



Temperance Department.

MARY TATEM'S BROTHER.

Frank Tatem ran up the front stairs two steps at a time, and knocked on a door at the head of them. He was a wide-awake, handsome boy of fifteen, all aglow at this moment with some new, interesting project.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" a young girl's voice cried from the room, in a cross tone.

"It's I, and I want to come in."

"I can't be bothered with you; I'm reading. Go away."

He opened the door and went in at that. It was a prettily furnished room: but the owner of it, a young girl of seventeen, looked up with a cross face as her brother entered.

"I say, Mary"—he began.

"I just wish you'd go down stairs, and leave me alone. I'll tell ma if you don't."

"Ah, say, now just listen. I won't bother you long."

"Go down stairs and let me read, I say," very angry.

"It won't take me a minute to tell you," he persisted. "I want you to do something for me."

"Well, I won't do it, so there," going back to her book.

"Yes, you will. It's for all the boys"—

"I hate boys. I wish you'd go away, and I'd never see your face again."

"No, you don't," still good-naturedly.

"We fellows have organized a glee club, and we want you to play the piano for us one night every week! Ma says they may meet here."

Mary sat erect in her indignation. "I play the piano for a lot of boys, to howl by? No, sir. I wonder you dare to insult me with such a proposition."

"But ma"—

"Ma ought to be ashamed of herself to give her consent. Do you think I would allow them to come here one night every week? No. I don't care what she would say."

"But there isn't any other place. Not one of the fellows has a sister who can play except Ben Martin, and she's going out of town for a month."

"I wish you'd go out of town for a month, and give me some peace. I sha'n't do it, and that's the end of it; and you can just go down stairs a great deal faster than you came up."

He turned and went down without another word, a great deal slower than he came up. He was not very much surprised that Mary had refused his request, for she rarely did anything for him, and was always ready to quarrel with him. He knew of other boys who had sisters who did everything for them, and those boys were pretty far on the path of right, while he, he acknowledged himself going slowly down, had been treading on the broad path lately that leads to destruction; it was all her fault; if she had been to him what sisters were usually, and made his home life pleasant, he would never have gone into the street to find companions.

There was a boy about his own age waiting for him at the gate.

"What does she say?" he asked eagerly of Frank.

"She says, 'No,'"—very much as if he did not want to talk about it. "Let's go see Emily Martin again. Maybe she'll stay home for awhile."

Emily Martin was called upon, and as she could not stay home herself, promised to see Mary Tatem about it, and try to get her to consent. She put on her bonnet and went right over to see her while the boys waited.

Mary was very pleasant to her and greeted her as she never greeted Frank, but she positively refused to play for the new society.

"I hate boys, and Frank is a perfect nuisance about the house," she said.

But you might be the means of doing them good," Emily argued, "or at least of keeping them from harm. I always try to keep Ben at home"

"You needn't preach to me," Mary cried. "I'm older than you are by three months, and I won't hear one word. So! There!"

Emily took a sudden departure and went up the street to her home very angry, and reported her failure. Frank and Ben and the third boy, Louis Wright, wandered off down the street, discussing their plans. They met Tom Carey, who was supposed to be a bass singer, on the way.

"I have it," he cried, when he heard of their failure to get a pianist. "We can have the hotel piano for a mere song, and Joe Muddle will play for us for another song. The whole expense won't be a dollar a night. There'll be ten of us, and so it won't come very heavy on us apiece."

Frank objected to this arrangement at first; his parents would not like his going there, but Tom soon convinced him that his parents need not be told about it. If he had not been angry with Mary, and rather vexed at his mother's indifference to his wants, he would not have consented.

Tom made all the necessary arrangements with the hotel-keeper and Joe Muddle, and the new glee club met in the hotel parlor the following evening. Joe was a good player, if he was a man broken down by long years of intemperance, and helped them finely. When the singing was over, and they were going, he invited them to stay to his "little treat."

"I'm going to do the square thing by you to-night, boys," he said, as he conducted them into a small room back of the parlor. There was a table in the centre, with cigars and whiskey bottles and glasses upon it. "Take seats and make yourselves happy."

Some of the boys, Ben Martin among them, refused to accept the musician's treat and went home. But Frank, partly through Louis Wright's influence, and partly because he did not care what he did, remained. A couple of hours afterward Louis Wright and Tom Carey, very much worse for the whiskey themselves, led Frank to his father's house. He was too much intoxicated to walk alone. They found the latch-key in his pocket, and opened the door and got him up to his room, and came down very softly and went out.

Frank was brought home many nights in that condition before his father found it out, and then although he took him from the glee club, and was very strict with him, the taste for strong drink had taken such a hold of him that before he was twenty-one he was a confirmed drunkard. It was Mary's fault, he always said, and not his own; if she had been half as good a sister to him as Emily Martin was to Ben, he would never have fallen. And Mary knew what he said was true, and that a sister's influence on a brother who is younger or older, for good or bad, is boundless. But she found it out too late.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

THE TURNING-POINT.

Travelling last summer through Vermont, I chanced to be sitting one evening upon the piazza of a little country hotel in the company of a gray haired man, a large and wealthy manufacturer of Massachusetts, who was a native of the town, but had left it years before, and was now returning for a little visit for the first time in nearly forty years.

Our conversation touched upon the subject of temperance. He spoke of the thousands of young men of the present day whose lives were utter failures, and who were wrecks body and soul, through intemperance.

Deploring this fact, he also spoke of his own decision in the matter as the key to all the success of his life. Then, pointing to an old building across the way, he said—

"When I was a young man, that old building was a thriving factory, its manufactures the chief industry of the town. There I earned my living. These were the days before the subject of temperance was much agitated; almost everybody drank more or less. It was the custom universally for the factory-boys to meet on Saturday evening in a certain place, and have a jolly night of it, drinking and making merry to close up the week. None liked this better than myself and my especial crony, Jim Mathers. Jim and I usually led the crowd in stories, songs and drinking toasts.

"But after a while, one day it suddenly dawned upon me that, even as early in the week as Wednesday, I found myself longing for Saturday night.

The consequences of this discovery gave

me a shock, and, thank God, opened my eyes to the way I was tending. I said not a word to a soul, not even to Jim Mathers, but when Saturday came, I set out as usual for our place of meeting. Between here and the store—I could set my foot upon the very spot now—I met Jim coming toward me. We neither of us spoke. I put out my hand and he his, though it was not a habit with us to extend such form of greeting, but it seemed as if the same thought was in each mind.

"Come, Jim," said I, "Let's make a resolution to quit."

"Agreed," said Jim.

"We kept our pledge—he till his death, some ten years after, and I till the present moment; and whatever success I have had in life, I owe to the resolution of that hour.

"I have come back now to the old town to look for 'the boys,' but I find none of them. There was not one of all that merry-making crowd that ever made an impress on the world, or won even a position of honor."

After this little story from his own life, he told another, which is interesting as showing how times have changed from that day to this.

There was another young man, who left the town about the same time as himself, with the idea of educating himself for the work of the ministry; but he found, after a little, that it would be better to change his purpose, and so he abandoned the effort, and went to Boston for employment.

Failing at first to find anything more congenial, and unwilling to be idle, he took a position as a butler or steward in one of the first families of the city.

For a time all went well. He found a good home, and his employer a good servant.

But the day came when the gentleman gave a great party, and wine and liquors flowed like water. Before it was over, the services of the steward were more in demand as nurse or attendant upon guests unable to care for themselves than in any other capacity. The ideas of the Vermont boy were in advance of his times; he was a staunch advocate of temperance, and he was filled with disgust that his duties forced him to mingle in such scenes. As soon as the next day dawned, he appeared quietly before his employer with a request for a settlement of accounts, and the announcement that he must leave him.

"Why," said the stately gentleman, "have you not a good home?"

"Yes."

"Are you not satisfied with your wages?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you leave? I am satisfied with you, and would not have you leave me, and you will not readily find such another home, I think."

"Well, then," he replied, hesitatingly, "I cannot stay in a place where I must mix with drunken men as I did last night!"

One can hardly tell whether the Boston gentleman, who opened his doors to none but the choicest society, was more astonished or amused. But it was in vain that he argued that he must set before his guests what others did, and that it was the custom of society. The youth was determined to free himself from such custom. No inducement could tempt him to remain.

The gifted son of that very household from which for such reason a servant thus went forth forty years ago is to-day one of the most silver-tongued orators of our land, and one of his latest and most brilliant appeals is in behalf of the temperance reform.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN ACCOUNT KEPT SOMEWHERE.

Active reformers, whose business it is to persuade men, are commonly very quick to find a text in the most trifling circumstance. The connection between "account" and "accountability" was ingeniously taken up and made use of in the following instance:—

It is related of the celebrated Dr. Jewett that in the course of his travels he once entered a country tavern and sat down by the bar-room fire to warm his fingers. His keenly roving eye soon discovered, prominent over rows of bottles with highly-colored contents, in large letters the inscription: "No credit given here." Turning to the landlord (to whom he was personally unknown), he said:—

"Ah, I see you bring people square up to the mark here!"

"Yes," replied the landlord; "it's no use to trust rum-customers nowadays. We must get it as we go along or never get it."

Jewett warmed his fingers awhile, and then, turning to the landlord, said:—

"I think I could add a line or two to your inscription that would make it very nice."

"What would you add?" enquired the landlord.

"Give me a pen and a piece of paper, and I will show you."

"Walk into the bar; there's a pen and ink—help yourself."

The doctor walked into the bar, and, taking up the pen, wrote as follows:

"No credit given here,
And yet I've cause to fear
That there's a day-book kept in heaven,
Where charge is made and credit given."

Laying down the pen and leaving the lines, he walked to the fire, and again sat down, expecting an explosion. The landlord went behind the counter and read what he had written. A pause of some minutes ensued, when the doctor, glancing around, was, to his great pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise—from the intimations of dampness about the eyes of the landlord—convinced that he had driven a nail in a sure place. "A word fitly spoken, how good it is!"—*Prohibition Advocate.*

SOILED COAT-SLEEVES.

(An extract from an address delivered by a working man at a temperance meeting.)

Some years ago I was working in the town of B—, when the post of foreman fell vacant. Of course there was a great talk among the heads as to who would get the place. I confess I was not without hope myself that I might be the fortunate person. Well, one day I overheard two of my mates talking, and catching my own name I stopped to listen. This was what I heard.

"What about George H—?" said one; "won't he do? He's a smart chap enough."

"Ay," said the other, "he's smart enough; but he won't do, for (speaking slowly) he soils his coat sleeves."

I heard no more, but the words haunted me. Putting on my coat when I left work, I glanced at the sleeves and saw they were dirty, but then it was an old coat. I went straight home, and took out and examined each coat I had, one after the other. Sure enough the sleeves were all green, greasy, soiled. What had soiled them? It was tap-room varnish. Though not a drunkard, I liked my glass with the rest. I had begun to stand in the way of sinners.

Those words showed me my danger. I signed the pledge, and by the help of God have kept it ever since. My coat-sleeves are clean now. I lost that chance, but have had no reason to complain of want of promotion since I've been a temperance man.—*British Workman.*

"IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."

"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking away yours and destroying your body at the same time, and you upon the street corner are wasting yours in idleness, and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had \$10,000 a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.—*Watchman.*

"Why," said the husband to his wife, "Do you thus murmur and complain? Do you not know that murmuring At adverse fate is ever vain?"

"Nay," said the worn wife, "blame not fate; The grief I feel would not be felt Were 't not for that which 'murmur' names Twice o'er when it is backward spelt."—*Cambridge Tribune.*