



Temperance Department.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

I.

It was a dull, cold, October afternoon; twilight was coming on, accompanied by small drizzling rain. In the drawing-room of a tolerably large house in one of the suburbs of the metropolis sat a lady, restless, and apparently uneasy in mind. Her eldest child, a little girl of some ten or eleven years of age, sat on a low stool near the glowing fire, stitching away at a piece of white work.

Mrs. Bates was not still for five minutes together. She would go to the window and look out in the gathering mist, as if expecting some one; then, heaving a sigh, she would return to her seat, only to start up again in a minute or two, to look out as before.

Little Mary was not surprised to see her mother so agitated; of late it had been no uncommon thing to see her so, and the child half divined the reason of it. "Isn't papa very late this evening, mamma?" she said.

"He is, dear, especially for Saturday. I can't imagine what detains him."

Saturday evening was looked forward to most eagerly by the younger members of the family, for the sole reason that on that evening they were allowed to take tea in the drawing-room with their parents. On other days Mr. and Mrs. Bates dined alone at the tea hour, in consequence of Mr. Bates being engaged the whole day in business in the city. On Saturdays, his office was closed at midday, and accordingly the home arrangements respecting meal-times were altered, to the great satisfaction of the children.

The little timepiece on its marble bracket rang out the hour of six. "Papa is late," said Mrs. Bates, for nearly the twentieth time; then, pausing in her march to the window, she exclaimed, "Hark! what can those children be doing? Turning the house upside down, I should think. Mary, just run up and tell Ann I will come and—or, never mind, I will go myself." And as she ascended the stairs, peals of laughter and the clatter of childish feet scampering madly about made her brow grow dark. Mrs. Bates was not a good woman in the true acceptance of the term, and, her temper being already ruffled by her husband's non-appearance at the proper time, she did not feel in a mood to deal leniently with offenders. Moreover, the scene that was presented to her as she opened the nursery door was in no wise calculated to soothe her perturbed feelings. There were four children there, and a young, careless, rosy-faced nursemaid "fresh from the country."

Little Jessie, the eldest of the four, was seated on a high stool, poring over a picture-book, and apparently unconscious of the confusion that reigned around. Two little boys were playing at horses, scouring round and round the room at express rate. These were the young gentlemen who were creating such an uproar. One was going full speed astride the poker, which made no slight noise, and likewise left jetty tracks crossed and re-crossed on the uncarpeted floor; the other was flourishing an apology for a whip in the shape of an old doll, with which he most unmercifully belabored his brother's back, every blow shaking out a considerable amount of sawdust from the novel "whip," which fell in most undesirable showers upon the curly heads of the two laughing, romping youngsters.

The baby—a merry little fellow of ten months—sitting on the floor, ever and anon manifested his appreciation of the fun by uttering a loud prolonged crow of delight, stopping, during its delivery, in his attempts to tear to pieces Jessie's spelling-book, which, thanks to the ingenuity of the age, was "indestructible." The nurse, in the midst of it all, was quietly writing a pencil-note home, telling the old folks how well she and London agreed together.

Mrs. Bates's sudden appearance, and her emphatic ejaculatory "Well I never!" produced a startling effect. The nurse was covered with confusion, the two little lads

stood in grotesque attitudes, as if petrified; only Jessie was calm. To snatch the poker from Master Johnny's hand and replace it in the fender was the work of a moment, and then the sawdust was sent flying out of Freddy's hair by a sharp, sudden box on the ears, and the two would-be equestrians retreated crestfallen to a corner to set up a low whining cry, but whether to shed tears was very questionable. Then Mrs. Bates found her tongue, and used it with remarkable energy to the innocent-looking nursemaid, who bore the tirade with praiseworthy resignation, all the while secretly grieving over the sheet of pink-edged paper, which she had reckoned would create such a sensation at home, and which was of course completely spoiled through her having to thrust it so expeditiously into her pocket.

"And you, Jessie," Mrs. Bates went on, turning to the little lady on the high stool, "I should have thought you would have known better."

"Mamma dear, I have been reading here all the time; I have not played once."

"Reading in such a place as this, eh? You are a little, stupid, dreamy thing, Jessie. I'll turn over a new leaf with you children, I really will. Now don't let me hear you again, or you'll not get off so easily. I promise you." And she departed.

"I'll turn over a new leaf" was one of Mrs. Bates's household phrases. She used it as regularly as her watch-key, and sometimes for a similar purpose. Did any part of the household machinery get foul and flag in working, she calculated upon winding the whole up to its normal condition of "going" by the use of that expressive threat.

As for the children, they knew it as well as they did their A B C, and the "twice-times" of the multiplication table. It fell dull and heavy on their ears as a thrice-told tale, and they had gradually ceased to notice it or be moved by it, more especially as of late it had been unaccompanied by those terrible illustrations which had adorned, or rather disfigured, the "leaves" turned over in times gone by, but still within their recollection.

As Mrs. Bates reached the drawing-room, the hall door was heard to open, shoes were noisily rubbed on the mat, and a heavy step ascended the stairs. It was Mr. Bates. He entered the room with a slow, careless, swaggering gait. He was a tall, fine-looking man, attired in a loose and not ungraceful style of dress, which well became him, and he moved and spoke with that air of non-chalance common to a certain class of well-to-do business men. But his face could not be called a pleasant one, for it was somewhat bloated and disfigured, and the eyes were dull and lustreless; no one could gaze long at him without coming to the conclusion that there was something wrong going on. Yet not so very long ago, that countenance was exceedingly attractive, and his genial smile irresistibly winning. He was changed. The truth was, he drank deeply, deeply. This was the grief that haunted his wife through the day, and disturbed her slumbers at night. Even the children knew a little of it—for intemperance is a sin which cannot be hid—and their young faces would be sometimes clouded, especially little Jessie's. She was a quiet, delicate, thoughtful child, strange and "old-fashioned" in her manners, and the family seemed to have an instinctive idea that she would be the first to go, and accordingly bestowed on her an extra amount of affectionate care. Most intensely she loved her father, and the happiest moments of her young life were spent when sitting on his knee, with her arms twined lovingly about his neck.

Mr. Bates made a slight apology for being late, as he saw his wife waiting tea.

"I could not think where you were, Aleck," she replied.

"Daresay not," he said, carelessly; "the fact is, I ought not to have come home at all, for I had a most pressing invitation to dine with an old friend who arrived in town today. As 'tis Saturday, I thought of Jess and the children; however, I must run out directly after tea, so let us have it with all possible speed, my dear."

Mrs. Bates did not reply, but turned and rang for the urn. In a few minutes a rash was heard on the stairs, and, laughing and chattering, the children came bounding in.

"Behave yourselves!" cried Mrs. Bates to the two boys, who had so recently undergone punishment, but who seemed to have as much remembrance of it as though it had been inflicted twelve months before. They took their seats, but their faces were all

aglow with suppressed merriment, and papa's sayings were greeted with an unwarrantable amount of laughter. Certainly he must have been uncommonly jocular that evening. Mrs. Bates's face in the midst of it all relaxed not a muscle; she could see below the surface of things, and knew only too well the cause of her husband's lightsomeness.

"He will pipe a different strain," she said, mentally, "when he arrives home to-night." He said something to her about being "glum," and bantered her on her mopishness. She colored to have him speak so before the children, and retorted. Then followed one of those family jars which had so disturbed the peace of their home of late. It would be useless to record Mr. Bates's unmanly sayings, and the replies elicited from his annoyed wife, which would not prove interesting or edifying in the least degree. Jessie was very quiet, listening with pain to what was passing between her parents, and when at liberty to move, she ran round to her father, and, climbing his knee, laid her soft, pale face against his rough, bushy whiskers.

"Well, puss, what have you been doing to-day?" he asked.

"Sewing a bit, papa, and dressing my doll, and reading."

"Very nice work for a little lady." Jessie felt pleased to receive his commendation. After leaning there quietly for a while, she drew his head down and whispered—

"I want to speak to you quiet, papa."

"Well, my dear, go on." She hesitated.

"What is it, Jessie?"

"Papa ducky" (this was the fondest term she thought she could possibly use), "will you turn over a new leaf?"

He started; such a request, coming from such a quarter, threw him momentarily off his guard, but recovering himself, he said—"There is no necessity for doing so, my dear. What has papa done wrong?"

"I don't know," replied Jessie, timidly; "but I think you might turn over a new leaf, somehow, papa."

He thought so too, but laughingly kissing her, he lifted her down, and rose to go out.

(To be Continued).

INHERITED INTemperance.

BY CHAS. B. KELSEY, M.D., IN "CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

Edgar A. Poe wrote some things which in the light of his private history read almost like the despairing cry of a lost soul, and reminded one of that pithy little sentence of Harriet Beecher Stowe's, that "many a man has exercised more moral force in trying to overcome the habit of intemperance than suffices to carry an ordinary Christian straight to heaven." For Poe was a drunkard, the victim of a mania which is just as much a form of insanity as any other, and a disease beyond the control of anything save physical restraint.

Such a disease has a cause, and it has sometimes seemed to me that, perhaps, the whole question of intemperance may yet have to be attacked, as it were, from behind instead of before, from the roots instead of the branches.

Why is it that one man handles liquor all his life and never comes to harm and another cannot touch it without ruin? Because one has more self-control and less appetite. But why? When that has been answered and forced home to the public, so that they cannot help but understand it, another blow will have been struck for abstinence. The answer lies deep in that law of inheritance by which, not only certain diseases, as cancer, are transmitted, but tendencies, feelings, taste and will.

Give a practising physician the history of the parents, and he will with equal certainty predict, not only the physical, but in part the mental and moral, traits of the children. Grapes do not grow on thorns. Strong wills beget strong wills, and appetites, appetites.

The father loves his glass and the pleasures of the table: the mother is fond and loving, but weak of will. In the next generation the appetite is strengthened and the will power diminished, and we have a child who takes naturally to the glass. And yet that father will challenge the world to show any harm liquor ever did him.

Let an epileptic marry a drunkard, and when an idiotic child is born nobody is astonished. Are the extremes true, and not the lesser degrees of the same thing?

It is not necessary for the father to be a drunkard to have a child who shall suffer

from an uncontrollable desire for the cup.

There is a class of facts familiar to every practising physician, which are not brought into the prominence they deserve in this connection. I refer to the mutual and reflex causative relation existing between intemperance and such diseases as insanity, epilepsy, and idiocy. There are not less than five different nervous diseases which may be traced directly to alcohol. They are all signs of race deterioration, as is a receding forehead or an undersized head.

A family reaches a certain point of development, and begins to degenerate. In the first generation there appears some of the slighter nervous troubles—hysteria or St. Vitus' dance; in the next we have more of the same thing and drunkenness; in the third, epilepsy, insanity, or crime; in the fourth, idiocy.

BEER FOR WORKINGMEN.

In England there is a man named William Bailey, a wealthy man doing a large business. He had once been a farm laborer. Some years ago, as he was walking across a hay-field he saw some men mowing, and he crossed over to them and asked if he might mow. One of the men said yes, and handed him a scythe. Soon one of them remarked: "Why, you have mowed before!"

"Yes, I have," said Bailey; "and at first I drank beer regularly; but while I was mowing and drinking my beer, the idea suddenly came to me that I could mow just as well without beer."

"Oh, I couldn't work without beer," said one of the laborers; "I couldn't get on."

"After I began to mow without beer, I soon discovered that I could get on without mowing," replied Bailey.

"We should like that very well," said the man.

"Oh, no, you cannot do without your beer, and you will go on mowing all your lives, without rising to anything better, just because you will have your beer."

There is many a workingman now putting all his savings into the hands of the saloon-keeper, instead of keeping them himself, and that is the reason he does not get on.

"I have backed as many as sixty tons of coal in a day since I took the pledge," said a London "coal whipper." "But before that, if I had done so much, I should hardly have been able to crawl home, and I should have been certain to lose the next day's work."

We might cite the testimony of masons, bricklayers, laborers, furnacemen, moulders, glass-blowers, sawyers, porters, plasterers, in fact all trades on sea and land, doing the hardest work, and exposed to the severest cold. These all do their work better without beer.

We often meet men who say: "I drink to make me work." To such a one, an old man replied as follows: "Hearken; I once was a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as the sun ever shone upon. But we drank ale to make us work. Those two lads now lie in drunkards' graves, and my wife died of a broken heart, and lies beside them. Our comfortable home is gone. I am seventy years of age, and because I used to drink ale to make me work, it makes me work now for my daily bread. Yes, drink, drink! and it will be sure to make you work."—*Union Hand-bill.*

AN OPIUM-SMOKER TIED TO THE LEG OF A BED.—The following incident is related by the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, an English missionary in China: Then there is the great city of Ku Tieng. Fourteen years ago no missionary of Christ had ever been there. A poor man came to me and said, "I am an opium smoker, and all my family smoke opium. What must I do?" I replied, "You must break off that habit before you can become a Christian." He then for three or four months placed himself under instruction, but he could not give up the opium. Again I informed him that he never could be admitted into the church until he gave up the opium. He attempted to give it up, and I never can forget the struggle of that poor man. When the time for smoking the opium came round he said, "I must have that opium!" and it was given to him. Then he said, "When the time comes around again, tie me to the leg of the bed, so that I cannot get the opium." They did so, and he thus overcame that inveterate habit. He was received into the church of Christ, and died a few months ago, an earnest and triumphant Christian.—*Christian Herald.*