



Temperance Department.

MY NEIGHBOR JOHN.

BY P. H. SEAGER.

As I was driving home from the village one cold evening last winter, I found my neighbor John in trouble just at the bridge. He had evidently got whiskey enough to make him foolish, and so had driven against the corner of the bridge and broken his sled.

John was too far gone to realize what was the matter, but another neighbor, who had reached him before me, was trying to help him and get him home. After some time spent in the biting wind, he got the drunken man into his sleigh, and leaving the broken sled, started for home.

I did not have a very serious experience this time, not nearly so much so as I have had at other times, yet the incident set me to thinking.

Neighbor John sometimes professes great penitence for his fault, especially when he is in danger of suffering any penalty for it; but if you listen to him for a while, you will find that he claims, after all, to be about as good as anybody. His theory is that every man has his little failing, and this chances to be his.

I notice that some of our modern temperance speakers seem to be very much of the same opinion, and have little sympathy with the declaration which classes drunkards with those who shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Indeed, according to them, nobody seems to be particularly to blame, unless it is steady temperance men and church members, who do not exactly fall in with all their methods.

But in the meantime John's ways are a special annoyance to many innocent people. He has more than once found his way into dwellings in the night, to the great disturbance of the occupants. He has gone to school-houses, and insisted upon pouring out a flood of his talk to the annoyance of every one, and the serious alarm of the timid. He has made night hideous in some of the little towns he frequents, so that on some nights there has been but little sleep to be had. In the city such things would not be allowed, but we country folks are not always on hand with an officer, and he does a great deal of this business with impunity.

One of the villages did, indeed provide a calaboose, and after an experience or two of its accommodations, it was somewhat remarkable that John, even at the stage when we are expected to believe him no longer accountable, was able to restrain his exuberance while in town, and reserve his howlings for the benefit of the country people along the road.

Once, too, John went so far beyond bounds that the good-natured court exceeded the usual three-dollar fine, and he went to jail to stay till the fine should be paid. Then his wife gathered up her poultry and carried it to market to raise the means of releasing the recalcitrant lord.

But this again suggests a question or two. If this is punishing drunkenness, riot and assault where does the punishment fall? On the guilty party, or his innocent family? Is not some other penalty than a fine needed in such cases?

Again, the law of our State prohibits the sale of intoxicating drinks to habitual drunkards. That John is one of that class is a notorious fact. If any one living within ten miles of him would like to be ignorant of that circumstance, he would scarcely have the privilege. No man can sell him liquor without being aware that he is violating the law.

How is that for our honorable gentlemen engaged in a legitimate business, under the protection of a license from the State?

Moral suasion has been tried upon John, but thus far with no encouraging success. Now admitting that it is nobody's business what he does to himself and his family, on the ground that a man may do what he will with his own, I wonder if everybody else is bound to submit to all manner of annoyances that John may indulge his vile appetite, and the whiskey-seller may add a little to his profits?

Besides, if he should some night kick his wife to death in the presence of their children, as two men did in New York in one night recently, I suppose the most extreme stricker for drunkard's rights would hardly claim that the officers of the law had no call to interfere in that case.



EARLY MORNING AT OKA.

But perhaps we must all wait for that before any one has a right to invoke the protection of the law for the abating of this nuisance. To some it might seem that the occasion for interference has already arisen, and that the responsibility for the evil is so large that the dram-seller may be called upon to bear his share, without at all relieving the drunkard of the part that belongs to himself.—N. Y. Observer.

"ANNIE! ANNIE!"

BY JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

Two or three years ago, in the month of September, having left the tea-table, I went out upon the veranda. Presently a member of the genus tramp entered the carriage-gate and came up the drive to the house. He was more tidy and decent in appearance than most tramps, and having reached the steps, asked civilly for something to eat. As I procured, with apparent readiness, a plate of griddle-cakes hot from the kitchen, he handed me a tin-cup, saying: "Would you give me some hot tea for my wife? She's sick; Annie isn't used to this kind of life; she's a lady, Annie is; she isn't common folks. She came from Baltimore, and she isn't used to anything but the best." Asking him if "Annie" took milk and sugar in her tea, I went in and filled the pint-cup, and when he withdrew I perceived that he and the "lady" were camped under the hedge, just outside the large gate. Half an hour later my husband, on his way to an evening meeting, found these tramps still on the road-side. The dews and shadows of the evening were beginning to fall. The couple had an unusual amount of baggage with them—a valise, two army blankets, and a large shawl. The woman, purple in the face, was bowed over in hopeless intoxication. The man was pulling her by the arm, exhorting her, "Annie! get up! It's late." Seeing my husband, he said: "Poor Annie she's sick; I don't know what's the matter with her. We have travelled too far; she is overcome."

"She is overcome with liquor," was the reply; "she's drunk."

"Not a mite," replied the champion stoutly; "she's a lady."

"She's drunk, my man, and you may cause her death by trying to drag her about in this state. Settle her comfortably, and cover her up well; she'll sleep it off."

"Don't be slanderin' Annie, sir; she's a lady. To think of the likes of her lyin' out all night; Annie! Annie! get up." A little further expostulation effected nothing, and they were left to themselves. Sitting in the library with one window partly open, came constantly to my ear, at about ten-minute intervals, a monotone, "Annie! Annie! get up." And then, when patience seemed gone, the man's voice rose in a shriek, "Annie!!!" and died

away presently to rebegin mildly, "Annie! Annie!"

Returning an hour later, my husband found the tramps as before, and again remonstrated: "Come, my man, this poor woman is drunk; let me help you to put her in a comfortable position, or she may die, as the night gets cold."

"Well, your honor, I'll not dispute you any longer. Annie is drunk; it's her failin'; it's what brought her here. Now, I do take a little now and then, but it never makes me drunk; but you see poor Annie gets overcome entirely."

One of the blankets was then spread on the ground, close under the hedge, with the valise on it for a pillow. "Annie" was then stretched on this improvised bed, and covered with the other blanket and the shawl. Her heavy breathing and the strong smell of the whiskey seemed to strike the man, for he said; "It's plain enough she's drunk, sir, an't it! Annie! Annie! wake up, Annie!"

"Let her alone; get under the blanket yourself, and see that she does not get uncovered. By morning you can take her to an eating-house for some hot coffee."

"Well, but Annie is a lady; you can see that for yourself, can't you sir?"

"How, then, did she come to be in this condition?"

"It was the drop of liquor did it, sir. Annie was in Baltimore, just a beautiful young lady, with silk gowns, and with rings, and a nice house; oh! people didn't look down on her then. But she took to drink, sir, and it went from bad to worse, till she ran off from her friends and nobody cared for her, and then she came up with a common fellow like me. I an't no gentleman, but Annie is a lady; and once she wouldn't a looked at me. Yes, sir, there she is. It's hard, an't it, trampin' and sleepin' under hedges, and called drunk. I always denies it as long as I can, sir, seein' she's a lady."

And what was the appearance of this unfortunate woman? It bore out the testimony of her tramping husband. Her hands were small and beautifully made, covered with worn gloves; the feet that had tramped so many dusty miles were small and slender. As Milton's Satan "looked not less than archangel fallen," so Annie in her lost estate bore the traces of former grace, beauty, and refinement. Here was some gay Baltimore belle betrayed by the wine-cup, which in her folly she may have offered for the ruin of others. Little had she thought when her health was drunk, when she lifted with jewelled hand the wine gleaming brightly in the crystal, that by this sparkling cup she should be hurled down such an abyss of woe that her home and friends should forget her; that low taverns should be her resort while she paused, weary of toiling over dusty roads after a tramp laden with his bags and blankets, and that at night she should lie

senseless under a hedge, covered by the hand of charity, while all through the dreary, hours should be sung to her that monotonous cry, rising at intervals to a scream of irritation and apprehension, "Annie! Annie! get up. Annie! Annie! get up. Annie!!!"—National Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE THERAPEUTICS.

The London Times prints the following important letter from the Honorary Secretary of the London Temperance Hospital, the Rev. Dawson Burns, to which we invite the special attention of physicians and others interested in the Medical aspect of the temperance question on this side of the Atlantic:

"As you have recently dwelt upon the importance of 'facts' in estimating the use of alcohol in medicine and diet, I beg to lay before your readers the following facts in relation to the in-patients' department of the London Temperance Hospital:

The number of beds is 17, and the number of patients during the five years and a half ended April 30, 1879, was 725. Of these patients the cases cured were 355, and relieved 253; the deaths were 34, or less than 5 per cent. of the whole number. The cases have been fully up to the average in general hospitals, and many of them have been peculiarly severe. They include surgical operations, one of which was a case of Cæsarean section, in which the lives of both mother and child were saved.

"The medical staff have authority under the rules to administer alcohol if they think it needful. They have used this power once only (during the eight months), and their experience has convinced them that in those diseases where alcohol has been considered either necessary or helpful it can be dispensed with safely, and even beneficially. No alcoholic tinctures are used.

"I would also remark that besides the Temperance Hospital there are at least three others these (the Lock Hospital Home of the Rescue Society) it is said:

"The use of alcoholic stimulants is altogether disallowed; and so far from finding their use at all necessary or desirable, we are convinced, as the result of a quarter of a century's close observation in the Rescue Society's Homes, that the young women are most unquestionably better without them."

"The greatest service rendered by Lord Bacon to experimental science was the emphasis he laid upon the verification of causes; and as this verification, by comparison, is impossible where medical men are constantly giving alcohol in a mixed state and in conjunction with other medicinal agents the London Temperance Hospital, by excluding the supposed curative agents, is enabling the medical profession to perceive that the value hitherto attached to it is due to superstitious credulity and not to scientific research.

"When the new Temperance Hospital is open the facts bearing upon this most important question will rapidly accumulate, and it will become impossible for the scientific mind to continue the old practice; nor will the benevolent public permit their subscriptions to be expended on articles which are not of real value, but the use of which is attended with great moral peril; so that the sums spent in their purchase are worse than wasted, because conducive to the future injury of the patients and a continuance of the national intemperance. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"DAWSON BURNS, Hon. Sec. "London Temperance Hospital, 212 Gower Street, "W. C., June 9." —Temperance Advocate.



MR. PARENT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

THE REV. WM. SEARLES, chaplain of Auburn State Prison, who delivered an address at the Temperance Conference recently held at Thousand Islands, gave the following statistics with reference to criminals: "There are in the United States 44 prisons with an average of 1,000 prisoners, making 44,000 criminals, with an average of ten relatives afflicted by each; making 440,000 who suffer from this source. This long line of sorrow could be traced to one of three causes, viz.: idleness, licentiousness, and intemperance." Many and touching were the illustrations given to show the part that intemperance has played in spreading this blight and moral death over the land.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE SAYS: "Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing in the world like whiskey for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man put him into whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put whiskey into him."