



Temperance Department.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

It was a sad day for Robert when he stood beside his mother's open grave—sad it must be for any boy of fifteen to be deprived of motherly care, but peculiarly so in the case of Robert Wayne. He was an only child—full of mischievous pranks, and always restlessly searching and questioning—a craving for knowledge which if rightly directed might lead to glorious results; if perverted, God alone could tell the depth to which his eager soul would sink.

His mother had been like a sister to him; she was a bonny blue-eyed woman, full of laughter and song, and sometimes seemed but little older than Robert himself; but withal had a certain firmness and dignity which quickly subdued him when his fun ran too high. Now she was gone, where should he look for sympathy and comfort.

As the thought came, he glanced up at his father, who was now seated beside him in the carriage, which whirled them back to their lonely, desolate home. The face he looked into was grave and sweet, but oh, so deathly sad. Robert's eyes overflowed again, and he crept a chilly hand into his father's, which closed upon it with a clinging pressure. Looking down, surprised at the unwonted tenderness, Mr. Wayne caught sight of Robert's wet eyes, and his fatherly heart was deeply touched. He clasped his son closer to his side and held him there while he spoke fond, comforting words.

"My poor boy, I'll try to be father and mother both to you, now. I'm afraid I have hardly done my duty by you hitherto. I have been too fond of my books and experiments; too grave and quiet to suit your young ways. She was the one who could help you best—oh, my Father in heaven, it is a bitter, bitter loss!" and together their tears flowed freely, and their hearts were unconsciously comforted by companionship and sympathy.

The weeks crept by, and the household resumed its customary ways, only that a prim New England aunt took the mistress' place in the house. She was a good woman, but with little of youth or brightness about her, and so different from Robert's mother he could scarcely endure her.

Mr. Wayne, a student by nature, and with wealth enough to gratify his tastes, gradually buried himself in his beloved books, or spent whole days away from home at scientific meetings, where he, with others, gravely and patiently traced the genealogy of the flea, or constructed queer animals from some stray bone found imbedded in a rock.

Meanwhile, how did Robert spend his time? At first, innocently enough; in school by day, and over his books or with a friend in the evening; but by-and-by there came a change.

A young German of about eighteen came to board in the neighborhood. He had been at school in Leipsic, and had much to say about the wild pranks and carousals in which he and his mates were wont to indulge.

"Ach! Wayne," he would say, "you make me to laugh with your sour, solemn ways. Is it true that you know nothing of the delight of a room full of good comrades, each with pipe and mug? Ach, the stories they tell, the adventures they have! The room gets blue with smoke, and the beer and wine flow fast and free. Ach, then what jollity! You are stupid indeed, that you do not make use of your student-father's money to some purpose."

So he would talk, and Robert from listening began to covet—it is the same old story, which has endlessly repeated itself since the days of Eden and the apple.

Finally, one evening when time hung heavy on his hands, he consented to accompany his new friend, Heinrich, to the club of which he was a member. They were welcomed uproariously, and a corner of the table at which some half-dozen others were seated was arranged for them. Robert found all much as Heinrich had described it, though, fortunately for the boy's pure morals, much of the talk and jesting was in German, and so beyond his comprehension.

Meanwhile his father at home, sitting over his books, was aroused by unusual thought: "I wonder what Robert is about? I really ought to give more time to the boy; I will go and find him now, and ask him if he would not like to take a walk this bright evening, before we go to bed; study has made me restless, and the fresh air will quiet me."

This idea had scarcely imprinted on the brain when he heard someone fumbling at the hall door. "How strange!" he said, and turning his head, he listened intently. The door finally opened, and steps—queer, unsteady, shuffling steps—came down the hall. Breathless with amazement and terror, he caught sight of Robert's reeling form through the half-open door, and felt as if a swift, hot knife had been plunged into his heart. His boy drunk! Her much-loved child sunk so low! Ah! God alone could measure that moment's agony.

As a drowning man sees all his past sins set in order before him, so he saw his past neglect, and felt his wife's reproachful eyes upon him; and then and there, before the reeling boy had time for more than a maudlin "Evenin', father; needn't look so scared—I ain't drunk!" he recorded a swift solemn vow that never again would he neglect his boy for any thing else.

Controlling his agitation he stepped forward.

"Ah, Robert, my boy, I'm glad to see you home again. Come, let us go up stairs now. It is late and we must go to bed."

The heat of the room had sent the liquor fumes to Robert's brain, and he was already sinking into a drunken sleep. Tenderly and quietly, that no one might be aroused, Mr. Wayne led his boy up stairs and helped him to bed; then sat beside him to watch his brutish slumbers.

Untiring, he sat there when Robert awoke next morning. He leaned over and asked kindly, "Do you feel better, my boy? You came home sick last night." Sick! One swift rush of thought, and Robert remembered it all. His cheeks flushed, his lips quivered, but he controlled his rising emotion.

"I have a terrible headache, and it does not seem as if I could sit up!" he answered in a weary, hopeless tone, for shame was overwhelming him with its bitter wave.

"All right, my boy, lie still awhile and I will bring you some breakfast. You will be better then."

Down stairs he went, and with his own hands brought back the toast and strong coffee, which would, perhaps, prove an antidote to the poison of last night.

Robert understood and appreciated the delicacy and consideration which made the father shield him from the curious household, but he was too filled with shame even to thank him. With downcast eyes and flushed cheeks he swallowed the toast and gulped down the bitter coffee, feeling as if he would be glad to crawl away from every one and die. But a thought came—no one could hide away from God, and how should he ever be able to meet his pure eyes if he could not even endure the loving gaze of his earthly father who, like himself, had often sinned and suffered? This thought was torture. Muttering something about being sleepy, he turned his face to the wall and "chewed the bitter cud" of his reflections. Oh! what would he not give to blot out last night's doings? And that despairing thought that confronts every sinner—that his sin can not be blotted out—that it has been, even though he may rain tears of repentant anguish, came over him with crushing force.

But here his father's voice, sweet with new and deep feeling, broke on his ears.

"Shall I read to you, Robert?"

The boy nodded wearily. But he started when the first words were uttered, slowly and clearly, "A certain man had two sons," for he recognized the parable of "The prodigal son." His father read to the very end, his voice trembling over the tenderest passages; then he closed the book, and with all a mother's gentleness, bent over and kissed his boy, and quietly stole from the room.

That was all, but it smote the boy's heart as Moses' rod smote the rock; tears of bitter feeling rushed from his eyes, and he moaned in his distress until, exhausted with weeping, he fell asleep.

That was the first and last time Robert ever became intoxicated. No actual reference was afterward made to that night by either father or son, but the tie which the

former's tender forbearance had fastened to his boy's heart became the guiding line by which he kept him true and pure.

Heinrich wondered at the queer young American who had rather be with his father than any where else; but surely the mother must find heaven more blest if she can note the perfect sympathy and affection which exists between her dear ones upon earth.—*Southbridge Journal.*

TEACH THE CHILDREN.

Dr. J. G. Holland, the gifted author, and editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, whose death we chronicled recently, still speaks eloquently and effectively in the interest of temperance and the young in the following extract, heretofore published, but which will now be re-read with interest:

"There is, probably, no hallucination so obstinate as that which attributes to alcoholic drink a certain virtue which it never possessed. After all the influences of the pulpit and the press, after all the warning examples of drunkenness and consequent destruction, after all the testimony of science and experience, there lingers in the average mind an impression that there is something good in alcohol, even for the healthy man. Boys and young men do not shun the wine-cup as a poisoner of blood and thought, and the most dangerous drug that they can possibly handle; but they have an idea that the temperance man is a foggy, or foe to a free, social life, whose practices are ascetic and whose warnings are to be laughed at and disregarded. Now in alcohol, in its various forms, we have a foe to the human race so subtle and so powerful that it destroys human beings by the million, vitiates all the processes of those who indulge in it, degrades morals, induces pauperism and crime in the superlative degree when compared with other causes, and corrupts the homes of millions.

"It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.

"What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long cherished error by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. (1.) They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues, that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or disturbing force. (2.) They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. (3.) They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. (4.) They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. (5.) They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause. (6.) They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent for drink in this country, every ounce of which was made by the destruction of bread, and not one ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct.

"The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbors and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he begs for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they

ask for bread. It scowls upon us from the hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of misery from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time the better will it be for them and for the world."

[For the MESSENGER.]

A BOYTRAP.

A boy-trap? what is that? we have read of man-traps; but what is a boy-trap? Read the following narrative and see.

A few years since I was remonstrating with a confirmed inebriate—one whom I had known from boyhood and I said to him; "Wellington, how is it that a boy brought up as you were by pious parents, and in the midst of churches and Sabbath-schools, learned to drink?" He replied, "M— now I will tell you just how I learned to drink. Do you remember Smith that used to keep the big white tavern on the corner in the village some twenty years ago? when I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I with other neighbor boys would come down to the village of an evening, and we soon found our way into Smith's bar-room. It was not long, however, till Smith began to invite us into a back sitting-room, where he first brought on cards and dominoes and taught us to play; and then brought wine and beer and treated us till we liked it and wanted something stronger; there is how I learned to drink."

"But," said I, "can you not reform yet, can't you give it up?" He replied; "no, its too late I'm a goner!"

And this is what hundreds—yes thousands—of our licensed taverns are doing to-day! The traps are set—whose boy will be caught? M: C.

WHISKEY AND THANKSGIVING.

We saw an advertisement in one of our daily papers the other morning, headed "Thanksgiving," offering for sale "fine whiskies" and other liquors. And in the same paper we saw the following, from the *San Francisco Alta*, which shows one of the things we have to be thankful for in connection with whiskey:

The Corwin, during her voyage to Alaska, landed on St. Lawrence Island, having orders to investigate the wholesale starvation of the natives. At the first village at which they landed all were dead; so also at the second, where fifty-four dead bodies were counted, nearly all full-grown males. At another place 150 persons—men, women and children—were dead. At the next settlement twelve dead bodies, and at the following thirty were found. All the inhabitants on the north side of the island, where whiskey traders sold liquor, are dead—not one escaping. The general starvation occurred two years ago last winter. Since then the presence of the Corwin in the Arctic has broken up this inhuman whiskey trading. The empty whiskey kegs are seen strewn all about. The total number of dead bodies found on St. Lawrence Island was over 600. The survivors say that the white traders from Honolulu sold whiskey which the natives bought, and got drunk, remaining so during the season for laying in their winter supply of walrus and seal.—*Chicago Standard.*

BRITISH "LORDS" are latterly being made of very poor material. The German and American *Brewers' Journal* mentions that "the trade [brewers and beer-sellers] will learn with pleasure that one of their number, Sir Dudley Coutts Majoribanks, the London brewer, has just been created a lord." It adds that "he is not the first brewer, however to reach the peerage, since Sir Arthur Guinness was last year made Lord Ardilaun. Very many English brewers, notably the Basses, have been knighted, created baronets, &c., but Sir Dudley is the first to rise to the House of Lords over the vats." We trust the day is not far distant when the public opinion will have become so enlightened concerning the evil influences and results of the beer-traffic as to recoil from the proposition to confer titles of special honor upon beer-makers and vendors.—*National Temperance Advocate.*