

and watch for hours for his coming, and then climb on his lap and, putting cheek to cheek, would purr his satisfaction till he dropped off to sleep. His beard had become gray and his step slow and unsteady, his teeth were gone, and toward the last he became so indifferent to eating at all, that our little boy tried to tempt his appetite by feeding him porterhouse-steak, made fine, his favorite dish, with a teaspoon; but Willie's taste, too, had left him, and he didn't care any more for tender steak or a delicious mouse, though he recognized Moses to the last.

On the morning of the 12th of June Willie was found stretched out by the kitchen fire in his last sleep. It was a great comfort to Moses to know his father had been with him and had seen him fairly out. He wouldn't consent, though earnestly solicited, to preach a sermon, or allow Moses to preach one on the occasion; yet Willie lay in state in a shady corner of the veranda till a grave was dug under a gnarled russet-apple tree a little west of the house, and Willie was placed tenderly and in order in a box and put in it, while Moses as a substitute for a sermon, tearfully repeated, "All flesh is grass." The grave is kept covered with fresh moss from the woods, and its head is marked by a little rustic cross made by Moses' own hands.

I quite forgot to say in the proper place than while Willie's powers were in their cat-gory he was taken to the nearest village, where was stopping a daguerrean, to have his picture taken, and our illustrations are the result, which Moses says look just like him, with the very same expression.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



### Temperance Department.

#### JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &c.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

#### CHAPTER II.—LIFE PICTURES.

We leave Ben White in the sound sleep of boyhood, to follow Harry Barber on his way to town.

As Harry moved down the slope that led from the house to the road, he wondered that after all he felt so little tired. He had a motive now that made movement easy. There was a burning thirst within him—a thirst which he was going to gratify; he had the means on his arm. He knew where that shawl would bring the money to feed the fire within him. He stepped quickly, but not quickly enough for the demon that was urging him on.

"There's a storm rising," he said to himself when half way to town. "I had better take the short cut; the railway will be the best way."

So down from the turnpike he hurried, and walked along the ties as swiftly as he could in the growing darkness. Suddenly he heard the loud whistling of an engine, and looking behind him, he saw the one bright light of a locomotive glaring right in his face. He stepped quickly aside on to the other track, confused and frightened. Hardly had he had time to think that he was safe, when from the opposite direction, sweeping round a curve, another train bore down upon him. The fiery eye of the locomotive was but a few yards away from him on the track where he stood, while on that which he had quitted the rumbling cars were whirling past. He had not a moment to lose. Down he threw himself flat in the narrow hollow between the sleepers. The locomotive and a long, long train thundered along over him.

Not the engineer, not the passengers intent on gain or pleasure, knew of the poor, horror-stricken fellow-being who lay below them in the very jaws of death.

The train swept by, and was gone in the darkness, yet there lay Harry Barber, like one in a trance. He hardly knew whether he were living or dead. His body stirred not, hand or foot, but his soul was awfully

alive. More swiftly than the hurrying train had passed over him while he lay stretched close to the cold ground, through his mind had rushed the story of his life, that life for which he might that moment be called to account; his happy, boyish face growing fuller and heavier as he learned to consider something good to eat as his greatest pleasure; the apples stolen from a neighbor at night, and eaten in secret; the pies from the pantry, the cider from the cellar, taken so slyly and swallowed so greedily; the first drink at a bar, with a bold outside manner, and a guilty, frightened feeling within; his first fit of intoxication, concealed by the other boys, and passed off as a bad headache at home in the morning; his place as clerk in a grocer's shop, where, selling liquor to others, he secretly found chances to feed the strong taste that was growing within him. Then came the picture of his Kate, as he first knew her—the boast of the village, straight and slender as a young elm; how proud he was the day she shyly promised to be his bride—a promise, too, he then made to her that never thereafter would he taste a drop of the drink that he loved. He could remember how he broke that promise, secretly and carefully at first. He could see the old tree where his bottle was hidden and visited in the darkness; how he grew bolder, and declared it a childish folly to give up what did him good—a silly promise better broken than kept; how Kate pleaded at first, but in vain; then grew silent and hollow-eyed; how she bore all patiently until he struck their little boy, their poor little Joe. Then her smothered wrath broke forth, and she declared that she would never bear. He might neglect her, starve her, beat her; but her children should be safe, if they were sheltered in the almshouse. How little Joe learned to hide away when his father was coming, and Kate to meet him with a troubled, anxious face. Only little Mollie never turned from him; he believed she loved him yet. And Kate, too, she loved him—yes, loved the poor, worthless, drunken fellow, who lost every place his good manners or her good name got for him—was turned out here and turned out there, till even in a liquor-shop loved him, though he had made her a poor, hard-working, hungry, desperate woman. She loved him; he had heard her pray for him, when she thought him asleep. She loved him, and what had he been to her? Cold, hard, harsh, and even cruel.

All this Harry Barber remembered, and more. He knew there was a God in heaven, a righteous Judge. He knew he had taken his sound, healthy body, and made it a poor, trembling, diseased thing, that preferred the destroying drink to its simple, natural food. He knew that the soul Christ had bought with his blood and placed in a Christian community, he, Harry Barber, had given over to the ways of sin. His prayers neglected, his Bible unopened, the church unvisited, these were the beginnings. Then came the oath unkept, the lips polluted, the heart a home of vile, wicked thoughts, the hands idle, the whole man sold, yes, sold to the devil, and fit for everlasting punishment!

Such, such were the thoughts that tormented the soul of Harry Barber as he lay, like a crushed worm, beneath the whirling cars.

That wild rumbling was over, and all was silence in a moment; then came the awful rolling of the thunder, and the sharp flashes of lightning. To Harry they seemed like the voice and eye of God, that God whom he had offended, and who seemed so near him now. He tried to stir. He seemed benumbed in every limb. The fear seized him that another train would come hurrying over him. He could not bear another such moment of agonized waiting, with those wild cars dashing over him. With a strong effort he broke the spell upon him, and rolled over and over, until he felt at least that he was safe for a moment, at least, from that danger; but he could not rise. There, lying on the wet ground, with the rain beating upon him, his mind clear and his soul aghast, he saw himself—an unforgiven sinner, before a pure and righteous God. In the Book of Life his name was not written. He had no Friend above. His friends were of the street corner and the grocery-shop—friends who helped to drag him down to ruin, but never lent a kindly hand to give him a meal when he was hungry, or to keep him back from going to swift ruin, body and soul. Such are the drunkard's friends!

(To be Continued.)

### SUBSTITUTE LAGER-BEER.

A TRUE STORY, BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Fanaticism will never gain permanent victories; when the cause of temperance takes its place among sober, moderate reforms, there will be some hope of the perpetuity of its work."

"What would you suggest as some of the best methods of carrying out this sober, moderate reform?"

"Among others, the substitution of mild lager beer for the fiery Bourbon and other drinks which so inflame the blood and attenuate the nerves of our excitable American people. Men will not be coerced in matters of eating and drinking; the day for enforcing sumptuary laws has passed by, but offer them a substitute equally agreeable and totally innocuous in its properties, and their native good sense will, as a matter of course, lead them to adopt it."

"You think so? I deny your conclusion, but I go further and say also that you are totally at fault in your premises. Lager-beer is not perfectly innocuous; I could give you many instances in proof, but one will suffice:

"James L—, lives with his family not many miles away from the great city, in the country town where lives our pleasant summer home—that is, he lives with his family when he is not away on a spree, or lying drunk in some bar-room round the village. The nephew of a well-known New York physician, James had as fair prospects in life as any gentleman's son in the land, till, in an evil hour, his widowed mother contracted a second marriage with a rich and specious hotel-keeper, and her boy, brought up in a bar-room, soon learned the fatal habits which three years' experience of camp-life during the war of the rebellion frightfully developed. At the close of the war a long, dangerous illness for the time sobered the young man and made him an object of interest in the patriotic community in whose defence the camp-fever had been contracted, and during this bright interlude he married the daughter of a farmer belonging to one of the oldest families in the State. The wedding was but the prelude to the oft-repeated miserable years of a drunkard's family life, the only variation being that the wife, a woman of spirit and capacity beyond many others, put her shoulder to the wheel and, adapting herself to the situation, made a comfortable living for herself and children by taking in fine laundry work. At length there came a change, revival services were held, and among those who professed to have found the 'pearl of great price' was James L—, who with wife and one child came forward one bright June morning to take openly the name and position of a Christian. Now in that home all things became new. Instead of curses arose the voice of family prayer; instead of hiding their hard earned pennies from the avarice of the drunkard, mother and children gladly asked for and received from the proud father such things as necessity and taste demanded. All who knew them rejoiced that the man was redeemed and the family saved.

"Four years have passed; how is it now? Mrs. L—, again takes in washing, assisted by her delicate girl, while the boy, going to the bar as rapidly as possible, dogs his lost father round to lager-beer saloons, or brings him home to alternate between crossness and stupidity in the home which has twice so disappointed its inmates.

"I have no hope of Jim' now says his utterly discouraged wife; 'he has never broken his pledge, as he maintains; he drinks neither whiskey nor brandy; but some moderate temperance people persuaded him that lager was not included in the pledge, and that it was, on the contrary a healthful beverage; so he began to drink it and has done nothing else ever since. It's ten times as bad as it was before; then he would get wildly drunk at times and threaten our lives, or be gone two or three days, and we would not know what might have happened to him; but between whiles he was so kind, so repentant, and so gentlemanly that one could not but love him and hope for the best. But now he is never sober, never goes away, but hangs round the house crossly and stupidly drunk all the time; there are no bright intervals, never any more gentlemanliness, any more repentance. He seems to take pleasure in degrading and ruining his only boy, and for the rest it is just what you see.'"

"And as I look round at the bloated and brutalized snorer on the lounge, I felt that here was a sufficient answer to the remedial

measure you moderates propose—substitute lager-beer."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

### WHICH IS MASTER?

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

Said a man to me one day, when we were talking on the matter of temperance: "Liquor don't trouble me much; I wish I could say the same about tobacco. Tobacco's the only boss I've got. I've tried to quit, but can't."

It is too evident that very many, besides this man, are serving in demoralizing bondage under this same unsavory, relentless "boss," or some other fleshly tyrant. Such bondage is unbecoming to men. It saps true manhood, and fetters the higher faculties of the soul. Centuries ago, that stern old Roman, Cato, just before his death, insisted that the "good man alone is free, and all the rest are slaves."

Body and spirit constituted a man. The spirit is the higher element, the body the lower. In order to have perfect harmony and true happiness in our lives, we must have the higher spiritual powers rule the lower animal propensities and sensual appetites. It makes a world of difference whether the spirit is enslaved and driven by depraved fleshly desires, or whether the body is wisely led and governed by the sound judgment and better will of the spirit, which lifts man above all mere animal classifications.

Then let us settle it in our inmost heart that the spirit shall be master, and the body must be servant. Let us be kings and priests in these clay tabernacles of ours. And if any fleshly desires seem likely to overcome us, and bring us into subjection to some pampered appetite, lets us fast and pray and become endued with fresh power. Thus wisely ruling our bodies by our spirits, we shall have the true "liberty of the sons of God."—*American Messenger.*

### A TEMPERANCE CHURCH.

Dr. Cuyler's church is pre-eminently the temperance church of the City of Churches. The manufacturers, venders, and drinkers of intoxicating liquors give it the "go by," and make a broad margin between their steps and the shadow of its steeple. Its communicants are total abstainers, who do not taste intoxicating wine at the Communion table, at the home gathering, at wedding parties, nor at social entertainments. His temperance church has a temperance pulpit, a temperance platform, and a temperance Sunday-school. The genius of temperance is enthroned upon the altar and sways the sceptre of control over pew and pulpit, over church and congregation, at the prayer-meeting and public convocation, infusing its sentiments in the heads and hearts of old and young.

The atmosphere of Lafayette Avenue Church palpitates with the principles of uncompromising abstinence from alcoholic poisons; the thoughtful and cultivated people who worship there give a purer tone to society, and aid in lifting it to a loftier plain of refinement and morality. They, with the quiet eloquence of example, as well as by precept, utter an unflinching protest against the drinking usages that are too common in our so-called best society. Dr. Cuyler has enriched our religious and temperance literature with his contributions to our papers and magazines, and his tracts, sermons, and addresses have been scattered like the leaves for the healing of the nations. His books are steeped in the sentiment of loyalty to humanity, and of love to every virtue that "clears the way" for the progress of religion and reform.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

"Yes," said the Rev. John Pierpont, "you have a license, and that is your plea; I adjure you to keep it; lock it among your choicest jewels; guard it as the apple of your eye; and when you die and are laid out in your coffin, be sure that the precious document is placed between your clammy fingers, so that when you are called upon to confront your victims before God, you may be ready to file your plea of justification and to boldly lay down your license on the bar of the Judge. Yes, my friend, keep it; you will then want your license signed by the county commissioners and endorsed by the selectmen."