns you out of the parlor and drawing-room into the club-house, bar-room, or into the streets—from the society of refined ladies into a lower order of social intercourse; which fills your system with a poison so offensive that the breath you exhale, and the insensible perspiration you cast off, vitiates the air for rods about you, and makes you a walking nuisance from which delicate nostrils turn away in disgust—then begin early the use of tobacco.

The young patron of the cigarette may not realize this, but the reality will come when the subtle influence of habit has degenerated, as most certainly it must, into a slavish bondage from which there is little hope of release.

It is a habit which (in common with alcohol) has its regular and inevitably retrograding scale, from the highly perfumed cigarette to the foul-fumed, loathsome old pipe; from the pink flush of health with its fresh aura, down through the various stages of selfish habit and conduct, to the brown, withered, decrepid, prematurely old man with his pipe and tobacco-pouch (unless nature, unable to longer tolerate the abomination, arrest the course by paralysis of the heart).

Do you want to proclaim your love with words steeped in the essence of tobacco? Do you want to take to the altar a habit which will impose upon your wife the burden of its filthy surroundings—make your presence a repugnance, and perpetual reproach for her sacrifice? Will you live in a habit that will eat away your substance while the little family growing up about you plead in vain for better subsistence—that will make you hug your own appetites while those depending upon you are neglected? Then begin early to smoke and chew tobacco, for this almost of necessity follows its use. But if you could not make a wife of one who had formed this habit, then have the pride and manhood to offer your heart and companionship untainted by this vile insult to health and decency, that she may not have to accept your proffer under a painful protest from her whole delicate nature. If you would not have this great canker worm fasten itself upon the lives of your children, don't invite it by your example; don't stamp it into their organic appetites by steeping your own body in the distilled juices of this defiling and paralyzing poison.—*Exchange.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF GIN.

"The best drop o' gin as I knows on," said Mike Mardle, "is to be had at 'The Old Ship.' It's downright real good stuff, that."

Mike Mardle was a great authority on gin and drink generally, having devoted several valuable years of his life to studying the qualities of alcohol, and experiencing its effects. His whole talk was of drink—he loved nothing else half so well, and, as he said, "lived a'most on it," if such an existence as his then was could be called living.

Had he not possessed a constitution of iron, he must have died years before he uttered the declaration to be found above, for of all the votaries of drink in the workshop of Messrs. Rudd and Storman, of Deptford, builders, none were so fervent and persistent as he. A good workman when sober, he had managed to get employment off and on with the same firm for many years, until he was one of the best-known men in the place. Mike was, indeed, quite a "character."

It was considered great "fun" to be in

his company when he was "half on," which means tolerably drunk; for then he had plenty of jokes of a sort to utter, and was given to indulging in antics that would have been just as well appreciated in Bedlam as they were in the bar of a public-house. The apprentices, thoughtless young fellows as they were, would go and have "a glass" just to see old Mike—as he was called, although he was very little over thirty—make a fool of himself. It was a pity that none of them ever thought that Mike had once been like them—young, strong, and healthy, and had worn good clothes like theirs; and that drink had made him what he was—a shabby, dissolute man, with a wretched wife and wailing children, who shed tears and moaned for bread while he cut drunken capers where the best drop of gin could be obtained.

Bad was the best gin for this poor fellow, as he must have known it in the morning when lying upon his bed, racked with pain and tormented with the drunkard's thirst; but he clung to the source of his torment, and was fond of declaring that the best drop of gin could be had at "The Old Ship," his favorite "house."

He had just taken his money for two days' work in the week, and was counting it over in his hand, when he gave out this announcement. A dozen men or so were standing near him—some bent, as he was, on having an afternoon in the public-house, others more wisely resolved upon hastening to their homes to spend their leisure hours with those who were near and dear to them.

Among the latter was one Dan Lowrie—no great favorite in the shop just then, for he was a quiet man, seldom joining in the "larking" and horseplay which sometimes was indulged in there, and never by any chance drinking with any one. Occasionally when he spoke he urged the cause of sobriety, but whenever he did so in the presence of Mike he only brought upon himself the feeble battery of the drunkard's wit, which was far more popular than any lecture on temperance could possibly be among men imbued with the ordinary ideas upon the merits and demerits of drink, and the advantages and disadvantages to be derived from it.

Now as Mike spoke, he turned, and in his usual quiet way said—"So that's the best gin you know of, is it?"

"Yes," replied Mike, "and you don't know of any better. Besides, you don't drink it."

"I drink gin, of a sort, every day," replied Dan, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "and I always feel better for it."

"What a hypocrite you must be, then?" said Mike.

"Perhaps I am; but what do you give a quarter for yours, Mike?"

"Fivepence; real 'old Tom' it is, too."

"I," said Dan, shouldering his basket, "get mine for nothing."

"Oh, come," said Mike, "that won't do."

"I give you my word," replied Dan, "that if you will come with me this afternoon, I will give you some gin, of a good sort, for nothing."

"I don't want to be taken in," said Mike; "but if it is as you says, why, then I'm ready for any amount of it."

"Can't you take any more of us?" asked two or three of the men.

"Not to-day," replied Dan; "but Mike shall give you his opinion upon it on Monday, and if he says it's good you will believe him."

"Yes, and try a little of it ourselves," said one.

"That's all right," said Dan; "and now, Mike, if you come home with me for a few minutes, I'll have a bit of a brush up and we will start."

"Brushing up," said Mike, "is a waste of time; but it was always a weakness of yours to come out a bit of a swell on Saturday."

Leaving their wondering companions, Mike and Dan went to the house of the latter—a neat little dwelling, with a neat little wife, and three pretty little children, who all rushed out to greet their father with a shout and a joyous hug. Mike, as he gazed at this spectacle, thought of his own little ones, and a big lump rose in his throat; but he put aside the emotion, and spoke to Mrs. Lowrie, who coldly gave him good day.

"Come in, Mike," said Dan, "and have a bit of food before we start."

"I don't think I can eat anything," replied Mike.

"Oh, you come and try Annie's pea-soup. By the way, Annie, I can't go marketing with you to-day."

"Not go marketing with me!" said his wife. And upon her and the children there fell a general depression.

"No," said Dan; "I am going to show Mike where to get the best and cheapest sort of gin."

Horror was now visibly depicted upon the face of his wife; but Dan, taking her arm, led her into the little parlor.

"Go into the kitchen with the children, Mike," he said. "I'll join you directly."

When he and his wife came into the kitchen, Annie appeared to be quite reconciled to her husband going out in search of that remarkably cheap gin, and with a beaming face put the soup upon the table. It smelt so good that Mike felt an appetite which had long been strange to him, and ate a plateful with exceeding relish.

"I wish my wife made soup like this," he said. Then he paused, and blushed scarlet, remembering that good soup costs money, and how little of it he ever took home. Both Dan and Annie marked and understood the guilty blush, but of course said nothing just then.

The meal over, Dan changed his coat, kissed his wife and children, and started off with Mike, who, not having had any strong drink with his host, was anxious to have a drop.

"I'll just have two of gin, cold, at 'The Old Ship,' as we pass," he said; "then we can go on and get your stuff."

"No," said Dan; "if you take the gin you have been drinking, you will spoil that I am going to give you. Remember it is to be had for nothing."

"But only two penn'orth," urged Mike.

"No," said Dan, taking his arm, "I can't let you have it—indeed, I can't. Save your money, and come and drink my gin."

Mike passed "The Old Ship" sorely against his will; but his companion was firm, and got him by that and several other public-houses, and led him up the hill to Blackheath at the top, and then paused to give Mike, who was rather blown, time to regain his breath.

"Ah!" said Mike, "it's fresh here—quite invigorating; but where are you going to?"

"Across the heath," replied Dan. "But that's a terrible long way," said Mike, doubtfully.

"Gin for nothing!" said Dan. "Don't forget."

"No, I don't," replied Mike. "Well, it's worth going after."

"So you will find," returned Dan.

Across the heath they went, with the fresh air blowing in their faces, and making even Mike look quite five years younger, while Dan was literally glowing with health. A long walk it was to Mike, but he held on, resolved to make amends by enjoying the very cheap gin—when he got it.

At the far end of the heath Dan paused, and sat down upon a seat. "Rest, Mike," he said; "it will do you good."

"I am tired a bit," said Mike, "for I've walked further than I've done for years. Yet I feel pretty well. Where's the gin-shop, though?"

"Come on," said Dan, rising; "now we go off to the left."

"But isn't that going back?" asked Mike.

"In a way it is; but don't ask any more questions. I promise you that you shall have your gin."

Dan was renowned in the shop as a man of his word, and Mike said no more. Round the heath they went, talking of all sorts of matters interesting to themselves for the best part of an hour, and then they came again to the hill by which they had ascended.

"By the time we get home," said Dan, "we shall have been away a good three hours, and Annie will be getting anxious. Come home and have some tea with us."

"But about that gin," said Mike, testily. He was getting impatient over what he could not help thinking was a most unreasonable delay.

"Why, man," said Dan, "you've had it!"

"I!" returned Mike. "Why, I haven't touched a drop since I left the shop at one o'clock!"

"Oh yes, you have," returned Dan. "You've been drinking a lot of the best gin going, and you are all the better for it."

Mike looked both angry and puzzled. He felt he had been the victim of some joke, and could not understand it a bit.

"I always thought, Dan, that you were a man of your word," he said.

"So I am," replied Dan. "I promised you the best and cheapest gin, and you've had lots of it—oxy-gin—(oxygen) pure air, you know. Now Mike, don't look angry."

"Oh, but I never fancied you were given to joking," said Mike.

"No more I am," replied Dan, "unless it is for a purpose. You have had a hundred little jokes at my expense, and this is the only one I ever had at yours. Air, you know, Mike, is composed principally of hydrogen and oxygen, and the last is the life-giving part of it. You have been drinking new life to-day, and you look the better for it."

"I feel better," replied Mike, "but—"

"You don't like the idea of being victimized by me," said Dan. "Now, Mike, be candid. Do they never play jokes upon you at 'The Old Ship'?"

"Oh, plenty," said Mike; "and some of 'em are uncommon rough, I can tell you. More than once they've set fire to the tail of my coat, and I've had my face painted, when I've fallen asleep, a dozen times."

"And which do you think is the best class of joke," asked Dan—"theirs or mine? Are you not better than you would have been at 'The Old Ship'?" Do you not feel better, and have you not saved your money for your wife and children?"

"There was not much to save," said Mike; "I made a bad week."

"Your next will be better," said Dan, "if you stick to the right sort of gin."

"So I will," said Mike, suddenly clenching his hands together. "You are right; the gin of 'The Old Ship,' they say, is poison, and that I've taken this afternoon is new life."

"Come on, Mike," said Dan; "I see my joke—if joke, indeed, it was—has answered. Come home and have a cup of tea, and then go and fetch your wife, and we will all go to the market together. I told Annie my little scheme, and she is waiting for us. How glad she will be to hear of its success!"

And great was the rejoicing when they went back, and great the bewilderment of Mrs. Mardle when her husband came home sober, and great the flurry she fell into when she learnt she was going to market like Mrs. Lowrie, the neighbor she had so often envied.

It was a pleasant evening—the forerunner of happier times than the Mardles had hitherto known together. Mike gave up gin at fivepence a quarter, and all the blessings which followed upon that step have become legendary in the shop of Messrs. Rudd and Storman, where Mike Mardle still works, a sober, honest, thoughtful, and religious man, with one friend at least in the world, whom he holds to his heart and loves as a brother. And the name of that friend is Dan Lowrie.—*E. H. B., in British Workman.*

RUINED BY HIS FATHER.

William E. Dodge, the New York merchant and philanthropist, not long ago related the following:

A prominent New York merchant, originally an Englishman, never sat down to table without his wine and brandy, and his three sons, in consequence, all grew up drunkards. One became so abandoned that his father cast him out of the house. At last some temperance people brought about his reformation, and he went to see his father on New Year's day. The old gentleman said:

"My son, I'm delighted to see you again. I'm glad you've reformed."

Thoughtlessly he said, "Let's drink to your better life one glass of sherry."

The young man hesitated a moment, and then thought he would just drink one glass. The old appetite revived, and that night his father found him dead drunk in his stable.—*Exchange.*

THE VERMONT *Chronicle* is interested in the temperance question:—The quickest and surest way to arrest the ruin of rum and tobacco is for each one who now uses them to quit their use and abstain from them. Next persuade his neighbor to do so. To wait for temperance societies, prohibitory law, and church or state to abate these evils, is to wait till many are destroyed.

WHOEVER KEEPS a bottle of brandy or whiskey in the cupboard for daily use keeps an evil spirit in the house which will be a source of temptation and trouble.