



## Temperance Department.

"SO GLAD OF A HOUSE!"

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The dozen new cottages on Poplar Row had all been purchased by family men, most of whom had owned houses before, although not as desirable as these. The twelve were alike, built in Gothic style, with porch in front and small bay-window. They were painted white and looked very fresh and pretty, with their clean green blinds and bits of door-yards in front. At the back of each house was a small yard, neatly spaded and smoothed, and thus left for the owners to lay out as each one should choose. It was early in April when the new owners took possession, and all was bustle and confusion along the Row. Children cried and hammers pounded, birds sang and kittens mew-ed, even human voices at times were heard scolding. At last each little home was settled to the owner's satisfaction or dissatisfaction, as the case might be, and then the yards came in for consideration. Some left theirs without improvement,—gradually adding things which were not supposed to beautify, such as old tin cans, ashes, and rags.

In the fifth house from the corner lived a couple, who seemed very fond of each other, judging from the kindly words and acts frequently seen and heard by the neighbors. They had three children,—a manly boy of ten and two pretty little girls of eight and six years. Their little yard was the prettiest on the Row when July came, although no better than the rest during April. Half of it had been seeded down, and now it rested one's eyes just to look at its green, velvety carpet. Back of the seeding, close to the low fence separating the fifth yard from the sixth, a vine clambered all the way along, which was full of blue bells, drooping like fairy cups. In the other half of the yard, there were two long wire lines overhead, upon which on Monday fresh white clothes swung in the breeze. Then there was a rustic seat, home-made, a hammock under the one tree and a bed of beautiful flowers,—also over the fence between this yard and the fourth, nasturtiums leaned in all their golden bloom.

One hot July morning, the mothers in the fourth, fifth, and sixth cottages, all happened out at the same time to hang up their clothes; Mrs. Allen of Number Four looked very cross and anxious; Mrs. Coates of Number Six very weary-faced and discouraged; but Mrs. Bowen of Number Five looked happy, and was singing a low, sweet song, as she hung out the white clothes in the glorious sunshine. She glanced at her neighbor's faces and then at their barren yards, while a throb of pity entered her kindly heart. She was in a great hurry to finish her washing, but not in too great a hurry to stop for a little kindly service. She stooped down beside her loved flowers, picked a bunch of beautiful pansies and some sprays of mignonette, and reaching over the glowing nasturtiums, she called to Mrs. Allen:

"And how is little Sue this morning?"

"Better, but awful cross," answered Mrs. Allen fretfully.

"I'm glad she's better,—give her these flowers with my love, please," and with the blooming gift there went a smile so full of loving kindness that it touched Mrs. Allen's heart.

"Thank you," she said; "Sue will be rejoiced; she loves flowers." Then Mrs. Allen went into the cottage. Mrs. Bowen handed a bunch of pinks to Mrs. Coates.

"Aren't they beauties, Mrs. Coates?" she asked. Over the weary face there broke a smile, as Mrs. Coates said quickly, as she inhaled the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beauties! Indeed they are. Thank you, Mrs. Bowen." And Mrs. Coates went into her cottage, entered her pantry, and from the top shelf took down a vase which she had not used before for years. She filled it with water and arranged the pinks to her satisfaction within it. She stood for a moment or two before it, forgetting her washing. A tear stole down her face.

"How thoughtful Mrs. Bowen is, and so kindly and cheerful! I wish I was like her," she thought. That evening Mrs. Coates went into Mrs. Allen's to enquire about Sue. Finding the child very much better and entirely out of danger, their conversation drifted upon their friend Mrs. Bowen.

"I can't understand how she can always be so cheery, so loving, and yet so busy;—and full of care as she must be with those three children and all her housework and sewing to do," Mrs. Coates remarked.

"No, neither can I; I wish I did know the secret of her happiness, and perhaps there would be some hope for me. I get more weary and discouraged every day that I live, I verily believe," Mrs. Allen said regretfully. A bright idea entered Mrs. Coates's head.

"Supposing we ask her for her recipe for good humor and patience," she said grimly.

"You want to know why I am patient and happy, do you?—why I don't fret and chafe at little things;—is that it? Well I will, tell you," answered Mrs. Bowen with a smile and a tear.

"'Twould be too long a story to tell it all; so, as a beginning, I will only, to show you where I once stood, refer to my old home previous to my marriage. In my baby days it had been full of luxury, for father was wealthy; but as time rolled on, the wheel rolled around and my girlhood was one of bitter sorrow. Down we went swiftly from an almost palatial home to a rented house; from the rented house to a miserable flat; from the flat to a few rooms in a wretched tenement; and from that to a floorless hovel. I would not attempt to picture the sorrow of those years. Then, when father died of delirium tremens, mother, and Bertie my brother and I, gradually but surely worked our way upward to respectability again. When I was nineteen years old, we again owned a house, not much of a one,—only a little three-roomed affair; but it was ours, and we were very thankful. Then another dreadful blow fell; our precious mother died,—the long continued strain of a life-long sorrow having borne too heavily upon her. Bertie soon followed her, and I was left alone. O the agony of those terrible days!

"But, through storm or sunshine time hastens on, and a year later the darkness seemed passing off from my soul. It was then that I met Frank Bowen, an intelligent and genial young man, a book-keeper in a large dry-goods store. Another year passed and then we were married, and all was joy with us. I felt that the bitterness of life was past, and that henceforth my path would be strewn with roses. But O how little we know in regard to our future! There was a thorn, a dreadful thorn hidden in the rose life we were leading. Frank, unknown to me, began drinking wine. When I discovered the fact, I felt completely crushed. I wept and moaned and pleaded, all to no effect. After the first glass, the chain grew quickly, binding him closer day by day.

"Years passed away. We with our three children were down in the depths. Long ago my pretty home, earned by mother, Bertie and I, was swallowed up in Frank's glasses. We had sunk so low that we were only able to pay the rent of one dirty, leaky room with closet adjoining. We were hungry and cold and almost despairing. I worked at fine sewing, but the money I earned was nearly always clutched by my drunken husband and squandered for drink.

"One cold, wintry night I was lying on my wretched bed, sick and in terrible mental agony. God forgive me the wicked thought that then entered my mind! I fairly longed to take a sleeping potion that would put me into a never-to-be-awakened sleep. My little Daisy, then only a year old, was lying beside me, shivering under the old quilt. Carrie, a tiny child of three, and Tom, aged five, were crying at the foot of the bed, crying because they were nearly starved and frozen. Just then my husband came stumbling in. He had a bottle in his hand and threw it at Carrie. It just escaped her head.

"'Stop your blubberin' or I'll throw it at ye again,' he said angrily, striding toward the timid, sobbing child. I got out of bed and stood before him, weak and trembling.

"'Frank, I said, 'don't throw the bottle at little Carrie, but get a sword somewhere and kill us all together,—your wife and your three children.' I never saw such a look upon any one's face as there was upon

his as I spoke. He looked like one mortally wounded and turned from me to stagger from the room. After he was gone I fell upon my knees in prayer,—a weeping, wailing, pleading prayer,—that God would take me and my three almost naked, starving children out of this world of woe. I finished my prayer by beseeching our Father to 'leave the gate ajar, for poor, dear, weak Frank. I prayed for a long time, and at last from utter weariness I sank down upon the floor in a faint. Poor little Tom and Carrie vainly endeavored to raise me up; but soon the outer door opened, and some one came in and lifted me up. I opened my eyes and saw that it was my husband. He laid me down gently upon the bed and pulled the quilt over me; then with his trembling hands he stroked my hair.

"'Mary,' he said huskily, 'I'm a brute I know, but God knows I don't want to kill you. Mary, I'll never abuse you again, nor harm a hair on the head of one of those little ones.' I hardly knew his voice it was so soft and loving. I wish I could tell you all he said to me then, but it is impossible. He had heard my prayer and God touched his heart. That was the night of his awakening. Since then he has been a follower of the Saviour. If ever a man was on the Lord's side he is; and he has accomplished wonders since then. You can't think it strange now, can you, that I am patient and happy! I'm so glad of a house after all our weary struggles,—a house of our very own that I could shout for joy. Ought not a wife and mother to be happy, who has a house of her own, a temperate, loving, industrious husband, affectionate children, and health?"

"Yes," Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Coates both said, and they went home resolved to keep the frowns off their faces and the fretfulness out of their hearts.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.

Characters: GEORGE, CHARLIE, MARY, ANNIE.

ANNIE.—Well, George, I hear you've gone and signed the pledge, is that true?

GEORGE.—Yes, quite true, Annie, and I wish you would too. I have not only signed the pledge, but joined a Temperance Society.

ANNIE.—Oh, I couldn't join, but what was your reason for doing so?

GEORGE.—Why, I couldn't help myself, I've been keeping my eyes open lately, because I wanted to see for myself if the Temperance question was worth making such a fuss over as some people think it is, and—

ANNIE.—Well, go on, what did you find out by keeping your eyes open?

GEORGE.—I saw a great deal more than I expected to.

MARY.—But you've always been a temperance boy, George.

GEORGE.—Yes, but only in name, I never thought much about it till lately and never dreamed that I might do anything for the cause.

ANNIE.—But tell us what you saw by keeping your eyes open?

GEORGE.—Well, for one thing I took to reading more on the subject, and not only that, but to finding out for myself how many of the accidents and crimes recorded in our daily papers could be only the result of the liquor traffic, and I was astonished to find how nearly all could be traced back to that either directly or indirectly. But here comes Charlie, he can tell you more than I can on the subject, for it was he who first set me to thinking about it.

[Enter Charlie]

CHARLIE.—What are you all talking about so earnestly?

MARY.—George has been trying to make us think as he does on the temperance question but I'm afraid he will not succeed.

CHARLIE.—I was just thinking about the time when George and I made up our minds to keep our eyes open as he called it. Don't you remember (turning to George) in one of our walks we saw a sight which haunted us for days afterwards?

GEORGE.—O, yes indeed, that poor old woman, how often I have thought of her since, and wondered what became of her.

ANNIE.—What was it?

CHARLIE.—It was an old woman, away down in one of the worst streets, running across toward a low, corner grog shop, a

sweet looking little girl was holding on to her with such a sad startled look on her face who just as they were nearing the shop, threw her arms round her and tried to drag her back.

GEORGE.—The woman had perfectly white hair, and the wildest look in her eyes.

MARY.—And did she go into the shop?

CHARLIE.—O, yes, she shook off the little girl and made one rush for the door.

GEORGE.—And that is only one of the things we saw, every day something quite as bad met us in our walks, and after just one week of such sights, I said to myself, Can I do anything to help put a stop to this terrible curse, the drink traffic?

MARY.—But hundreds of people drink wine all their lives, and never become drunkards.

GEORGE.—I know that, but even those who do not actually become what we call drunkards, must do themselves great harm.

MARY.—How?

GEORGE.—Because alcohol is a deadly poison, and cannot be taken into the system even in small quantities without injuring both body and brain.

CHARLIE.—It seems to me, if it didn't hurt me at all, I could have nothing to do with it now, since I have seen what misery it brings on other people.

ANNIE.—Well if you like being teetotalers, go on, but I think you are giving yourselves a great deal of trouble for the little you can do to stop the drinking.

MARY.—And then people only laugh at you.

CHARLIE.—Yes, we do get laughed at and called teetotalers, but I say as the little Band of Hope girl in England said once, "I would just as soon be called teetotaler, as not, but I should be very sorry indeed if anyone could call me a drunkard."

GEORGE.—And as to not being able to do very much, why every little helps you know. Every one, small or big, has some influence either for good or bad, and God will call us to account for the way in which we use our influence.

ANNIE.—When do you have your Band of Hope meetings?

CHARLIE.—Every Friday, be sure and come next Friday, just to see what it is like.

Exit.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

### LESSON IV.—ALCOHOL IN BUSINESS—CONTINUED.

What department of business is among the next to railways in the number of persons employed and the wages paid?

Trade.

What is trade?

Trade is the exchanging of one kind of goods for another kind, or the purchase or sale of goods for money.

Do merchants employ persons as agents, accountants, salesmen, or saleswomen who are known to be in the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

Rarely, and then only from necessity.

Why not?

Because no person can be depended upon to do business wisely and well with alcohol in the brain.

What business ranks with trade in the number of persons employed?

Manufacture.

What is manufacture?

Manufacture is converting raw material of any kind into something suitable for use, either by the hand or machinery.

Do manufacturers employ persons as agents, superintendents, overseers, or in other responsible positions who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks?

They do not, if others can be obtained.

Do persons who employ others to do common labor, choose those who use, habitually, alcoholic drinks, in preference to those of equal ability who never use them?

They do not. The preference is given to persons of equal ability who are sober.

Are there any among the commonest occupations into which the habitual use of alcoholic drinks is a help?

There are none. On the contrary, their use is always a hinderance, and generally prevents employment.