



Temperance Department.

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS;"

OR, THE DRUNKEN UNCLE RECLAIMED.

By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

"I'm for temperance," said a brown-eyed little fellow; and he shut his lips firmly, and he looked the picture of resolution.

"Indeed! then it is all over with King Alcohol," said his elder brother, laughing.

"Oh, you may laugh! it doesn't hurt anything," said John, not in the least cast down by his brother's poor opinion of his influence. "If I'm not as old nor as big as you are, I count one on the right side; and 'every little helps,' as mother says. So I'm for temperance, and I don't care who knows it."

"Don't you, indeed! Suppose all the world knew it—what then?"

"Why, the world would know that when I grew up there'd be one man living who didn't spend his money nor idle away his time in the taverns, who didn't make his wife sit up half the night for him crying her eyes out, and who didn't neglect or abuse his children. That's what the world would know, and I am sure that would help the good cause a little." "Don't talk so loud, John." His brother spoke in a low voice. "Uncle Phil might hear you. He's in the next room."

"Is he? Well, I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance—I only wish he was. Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in."

"Hush, John! he'll be angry if he hears you."

"Getting angry wouldn't make it any better, Ned," firmly answered John. "I'm a temperance boy, and if Uncle Phil gets angry because I just say that I wish he was a temperance man—why, he'll have to get angry, that's all! I love Aunt Susie; she's as good as she can be, and Uncle Phil makes her cry with his drinking and getting tipsy. It's a great deal worse for him to do it than for me to say it, and he'd a great deal better get angry with himself than with me."

It happened as Ned feared. Uncle Phil, who was in the next room, heard every word of this conversation. Was he very angry at the little apostle of temperance? We shall see. At mention of his name he pricked up his ears to listen. As John said, "I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance—I only wish he was," two red spots burned on his cheeks, and he looked annoyed; but when John added, "Maybe Aunt Susie wouldn't cry as much as she does, and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in," the spots went off his cheeks, and he grew quite pale. What John said after this didn't bring the blood back to his face, but made it, if anything, paler. He got up in a cowed sort of a way, and left the room so quietly that the two boys did not hear him go out.

Now Uncle Phil, about whom John had spoken so plainly, deserved all that was said of him, and a great deal more. Intemperance had almost destroyed his manhood. He was the slave of strong drink. Appetite indulged for years had gained a fearful power over him, and to gratify its craving thirst he spent nearly every shilling that he earned, and, with his family, lived meanly dependent upon his good-natured brother. Once he had been in a thriving business of his own; now he was a clerk in a warehouse of a friend, Mr. Osborne, who kept him more out of pity than for the service he gave. Sometimes he would be absent from his post for days, and oftentimes for hours in each day. This friend, after scolding him, pleading with him, threatening him, but all to no purpose, had just made up his mind to turn him adrift.

"I can't have him here any longer," said Mr. Osborne, in talking over the matter with his head-clerk. "I've tried my best to help him, but it's no use. As he drinks up everything he earns, it will be better for him to earn nothing."

"I've long thought that," answered the clerk. "The fact is, you've borne with him to a degree that surprises everyone in the warehouse."

"I will do it no longer," was the resolute reply.

"There he comes now," said the head-clerk.

Mr. Osborne turned with a hard look in his face, intending to stop Uncle Phil before he reached his desk, and inform him that his duties were at an end. Something, however, in Uncle Phil's manner kept him from speaking what was in his mind. The poor man came in with a quicker step and an air of earnestness not seen about him for a long time.

"I'll not be late again, Mr. Osborne," he said, in a decided way. "It's all been wrong, but it shan't happen again."

"I hope not," said Mr. Osborne, in a tone that made Uncle Phil give a start.

"You've a right to be displeased with me," said the wretched man. "I only wonder you've borne with me so long. But have patience with me a little while longer. I've made up my mind to lead a new life, God helping me."

Uncle Phil's voice trembled, and pity returned to Mr. Osborne's heart.

"God alone can help you," answered his kind friend. "Unless you get strength from him, your case is hopeless."

"I'm resolved never to drink one drop of intoxicating liquor again, so long as I live," said Uncle Phil solemnly.

"All good resolutions are from Heaven, my friend," answered Mr. Osborne, "and from Heaven comes the power to keep them. Trust not in your own poor strength—it has failed you a thousand times—but look upward; and while you pray for help, keep yourself out of the old ways where your feet have stumbled. This is your part of the work, and it must not fail for an instant. If you go where liquor is sold, you go outside the circle of safety; if you touch it or taste it, you fall. God cannot help you unless you try to help yourself, and the only way in which you can help yourself is to keep far off from danger. While you do this, no unconquerable desire for liquor will be felt, but if you taste it, you are lost."

Uncle Phil stood listening with bent head while Mr. Osborne was speaking.

"I will never taste it again," he answered—"never so long as I live."

A thing happened that evening which had not happened for months—Uncle Phil made one of the family circle at tea-time. He came in with a sober face and quiet air, giving all a pleasing surprise. John, who had spoken so freely in the morning, and who had been thinking about him all day, for he was pretty sure Uncle Phil had heard his plain talk—could not keep his eyes from his face. Uncle Phil soon became aware that John was observing him with keen interest.

All at once breaking the embarrassed silence of the tea table, he asked, looking at the boy—

"What are you for, John?"

For a moment John hesitated, while his cheeks grew red. Then he answered firmly, "I'm for temperance."

There was an uneasy stir around the table, and an enquiring look from face to face.

"So am I, too, John; and that makes two on the right side, and we don't care who knows it!" spoke out Uncle Phil, in clear, ringing voice.

Oh, what a tearful, happy time came then! Aunt Susie cried for joy, and John's mother cried and hugged her little son when Uncle Phil repeated the brave, strong words that went like arrows to his heart.

Uncle Phil never drank again. Before many years had passed by, he and Aunt Susie were in a house of their own, independent and happy.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE BEST HARVEST-DRINKS.

When I left my father's farm and began to farm one by myself, I said, "If I cannot farm without intoxicants I will not do so with them." I had seen so much trouble and mischief occur among men at home and on neighboring farms that that was my decision. It is now thirteen years since, and I have never had any reason to regret that determination, but frequent cause for congratulation. At our parish harvest-supper this year, I had the pleasure of saying that which I have frequently said of previous harvest-times, that "though I have been with the men almost constantly during the harvest-work, I have never heard one word that would offend the ears of any lady who has honored us with her presence this evening; and though the weather has been more

trying than I remember it having been before, the men have worked with an industry and willingness to please that was highly commendable. I don't think this is a small thing to be said in reference to the harvest on three hundred acres, and I have great pleasure in saying it. I attribute much of their satisfactory behavior to our disuse of stimulants in the harvest-field. I find as much coffee, tea, or cocoa as the men please to use. Cocoa is liked best, and is most nutritious, besides being least costly."

In contrast to this, during the harvest I had a letter from a friend who has a farm in Staffordshire. He gives his men stimulants, as is the general practice among farmers in many districts, and he wrote:—"How do you get on with your men? Mine nearly drive me mad. Last Tuesday (a splendid harvest-day), after the men had had one quart of ale each, and as much beer as they liked, they asked for more ale. I declined to allow more before dinner, and they refused to do any more work, and I have had to summon the two ringleaders before the magistrates, who fined them thirteen shillings each." If farmers would more generally encourage abstinence among their men, themselves setting the example, I have no doubt we should hear less of the faults of that which I find to be a most industrious, frugal and sober class of the community.—*Band of Hope Review.*

DON'T SMOKE.

Why not? From the fact that at Yale College an investigation has just been made into the influence of tobacco on the scholarship and standing of the students who use it. The results are as follows: Each class is graded into divisions according to scholarship, the best scholars being in the first grade, and so on down to the fourth, where they are, in the slang of the campus, "not too good" scholars, but "just good enough" to keep hanging by the eyelids. In the junior class it was found that only ten out of forty in the first division were addicted to smoking; eighteen out of thirty-seven in the second; twenty out of twenty-seven in the third; and twenty-two out of twenty-six in the fourth. The proportion of smokers, it will be observed, increases in regular ratio with the falling off in scholarship. These figures are exceedingly suggestive; but no one who has paid attention to the scientific evidence of recent years, which establishes the deleterious influence of the weed, will be surprised at it. The aggregate loss of mental power and of its precious fruits in a nation like ours, which consumes annually two hundred and fifty millions of dollars' worth of tobacco, must be enormous. Of course we shall hear the usual twaddle about the Germans, the finest scholars and the greatest smokers in the world, just as we have heard the strengthening properties of beer demonstrated by the incessant use of it by the same people; but careful observation and scientific study of the question have proved to the satisfaction of all who have properly weighed the evidence that the German people are great not because of but in spite of their tobacco and beer, and that immeasurable progress awaits them and every other nation which can be persuaded to give up these vices.—*American Journal of Education.*

ADVANTAGES OF ABSTINENCE.

Why should you not abstain? You would save your money by it. If you save two-pence a day for twenty years, you would have £70, and that is like taking it out of the gutter. It is pulling it away from the publican, and you would find £70 to be a very good thing when you are thirty-four years old. Saving money helps to getting more. I heard a gentleman say, who employs many working men in Manchester—"If I can get a man to put £10 into the savings-bank, that man's fortune is made." So if you can get £70 without doing anything that would injure you, but make you better, do so! If I thought you would be pale and weak, and not able to do your work by abstaining, I would not advise it; for health is a working man's fortune. But I believe you would be stronger, and would have more color in your cheeks. I know a young relation of mine who has made this one of his chosen rules: "Cold water warms, and hot water cools." That is true of alcohol, for it always makes a man colder afterward. So, if a healthy man drinks cold water, he will be the warmer for it. So, if you take hot things like alcohol, you will be more likely

to catch colds, fevers, and cholera; and everything else. So you will get health by abstaining. Keep out of great temptation. I once told you, working men in this town have great temptations to drink which others escape from. You are not half men if you drink because others do. Let those laugh who win. Get brighter and better hopes, and then you will not mind being laughed at. If you win everything that is good by abstinence, you will not mind being jeered at.—*Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.*

A LITTLE WON'T HURT.

Sometimes the devil comes to a boy or a young man and says, "Come, let's go and drink a glass of beer. It won't do you any harm but will make you feel good." Boys, if you ever hear these words, or any like them, don't answer, "Yes," for it's a "false prophet" speaking to you.

"Oh mamma," said a bright nine year old boy, "did you hear the fire-bells ring early this morning?" "Yes, my dear; where was the fire?" she answered. "Why, mamma," said the boy, "the City Hall was burnt down, and a young man who had been put in the lock-up for disorderly conduct was burnt to death. He was a real nice, kind man. He thought last night that he would drink a little liquor, only enough to make him feel good, but it made him real drunk and he got into a scuffle with some rowdies and was arrested. The officers think that in lighting his cigar toward morning a spark fell on something in his cell that kindled very quickly, and so the building was burned and the poor man with it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not help him, for it was too late. People are so sorry that he was burnt, for he was a very kind-hearted man, and he was only a little tipsy."

Don't you see, boys, that when the tempter said to him, "a little liquor won't hurt you," it was a "false prophet" speaking to him. Instead of having "a good time," as he expected, he suffered greatly and died a drunkard's death. Drinking a little liquor doesn't always end so sadly as that, but it is very apt to be followed by a miserable and unhappy life.—*Robert T. Bonsall in Christian Union.*

THE CADETS at West Point have been forbidden the use of tobacco. This is right. That poison, like alcohol, is peculiarly injurious to the constitutions and brains of the young, and all use of tobacco anywhere under the age of 21 should be prohibited. Especially should this prohibition be enforced in case of all who attend schools, colleges or academies, sustained in whole or part at public expense. To grow up in the filthy habit of spitting, or of blowing smoke in the faces of all near them, ladies included, is altogether unbecoming in any one pretending to good manners, not to speak of the useless expense and personal injury inflicted by the evil habit.—*N. Y. Witness.*

TALK OF A "FREE COUNTRY!" One cannot walk the length of a block on the streets of Toronto, at certain hours of the day, without being forced, much against the will, to inhale tobacco smoke from some dirty mouth. One can avoid a staggering, intoxicated man, keep out of his reach; but one cannot keep out of the reach of the vile fumes of the tobacco smoker one meets on the sidewalk. Smoking is prohibited in street cars, railway cars, and many other places; why should it not be so on the sidewalks, which are not infrequently so crowded that smoking becomes quite as disagreeable as in a street car? We believe there is a law in Boston prohibiting smoking on the sidewalks.—*Canadian Health Journal.*

A SURE METHOD OF DRAINING.—The *Sanitarian*, an ably-conducted monthly periodical devoted to the public health, which takes frequent occasion to give wholesome temperance counsel, suggests a sure method of draining lands. It says: "Drink whiskey, and spend all your time at a village saloon. This will surely drain you of all your lands in a very short while." There is an economic lesson in this hint to which many thrifless land-owners would do well to give heed.

THE REV. DR. MARK HOPKINS tells us of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them, as he went, a pledge not to use intoxicating drinks, profane language, or tobacco, before he was twenty-one years of age. They are now from sixty-five to seventy-five years old: only one of them has had a sick day, all are honored men, and not one of them is worth less than a million of dollars.