

the darkness, murmuring threats of vengeance upon the village landlord. After his steps were no longer heard, I turned to see what I could do for the frightened child, who still remained motionless in the old arm-chair. I removed the thin shawl that had been but a slight protection to the little, frail form out in the chill night-winds. Gently I took the still trembling child in my arms, and tried to soothe her into slumber. I made her understand at last that her mother and little sister baby would be cared for, and then a sigh of relief came from her quivering lips. Soon she fell into a restless slumber, and I laid her gently away upon the sofa.

"There has been some terrible scene enacted over at Perry's," I said half aloud; for I knew that no ordinary transaction would so bewilder little Nellie.

I opened the door and peered into the darkness that hid the home of poor Mrs. Perry from my view. At last I heard the sound of voices in the distance, and in a few moments a sleigh appeared in the dim darkness, which halted at our door. Mrs. Perry, with her baby clasped in her arms, was half lifted from the seat, and borne by my husband and a neighbor into the house.

"Go for the doctor—quick, Smith," said my husband; and the neighbor jumped into the sleigh, and drove swiftly away.

"The baby is seriously injured," said John, in answer to my questions. "I just got there in time to save them both from being murdered by the drunken madman. In a moment more the child would have been crushed beneath his heavy feet. Landlord Jones has accomplished his desires at last!"

A faint cry from the wounded babe came to our ears, and the pale, frightened mother lifted the shawl from its face. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes as I looked upon the bruised and bloody face. The wretch had seized the little baby form from its mother's arms, and dashed it upon the hard floor, and just as my husband entered had raised his heavy boot to crush out its brains. The doctor came, but could not do much for the little sufferer. We dressed the wounds as best we could, and then the medical man went away with a sad look upon his face. "The child will die," he only said, and then I detected a half-hidden tear in his eyes.

All through the long night we watched by the side of the little, moaning sufferer with aching hearts. I could not offer a word of consolation to the distracted mother, for every time I attempted to speak my voice became hoarse and unnatural, and I was forced to desist, that I may never experience such a weight of sadness as then!

The pale light of morning just began to break over the hills in the east when the baby-spirit took its flight away from the mangled casket, and passed up to the better land beyond the fading stars. We dressed the sweet babe of one bright summer in spotless white for the quiet stillness of the grave.

Then our attention was called to little Nellie, who had just awakened with a sad cry. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were the same unnatural brightness. She looked wildly around the room, and did not seem to recognize her own mother. Reason was dethroned, and the child was an idiot!

When the father became sober, we called him in to look upon his dead child. He looked upon the pure, sweet face, wrung his hands in silent agony, and turned away without a word. We led him into the presence of little Nellie; but as she looked upon him she gave one loud shriek, and fell to the floor. The broken-hearted man rushed out of the house, and when we saw him again he was cold and dead. He went to the icy river, and plunged down into the cold, deep water, and before he could be rescued from its depths he was dead.

Only a few words of explanation, and then my story will be ended. George Perry had been a victim of rum for several years, spending his money for the fiery poison. Poor Mrs. Perry had suffered only as a drunkard's wife can suffer. But brighter days came at last, for a secret temperance society had been formed in the little village, and her husband was persuaded to join the same. For a whole year he had kept his vows and pledge, and happiness came again into the little cottage.

But the landlord, a base wretch, made a terrible vow that he would have George Perry in his clutches again, though it cost him his soul's happiness in the future world. But George resisted nobly, and only fell when a cunningly-devised plan was executed to entrap him. The cruel landlord did not reap so great a harvest as he anticipated, for only one evening did poor George spend money at his bar; for ere the next day was ended his victim was a corpse.

The landlord knew that he was the cause of all the misery that I have recorded; but still he kept on in the old evil way. No sign of repentance he betrayed, no look of remorse came o'er his face; and he once made a sneering boast that he had kept the vow he made in regard to poor George Perry. Fearful will be his reward at last!—*Temperance Advocate.*

APATHY THE GRAND ADVERSARY OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

BY REV. W. GOODELL.

This apathy is painfully evident in the backwardness of almost everybody, rich or not rich, to contribute any money, or any amount worthy of the object, for the funds necessary to forward this enterprise. Men who give for every other good enterprise find nothing to bestow on this. Taxpayers, groaning under their burdens, and who (as is known by statistics) might soon cut off seventy-five per cent. of them by closing up the liquor-saloons, will not contribute even five or ten per cent. of the same for that object. Churches surrounded by liquor-saloons that annually destroy thrice the amount of property that would sustain the churches, and that keep away half the community from attending them, find no distinctive temperance church work to do as churches, and their congregations think they can spare little or nothing for reformatory efforts outside of the church, because (to use the language heard whenever contributions to temperance funds are solicited) "we have as much as we can possibly do to sustain our church institutions, with their auxiliaries, the missionary, Bible, tract, ministerial, education, and church-building societies." Just as though the temperance enterprise itself were not, or might not be made, one of the most powerful of these "auxiliaries," being necessary to the increased resources of all the others.

Nearly half a century ago the total-abstinence enterprise, originated by Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Hewitt, Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, John Tappan, and others, and organized in the "American Temperance Society" (predecessor of the "American Temperance Union" and of the present National "Temperance Society and Publication House"), was launched forth upon its great experiment. At that time it was confidently expected that the churches would give it a place by the side of their Bible, missionary, tract, and kindred auxiliaries, and entitle it to a place in their list of objects for the annual contributions of Christians. But owing to the distrust, the sectarian jealousies, and the apathy of many who were revered as religious leaders, it was never done. Had it been, it cannot be doubted that the cause of temperance would by this time have been vastly in advance of its present position, religion and its institutions would have been signally honored in the sight of the world, thousands now in drunkenness, slaves, or still wallowing in drinking-infidelity would have been

deadliest shafts, hundreds of millions of dollars would have been added to the nation's wealth, and millions to the funds of the church and its evangelizing auxiliaries. As it now is, an increased apathy to the claims of the temperance enterprise has settled over the churches in large portions of our country; their membership are unpledged to total abstinence, and are voting against liquor-prohibition, and, surrounded with liquor-saloons, and consequent poverty and squalor, are struggling hard to support a minister preaching to vacant pews.

Apathy among sober, respectable citizens, church members, and ministers is apparently a more formidable impediment to the progress and success of the temperance cause than the bitter opposition of the liquor-dealers themselves, with the whole army of their deluded victims, the drunken, the vicious, the vile, and the defiantly lawless. The cure of that apathy, could it be discovered and applied, would well-nigh ensure the speedy triumph of our enterprise.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

In the course of temperance work we learn many significant facts which need no comment.

"I might easily have been led away by this exacting appetite," said a lady, "but for God's mercy. When I was young, I was at one time out of health, with a feeble digestion, and my physician ordered a glass of porter daily with my dinner. It seemed to do me good. One Sunday I was a little belated for Sunday-school, where I was a teacher, and, hastening through my dinner, forgot my usual tonic. When I arrived at my class, I felt so languid and miserable that I thought I should have to go home. I could not understand the cause of my indisposition until, in a moment, it came to me that I had forgotten my porter. And with the recollection the thought flashed upon me that I was already a slave to appetite, and what would the end be? My resolution was instantly taken that, God helping me, I would never taste porter again or any other similar medicine. And I never have, and I praise God continually that in that moment he mercifully rescued me from a debasing and enslaving appetite."

This lady is now an earnest advocate of total abstinence from principle, the outgrowth of experience. Such, we believe, are the very best workers in the cause.

Another says, "The Lord made a total-abstinence woman of me by the teachings of his Spirit. I thought it no harm to take a little wine, brandy, or ale when my physician recommended it, or when in the company of those who used the social glass. But when the Lord Jesus came to abide with me, the Spirit brought to remembrance these words: Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? Indeed I knew this, for the leadings and teachings of that Spirit had become most precious to my soul. Then how could I dare to interrupt that communion, for even a moment, by wilfully numbing my faculties and clouding my reason? Never since then have I been willing to grieve the Holy One by touching or tasting the evil thing."

This young Christian woman is using her influence, too, from the most solemn convictions of the Spirit and earnest love for Jesus, to discountenance the use of stimulants as a beverage and as a medicine.

We knew a reformed man who stood well for over a year. In that time he had found good employment, was reunited with a lovely wife, and, to all appearance, was safe. One day he was seized with pain while at his place of business, and an associate, unthinkingly—should we ever be thoughtless of our brother's weakness?—advised him to take a dose of Jamaica ginger. The potion removed the pain, but aroused a slumbering fiend within him, and the next thing we knew, business, wife, principles, new-found friendships and happiness—all were sunk, and the poor victim was wallowing in the gutter. Have we not a duty to those around us, when we know their danger to scrupulously guard them from the spark that will set them on fire of hell?—*National Advocate.*

WINE AT COMMUNION.

At the recent Women's Christian Temperance Convention, held in Brooklyn, the subject of "What wine shall be used at communion?" was discussed. Mrs. Phillips, of Binghamton, presented some thrilling facts. After referring to the fact that the word "wine" was never used in connection with the Lord's Supper, that it was "The juice of the grape," "The fruit of the vine," "The cup of blessing," etc., she claimed that it could not be intoxicating wine.

Intoxicating wine was not "blood," neither could it make blood, nor could it represent blood, in giving weakness, not strength. She related the instance of an instance of a reformed man, who, after the ordinance of a reformed man, and looked upon as a place of safety. At first he remained away from communion, fearing to taste the wine; but he was urged to partake, as it was a church ordinance, and "strength would be given him." He partook of the wine, which was fermented; but it aroused the old demon, and the struggle commenced. He was overpowered, became a drunkard, took his own life with his own pistol in the presence of his family, saying he had no desire to live. The grace of God will not keep us from being burned if we put coals of fire to our bosom. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Losee, Mrs. Hutchison, and Mrs. Potter, all gave instances where reformed men had been slain by the demon in the cup upon the sacramental table. Rev. Fred. Bell, who was a notorious drunkard before his conversion, said he dared not touch the intoxicating cup at the sacramental table. They would use nothing but the pure juice of the grape. Those who heard these thrilling accounts will not soon forget the deep impression made upon the large audience present.—*National Advocate.*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STIMULANTS.—"I never was the worse for liquor in my life," is the frequent and honestly meant declaration with which the physician is often met in the frequent cases in which it is clear to him that polite tipping is the source of fatal disease. At the Medical Society of London lately, in the course of an interesting discussion on a frequent form of dyspepsia and brain disease, Dr. Theodore Williams observed, says the *British Medical Journal*, that most of these cases occurred among people with tipping habits, whose practice it was to take stimulants between meals whenever they felt what they call "low." The result was bad in two ways. Firstly, the alcohol introduced into the stomach caused a large secretion of gastric juice, which, having no food to act on, irritated the mucous membrane, and gave rise to flatulence, distending the stomach, and thereby disordering the heart's movements; hence, palpitation and irregular supply of blood to the brain, with its accompanying symptoms. Secondly, the waste of gastric juice prevented a proper amount from being forthcoming at meals; the food was only partially digested, and escaped assimilation; hence, starvation of the blood and consequent anemic symptoms. The treatment most successful, therefore, in these cases was careful combination of food with stimulants, and a reduction of the latter as much as possible.

Dr. Routh agreed with the author (Dr. Throgood) as to the common occurrence of these cases among women. Chronic alcoholism he noticed chiefly among matrons, and he treated it by two methods. The hankering after stimulants he satisfied by a harmless one in the form of aasfetida or valerian; or he gave raw beef-juice prepared by rubbing beef through a sieve, and flavoring it with a little celery. Three claret glasses a day of this juice were given, and it allayed the desire for spirits.

CIVIL DAMAGE VERDICT.—A verdict of \$750 and costs has just been rendered in the Supreme Court at Troy, N. Y., to Mrs. Elizabeth Blondin against George Albertson, proprietor of a saloon in Congress street, Troy, for damages sustained in consequence of the continual sale of liquor to her husband. The daily papers give the following account: "According to the evidence, Blondin, prior to the 1st of August last, was a sober, industrious man, and an earnest and consistent church member. He provided liberally, according to his earnings, for his wife and three children, and lived happily with them. In an evil hour he visited Albertson's saloon and commenced drinking, since which time he has neglected his family and abused them. He would go to his once comfortable and happy home under the influence of liquor, and no matter what was done for him by his wife or children, he would be abusive. Since the 1st of September last he has contributed but \$8 to their support, and, to procure the means to gratify his appetite for Albertson's rum, he sold his tools, and even some of his household furniture, leaving his family entirely dependent on charity for their daily subsistence. This is the first action ever brought in the Supreme Court in this country under the Civil Damage Act of 1873, and we shall not mourn if in the ends of justice old King Alcohol shall be made to realize that although 'the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind exceedingly fine.'"

MEDICAL PRACTICE WITHOUT ALCOHOL.—In a private letter of recent date a Penn Yan, N. Y., physician writes: "There is one thing I have used my influence and all my endeavors for since I came to this country; that is, showing my brother physicians the folly and absurdity of administering liquor in any form to their patients, either as a medicine or beverage. I had in 1872 and 1873 no less than ninety-six cases of typhoid fever, from the mildest form to typhus gravior, and I treated every one without a drop of liquor, and, strange to say, not one died, and their ages ranged from a child eight years of age to an old man eighty-seven, who is now—can testify on oath his narrow escape from death or poison. Such experience as this in the treatment of fevers is without precedent, and if physicians will only try to treat their patients without the cursed stuff, they will save 75 per cent. of those they now lose by its use."—*National Advocate.*

THE CHILDREN OF SLAVES WILL BE SLAVES.—There are few tobacco-using-fathers who are pleased when their sons follow their example in that regard. But how can they expect youth to have moral purpose sufficient to resist the temptation to the "manly vice" unless maturity is strong enough to conquer an appetite which can only be excused and cannot be approved. Many a father counsels his son against smoking and confesses his regret at having formed the habit: but such precept is not sufficient to outweigh a daily example.

THE SMOKER.—The smoker is the drunkard's younger brother. The habits are twin giants; they are both alike detestable, alike degrading; both have the same tendencies. They are soul-deceivers, mind-murderers, conscience-searers, time-wasters, health-destroyers, misery-producers, money-squanderers; and the sooner both are scouted into oblivion, the better.—*Mechanics' Organ.*

—To those who like from time to time to enquire, "Does prohibition prohibit?" the late annual address of Governor Dingley to the Legislature of Maine, and the report of the Attorney-General, would be very instructive reading. We especially commend these documents to the thoughtful consideration of the *Evening Post, Times, and Tribune*. In "four-fifths of the State" the Governor testifies that there has been a "very general suppression of known dramshops," and a "marked mitigation of the evils of intemperance." In some of the larger cities "the results are not so satisfactory, although even there, as compared with the condition thirty years since, there has been an improvement." There is "increasing efficiency in the enforcement of the law against dramshops," and it is added, quite naturally, that "the number of convicts in the State prison has fallen off more than one-fourth." That is the way "prohibition falls" in Maine while license, in New York and elsewhere, "succeeds" in crowding the prisons to repletion, and in making their frequent enlargement a necessity.—*National Advocate.*