

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**PREPARING FOR HOME.**

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "My Battle Field," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes,"  
"Bart's Joy," "His Father's Image," etc., etc.

**M**RS. SINCLAIR was a kind-hearted lady, who took a loving, kindly interest in her fellow creatures. But she was an invalid, and compelled to limit her life to two rooms on one floor, about which she wheeled herself in a mechanical chair of clever construction.

**No. 220.**—FEBRUARY, 1884.

After doing a certain amount of work every day—for she could not afford to be idle—she treated herself to a long rest by her window, which looked out on a busy street, and was immediately opposite a less busy street, which, of course, opened into the other. She often congratulated herself that her window was such a cheerful one from these circumstances, and she enjoyed the sight of the busy life outside extremely. About six months before, her landlord had had her two rooms papered and painted, and she lived in one while the second was being done. This business had introduced to her notice the painters and paper-hangers employed by her landlord, and their kindness and civility, and anxiety not to disturb her, had made her anxious to do them, if she could, a kindness in return. She had some pleasant talk with them; and as the season was extremely warm, she provided for them every afternoon, in the long interval between their dinner hour and leaving work, some fruit and biscuits or cake, or some lemonade and plain wholesome cake, all of which was extremely and gratefully appreciated.

They became such good friends that she broached to them a subject very dear to her—that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. They were not teetotallers: painters as a rule need a great deal of reform in this matter, and these were no exceptions to the rule. They believed a little drink did them no harm, though they agreed with her that excess was unmanly and disgusting. She furnished them with some facts and arguments which were quite new to them, and they promised to read all she gave them, and to think about it.

Now, it was a Sunday afternoon about five o'clock, and she saw one of her young friends, a painter, walking up the street opposite to her window with a young woman about his own age; and it was very natural, at all events it was natural to Mrs. Sinclair, to watch the young couple with kindly eyes. They were a nice looking pair. The young painter was of medium height, light build, with a bright carmine colour on his cheeks, a clear though dark complexion, and curly black hair and moustache. The young woman was fair, with light hair and blue eyes, and rather a pale complexion; she was very neatly, almost plainly dressed, for her class and her sex and her age, to all of which finery, as a rule, is dear.

It was astonishing how many times the young man found it necessary to look into his companion's face as they walked. Every minute or two his head moved around that way, and very often it persistently remained so till she in her turn had looked at him. Mrs. Sinclair was very clear-sighted; she knew this was one symptom of the fascination exercised over him by his companion, and that the young painter was fast falling in love, if he did not already acknowledge to himself that, for him, the one woman worth winning was by his side at that moment. To Mrs. Sinclair's mind this young love was a sacred, a holy, and a beautiful thing, not to be lightly talked of, or trifled about, as is too often the case. If she smiled to mark the signs she knew so well in her young friend, it was a very tender smile; and how earnestly she desired for them that the affection so charming and so interesting to them both at this moment, might never be quenched or clouded or weakened by sin. She knew perfectly that the blight caused by strong drink had spoiled many beginnings as fair, and she wondered whether she might not use this new era of the young painter's life to win him to embrace one surety against the destruction of home happiness.

But she must not be precipitate. It was possible, though not in the least probable, that this was merely the companionship of an hour or a day, and by treating it as fixed and certain she might spoil everything. She would wait some weeks.

Meanwhile, Robert Sandford, the young painter, was head-over-ears in love with Bessie Long; that is to say, he could not get her out of his thoughts all day, and, besides, had not even the wish to do so. He dreamt about her at night, and if he had painted her name on every wall he touched it would scarcely have been surprising. The society he had most cared for hitherto now appeared quite tame and uninteresting, and his young mates, finding out what was the matter, chaffed him considerably. Sometimes he got "riled" with them for this, and at

others he rather enjoyed the chaffing. One day, several of them wanted him to go into a public-house as usual, but he refused steadfastly, and then they told him, in joke, they supposed he could not afford to drink, now that he was preparing his home.

Robert coloured and frowned, and turned away, piqued at their words; and then he began to think. Mrs. Sinclair's arguments the year before, almost forgotten, came back to him, and the idea even occurred to him to go to her for advice. But he was too shy to do that—as yet, at all events. When he got part way home, he looked in at a furniture shop, which did a respectable ready-money business, and consequently having no bad debts, and no booking comparatively, was able to offer the stock at a cheaper rate. This window had had a great attraction of late for Robert Sandford. Chests of drawers, tables, chairs, took quite new aspects, when he imagined them to be the furniture of a nice room of which Bessie should be the happy mistress. He saw himself coming in, and finding her waiting for him with a nice little tea ready, &c.

But to-night he was more in the mood for reckoning what could he get for the four or five shillings a week he was accustomed to spend in drink, which, as often as not, grew to eight or ten if friends had to be treated, or anything extra was going on.

Chest of drawers! Yes, that one was very much to his liking, and he thought it would just suit Bessie, too. How much? Twenty-eight shillings, marked as plain as a pike-staff. Fives in twenty-eight—five, and three over. Why, that was his in a month, if he went without the drink. And there was tobacco, too. Bessie would not let him smoke when he walked with her; she said it looked common and vulgar, and she wasn't going to be seen walking with a vulgar-looking young man. Robert smiled as he thought how prettily she had said it, and wondered if he could give up tobacco to please her, dear little soul.

What did it cost him? Why, not less than eighteenpence a week; because if you had a tobacco-box you must give a fellow a bit if he asked you. Why, he might get a pretty little work-table, or a little fancy chair for Bessie in a few weeks. However was it he never thought of this before? The fellows were right, a man preparing for home could not afford to drink nor smoke either.

"I'll take the pledge," said Robert Sandford to himself, "and then I can say I am a teetotaller, and they know they don't move me very easily when I've once made up my mind. And I'll go to that lady to take it; she told me she kept a pledge-book, and if ever I wished to, she would be delighted to see me; so here goes."

But he felt a little nervous as he rang the bell, and asked for Mrs. Sinclair; he did not believe she would remember him, and she might think him "cheeky" for coming to her.

"Mrs. Sinclair in?" "Oh! yes," the servant answered, and led him up to the sitting-room he had painted in the autumn; where, beside the table, writing a note, was the gentle lady he remembered so well.

She looked up as he entered, and said kindly, "Robert Sandford, I am very glad to see you; please take a chair, and come and tell me how you are getting on."

The servant left the room, and they were alone.

"Please, ma'am, I've come to sign the pledge," said Robert, coming to the point at once.

"This is a most curious and pleasant coincidence," said the lady; and she took up the note she was writing, and put it in the young man's hand. Thus it began:—

"Robert Sandford,—I think you will understand my motive in writing to you. I have felt interested in your welfare ever since the time when we had those conversations together about teetotalism; and, lately, I have seen you sometimes in circumstances which lead me to think it would be an especially good thing for the future happiness of yourself, and the one whom you love dearest on earth, if you would sign the pledge."

It was impossible for either Mrs. Sinclair or Robert Sandford to help laughing; and that merry laugh cleared away all difficulties. The young man

found it both easy and pleasant to tell the lady all about his hopes and prospects for the future; and she in her turn counselled him affectionately and wisely. "But, you know," she said, "that what has been happily called the Addition-table of the New Testament, teaches us to 'add to our faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.' So, you see, that to have only the one virtue, temperance, and not the other graces of God's Holy Spirit in your soul, is not to truly honour God. You are doing well so far; but you must do even better yet. You are preparing for your home on earth: are you preparing for the home that will be for eternity? Don't rest till you have answered that question!"

Robert Sandford did not speak. The words of Mrs. Sinclair were true words, and he knew it. After a pause, she said, as she opened the desk before her, and brought out some pledge cards, "Is Bessie a teetotaler?"

"I never heard her say," he answered.

"Then, you had better ask her; and if she is not, and will agree to sign the pledge, you can bring here to do so. I think so sensible a young woman will be sure to be willing to sign with you."

So when it was Bessie's "evening out," her lover brought her to Mrs. Sinclair, for she was more than willing, she was delighted to begin her married life with her home free from the taint of alcohol, and the possible danger of strong drink.

The chest of drawers, and the work-table, and the low easy-chair, and many another good article found its way into the home, as the result of total abstinence and the abandonment of the pipe.

Robert and his wife are not rich, and do not expect to be, save in their love for each other, and in the dear little children God has given them, yet they have a treasure laid up in heaven, which many a millionaire on his death-bed would give all his wealth to possess; and the gentle Christian, Mrs. Sinclair, blesses God for the word in season He enabled her to speak to Robert Sandford, when he was preparing for his home.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## "HOW TOMMY JOHNSON GOT HIS ANNUITY."

By the Rev. FREDERIC WAGSTAFF, Editor of the *Lay Preacher*.

**L**ITTLE TOMMY JOHNSON was our village tailor, and had been known for so many years in that capacity that few of us could ever think of the village as being complete without him. How he first received the name by  
No. 221.—MARCH, 1884.

which he was always known it would, perhaps, be hard now to say; but among many conflicting theories on the subject, we are inclined to the opinion that it was because his peculiar attitude upon the board gave him the appearance of being even a shorter man than he was—and to sit cross-legged for many hours a day is not the way to enable a man of five feet nothing to make the best of his small stature. Anyhow, he was “Little Tommy Johnson” when we first knew him, and “Little Tommy Johnson” he is likely to remain to the end of the chapter; except, indeed, that his retirement from business upon an annuity may possibly impress some of his neighbours with a sufficient sense of the fitness of things to lead them to call him behind his back, as they do already to his face, “Mr. Thomas Johnson.”

But our present purpose is not to discuss Mr. Johnson's personal appearance, nor to settle the perplexing problem as to the origin of the cognomen by which he has heretofore been known, but rather to relate how it came to pass that the good man finds himself, in his old age, in a position of independence—living in comfort, if not in affluence, upon a very solid little annuity, derived from the funds administered by Her Majesty's Government; for our friend's property, as he told us the other day, is invested in the national funds, and his security for the regular payment of his annuity is the stability of the empire itself.

It is only lately that we have been taken into Mr. Johnson's confidence in this matter. As among his best and oldest customers, perhaps we might have had the privilege of peeping behind the scenes before, only the little tailor was never very communicative; and even now we have acquired our information in response to questions that were, no doubt, more curious than polite. However, since he has let us into the secret of what, after all, is not so much of a secret that we are pledged to silence in the matter, the reader may be interested to know how the village tailor became an annuitant.

It is four-and-forty years since Thomas Johnson first became a resident in our village. Our own recollection scarcely carries us back so far; but we have the fact on the best authority, namely, that of our old friend himself. At first he was the ill-paid journeyman and assistant to old Richard Robins, whose tombstone in the churchyard testifies that *he* ceased to be a tailor and a citizen quite early in the “forties”; and this fact corroborates Tommy Johnson's statement that, after five years' service on low wages, he ventured to succeed to the business of his employer, when that worthy ceased at once to stitch and drink and live. As old Robins left neither kith nor kin, there was no one to demand anything for the “goodwill” of the business; and a couple of sovereigns paid to the parish authorities, towards the expenses of the funeral, were deemed, by all who had any right to a voice in the matter, sufficient to entitle the journeyman to assume the reversion to the goose, shears, needles, thread, and sundry yards of cloth that constituted the stock-in-trade of the little shop.

Even this fortunate start in business would scarcely have been possible, had not Tommy Johnson been the very opposite to his predecessor in at least one particular. As we have hinted, old Robins was, to the last, a drinker of strong

drink. Whether it was the unpleasantness of working for a drunken master, or whether it was the effect of other influences, we are scarcely prepared to say, but the fact remains that among the few—very few—who signed the pledge at the earliest Temperance meeting ever held in our village was Thomas Johnson. We have heard him say that he was the only one of that small number who remained true to the pledge at the year's end. Be that as it may, he was a staunch abstainer when we were measured for our first suit, and has been so ever since.

Little Tommy Johnson has not led a solitary life all these years, but as his wife has been dead a long time, we need not introduce her into our narrative, except to say that while she lived she proved an active bustling helpmeet, and worthily seconded her smaller half's efforts in the direction of economy.

"I'd got a bit of furniture about me when I married," said our old friend, as he related to us the story of his life; "and as there were never more than our two selves to provide for, we managed to make our house decent and tidy in the course of time. My wife was a careful soul, and though my earnings were never very large, we were able to get a few pounds put by in the Savings Bank, and they'd probably have been more by this time if it had pleased God to spare her life; for, do you see, when there's a managing woman in the house, a man's money goes a sight further than when he has to do for himself.

"It was a good bit before she died that I first began to think seriously about laying by enough to make us comfortable in our old days; and when I was left alone, I somehow thought that she'd wish me to have a few pounds to call my own when I got too old to work, all the more for not having her at hand to share it or help me. So, you see, I got into the habit of taking something to the town every time I went to buy a bit o' cloth, or get a fresh supply of thread and the other odds and ends I wanted in my trade. At first I put the money in the old Savings Bank, that was only open once a week; but when the Post Office Bank was started, I found it best to move it there, because I could go in at any time.

"One day as I was walking along the road to ——, with a couple of sovereigns in my pocket for the bank, and another that I was going to lay out for cloth, the thought came across my mind that if I bought a little more at one time I should get it cheaper, and with ready money in my hand I ought to have something extra off my bill. I tried it on, and what with a bigger order at the great shop and the allowance for 'discount,' I found I'd saved a matter of close upon ten shillings, which I thought was better than putting that money in the bank, even if I did find my load so heavy that I was obliged to send it home in the carrier's cart.

"From that time I always went in for larger purchases and 'discount,' and before the year was out I found that I'd more than pulled up at the Savings Bank; because, you see, by buying a bigger stock I was able to suit my customers better, and saved my time in not going to the town so often, to say nothing of the 'discount,' which generally gave me from ten shillings to a pound each journey to add to what I'd laid by.



"So, by degrees, my money at the Savings Bank grew and grew till I'd got as much as they'd allow me to have and pay interest; so I put a couple of hundreds in the County Bank, and went on again. All this time I'd merely thought of living on the interest, if I could, when I got too old to work; but a little more than a year ago, when I was waiting in the Post Office one day, I happened to see a notice hanging up about Government Annuities. It had been there a long time, I dare say, but I never noticed it afore; and as I had to wait some time, I read it through. I asked the clerk to give me one of the papers, and brought it home to study it at my leisure; and the result was that six months' ago I took most of my money out of the Savings Bank and the other bank, and bought an annuity of £50 a year, or £4 3s. 4d. a month."

"And how much did that cost you?" we asked.

"Well, sir, you see, I was a little over sixty-five years old, and I found I'd got laid by altogether about £500—'twas two or three pounds over that—and the Post Office were ready to grant me £50 a year, if I paid them at the rate of £90 10s. for every £10. So for £50 I had to pay £470 10s., and that's left me a little over £30 in the Savings Bank besides. That's how I've come to give up business; and as I've got to be fond of my garden, I mean, please God, to take my ease for the rest of my days, as I can live comfortable enough on less than a pound a week."

"And should you have had this comfort if you had not been a teetotalleer?" we asked.

"Bless you, sir, not a penny of it. Why, my savings have always been small; but, then, they've been steady. If I'd been a drinker I might have swallowed 'em all up, and yet not been what you call a drunkard. It's the littles as does it, sir; and what I've done thousands more might do, if they'd only try."

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**“A PATTERN MAN FOR A PUBLICAN.”**

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of “My Battle Field,” “Ronald Clayton's Mistakes,” etc.

**T**H**ERE** are hundreds of men who die of drink, as surely as the most wretched drunkard who ever existed, and yet they have all along had the character of being steady men,” said Dr. Mariner.

**No. 222.—APRIL, 1884.**

"Now, that's precisely what I dislike in you teetotalers," said Mrs. Jameson; "you never can let well alone."

"We never can let *ill* alone," said Dr. Mariner, with a merry twinkle of his keen quick eyes. "Any doctor that loves his profession ought to be ashamed to do that."

"You know what I mean," said the lady a little haughtily. "Whatever you think of yourself, doctor, it is not gentlemanly of you to take a lady up before she is down."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Surely I ought not to let her fall if I can prevent her falling—ought I?" he asked.

"We are talking about words, Dr. Mariner, and that you very well know. Now, as I was saying, teetotalers make false assertions against their neighbours. Either a man *does* die of drink or he *doesn't*: if he doesn't, it isn't fair of you to say he does; if he does, of course nobody wants to say he doesn't."

Having thus laid down the law, Mrs. Jameson looked somewhat majestically and patronisingly around, as if she had ended once and for all the consideration of the point at issue. But Dr. Mariner, though one of the politest and pleasantest of men—albeit, a little satirical to those who assumed a knowledge they did not possess—was, likewise, not to be put to silence in so summary a manner.

"If you regard my opinion as worth anything at all, Mrs. Jameson," said he—"and I flatter myself that you do, or you would not have called me in to have a consultation with our esteemed friend Mr. Colebrook, when your dear child was so dangerously ill—you must allow me to say that what I previously asserted is quite true: that a great many people die of drink for whose death the drink is never blamed."

"And what I mean, doctor, is this," said Mrs. Jameson, who could never help putting in her word, "that teetotalers are the most unreasonable creatures under the sun. Nothing ever happens, but somehow or other the drink comes in for the blame. Accidents, crimes, misfortunes, even death itself, if you would believe them, are all due to drink. And yet," said the lady, smiling archly, "even teetotalers do die, and do sometimes commit thefts and other wicked things, and are ill, and have the toothache."

None of us could help laughing at Mrs. Jameson's amusing way of putting the facts, especially the culminating horror of teetotalers' toothache.

"Now, I want to give you a case," said Dr. Mariner, when we had subsided, "to prove to Mrs. Jameson that I am not speaking at random, or with that guilty neglect of facts for which we poor teetotalers are so famous:—A little while ago I was called in to attend a man who was, so to speak, a pattern man for a publican. He probably thought so himself, for he had been the landlord of the Plough and Harrow for years, and was still keeping it. Every year when his license was renewed, the magistrates complimented him on the admirable way in which he kept his house. 'You,' said they, 'are sharp upon the drunkards, as you ought to be, Mr. Blank, and you never give them any encouragement to indulge in that disgusting vice by your own example. You are always sober, Mr. Blank. We have great pleasure in renewing your license, and we may tell you that we hold the opinion, in common with many worthy inhabitants of this most respectable borough, that you are—well—ahem—you are what one may call a pattern man for a publican.'"

Dr. Mariner might have been an excellent mimic; had he indulged himself in that character; as it was, he told stories so well that you saw and heard the personages he told of just as plainly as if you were present. In this story the magistrates on the bench seemed to start into being, and the "model publican" standing before them unctuously enjoying their unexpected praise, and lording it a little over the other publicans who did get drunk, and were by no means patterns in the opinion of these gentlemen.

"And now," continued Dr. Mariner, "the man was ill, and I was sent for to go to the Plough and Harrow to see him. He was a big burly man who had been

somewhat handsome in his early manhood, as I remembered well; but he had long lost the sparkle in the eye, the brightness of the face, and had grown heavy of countenance as of limb, and very corpulent. I found him, as I was not surprised to find him, very much diseased and in a highly inflammatory state. I foresaw much difficulty in any successful treatment of him, and it was necessary that I should know minutely his habits of life. When I began to question him, he frankly admitted that he did not wish me to be sent for, because I was a teetotaler; but that, to please his wife, he had consented. He protested he had always been a sober man—a very sober man; no one had ever seen him drunk.”

“Well, then, I am sure it *was* simply teetotal fanaticism to be so hard upon the poor man. Do you call a man a liar who never tells a lie?” said Mrs. Jameson, triumphantly.

“Yes, if he prevaricates or deceives,” said Dr. Mariner. “I said to Mr. Blank,” he continued, “that if I was to work a cure, I must know what enemy I had to contend against; and that there was an enemy in his system causing all this mischief, I was perfectly certain. ‘What do you drink a day?’ I demanded. ‘I’m not a spirit drinker, doctor,’ he said with pride. ‘What is it, then?’ I asked; ‘I did not suppose it was spirit, except greatly diluted spirit; but that you swallow an immense quantity of alcoholic liquor, I am prepared to affirm.’ ‘Tis beer I like, and beer is good for me; it never has no bad effect upon me; I don’t even stagger, sir.’ ‘Perhaps you go to sleep,’ I said. ‘Well, that’s more like it, doctor; I may be a bit sleepy over it now and then.’ ‘You haven’t told me your allowance,’ I said. ‘I never exceed twenty glasses a day, doctor; you may be sure of that.’ Dr. Mariner paused, and there were various exclamations from the little group around him of surprise, horror, utter astonishment, and even credulity.

“Doctors’ tales,” said Mrs. Jameson, with a smile, “must be taken with the proper ‘grain of salt,’ I suppose. Do you expect us to feel confidence in the assertion that a man—even,” she added ironically, “a pattern man for a publican—can swallow twenty glasses of beer a day without getting drunk?”

“Mr. Blank and Mr. Blank’s friends all assured me that that quantity was his daily allowance of late, and yet none accused him of drunkenness.” Dr. Mariner spoke with a little more dignity and decision than usual, and a little less playfulness. Doctors, like other men, do not like their veracity to be called in question.

“But, Dr. Mariner,” said one of our company, “he must really have been drunk, although the usual outward signs of drunkenness were absent—must he not?”

“That is a very good description of his case, Frank,” said Dr. Mariner; “and it might have been as well, or even better, for him if those ‘usual outward signs’ had been manifest. As it was, he believed that he might drink with impunity, all the while that he was ruining the magnificent constitution with which he had been entrusted by his Maker.”

“That is a solemn way of treating our bodies, doctor,” said Mr. Enraght, the young lawyer, who had listened to the story all through with much more than his usual attention.

“Yet you do not need to be told by me that it is the only true way for a Christian man to regard the habitation of his soul, the vehicle of his higher powers, the machinery by which mind and spirit act. One of the strongest arguments, as I conceive, in favour of teetotalism is this—that we have no right to damage our bodies unless the gain to our spiritual natures by so doing is undoubtedly and indisputably great; or unless we thereby sacrifice ourselves for the good of others or the service of God. The instances in which such voluntary injury to the body becomes meritorious may occur to any of you, but they are rare; and as we know that a mind can only act healthily in a healthy body, we are bound to abstain from those intoxicating liquors which, as a physician I solemnly aver, do more than anything else to produce lack

of perfect health, lack of perfect moral rectitude, lack of discernment, and lack of fine feeling, than any other physical agency which we have power to take up or to set down. But now let us put metaphysics and mental considerations aside, and return to my patient, Mr. Blank."

"I thought you had wandered dreadfully from your subject, doctor," said Mrs. Jameson; "it is scarcely a proof of a sound mind in a sound body to do so, is it?"

We laughed merrily, and none more so than Dr. Mariner himself.

"I ordered the landlord to give up all his twenty glasses of strong beer at once, and it was sad to see how absolutely necessary he felt them to be to his constitution. He besought me to leave him at least half-a-dozen. No; I could not consistently with my knowledge of his case, and the danger there was from the inflammation from which he suffered. I was politely paid my fee by his wife next time I went, and told that her husband wished to consult another doctor whom he had been very strongly recommended to try. As that doctor continued to attend him, I imagine he allowed him some at least of his score of glasses per diem."

"And is he living still?" asked Frank.

"To-day I received this," said Dr. Mariner, pulling out of his pocket an envelope with a very deep black border. From it he extracted a folded card, on which when opened we read the following:—

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR BLANK, OF 22, GRESHAM STREET, BERRY.	<i>"The memory of the just is blessed."</i>
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"And but for those twenty glasses of strong beer a day that man might have lived, and would in all human probability have lived twenty years longer at least. He is as much killed by drink as if he had reeled along the street every day of his life; and any one who should make a *post-mortem* on his body would find the excesses he indulged in with such apparent sobriety as traceable and as real as those in any drunkard's body he may have had to dissect."

"Still," said Mrs. Jameson, "it would not be fair to call Mr. Blank a drunkard."

"Let that be as you please. He killed himself with drink," said the doctor; "and for the sake of these young gentlemen here, who may otherwise be tempted into the miserable habit of indulging in 'bitters,' and in 'liquoring-up,' as brother Jomathan puts it, I would authoritatively give an opinion I won't ask you to pay me for—that as surely as you put alcoholic liquors into your system, so surely you hasten your death."

We were all silent a little while, Dr. Mariner's words and manner were both grave enough to make us so; and then Mrs. Jameson, who always liked to have the last word, said a little more cheerfully than she felt, as it seemed, "Ah well, doctor, you shan't terrify me into abstinence."

Dr. Mariner smiled, but wisely forbore to answer.

THE END.

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**JOHN FREEMAN, BOOKBINDER.**

By the REV. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S., Editor of the *Temperance Worker*, &c.

**S**MILES has made the subject of "Industrial Biography" peculiarly his own. Still there are individuals whose stories, though not sufficiently romantic to tempt the pen of the author of the "Lives of the Engineers," yet contain lessons  
**No. 223.—MAY, 1884.**

not undeserving of record. Such a man was John Freeman, who died at —, in September, 1883. Though unknown to fame, my friend's career was both honourable and useful; and some of the leading features of his life-story may possibly serve to convey instruction not less valuable than that which has been interwoven in many a fictitious narrative.

He commenced life with perhaps as little advantage as ever fell to the lot of anyone. From his father he inherited absolutely nothing—not even a name, for that by which he was known was conferred upon him more by guesswork than on any surer ground. One dreary winter night, about the year 1820, a stranger presented himself at the door of — workhouse, carrying in his arms a wailing infant of but a few months old. The condition of both was so pitiable, drenched as they were by the storm, that even the hard workhouse officials were moved with pity; and when the man died of sheer exhaustion, which he did a few hours later, some feeling of tenderness seemed specially due to the helpless babe thus strangely cast upon their care, whence no one ever knew. A dirty scrap of paper in the dead man's pocket afforded the only clue—if clue it might be called—to his identity. It bore in faded writing the words "JOHN FREEMAN," and assuming that that might have been his name, the parish authorities decided that the child should be called by it.

The lad thrived, in spite of rough workhouse fare and treatment; or, possibly, in consequence of them. The rudiments of such education as was thought good enough in those days for paupers were given to him, and at twelve or thirteen years of age he was sent out to obtain his livelihood. Without being apprenticed to anyone, he was entrusted first to one and then to another of the tradesmen of the town, performing every menial duty that was required of him, and eventually fell into the hands of a small bookbinder, with whom he remained for several years.

This tradesman, whose business seldom required the assistance of a journeyman, was skilful at his calling, and, when he chose, expeditious and attentive enough to have secured a really profitable connection. But, like so many more, he was cursed by the love of drink, and hence whole days would sometimes pass, when home and wife and work were left to take care of themselves. John's mistress, who assisted her husband in such parts of his work as she was able, seems to have gradually awakened to the value of the lad in her charge. He had, by degrees, picked up a knowledge of bookbinding; sufficient, at least, to enable him to complete some of the plainer work which his master had left unfinished. At her suggestion, made in a sober moment, the master one day proposed to Freeman that he should be regularly apprenticed, and learn the trade.

John was then about 18 or 19 years old. He had no one to advise with upon the subject, and probably would not have thought of taking counsel if he had. Whatever hesitancy he might have felt was all removed by the persuasion of his mistress, for whom he had a real respect, and who represented that, as he already knew much of the work, he would soon qualify himself for anything that might come along, and thus they together would be able to execute the orders of customers whether the master were sober or not. Thus John Freeman became, though rather late in the day, an apprentice.

This incident was, in every respect, the turning point in John Freeman's life. Though naturally a thoughtful youth, there had been nothing in his workhouse

or other training to develop any ideas as to his future. The day's work, the day's food, the day's pleasure (such as it was), and the night's rest—these had all come in their turn, and had been accepted by him as a matter of course. But now he was to be taught "a trade," and the term of his apprenticeship—"three years"—suggested to his mind the question, what should he do when he was "out of his time."

This, as near as I can ascertain, must have been about the year 1838. Temperance meetings had then become somewhat common throughout the country, and shortly after his apprenticeship commenced, John Freeman attended some meetings held in —. At one of these, addressed by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, he signed the pledge. From that time the young teetotaler attended all sorts of lectures to which he could obtain admission, and his leisure moments he further utilised by reading what he could of books that came into his hands for binding. A "Life of Benjamin Franklin" was one that suggested more than most the idea of "getting on;" and by the day his indentures expired John Freeman had begun to shape his future course, at least in intention.

But before that day arrived a change occurred. More and more indifferent about his business in proportion as he found his apprentice becoming capable of doing all the work, the master spent more and more of his days as well as evenings at the public-house, and in 1841—three or four months before the completion of the apprenticeship—he was dead. John, of course, remained with the widow to complete his time.

So necessary had John Freeman now become, if the bookbinding business was to be kept together, that his mistress begged him to stay with her as a journeyman, at such wages as the circumstances would admit of. In reply to this, John submitted an alternative proposition. He would, he said, remain as a journeyman, and his wages should be a certain specified weekly sum. The accounts of the business should be strictly and carefully kept, and, after allowing the widow of his late master a regular income, half the profits should be his, as recompense for the improvement he felt convinced he could introduce into the business. Further, he should have the privilege, at the end of seven years, if he saw fit, to buy up the widow's interest in the concern by the payment of a sum equal to ten years of her income. To these terms the widow gladly agreed; and having no relatives of her own, she felt as if she were being served by a son.

John Freeman had not laid his plans without considerable forethought. Franklin's history and maxims had suggested to him the possibility of accomplishing much by the persistent exercise of industry and frugality. Already he was well known to all his old master's customers, and as everyone who brought books to John Freeman to be bound was sure of good materials, sound workmanship, and prompt execution, he quickly secured as much business as he could attend to. By degrees the way opened for taking an apprentice, and for the employment of a journeyman.

In fact, by the time agreed upon (seven years) had come to an end, John's income was almost as large from his share of extra "profits" as from his "wages;" and, as the result of his life of strict abstinence and economy, he had accumulated considerable savings. The income of his old mistress, upon which the purchase of the business was to be based, had been £60 a year, so that he had now to determine whether he would and could pay her £600 and take the concern into



his own hands. His savings, with interest, amounted to close upon £400, and he had no difficulty in borrowing another £100, while the widow was well content to leave the rest of the purchase money in his hands at interest.

Thus the matter was settled, and the end of the year 1848 saw John Freeman fairly settled on his own account as a tradesman in the town to which, less than thirty years before, he had been brought a helpless, friendless babe.

The rest of his story is soon told. In due time he married a prudent, respectable young woman, in every way calculated to prove a "help-meet" to such a man, a member of the same church with which he had for several years been connected, and, like himself, a strict teetotaler. The old mistress, now well advanced in years, remained with them as a lodger. The greater part of her little property she invested in an annuity, and at her death she was found to have bequeathed the rest, with some small savings, to her former apprentice and sometime partner. With augmented means, John Freeman gradually and steadily extended his business, removing to more suitable premises in the principal street of the town, and adding to it the bookselling and stationery branches.

As years passed by a family sprang up around him; but the boys and girls grew to years of discretion only to find their father one of the most respected, if not one of the wealthiest, tradesmen in the town. John Freeman, though prudent and careful beyond most, was no lover of money. To him any superabundance did but present the means of doing good; and when, a few years ago, he was able to transfer the more active oversight of his business to his eldest son, there was nothing that gave my old friend greater delight than to devote his increased leisure to the service of his fellowmen in the furtherance of the cause of religion and temperance.

John Freeman has left no striking reputation or large fortune behind him; but to his children he has bequeathed the inheritance of a good and honoured name, and, to all who knew him, an example which cannot be otherwise than stimulative to good.

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## ALMOST A ROMANCE.

By the Rev. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S., Editor of the *Temperance Worker*, &c.

**N**INETY-FIVE years ago—namely, in April, 1789—a vessel hoisting British colours left the island of Tahiti, bearing a cargo of living plants of the breadfruit tree, which the English government was desirous of introducing into the

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West Indies. The vessel was a sloop-of-war, and its commander was, unhappily, one of those men who deem it their prerogative to control those under their direction by an overbearing, oppressive, and even savage manner. There was already seething beneath the surface a spirit of resentment among the crew, which presently came to a head at a word from one of their number, named Fletcher Christian.

Christian, a young man belonging to a respectable family in the North of England, was of a hot and revengeful disposition, and, having suffered several indignities at the hands of his captain, he resolved on revenge. The opportunity was not long to seek. Secretly procuring the adhesion of a number of the crew, he led a mutiny in which Capt. Bligh was seized and threatened with death in the event of resistance. One of the boats was lowered, Bligh and the sailors who had not joined in the mutiny were compelled to enter it, a cask of water and some provisions were handed down to them, and the ill-fated creatures were cast adrift.

For more than forty days the crowded boat was driven by wind and wave, the inmates suffering terrible hardships. Eventually they landed on the island of Timor, estimated to be more than three thousand miles from the spot where they were abandoned. Bligh reached England in 1790, but what had become of Christian and his companions remained a mystery for many years.

Meanwhile the mutineers, with Christian as their commander, felt that they had now cut off all connection between themselves and their native land. Their first step was to retrace their course to Tahiti, where, after plausibly accounting for the absence of the captain under whom they had sailed, they remained some time, living a life of shameless sensuality and indulgence. Fearing, however, lest Bligh and his companions should have escaped, and that a ship-of-war would be sent in search of them, they lived in continual uneasiness, and again set sail.

After some time they encountered the little island of Pitcairn, lying a thousand leagues to the west of the American continent. This island was then, as now, blest with a lovely climate, and its soil bore fruits and plants in rich profusion. Though only seven miles in circumference, it promised ample sustenance to a much larger number of persons than the mutineers. Here they resolved to land, and taking out of the vessel everything they deemed likely to be of use, they set fire to the ship, and watched her from the shore as she burned down to the water's edge.

They had brought with them from Tahiti six native men and twelve women, nine of the latter being wives of sailors. Soon these natives discovered that they had been brought away to be slaves, not comrades; and a bloody feud broke out between the coloured people and the whites. Christian and four of his companions were slain, but in the end the Tahitians were exterminated.

Nemesis soon overtook the white men. One of the sailors, thirsting for the means of intoxication, discovered a sweet root, extracted the juice, fermented it, and was presently in the temporary heaven of a drunkard's happiness. The rest were not long in following his example, and thenceforward the upbraidings of conscience were drowned in debauchery. Disease, madness, death—these followed as a natural consequence, and in the course of a few years there were left but two

survivors of the Englishmen, John Adams and a midshipman named Young. The latter, however, also died, and the island remained in the possession of Adams, his dusky wife, and the boys and girls who had been born to him and his deceased comrades. As these young people grew up, forming a colony, Adams was the acknowledged governor.

In his youth Adams had been an errand-boy in London, and while doing his errands had taught himself to read—the placards on the street walls and in shop windows being his alphabet and primer. One day, among a quantity of disregarded lumber that had, years before, been brought on shore from the “Bounty,” an old book was found. It was a copy of the Bible. The man of violence and sin, now well advanced in years, began to read. The Gospel touched his heart. He sought and found the Saviour of whom the precious volume spoke; and not he alone, but his wife, and some of the rest of the community.

Thenceforward Adams addressed himself to the duties of a schoolmaster, and taught the young people to read. Better still, he bestirred himself to regulate their lives according to the teaching of the book which had so strangely come to light, and, as far as possible, to make the rules under which the little community was governed conformable to the principles it contained.

Pitcairn lies so far out of the ordinary routes of navigation that vessels but seldom approach it; but when, at length, an English ship touched there the mystery as to what had become of the mutineers of the “Bounty” was explained. Adams was left in undisturbed possession of his peaceful and regenerated home, but the captain brought back to England the wonderful story.

Among those interested in the tale was a young gentleman, who had retired from the naval service, named Nobbs, who resolved to visit Pitcairn for himself. He went; settled among the little community, and at the death of Adams became their acknowledged leader.

By degrees the religious as well as social organization of the colony became more advanced under the persevering efforts of the new governor; and in 1852 Mr. Nobbs, with the consent of his friends, paid a visit to England in order that he might be formally ordained as a Christian pastor. Before his return to Pitcairn, he had the honour of being received by the Queen.

Visits are still occasionally paid to this distant island. One of these, a year or two ago, was described in several of the religious periodicals; and the narrator was most warm in the expressions of his admiration for the unaffected piety, contentment, and happiness of the inhabitants. Nor was he less struck with their physical beauty, vigour, and strength. To all inquirers as to the cause of this, but one reply is given. The Scriptures are accepted as the sole rule of life, and all the regulations by which the colony is governed are, as far as possible, based upon the principles they teach. Strong drink—which, as we have seen, well nigh exterminated the original settlers, leaving but one of them alive—has been banished from the island, and its introduction prohibited by the strictest enactment. “No person or persons”—so runs this law—“shall be allowed to get spirits of any sort from any vessel. No intoxicating liquor whatever shall be allowed to be taken on shore, unless for medicinal purposes.”

Thus the settlement which was founded in blood and crime has ultimately been

established in religion, peace, and temperance; and its people are happy, contented, and Christianised, dwelling in what has been not inaptly termed "an earthly Paradise."

And why should not the same causes produce similar results in our own land? As we know by observation and experience, there are multitudes of individual cases in which transformations as remarkable have taken place. Homes that were once the abode of untold wretchedness have been made bright and happy. Characters blighted and ruined by intemperance have been restored. Homes and characters that have been threatened by the dark shadow of intemperance, have had the curse averted by the timely adoption of total-abstinence principles. In a word, the purest possible earthly happiness has been ensured by the rational course of excluding the *one thing* which, above all others, occasions misery and wretchedness in the world.

And surely what is possible on the smaller scale is possible also on the larger. That which total-abstinence can do for individuals and families it can do for Communities and States. Let but the principles of true temperance be universally practised in England, and the whole aspect of the community will be transformed as by a miracle. To adopt the glowing words with which John Bright once closed an eloquent speech:—"If we could subtract the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime now caused by drinking, do we not all feel that the country would be so changed, and so changed for the better that it would be almost impossible for us to know it again? It is by the combination of a wise government and a virtuous people, and not otherwise, that we may hope to make some steps to that blessed time when there shall be 'no complaining in our streets,' and when 'our garners may be full, affording all manner of store.'"

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"THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT,"

By the Rev. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.

"LISTEN here, wife! Here's a bit of news for *you* in the paper this week," exclaimed Will Davidson, as, for a wonder, he sat by his own fireside one Saturday night, reading the newspaper. We say, "for a wonder," since it was a No. 225.

sight not to be witnessed in that home once in a twelve month. Saturday evening usually found Will at the "Coachbuilders' Arms," where, if the whole truth must be told, he generally managed to pass most of his evenings. Not that Will was a drunkard, in the common acceptation of the term. Once in a way, he would admit, he "took more than he could carry;" but as he could "carry" more than most men, and yet pass muster as a sober man—unless the judge were a stern and uncompromising teetotaler—the fact that he spent a very large share of his wages on drink, and yet was seldom drunk, need excite no particular surprise. How it came about that he was at home so much earlier than usual on the evening in question, and that he was reading the paper there instead of at the "Coachbuilders' Arms," it would, perhaps, have been difficult to explain. Certainly his wife could not make it out; and as she sat doing her best to mend a ragged shirt for her husband's use on the morrow, she cast many a wistful glance at him, which grew into a look of perfect wonderment when he broke the long silence with the remark above quoted.

Finding no response,—for Mrs. Davidson was too much astounded to reply—the husband looked up and exclaimed, "D'ye hear, Susan? Here's some news for *you*."

"For me, Will? Why what can there be in the paper that concerns me?"

"Why this; just listen while I read it:—'MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT.—By this Act, which received the Royal assent last Tuesday, there will come into force a new state of things in relation to married women. From and after the 1st of January next, a married woman will be capable of acquiring, holding, and disposing by will or otherwise, of any property as if she were an unmarried woman, and she may enter into any contract without the participation of her husband, either in her losses or gains.'"

"There, Susan, you've often talked about what you'd do if you had money: o' your own; now's your time to set up for yourself, and make a fortune independent o' me."

And as he said this Will Davidson laughed heartily, for, like so many others of his class, he was at heart as kind and pleasant a soul as one could wish to meet with, and never seemed to suspect that his free and open spending of his wages at the public-house involved any special hardship or wrong upon his wife and family."

"I must get the money first, Will," was the quiet answer, accompanied by a sigh.

"Why you earn a lot already, when you go out washing, old girl."

"Yes, a few shillings a week, but it's all wanted for one thing or another for the children and ourselves."

"Well, you see, whatever you earn will be your own after next New Year's Day," said the husband. "I suppose, according to law, it's mine at present; but then it'll be your own to 'dispose of by will or otherwise,' as the paper says. So, as I say, you can make your fortune independent o' me."

"I'd rather make it, such as it is, together, Will," was the wife's quiet reply; and as the baby's cry just then called the mother from the room, nothing more was said, and the husband resumed his reading, quickly becoming absorbed in the story of some robbery or other item of news.

It was half an hour or more before Mrs. Davidson resumed her work at the little table; and whatever her own thoughts may have been her husband seemed to be too much interested in the paper to invite any renewal of the conversation. Thus the rest of the evening passed away in silence, and though Will Davidson from time to time turned the paper about, he appeared to find nothing more that he deemed worth reading aloud.

Yet, to tell the truth, the man, though silent, was less selfishly so than his wife gave him credit for. Had her eyes not been so closely fixed upon her work she might have seen him, now and again, stealing a hasty glance at herself, with an occasional look of earnest thoughtfulness at the neat but scanty furniture in the room, or at the often-patched dress that she wore.

The fact is, Will Davidson's own words, spoken in jest, had set him thinking, the more particularly as his wife's quiet replies had fastened themselves, like arrows, in his mind. "A fortune independent o' me!" Not much chance of that,

poor lass, he thought, when she wants all she can earn for the children and ourselves. "I'd rather make it together, Will!" These words, as the evening wore on, seemed to be printed all over the page, and turn the paper which way he would, they stared him in the face at every turn. When, after a little supper, which was eaten almost as quietly as the evening had been passed, the man carried the words to bed with him.

And so it came about that for many a day after, Will Davidson grew more and more thoughtful, whether at his work, or in his home; and though his wife was glad to notice that he returned earlier than he had been accustomed to do, she had to make herself content for the most part with his silent company, as he sat and read some book or paper that he brought in his pocket and carried away again. But then, she thought, Will always had been a bit of a politician, and she had quite as much as she could do to mind her work. It was pleasant, as she saw him sitting there, to feel that he was not at the public-house; but then she sighed as she remembered that he had not given her much more of his wages than he used to do. A shilling or two more, perhaps; but not much.

So matters went on till Saturday night the 30th of December, 1882. The children were in bed, and Mrs. Davidson hung a few things by the scanty fire to air, while she resumed her usual weekly task of patching and darning. Her husband had been home to tea, went out for an hour, and had now come home again. She looked up as he drew his chair close to the hearth, and held his hands towards the feeble blaze.

"Well, wife, so Monday's the first day of your independence!"

"What do you mean, Will?"

"Why the new Act o' Parliament, you know, that I told you about. Married women can begin to have a fortune o' their own now, you remember."

"But that's not for the like o' me," she answered. "Its for people that have got plenty o' their own, or for them that can make money in business, not for a workman's wife like me."

"And couldn't you make money in a shop, Susan?"

"What's the use of asking that, Will? Where's the mony to start with?"

"But haven't you often said that if you'd got a few pounds you could keep a shop like your cousin Tom's wife?"

"Yes; but she had the money left her, don't you remember? Fifty pounds it was, you know, and as Tom wasn't very strong she started the shop, and well they've done at it, too."

"Well, wife, there's nobody to leave you fifty pounds, nor me either, as I knows of, but here's half the money, or what represents it, in this book."

So saying, Will Davidson took a Post Office Bank Book from his pocket and placed it in the lap of his astonished wife. She took it up and opened it; but her bewilderment was too extreme to enable her even to see that she was holding the book the wrong way up.

"I don't understand, Will—I can't make out—"

"No, wife, I know you can't, so I must tell you what it is. You remember my joking you about making your fortune?"

"Yes, Will."

"Well, that was about the latter end of August. I never meant my words to be anything more than a joke at what I'd been reading in the paper. But when I said something about you being independent o' me, you made answer that you'd rather make our fortune together. Somehow them words stuck to me. I couldn't get 'em out o' my head night or day; and they made me think how selfish it was o' me to spend so much o' my wages at the public-house, while you were at work so hard at home. And then I called to mind about your cousin Tom's wife, and what I'd often heard you say, and I wished I could give you fifty pounds to start a shop.

"From that I got to asking myself what I'd been spending for drink; and I reckoned up that, what with one thing and another, I often spent as much as 12/- or 15/- a week on drink for myself and what I'd treated others to. 'I'll have no more o' this,' I said to myself, and off I went and signed the pledge. Then I thought I'd try and see what I could do against the 1st of January. I'd got just seventeen weeks to do it in; and as I'm generally on piece work, I managed easy



to make up a pound a week over and above the 15/- or 16/- I brought home to you. This has made £17; but I made up my mind at first to save £20, and then £25 by the end 'o the year. So I went to the governor and told him what I'd done, and asked if he could put anything extra in my way that I could make up the rest. He said he was glad I was going to be a saving man, and several times he's given me special jobs to do that he's paid extra for, and I just managed to-night to go to the Post Office after tea, and paid in what has brought it up to five-and-twenty pounds. And more than that, Susan, I'm to be a foreman next month, in Jones's place, as he's going to another job. So he's something for you to start with, if you like to take a shop somewhere, and be under the new Act of Parliament."

The story was so wonderful that Susan Davidson could only throw her arms round her husband's neck, and cry for joy.

"We'll make our fortune together, Will," she said, as soon as she could speak for sobbing. "Twenty pounds 'll be quite enough to begin with, in a small way; and if you'll help me Will, when you're at home 'o nights, we'll soon manage to increase our stock."

And thus it is, that Mrs. Davidson has commenced shop-keeping, and so far as we can learn, is doing a thriving business in a small way. What with her profits and her husband's higher wages as a foreman, she was able to increase her capital to fifty pounds before midsummer came round; and it need be no secret between ourselves that there is a nice little "nest-egg" growing in the Post Office Bank. Will Davidson wanted it to be all in his wife's name; but she insisted on it that "they'd make their fortune, such as it was, together;" and so it happens that each has got a small deposit account, and between the two it is a clear understanding that husband and wife are partners.

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## HARRY LACY, THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

(Extract from *The Union Signal*, Chicago.)

**L**AST spring, while crossing the state of Ohio, on my way home from the West, stopping at the principal cities and towns to talk upon the then absorbing subject of temperance, all unconsciously I found myself one day submerged in the mighty wave which was rolling northward so victoriously, called the "Murphy movement." I had heard, here and there,

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occasionally an echo from its onward surging; but I had been in Chicago, and had witnessed the wonders in the "Tabernacle," and had come to the conclusion that the "billow," of which I was hearing so much, could be no great affair after all. I found, however, that there were scenes and incidents connected with that movement which were unparalleled in the history of the temperance work.

In one of the little villages inundated by this progressive current were two principal families, the Lacy and Lathrops; who were about equally endowed with social qualities. Both were wealthy and each engaged in prosperous business; their homes were elegant, and their families proud and haughty. Three daughters added their graces and attractions to the Lathrops' elegant home, while one son and one daughter only adorned the Lacy mansion. Harry Lacy was a remarkable scholar. At a very early age he exhibited a wonderful intellect. At seven he was a fine Latin scholar, and at fifteen was sent to college. His parents, proud of his attainments and of his grand powers for excelling, thought not of the unnumbered temptations that would be thrown around one of his unusual talents and temperaments. They had never for a moment imagined that their son could be anything but a noble man, of whom they were to be proud; but it had not been their great object through the years of his childhood to train him in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." They had never given him as a precious offering to the Christian's God, never committed him to the care and guidance of the Holy One, who could shield and protect in the solemn hours. And so, puffed up with pride and dazzling hopes, as he gazed upon the glowing pictures of future greatness which had so often been held up before him, he started for his new life. One tie, stronger than all others, bound him to his early home. Cara Lathrop had been his companion in early childhood, his playmate, his counsellor and adviser in childish difficulties, the recipient of his hopes and ambitions. How could he ever get along without Cara? This perplexed him, and as he bade her good-bye, the unmanly tears came to his eyes.

"You will write to me Cara—of course you will? I shall want to tell you everything."

"Will you tell me everything?" asked Cara, blushing deeply, without knowing why. She had heard her mother speak of "what might be," and a shadow rested on her heart.

"Of course I will tell you everything! Yes, everything; and don't you let Walter Miles come with you again from school, will you, Cara? Tell me, or I won't go!"

"It would be such a pity to keep you at home now," replied Cara, turning from him.

"Then you promise?"

"Yes, anything for the sake of getting you off!"

"All right—remember you have promised." And with a bounding heart he leaped into the carriage that was to convey him to the cars.

Cara ran to the upper chamber where she could see the train as it moved out of the depot, and when it rounded the curve and was no longer in sight, a sensation of heaviness settled down upon her heart. "It will be dreary," she thought, "to have no more difficulties to settle between Kate Goodenough and the rest of the girls about Harry Lacy, or no fiery temper to soothe down into quiet every few days, because of the hard tasks the cruel teachers would persist imposing on the sometimes indolent Harry." She knew well that there was to be a vacant place in her life—still she determined to persuade herself that there would be comfort in the expected calm.

As the weeks flew past, and she received no letter, she was conscious of a sensation of restlessness which she was unwilling anyone should discover in her. One day, however, the looked-for missive arrived. She caught it in her hand as her father brought it from the office, and ran with it to her own room. The first words astonished her: "I did not think I should wait a whole month without writing." A whole month! She began to look back. Surely, only four weeks after all! Yet it did seem a longer time. It was true. The letter was full of "everything" that was promised; and she laid her head upon her pillow that night happy in the thought that so far at least none of the presentiments whispered by her mother had fallen upon him. So far he was safe.

Two years passed away, and Harry Lacy had not visited his home since he left to enter college. Letters had been regular in their appearance weekly in his home, to his parents and sister and friends, but to none more regularly than to Cara. The first long vacation he spent with his "chum" at the sea-side, but now he was to return to his home, and great were the preparations in progress to receive him. Reports of "good scholarship" had been sent home at the close of every term, and the brilliant hopes of the parents had never for a moment been dimmed.

"To-morrow brother Harry will be here!" exclaimed Lettie, bounding into the room. "It seems as though I could never wait!" she continued.

The to-morrow came, and with it Harry Lacy, accompanied by his "chum" with whom he had spent his first college vacation. When an hour after he walked leisurely up the gravel walk leading to the home of Cara Lathrop, the mother exclaimed: "Look, girls! can that be Harry—it certainly is! I should never have known him had we not been expecting him."

"You have changed as much as I," he said, a few moments after, as he held the hand of Cara Lathrop in his own.

"Not quite as much," was the quiet answer. She was looking him full in the face, and his large dark eyes drooped beneath the gaze.

"The Lathrops have grown as stiff and poky as so many plebeians," said he to his mother on his return. "Cara is the only endurable one of the lot."

"The two months' vacation was given up to pleasure. There were excursions and rides, and little sailing parties on the lake, picnics and gatherings in the grove, all of which Cara attended in company with Harry. Many times she had seen his eyes sparkle and the glow deepen on his cheek as he quaffed glass after glass of the "ruby wine." But then he was so brilliant on such occasions, and everyone seemed so fascinated with his wit and humour that she could not feel sad. And what was it to her? She often asked that question, but received no answer.

"Only two days more," he said one night, as they were riding along in the moonlight; "only two days more. It makes me homesick to think of going back, and leaving you, Cara! Are you glad I am going so soon?" He had turned and looked at her as he spoke.

"Yes, Harry, I am glad!" she replied. He started. "Do not drive so fast, Harry. I have been waiting for this moment," she continued. "I want to talk to you."

"I beg, Cara; I know just what your text is to be. Mother and Lettie have been preaching constantly for the last two or three weeks. Is not that enough without you?"

"Yes, if you will listen to their warnings."

"But supposing I don't? Cara, believe me, I shall never become a drunkard. One cannot get along in college without a little conviviality; but when I am through you will see what a 'model' man I will be. I should be a fool to throw away my opportunities and talents for such a meagre reward, should I not?"

"Many have done so."

"Now, Cara, my hope, my guiding star," he exclaimed passionately, "you must not distrust me—I can never endure it. For your sake, if you promise me now that you will believe in and love me—yes, love me—I will be a man, one you will never be ashamed of."

Distrust him! Never! Had he not been her idol from children? Yet she told him frankly that she did wish he would not drink quite so much wine; he could do just as well with less. The promise was given, and Harry Lacy returned to his studies with new resolves and new hopes.

At twenty he graduated with high honors, the youngest and most brilliant of his class. Several times, however, he had been in disgrace with the faculty, but his letters, in which he was to tell her "everything," brought some trivial excuse for the offense; and had she not promised to believe in him? Poor little, trusting hearts! the world is full of them. So blind to the faults of those they love that they walk steadily on to desolation and woe, if only the object of their idolatry leads them.

On Harry Lacy's twenty-first birth-day there was a brilliant wedding at the Lathrop mansion, and in a few days Cara, now Mrs. Lacy, left her elegant home and went to a distant city, where her husband commenced the practice of law. Here he was surrounded by every influence which had a tendency to fan the slumbering fires within, and in a few months the young wife realized that the story of thousands was very likely to be her own—a drunkard's wife. Rapid was his descent. In less than four years the heart-broken wife returned to her childhood's home with her two little ones, desolate and weary. Who can tell the misery of those years?—the loneliness, the sad watchings, the waitings, the anxieties and tears! Ah! there are so many who know what all these things mean! May the dear Father pity and comfort them!

"Did I not try to be a man!" he cried out with clenched hands, and tears streaming down his cheeks, as he told his story before the assembled multitude. "Didn't I try? O, God! thou knowest when I saw my wife, whom I had worshipped from her infancy, fade before my eyes daily, and my little children famishing because of my sin, deserted by my friends, despised by my inferiors, my talents abused, my life a failure—broken-hearted, and alone! Talk of misery! of woe! of agony!—all, all of these were centered in me as one grand whole, burning and drying up my very soul! Was it not enough? O God, was it not enough? With this bitter wail in my heart, I went out from the city, where I had spent so many months—going, ah! why should I care where I went? My wife and babes were sheltered beneath a roof under which I was forbidden to enter. My father had also denied me rest in my childhood's home. What difference did it make where I went?"

"Tell me that there is not a pitying God, who, when all the world forsakes, will take us up! Ah, do I not know that there is such a God? In my straying I heard of Murphy in Pittsburgh in tones of ridicule by my companions, for they were not of the best; and thither one morning I concluded to go—not that I hoped for any good—oh, no, I was beyond the reach of that—but there was excitement—something perhaps, besides madness and despair. Upon this I would for a time feed my poor brain. It was a cold frosty morning when I entered that city. I had eaten nothing since the day before, and taken only one glass of beer. The streets were full of people, who seemed to be in a great hurry. I asked the reason of a saloon keeper, who was standing in the door of his infernal pest-house watching for some unlucky victim like myself. 'O, the folks have lost their wits running after that—Murphy,' he answered, as he added an additional oath. 'Come in! come in! you look tired and thirsty! I've got the best,' he continued. What made me look up into that disgusting face before me with a loathing I never before experienced? Hungry

though I was, with only a few shillings in my pocket. I sickened at the thought of entering that den of pollution, although I knew I could satisfy the cravings of the appetite which was fastened upon me. There was a little manhood left in me, and God laid His finger tenderly upon it and whispered so lovingly to my crushed and despairing soul, 'My son, oh, my son!' I started. The bloated, disgusting figure was beside me. 'Come in! come in!' he repeated. 'Come in where?—to a deeper hell! to keener despair? No! never! so help me, God!' I raised my clenched fists over my head, and ran as for my life. I think I was mad. That one look down but a step farther into the depths of degradation whirled my brain. I had not been a frequenter of low groggeries—I was too proud for that. No, my company had been of my own class; my resorts fashionable hotels and gilded saloons. 'O, no,' I said to myself many times, 'I never can be a common drunkard—not I!' This had been my boast. What if I were not, as long as death and despair were the fruits to be reaped in either case?

"I next found myself in an immense amphitheatre, surrounded by thousands. How I came there I know not to this day, unless that pitying God put me there. I listened to the words that fell on my ears as one in a dream. 'If God could save me,' said one, 'he can save the most despairing one present.' 'That means me,' I thought, 'but he does not know it.' 'None are so low that His hand cannot reach them,' continued another. 'No! no!' I murmured; 'what does he know about me?' I felt a hand upon my shoulder, but I would not look up. 'Come with us and we will do you good.'

"'Brother! darling brother! you will go—for Lettie's sake, for Cara's, for the babies—for us all! O, my brother!'

"The dear arms were around my neck, for it was my own darling sister who had come to that city two weeks before to visit a schoolmate, and had seen me enter the building, and had been watching my face as she prayed that the dear Lord would stoop to save me—even me.

"One look into that sweet young face, over which the tears were rolling in rapid succession, was the last straw upon my heavily overburdened brain, and it gave away beneath the load. Her loving words died away, like angels' whispers, farther and farther, until they were lost in the distance; and when again they fell upon my ear I was in a beautiful chamber, lying on a bed, with her dear arms still around me, while with soft hands she bathed my burning brow.

"Four weeks I lay in wild delirium upon that bed, conscious only of one presence, and that my only sister. Her hand soothed my burning brain, administered to my wants, and brought my trembling blackened soul back to life and hope.

"Was I saved? Ask the gentle, loving sister by my side, who will not leave me: until other arms of love are about me. For three months God has held me, and will hold me to the end.

"I am going home! A precious wife and two sweet children are waiting for me. My parents' arms are stretched out to receive me. Thank God! I shall yet be a MAN."

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.

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## A FEW TALES FOR EVIDENCE.

A SHORT time ago I had occasion to speak to a young man to whom a sum of money, large for him, was about to be paid (in his own right), and I spoke to him earnestly of the one rock which seemed to loom up most forebodingly in front of an otherwise not unpromising career. I asked

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him to sit down with me while I told him a few brief stories, every word of which should be the exact truth. His own home, from his earliest years, had been a public-house. His father, who had without compunction sold drink to the sons and daughters of other people, was horrified that his own son should have become, as he had become, a drunkard. Father and son had quarrelled and the young man had left his old home, but not for a better. Now he was about to have placed in his hands the means to procure an unlimited supply of drink—for a time. Would he buy drink and perish? There was reason to fear that he would. It may be supposed, in view of two such homes and such a course of conduct, that there must have been more than one rock ahead, and that his career could hardly be spoken of otherwise than as unpromising. Yet I mean what I say. He is a kindly lad; he has learned an honest trade; he has a strong taste for reading. He refused to be a publican. Deprive him of the power to obtain drink, and he would not, I think, disgrace himself or fail to earn an honest livelihood. Under these circumstances I recalled and related some stories of bygone days.

I told of two boys, ship carpenters, who "started life" forty-five years ago, as apprentices in the same yard. The one was then a singularly bright lad, the other somewhat dull. The bright lad had the best jobs in their manly and noble trade. I, as a child, knew them both, and my young friend knows of them. Twenty years later the duller boy had risen from fireman to be shipbuilder and shipowner. The body of the brighter boy I, at the time to which I am referring, followed to the grave from a poor cottage in which, among strangers and without a kind hand to cool his brow, he had died. It was drink—drink—drink!

I told of a lady whom I remember as the wife of a respectable tradesman, and the mother of a family of children, all of whom are comfortably off in life. At a time which I remember well she, the wife and mother, went shoeless about the streets, and had been again and again in gaol. Her children—powerless, *they say*, to save her—fled to another town, where she occasionally found them, and, *they say*, again disgraced them. Then she returned to the pawnshop, the gutters, and the gaol. My latest recollection of her is of a few years ago—she is probably dead now. My most vivid recollection of her is of a rosy-cheeked matronly lady who with her husband and her children filled a long front pew in church, and seemed the very embodiment of comfort. It was drink!

I told of a clerk—a young man of quiet manners and gentle disposition who, at about the age of 23, became the principal partner in a business still carried on by his junior partner. Many years ago my poor friend, the senior partner, was laid in a drunkard's grave. When he began first to

drink he laughed with it and it with him. Then came the stage of setting. One saw him when he saw not. Then came the stage of staggering. Then the dropping of the curtain, and the long farewell. It was drink!

I touched on the story of two young workmen, both strangers in the town in which I knew them, and in which they began work together as contractors. They secured a contract which led to a great deal of rough out-door work, and I remember well how one of them presented himself at a debating club, week after week, at first a little, and then a great deal, "the worse for drink." He died in a distant land, absolutely penniless. It was drink. His partner remained, took root, and prospered—a sober man.

I touched very lightly on a still older recollection. In my early days I knew two boys of my own age whose father, a man of middle life, owned a long street of cottage houses—new and good. One peculiarity about them was that the boys said of them, "They are all that ever father had for giving up his half of the B—— manufactory; and now old G—— drives his carriage, and lives in a fine house," &c., &c. It was a great puzzle to me as a boy. As years passed away the story took a new shape. I found that the father of my young friends had indeed begun the business, and that under his direction it had first risen to high prosperity, and then had descended, at a run, almost to ruin. The less efficient partner then proposed to either give a sum of money and possess the firm alone, or take a sum of money and leave it. The architect of the firm took the sum and went out. I saw him, as I have said, when he was the owner of a street. I saw his houses pass one by one from his hands. I know that when he died he had not one house to call his own. It was drink! His partner's children move among the first persons in the land. The two boys whom I knew have gone from my sight; but when I last knew them one at least was a frequenter of public-house bars: both were very poor.

I will mention one life-story more. A fine lad, the son of a Methodist preacher, was left by his father in my native town to learn a business. He soon drifted far away from his father's faith, but his habits and his manners were always good, and he was a general favourite. In a back street of the town there was a vile public-house keeper—half fiddler, half pugilist—whose house was the assembly place for everything that was bad. To the surprise and consternation of all who knew him, the son of the Methodist preacher not only drifted into drink, but even also to this wretched, filthy house. Many a loyal attempt was made to save him, but all failed. Years later I saw him in rags, and with shoes that showed that he had no stockings. It was drink!

These are a few of a number of over-true tales that I ran rapidly through



to the young man first referred to here. I avoided everything that could be called sentiment, and dealt with hard facts alone. My young friend, who had visited me from a distance, returned home. He received his money, and the last I heard of him was that he had spent or lost a very large part of the whole through drink. Would any man or woman who can comprehend the weight of woe that these and similar little tragedies represent, hesitate to lay a hand of iron on the accursed system which is producing such tragedies in every town and village in these islands? Would any true woman, having once mastered the real depth and significance of one such terrible tale, ever again dare to talk of "liking a man who is able to take a glass and let it alone?" A sentence, alas! too often on female lips. No man—nay, not of the bravest—can say that he, and still less his child, can taste and continue to taste and escape ruin. Does Sir Wilfred Lawson propose one plan and someone else another? Is that a difficulty? Take both, take all, if only they go in the right direction—not to reform license systems, or regulate the sale of drink, but to destroy the traffic entirely. My simple stories may reach and influence some mind. They tell to me of long past times; of bright eyes that I have seen dimmed; of light hearts that I have known to become heavy as lead; of bright hopes that I have seen cast down in despair—by drink!

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.

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## “WITH MOTHER’S BLESSINGS.”

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

By M. A. PAULL, Author of “My Battle Field,” “The Domestic History of the Plank Family,” etc., etc.

**H**OW proud she was of him! Her soldier son, with his fine erect bearing, his handsome face; at least it was always handsome to her, and nobody *could* say he wasn't good-looking. Oh! if she could only have a sight of him. All

No. 228.—OCTOBER, 1884.

these years in Egypt might have made him look old before his time, for he was only twenty-eight—God bless him!—if he lived to see the 30th March, in this year 1881. What could she do for him on his birthday—God bless him!—so far away; what? How she thought about it; how she loved him as she thought; how she laid his twenty-eight years of life out before her, like a picture in so many separate tableaux, and gazed at each one of them with never-wavering interest.

Mothers at least will sympathise with her. There was baby in his cradle, beautiful in rosy sleep and dimpled innocence—soft, warm, sweet as little infants are to all who love them. And the cradle itself—could she not see its smart little patchwork quilt; his granny's work for her first grandson. Bless the dear old woman, and God rest her soul! So she ejaculated, for this tender mother, looking at her pictures, was a Roman Catholic.

Picture No. 2.—Little Willie could walk, and how proud his father was to have him run to meet him as he returned from his work in the London Docks; where he was an accredited porter, and earned good wages.

Picture No. 3.—Willie marching off to school, his satchel on his back, a huge slice of cake in his hand; the prettiest, brightest boy the master had to teach, surely.

Picture No. 4.—Willie apprenticed and working in the carpenter's shop; a sight for any mother to admire—so ready, so handy at his work.

And then the mother sighed a little; if Willie had only stopped there. Why, yes; it would have been so different for her now; and when her husband died, she would not have been half so lonely if Willie had been near. Yet, well, bless the dear boy still. Perhaps, if there hadn't been the footings, and the drinkings among the men, he would never have become unsettled, and broken his indentures, and enlisted without asking their advice even. But he was a brave soldier now, to defend old England from her enemies, and the pictures changed as she thought thus. She knew very little about Egypt, but she put a sphinx and a pyramid and a broad river for the Nile into all the pictures of her boy in that foreign land.

One picture—two pictures—she could never help making, and yet never liked to look at. One was her boy accepting the shilling from the sergeant, for that was then the way the foolish lads gave up their freedom years ago, and the other was a little scene she knew had happened because he told her so. A pretty green lane near a town where he was quartered, and a pretty gentle girl beside him, walking under the dancing shadows of the swaying trees, and out of this picture came to the mother's ears a sweet sad voice.

"I cannot marry you, Willie, unless you give up the drink."

And then a walk home almost silent after a few quite angry words from him, and a hasty parting, and a joining of the regiment for Egypt, and a broken-hearted girl.

It seemed to her now as she looked at this picture, she had not felt so sorry for she ought to have done about it. With a mother's natural longing to be all in all to her son, she had fancied she should have him more to herself, when Jenny was forgotten; and Jenny could not have properly loved her boy.

Perhaps it would have been better if Jenny could have persuaded her Willie to give up the drink. The drink! It was certain people were better without it, as the good Cardinal Manning often told them; and if he could do without, with all he had to manage, certainly everybody else could.

Now what should she send her boy for his birthday? He might not get it quite punctually, of course, in that Egyptian land; but nearly at the time, she hoped. She was not rich, but she would gladly stint herself, if need be, to give him something good. A Bible! Yes, there could be nothing better. What should she do herself without that best of books? Now that she was older and poorer, and memory of her joys rather than their possession was fast becoming her chief pleasure, what should she do without the good things to look forward to, of which the Bible told her?

So her money went freely out of her well-worn purse to buy the chosen volume—a handsome, well-bound book. How else could it sufficiently show her love for her absent son? It was a Catholic Bible, of course; for this fond mother

was a Romanist, but none the less was the spirit of true religion manifested in the unselfishness of the love that bought it, the piety that sent it forth to do its work for her son. Could you have seen her, with the open book upon the table; the pen and ink before her; the purse, oh, so light! from which she had paid for it, out of sight in her pocket; the thin pleasant face aglow with tenderness—oh! you must have blessed God for the sweet promptings of a mother's love.

What should she write? She reflected some time before she was satisfied, and these were the words that she slowly traced at last:—

"WILLIAM O'LEARY,  
WITH MOTHER'S BLESSINGS.  
30TH MARCH, 1881."

"With mother's blessings!" Oh! it was true; did she not bless her absent boy, her absent darling, every time she thought of him? "With mother's blessings." Think of it, soldier son of this good mother; think of the price she has paid out of her small means for this handsome birthday gift; but above all think of the priceless value of your mother's blessings. Now that her bright hair is silvered; that her form begins to look bowed; that her dear eyes are dimmed with many sorrows—take care that you make her joyful by your tenderness, your good conduct, your responsive love.

William O'Leary was not a bad man, if only he would have kept himself from the drink, or the drink could have been kept from him. He cursed his terrible overpowering appetite for it, whenever it mastered him; he had sad thoughts, sometimes of the green lane far away that was in his mother's pictures, and of the sad loving voice that spoke to him there, "I cannot marry you, Willie, unless you give up the drink."

Could he give it up, and was she alive, and would she marry him now if he did? Perhaps she was married herself. Ah, well, "There was as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." So he said, but in his heart he knew he could not love anyone else as he had loved that dear obstinate little teetotal girl even now.

Well, he should go home after a while, and there would be a heap of money coming to him—deferred pay—and a good character. Yes, he had managed carefully, so as to avoid being on the regimental black books. His drinking bouts, terribly wild as they had been, were timed so as not to interfere with the execution of his duties as a gunner in the Artillery.

Almost three more years after that Bible had come across the seas to him, "with mother's blessings," William O'Leary found himself once more in England. The mother who loved him so much better than herself awaited his coming with trembling eagerness. He wrote to tell her he had arrived safely, and should see her after a bit; but she must not worry herself, for he wanted to rejoin the Artillery, and it would take time before he could get away. He should have some money coming to him, and she should be the better for it. Had she heard anything of Jenny? She would find he had her nice Bible still; and he would write again in a week or two's time, when he knew something more definite.

Poor waiting mother, with thy heart and lips full of blessings for thy son, it is too terrible to know the rest of this sad story. With twenty-four pounds in cash, and a good character, William O'Leary was paid-off from the Artillery; and whilst awaiting a reply from the authorities as to joining again, he was transferred to the 1st Class Army Reserve. Then began a terrible fit of drinking. Men with money are always welcome in the public-houses that infest every resort of our soldiers and sailors, that make it so easy for these much-tempted men to do wrong, and so difficult for them to do right. Surely the Government of a Christian land should not suffer its so-called defenders to be exposed to such a whirlpool of temptation.

The money so much needed by the dear old mother melted away as swiftly as snow in sunshine; and, alas! there was only created by this wasteful expenditure the dreadful overpowering craving for more drink. More—more, till every sober moment brought a sickening, overwhelming sense of shame and misery that drink alone could drown.

Long and patiently, like Sisera's mother of old, and with a still sadder result, did William O'Leary's tender parent sigh at his tarrying, "looking out at her window, and crying through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming—why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" Again and again she crept down to the railway station to watch for the trains, and see if her son stepped out to gladden her eyes. How the sight of a soldier made her heart beat; how again and again and again she was utterly disappointed and heart sick and weary. Poor mother! when the recording angel writes of the doings of strong drink, will not the broken hearts of tender mothers fill many a dreary page of his sad record?

Money, even twenty-four pounds, will not last the poor prodigal a very long time. William O'Leary's deferred pay was getting terribly reduced, and then, mad with drink and despair, he was in such a state as to find a brief refuge in an Infirmary, where it took six men to hold him down in order to put him into a strait jacket. Out of the Infirmary, on a Tuesday, and drinking again, with the horrors upon him, tempting him every moment to get rid altogether of his wasted life. The good principles his mother had instilled, perchance some word out of that Bible "with mother's blessings," made him dread himself, and hold a proper horror of such an unmanly, such an unchristian end. With his last sovereign changed, and only eighteen shillings and threepence in his pocket, he presented himself on the Saturday at the police station, a poor broken-down ruined man of thirty-one, prematurely old, heart-broken and miserable, and confessed his fear to the constables, that he should take his life away; for he had been drinking heavily, and had *delirium tremens* even as he spoke.

The police with their usual good-nature strove to cheer him as best they might, and sent for their doctor to examine him. He talked so rationally to that gentleman, and appeared so quiet and collected that the doctor did not feel troubled concerning his patient.

Next morning, after that night in the cells, they went to him and found him dead. A long handkerchief had been placed three times round his neck tightly enough to make a mark, and neatly fastened by a bow in front. It was a strange fancy, that neat bow in front, of that poor victim to the horrors of *delirium tremens*. Did the mother whose blessings followed him, teach those hands in happy baby days the art, so difficult then to the little innocent fingers, of making the neat bow in front? There he lay, dead in his bed; strangled with the neatly tied handkerchief at last, but in reality by the terrible drink. And in his pocket that almost empty purse with the change of his last sovereign, and the Catholic Bible "with mother's blessings."

Poor old mother? Who shall comfort her? Is there not a distressing pathos in this too true story? Can any mother bear to read it and, having read it, to let strong drink pass her own lips again, or the lips of her little Willie? Oh! that this sad warning may not be in vain; that mothers and sons reading of this English tragedy may for ever avoid its terrible cause, and ask God to enable them so to live as to help to remove such possibilities in the lives of other mothers and other sons.

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**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**HOW SICK FOLK GOT WELL.**

By REV. GEORGE W. MCCREE.

**N**O one needs wine, beer, brandy, and gin as a medicine. We can get better without it. Consider these facts—for they are facts.

**THE VIRTUES OF MILK AND BEEF TEA.**

A young lad was knocked down by a van in a London street, and taken to a large hospital. One morning the doctor examined him, and said—

“Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily;” and, looking kindly at the lad, he said, “You will get on very well, my boy.”

**No. 229.**—NOVEMBER, 1884.

The young patient looked up, and replied—

"Please, sir, don't order me the wine."

"Why not, my boy?"

"If you please, sir, I belong to a Band of Hope."

"Oh! answered he, "do you? Well, Nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef tea as he likes;" and, laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, "You will get on very well, my lad." And he got quite well without the wine.

#### THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

We know a commercial traveller who was taken dangerously ill in Glasgow, when far away from his home. When the medical man saw him, he said—

"You must have some brandy."

"No," he answered; "I have studied the nature of brandy, and I will not take it."

The medical man protested that it would save his life.

"I will not take it," replied the patient.

The ladies in the hotel were told of this, and two of them went into his room and implored him, for the sake of his wife and family, to imbibe the brandy.

"No," he replied; "I believe that brandy is of no use as a medicine, and I will not take it."

The medical attendants then proposed to call in an eminent physician, and have his advice. To this the traveller at once assented, and expressed his readiness to pay the consultation fee.

The great man, white-haired and venerable, came to the bedside of the invalid and carefully examined him. In quiet tones he then said—

"You are in great pain. Yes, in great pain, my friend. They tell me you will not take brandy. You are quite right. You need no brandy." Nor was any stimulant given him. Quiet, rest, warmth, wholesome food, and some gentle medicine cured him of the pain and sickness, and he has done many a good day's work since. Had he taken the brandy everybody would have said that it, and it alone, had cured him. But he recovered without it.

#### THE BROKEN BLOOD-VESSEL.

There was a young lady visiting in London, and while in a shop she suddenly broke a blood-vessel. She was gently removed to a private house, laid on a sofa, and had brandy administered to her. A medical man was summoned, and when he came into the room and felt her pulse, her friends told him they had given her brandy, as though they had done the right thing.

"Brandy!" exclaimed he, "you could not have done a worse thing. Send for some ice. So ice, not brandy, was needful. The lady was not given any more alcohol, and found ice both safer and better. In cases of bleeding, beware of brandy. Try what ice will do.

#### "YOU MUST TAKE SOME PORTER."

A gentleman had been visiting a number of cholera patients in a low neighbourhood, when he was taken ill. As he became convalescent his medical man told him he must buy some bottles of porter.

"What for?" said he.

"Oh! to set you up, of course."

"Well, if I get a dozen bottles of porter, do you know what will be in them?"

"No."

"Then, doctor, I decline taking medicine of which you know nothing." INOR did he order the porter, and he soon recovered his health and strength in perfection, and has ever since been remarkable for his robust constitution. Porter is not the elixir of life.

## TAKE WINE OR DIE.

An editor of some very popular works, and a man of immense energy, felt, as he expressed it, "below par," and went two hundred miles to see his family physician.

"My good friend," said the doctor, "you must take two glasses of wine a-day, or you will die." Yes, he would die. Nothing but wine would save him. He must take that or die. Resolved to have another medical opinion, Mr. S. returned to the Metropolis, and went to consult Sir James Clark.

"Sir," said that eminent man, "what are your habits?"

"I am a teetotaller, Sir James."

"Then, sir, you will get better all the sooner!"

So he did not drink wine, and he is not dead yet. He has done noble service for God and man for many years since his family doctor predicted his certain and speedy death. The fact is, alcoholic prescriptions often hasten death instead of preventing it, and many people have died through "drops of brandy" who would have lived had they resorted to beef tea, milk, oatmeal porridge, fresh air, cold water, and plenty of rest. Drugs and brandy are poor substitutes for natural remedies, and the more simple our diet and medicines are the better.

## THE BAD KNEE.

In the Midland Counties there is a large boarding-school for boys. We have seen sixty or seventy of them at their desks; and fine, merry, strong, clever lads they were. No intoxicating drinks whatever are placed on the table, and yet several brewers and wine merchants send their sons there for education. This proves that even dealers in strong drink do not regard it as essential to their intellectual activity and physical health. Well, one of the young gentlemen had a white swelling in his knee, and was sent home for medical treatment. When the family doctor arrived and examined the limb he evidently thought it a serious case, and said—

"What sort of a school are you at?"

"Oh, a jolly school."

"What kind of a master have you?"

"Oh, a jolly master."

"But what sort of a table does he keep?"

"Oh, a jolly table."

"Yes, yes; but what does he give you to drink?"

"Oh, the governor's a teetotaller; he puts nothing but water on the table."

"Then," said the doctor to the patient's anxious mother, "we can save his limb. Do not fear; he will soon get better." And he did so, and went back to his desk his games, and his "jolly table"—not less jolly to him now that he knew water-drinking had been so good for him.

## THE YOUNG MAN IN PRISON.

The administration of intoxicants as a medicine has often produced life-long disaster. A father came to me, and said—

"I wish, sir, you would go and see my son, in Newgate Prison."

Knowing that the father was a respectable man, I replied—

"How is it that your son is in Newgate?"

"You had better ask himself. I would rather not tell you."

So I went to the famous old gaol, and saw the young man.

"Tell me, frankly," I said to him, "what brought you here?"

"Well, sir," he answered, "I have been robbing my employer."

"What made you rob him?"

"I wanted money for theatres, cigars, and brandy, and as my salary was not enough, I took my master's money."

"But," I said, "you were a Band of Hope boy, and therefore what did you want with brandy?"



Courteous reader ! ponder well his answer.

"When I had fever in my fourteenth year, the doctor ordered my mother to give me brandy ; she did so, and I never lost my taste for it ; and that," said he, crying bitterly, "has brought me here."

What a sad case ! and, alas ! hundreds of persons—especially women—have been ruined in body and soul by brandy and wine taken, at first, as medicines. Therefore, beware of them. Thousands are cured of all manner of sickness and all manner of disease without them, and we would therefore earnestly advise our readers to avoid alcohol in all its forms as a medicine.

#### NUKSING THE SICK.

Connected with this subject is the question of nursing the sick. Can it be done without wine, brandy, beer, &c. ? A lady nurse bears this testimony :—

"I was brought up a Total Abstainer, but, when entering one of the largest London hospitals as a probationer, eight years ago, I was told by my fellow-nurses that I could not, while nursing, adhere to the practice of Total Abstinence. I asked how long they thought I could stand such a trial, and they gave me six weeks ; but six years, and now eight, have passed, and I have never had occasion to take stimulants, either for the sake of health, or for any other cause."

Our counsel, then, is—avoid strong drink ; drink water ; eat wholesome food ; breathe fresh air ; be honest, true, and kind ; fear God and work righteousness, and long life, health, plenty, and peace shall be given you.

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“SO AS BY FIRE.”

By MRS. DR. CYRUS HAMLIN.

*From The Union Signal.*

“YOU must be my ‘mentor’ to-night, Theron!”  
She was a bride who said this, turning from the mirror where she had been putting the finishing touches to an evening costume of floating elegance. She was a village girl, whose acquaintance the popular young lawyer, Theron

No. 230.—DECEMBER, 1884.

Adair, had made during his summer vacation in the country. Attracted by a rare combination of graceful dignity and sweet simplicity, the young man had chosen her to be his mate; much to the chagrin of various damsels in the city where he abode. Both Theron and Helen well knew that jealous eyes would be wide opened to spy out any lack, even in regard to etiquette, in the envied new comer. And, to-night, they were going to the first grand soiree given in honour of the pair. So there was a flutter in Helen's voice, as she said:

"You must be my mentor to-night!" and she raised an inquiring glance to his eyes.

"Never fear, Nellie," was his fond proud response, after a brief, critical glance that swept her gauzy draperies. "Only," he turned, as with an after-thought, "only don't make any fuss about taking wine, when you are asked."

She made a wry face. "I don't like wine."

"Well, 'fashion before fancy,' you know. It isn't considered quite 'the thing' to decline it—that's all."

Such was the mentor-ship of the gifted young husband. Himself, fortunately, having no latent fondness for the intoxicating cup, he did not dream, how could he, that it could be kindled in a delicate woman's breast.

But Helen learned too soon to "like" the ruby wine. At the birth of a daughter, a year later, a severe illness kept her low. The wines prescribed for her convalescence were eagerly sought after, and alas! prolonged after the prescription was out of date. Unknown to her husband, her dearest friends, and herself, Helen Adair was drifting towards a drunkard's doom.

When the little Ethel was five years old, a son was given, but soon re-taken from the home. What with illness and grief, poor Helen sought more freely than ever her beloved stimulants. She began to be capricious, unreliable. Deceit crept into a character that had been candid to an extreme. She struggled to keep from her husband and child that of which she could not help being conscious. But Judge Adair—for so he was now distinguished—at last opened his eyes to her danger. A long and tearful talk was held, in which he reproached himself, not her, and at once settled to banish all wine from their daily table.

Then began a time of torture for Helen. Her little daughter remembers her going about the hall with her head pressed in both hands, and pleading as if for life with her husband when he came in. But he was firm, though very tender.

One evening he came home from an unusually busy day, to his late dinner. Ethel ran up to him with a troubled smile.

"Patsey rang the dinner-bell three times; and I've tried, ever and ever so hard, to wake mamma, but she won't answer me, papa!"

A few steps brought Judge Adair to his wife's bedside. She lay there—the delicate woman of his choice—dead drunk.

The stricken man drew his arm close about the child, whose wistful eyes were fixed on the sleeper.

"Come away, darling! we will not disturb mamma, poor mamma! Her head ached, and she took—medicine." A great sigh convulsed his voice.

"Poor mamma!" echoed Ethel softly, with a pitying glance behind her as she went out. Alas, poor child!

"Helen!" said Judge Adair, the next morning, when, with anguish of spirit and bitterest tears, she had owned her fault and besought his forgiveness, "If not for my sake—for this innocent creature's sake control yourself! Beware!"

She struggled on, with sad relapses. As Ethel grew older, and learned to prolong those wistful glances at her "sick" mother's face, Judge Adair placed her in a faithful teacher's home, and took his unhappy wife abroad. His constant supervision, with change of scene, kept her from yielding to temptation, and, for a time after their return, so steadfast did she seem, that the fond father recalled home the dear child for whom his heart yearned. Ethel was now seventeen, and in every way lovely and lovable.

Judge Adair came home one evening and met Ethel at the door, dressed for a concert, for which the three had tickets.

"O father, do come upstairs directly. Mamma seems out of her head and talks so strangely."

Too well he knew the cause. But how had she obtained the intoxicant? No wine bottle could be found; but a strong odour of cologne pervaded the room.

"Mamma must have spilled the cologne bottle I gave her," whispered Ethel, after they had at last calmed Helen, and left her. "Drunk—upon cologne water!" said the Judge to himself: then aloud to Ethel: "I fear your mother spilled a little into her medicine cup. Promise me not to leave another bottle in her room. It must be slightly poisonous to her in some way."

"But," said the Judge, next day, "I can bear this no longer. I cannot live a lie to our child. I cannot have her know what you have done, and be shamed in soul and before society just as she is entering it. One more relapse, Helen, and we must separate."

Helen well knew that her husband meant what he said. And she resolved, again in her own weakness.

One evening, about eight months later, she found herself in a brilliant assembly. She had felt languid and disinclined to go out, but had put force upon herself for the sake of Ethel, who was taking her first season of such delights, and finding them very delightful. Especially so, as a certain son of an old classmate of her father had sought her company on all these occasions. People were beginning to couple the names of Clement Harding and Ethel Adair, with that saucy smile which "the old, old story" is apt to provoke.

As Mrs. Adair removed the wrap from her glossy silks and laces, she saw upon the toilet stand a large ornamented bottle, marked "Spirits of Lavendar." The tempter whispered, "A little of that would brighten up your whole evening. It is mild, no one need ever know!" She made an excuse for going back to the dressing-room after descending with her daughter, and—drained the bottle.

Come time later young Harding came up with Ethel at his side to pay the compliments of the evening to her mother. She sat leaning her flushed face upon one hand. Her eyes were glittering, yet empty of expression.

"Good evening, Mrs. Adair. But surely, you are not well? What is the matter?"

"Yes, I am well," she articulated pettishly, with some difficulty. "Well's ever. You'n Ethel just go 'long'n do your courting, never mind me."

"Mother," interrupted Ethel, with a mingling of fierceness and fear in the tone.

"Please help me take her home," she pleaded without looking into the face of the young man.

"All's over!" said Judge Adair. "The house in L—" (her grandmother's property) "shall be fitted up for you, and you shall have a constant attendant, but I must and will save our daughter from this! Thank God that our boy died!"

Mrs. Adair sat by the window of the farm house in L— a week later. With hands clenched over her heart, she had watched her husband drive away.

"He's gone—he" she moaned. "Gone to home and Ethel! I am shut out from Paradise, for I have sinned terribly. Am I sold to the devil, soul and body? Oh! how to endure this!"

The door opened for the attendant to come in. Helen covered her face with one hand, and with the other motioned away the intruder, whose presence she could not just yet bear.

"Mother," spoke a choked voice, "dear mother!"

"Ethel!" she almost shrieked, as she clasped her child's dress. "But how—why? Your father?"

"Yes, mother, my father wanted me with him. But I convinced him that my place is here."

"Here!" Helen looked about her, then dropped her head in a bewilderment of emotions. "Child, you ought not to stay here!"

"I shall stay, dear mother, and you will grow—well, and happy again."

"Happy!" with a mocking laugh. "No, no, that is past praying for! But you should be happy, you shall! Clement?"

"Please don't speak of him!" pleaded the girl, with distress in her look.

Weeks later the mother who had guessed how her daughter had not only borne down all the father's objections, but had resolutely removed herself from the society of one who loved her, and whom she loved, so coldly as to quench all his beaming hopes, again pleaded with her to go back. "It is not too late yet! He loves you! Leave me to my own deserts!"

"Mother!" poor Ethel crimsoned over face and neck; "Hush! Could I become the wife of any honest man, while"—she broke off abruptly and left the room.

"Oh, God! Is it come to this?" groaned Helen. "Must my sin kill my child, too! I will redeem thee!" This word flashed into her soul. She fell upon her knees, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus! help me! for I cannot help myself!" All that night her door was locked even against the daughter who begged for entrance. At daybreak she opened it, with a light on her pale face that told she had indeed "seen the Lord!"

Two years passed. Clement Harding, grown older than those two years would justify, had just returned from a long foreign trip to Washington. Friends were talking of a brilliant reception to be held that evening.

"Whose?" asked one. "Adair, the new senator from X——, you know."

"Yes. 'Tis to be something exquisite, of course! Harding, you knew Adair? Come with us!"

"One thing I can tell you," said the first speaker, "You'll get no choice wine there."

"Ah! teetotal is the word?"

"Yes, and they do say there's a reason for it."

"Well, leave that to old gossips," said the host. "Madam is at her post of honour again, at any rate, more graced and gracious than ever. Her silvered curls make a halo round a face that might pass for a saint's. Then the daughter that has been her guardian angel——"

Some one interrupted here. But Harding had heard enough. He would see once more the Ethel whom he had believed so deliberately capricious. He went to the reception. Helen never fell again. And so in time Ethel was won from her mother's side, feeling that she left her in the constant care of one "Mighty to save," though even "so as by fire."

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THE TWO LEGACIES.

(A TRACT FOR THE NEW YEAR).

By M. A. PAULL, author of "My Battle Field," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," etc.

"I SHOULDNT have gone if I had known how it would end, mother," said Lucien Wilmot, as he answered his mother's look of surprise, when she saw him standing before her in their little parlour. "I know you didn't expect me home till the New Year had dawned, but I should indeed have been sorry to stay longer in that company."

"I hope you did not offend Mr. Morley," said Lucien's mother.

"I would rather offend Will Morley than my own sense of right," said Lucien, stoutly.

At that moment the bells burst out their last chime in that old year, and mother and son paused to listen. For all of us, who are not very callous or very indifferent, the music that soothes the old year to rest and heralds the dawn of the new one is full of suggestive tones; great sorrows, great joys, great despair, great aspirations, appear to be magically hidden in the bell-music of the dying and the new-born years. Our lives leave us legacies of memory, that only death or oblivion can take from us.

Mrs. Wilmot and her son were neither of them insensible to these truths, these emotions; and the widowed lady reflected on the words of Lucien, uttered just before that peal smote upon their ears, with a mother's satisfaction. "I would rather offend Will Morley than my own sense of right."

At Will Morley's home, a very different scene might be witnessed. Revelry, fast degenerating into absolute intoxication, marred the solemnity and peace of those midnight hours; youth was linked to folly, and purity was at length banished from the riotous mirth of that festive board. With stupefied or wildly excited brains the company at last separated, ill-prepared to enter on the duties of another day and another year.

"A Happy New Year to you, mother dear," said Lucien Wilmot, at the breakfast table next morning. Mrs. Wilmot returned his caress and his greeting, and then said:

"Lucien, look at that packet waiting for you, I can't imagine what there can be in it, it seems like a lawyer's letter."

"I owe no man anything but love," said the young man, laughing, "so my New Year's gift is not a very formidable affair. Let us remove obscurity and bring this hidden thing to light," he added playfully, tearing off the sealed blue envelope from the blue sheet of paper within. His mother, who watched him attentively, as was but natural, was surprised to see the pleased expression, varied with intense astonishment, which overmantled his countenance.

"Whatever is it, Lucien?" she asked.

"Who would have thought it!" he exclaimed, "old Mr. Graham is dead, and has remembered me to the tune of one hundred pounds in his will. Isn't that jolly, mother? I can't imagine why, unless it was that I always thought it mean to steal his apples and pears. Well, this is a lift; a hundred pounds well managed will give me a good start. I suppose Will Morley will come in for a legacy too; Will is his godson, you know. I'll call and ask him by-and-by."

"You had better not, Lucien; people don't care always to talk about legacies," said Mrs. Wilmot, as she looked up from the legal document which she was attentively reading, with the natural interest of a woman whose quiet life has very seldom indeed been broken in upon by so pleasant an interruption as the announcement of a legacy of a hundred pounds. True, the money was not left to her from this unexpected quarter; but she knew her son so well, and loved him so truly, that her satisfaction was as great as could possibly have been the case had the money been her own.

"Oh, he won't mind my knowing," said Lucien; "I'll take a turn and see him soon. I dare say he won't be up very early this morning. Mother, I think I shall set you up in business with my hundred pounds; you have often wished for a business you could carry on, such as you were used to when a girl, and I could keep your books and help you directly our office is shut. A haberdashery concern is bound to pay, and I'll turn shopkeeper at six o'clock, when you will often be busiest. What do you say, mother?"

"My dear son," said the widow, with a pleased bright look, "I should not like to risk your little capital."

"There is next to no risk. That shall be our project, mother; you don't know how rich we shall get. I feel this is something like a New Year's Day—with a hundred pounds legacy to begin with, and a prospect of an increased income as its future result. I don't believe I ever had a better New Year's Day than this," and, whistling cheerily, the young man quitted the apartment when breakfast was over, to write an answer to the lawyer who had announced his legacy to him.

When the morning was much farther advanced, Lucien Wilmot repaired to the house of his friend, Will Morley, whose friendship the night before he had begun to feel was of little worth; yet because of many good-natured acts on Will's part in the past, he had no intention of wholly giving him up. This morning, under a thankful sense of

God's great mercy in relieving his mind of many expected financial difficulties by his unlooked-for legacy, Lucien longed to show his gratitude by doing something to warn his friend of the danger in which he stood in regard to strong drink. Yet, how to do this without offence was the puzzle; perhaps, by frankly telling him of his own legacy, he might open up a possible way to the subject. At least, he would try.

Will Morley sat moodily by his study fire when Lucien was announced. He was not in a good temper with his own conscience, and therefore, of course, he was prepared to be ill-humoured to the rest of the world that New Year's morning. He had parted with his friends about two a.m., and had shouted out a drunken "Happy New Year to you," as they parted; but this New Year's Day, since he awoke with a splitting headache, he had had no kind words for anyone. His sisters had already had breakfast when he came downstairs; he had never consulted their pleasure or convenience, and, orphans though they were, they were compelled by their brother to act in a great measure independently of him, and to allow him to act independently of them. Their means were by no ways ample, and the waste incurred by Will for such a drinking New Year's Eve party as he had held the previous evening, meant plainer viands and more straitened expenditure for the family for several weeks to come.

Will had had a cup of strong coffee brought to him by his younger and favourite sister; he had no appetite or inclination for anything else. The indulgence young men often regard as such a light matter, has its revenge on the human frame by depriving them of that innocent pleasure in taking suitable food, which our merciful Heavenly Father intended we should feel.

"Mr. Wilmot wishes to speak to you, sir," said the servant, popping her head round the door of Will's study.

Will Morley laid down a large blue envelope, into which he had just slipped an official-looking document, and said, savagely, "Ask him in."

Lucien entered; "A Happy New Year to you, old fellow," he said, as he stretched out his hand cordially.

"Confound you," said the other, "I wonder you are not ashamed to be here; what made you leave my party last night, you 'prig'; I suppose you think you are better than other people, do you?"

"Now, Will," said Lucien, quietly, after a few moments' thought, for though the red blood had mantled his cheek at the name he was called so unkindly, a few minutes convinced him that Will would never have said it had he been quite himself; yet the question, so rudely asked, must be answered, if he would be just to himself and honest to his friend. "I left it because I did not want to be *worse* than other people, Will. I cannot afford to drink intoxicants, and I tell you plainly, Will, you cannot either; young men who wish to attain a good position in society run a great risk if they drink."

"Of course you need to be careful," said Will, still sneeringly; "but some men are born to luck." He opened the blue envelope, and put the official paper it contained into Lucien's hands.

"Before I read this, let me tell you that I have had the announcement of a legacy this morning, of one hundred pounds, from old Mr. Graham."

"One hundred! Why, what will you do with it, Lucien? Why, I have a thousand from the same quarter; I was his godson, you know."

"I congratulate you, Will, heartily," said Lucien. "I expected to hear you had a nice little sum; but why the old man remembered me so kindly, I cannot tell."

"Because you were 'good,'" said Will, laughing more good-humouredly, "and favoured his crotchets, that's why. But I wish he had left me more; it isn't enough to save or do anything great with, and it's almost too much to spend. I suppose you'll have an outing next summer with yours."

Lucien smiled; "I have settled what I will do; it has often been a trouble to me about nother, if anything happened to me she would be badly off. Now, I am going to set her up in a business she can easily manage, and help her after office hours, and one great anxiety of my life will be at an end."

"You're awfully *slow* in your ideas; you ought to give a party to celebrate your legacy. That's what I shall do."

"I'll have a party to tea and supper," said Lucien, smiling, "and I hope you and your sisters will come; but as to wasting my money in wine and cigars, for fellows that don't care a pin for me, I don't believe in it."

"Well, you must go your way, and I must go mine," said Will Morley; "a slow life will never satisfy me."



Lucien expostulated: by the remembrance of "all things pure and lovely and of good report," he besought his friend to follow in the Master's footsteps; to live a nobler, a truer, and a better life; to allow his legacy to be a starting point, in this new year, to higher things. But Will Morley was not to be stimulated to any such purpose. That evening, while Lucien and his mother and a few of their friends were inaugurating their greater comfort by a social little New Year's party, Will strolled into some billiard rooms, where he should be sure to meet a few of his companions, and began to waste his legacy by risking the few pounds he had in his pocket on the game; he lost and won, and lost and won, and lost again, the gambling spirit entered his soul more than ever before, and strong drink induced him to be utterly careless of consequences.

Another New Year's Eve, a few years after, and the sweet bells are once more ringing their solemn chime. Mrs. Wilmot's gay, attractive little shop is full of customers; and both she and Lucien and the apprentice are kept as busy as may be, in attending to their numerous wants. Money is much more plentiful than it used to be, in the purses of Mrs. Wilmot and Lucien; their prosperity, won by the legacy well used, combined with strict sobriety and earnest industry, is now well assured.

A haggard-looking man came into the shop, and begged a penny of the mistress. "We have no money for beggars," said Mrs. Wilmot; "but you may have a slice of bread and butter, if you are hungry."

"I am not hungry; I am thirsty," said the man, looking at her attentively.

Something in the voice arrested the attention of Lucien; he came to his mother's side, and extended his hand to the beggar; "Old friend," he said, "come inside, and be warmed and filled; times have gone badly with you since we met last; the legacy has not gained interest, has it?"

"Will Morley?" whispered Lucien's mother, in a surprised tone.

"Will Morley," said her son, and beckoned him within; but Will could not rest; he was miserable without the drink which he craved for, and which had become the one object of his life. Lucien clothed him warmly, and fed him and gave him hot tea to drink, but he insisted that he could not tarry, and wandered out again into the darkness and coldness of the New Year's Eve.

"I curse that legacy, it was too much or too little," he said to Lucien; "it made false friends crowd round me. If I had had yours, or ten thousand, it would have been all right."

Lucien smiled and shook his head; "Nay, Will," he said, "believe me, great or little, it is not the amount of money that comes to a man, but the use he makes of it, that influences his life. Our New Year legacies could both have been equally blessed or cursed had we made equally good or bad uses of them; as I read to-day, Will—

'It is not just as we take it—  
This mystical world of ours;  
Life's field returns as we make it—  
A harvest of thorns or flowers.'

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## HOW THEY ROSE, AND HOW THEY FELL.

By GEORGE W. MCCREE.

I BELIEVE in facts. Theories are not facts. Opinions and traditions are not facts. That alcohol is a dangerous poison is a fact. That total abstinence from beer, wine, and spirits is good for body, soul, character, purse, and home is a fact. Here are the proofs:—

No. 232.—FEBRUARY, 1885.

## THE MAN WITH A FLOWER.

A tall, firmly-built, cheerful man told me that he had once been drinking for a month, and that he was drunk when he signed the pledge. Did he keep it? Yes, and does so to this day. Look at him as he sits with manly dignity in the chair of a Temperance Meeting. He is well dressed, wears two gold rings, has splendid studs, and displays a lovely flower in his coat. He has had many a hard fight with temptation, but he has been found faithful. Yes,—

“When we’re free from all temptation,  
And the storms of life are past;  
We’ll praise the Rock of our Salvation,  
Who hath brought us home at last!”

## THE GREAT OARSMAN.

I knew Mr. J. Nottidge, of Ramsgate, the famous amateur sculler. He was a gallant man, full of pluck and power. Well, when he rowed on beer he won fifteen times, and lost ten times. He then signed the pledge, and he won twenty-two times, and lost only four times. Beer and brandy never make men fit for great efforts. Virtue, wholesome food, early hours, fresh air, pure water, and a clean heart make men winners in the battles of life.

“If thou well observe  
The rule of *not too much*, by temperance taught,  
In what thou eat’st and drink’st, seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not glutinous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease  
Gathered, not harshly pluck’d, in death mature.”

## BROKEN VOWS.

How many times have you broken the pledge? More often, perhaps, than you choose to say. If you are ashamed, so much the better. For shame is frequently the germ of a new life and a brighter day. But do not despair. I once heard a man say this—“I signed the pledge twenty times, and broke it twenty times; I then signed it the twenty-first time, and I then kept it for twenty-one years!” There is hope for you, then. Sign the pledge again,—sign it to-day,—sign it for life.

“Tis a lesson you should heed,  
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN;  
If at first you don’t succeed,  
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN:  
Duty’s path is straight and clear,  
Trust in God, and persevere,  
On, abstiners! never fear;  
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.”

## A MODERN PRODIGAL.

How foolish young men can be! A young sprig of the aristocracy has been to see me. He has “gone through” seventeen thousand pounds, and I had to give him a shilling to get himself a dinner. Jolly good fellows are often the greatest fools alive. For brandy, billiards, and betting they sacrifice fortune, health, friends, home, and eternal life. Young man! sign the pledge. Burn your betting book; exchange billiards for books; pray instead of going to plays; be a true man, not a mere hunter after degrading pleasures.

“Sowing the seed of a ling’ring pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?”

## THE LAD WHO STARTED WITH TWOPENCE A DAY.

A little fellow went to work, and found—this was in the bad old drinking times—that he was to have twopence a day for beer money. He asked his father if he might do without the beer and save the money. To this his wise father consented. The lad went on until he had thirty pounds sterling, and a sterling character, which was better. Listen to this. He is, at the very hour this is written, the Mayor of his native town, and I have been his guest. Mark the contrast. One young man is

heir to £17,000, gets it, spends it, and has no home. Another begins with £30, which he has saved out of twopence a day for beer money, and he wears the golden chain of the Mayor. Luck? No,—it was not luck. It is honesty, thrift, work, and trust in God that brings success.

“Oh, John, Oh, John, I'll tell you what I know, John ;  
A drunken man o'er all the world, has most of grief and woe, John.  
Then on the land and on the sea,  
In seasons hot and cold, John,  
Keep the pledge when you are young,  
And keep it when you're old, John.  
Let the people drink who will,  
But when they come to you, John,  
BOLDLY SAY, 'I'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE,  
AND MEAN TO KEEP IT TOO,' JOHN.”

#### A GREAT PREACHER.

Going through the East of London. I said to a friend—

“Can you tell me what became of the Rev. A. B.?”

He took me by the arm, and led me back a few steps, and, pointing to a certain lamp post down a side street, he replied—

“He was found drunk near that lamp post, and died in our workhouse.”

A sad fate that. He opened new chapels, preached anniversary sermons, was eloquent at missionary meetings, and yet died in a workhouse—a drunkard. Beware, ye ministers of God, of strong drink. It is a snare to the feet, a cloud to the eye, a fire to evil passions, a foe to the Cross of Christ. What have you to do with it? Pray to the Lord thus:—

“I want a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.  
“I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire,  
To catch the wanderings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.  
“From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the contrite heart,  
The tender conscience give.”

#### A DEAR GIRL.

Two men were going along the Strand, on a Saturday, at five p.m. Both had their wages, and were on their way home. One said—

“Come into the Castle, and have a glass.”

“No, thank you ; I want to go home.”

The other laid hold of him, and began to pull him into the Castle. Just then a bright little girl went up to him, and said—

“DON'T !”

The rough fellow let go his mate at once, and said—

“I WON'T DO IT, MISS.”

“A little child shall lead them.” Yes ; and surely men and women might lead them too. Christians ! be active in doing good. Wear the blue ribbon. Carry a pledge-book. Try and save men from want and woe.

“Do not then stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do ;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you ;  
GO AND TOIL IN ANY VINEYARD,  
DO NOT FEAR TO DO OR DARE,  
IF YOU WANT A FIELD OF LABOUR,  
YOU CAN FIND IT ANYWHERE.”

#### A NEW HAT.

I have been to have tea with a working man and his family. He was a ragged drunkard, and wore a very bad hat. He came to one of my meetings, signed the pledge, got his wife to do the same, and began to attend the house of God. When he thought the time had come, he invited me to tea. He had a motive. He had

bought himself a new hat, and his wife a silk gown, and he wanted me to see them. It was a fine, tall, shiny hat, and a very lovely gown. Talk about depression of trade! Suppose every drunkard signed the pledge, furnished his house, and bought himself a new hat, and his wife a silk gown,—how many people would get work thereby? Why, thousands and tens of thousands would get work at once. Think of that, and keep on our movement all you can.

#### THE ROAD TO RUIN.

A young man has come into a fortune. This is what he is doing. He is smoking costly cigars, drinking expensive wines, riding a saddle horse; he has a carriage and pair; he goes to the Gilded Pavilion every night; he has married a barmaid after a day's courtship at the Healtheries; he has left her, and lives elsewhere, but not alone. His expenditure is from fifty to eighty pounds a week, and he is nearly always tipsy. This he calls, "Seeing life." So does a moth as it plays round a candle, and a rustic clown when he has a drunken sleep on a viper's nest. Young men! sign the pledge, and devote yourself to a noble life.

"Seek not the drink that brightly gleams,  
Soft but deceptive are its beams;  
It kindles not a hallowed flame,  
Its light lures on to sin and shame.

"Join not with those who love to haste  
Where time and treasure they may waste;  
They tell a false though flattering tale,  
And soon their sinful pleasures fail."

#### A MEDICAL OPINION.

You do not need strong drink. Thousands never touch it, and are richer and healthier through their wise and happy choice. That famous medical man, Sir Andrew Clark, says that alcohol takes "the bloom off the spirit and joy and brightness of life." Never touch it—never give it—never praise it. Take your part in the temperance movement, and seek to bring all men to God, our Father and Friend.

"COME THEN, FRIENDS, OH, COME AND JOIN US,  
FOR WE NEED YOU EVERY ONE;  
In the conflict come and help us,  
Till the victory shall be won!  
Till the demon shall be vanquished.  
Till true Temperance holds her sway!  
Till our Captain ends the struggle,  
LET US WORK AND WATCH AND PRAY.

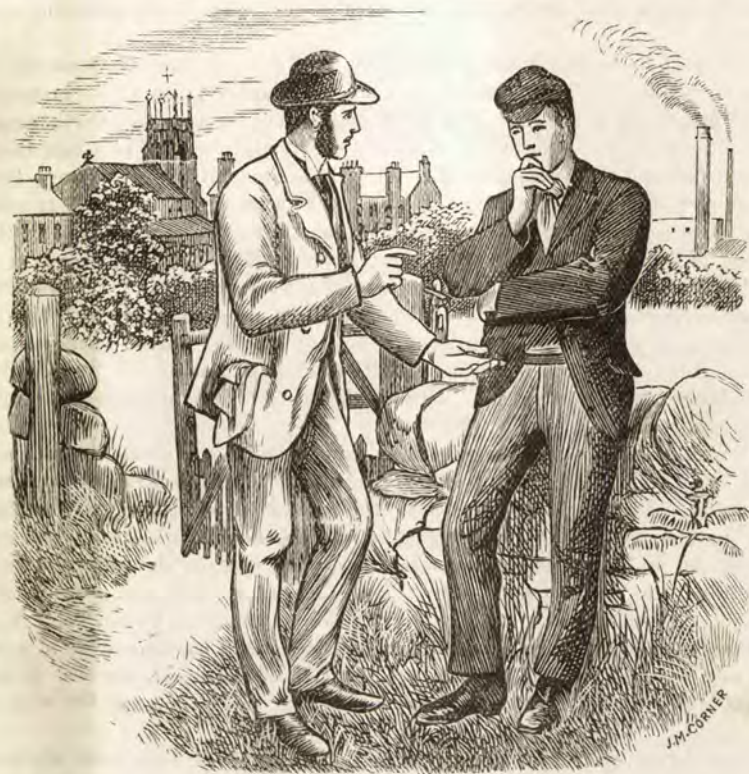
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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “HOW TO HAVE BETTER FORTUNE.”

“WELL, Tom, have you had any better luck than I?”

“No a bit, Jack. I have walked twenty miles, called at all the mills, and no one wnts a hand. The country is going to the dogs as fast as time can carry it. I wsh I was dead; there would be one less mouth to fill, and another poor fellow out of the road of others.”

“Why, Tom, you have got the blues. Your three months of play have taken the pluck out of you. ‘Never say die,’ lad. ‘It is a long lane that has never a turning.’ ‘There’s a brighter day to-morrow.’ As for myself, I am determined to live as long as I can, and ‘keep my pecker up.’ I know why we are in such straits,

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and mean to do my part to put things right, so that our lads and lasses need not be worrying themselves for weeks as you and I have done these last few months."

"Know the reason, do you? Then you're a wonderful deal more wise than most of us, though I reckon nearly everybody *thinks* he knows. For my part, I'm sure we have too much 'Free Trade.'"

"That is a strange speech for a Radical to make, Tom. You know we make more cloth than our fathers did; that we export more; that wages are higher than they were fifty years ago; that we have better homes, cheaper books, and other blessings which our forefathers never thought it possible for a working man to enjoy.

"Then, other countries are worse off than England. In America thousands of men are walking the streets like we are, and we should certainly not be better off if we had to pay a little more for every kind of imported goods. Corn, sugar, currants, bacon, rice, tea, and clothing are cheap, and it would be a bad thing for our bairns if they were not. Though we have been out of work so long, 'the loved ones at home' have had good bread and butter to eat. Now, there must be some other reason for all our bad trade, and I read a paper written by Mr. Hoyle, of Tottington, which I think shows *the cause* plainly enough."

"Oh! I ought to have known where you were travelling to. 'Teetotal for ever, teetotal, hurrah.' That's the one tune you are always playing. It's the one string of your musical instrument. You can only see 'drink' wherever you look. However, let me hear what Mr. Hoyle says; at least it will give us a bit of a change, and I am tired to death of the monotony of failure to find work. Fire away, old boy!"

"Well, let us look at the matter a little as Mr. Hoyle does. You have a pound to spend. I am glad we put the pence into the bank and did not waste them, for to-day we can pay for all we need. Now, if we buy cloth, we get something for our money which everybody knows is worth having. We have lost our pound, but we have instead a coat which keeps us warm and dry, and so healthy and strong; it blesses us for many a day, and when we have worn it out at the elbows our good wives can cut it up for the lads, and they are blessed too. Yes, a pound's worth of cloth is a capital thing, besides that it has found a lot of work for men such as we. If we purchase cotton goods, or bread, they add to the warmth of body and build up our physical health, and so increase the sum of human joy."

"Of course; everybody can see that. But does not the same thing apply to beer. It makes a man feel right jolly; 'it warms the cockles of a man's heart,' and finds work for no one knows how many; so how are you going to make out your teetotal fad? Think of all the maltsters, brewers, draymen, publicans, barmen, and barmaids employed in the trade. If you teetotalers had your way, these thousands of people would be thrown on the labour market, and one trade destroyed; down would go our wages, and trade would be worse and still worse. It amazes me that a man like you should be caught with such rubbish."

"Hold on, friend; don't get hot about it. If I'm right your fuming won't upset my argument, and if you're right you need not be afraid."

"Afraid! I should think not. But go on and let us hear your tale out."

"Suppose, then, you spend a pound on beer, and buy ten gallons of that beverage of which some of you think so much. What do you get for your money?"

"That answer depends upon who bought the beer, Jack. If I bought it I should get a capital beverage which helps on good digestion—makes me bright when I am disposed to be dull, and adds strength when I am ready to perish."

"Fudge, Tom; you know that it cannot do any such thing. We live in a day of light and knowledge on this question. We have proof abundant that those who spend money on beer cannot get good. You moderate drinkers will admit there are more moderate drinkers than drunkards, so when we go amongst the drinkers for results, we shall find the fruits of moderate drinking. And one of the first things we discover is, that for your money you get sickness and death."

"Shocking, Jack! The 60,000 dying every year. The old, old story."

"Yes, Tom, the old story, only worse; for Dr. Richardson says that 50,000 die directly from drinking, and he and others affirm that 120,000 die from it directly and indirectly every year, so that thousands of consumers of our goods die before their time, making our trade bad. But how many are sick no one can tell. We know that teetotal Benefit Societies have a sick rate per member each year, of about seven days; the Oddfellows and Foresters—two splendid Benefit Societies, which unfortunately often meet at the public-house—average over thirteen days per member. That is half as much sickness for the teetotaler as the moderate drinker. What do you say to that, Tom?"

"Why, if it's true, it's an awful result, and the sooner we can stop it the better."

"If it is true! Of course it is true. You can read for yourself if you please. Besides, it does not need much common-sense to see it must be true. Alcohol, the very thing that we drink the beer for, is a poison, and although we may dilute it yet it is still a poison, and if we keep on drinking it will be sure to poison. You would admit that about arsenic, and if you are just you will admit it with regard to this poison. The Insurance Societies, which have no prejudices and only want to make money, have found that teetotalers live longer than moderate drinkers, and every mixed society has to pay large sums which ought not to be paid, and would not be required but for the drink. This is a poor recompense for a poor man's gold; it is spending 'money for that which is not bread.'

"But, bad as this is, it is not all by any means. Drink makes an appetite for itself. If we eat dry bread Nature soon says she has had enough; if we eat bread and butter she very soon puts a stop to our appetite. A quarter of an hour at a good dinner table will make us lose our desire for food; we have no warehouse room for more, the stock is for that time sufficient. But all is changed when we come to drink. When it is first tasted it is not liked. After a time men find their bodies crave for it, so that you moderate drinkers glory in your power of saying 'no' to the inward desire. You claim no credit for knowing when you have had enough dinner, but when you don't get drunk you say you 'know when to leave it.' Then it gets the mastery over men, and they drink and drink until they are clothed in rags; the home is empty of furniture; the children are half-starved, and thousands of them become criminals. You cannot deny this. Can you, Tom?"

"No; you have me there. It is sadly too true, and proves how weak and soft a lot of men are. They are a lot of big babies —."

"Hold on, Tom. You and I sing on Sunday,—

Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need,

so we must speak softly. Besides, look at all the drunkards you know, and say



if they are all fools. Are not many of them the cleverest workmen, the most generous friends, the most intelligent citizens?"

"Oh, I admit a number of them would be splendid fellows if they didn't drink. But they do drink."

"Yes, Tom; and one reason why, is because they have such a fine nervous system. If they were cool fault-finding men such as you and I know, they would be thought a lot of, and be no drunkards. They are grander men, only spoiled—ruined, by the drink. But this is away from our trade business. Besides these wretched homes, do we not see that the drinking carries many to the poorhouse, the prison, the asylum. And who keeps them, but we working men? The rich pay, but we pay out of our penury, and feel it all the more. So that for money spent on beer we get poverty, crime, disease, and death. If the buying of beer were stopped, very soon thousands of homes would want new clothes. You know that our friend Charles, the first year he was teetotal, spent £20 on clothing: his child and wife and he had new clothes. Then, the homes would want new furniture, and soon the people would want to live in their own houses. Why, trade would flourish as it has never done: we should have fewer poor, fewer criminals, and fewer insane. Men would have less to pay out and more coming in, and trade would flourish."

"Ah! and we should have to keep all the men engaged in the trade. You always forget that!"

"No, indeed. It would pay us to keep the whole lot of them, but we should not need. You have heard, I dare say, of the distiller in Scotland, who turns over so much money and employs one hundred and fifty men. A firm in Sheffield turns out the same amount sterling of goods, and employs four thousand hands. The liquor trade is a big thief every way: robs us all round. It robs us physically, mentally, politically, and morally."

"Well, Jack, there is something in what you say. And since I have been out of work I have been teetotal, and I begin to think I will hold on when I get to work again, for at any rate it will help me to lay by for a rainy day. Me and my wife spent sixpence a day—that, I see, means three shillings and sixpence a week, and that over £9 a year. I mean that to keep my other trifles warm, so that when I get a bit older I may be able to live on what is my own."

"Are you sure, Tom? My word, I'm as glad as if I had got work."

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MONTHLY  
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**MOTHER'S BABY!**

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," &c., &c.

**A** LOVELY little child, with beautiful complexion; on her cheeks the exquisite bloom of health; her fair hair like golden silk, her blue eyes like summer skies in colour, her soft full lips of coral red, her pretty little teeth like pearls. The small form, wrapped in lovely white fur to resist the cold of the winter day, making a perfect contrast to the delicate flesh tints of the sweet face. A little lady, born into a home where comfort and luxury reigned, where everything

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that could be devised for baby's well-being was had, without a thought for the possible cost. Seated now in the handsome and expensive perambulator, with the easiest of springs, the newest appliances, the warmest and softest of linings, the most shady of hoods for summer, the most impenetrable of aprons against damp and cold.

A wistful child face is looking at the beautiful baby, with eyes intensely thoughtful. The perambulator is stopped by the well-dressed nurse, who has met a friend; and all the time they talk, this other face watches the baby: notes the white silk lining of the white fur, notes the soft white wool of the baby's gloves, notes the beautifully embroidered and quilted white satin hood; and notes it all with some long-drawn heavy sighs.

Perhaps it is not very remarkable she should notice all these things, for they are so entirely different to anything she sees in her own home. Perhaps she has an artistic eye; perhaps the good taste manifest in the lovely child's clothing and surroundings, and the beauty above all of the baby's face, appeal to this qualification in her own nature. For a great many people have artistic eyes, without having artistic powers; they can see pictures, though they cannot draw them.

"What are you staring at, Miss Impudence?" asked the nurse, as, her friend having left her, she prepared to push along her little charge.

Now the little soft baby, in its warm, soft white nest of fur, had not treated the girl thus rudely. Perhaps babies are too near heaven to resist smiles and kind looks, let them come from whom they may. So, when the girl smiled, the baby had smiled also, and put out her little arms, and kicked her little feet with pleasure. "Miss Impudence" coloured painfully when the words smote upon her ear from the unkinder nurse. She was not a rude child, or she might have been tempted to prove her right to the nick-name.

"Please, 'm," she said, "I was only thinking, s'pose that was *mother's baby!*"

She said the words with such a strange emphasis, that the nurse, not having at all a fine discernment, was only the more impressed with her rudeness, and turned her back on her with a sneer: "Like your impudence; well, I never;" and so wheeled away the perambulator.

The girl made no attempt to follow, but stood till the beautiful baby, in her pinkness and snowiness, was out of sight—watching her eagerly. Then the poor over-charged heart, not knowing how else to find relief, caused the wistful eyes to overflow, that tears might help in the sad business; and little Jenny Spencer, for that was the real name of "Miss Impudence," cried bitterly.

"Mother's baby"—the baby who was a second self to little Jenny—the baby she loved as dearly as her own life. Oh! what a contrast he was, as she thought of him, to the little embedded jewel of the rich lady's home. Poor little baby, with his bare little feet, red and purple with cold; his legs mottled, not healthily, but with want of circulation; his garments all of calico—not any of flannel, save one little piece bound round him, with a poor sick mother's love, that would fain have made it ample if she could. God help such mothers, and such babies too. Do we often enough think of their terrible needs?

The mother and little Jenny went as bare as they could for baby's sake; they would any day shiver themselves to spare his shivering. But what could they do, poor helpless ones, to make "mother's baby" the possessor of a thousand comforts? "Mother's baby" was like the rich baby in one thing—and only one: his smiles were ready for Jenny, as hers had been; his little arms were spread to go to her, and his little bare feet kicked with eagerness upon the straw bed on which he lay beside his mother. The only reason he did not go with Jenny on her errand, was because it was too cold for him.

"Well, dear?" said the mother, as the girl entered; "have you got it? You've been rather a long time, Jenny."

"No, mother," said Jenny, answering her mother's question; "Mrs. Blake said she'd pay you next time."

Only a weary heavy sigh—there were so many disappointments, so many things went wrong, that she did not complain in words.

"Mother," said Jenny, "isn't there anywhere I could get some medicine for you without money?"

"There's the parish; but father 'll be angry if you go without his leave. We must ask him."

"Mother," said Jenny, "I saw such a beautiful baby while I was out."

"Did you, dear? Better than my baby?" There was a sweet rebuke in the tender words. "Better than your dear little Tom?"

Jenny's answer was to catch the little fellow to her, fold him in her arms, and cover him with kisses. He was a pretty little baby, at all events a very loving one, and he would have been pretty with warm food and clothing to make him plumper and healthier. He had, like Jenny herself, a wistful look in the soft eyes, as if both children rather wondered what their business was in this strange, cold, hard world.

"No, mother," said Jenny, emphatically, when the embrace was over; "I should think not; only I want to see your baby dressed like that one was. *Shouldn't* I like to! 'Twas lovely!" proceeded Jenny; "such fur as you never saw, mother; like the driven snow, and lined with lovely white silk, and everything, and little warm gloves, and the loveliest hood all satin-quilted, and in such a splendid perambulator, and *such* a grand nurse," finished Jenny. "But," she added, presently, "the nurse wasn't very kind to me."

"Not kind to you," said Jenny's mother; "why, what had she to do with you? You wouldn't hurt a baby."

"No! I suppose I stared rather too much; and the baby smiled at me. She called me Miss Impudence."

"What! the baby?" asked Mrs. Spencer, somewhat playfully. She was quite taken out of herself for a little, by Jenny's graphic account.

Jenny laughed, and her mother was glad she had made her; the dear little girl had not much to excite the sweet music of her laughter, and "mother's baby" in Jenny's arms laughed also in sympathy. "The baby! why, mother, of course not. The dear little baby wasn't older than our Tom."

Later on, "father" came in, and Jenny said at once—

"Father, Mrs. Blake didn't pay mother what she owes her."

"Well," said "father," "what's the good of telling me; I can't help it, can I?"

Perhaps he could not help Mrs. Blake's wrong-doing; but was there anything else he could help? Could he help spending twenty shillings a week on himself, and giving six or eight to his wife for rent and firing, and food and clothes? But if she thought all this, she had the wonderful gifts of patience and silence. She did not add home quarrels to the miseries the drink made for her. Oh! grand unselfishness of such love as does exist in the hearts of some drunkards' wives to "bear all things."

"But you know, father," said little Jenny, "mother must have medicine. Shall I go to the parish, father? Mother said I mustn't, without asking you?"

"The parish!" The words stung him, and they well might. Perhaps because little Jenny spoke so dutifully and modestly, they stung him all the more. He, a skilful workman who earned almost thirty shillings a week, and could have earned more easily by greater punctuality at his toil,—he send his wife to the parish for a bottle of medicine. Was this what he thought of when he married her, when he idolised her, and people said he was ready to kiss the ground she trod on?

"What medicine is it you want, Eliza?" he said, going over to her, and speaking in a softened tone—a tone born of those new thoughts concerning the old days. She smiled up at him from the wretched bed; and he seemed to see her wanness and her weakness and her disease as he had never, never seen them before. And, because he had some remnant in him of God-nature, something of the soul which his Creator breathed in him, because he *was* a man, and not a brute—only brutalised by the drink to such a degree that the man was almost crushed in him—he stooped and kissed her, and said, "You shall have a doctor and medicine, Eliza. I didn't think you were so ill." Oh! how she thanked him, as if he had been an angel instead of the demon he felt himself. He went out with tears in his eyes, and fetched a doctor. The doctor looked gravely at the sick woman; she was very weak and low, and wanted food more than medicine. He insisted that she must have it; and, calling him out, asked a little of the circumstances of the family, that he might give an order, if necessary, to the parish authorities. "No, sir," said Thomas Spencer; "I'll see she has it."

And the doctor, because he had great experience of this kind of man, asked doubtfully, "But will you? You won't if you drink."

"I'm not going to drink, sir."

Then the doctor looked straight into the eyes of Thomas Spencer, and the man answered his gaze frankly. His purpose was good; but there were so many temptations around him.

"Yes, I know, sir," said little Jenny's father, just as if the doctor had spoken; "but if I ask God, sir, to help me?"

"Yes, if you ask Him, and keep out of the way of temptation; those are the

two sides of duty. Watch and pray! If you will promise me to do this, I will help you all I can," said the doctor. It would take the pages of a whole book to tell the beautiful story properly. The doctor's firm friendship to this struggling brother; Thomas Spencer's manful battles with appetite and habit; poor Mrs. Spencer's recovery, that was wonderfully aided by the happiness she felt in the improvement of her always beloved husband.

And then there was such a pretty little romance, too. For one day little Jenny was out with "mother's baby," and she met, again, that lovely little child in its nest of pure white fur, driven in her carriage by the proud nurse. But Jenny did not feel so bad as she had done when little Tom had nothing to wear. If his garments were coarse now, they were at least warm; and outside all was a woollen shawl that made him snug and comfortable, even in the sharp cold. But, to Jenny's surprise, beside the little girl walked a lady and gentleman, and the gentleman was mother's kind doctor.

"That's the very same little girl, ma'am," said the proud nurse to her mistress; and, at the same moment, the gentleman said, "Why, this is little Jenny Spencer, Clara; her mother's clever little nurse, of whom I have told you;" and it was no wonder that Jenny was very much surprised that they all stopped to speak to her.

The doctor's wife had overheard the nurse tell the story to the housemaid, and she had not been pleased to find that the nurse had been harsh to the child; for she was sweet and kind herself, and loved all little children. So she had told the nurse to be sure and point out little "Miss Impudence," if she ever saw her; and she had pitied the dear child very truly.

So now, at this unexpected meeting, Jenny found herself quite in request, and baby Tom.

"This is 'mother's baby' then, Jenny," said the doctor's wife; "and what made you say, when you looked at my baby, 'S'pose that was mother's baby!'"

Jenny coloured very rosy indeed: "Please, 'm, I didn't mean any harm."

"I know you did not."

"Please, 'm, I only meant our little Tom would look beautiful, too, if he was kept as nice, and dressed up lovely, and I wished he could be—that's all, 'm. But I'm quite happy about him now, ma'am; it's all quite different."

The doctor's wife praised "mother's baby," so that Jenny was delighted, and loved her dearly. The doctor told the story first to Thomas Spencer, and some who read this will guess how he felt, particularly if they have been neglecting the little ones in their homes, and causing sorrow to the elder children at the condition of "mother's baby!"

"And the doctor told it to many others besides, and made some hearts responsive to the heart of little Jenny, in longing that all mothers' babies could be well fed, well clothed, and well cared for; as they never can, and never will be, if the miserable drinking habits of our nation are continued.

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**"WHAT WE HAVE SEEN."**

By the Author of "Through the Accident Ward," "By Our Highways,"  
"Queer Times, &c., &c."

PROVE IT.

"NOT the least danger in the world; there is no alcohol in it," said a medical man, trying to overcome the scruples of a prostrate invalid, for whom a light wine was ordered. The sufferer was not *then* a pledged abstainer,

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but had always conscientiously refrained from the use of stimulants. Now, this was ordered "as a medicine, just to bridge over a difficulty," as the doctor said; and under protest the trial was made.

Strange that after taking the wine which seemed to light up a little flush of strength for a brief hour, back came the languor and prostration *far greater* than ever!

"Do you believe that there is no alcohol in the wine?" said a staunch abstainer. "Let us prove it." Wine was brought, and a little poured on the fire.

"Ah! what is that?" Up went the BLUE pointed flame, like a very adder's tongue of fire!

With lightning swiftness came that passage into the now convinced mind: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like the adder."

"No more! no more of that subtle poison! No, *not even to save life*—if such a contradiction could be!" cried the sufferer.

The resolve was taken, and it has lasted sixteen years, and that invalid still lives to work for God and man.

---

### SPUR HIM.

"No; I couldn't do without my beer. How is it likely, with such hard work to do? We working-men has little enough on it at best."

So said a patient, suffering from accident, in a great city hospital.

"My friend, did you ever hear of *spurs* giving strength?"

"Why, *no!*" said the good man, in blank amaze.

"Well, if your horse was jaded out with a hard day's pulling, would you say: Oh, spur him! and that will set him up again."

A broad smile stole over the honest face.

"Aye, now I see what you be driving at. But you don't mean to say that drink is no better nor spurs?"

"Nothing better, my friend, most certainly. It gives you no *strength*. Turn it into so much good beef or mutton, and you'll soon see."

"Then it's time I did, sure enough," said the patient.

---

### HOPE HERE.

Two bad cases; both railway men. Crushed in the chest while *shunting* on the line.

Ah, but what do we see? Both wearing the "bit of blue" right bravely, though fast in bed!

"Well, my friends, I'm sorry to find you here; but glad to see the 'blue.' It gives me hope for your cases."

"Yes, we've worn it this three years, and mean to stick to it. A man needs to know what he's about in our dangerous work."

"And even yet, you have not escaped," we remark.

"No: but its almost worth while to have had this accident; it has made God so *real—so near to me*," said the elder man.

We shall never forget that answer and its deep teaching! And both these brave "blues" recovered.

---

### "I'D LIKE TO GET IT DONE."

We had entered the long ward (What a street length of beds!) and were met by a message: "My friend, here, wants to sign the pledge."

"Yes, I would—I'd like to get it done afore I leave this here bed. I'd like to be—" and here the patient stopped.

"On the safe side, I suppose you mean," we added.

"Yes, yes; that's just it!"

A little talk, and he candidly stated that, though he did not "drink reg'lar," he got a drop too much sometimes; and that "drop too much" had, in this instance, cost him a limb.

"A little talk about Temperance, on a previous visit, had made him think, and now he was resolved to settle the question before he faced the world again.

Our Blue Ribbon Mission was going on at home, and right gladly we sent off his pledge-card and "blue" post haste, from the meeting that night. Yes; and we told the case to our friends there, and this poor fellow's earnestness stirred up others to decide the point, and "Be on the safe side."

The next day was the patient's first day up, and, pinning on his "blue," he took crutches and went from bed to bed displaying his colours.

A more earnest beginner in the good way we never knew, and can only hope that this he will be to the end.

---

### ALCOHOL DID IT.

"Yes—a life perfectly wasted, with all its rich blessings." Wealth, friends, education, large opportunities of doing good, and even the will to do it.

What, then, could be wanting?

Only the power to say Nay to the whispers of the tempter. Only the resolve to place a barrier between themselves and temptation, and fight the "hand to hand" fight which all must do for themselves. Only the courage which would enable the tempted to stand-at-arms and challenge the foe *at first*, in spite of his friendly guise.

And so, for want of this, the fair edifice has fallen—mined underneath by the subtle foe, little by little, until the citadel of will and power was taken!

Let us dare to sound an alarm for all such, and put forth a hand to "snatch" them from the fire.

Polite indifference must stand aside until the rescue is made, and the prey delivered from the hand of the mighty.

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### THE "TWIN-BROTHER."

"Tell you what, mate, that pipe o' yours is just twin-brother to the glass, an' 'most as big a thief in his way. It bean't a relationship to be proud on."

"Nay, nay, Mike; that's coming it rather *too* strong. Got my glass, and now you wants a fellow's pipe!"

"Well, have you ever reckoned up his thieveries?"

"Can't say as I have. But what's a fellow to do?"

"Knock him overboard, and be done with him," said Mike.

"Fine talking; but it can't be done."

"Well, come Ned, let's reckon a bit an' see. He's a twopenny-ha'penny, isn't he?"

"No; he's a threepenny, if you must have it square."

"More shame on him, Ned; for four threes is twelve (an' he'll get no less every week, I know), an' there's a bright shilling for you, gone in black smoke!"

"Aye, an' more'n that sometimes," said Ned, getting interested in the reckoning.

"*Isn't* he a thief," groaned Mike. An' just think of a year on it! Coats an' hats, an' gownds—aye, an' shoon too—all gone in smoke! Knock him off, neighbour! knock him off, an' be done with him!"

Ned took a little time to digest his friend's advice, but before the winter was over the "twin-brother" had "gone by the board," and coats, hats, and gownds began to appear in his stead.

"That were a bonny reckonin' you helped me to do, mate," said Ned. "Aye, it just were!"



## GOOD INTEREST.

Everyone likes to get good interest for his money, but there are other investments besides those of coin that pay well.

Depend upon it, there are times in which the principles and practice of the firm abstainer pay a very high rate of interest for the self-denial and self-control they may have cost him.

Look for a moment into this Accident Ward. Here is a patient of good position, but struck down amidst the surging mass of a city crossing, and brought in with *every limb broken*. He is past the prime of manhood, so the chances for him are lessened still more. But—and in that “but” lies all the hope—he is an abstainer, so there is no alcohol to let loose its fiery influence and fan up additional fever and inflammation. Yes, and in six weeks he left hospital a whole man—every fracture soundly knit!

That was a pretty high rate of interest for temperance principles.

But look again. Here is a poor fellow who has had both arms torn off by machinery; a case so heartrending one can hardly bear to contemplate it. The shock to the system is enough to kill, let alone the fearful wounds and all, besides.

“Small chance,” you will say.

Small indeed; or rather, none at all if King Alcohol was likely to have any hand in the case. At best it is a very doubtful matter whether such a sufferer can struggle through—agonised and prostrate to the last stage of exhaustion.

But if we look again, at the end of two months, we shall see that patient pacing the ward in cheerful style; though, alas! the empty sleeves tell of his fearful loss. But with returning life has come hope, and that calm bright face is a study and a lesson for any that can learn.

Meanwhile another case stands in contrast over against this: that of a poor votary of stimulants (and who from his bed cried out for them) was brought in with *one arm badly injured*.

Ah! alcohol presided here in full force, and before one week had gone, the patient had gone too!

These are the facts we have to offer in proof of the assertion that abstainers get “good interest” on their temperance principles. Better health all the way through, and a chance for life when it comes to an emergency.

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

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**“LOCKED OUT.”**

By MINA E. GOULDING, Author of “From Dark to Dawn,” “Daniel’s New Footing,” etc.

“**N**OW, goodbye, my little man. Bessie will take you to school with her after she has washed up the dishes.”

Sammy nodded his head contentedly, and bit a very large piece out of the rosy-cheeked apple which his father had just given him.

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"Leave the key under the big stone at the door, Bessie; for it's likely I'll be home before you," continued the father; and then, taking his fur cap from the peg, he hurried off to his work, whistling cheerily as he made his way over the crisp white snow.

It was a very cold afternoon, and Bessie, before starting for school, tied her warm comforter round Sam's neck, and buttoned his overcoat tightly up to his chin. "You won't be cold, anyhow," she said, afterwards, as she pinned on her own shawl. And Sammy plunged his little red hands into his pockets and marched bravely down the path, in open defiance of the wintry weather.

They had a long walk to the village, for the house in which they lived stood quite by itself; but they reached the school just in time to see the outer door opened, and had soon taken their places with the rest of the children.

It was a gloomy afternoon out of doors, and the dulness seemed to creep inside the walls of the school, for work dragged heavily, and before three o'clock came, the teacher looked tired and not in the best of tempers, and the scholars were restless and noisy in their work.

It was with feelings of relief that both teacher and scholars heard the clock strike four. Half an hour more and the children were all standing in their places singing their closing hymn. The words and tune had been newly learned by them, and great interest was felt in both. Even the bigger boys who had been so noisy, seemed to be quieted as they sang—

"I'm glad my blessèd Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be.

And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so."

By the time Bessie and her brother reached home they were both very tired. Bessie turned the handle of the door, expecting to open it and find her father in the kitchen; but she found that it was still locked. "Something has kept father," she thought, and rolled aside the big stone to get the key; but to her great surprise she found no key there, though she knew exactly where she had left it. "We're locked out, Sammy!" she said, in deep concern.

Sammy did not realise their position for a minute, but when it dawned upon his mind that they were really locked out in the cold two great tears made their appearance in his eyes, and he began to utter a sad plaint, while Bessie climbed on to the window sill and tried to push up the sash. The window was fastened, however, and all she could do was to peep through into the kitchen.

Her father's tool-basket was lying on the table, and this told her that he must have been home during the afternoon. She wondered whether he had really taken away the key, and, jumping down to the ground, she peered into every corner; but all her searching was of no avail.

The two tears in Sammy's eyes had only prepared the way for a great many more, and Bessie soon turned all her attention to him. "Don't cry, there's a good boy," she said, soothingly; "Father will surely come back soon. Shall we go and meet him?"

Sammy shook his head and declared, between his sobs, that he couldn't walk any further.

"Well, will you stay here under the apple-tree while I go and look for him?" asked Bessie.

"No," was the quick reply; "don't like being here all alone when 'tis nearly dark. I wish mother was at home, I do."

"She's coming by the first train to-morrow," said Bessie, taking him by the hand and leading him under the large old apple-tree.

"Want her to-night," said Sammy, still disconsolate.

Poor little fellow! He was scarcely four years old, and Bessie knew that he was tired and cold and hungry. Thinking of him, she almost forgot her own share of the trouble, and, sitting down on the cold damp ground, drew him on her lap. She could not think of leaving him alone while she went to seek her father, and there was no house near in which they could find shelter; so she bravely determined to stay with Sammy and do her best to keep him warm, comforting herself that father would not be long.

How the little fellow's teeth chattered! Bessie listened to them until she couldn't bear to hear them any longer, then taking off her shawl she wrapped it all round him to keep him warm.

And now her own neck and arms were bare. The biting east wind seemed to enjoy playing with her pretty black curls, and stealing every vestige of colour from her face. Very soon her limbs began to shake, the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks and froze on her pinafore; but her brave little heart did not falter. Sammy was not so big and strong as she, and he was warm and quiet now; she would let him have all the shawl.

The dark clouds moved slowly over the sky, and presently a few bright stars shone from the eastern heavens; farther and farther back rolled the vast black curtain, and in the course of half an hour the whole sky was brilliant with thousands of glittering stars.

Bessie's hands and feet grew numb, and a strange, dreamy sensation stole over her mind. She forgot that she was waiting for father, and ceased to wonder why he did not come. Sammy did not disturb her: he had fallen asleep, and Bessie, though her arms were still clasped tightly round him, had almost forgotten that he was there. She looked up at the bright stars, and they looked down and mirrored themselves in her eyes, and then Bessie, too, fell into a kind of sleep, and the words of the closing hymn came back to her, sung in a sweet, soft way that she had never heard before.

"He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so."

Bessie's lips moved a little, as though she, in her sleep, were repeating the words. A bright rapt smile stole over her pretty features: so bright and rapt that one might easily have imagined it to be the reflection from an angel face, and then Bessie lay very still indeed, though Sammy moved and coughed once or twice.

But where was the father? He had been coming home very early from work, there being little on hand just then, when he had met with an old acquaintance—one who had been most intimate with him in bygone years, but who had left the village some time since, and had only come back "just to scrape up old friendships again."

"'Tis a bit of real good luck that we met just now," he had said to Bessie's father. "Come along, old boy, and we'll have a glass for the sake of 'Auld lang syne.'"

Nothing loth to accept the offer, the father had taken home his tools, and, in his hurry, had forgotten to replace the key under the stone. The "glass" had been added to again and again, and he was still in the ale-house, the noisiest of the noisy, while his two children were sleeping under the apple-tree. The key lay in his pocket, but he had no thought of it, for "the drink was in," and, true to the old proverb, "the wit was out."

Sammy slept so soundly again! The shawl was large and warm, and it covered him up nicely from head to foot. And Bessie? The east wind still played with her curls, but she did not feel it; the bright eyes that had gazed so dreamily on the stars had taken their last view of the world, had shed their last hot tear, and were now still and sightless. Bessie had been taken to another door, and had not found it locked against her.

It was past ten o'clock when the father came home. He fumbled in his pocket for the key, and with some difficulty made his way into the house. Being unable to find any matches, he stumbled upstairs in the dark, threw himself on the bed without undressing, and for three hours slept heavily. Then a succession of cries from the garden aroused him. He awoke, and in a few minutes a vague terror seized him. Thoroughly sobered, he rushed downstairs, and led by Sammy's cries was soon underneath the apple-tree.

In the hour that followed he endured the agony of a life-time. How he chafed Bessie's hands, and kissed her, and tried to make her speak! How he cursed himself and the drink, and then left off cursing to talk wildly to Bessie and press other kisses on her cold dead lips: only to be mocked by the sweet smile that still rested on her features, and to feel, as minute after minute passed and brought no sign of returning consciousness to the little form in his arms, that, having locked her out of her earthly home, she had been taken to a heavenly one and safely shut in with Him—

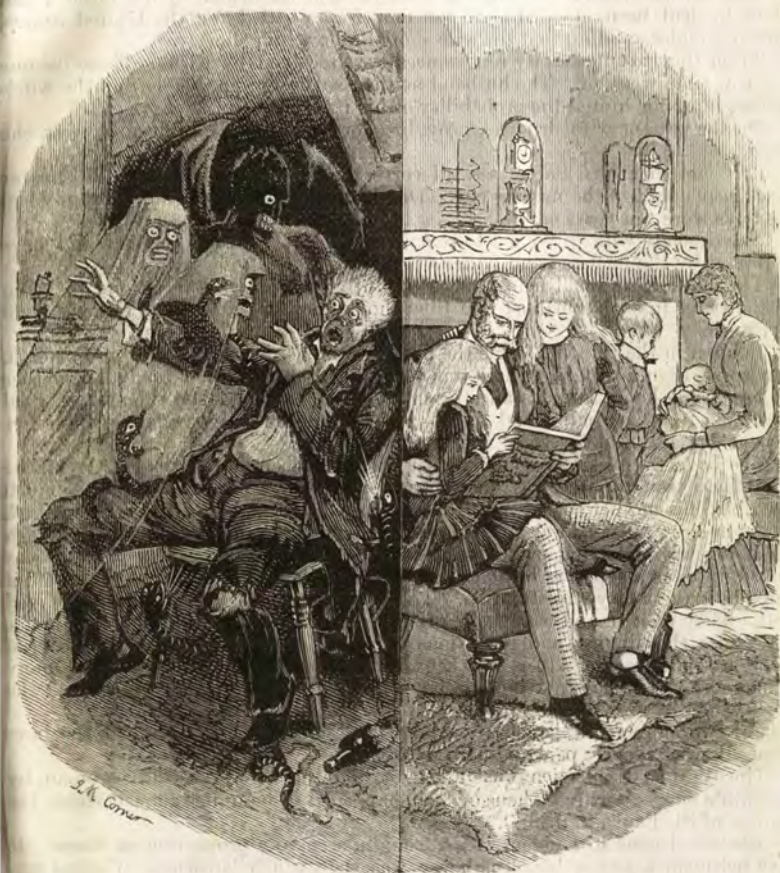
"Who never will forget her,  
Because He loves her so."

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THE VICTIM AND THE VICTOR.

By HARRIETTE A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Legacy;" "Mother's Old Slippers;" etc., etc.

THEY were twins—Albert Conrad and Conrad Albert Chaplin. Their father was the second son of a wealthy mill-owner. Albert Chaplin had mortally offended his parent, notwithstanding the latter boasted that he was a self-made man.

No. 237.—JULY, 1885.

The offence of the son was a stolen marriage with one of the mill hands—an orphan living with her grandmother. Her father had been a trusted overseer or foreman in the mill.

Those who looked upon the gentle Elsie could easily account for, if not forgive, the imprudence of young Chaplin. The girl was small and delicately formed, soft-voiced, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and of a loving nature. Her husband was of a fine presence, with flashing dark eyes and hair like a raven's wing. He was considered handsome, and his connections were scandalised that he should "pick up" with a mill hand.

The son was dismissed from the business and disowned by his father; and when he had been married but a few months, he sailed for the United States, with the understanding that the wife should follow him shortly.

From time to time scanty remittances were received by Elsie. These became fewer as time wore on. The husband neither suggested in his letters the wife's joining him, nor hinted the probability of his return.

On the patient wife drudged, providing for herself and children as best she could.

And now her husband ceased all correspondence with her, nor did she for years hear ought of the missing one. Death claimed the aged grandmother when the boys were ten years of age.

The desolate wife cared not to remain in her native town, herself and boys neglected by the husband and father's family.

The mother, who had herself been carefully trained, was ambitious to bring up the twins in such a manner that they should not disgrace their father should he return.

London in the future became the home of the worse than widow and orphan. Far worse than a widow. There was one in her native town ready to give her his name, his home, and his affections, but Elsie banished the thought of Paul Steadman from her mind, and toiled on in obscurity and poverty, keeping her boys at day and Sunday school and Band of Hope.

The boys, so unlike, loved each other with the deepest affection. Albert, the eldest by fifteen minutes, was his father reproduced. Conrad as a child so much resembled his mother that it was often remarked he ought to have been a girl.

As he grew older he was a frank, manly boy, lovable and buoyant, with a keen relish for wit and humour, but of a pliable, reliant nature. His brother was looked up to as a superior being. They distinguished themselves at the Band of Hope by punctuality and attention. The boys both sang: their voices blended well. They recited, and were made prominent among their younger companions.

Whilst the singing and recitations indulged in gave a charm to the Band of Hope in Conrad's case, Albert was acquiring a predilection for something more pronounced. The boy told himself he would have "plenty of fun and see the world when he grew older."

For two more years the mother drudged on, supporting herself and the boys by needlework, poorly paid and hard to get.

The World's Exhibition was talked of, and the keen Yorkshire woman, by incredible efforts, secured a house which happened to be unlet almost within the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Visitors flocked to London. Mrs. Chaplin secured a proportion of these. It gave her a start, and a boarding-house was successfully launched. Conrad was helpful to his mother as page, to the infinite disgust of his proud brother.

The gentlemen who frequented the commercial boarding-house, by-and-by aided Mrs. Chaplin to procure situations for both her sons in city warehouses.

Albert, as time wore on, found abundant opportunities for gratifying his love of pleasure. Questionable places of amusement were frequented, but the pledge was kept intact, though no association was maintained with abstainers.

Conrad trembled for his brother. The names of popular singers were constantly on Albert's lips, and a good-natured joke was perpetrated now and again against Conrad's "slow" proclivities.

A set of fist fellows were doing their best—or their worst—to lead the self-confident Albert into slippery paths.

Conrad was not shielded from the enticements to dissipation which beset young men in London, but effeminate as his brother scornfully thought him, Conrad, where *principle* was concerned, could say "No!"

Ere their twentieth birthday arrived, Albert had broken his pledge.

Though Conrad stood high in the esteem of his employers, as there was a vacancy in the warehouse where his brother was employed, Conrad applied for and obtained it. He sacrificed the prospect of near promotion, valuing the preservation of his brother from the downward course more than his own advancement in life.

The mother, with anguish of heart, was not slow to mark the course upon which the elder twin had entered. She was heart-stricken. The boy of whom she was so proud, the living impersonation of his father, growing daily more like him, did indeed resemble that parent to an extent Mrs. Chaplin was at the time ignorant of. That son was cursed with an inherited taste for alcoholics.

Albert was not well pleased that his brother should be in the employ of the same firm as himself; yet he could not fail to appreciate the self-sacrifice of Conrad. His proximity, however, became "inconvenient." Conrad was ever on the watch for his brother; they came to business together and usually left at the same time. But it required generalship in the one not to be evaded whilst the other was scheming to evade.

So matter stood. The young men still resided with their mother, but a visit to a temperance or a religious meeting by Conrad meant a "spree" with fast companions for Albert.

They had arrived at their majority. A few friends were to be invited on the following day to share a little festivity upon the occasion.

Conrad had passed a trying day. More than once had he missed his brother from the warehouse; more than once had he rushed into a tavern close at hand and had well-nigh forcibly dragged him from the place and brought him back to the warehouse. It was marvellous to note the ascendancy exercised by the slight, fair, nothing-particular-looking young man upon his tall, handsome brother. On such occasion, to quote the language of Milton, he (Albert) "stood abashed, and felt how awful goodness is."

Conrad was the victor that day; and the victim of strong drink was rendered amenable to loving surveillance.

On their short walk home the brother used all the arguments that affection could dictate to persuade Albert to retrace his steps into the safe path.

The young man parried these cogent reasonings, and assured his brother that when he found the drink gaining the mastery he would give it up.

The other pointed out the will-demolishing power of strong drink; and at length, touched by Conrad's earnest solicitude for his welfare, Albert promised he would that night sign in his mother's pledge-book.

The young men enter their home. A servant informs them that Mrs. Chaplin is very ill. They pass to the dining-room, to find their parent suffering extreme mental pain.

Little by little the cause of her grief is revealed.

An American gentleman has been visiting that afternoon another boarder in the house. The name of "Chaplin" drew from the stranger guest a reminiscence of by-gone days.

In New York, a man of the name of Albert Chaplin had lived a fast life, and had frequented drinking-saloons. He was overbearing and haughty, with a professed contempt for everything American, and had, when in a state of semi-intoxication, insulted a man who was also intoxicated. They had fought, and in the struggle Chaplin received a fatal blow.

Mrs. Chaplin heard no more.

The American was addressing his friend more than the hostess, who had seated herself upon a couch behind him.



As the sad event of her husband's death was thus carelessly related, a little scream drew the attention of the visitors to her. She had fainted.

This was the sad tale that, with many tears and sobs, was related to the young men, who had been looking forward to a cheerful evening on the morrow.

Albert now felt it would be better not to mention the subject of total abstinence to their parent; might it not accentuate her grief by leading thought more fully to the *cause* of their father's death, and the remedy that might have been? He would sign when his mother's grief had somewhat subsided.

Not so Conrad. He felt that the solemn circumstances in which they found themselves that night, and the fact that they were on the eve of their majority, might act beneficially upon his brother.

The pledge was taken.

Time wore on, and with its merciful influence, helped to heal the wound in the widow's heart. Her husband had been dead for seven years, and in the midst of her deep grief, the thought would come—"Had the news of her husband's death reached her at the time of its occurrence, she might have had a protector and a bread winner, and the boys have received the benefit of a wise father's authority and counsel."

The shock to the system endured by Mrs. Chaplin on the night in question, was never thoroughly recovered from, and in two or three years the young men buried their dead in Highgate Cemetery.

Albert had kept his pledge; but he had also kept his fast associates, and had kept away from total-abstinence meetings, and discarded with scorn all temperance literature.

Conrad, who felt the breaking up of his home, found a helpmeet in a life abstainer. He was soon happily settled in the suburbs of London. Albert, who showed no predilection for matrimony, resided with his brother, and was certainly the marjoy of that else peaceful home. Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrances, Conrad lavished money, time, and affection upon Albert, who had now again broken his pledge, persisting that strong drink was indispensable to the support of his constitution. It was the story told ten thousand times over, enacted in hundreds of instances at the moment we write. Whilst the one was happy, useful, and respectable, diffusing pleasure around him, the other, abetted by fast companions, was traversing the sloping road with tremendous celerity.

At forty Conrad is the father of a band of healthy life abstainers, the proud husband of a happy, beloved wife. Albert—brought up precisely in the same circumstances, with the same environment as the other—is an outcast, broken in health, broken in fortune, despised by the harder headed men who led him into misery, and who could indulge in excess without such palpably bitter consequences as have accrued to the man who is to-day the victim of *delirium tremens*,—soon to close his career in a dishonoured death.

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THE BATTLE OF BOGGESHALL.

A TRUE STORY. By GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

**T**HE town of Boggeshall contains a population of agricultural people who believe in beer. It lies ten miles off the main line of a railway, and a very long way off the sweep of modern progress. Numerous roads lead to it; numerous streets lead through it; and numerous people live in it.

No. 238.—AUGUST, 1885.

There was a time when the Society of Friends flourished there, but unfortunately their benign influence seems to have waned, and the power of beer has consequently increased. Everything in the town seems to smell of beer. Public-houses with odd signs peep round every corner, stare at every passer-by, and gape to swallow up every poor man who has a penny left in his pocket. A large brewery dominates the front street—there it stands, the guardian Dragon of the place. Everybody, except a rare-souled few, worships the Dragon; it is bread, meat, raiment, fuel, house, and bank to them; also rags, blows, starvation, disease, misery, and grave-digger to them.

Temperance meetings have recently been revived in Boggeshall, and this roused the anger of the Dragon, also of the Red Lion, the Spotted Cow, the Black Bull, and the Jolly Dogs.

"No more teetotal meetings here!" said the mob. And the great Dragon smiled with joy.

A country mob, full of beer, is well drawn by the immortal Shakespeare.

What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,  
Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!  
With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble, that was now your hate;  
Him vile, that was your garland.

And John Dryden has also a vivid picture of a mob—

Some popular chief,  
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,  
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;  
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,  
And one and all is the word: true cocks of th' game,  
They never ask for what or whom they fight,  
But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a foe,  
Cry liberty, and that's a cause of quarrel.

But this mob did know what they were fighting for. It was beer and the Dragon. Wives and children, home and bread, education, the franchise, land reform, emigration, health, and happiness, were all forgotten in this struggle. Beer was king.

Well, as I went up the town to the place of meeting, I was told there were three distinct mobs waiting for us, and watching the approaches to the place of worship, where the lecture was to be delivered; for, that it should be delivered, if possible, I was resolved.

How the three mobs did howl, and rush, and yell, to be sure. Mud, stones, sticks, were all to the fore. A bellowing sound filled the air, and the tramp of hob-nailed shoes came from afar. As the mob had taken possession of a part of the meeting-house, and also blocked up the front gate, I was taken through the rioters by a friend who went quietly before me—I was an unknown mortal—down a lane to where a ladder was quickly put over from the burial ground, and I mounted up its rungs and then sat

across on the top of the wall; the ladder was then pulled up and promptly let down on the inner side of the wall, and I descended into the grave-yard. I was then conducted into the meeting-house, and, to the astonishment of a crowd of roughs and brewers' men, I stood face to face with them. How they rose at me and howled. It was of no use though, I took no notice of them, but rose as though they were not there at all, and gave out the words—

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.  
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying.  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Blessings on the bright-faced choir—mostly fair, good girls. They began the hymn bravely, and sang it to the end. Then the roughs—a ragged lot—began shuffling their feet, growling, sniggering, and laughing, but I said—

“LET US PRAY!”

and shame made them silent. What a power there is in prayer! As Horace said—

Who guides below, and rules above:  
The great Disposer, and the mighty King.  
Than He none greater, next Him none,  
That can be, is, or was:  
Supreme, He singly fills the throne.

and if we appeal to Him we shall never be without strength for any time of need.

But the tussle and the fight were yet to come. I began to speak: the brewers' men began to put me down—as they thought. For an hour we kept up the fight. Sometimes I had a period of silence, but mostly a running fire of stamping on the floor, thumping on the seats, yells of derision, rude exclamations, roars of anger, and hisses full of passion and scorn raged in the place where prayer was wont to be made. At length a terrible tale of a murder through drink silenced them, and praise and prayer closed the meeting, and the ragged, forlorn, beery mob went out vastly more wearied with the fight than I was.

As I walked to my lodgings not one of the mob was to be seen.

Five brewers and publicans, I was told, sat in one pew right before me during the conflict. They deny having encouraged their men to howl. Perhaps not. But would these men have desecrated the house of God as they did if they had not known that their five masters would wink at their riotous behaviour? When their men were behaving disgracefully in a Christian sanctuary, they were deaf, dumb, and blind, and moved no finger to shield a stranger from insult.

The scene reminded me of Paul's visit to Ephesus:—

And the same time there arose no small stir about that way.  
For a certain *man* named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen;  
Whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, *Sirs*, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.

Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that there be no gods, which are made with hands:

So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.

And when they heard *these sayings*, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

And the whole city was filled with confusion.

Great is Beer and the Dragon. Great in factories, great in the slums, great in the senate, great in the Church is the false god—Beer. But it is doomed to fall and perish. Let us therefore work and pray that soon the world that day may see.

A word as to Mob Law. Recent events prove that the friends of beer will fight hard for their wretched idol. Beer brings wealth to powerful families and large classes of illiterate men. Immense fortunes are made out of beer. We shall therefore have more battles at Boggesshall and elsewhere. Well, we—the total abstainers of Great Britain—are prepared for them. Health, virtue, home, religion, and life are at stake, and we know our duty and will do it. WE MEAN TO DESTROY THE TRAFFIC IN STRONG DRINK. We have sentenced it to death, and it shall die. This is the work of our age, and we mean to do it. For fifty years we have fought this good fight, and gloried in this warfare, and we feel braver and stronger and more happy than ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold his reward is with him, and his work before him.

Let us, therefore, march on to victory, and deliver our bleeding country from beer and the Dragon.

See the glorious banner waving

Hear the trumpet blow!

In our Leader's name we'll triumph

Over every foe!

Fierce and long the battle rages,

But our help is near:

Onward comes our great Commander,

Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

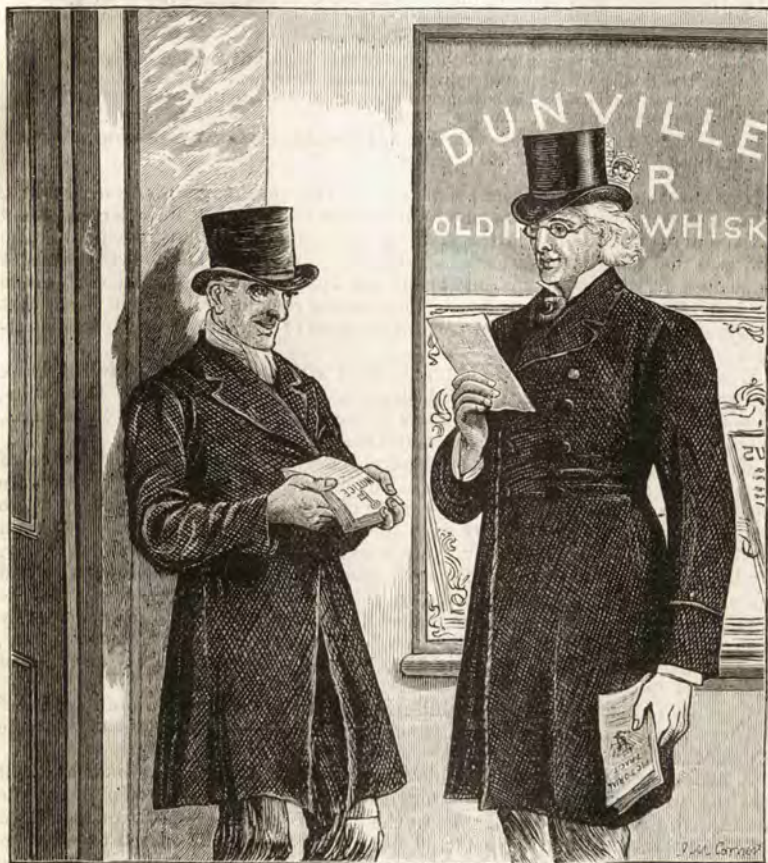
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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
MONTHLY  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



THE TRACT EXCHANGE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Sought and Saved," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross,"  
"My Battle Field," etc.

IT was an early summer's day in the year 1885 of the Christian era. Certain proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to increase the taxes on spirits and beer had lately aroused to excitement the dealers, both wholesale and retail, in these liquors.

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With that careful regard for their own interests which is not wholly foreign to drink-sellers, some began to raise the price of their commodities before the tax had been paid by them at all; others, more tender of their customers, still sold the drink at the former prices, but did not let slip this fine opportunity of announcing their magnanimity to their patrons. Amongst these was Mr. Barnabas Berriman, landlord of the "Golden Key," who had a number of circulars printed, with a pictorial heading of the golden key itself, printed in gold with a lavish disregard of expense and consideration of popular pictorial taste.

On the circular was printed, underneath the key, the following words:—

#### NOTICE.

Spite of the recent uncalled-for and unjust Legislative action in regard to the taxing of beer and spirits, Barnabas Berriman, landlord of the above, still offers to his customers gin, brandy, beer, and his other accustomed GOOD THINGS at the OLD PRICES.

N.B.—Please don't forget the SIGN and the MAN:—BARNABAS BERRIMAN, at the "GOLDEN KEY," Old City Road.

Next, having received from his printer an immense parcel of these circulars, it was necessary to find some one to distribute them. Barnabas Berriman had not lived at a public-house all the years of his manhood without knowing that he could get the distribution effected at almost no expense. There were dozens of idle loafing fellows with nothing to do but lounge outside "publics," because they had shown so much capacity in the past for remaining inside of them that employers of labour had ceased to regard them as of value in their various work-shops.

Mr. Berriman had only to hold up his hand with a quart-measure full of drink in it and their services were offered at once. He engaged four of these men, and posted one at each of the four doors of the "Golden Key"—the two in front, the one at the side in Jones's Passage, and the one at the back.

Mr. Berriman, with quite a generous disregard of the possible waste of printer's ink, and even of that gold in the key, bade his hirelings—who were smartened up a little with some old clothes of the publican's, lent, not given, to them, to make them in harmony with the respectability of the house—to hand the circulars indiscriminately to everyone who passed and who would accept a copy.

"Blue Ribbonites and all, master?" asked one funny old fellow, who had been a gentleman, and a rich one too, in the old days, long ago—days which he did not want to remember now, and wished he could quite forget. He was scarcely fifty yet, but they called him "Old Stew." His real name was Stuart Warren; and that name was to be found in the College books at Durham University of thirty years ago.

"Ay," said Barnabas Berriman, smiling at Old Stew; "Blue Ribbonites and all."

There was a chorus of laughter from the poor degraded fellows at this joke between the landlord and Old Stew.

A little coarse food through the day, and as much beer as they liked at night after the work was done—those were the magnificent wages offered by the publican, and accepted by men who, in the past, if any other employer had dared so to insult them, would have talked fiercely of the insults offered to working-men, and meditated a "strike" forthwith. It would be comical, were it not so miserable on the reverse of the medal, that working-men will do so much, at so low a price, for the class of men who impoverish them by the very necessity of their existence. Working-men have a strange fashion of carrying out the injunction, "Love your enemies"; a fashion wholly inconsistent with the real meaning of our Saviour's beautiful words.

Old Stew was standing at one of the front doors of the "Golden Key," offering, with a politeness inseparable from the breeding of the man, his bundle of circulars to the passers-by. And amongst the passers-by was a tall gentleman, whose occupation it might be difficult to tell. The upright bearing and straight figure might denote a military man; but the face was of a wholly different type,

and suggested the minister rather, which again the dress somewhat belied. An author, perhaps; a singer—a musician, with that somewhat artistic cranial development; but whatever he might be, there was in his hand also, as Old Stew observed, a packet of circulars or something. As Old Stew glanced at him a little curiously, he noted that the passer wore a blue-silk button in his coat; and Old Stew, though this form of Blue Ribbonism was a novelty to him, remembered the words of the landlord, and with a smile and something of a bow, he presented one of his papers.

The gentleman gave a hasty glance through his gold spectacles at the tract offered, at the man who offered it, and then up at the building at whose door it was offered. He accepted it with a good-tempered "Thank you," and then slipping from his own parcel a leaflet, only a little more of a thing than the one he had received, he said pleasantly: "A Rowland for an Oliver. That's fair, isn't it?" and passed on.

He passed on, and Old Stew glanced curiously at the tract in his hand. It bore this title:—

#### BEWARE OF THE ONE GLASS.

BY JOSEPH LIVESEY.

"Pooh!" said Old Stew disdainfully. "Some confounded teetotal stuff. I won't be humbugged with that nonsense." He crammed the innocent tract into his pocket, and looked after the retreating figure. It was so tall a form that he could trace it quite a long way. He saw the head bent, at first—evidently the gentleman was reading Mr. Berriman's "tract"; then the head was raised, and the pace increased; finally the figure mounted the roof of a passing omnibus, and was soon after that lost to the sight of Old Stew.

But with persistency Old Stew thought about him, against his wish to do so, for many minutes. "Older than I am a good deal, I should judge," he meditated, "and yet twice the man I am. I walked as straight and firm as he did once; but that's a good while ago, now." He tried to think of other things, to attend to the distribution of his circulars, but all the rest of that day "Beware of the one glass" sounded in his ears. It brought to his remembrance the very first glass he had taken. Old Stew had to blame himself for his fall. It is a very solemn reflection for all Temperance workers, that in the ranks of those degraded through drink are some men and women who when they were children attended Bands of Hope and Temperance meetings as members, who did not learn to drink at their parents' tables, and who had the examples of father and mother to lead them aright.

Perhaps no stronger argument than this can be found for the absolute necessity of legislation against the manufacture and sale of the drink itself, which is certain to be a snare to a given number of the population of any nation which is so foolish as to indulge in its use. Old Stew began to drink in that dangerous borderland age, between childhood and manhood, when the youth believes he knows all, yet knows almost nothing; when experience sheds no light upon his path, and confidence beams with rosy and golden glory. His first glass he had taken with a delightful sense of daring, of throwing-off childish restraints and acting for himself like a man. "Beware of the one glass!" The one glass—how many it had led to since. And for drink he had renounced his first love, a teetotaller—like he had been when he engaged himself to her, boy and girl fashion—who in her womanhood had the courage to require him still to abstain, if he would have her. He had thrown away her love lightly; and she had loved him too well to forget his scorn of her affection, and died a year or two later, her tender heart broken, but her soul saved. And then he had recklessly united himself to a gay, thoughtless girl, who liked drink as well as he did, and who came tumbling down with him from respectability into a terrible, reckless, sensual existence. She had left him long ago. He had one child—a daughter, a poor crippled girl, injured by her mother's cruel neglect, but fair in God's sight amidst surroundings of degradation and iniquity.



Spite of her hopeless infirmity, spite of her almost penniless condition, she kept alight in the mean cellar that was all they had for home, a spark of purity and peace which made it possible for her, and even for her father, to believe in heaven.

Old Stew rarely went home; but when he did, Rose met him kindly, and shared her bread with him: it was rarely indeed she had anything else. The place was never dirty: it could not be either sweet or wholesome, for lack of sunshine and fresh air; but she did her best, poor girl, to make it least wretched. Her work was the manufacture of match-boxes, at starvation prices; but she was good, and thankful even for that—one of God's heroines, living in a cellar of the great Christian (?) city! Perhaps, by-and-by, Christian employers will be sorry they offered those who have higher places than themselves in heaven, no better wages for their work on earth.

Old Stew went home, not that first day, nor the second of his distribution of circulars! He got gloriously drunk, as his reward for giving them away. But the haunting words of the title of the tract which had been exchanged with his own would not be silent in his heart. He had no peace, no rest. He decided at last to go and talk to Rose about it—to tell her the story, and give her that crumpled-up thing which, though he would not read it, he yet could not make up his mind to throw away.

"There, Rose," he said gently, as he entered the cellar at last; for, sunken as he was, he never spoke roughly to this afflicted child—the image of God still shone out through him in just this one particular; "that's what I call my tract exchange. I got it for one of Mr. Berriman's handbills." He smoothed the tract out on his palm as he spoke. Rose was interested immediately, and reached her hand for it.

"If 'twas a bank-note, now," said Old Stew grimly.

The girl took it, and read aloud the words, "Beware of the one glass."

"Father," she said softly, "if you would take that advice, it would be better to you than any bank-note."

Old Stew was ill next day; he could not move from his bed. His nights of excess, his frequent changes or garments (for he had had to give up to safe custody the landlord's old clothes before he began his evening's carousal), and perhaps as much as either of these, the terrible remorse that had gnawed all day long persistently at his heart, had induced fever—a low, wearing, wearying illness. The city missionary who called regularly to see Rose, and who was her best friend, attended to all the necessary matters for her in this case also, and got her father conveyed to the Workhouse hospital. There the poor girl went, though with difficulty, to see him; and there he received more nourishment and proper clothing than he had had for a long time. After a long period of doubt, he got round. His case had excited a good deal of interest in his good-natured doctor, who got him to confide his story to him, and all the more readily because this medical man wore in his coat the fellow of that little blue button which was worn by the gentleman in the "tract exchange."

The end of the story was, that Stuart Warren became an errand man in Dr. Bind's surgery, and washed bottles and pounded pills, till it was discovered that he had such a knowledge of drugs as justified a little more trust. And now it is believed by Dr. Bind that his "case" from the Workhouse may, by-and-by, pass the necessary examinations to become a dispenser.

Meanwhile, Rose is the presiding spirit of a comfortable lodging, where in her father's room, her own room, and the parlour is alike to be found a tract with this title:—

**BEWARE OF THE ONE GLASS!**

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
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THE STORY OF A WANDERER.

YOU may, perhaps, have seen Bishop Stile's Drinking Song:—

I cannot eate but lytle meate,  
My stomacke is not good,  
But sure I thinke that I can drinke  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I nothing am a colde,  
I stuff my skyn so full within  
Of joly good ale and oide.

But I take neither new ale nor old. My daily drink is water. I ask for nothing else. This is nature's beverage, and you cannot find a better. The *Lancet*, the chief organ of the medical world, in an article on Water-drinking, says:—

It is somewhat surprising that in a country in which rain falls almost every day in large or small measure, the use of pure water as a drink is not better understood than it is. Even now that the sway of Temperance is well established, and continues to extend, we should be surprised to learn that a majority of Englishmen do not habitually discard the use of the natural beverage for one or other in which it is compounded with foreign ingredients. Yet its very purity from all but a salutary trace of mineral matter is what renders it capable of exactly satisfying, and neither more nor less than satisfying, the needs of thirsty tissue, and of assisting by its mere diluent and solvent action, without stimulation or other affection of function, the digestion and excretion of food. No other qualifications are necessary. Given digestible, solid food, and fair—that is, normal—digestive power, water alone is all-sufficient as liquid.

But many people are afraid to drink water because, say they, "It is so dangerous." Having often heard this lately, I have thought out my own experience.

Here it is. In former years my vocation compelled me to take long walks, in summer and winter, over the hills of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire. In dust, wind, rain, frost, and snow I walked down deep valleys, toiled along rough roads, picked my way across dangerous morasses, climbed weary heights, went scores of miles over heathery heights, and mounted to wild fells where snow shone in the sun nearly all the year round, and water was my drink for days together. No tea, coffee, lemonade, ginger beer, &c., wet my thirsty lips. Even when I crossed the famous Hart Fell all alone—a solitary figure watched from afar by anxious eyes—when oft

A mighty wind,  
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,  
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,  
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,  
From the bright east—

and I have done it in both the hot summer and angry winter—water was my solace and my strength.

Nor was I curious as to where I found it. Pumps in farm yards, cattle troughs by the wayside, deep wells in cottagers' gardens, springs far up the hills, brooks in the valley—the Tyne, the Wear, the Greta, and the Derwent—enabled me to cool my fevered brow and quench my painful thirst.

What did it matter to me, weary as I often was with long, toilsome walks, much study, and many public efforts, that someone said:—

About this spring, if ancient fame say true,  
The dapper elves their moonlight sports renew;  
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen  
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled through the shade.

I answered, "See!

The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales,  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd.

And it is this crystal water that makes all nature beautiful and glad." And so I would—my hollowed hand my only cup—stoop down and drink, and then press on to reach some distant village where I might speak of The Water of Life.

'Tis years ago, but I am a water-drinker still.

Other scenes awaited me. There was work to be done in Sunderland, Carlisle, Birmingham, Manchester, Walsall, Wednesbury, Nottingham, Lynn, and Norwich; and I went and did it. "Town water" was enough for me. If thirsty, I drunk of it where I was. In factory and field, cottage or mansion, by the way or at some friendly door, "Adam's Ale" was always enough for me.

Then came my London life. For twenty-five years I dwelt among the poor of St. Giles. There I visited crowded and over-crowded dwellings, thieves' kitchens, great workshops, hideous slums, and most awful dens, where King Dirt reigned supreme.

What did I do? If thirsty, I drank a cup of water anywhere. I never waited, never faltered. "Can you," I would say, "favour me with a drink of water?" and I took it gratefully there and then.

Well, what was the result of this fearless consumption of water? I have had vigorous health. Fever and cholera have never had dominion over me. My hand is steady, my eye bright, my heart beats like music, my face is ruddy, my food pleasant, my life a joy; and I envy no prince his venison and his wine.

The revelations of science teach me that I am right in my choice of a beverage. Dr. A. Flint gives the following table of *Quantity of Water* in the various parts of the body:—

PARTS PER THOUSAND.			
Teeth .. .. .	100	Milk of Human Female ..	857
Bones .. .. .	130	Chyle of Man .. .. .	904
Tendons .. .. .	500	Bile .. .. .	905
Articular Cartilages ..	550	Human Lymph .. .. .	900
Skin .. .. .	575	Human Saliva .. .. .	983
Liver .. .. .	618	Gastric Juice .. .. .	984
Muscles of Man .. .. .	725	Perspiration .. .. .	986
Ligaments .. .. .	768	Tears .. .. .	990
Mean of Blood .. .. .	780	Pulmonary Vapor .. .. .	997

And Dr. Carpenter says this:—

It is through the medium of the *water* contained in the animal body that all its vital functions are carried on. No other liquid than water can act as the solvent for the various articles of food which are taken into the stomach. It is water alone which forms all the fluid portion of the blood, and thus serves to convey the nutritive material through the capillary pores into the substance of the solid tissues. It is water which, when mingled in various proportions with the solid components of the various textures, gives to them the consistence which they severally require. And it is water which takes up the products of their decay and, by the most complicated and wonderful system of sewerage, conveys them out of the system.

There seems, then, no reason why I should exchange water for wine or beer. Water is cheaper; water is better; water empties no purse, nor opens any prison door.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, of London, an eminent literary man, gives his recent experience of water-drinking in these remarkable words:—

It has been said that moderate doses of alcohol stimulate work into greater activity, and make life happier and brighter. My experience since I became a total abstainer has been exactly opposite. I have found myself able to work better. I have a greater command over any powers I possess. I can make use of them when I please. When I call upon them, they answer; and I need not wait for them to be in the humour. It is all the difference between a machine well oiled and one which has something among the wheels which catches and retards the movement at unexpected times. As to the pleasure of life, it has been also increased. I enjoy nature, books, and men more than I did—and my previous enjoyment of them was not small. Those attacks of depression which come to every man at times who lives too sedentary a life, rarely visit me now; and when depression does come from any trouble, I can overcome it far more quickly than before. The fact is, alcohol, even in the small quantities I took it, while it did not seem to injure health, injured the fineness of that physical balance which means a state of health in which all the world is pleasant. That is my experience after four months of water-drinking.

Water alone will revive a man's health. Every day decayed matter needs to be removed from the human system. Left there it will produce, in time, some disease: washed out of the system by water, it will make way for "Health to the bones." A water-drinker's flesh, if cut or bruised, soon heals. Water within, and water bandage without, will not leave much for the doctor to do. Water breaks neither bones nor hearts; therefore sing:—

Bright, bright water,  
Sparkling and free,  
Dancing and leaping  
Joyously.  
Bright, pure water,  
Foaming in glee,  
That is the best drink  
For you and for me.

Laughing water!  
Bursting to light  
In the pure fountain—  
Beautiful sight!  
Gurgling in coolness  
Down in the glen:  
Best drink of all drinks—  
Drink, drink again.

Soft is its rippling  
O'er mossy stones,  
Making sweet music  
'Neath the pine cones.  
Now it grows bolder,  
Dashing along:  
Best drink of all drinks—  
Praise it in song!

Health in its coolness;  
Nerve in its light;  
Brain clear and tranquil;  
True, steady sight;  
Sound mind to reason;  
Mental powers strong:  
Best drink of all drinks—  
Pass it along!

Yes, "Pass it along" the line of life. Place it on your table. Let it sparkle in the vestry. Put it in the school-room. Open fountains in the streets. "Pass it along" everywhere, for it is the gift of the Good Father to us all.

Reader! are you poor? Are you sick? Are you depressed? Are you weary in body and mind? Do these two things:—Sign the pledge, and drink water when you are thirsty. Come to Him who sat on Jacob's Well and said:—

Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Then, I feel certain, you will see the truth of Tennyson's true words:—

Old writers push'd the happy season back—  
The more fools they—we forward: dreamers both:  
You most, that in an age when every hour  
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,  
Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt  
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip  
His hand into the bag; but well I know,  
That unto him who works, and feels he works,  
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

Your Servant,

GEORGE WILSON McCREE.

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# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “I CANNOT NOW.”

By Mrs. NOEL-THATCHER.

PERHAPS there is no excuse for dabbling in alcoholics more frequently given than the one which constantly salutes the ear of the earnest Temperance worker—*I take so little that I might as well be an abstainer.*

This was the oft-repeated maxim of Mrs. Gordon. What is called well-born and highly-cultured, she had been accustomed to the luxurious living indulged in by persons in her social position.

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At eighteen, the fascinating Ethael was united in marriage to a dashing military officer of high rank. She sparkled and dazzled for a season or two, and then her husband joined his regiment, which was ordered on foreign service.

He died "gallantly," as it is called, upon the battle-field. The pair had loved each other devotedly.

Friends and relatives sympathised with the heart-stricken, lovely young widow. She secluded herself from society, and became absorbed in the one great grief that had overtaken her. Nursed in the lap of luxury from infancy, and still wealthy; possessed of kind relatives and sympathetic friends, Ethael turned from her would-be comforters and nursed her grief as though she were the only woman since Eve's days left to endure the pangs of widowhood.

Health failed. She became physically weak as well as mentally suffering. Active exercise, ministering to the wants of others, and above all, the consolations of the Gospel, were by her unheeded.

Ethael had always taken wine, as we have said, in what is supposed to be the very strictest moderation; nor was that life-long habit given up when her great sorrow overtook her. On the contrary, a little more stimulant than heretofore seemed to be necessary.

By the advice of friends, to obtain sleep she had recourse to a little—a very little—warm brandy and water. The dose sometimes had the effect desired—sleep was produced, though of an unrefreshing character. At other times, the night-cap, metaphorically, was lined with thorns. Sleep was scared away, and the disconsolate widow at these seasons seems to live a more intense life than in the day-time, whilst busy memory conjured up vivid pictures of joys for ever fled, and a dreary unloved and unloving future.

Among her large family circle was a gifted Christian girl, who had herself been called to mourn the sudden death of her betrothed. He had gone to Switzerland, and like many another tourist had, as the penalty of his temerity, forfeited his life.

Cordelia Cunningham mourned her loss bitterly. Like her cousin, she felt no second lover could efface from her affections her manly Harold.

Delia was an abstainer, and in deference to the "weakness" of his lady-love, the talented artist had also ranged himself upon the side of abstinence.

The sorrowing girl hid away in her lacerated heart all the bright visions and joyous anticipations that had been hers to become the comforter of her friend and cousin, Mrs. Gordon. With pain the former noted the capricious appetite, and the increased quantity of stimulant taken by the widow. Delicate hints were thrown out, and cases that might point a warning were related; but Mrs. Gordon waived such conversations, the current of their intercourse ever gliding into the ocean of the widow's one deep sorrow.

Years rolled on. Delia, with a chastened spirit, safeguarded by total abstinence, with faith anchored upon the Rock of Ages, became the sympathising Christian comforter of many a sad one in her own and other grades of life. She wept and prayed and fared for Ethael, who was evidently becoming more morbid, more bereft of will-power as the years rolled round.

Another, and in some aspects a more crushing sorrow, overwhelmed Mrs. Gordon, and Delia was also involved in the great trouble. A bank failure hurled them from wealth and position to almost the verge of poverty.

The friends, so dissimilar, removed from London to Cheltenham. Delia became the ministering spirit to, if not guardian angel of, the widow. Her influence was felt and acknowledged by Mrs. Gordon, in all save one particular: wine was still freely taken—taken too freely upon one occasion, and Delia felt that the day for plain dealing had arrived.

When the effects of the over-dosing were partially recovered from by means of sleep and strong tea, an earnest conversation took place. Delia pointed out to her cousin her imminent danger. The answer was—"I cannot give it up now."

"Dear Ethael" was reminded, "You used to say you might as well be an abstainer

for the little you took. Surely now you would be *better* as an abstainer—stronger in body, stronger in mind; better able to endure the troubles in which we so largely participate.”

The widow repelled her friend's entreaties, alleging, “You know, Delia, I have, since the death of my never-to-be-forgotten Clifford, suffered so sadly from depression that, as you are aware, Dr. Sinclair says that in *my* case a little stimulant is absolutely necessary to brace up my nerves. I want tone, and I am perfectly sure that without these aids to sustaining my health I could not live.”

“Dear Ethael,” replied her cousin, “I would not presume to persuade you in opposition to the advice of your medical man, if I could believe that he had earnestly and impartially looked at this practice of prescribing alcoholics to delicate patients. Do you not remember, dear, that when our terrible trouble came—the crash that robbed us of property—the trial was so severe and unexpected that it almost crushed me; and you recollect Dr. Marshall earnestly advised stimulants to ‘brace me up;’ ‘give tone,’ as you say, to my shattered nerves. He argued that though I had done well without them during health, yet in this time of prostration, with my utter loss of appetite, I needed stimulants, ‘taken advisedly,’ to ‘tide me over the crisis.’”

“Yes, Delia; and I thought then, and I think now, you were very obstinate not to accede to Dr. Marshall's treatment.”

“What you call ‘obstinacy,’ dear, was, I am thankful to know, resolution, strengthened by faith in a merciful Succourer, in whom I trusted for recovery, if it should be His will; and if not, I knew in whom I had believed. Oh, Ethael!” was spoken with emotion, “how little did you, or any of the dear ones who surrounded me, know how fiery was the ordeal through which I was passing! Whilst I was ‘obstinately,’ as you have called it, resisting Dr. Marshall's medical treatment, he was, unconsciously, acting the part of the tempter; and, worst of all, there was a rebel in the camp willing to make common cause with the attacking force without. Again and again came the horrible suggestion: ‘I will do as many others would. I will take a stimulant—sufficient of it to stupefy my nerves and to assuage the acuteness of my feelings under the severe trial.’”

Mrs. Gordon wonderingly regarded Delia. At length she uttered in surprise—“I had no idea that you had ever felt the slightest inclination to resume the use of wine and so on. You ought to have yielded to the feeling. It was nature craving for what would have been beneficial to you.”

“No, no, no!” was responded almost vehemently. “It was a snare which, through Divine mercy, I escaped. Have you forgotten that Dr. Marshall acknowledged at last that mine was a wonderful recovery? Do you not remember how he praised my ‘fine constitution’? And have you forgotten that our friend, Dr. Elliot, when he so unexpectedly paid us a flying visit as he was passing through London, assured me that I might thank my total abstinence for my speedy and thorough restoration.”

“Oh yes, Delia; I know that Dr. Elliot is quite fanatical regarding this subject.”

“Was Dr. Marshall fanatical on the other side of the question?” asked Delia archly.

“Certainly not. He advised what most skilful practitioners would.”

“And I naughtily disobeyed his advice and became well and strong, whilst you, dear, have been following his skilful direction to the present time without realising the beneficial effects which you suppose accrue from such treatment. My dearest cousin! for my sake, for your own sake, try my plan for *just one month*. You are ill in body, shaken in nerves, and have lost a considerable amount of will-power: do, I entreat you, beloved Ethael, from this night abjure stimulants for one month.”

“I could not live a month without my wine,” spoke the widow despairingly. “The frightful sinking to which I am subject would consume me. Wine is the only thing that enables me to endure the wretched sensation.”

“Pardon me, dear; you have not tried the many substitutes that abound.”



"You know, Delia," interrupted her cousin, "I cannot take coffee; cocoa or chocolate is odious—slops are detestable."

"But," suggested the cousin, "strong beef-tea—extract of meat, as it were—a table-spoonful taken cold if you cannot take it warm, would, with immense advantage, substitute wine."

"These conversations are distasteful," avowed the lady abruptly; "do not let us prolong the argument. I *could* have abstained once; I CANNOT NOW."

Long and earnestly had Delia pleaded. No argument, human or Divine, was omitted; but the sad wail came—

"I CANNOT NOW."

The cousins separated! Delia slept soundly, as those frequently do who are pressed with sorrow.

At the repetition of her name, she started from a frightful dream—to hear a loud knocking at her chamber-door, and a domestic exclaiming, "The house is on fire!"

Throwing a dressing-gown round her, to open the door was the work of a moment.

Constables and the proprietors of the house where the ladies and their maid lodged, were running hither and thither.

It was soon found that the fire had originated in Mrs. Gordon's bedroom. It would appear that she had occupied a lounging-chair near a table, upon which her lamp was usually placed. This had been overturned, and the lady had slipped from her chair to the rug. She had sustained frightful burns. Life was extinct. Much of the furniture was smouldering, and the lamp was extinguished.

The part solution of this horrible tragedy was afforded by the presence of an empty wine-bottle upon the table.

Sick at heart, Delia turned from the room, whilst over her appalled spirit crept the weird sound—

"I CANNOT NOW!"

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“Oh! that my son had but said **NO** boldly.”

A TRUE STORY. By the Rev. T. W. HOLMES.

**I**T is nearly twenty-five years since the events here recorded happened, but I have not forgotten a single incident. I was then a young man and had in my congregation a family of most respectable and industrious working people. It consisted of the father and mother, one or two daughters, and four sons as handsome, tall, manly young fellows as any

village in the county could show. This family lived about a mile or a mile and a half out of the little town in which I resided, and in a small farm and adjacent house or two, close to the edge of a moor, and backed by a plantation of firs, which made a pleasant screen against the north wind. The father was a tall dignified old man, with beautiful white hair, gentle manners and a quiet voice, whose life was wearing onward to a peaceful and honoured eventide. He was respected by all who knew him. The girls taught in my Sunday School and sang in the choir. One of the sons—the youngest but one—in addition to the possession of a fine voice, was a clever musician, and had risen to a position of trust and responsibility in the works where he was employed—these were situated in a lovely valley close by, through which a pure moorland stream flowed merrily on its way to the river down below. Paul was his father's pride, and the old man had every reason to be proud of him. He too sang in the choir of the chapel.

One Saturday afternoon, when the machinery of the mill had stopped, his employer, who is a personal friend of my own, handing him a five-pound Bank of England note, said, "Here, Paul, take this note and get it changed. You can keep your own wages out of it, and give me the rest as you pass my house to-night."

The two young men parted. About six o'clock the same evening Paul walked down the hill to the town with the note in his pocket. It was a lovely night. The new moon was shining. The snow lay on the ground, and the fir trees on each side of the road were powdered with it and glittered in the moonlight as if they were rough with diamonds. On reaching the town, Paul entered the first public-house he came to, to ask the landlady to give him change for the note. He had no intention of purchasing anything to drink. The woman who kept the house was a friend of his family, and had known him from his childhood. She did not expect him to purchase any drink either. Taking the note from his hand she bade him wait a minute, and then ran upstairs to get him the gold.

Where Paul stood in the sanded passage, along which a ruddy fire cast its pleasant glow and warmth from the kitchen, was close to a room whose door was partly ajar, and in which sat several of the local manufacturers and magnates of the place. One of them had recognised the young man's voice when he asked for the change. Quietly pushing open the door of this room—the bar parlour—and beckoning to the young fellow, he said, "O! Paul, is that you: come this way?"

Paul did so, and was invited to take a glass of wine. This, he said, he would rather not do. But at last, in consequence of the persistent persuasion of the man, and not being a teetotaler, and a regrettable feeling as if his refusal had reached the point of rudeness, he drank the glass of wine.

Presently the landlady brought the five sovereigns, and Paul rose to go. On seeing this, another gentleman who was sitting in the room insisted that Paul should drink with him. A similar course of refusals, ending at last in a reluctant yielding to persuasion, followed.

A manufacturer who had been sitting by—a silent spectator of all this—fancying that he saw a plot to make the shy, handsome, ingenuous young fellow drunk, rose and said, "Come, Paul; I am going your way home. Let us go together!"

"Nonsense," said the man who had given him the first invitation to drink. "I'll see him home safe enough."

Paul was pushed back into his seat. The other man left the house.

I will now tell what happened to me:—The following morning a man came to my house to tell me that Paul Ingham had been arrested during the night for house-breaking, and that he was then in the police station. I refused to believe it, but on instantly leaving the house to make enquiries I found it was on everybody's lips, and that Paul was actually in the police-cell. That morning, about eleven o'clock, he was brought before three or four of the local magistrates privately. One of them was a fine old man who had been Paul's Sunday-school teacher in former years. He was remanded until the following Saturday. On that day the little Town Hall, of which we were all proud, was crowded to the doors. The throng of people surged out on to the staircase, and knots of persons stood for hours outside. The magistrates took their seats on the bench. Paul stood to the left hand of the chairman,

looking as white as the snow that we could see, lying on the distant hills, through the window behind him. His hands rested on the rail before him, and his fingers twitched nervously all the time. It was exquisitely painful to watch him. His wife was not there, but many knew that she was at home nursing a sick child—a pretty little creature that died a day or two after. It was proved that, on the night in question, the prosecutor had been startled out of his sleep by the sound of footsteps crossing his bedroom floor; that he had jumped out of bed and seized the intruder, whom he at once discovered to be Paul Ingham, who made no resistance, and could give no explanation of why he was there; that he had immediately sent off a servant to his brother's house, who lived close by, to ask him to come up at once; that on his brother's recommendation he had sent for the police, who had placed handcuffs on the prisoner and taken him down to the station, and locked him up all night. During the giving of this evidence it was as much as the officers of the Court could do to repress the feeling of indignation that displayed itself from time to time in the audience. When the mention of the handcuffs was made, it broke out audibly. Paul's cheeks crimsoned with shame as the strange story was told to the bitter end. For his part, he had no recollection of anything that happened after he had stepped out into the frosty night air, in company with the brother of the man in whose house he was seized, and who recommended sending for the police. They were seen going up the lonely country road that night by one or two persons, who noticed the helplessness of the younger man. But it was further shown that whoever had got first into that house must have known of a window at the back which was seldom fastened; that he had got in at it, crossed a large kitchen dresser close under it, on which there were crockery and glasses; had opened the door from the inside, re-locked it, and then got out again by the window—all of which was impossible to a man in Paul's condition, as was proved by the witnesses who had passed them in the lane. The man who took Paul home, knew all about the habits of his brother's family—knew of the unfastened window; had the reputation of being a practical joker—and practical jokers are always cruel; had been seen near to the house in the company of Paul; and only one opinion was entertained in the Court-house as to who it was that had opened the door, let in Paul, locked it again and gone away, out of the window, pulling it softly down behind him. And this was the man who had recommended that the police should be sent for, and had suggested that handcuffs should be put on the wrists of a neighbour's terrified son who had borne an unblemished character, and who stood pitifully trembling and overwhelmed at the position in which he found himself. It was also shown that the kitchen was very like Paul's own kitchen, and that he had put his boots carefully by the side of the fire-place, as he always did at home.

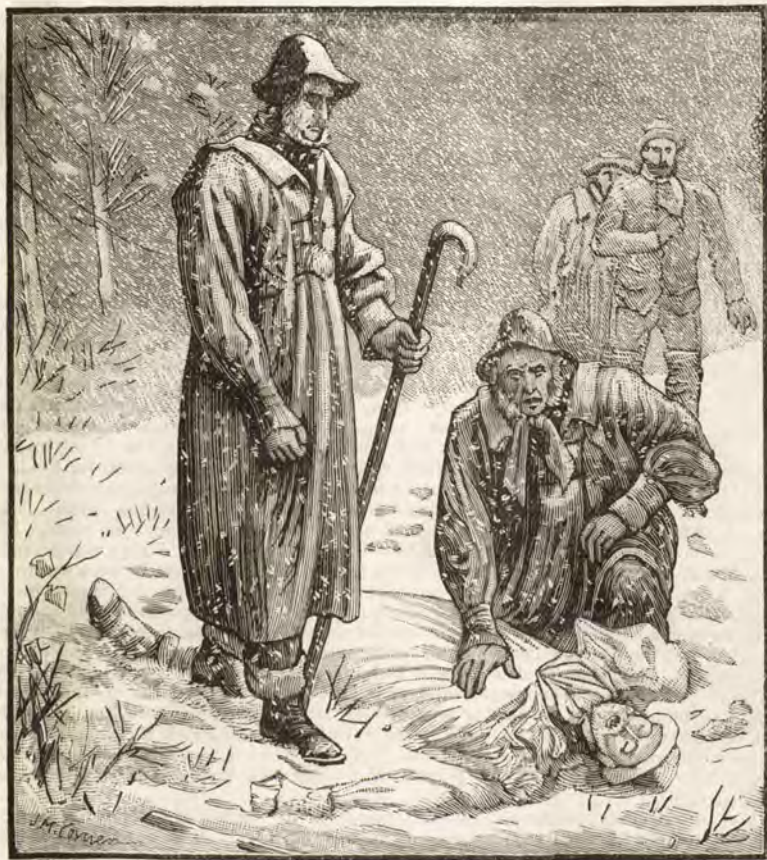
The magistrates dismissed the case, expressed their unanimous opinion that there had been some foul play, and assured Paul that he left the Court without a stain on his character. I think I hear now, after a quarter of a century, the instantaneous outburst of satisfaction which the officers vainly strove to suppress when Paul left the stand. I stepped up to him, for I was sitting near, took his arm and took him home with me to dinner. It was in vain, however, that we tried to tempt him to eat. His heart, he said, was too full. I walked home with him in the early twilight. The stars were shining brightly in the clear frosty air, the snow lay white and pure on the distant hills, the fir trees stood out against the low silvery sky in sad and solemn fellowship, and the thin music of a hidden brook stirred in the otherwise oppressive silence. I left him at last in the company of his anxious wife, sitting by the side of a suffering child. The next morning, early, a little rosy-cheeked village girl ran breathlessly past my window, suddenly stopped and knocked at the door. She was shown into my room. I was to go, she said, at once to Paul Ingham, who was dying. He wished to see me. I went. I found him in bed, delirious, with lucid intervals only at rare moments, when his eyes were fixed on me and his wife, with intense eagerness. He and I were both young; we had been dear friends. It has always been my happy fortune to be more loved than I deserve, and his was a case in point. In those occasional intervals he spoke to me of some things too sacred to mention here, then he would lose consciousness again for a while; and then came a swift torrent of words—explanatory,

accusatory, full of passionate entreaty, as if he felt the hated handcuffs slipping again over his wrists. At midnight he died. In the dim light of the next morning, I saw those restless hands I had watched in the Court lying still and motionless by his side, the weary lids had closed upon his troubled, beautiful eyes, the eager lips were hushed into the perfect stillness that even slander cannot disturb. The wise, experienced, and kindly doctor told me that he died heartbroken; that the shock to the nervous system had been too great; that the midnight journey through the snowy lanes, with the hated handcuffs on his wrists, had been as fatal to him as a pistol-shot. I believed him. I stood a few days later by his graveside. I saw his home broken up and his violin and piano sold, and his young wife leave the neighbourhood. More than that—within about twelve months from the fatal night, I saw his father, no longer straight as any fir tree that grew on the hillside behind his house, but bowed like one who bears a heavy burden, his eye downcast, his voice broken, his pride vanished, his reason dethroned, taken away in a carriage to the county lunatic asylum: never again to sit at eventide under the trees that still grow by his door; never to listen to the blackbird and thrush in the little orchard adjacent; never to wander through the fields sprinkled with yellow primroses across which it was his pride, at sunset, to see the straight and manly form of his son Paul, coming to chat half an hour or more with him on his way home.

It is long since I felt the springing of the purple heather under my feet in that neighbourhood; the friends of my youth are almost all gone from it now: but I hope I have not told in vain, for some young men, the story of one who died because he could not say NO.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**NEW YEAR'S TRACT.**

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**FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW:**

A REAL INCIDENT.

By the Author of "A Signalman's Story;" "A Robin's Christmas;" "The Only Son of his Mother;" "Jack's Yarn," &c., &c.

**D**URING the great and terrible snowstorm of January 18th, 1881, which left its mark on so many pages of domestic history, no less than thirty persons lost their lives on the far-famed Wiltshire Downs; but perhaps no case was more painful than the one upon which the following narrative is based.

**No. 243.**

Surrounded as must necessarily have been each instance with many sad and harrowing circumstances, the case we are about to dwell upon outshines them all, for not only had the widow to mourn the loss of her husband, and the children their father, but there was also the sad fact that but for the cursed drink he whom they loved so tenderly, and who loved them in return, might still have been alive to care for and protect them. When will the time come when men will learn that their drinking habits are not only dangerous to themselves, but also drag down those who are near and dear to them? But let us tell our story in its "round, unvarnished" simplicity, and the moral will reveal itself.

#### CHAPTER I.

"You won't be late to-night, Joe," said Mary Selman, as her husband hastily swallowed the frugal breakfast provided for him.

"No, lass; I reckon we shall be back about five. I musn't be late, for I've got my flock o' ewes to see to, when I gets back. Master said I were to go wi' Bill to-day, for the roads 'ull sure to go heavy with this here snow as is comin' on; so I've got to help unload, and we shall start off back as soon as ever we can. Dwoan't be afeard, lass; I shall be all right."

And, with a few cheery words, Joe started off to the farm-yard, where he found the carter ready with a grand team of four cart horses, and a heavy load of corn behind them, waiting to start for the market town of Devizes. Now, there were two ways of getting to Devizes: one by a circuitous turnpike road, and one by a more direct route across the Downs, which latter made a difference of some two or three miles. This was generally chosen by pedestrians, but was not available for heavy vehicular traffic. On the morning when our story opens, the heavens were overspread with thick leaden-coloured clouds, and snow had been falling for some hours with a steady persistence that boded a heavy storm. It was, indeed, partly in consequence of this that the load of corn was got ready that morning, field-work being impossible; and as it was hardly advisable that men and horses should remain idle for a whole day, the farmer thought it best to despatch some corn to the stores at Devizes, in readiness for the market. It was no part of Joe's regular work to accompany this load. He was a shepherd, but the flock was safely folded on the Downs, and as he had nothing particular to do that day, his master said he might as well go and lend Bill a hand. Joe was by no means disinclined for a journey of this sort: there was the chance of seeing something fresh—and, if the truth must be told, there was also a chance of his having a drop of the celebrated Devizes ale. For Joe, though in the main a good-hearted fellow, as the saying goes, was rather fond of his glass. True, he did not get very much chance to indulge his appetite, for he had a wife and seven children dependent upon him. There were certain occasions in the year—as for instance lambing time, club feast, harvest home, a wedding, or a journey to Devizes—when there were plenty to treat, or an extra shilling or two to spend. We have said there were seven children: so there were, the eldest just old enough to be earning a shilling or two a week, but the remainder were helpless. At this time, too, Mary was to use the homely words of Scripture, "great with child;" and it was this, perhaps, which caused her to be a little more than usually anxious about her husband's journey in the snowstorm, and accounted for her anxiety that he should not be late in coming home. A neighbour looked in once or twice during the day, and with that rough sympathy so characteristic of our rural population, tried to cheer her up, and to while away the long tedious hours. Still the snow came noiselessly down, and as the large flakes piled one on another, the earth was covered with a deep white spotless mantle.

Five o'clock came: so did six, but still there was no sign of the returning wagon. The children got too tired at length to wait up any longer, and all except the eldest boy were sent to bed. A dull uneasy feeling prevailed in the house, and, try how she could, Mary Selman could not be at rest. First of all she would try to persuade herself that Joe would remain in town for the night. Then she thought of the flock, and that hope died away, till at length she sat down almost overpowered by her conflicting feelings. She was aroused by a kindly neighbour looking in to see if Joe was got home yet.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Well! this is a storm, and no mistake. I think we had better get rid of our load as quick as possible, and see about starting for home," said Bill, as at length they pulled up their smoking team in front of the Royal Oak. "I dwoan't half like the look of this."

"Oh! we shall be all right enough presently," was the answer. "I've a bin out in as bad weather as this afore. Let's go and have a drain o' summat to drink. That 'ull warm us up a bit."

So the pair, after seeing the horses comfortably housed, and in a fair way of doing well, betook themselves to the kitchen, and under the influence of the cheery fire, and a good substantial meal, seemed to forget the outside world for a time. But Bill was anxious to be on the move, and presently succeeded in getting Joe out of his cosy corner; and having unloaded the wagon, and put the horses to, everything was ready for the return journey.

"I tell thee what, Bill, I've got my ewes to see to when I gets home, so I'll go across the Downs. Thee go on round the road with the team, and I shall be home first."

"No, no, man. Thee must be crazy to go across the Downs in this weather. I wouldn't go for a hundred golden sovereigns."

"Nor me, either," chimed in the landlord. "Both of you had better stop here all night."

"Why, what's the matter with ye all, to-day? Ye all seems to sing to the same tune. Anybody 'ud think you'd never seed a snow-storm before. You do seem afeard ov a bit o' snow. I bean't, and I shall go across the Downs."

"Well, thee allus wast a main stubborn chap, and I s'pose thee must have thee way. I wouldn't go, that's all."

"Come and have a drop to keep the cold out before you do start, then," invited the landlord, in mistaken kindness; and Joe, nothing loth, went accordingly, and added two or three others to the potatoes he had already imbibed.

After another ineffectual attempt to induce his companion to accompany him, Bill started with the team, and Joe went off in the opposite direction, up through the deserted streets of the town to the road leading to the Downs over which he had to pass. Even here the struggle was terrible, and by the time he had reached the last public-house he would have to pass on his way, he decided that he must have "another drop." And so he did; and after a short rest he got up and resumed his journey. Leaving the town behind, and setting out on to the high road, he met for the first time the full fury of the storm. He was not altogether unaccustomed to this, and fought his way bravely along, pausing for a minute now and again to let it break before renewing the struggle.

"That's a man getting along up the road to the Downs, isn't it?" asked a butcher of his companion, as they were hastily returning to the town. "And, as sure as I'm alive, he's drunk!"

"I wouldn't go that way for a trifle to-night," was the response. "Let's offer him a lift back to town."

But the hospitable offer was either unheard or refused, and the butchers, anxious for their own safety, hurried back home, one of them remarking, "You mark my words, we shall hear more of this presently."

Still on and on went the weary pedestrian, and down came the fleecy snow; the wind howled as if in derision at man's feeble efforts against the powers of nature—and Joe Selman was alone on the dreary road.

### CHAPTER III.

"Tom, put on your cap, and run over to see if the wagon is got back yet. I feel dreadfully nervous to-night," said Mrs. Selman to her eldest boy, about seven o'clock on the same evening.

In a few minutes Tom came running breathlessly back, followed by Bill, who expressed the utmost astonishment that Joe hadn't got home yet.

"Why, missus, I thought he'd a bin here hours ago. He started off to walk across the Downs, and I came on the roadway with the team. I *have* had a time on't, and no mistake. Soon after I'd a got about half way I very near got lost, and I thought the best thing I could do was to hitch the hosses out and give 'em their own chance of getting home. One pair he got here all right, but t'others be lost; and Master and I and some of the men be going out to try and find 'em. We'll go up to the fold and see if Joe's there. He said he were goin' to see to his flock as he come back."

"Then, God help me, he is lost!" was the agonised cry of the poor creature, as she fell to the ground.

"Here, some of you women, look to Joe Selman's wife, will ye?" said Bill, as he ran off to help in the search.



"Poor soul, and she so near her time, too," said one of the kindly neighbours, as she proceeded to do what was necessary to help the unfortunate woman. "I'll stay along with her to-night, and belike, in the morning, her man will find his way home."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days afterwards, a neighbour looked into the desolate cottage. No tidings had yet found its way thither of the lost shepherd. There was a look on the face of the new comer, however, that betokened news of some sort, and Mary eagerly came forward, saying, "Oh! what is it? I am sure you have some tidings of Joe."

"I am sorry to say I have no *good* news, my poor woman," was the gentle answer.

"But, what is it? tell me, please. Has my man been found?"

"God help thee in thy trouble, thy man *has* been found!" was the solemn reply, and there was something in the speaker's manner that told all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, Joe Selman *had* been found! But how? Search parties had been organised both in the village and in the town—for ill news flies apace—and every inch of the road examined, but without success. The missing horses had, indeed, been found, and liberated, none the worse for their exposure; but no trace could be found of the lost shepherd, and it was feared that his body could not be found until a thaw set in. But a party working from the town end went out again, and at length, not a mile from where he had been last seen alive, a halt was made.

"We needn't look any further, mates," said one of the searchers to his companions. "Here's a bad job, here."

The party all closed up around, and a shudder passed through all, as one stepped forward and turned over the inanimate mass before them. Yes, this was Joe Selman, *covered with three inches of snow!* He had died where he had fallen,—not because he had got into a drift, and so perished, but killed by exposure. He had fought his way thus far, and then, overcome by fatigue, had lain down to that sleep from which there is no awaking until the last great day.

We draw a veil over the scene of agony in that little village home, from whence, in the prime of life and vigour, the head of the family had been cut off. Nor is it for us to say drink killed him. We only know this—that he was lured on to his death by a false courage begotten of the drop taken "to keep the cold out"; and we know that to-day the cries of the widow and fatherless go up to the throne of grace from hundreds of such broken hearts. And shall not you and I, gentle reader, be nerved to stronger deeds, and greater earnestness of purpose in our warfare against the foul demon who still stalks through our fair land, casting his withering blight on every side, and dragging down to perdition many and many a soul that might have done God service but for the curse of drink? Let us nerve ourselves afresh for the struggle, and in the year just begun it may be our lot to be instrumental in saving more than one soul from the grasp of the tempter. Let us use our opportunities as they are presented to us, and God of His great mercy will give us the increase if we "sow and faint not."

E. L.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



THE LOST POET:

A TALE OF A SCOTTISH MANSE.

**A**MONG the many beautiful sights of Scotland is the Manse; it is the home of the minister of the parish and his family. Probably it is a grey stone building, close to a grey stone church, with grassy hillocks near, and grand misty mountains far away, a trout burn within sight, and ewes and lambs in nooks on the swelling hills.

No. 244.

Order, thrift, gravity, affection, learning, and solid piety rule in the Scottish Manse, and in such a home two clever lads were born, educated, and finally sent to college. One of them became very famous as a war-correspondent; the other—the younger son—made some mistakes at his university, and went forth from Scotland for ever.

Whither had he gone? Where was he? Yes; "Where was he?" was the question often asked in the old Manse on the hills. But none could tell—father, mother, brother, friend or neighbour. At length the elder brother, now famous as a war-correspondent, went to Queensland to lecture on what he had seen on many a blood-stained field, and he then began to hear tidings of his brilliant, but erratic brother. He had been seen at a distant cattle station. He had kept sheep on the Burnett. Gold-digging had fascinated him. Then some one recognised him road-making at Mount Abandena, and at last, alas! after standing in a washpool at sheep-shearing time at Toonoombe, he had a long illness, died, and was buried far away from his kith and kin in bonny Scotland.

In his own plaintive lines—

On a grassy bank doth the shepherd lie,  
While the creek's dull waters lave  
Where the green trees nod to the azure sky,  
And naught one hears but the curlew's cry,  
You may see his lonely grave.

\* \* \* \*

For low and deep doth the shepherd sleep,  
By the Queensland waters lying,  
He hath laid him down in a nameless grave,  
Where the curlew's shriek and the green trees wave,  
And the southern winds are sighing.

How came we by these lines, his—the exile's—remember? Well, books have wonderful histories. In all the exile's wanderings he made friends, and sang to them songs of his own, and was known to them as "Alick the Poet." It seems, too, that he had published some of them in a small green volume, entitled "Voices from the Bush," by Alexander Forbes; but where was there a copy to be found? At length a Rockhampton man brought a copy of the poems—a green book—to the elder brother, and from its pages much of the life of the poor lost lad may be learned.

One extract has been given. Here is another—a sad one indeed it is, and I fear that it depicts a scene in the poet's own wasted life; if not that, then a scene in which he had played his part.

FOR ALCOHOL.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through a Queensland township passed,  
A youth, who seemed to little reck,  
So long as he could smash his cheque

FOR ALCOHOL.

His cheeks were tanned, his brow was dun,  
Through long exposure to the sun,  
And, like a brazen trumpet strong,  
He shouted as he went along,

FOR ALCOHOL.

In well-lit bars he saw the rum,  
For which so many miles he'd come;  
Far out the night was dark and drear—  
Besides, he had not for a year

SEEN ALCOHOL.

"Try not the road," the landlord cried;  
"You will be better far inside—  
My house with comforts doth abound."  
In went the youth and "shouted" \* round

FOR ALCOHOL.

"Stay," said the barmaid, with a wink;  
"We'll serve you with the best of drink."  
A leer shone in his bloodshot eye,  
And loudly he again did cry

FOR ALCOHOL.

And there he stayed, until with rum  
He got most blindly overcome;  
So thoroughly they skinned him out,  
No coin was left wherewith to shout

FOR ALCOHOL.

"Beware the gutter's miry swamp;  
Clear out from here and find some camp!"  
This was the waiter's last farewell,  
And from the puddle came a yell

FOR ALCOHOL.

Next morning, by the watchful trap,  
Half hid in mud, without a rap,  
Was found that youth who did not reck,  
So long as he could smash his cheque

FOR ALCOHOL.

There, in a kennel smeared with clay,  
Alive, but mortal drunk he lay;  
While from his lips, so parched and dry,  
Escaped at intervals a cry

FOR ALCOHOL.

The reckless manner in which gold is turned to drink in Australia is vividly portrayed in "The Voices":—

Now, if this claim turns out an ounce,  
Right joyful shall I be;  
I'll walk into the Moimish  
And have a jolly spree.

And if two ounces it should run,  
By jove, that would be glorious;  
Rockhampton I'd turn upside down,  
And spend a month uproarious.

---

\* Treated all in the bar to drinks.

What did that "month" mean? Why, drinking all night, billiards and cards, fights, oaths and sensuality, wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, insanity, suicides, and murders.

Happily, all deaths in Queensland do not terminate through drink. A good man—a Christian miner, as we read the legend—was killed by the caving in of the mine, and his comrades buried him. And thus sing "The Voices" :—

Ah! the funeral of the digger  
Was a solemn thing, I ween;  
Round the grave each mourner's figure  
Dim and indistinct was seen,  
As the firelight o'er them streaming  
But a fitful radiance gave,  
While the stars, serenely beaming,  
Shine upon the miner's grave.  
Round the spot where he is lying,  
Soft's the murmur of the breeze,  
And like dirges o'er him sighing,  
Is the rustling of the trees;  
And the digger calm is sleeping  
'Neath Australia's dust-flecked sod,  
There we left him to the keeping  
Of his Saviour and his God.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, LL.D., the famous war-correspondent of the *Daily News*, in his "Souvenirs," has furnished these and other particulars of his "poor gifted shipwrecked brother, who with happier fortune might have taken some rank among the sweet singers of our language," does not very clearly point the moral of this dismally pathetic story of "The Poet Waif."

We will do so. It is this: NEVER USE STRONG DRINK. Thousands of young men are ruined by it. Books, income, health, examinations, character, and promotion all perish before it.

My friend,—What are you going to do with your life? Come with us, the Temperance reformers of the age, and, by the blessing of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we will do you good.

Sign the pledge, this day, and begin a New Life!

GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## HONEST TRADE.

"GOOD MORNING! Where are you off to in such haste this morning?  
Come in and have a chat. I have not seen you for weeks."

"Thank you, Landlord; I'm well, have plenty of work to do, and cannot stop for a cha. Besides, I have signed the Pledge, and mean to keep it; so that I shall not visit you as often as I did. It does not pay."

"It seems to me that you have persuaded nearly all your old friends to think the same, for I find I've taken nearly £200 less this year than last. I don't know what will come of the trade."

"I hope it will end in being an honest trade—one that lets men have a good return for their money."

"'An honest trade!' That is a sample of your teetotal charity! Honest trade, forsooth! Whom do I wrong by the trade?"

"Don't get angry, Landlord. Anger never helps any of us. Just let us talk about it quietly. I believe you mean to do right, and took this house because you thought the business was an honest one; but I think it is the opposite. For instance, when I came to your house I spent five or six shillings every week. You took it from me, yet you knew that I had a wife and children at home who needed the money. Then I was often 'screwed,' and went home ready for a row and unfitted for my work. I was constantly ailing, and had to go to the doctor, which is a bad thing for a working-man to have to do. Honest trade will not do such things as these."

"No one made you drink. I often sent you home before you wanted to go."

"Yes, you did, and I thank you now; but you know it was because I had drunk until you were afraid of losing your licence, or I had spent all my money. Now, tell me, do you think that can be a right trade which keeps its customers poor, makes them starve their children's bodies and minds, causes disease, and even leads to crime?"

"I thought you had not time to talk to me. I'll admit I have no comfort in the business, and wish I was out of it. Good-day to you!"

Whilst Fred had been talking to the landlord, a fellow-workman came up and listened. He put his arm through his friend's and said, "I think you gave it him too hot, Fred. You ought to be merciful even to a dog. There was some truth in what he said about your not being made to drink."

"Yes, there is some truth in it. No one drove me in, but an awful craving made me go. Why, I could swallow a glass of ale just now with relish, and want it, although I know, if I took it, it would damn me. Where did that crave come from? Once I had no such strong desire. When first I tasted ale I spat it out. The love of the liquor grew. I went to that house for good company; I swallowed ale for 'the good of the house.' Now my stomach is always crying out for a drop, and I have one living fight with appetite. Is that an honest trade which makes a man long to do what he knows is wrong?"

"He gives you what you call for, and you pay your money."

"Yes, I know that; but you have not answered my question."

"He does just the same as any other tradesman. Our friend Thomas, there, who has put a new window into his shop, and dressed it out so as to lead men to go in and buy. Some will be caught, and buy what they don't want; yet you would not say he is carrying on a dishonest trade. Why, then, our old friend the publican?"

"Well, I am amazed at you for talking in such a way. I should have thought a blind man could have seen better than that. Thomas, there, has put in a new window and set out his shop with taste, and he is sure to sell many a thing he would not if he had kept to the old dark room he had before. Some people will be foolish, and buy what they do not want

because they think the article looks nice. But what follows? If I bought a dozen chairs, it would not make me want to buy a dozen more. I should not have 'a chair crave.' I am satisfied with my dozen. Then, when I have paid for the twelve, I have the worth of my money. For many a day, as I use them carefully, I shall have the comfort of my expenditure. My wife and children, too, are made all the better for what I have bought; the home looks more attractive, and they like it better than ever they did. My friends, too, have a higher opinion of me when they call and find that instead of standing while they remain, or sitting on a table, they can have a comfortable chair; whilst, as a working-man, I rejoice because I know that nearly all I paid for the dozen went to pay for honest labour. Now, can you say the same about the drink? If you buy it and drink it, your money is gone, and you have naught for it."

"So, if you buy a loaf of bread and eat it, you will have naught to show for it."

"Shall I not? Why, everybody knows that 'Bread is the staff of life.' No one disputes that. I want to live, and if I live I think it will be admitted by my wife and children that it is a good thing. Now, bread helps me to live. Bread and water will, if properly used, make a man healthy, and help him to live long; but who says that about beer?"

"Oh, there are scores of doctors who will tell you to drink a glass to your dinner."

"Yes, that is true, too; but doctors are not all wise. Just look at this card which someone sent me the other day. It looks odd with its blue and red lines, but it is a good way of telling the truth. It is drawn up by Dr. Ridge, and sold by the National Temperance League for eighteenpence a hundred. If you put it in figures instead of in a picture, we see that whilst 2,879 teetotallers were expected to die, only 2,035 did what they were expected to do; but of 4,741 moderate drinkers, 4,640 died. That is, 71 per cent. of teetotallers died, and 98 per cent. moderate drinkers; so that my bread pays well, and somebody's drink is a bad investment. I have life and health for the money I spend on food, but the man who buys drink purchases disease and death. Then, again, an honest trade will bless the men who sell as well as the men who buy. Now, does this do so? First, what effect can it have on life but to shorten it? No insurance society will insure a dealer in strong drink. It is against their interest. One of the most dangerous class of lives is the publican's. Then, how it blinds a man to the right! James yonder knows, as well as he knows his own name, that half his customers spend money that they need to pay their debts and keep their children; but, nevertheless, he does all he can to keep the custom, and sleeps as soundly as he would if the children were well fed and clothed. Then, see how his children are going wrong! His daughters married to drunken husbands; his sons going as fast as they can to the dogs. Why, if he made a fortune—and I don't believe he will—he would lose on the bargain. It is a horrid trade that curses buyer and seller; and the sooner it is put a stop to the better."

"Why, Fred, you are quite a preacher. But there is one thing you cannot dispute: the trade helps the revenue."

"'Helps the revenue!'—save the mark! Just think of working-men talking in such a manner. Every political orator talks about relieving the people, who have little for the burdens of taxation. Tea, sugar, coffee, rice,



salt, and a host of other necessary articles have either no taxation or very little, because the working-man is so poor that he cannot afford; yet, here you talk about drinking helping the revenue! How can dishonesty help the revenue? My children have a right to food, clothes, education, a home. If I go to the public-house and spend my money there, they have either too little food or too poor—ragged instead of neat clothing; are ignorant instead of taught; and as for home, they have a hovel. I rob the children of their rights. How can that help the revenue? I pay cash unto her coffers, and give her sons and daughters who are 'wastrels.' 'Help the revenue!'—it makes me laugh. Why, where do all these poor men and women come from who live at yonder Union? Where, that mass of folk who live at the Prison? Where, but from the fallen who have wasted their substance in drink! And see! there is one of our protectors, our dearly-beloved policeman, what are they wanted for, but to protect the sober and thoughtful from the evils resulting from drinking! So, to help the revenue I have starved children, an unhappy wife, a wretched home, a damaged character; and the country has in return to pay poor and county rates, distribute private charity, keep up hospitals and infirmaries, and see her little children either die by the thousand, or grow up weak and infirm, ignorant and vicious. I am astounded at you saying it helps the revenue!"

"But is it not true that Chancellors of the Exchequer look for income from this traffic? and do not many politicians refuse to do anything to destroy it? and are not many Christians brewers, publicans, and spirit merchants? If 'the trade' be so bad, it should be destroyed; but it is only you Templars and a few rabid Teetotallers who aim at entire prohibition."

"What you say is very true and very sad. Everybody needs much teaching before they see the right. Profits often prevent clearness of mental and moral vision. The American Christians did not see the wickedness of slavery until the States had shed rivers of blood and spent more money than would have bought the freedom of every slave in their country."

"It is to be hoped England will never have such discipline because of the Drink Traffic."

"It is, indeed; but if we are to be saved we must destroy the bad. Stop the sale of alcoholic beverages, and then the trade of our friend will be a good, honest trade. To provide a house large enough to accommodate a small party, to supply strangers with a good meal and a comfortable resting-place, is to do what is both useful and beneficent. We Teetotallers wish harm to nobody, but good to everyone. Our hearts are sad when we think of many at present engaged in this traffic; and for their sakes it is our bounden duty to bring the evil to a speedy end."

"It won't be to-morrow, Fred."

"Perhaps not. Our duty is not to trouble about the time when we shall win, but to do our duty, and leave results with a gracious and loving God."

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**COME HOME, FATHER.**

By Mrs. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Legacy" (the £50 Trevelyan Prize Essay), "Mother's Old Slippers," etc., etc.

**J**OHAN NASH was a fine, manly-looking fellow, with fair waving hair and a frank expression of countenance, whilst a ready smile played round a well-formed mouth.

John was one of a large family living in an agricultural district. Thrift and industry rendered that cottage-home a cheerful dwelling.

No. 247.

The boy early manifested a distaste for agricultural pursuits, and a desire to learn a handicraft. A brother of his father was earning a comfortable living as a foreman to a Metropolitan builder.

John migrated to London, and under this uncle's teaching became a good workman, earned liberal wages, married a young woman who, like his mother, had been in good service.

Through the influence of a fellow-servant Alice had taken the Pledge, and previous to marriage induced her John also to sign.

This was done more to please his betrothed than from a conviction that to the working-man pre-eminently the strong-drink usage too often becomes an unmitigated curse, desolating the home, as we know—too often annihilating conjugal love and parental affection. Hence when his comrades "chaffed" John upon signing the Pledge, and hinted, in expressive though not polite English, that the wife wore a portion of male attire, he was slightly chafed; and when his half-muddled companions dwelt eloquently upon the superiority of the man, and the duty of the woman to look after household concerns and not be "masterful," poor John felt a little ashamed of his loving compliance. Yet he persevered in treading the safe path for the first twelve months of wedded life. Then Alice was laid up, and a little Alice appeared upon the scene.

The mother, who came to stay with Mrs. Nash for a while, and who had never taken kindly to her daughter's "new-fangled ways," insisted that she must now take a little stout—"for baby's sake."

Reluctantly the young mother consented; and when John returned from work that evening, by his mother-in-law's persuasion he drank baby's health in something stronger than "Adam's Ale."

John rose next morning with a headache. Everything seemed at cross purposes that day, and at night he did not feel that he had got on well with his work.

Upon leaving the buildings his "mates" insisted upon the newly-made father adjourning to the public-house and "standing treat," that his comrades might drink the health of "the missus and the kid."

John consented.

Ten years rolled away. John was still a kind husband—when he was not the vorse for drink. His wife had re-signed when Alice was only three months old, and remained staunch. The little girl—a bright, affectionate child—had for years attended a Band of Hope and a Sunday and day school.

Many times that wife had entreated her husband to re-sign; but though of a pliable disposition, and unable to refuse his companions, he resolutely said "No" when his wife urged this subject upon him. The fact was, John Nash was fast becoming the victim of the drink-crave.

Domestic troubles from time to time had darkened that home, which ever lay in shadow now; for John, as he indulged his propensity, ran the course so familiar to the drunkard.

Other children were introduced to the family. Bronchitis claimed one; croup carried off a beautiful boy; erysipelas, after vaccination, despatched a lovely little girl; and scarlet fever, which laid Alice low for weeks, hurried away a tender child of three years of age. But Mrs. Nash steadily pursued her wise plan, and found strength equal to her day afforded; whilst mother and neighbours urged, "If she would only take a little, it would do her good." But the suffering wife felt but one earthly thing could "do her good"—to see John once more a sober man.

There was a precious tiny boy. Bobby was ill, and with intense maternal love the mother nursed him, and prayed that the child might be still granted to her. Her own health was sinking beneath the pressure of the severe trials that had befallen her. Her neighbours remarked to each other that Mrs. Nash was ill—growing to a shadow—not long for this world. John did not, or would not, see the alteration in his wife, perhaps because he was so seldom at home for long together, whilst his muddled brain was never free from the effects of stimulants.

The erection of some buildings in a southern district, eight miles from London, was being hurried on. The roof of a substantial villa had been completed on Friday. The workmen had adjourned to a public-house to celebrate the event in the manner usual on such occasions

John Nash's "score" for beer that week was not an inconsiderable item; and at twelve o'clock, when he returned home that night, he was too little himself to understand that the doctor had pronounced baby's state "most critical," and had more than hinted to the heart-broken mother that in forty-eight hours the case would be decided.

Sleep was scared from the eyes of that anxious watcher who tended her dying child through the long night, the silence of which was only broken by the moans of the suffering babe and the stentorian breathing of his intoxicated father.

With early morn little Alice woke and rendered such assistance as so young a child was able to afford, and, in the midst of her deep grief, the stricken mother sent up to heaven a note of thanksgiving for her bright healthy girl.

The father and husband with shame and sorrow realised more fully the case than on the previous night. He leaned over the little sufferer and dropped a tear upon the marble-like cheek, imprinting a kiss upon the parched lips, uttering epithets that the unconscious child could not understand. He addressed a few kind words to his wife—assured her that he would come home directly he was paid, and he would not go at all that day were it not that his wages would be required to buy necessaries for the family.

By the time John arrived at the buildings, the impression caused by the scene at home was wearing off.

One o'clock came.

John resolved that as soon as he received his money he would pay his "score" and make his homeward journey.

The men were paid at the public-house, hence John found it less easy to slip away than he had anticipated. But the "score" was settled, the last glass was taken, and, with diminished wages, John set off for his home, some miles distant.

Had no public-house intercepted that weary workman's path, the probabilities are that his dwelling would have been reached at an earlier hour, and he in a different condition to that in which he was when his one room was reached. The wife had hoped to have seen her husband at four o'clock at the latest, but five—six—and seven struck on that beautiful Saturday afternoon—but John did not come.

The doctor had called and had urged upon the mother to get a little rest, and to allow a willing neighbour in the same house to watch the child, whose tiny lamp of life was flickering out. His skilled eye perceived that Mrs. Nash was suffering intensely, mentally and physically.

The neighbour, with kindly solicitude, begged the worn-out mother to lie down.

Poor little Alice, who partly comprehended the cause of her mother's grief, felt sure that she would be better "if father would but come." She would go and meet him. There was a public-house half-a-mile off, where he often stopped to spend the evening. She would run and meet him before he got there. She would tell him mother was so queer and baby was so bad.

Her pretty light hair was lifted by the gentle breeze, and she looked bright as a bird, as with light skipping step she hastily passed along.

A tall figure came in view. It was easy to discover the relationship between that fair child and the workman who, with unsteady step, was nearing her. The face of the child was unsullied by indulgence in sin; the expression was extremely pleasing. The bright eyes, the happy smile, the fair hair, matching the long beard of the man, might hint in contrast how terrible had been his fall!—how demoralising the effect of that indulgence which had stamped its impress on a face in childhood as fair and as frank as the little girl's before him.

"Father, father!" cried the child, taking one of his large strong hands between both of hers, "I've come to meet you. Come along! Baby is so bad, and mother is so queer!"

The father stood for an instant and gazed upon that innocent, upturned face.

"Come along, father; make haste," the child was saying. "Mother has been wanting you ever since four o'clock."

He stooped and kissed his little girl, who smelt the reek of the alcoholised, tobaccoised breath.

"I can't come this minute," he said; "I have to call on some one."

"Ah, father!" spoke the child, still clinging to him as he crossed the road towards the corner opposite, "I know where you are going! Don't, oh, don't go, father; come home!"

The father shook the child's hands from him, and said angrily, "Go home to your mother." The child lingered.

"Go home, I say!" was repeated, and the man stamped.

"Oh, father, father! don't go!" spoke the little pleader, as, pushing that tempting, easily-swinging door, the man disappeared.

Alice wept convulsively as she turned towards her home. She had become familiarised with the sight of her half-tipsy parent, and knew how wretched it rendered her mother.

She dried her tears, patted her eyes with her handkerchief, breathed upon it and patted them again, as she had seen her mother do when she did not want her husband to know that she had been weeping.

Quietly she slipped into the room; her mother did not notice her entrance. Noiselessly the child moved about, occasionally putting her arms round her mother's neck and imprinting a kiss upon the colourless lips.

Hour after hour wore on. Alice had lighted the lamp and performed sundry little offices that might help her mother, and, tired out, had sat her down in an old chair and had fallen to sleep.

The neighbour looked in and spoke a few kind words—should she sit up with the sad watcher?

The head was shaken, and a soft "No, thank you," was spoken.

And where was John?

He had "fallen in with an old pal or two." Anecdotes, "good stories" had been told, one or two songs had been sung, and at twelve o'clock the house was "cleared," and John was staggering towards his home.

Alice started from sleep, and, rubbing her eyes, looked about her.

Baby's little bed was empty; mother's bed had not been disturbed; the lamp was going out, and the clock, which was a little fast, was striking twelve. This was the sound that had waked the child.

She gazed around the room. Her eye rested on her mother, who was seated on the old rug before the fire-place, leaning against the table, and tightly clasping her infant in her arms.

Alice approached and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, is our baby better?"

The eyes stared at her vacantly.

The child, with a little scream, rushed across the room and sought the neighbour in the adjoining apartment, who was sitting up for her husband.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," she cried wildly, "mother looks so queer, and she's sitting on the rug with the baby in her arms!"

Mrs. Smith was speedily upon the spot.

The baby, she perceived at a glance, was gone. The mother was apparently in a fit, but could not be aroused to consciousness.

A heavy uneven step is heard upon the stairs, and as Mrs. Smith is vainly trying to understand the state of the bereaved mother, John staggers into the room.

Mrs. Smith, who was worked up to the highest pitch of endurance by the conduct of her own husband, not yet returned from his midnight orgies, exclaimed fiercely, "You're like the rest of the men! Your wife and child's dead, and a happy release!" and, rushing from the room, she roused the house, despatching a messenger for the doctor.

The appalling spectacle sobered the husband.

The doctor was speedily upon the spot. The babe was dead, the wife in a fit, and in less than two hours John Nash was a widower, and little Alice motherless. The verdict at the inquest was, "Death from serous apoplexy." Between the lines could be distinctly read—"a broken heart!"

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



HIS ANGEL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY REV. WILLIAM MAYO, BRISTOL.

“OH, George! George!! How can you—how *dare* you, after what you promised?”

The speaker was a young girl of twelve summers, rather tall for her age, fair, with light brown hair falling loosely round her neck, as with earnest, penetrating eyes she gazed into the face of her brother—eight years her senior—placing her hand gently on his shoulder as she spoke.

No. 248.

George and his sister Laura were the only surviving children of Christian parents, and had been left motherless nearly two years before we make their acquaintance. Their father was considered a very correct man, a deacon of a Christian church, and partner in a large grocery and provision store, to which, a few years before his wife's death, had been added an agency for wines and spirits, which was the cause of much grief and anxiety to him on account of the children.

He could see no cause for alarm, their residence being away from the business, and no spirits were ever brought into the house (except a bottle of brandy for medical purposes). He did not believe in the nonsense taught by some of his fellow deacons and Sunday School teachers, that wine and ale were injurious and likely to prove a snare to the young, and would often say, "A glass of generous wine will hurt no one, and a little bottled up at dinner-time is almost indispensable to digestion."

Just after Laura's birth, at the earnest request of Mrs. Archer (his wife), he made an arrangement on behalf of the children to allow them one penny per week for each year of their age, to be paid on Christmas-day every year till they were twenty years of age, provided they had taken no intoxicating drink whatever, since the previous Christmas; and so, a few weeks before our story opens, Laura had received one shilling per week for the previous year, she being twelve years of age, making a Christmas gift in money to Laura of £2 12s., and to George, who was twenty, of £4 6s. 8d.

This was the last money he would receive in this way; his father had told him on that Christmas-day to consider himself a man, free now to take it or leave it alone; and he must be manly and exercise proper self-control, so as to use and not abuse the good creatures of God.

George thought that what was good for his father, and indispensable for his father's guests, was perfectly safe for him, especially as he wished now to be manly.

But that Christmas-night George went to bed with some very strange sensations, and without prayer; awaking the next morning with a fearful headache, and considerable confusion in mind and memory.

In the next room, Laura had passed an almost sleepless night, for she had watched her brother the evening before, and saw in him an embryo drunkard, as he eagerly sought to have his wine-glass refilled, and how, as the evening wore on, no opportunity for taking a glass of wine was allowed by him to pass without his doing so; and, after the guests were gone, she heard his father's rebukes and words of warning, for he had noticed that George made rather too free with the wine, and considered it his duty to warn him of the consequences of over-indulgence; and as Laura saw him to his room, she, for the first time in her life, felt the blush of shame on her brother's account.

Such a good brave brother that he was, though not a decided Christian, yet ever ready to do anyone a good turn, and actively engaged in the Sunday School.

Though George retired this Christmas-night without prayer, his sister, who, since her dear mother died, had felt its value, knelt and pleaded for him as only a loving sister can plead.

As George lay awake in a confused sort of way, he hears a gentle tapping at his door, and then the handle is softly turned, and Laura's face, bearing traces of tears, beams a sad yet loving smile on her brother. She asks if he is awake, and if he is well; she hears him tell of his headache, and leaves him, but soon returns with tea and toast. Then they talk of the past—of their mother, and their promises to her on her deathbed.

When he came downstairs at noon and met his father, no reference was made to the preceding night; but as Laura and he sat together that afternoon, she tried to prevail upon him to be an abstainer from principle, reminding him how anxious their dear mother had been for them to abstain, and could she see them now how pleased she would be to know that her own dear George had resolved to follow out her wish, now he was free to do as he pleased. Then she plied him with arguments in her own simple way, quoting from a lecture she had recently heard, about the power of drink to create a craving for itself; and the

difficulty experienced in breaking away from a bad habit when once formed, and so on. 'Twas then George promised to abstain as long as they were together.

That evening was a very pleasant one, as they sang and read to their father, and assisted each other in illuminating and arranging an album—one of Laura's Christmas gifts; and when they bade each other "good-night" she whispered, "*I do believe God answers prayer, George, dear.*"

Nothing of any consequence to our narrative occurred until the end of January, when George was invited to a social party at the house of an old schoolmate. The tables were well spread, no expense being spared to make the young people happy; wines of various kinds and strength graced (?) the board.

During the evening one of the daughters of the family sitting next to George, observing that he had taken nothing but water, turned to him with a sweet winning smile and asked him to take a glass of wine with *her*. How could he refuse?

So, after a very poor attempt at excuse, he was prevailed upon, silencing his conscience with, "I promised Laura to abstain *when we were together*; now she is at home, and I here." Yet, for all his reasoning, he felt guilty as he raised the glass to his lips.

The young lady herself was surprised and somewhat startled at the eagerness with which George drank the NEXT glass she handed him, and his subsequent behaviour rather lowered him in her estimation; her mamma also saw it, and warned her against encouraging the advances of ANY young man who appeared "greedy of wine."

When George returned home that night, Laura had retired and so did not hear the words of rebuke and warning administered by his father on this occasion.

On the following morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, Laura came in from a walk; and entering the dining-room found the brother standing by the chiffonier, with a wine-decanter in one hand and a glass in the other; her sudden entrance had arrested him in his intention, and as she placed her hand lovingly on his shoulder, she said in manifest alarm, "Oh, George! George!! How can you—how dare you, after what you promised?"

Like a culprit caught in the act, George allowed her to take the decanter and place it away from his gaze; he meanwhile excusing himself thus: "I feel all out of sorts this morning; you were not in, so we were not together, and a glass of wine, father says, is very refreshing."

"I am sorry father thinks so; you know, George, the Bible says, 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Yes; but Laura, it says also, 'Give wine to him that is of a heavy heart.'"

"There must be two sorts of wine, then, because it says also, 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red—when it giveth its colour in the cup. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. My dear George, you are much older than I, and know so much more, but *are you safe* if you take wine? Don't you feel to want a second glass if you take the first? There must be a difference in constitutions; papa never seems to want more than *one*, or at most two glasses of wine during an evening; but don't you remember last Christmas-night? And now, tell me, how did you get on last night, brother mine?"

"You must not be inquisitive, Laura; remember my promise holds good only *when we are together.*"

"Oh, George! then you confess that you drank wine last night? Must I follow you like a shadow?"

"No, Laura dear; but as a guardian angel. I LIKE wine, and sometimes when I see father take his glass I feel *I must* have it, and but for your presence *I should.*"

Their conversation was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell, and the entrance of a lady about twenty-four years of age, who was received by Laura very enthusiastically. After exchanging greetings with both, Laura said, "My dear Mrs. Joscelyne, when you came in we were discussing the wines of Scripture; don't you think there were more than one kind?"

"Certainly, my dear. Get your Bible; we read in Nehemiah v. 18, 'that once in ten days store of *all sorts of wine* were prepared for me.' Some wine is fermented and some is



not. The fermented wine contains a spirit, and this spirit produces all the mischief caused by drink. This kind of wine is referred to in Deuteronomy xxxii. 33: 'Their wine is the poison of dragons, the cruel venom of asps;' also in many other places. The unfermented is harmless and refreshing--referred to by Isaiah in chapter lxv. 8th verse; recommended by Paul to Timothy; and in more recent times by the celebrated Dr. Gull, in his lectures to medical students. But you must both come over to my house to tea, we shall then have time to go further into the question."

"Thanks, very much, but you know I am in the wine trade, at least I am expecting when twenty-one to have a share in the business," replied George.

"My dear brother, I hope by that time the agency for wines and spirits will have been given up."

"I see no signs of it, nor do I expect it, for that part of the business pays best."

"With God all things are possible," said Laura, "and I believe God answers prayer."

Mrs. Joscelyne was Laura's Sunday School teacher, and was therefore pleased with this last remark, and, on leaving, fixed an evening for George and his sister to pay her a visit.

On the evening appointed, they walked over together, when they were introduced to her sister, Mrs. Price, who proved a real acquisition on the side of total abstinence; and, in the course of the evening, she related how she had resolved years before she had any prospect of marriage, that she would never give her hand to a man who drank intoxicating liquor; how, when she feared for one who had found his way to her heart, and who *liked* wine and whisky, she had resolutely and emphatically said to him: "If you really *love* ME, William, you must give up your wine and whisky, or I can never be yours." How on that evening, when he had "gone off in a huff," her heart sank within her, and her only solace was prayer; she told how he came back some months later, an earnest teetotaller, to ask forgiveness for his ill-treatment of her; how her heart rejoiced later to see him make a public profession of love to Christ, and how, *now* joy and pleasure filled their home and their hearts.

Laura and George returned home, the one with her faith strengthened, the other feeling less enjoyment in the prospect of being a wine and spirit merchant. What had passed was rehearsed at home, and an occasional temperance discussion took place between Laura and her father.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## THE TWO FATHERS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "My Battle Field," etc.

“**H**OW was it? They had had just the same training, too. The homes of the boys had been side by side, pretty villas of precisely the same pattern, in Cheetham Road, Manchester. Frank and Gerald had gone to the same school; and rarely missed going together, unless during the existence of some boyish feud, that never lasted more than

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a day or two. How fond they had been of each other! He could see them now, the dear little lads, their arms thrown about each other caressingly, as they walked in childhood, sometimes even in boyhood; and their arms linked in youth, as they discussed together the great subjects which all thoughtful early manhood loves to take into consideration. And then there had sprung up the difference, and Frank and Gerald separated in life's journey."

Frank's father, Mr. Medley, sighed heavily as he reached this point, and looked up at the pulpit of the fine chapel in which he was seated—looked up and saw there the Gerald, his boy's friend, of whom he had been thinking. He had come here at the invitation of Mr. Cartwright, Gerald's father and his own old friend, to hear the young preacher, and the proud father sat close beside him at the end of the family pew.

Mr. Medley gazed earnestly at Gerald: the preacher was not a handsome man, but he looked good and kind and true, and a fine forehead and grey eyes that were earnest and gentle in expression made his face an interesting study. He was small, slight, refined, and thoughtful looking; and the sermon he preached, pre-occupied as Mr. Medley was at first, arrested his attention very soon, and kept it to the end. It was a new and strange experience to him to be learning from the man whose childhood and youth had been so familiar to him, and so tinged by his influence. He had always loved the boy. And it rejoiced his heart, as a good teetotaler, to see that Gerald carried into the pulpit the little piece of blue ribbon on his coat, which he wore so consistently as an outward sign of principle; a sign that might help a comrade fighting a hard battle against appetite and custom.

If only Frank were as Gerald! Not a minister; his boy had never evinced the least inclination or talent in that direction, and Mr. Medley was wise enough to believe that his son could serve his God either in a counting-house, a surgery, or a pulpit—that every man's life-work may be equally consecrated toil, if undertaken in the true spirit. But if Frank were only like Gerald in adhesion to his old temperance pledge, in doing honest work honestly, in setting a pure example to others, in being a blessing to his family, and especially to the parents who so tenderly loved him!

Instead, he had almost killed his mother by his wild dissipation, and the narrow escapes he had several times had from death through drink, and his terrible attacks of *delirium tremens*, during which she, with a mother's devotion, had insisted upon nursing her boy. Mrs. Medley's health and spirits were broken now, and it was her son's doing. Her husband thought of her tenderly lying on her sofa during the hours of service, worshipping no longer with the great congregations, but offering prayers, heartfelt and persevering, for her prodigal child.

Gerald's pleasant voice arrested his thoughts again. "We cannot," said the young preacher at that moment, "be good by proxy. It must be the individual work of every individual soul with its Maker. It is so with all things—with all kinds of limited moral reforms. For instance, that my father was a total abstainer before I knew him will not insure my freedom from drunkenness if I tamper with the intoxicating cup. I have to thank him for a greater chance of sobriety; but my own conduct may lead me to become a drunkard in spite of my home training, if I give reins to my appetite. I speak of this common form of temptation," he continued, "because I am so certain that to begin to drink, especially after a childhood and youth of abstinence through parental influence, is folly, is madness. I speak as a young man to young men in this great city; and I say, because I know it to be true, that if you are in earnest in seeking Christ and His salvation, you must not drink intoxicating liquors. The company the habit of drinking will introduce you to, is not Christian company, for the most part. Teetotalers are not perfect any more than others, but at least they keep the door barred against an insidious enemy, who, when he enters, brings a host of other insidious enemies in his train. So, though you may have been teetotalers in your bringing up, and have teetotal parents watching over you, don't imagine that now you can trust yourself, or may be trusted by others, to take intoxicants. To lead a religious life is always difficult; don't make it more so by playing into Satan's hands."

Mr. Cartwright's pew was at the side of the chapel, and from Mr. Medley's position he could see two of the entrances, and had a view of a great part of the congregation. He looked down, inadvertently, to one of these doors, and started. For there, leaning against a pew, dirty and dishevelled, wan and haggard-looking, he saw his son! Had the preacher seen him, and if he had could he recognise his old friend? It was years now since they had met. Gerald had been studying at one of the colleges of the religious denomination to which he belonged, preparing for the ministry; and Frank had been professedly walking the hospitals. Lately, regardless of all the motives that should have kept him from ruin—education, love, religion—he had been lost to his friends, and they knew not what had become of him, or where to look for him. To see him thus, unexpectedly, with his degradation stamped upon him! it was terrible to the poor father, and he hardly knew how to turn his eyes from him, and yet dared not encounter the recognising gaze of the wanderer.

The sermon was ended; the minister closed his Bible, and gave out the last hymn. The occupants of Mr. Cartwright's pew, Mr. Medley amongst them, arose from their seats to sing it.

There was a low cry, a groan, and some one fell in the aisle. The chapel-keeper and

another pew-opener were immediately at the sufferer's side. Mr. Medley—his face white, his lips set—walked out of the pew and strode softly down the aisle.

"A doctor!" whispered some of the disturbed congregation to each other as they watched him go. They bore the man out, and Mr. Medley followed. They stayed for a few moments in the lobby to see if the fresh air would bring him round; as it did not, they bore him to the vestry, and Mr. Medley followed.

"Send for a doctor," he said; "I will be at all expense. I know him."

They laid him on a low couch, and the chapel-keeper dispatched a messenger to the nearest doctor. He had just come, when, the hymn being finished and the congregation having been dispersed, Gerald Cartwright and his father and another gentleman entered the vestry. They were both full of sympathy for the poor waif of humanity and his afflicted father.

The doctor looked very grave; exhaustion and want of food and excitement, together with his accustomed evil habits, had brought on this temporary failure of the heart's action. He began to revive after a while; coffee was made and brought, and some light refreshment, with which they gradually fed him till he was able to take it into his own hands. The doctor then requested a few words with Mr. Medley in private.

"Sir," he said, "I deeply sympathise with you. I partly recognised your son when I was first called here, and when I heard you addressed as Mr. Medley the recognition was complete. He studied medicine under me; there was every promise in him of becoming an accomplished physician, if he could have kept from excess in wine and spirits."

"I would have had him keep from their use altogether, sir; then all this misery would have been impossible."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "there are many and various opinions on that subject, and it is certain he who never drinks these things can never fall through excess. But, now, what do you propose to do with your son? There may be, probably there will be, a long illness, or at least depression, and languor to be borne with. Is your home in London?"

"Not in London, sir; but at Kingston. When my boy came up to the great city to complete his medical studies, we left our Manchester home, to make it pleasanter for him—to shelter him, as his mother and I hoped, from the bad habits he had already begun. We concluded that if we were somewhere within easy distance of town, the change would be beneficial to him on Sundays."

"Well," said the doctor, looking kindly at Mr. Medley, "at least you have this comfort, that you have done all in your power for this lost boy."

Mr. Medley's voice faltered, he could hardly utter the words—

"Sir, I think if I had not, it would altogether break my heart."

"He should stay here to-night—I wonder if it would be possible—and to-morrow you will take him home, and I will come and see him there. I must take a little extra interest in him for the sake of the past," he added pleasantly, "when he was so promising and indeed so brilliant a pupil."

Meanwhile, Frank Medley looked intently at Mr. Cartwright and his son. They were alone with him now, for they had bidden good-night to the deacon and the chapel-keeper and the pew-opener, judging it best to have but few around him.

"Am I in a dream, or am I awake?" he asked at length. "If I am awake, you must be Gerald. Are you?"

The voice was so faint, the face so wan, the lips so pale, that Gerald's loving eyes moistened. He placed a chair near the couch, took Frank Medley's hand in his, and said—

"Old friend, I am Gerald, and you are Frank, but the boy-days seem a good way off, don't they? Shan't other days come, when the dear old times shall be renewed, at least in our companionship?"

Frank shook his head sadly.

"Mr. Cartwright," he said, turning to Gerald's father, "you know better than to expect that, if Gerald does not. He always was a visionary, full of grand schemes for making people better and happier. I suppose you think you have found the right way, now that you are a preacher. What can religion do for me? I was brought up religiously; I was brought up a teetotaler; and the Bible you preach about says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

"Frank, lad," said Gerald, with a pleasant smile and kindling of his earnest eyes, "don't you remember you had ever a gift for stating one proposition, without its balancing thesis? No man can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.' 'If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them.'"

Frank smiled in his turn. "Aye, lad, it is easier to know than to do. And you put it well to-night in your sermon. Why don't preachers speak straight out about the drink, as you did? If I had heard sermons like that before, I might not be like this now. When I thought it manly to drink, if somebody in the pulpit had said, 'It's cowardly,' I might have begun to think."

"I think the best way is, when we go wrong," said Gerald frankly, "to blame ourselves; not others."

Then there was silence till the doctor and Mr. Medley re-entered. All was soon arranged.

Gerald Cartwright insisted on staying the night with his friend, in his chapel vestry. Mr. Medley would go home next morning, and prepare his wife for their son's return to her, ill; and later in the day Gerald, and perhaps Mr. Cartwright also, would accompany the invalid to Kingston.

The two fathers walked to Mr. Cartwright's residence arm-in-arm.

"The more I puzzle my poor brain," said Mr. Medley, "the less I understand. Why should Frank be a blot upon my name, and a scourge to my pride, and your dear lad fulfil every fondest hope and wish you have ever known about him? If his mother or myself had been half-hearted teetotallers, or had taught him to drink, I could have understood."

"Nay," said Mr. Cartwright, "your one consolation is that you did your part, and that the blame is not yours. And the end is not yet. Don't despair of him. Many a man has been won to virtue and rectitude, after being sunk as low even as he."

"The end is not yet!" All the comfort which words could give the unhappy father, lay in that short sentence. Kind and sympathising indeed, did Mr. Cartwright as well as Gerald show themselves to be. And the end is not yet. Frank Medley is still a confirmed invalid, his fine constitution a wreck; the while, Gerald Cartwright works diligently in his Master's vineyard, and the two fathers respectively mourn and rejoice over their sons.

Can Christians afford to be neutral when such a story as this is possible? Are they going to be on the side of that drink which saps such fair promise in the sons of many Christian fathers, and sends good men sorrowing on their way?

Shall not all who profess Christ resolve to stand firm as a rock, against the waves of false drinking customs, lest little heads that have bowed in worship, the children who have knelt at Christian parents' knees, the noble boys who have made their fathers rejoice and their mothers praise God, should be swept away for ever from the paths of virtue?

The drink itself, its very manufacture must be put an end to, if the sons are to be saved and the fathers to be spared shame and disappointment.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**“TRY IT YOURSELF, MASTER!”**

Or, THE HARVEST EXPERIMENT.

By EDWARD LAVER, Author of “Found Dead in the Snow,” “Three Acres and a Cow,” “The Better Part,” “Jack’s Yarn,” &c., &c.

**I**T was pay-night at the Manor Farm, Ringford, and the men had assembled in the kitchen waiting till “Measter” should come with the book and the bag. They were chatting about various matters, and making the best of the time, when the door opened and in walked Farmer Pickard with the book in one hand and the canvas bag in the other. Taking his usual station by the fire-place, the farmer said—

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"Now, my men, before we get to business to-night, there are a few words I wish to say to you. I have just had the bill come in from my brewer for the ale drank on the farm during the time we were getting in the hay. I was astonished to find how much we had got rid of; and I can't help thinking we should all be better without so much of this. I have thought the matter very carefully over, and I want to propose to you that we shall carry out the corn harvest on a different plan. I will provide you cold tea, or coffee, or oatmeal and water, as much as you need, but no beer or cider, and let us see how we get on at that rate. What do you say about it, men? Speak your minds; you needn't be afraid of me; I haven't been a bad master to you, have I?"

"Well, sir," spoke an old man, "I have bin on the Manor Farm, as boy and man, for nigh on fifty years—in the old master's time, and since you have been master. I have always had my drop of ale at harvest time, and I hopes as how I always shall. I don't believe in harvesting on tea; the old women might do well enough on it, but we chaps do want summat a bit more hearty."

"That's right," shouted a dozen voices, and the worthy farmer soon saw that his proposal was not likely to be a palatable one. He was somewhat prepared for this, however, and endeavoured to argue the point with the men, showing them that when the Great Western Railway system, from Reading to Bristol, was changed from broad to narrow gauge, the navvies employed about the work were put on oatmeal diet, and no intoxicating liquors whatever were allowed during the whole period. Not only were the men better in health at the end of their arduous work, but they were actually heavier in weight, and were themselves the first to acknowledge the superiority of the abstinence plan. He also related Dr. Carpenter's experiments with a party of soldiers, one-half of whom were placed on abstinence and the other half on a beer-drinking diet. Not only did the abstaining party do more work, with less fatigue, in a given time; but when the conditions were reversed and the abstainers of the first party put on the beer diet, and *vice versa*, they were in turn beaten by those who, on the water diet, now proved to be possessed of more stamina.

These arguments were all to no purpose, however, and a round of applause greeted Jim Harris, a burly fellow of about thirty-five years of age, as he rose with a grin on his face and said—

"You didn't tell us, Measter, how Mr. Terrell beat that teetotal chap in the harvest field down in Wiltshire, dree or your years ago. How about that, eh?"

"Ah!" laughingly answered the farmer, "I suppose Jim thinks he has got me there. I have heard all about that story. I can't help thinking it was very foolish of the teetotaler to undertake a job he didn't know anything about."

"But it wouldn't have been so foolish if the teetotaler had won, would it, sir?" slyly asked the labourer, amidst another laugh.

Farmer Pickard laughed at this turning of the tables upon himself, and endeavoured to still further argue the matter with the men; but, however much there may have been in what he said, he could not get the impression off the men's minds that the teetotaler had been fairly beaten, and that, therefore, it must be best to drink beer.

At length Jim Harris, with a chuckle and a knowing look to his fellow-workmen, said—

"Why not try it yourself, Master? That would prove it, one way or the other."

"I will," impulsively answered the farmer, amidst the cheers of the men. "If I can do a fair day's harvesting with you, without any intoxicating drink, it is only fair to think that you can do the same. I haven't done a day's reaping this ten years, but I will have a turn with you, Jim; and if I beat we will have no more drink used in farm work, and if you beat me why then you shall have your ale and cider like you do now. We will talk about that again; but now, lads, let's get to business."

For the next two or three weeks little else was talked about in the village but the impending match in the harvest field between Farmer Pickard and Jim Harris. Popular feeling was undoubtedly in favour of the last named: the majority could not see any sense in these new-fangled notions, and loudly applauded Jim's pluck in tackling the farmer on his own ground. The landlord of the "Blue Lion" entered heartily into it, and promised Jim all the liquor he liked to send for during the progress of the contest. It had been arranged that the two contestants should start work on Monday morning at five o'clock, leave off at seven in the evening, resting as long as they liked in the day time. The contest was to last for three days, each to reap as much wheat as he could in the allotted time, the farmer to have tea, oatmeal water, or whatever non-intoxicating liquor he liked to slake his thirst, provided it was of a cheap and easily-obtainable

nature; whilst on the other hand, the labourer could have as much beer, ale, or cider as he liked. The Vicar consented to act as time-keeper, and the Schoolmaster, by common consent, was entrusted with the important post of "measurer."

Punctually at five o'clock, on the morning agreed upon, the Vicar, Farmer Pickard, Jim Harris, and some half-dozen others, assembled in "twenty acres," where a prime field of white wheat was upstanding ready for the sickle. The signal being given, the two men went at their work with a will, the labourer with a strong steady stroke that bespoke a life-training in the fields, whilst the farmer was evidently not so sure of his ground. Still, he went gamely to work, only resting for an hour or two during the hottest part of the day; but when the time for ceasing work had arrived, Farmer Pickard was by no means sorry. The labourer had cleared a large patch of his ground, and the landlord of the "Blue Lion" was quite elated at the evident contrast between the two results. A merry party assembled that evening in the tap-room at the "Lion," and many were the laudations indulged in at what was on all hands regarded as the certain victory of Jim Harris. The labourer was quite a little hero that evening; and visions of the purse of sovereigns and the gold medal which a grateful public would present to him, as they did to Terrell in Wiltshire, filled his mind.

Next morning, punctual to time, the farmer was at his post, refreshed by a good bath and a sound night's rest, and he at once set to work in real earnest. Jim was half-an-hour late, but, as he laughingly remarked to the Vicar, he could afford that. "Don't make too sure, my friend," responded the worthy divine; "the battle is never lost till it's won, and you *may* want the half-hour yet." "Never fear, sir," responded the labourer, as he started at the corn, and commenced the second day's task. The farmer was in better trim for his work to-day, and made fewer "straight-backs" than on the first day. An hour sufficed for dinner, and he was ready to go at it again. Jim, however, had a couple of hours' rest; but even then he was only half disposed to keep on all the afternoon. So frequent were the demands upon the "Blue Lion" that the landlord strolled out to "twenty acres" to remonstrate with his man, and to caution him not to "overdo it." "Can't have too much of a good thing, can it?" growled Jim, who was out of temper because he fancied he was losing ground a little. When seven o'clock struck, there was not so much disparity noticeable as on the previous evening, and matters were hardly so lively at the "Blue Lion." The landlord was not quite so affable, and the company broke up at an earlier hour than usual, with a parting caution to Jim to be in time on the morrow.

The third and last day of the contest proved to be extremely hot and trying, and tested the powers of endurance of the contestants to the uttermost. Often did the wooden keg go to the "Blue Lion" for a supply of liquor to slake the thirst of the stalwart labourer, and frequently did Farmer Pickard repair to his stock of oatmeal water, and which had just a dash of lemonade in it. A longish rest in the heat of the day, brought on the final stage of the contest; and about four o'clock Boniface came out to see how his man was getting on, for the amount of ale sent out to "twenty acres" had rather alarmed the worthy host. It was not very satisfactory to him to find Jim Harris about used up, whilst the farmer was plodding manfully away at his task, and looking fit for anything.

"Why, Jim," he said, "what's up, man? Wake up or the farmer will beat thee, now."

"I've done the best I can," wearily replied the man, "but I'd give my hat for a drink of water. My throat is just like as if 'twere afire, and I can't hardly keep on. But never say die," he continued, as he made another effort.

Seven o'clock at length drew near, and the Vicar and Schoolmaster made their appearance, together with a large number of people who were anxious to know the result of the contest. Punctual to the minute, the Vicar called "time," and the people immediately began to try and gauge the difference between the two spaces cleared. Opinions were divided, some thinking the farmer had won, whilst others were equally certain that the labourer had the best of it. All doubt, however, was cleared up when the Schoolmaster, after carefully measuring the two pieces, advanced to the Vicar and gave him a piece of paper, from which the rev. gentleman read:—

FARMER PICKARD	...	...	...	...	2a.	3r.	6p.
JAMES HARRIS	...	...	...	...	2a.	1r.	11p.

The first to speak was the labourer, though it cost him an effort to do so. As soon as he grasped the figures, and realised that he had been woefully beaten, he advanced to the farmer, and taking off his hat, said—

"Well, Master, I have been fairly beaten and I hope I be man enough to say so. I never thought much about the job before, but the last three days have taught me a



lesson. I have always had my drop of ale because I thought it necessary to keep my strength up; but I'm going to make a fresh start. You have proved to us, sir, that your plan is best for lasting out, and I'm going to try it for myself. I'll pay Mr. Boniface for all I've had from his house, and then I'll try t'other plan."

"All right, Jim," good-humouredly replied the farmer, as he grasped the honest fellow by the hand. "I'm glad I was able to beat you, because I know it will be for your advantage and for that of your mates. I knew you wouldn't believe it without some practical proof. Now, as you know, I was quite out of practice, but I have done a very fair three days' work, and I'm not done for yet. To prove that, I shall finish out the week now. Mark my words, at the end of the harvest, when we come to settle up, we shall all find ourselves better for this three days' work."

Again we look in Farmer Pickard's kitchen on pay-night. The worthy farmer is just settling up for the harvest, and this is what he says:—

"You all remember the agreement we made at the beginning of the season and how Jim here was converted to teetotalism. Well, we have had our harvest got in quite as well on tea and oatmeal, haven't we?" (a general shout of "better"). "as we did on beer and cider? Well now, as to the cost. I find that reckoning what I paid for ale to send out into the harvest field last year, and putting that against what it has cost me on the new plan, I am able to give each man a bonus of ten shillings, and each woman six shillings, and then I shall be a gainer. For the future, the Manor Farm will be worked as a teetotal concern. What say you?"

Loud and universal cheers gave the best possible answer to the question, and to-day there is no more harmonious or prosperous farm in the country, or one where a better feeling exists between master and men, or where the work is done better, cheaper, or more satisfactory than at Manor Farm; and all due to the acceptable change from the time when Farmer Pickard accepted Jim Harris's challenge—

"TRY IT YOURSELF, MASTER!"

DEVIZES, June, 1886.

E. AVER.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**THE PEDLAR'S PACK.**

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

**G**OOD morning, friend! It does not matter whether you are old or young, rich or poor, sick or well, married or single—there is something in my pack for you. Here, for instance, is a little story of—

A FOOLISH TALKER.

A policeman of Paisley was going his usual rounds one night, when he observed a man leaning against a pillar letter-box at the corner of a street, with one arm thrown

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round it and his head bent towards it. The officer quietly came up behind the man, and overheard him earnestly relating to the letter-box some adventure in which he had that day been engaged. After some time the policeman accosted him, and found that the man's faculties were so muddled with drink, that he had mistaken the metal pillar for a confidential friend.

Total abstainers may be foolish people—as some say—but they do not talk to pillar boxes.

You shall now hear of—

#### A GOOD KING.

When Edward the Confessor had landed in England from Normandy to recover the kingdom, and was ready to give the Danes battle, one of his captains assured him of victory, adding, "We will not leave one Dane alive." To which Edward replied, "God forbid that the kingdom should be recovered for me, who am but one man, by the death of thousands. No, I will rather live a private life, unstained by the blood of my fellow-men, than be a king by such a sacrifice." Upon which he broke up his camp, and again retired to Normandy, until he was restored to his throne without blood.

How many lives are slain by drink? Some say a hundred thousand ever year! If so, had we not better do without it?

But can we be strong, lively, brave, and well—well in every way—without it? Let me see. Here is something that will answer the question. It is

#### A GREAT DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

"I have been now thirty-four years in active medical practice. Except during brief vacations, I have never been out of harness, and I do not think I have been profoundly asleep to what is going on in the special world in which I live. And this is the conclusion I have been led to, until it is an unshaken conclusion, that amongst those who practice total abstinence, not only is mortality much reduced, but, when sickness falls to them, the severity of it and the period of it are also remarkably reduced. In the acute stages of disease, the acuteness, as a rule, is less severe; in the convalescent stages the recovery is more rapid. These rules hold good in respect to the epidemic diseases, in respect to wounds and injuries, and in respect even to some diseases which are more immediately of hereditary type, as insanity, gout, and rheumatism."

Such is the testimony of Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S. What do you think, now?

Ah! but here is something very

#### WONDERFUL.

A gentleman in London, we are told, gave an address to some costermongers, and one of them said to him—

"You seem to think, sir, that costermongers are a very imprudent set, but we are not. Now, down here, we subscribe to a benefit society, and we pay up our money regularly. There has not been a man among us behind-hand during the whole winter."

"But how much do you put by a week?" asked the gentleman.

"Sixpence a week, sir."

"Where does your club hold its meetings?"

"At the King's Head, sir," was the reply.

"But why do you hold it at a public-house?"

"To save money, sir. The landlord is a very kind-hearted man, and he lets us have the room for nothing."

"That seems all very well; but what do you spend at his house in the week?"

"Well, one with another, sir, about a shilling a week."

This answer the gentleman knew perfectly well was dictated by the man's modesty. Half-a-crown a week would most probably have been far under the mark.

"What a pity it is," he observed, "that a large number of your working-men do not combine together, and get up a good club, with a room or building of your own for your meetings; you would be much more comfortable than you are at present."

"Now, sir," said the costermonger, "how can you talk in that manner? With you gentlemen it's all very well; but how are a number of poor men such as we are to get the money together for anything of the kind? Why, our rent alone would be more than £200 a year!"

"You say," said the gentleman, "that you spend one shilling a week with the landlord, and save sixpence. Let a thousand of you join together and give me the eighteen-pence a week, and instead of two hundred a year for your rent, I will pay five hundred; I will pay one hundred a year more for repairs and taxes, two hundred more for fuel and gas, three hundred more for clerk and servants to keep up the place. I will allow you one hundred newspapers a day, I will allow you five hundred a year to purchase books for your library and pay lecturers to instruct you, and I will then hand over to your benefit fund two thousand a year more."

"It is impossible, sir!"

"Calculate it yourself; you costermongers are generally very quick at figures."

The costermonger did so, and found the astonishing calculation was correct.

Reader! how much do you—your family—your neighbours spend on this useless drink? Fourpence a day is £6 ls. 8d. a year: think what you could do with that.

In some parts of England large incomes are obtained from the sale of

#### PILLS.

Now, this is what Dr. Murchison, in his work on *Functional Diseases of the Liver*, says:—

"It is the prevalence of beer and spirit drinking, and consequent liver-clogging, which accounts for the widespread use and countless forms of patent pills, such as Cockle's, Morison's, Holloway's, and others. These are taken by millions every week, and people find that if they do not take them they become bilious and unwell. They are all of a purgative nature, and by occasionally hurrying unspent material out of the system they give temporary relief to the overwrought liver. The wear and tear of this process must, however, tend to shorten life. The sallow and unhealthy appearance of the face of the drinker indicates the diseased liver, the most common disease being the so-called cirrhosis or shrinkage of the liver, commonly termed in England the 'gin-drinker's liver.'"

Drink water—not beer. Your liver will then come all right. Honest work, fresh air, simple food, and plenty of good water will make and keep you in robust health, as they do tens of thousands of people all over the world.

Would you like

#### A HAPPY HOME?

Then follow the advice of Mr. Spurgeon. He says:—

"Children are taught to drink, encouraged to drink, and praised for drinking; the glass is even made a reward for good conduct. It will be little wonder if they grow up to equal and surpass their seniors, when precept and example are pointed by contemptuous jests aimed at abstainers. We have heard Christian people declare that if their children acquired a taste for strong drink it should be in after life, but they would not bear the responsibility of training them in it; and we have thought this to be true common sense. But what is that spirit which leads a professed believer in Christ to put the bottle to his neighbour's mouth, nay, to his child's

mouth? What is that spirit which has induced some to trample upon the scruples of the little one, and exclaim in anger, 'I will have none of such nonsense. Are you going to teach your parents, and set up to be better than they?' Thousands of boys are the victims of Bacchus, for their fathers train them to take their share of beer; this is mostly among the working classes; but are there not too many in all ranks of society who in other shapes offer their children upon the altar of the fiery field? Let the careful parent think this matter over before he further countenances wine at juvenile parties, or at holiday festivals. It may seem a trifle, . . . . But when the son becomes a sot, it will afford his father no pleasure to remember that he told him to 'stick to his beer,' or taught him how to know a glass of fine old por."

Good advice that, my friend. Now, if you are a father, sweep drink from your table and house, and remember the pleasant story of—

THE FARMER AND HIS SHEEP.

Here it is:—

An old American farmer said to his newly-hired man—"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?" "Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please." "Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in autumn if you will do without?" "Agreed," said Jonathan. The eldest son then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?" "Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without." The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I do without?" "Yes, you shall have a sheep also if you do without rum." Presently he speaks again—"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?" This was a poser! He hardly thought he could give up the "good creature" yet, but the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was, the drink was henceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned."

Homes without the drink; hospitals without the drink; workshops without the drink; hotels without the drink; railway stations without the drink—this is what England needs this day.

Well, I must fasten up my pack, and go on my way through fields and fowers to another place. So, good-day, but remember—

The humblest flower is a poem by Him  
Who dwells midst the blazing cherubim.

Read it well,

It has something to tell.

In rhythm of colour it will confess

God loveth beauty and gentleness:

Marvellous are all His works, and each,

If you will but hearken, some lesson will teach.

The lowliest life a poem may be,  
Pleasing to God by a soul that is free.

Child of light,

Be holy and bright,

That so by a noble life and true

You may be to God what a flower is to you:

A blossom of song for the garland sublime

He is gathering in from the garden of fame.

Some day I may call upon you again. May I find you sober, well-employed, happy, and in the favour of the Blessed God who loves us all. So, good-by, to-day.

Your sincere Friend,

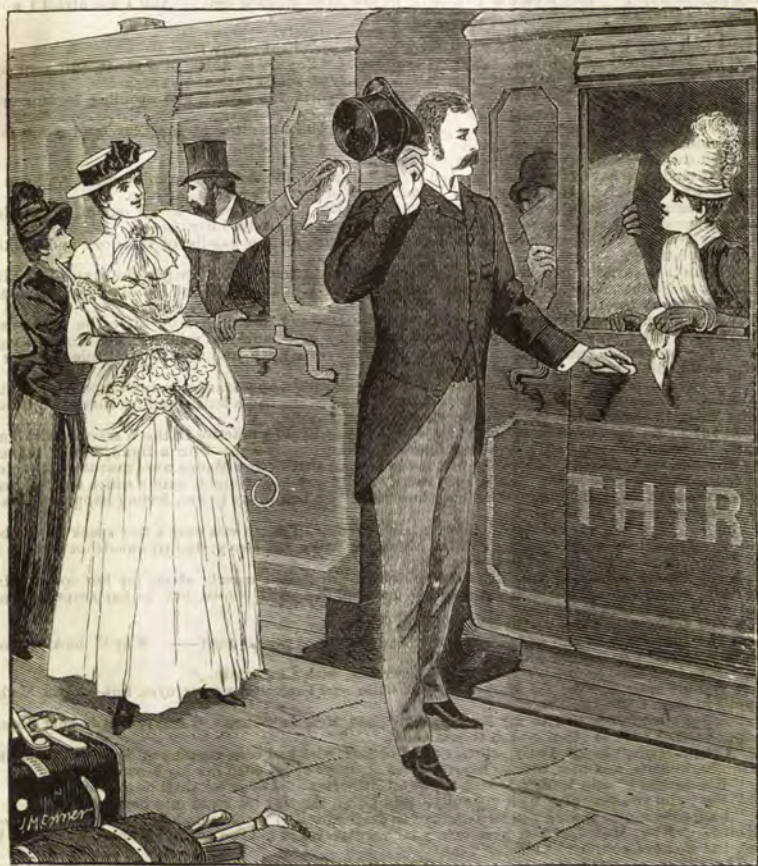
GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “DON'T FORGET.”

Written by MAUDE TATE, Brookfield, Manor-Hamilton, Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

### CHAPTER I.

“O! Madge, how I envy you, going off for a whole month to the country, where you will have nothing to do but amuse yourself from morning till night,” said Nannie Warren, as she stood by the door of the railway carriage where her sister was seated.

“If I thought you envied me I should not enjoy my visit much,” returned Madge, a tall, slight girl, with a fair, oval face lit up by beautiful dark blue eyes—eyes that, as she spoke to her sister, gave a wistful, lingering look along the crowded platform.

"Oh! well, you know, I don't grudge you your visit," laughed Nannie. "But we shall all miss you so much. You are mother's right hand, so it goes without saying that she will miss you."

"Don't let her miss me," interrupted Madge. "Nan, dear, try and make the evenings bright and cheerful for her."

"Yes, I know," said Nan; "and I wish I had your knack of doing things; but the boys, at all events, think I never shall arrive at that. While as for the twins, they are like little lambs with you, but with me they are as wild and unmanageable as untamed monkeys."

"Try being more gentle with them, and enter more into their little world, and they will soon resume their lamb-like condition," said Madge, laughing.

"To secure that desirable state of things I must become more Madge-like," said Nannie. "And—Oh, good morning, Dr. Ellis!" she added, shaking hands with a gentleman who had just come up.

"Good morning, Miss Nan!" he responded, and then turned to Madge, into whose cheeks a pink flush had mounted—"such a race as I've had," he said, after greeting her. "And I was afraid I would be too late after all."

"Are you travelling by this train?" asked Madge demurely.

"I only wish I was!" he returned, looking up into her bright sunny face.

"Dr. Ellis, are you ill?" asked Nannie suddenly. "You are as white as a ghost, and your eyes look as if they had not got half enough sleep. Were you up with a patient last night?"

The young man coloured a little under Nannie's scrutinising glance, and avoiding looking up at either of the girls, he said—

"No, Miss Nan, I was not up with a patient; but we had a meeting at the Club, and it was most unconscionably late when we broke up."

Then turning to Madge, he added, in a lower tone—

"I intended to have gone to see you last night, but the Club meeting prevented me. Will you let me go down to Brierly? If you say 'yes' I shall ask your mother's permission also."

The engine here gave a shrill whistle, and the train began to move slowly out of the station. Madge smiled shyly at her eager questioner, while a bright colour dyed her cheeks.

"Say I may go, Madge," he pleaded, keeping his hand on the handle of the door and walking along the platform.

"If mother permits, you may," she said; and then the train glided swiftly away, and Dr. Ellis, returning to Nannie, escorted her home, and meeting Mrs. Warren, asked and obtained her permission to visit Madge at Brierly.

Mrs. Warren was a widow with six children. Her husband had died soon after the twins were born, leaving his family very badly provided for. Madge, as Nannie had said, was her mother's right hand. She had taken entire charge of the twins from their birth, and was, in fact, sole manager in their small household.

Her mother at length becoming uneasy at her thin, delicate appearance, insisted upon her taking a holiday. Madge, after some resistance, consented, and as she had a long-standing invitation from a cousin living in the country, she wrote apprising her of her visit.

About a year before our story opens, Dr. Ellis had purchased a practice in the Warrens' neighbourhood. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow of about twenty-eight, with a frank, kindly manner that won him many friends. From the first it was evident that he and Madge were mutually attracted; and as the train bearing her to Brierly sped swiftly on its way, she thought, with a smile and a blush, of his intended visit, and of the "something important" he had to say to her, feeling happier than she had ever been in her life before.

But yet there was a little cloud on her bright horizon. True, it was only a tiny speck as yet, but there was a danger of its increasing; and Dr. Ellis's pale looks, and heavy, slightly bloodshot eyes, as he said "Good-bye" to her, helped to darken it.

When Madge got out at the little country station, she looked eagerly about for her cousin, Mrs. Lawrence, whom she had not seen since she was married, five years before, but, to her surprise, could not see the well-remembered face.

"You are Madge, I think?" said a soft voice behind her.

"Yes, I am Madge," she said. "Did Mrs. Lawrence send you to meet— Why!" looking more closely at her—"I do believe you are Mary!"

"Have I changed so much?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, with a sad smile.

"You are more like the old Mary when you smile, and I remember your eyes, but—" and Madge stopped in some confusion.

"Let me introduce you to my little Daisy," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Daisy, this is your cousin Madge, whom I have so often spoken to you about."

"Cousin Mad's," lisped Daisy, a lovely child of four, who had been peeping at Madge from behind her mother's skirts, and now, coming nearer, gazed shyly up at her with her big brown eyes.

"You darling!" said Madge, kissing the sweet little face; "I hope we shall be great friends."

"Yes; and you may play with my dolly," said Daisy, slipping her hand into her cousin's.

"I am sure cousin Madge will be delighted to avail herself of the permission," said Mrs. Lawrence, laughing. "Now, Madge, if you have seen your luggage taken out, we will go home. You must be tired, but we have not far to walk."

The village consisted of one long, straggling street, and when they had walked about half way through it Mrs. Lawrence stopped before a small, shabby-looking house, and, as she opened the door with a latch key, observed to Madge—

"We lived in a larger house when we came to Brierly first, but were obliged to change."

Mr. Lawrence was a solicitor, and at the time he and Mary were married had established a very good practice at Brierly. Theirs had been a love match, and for the first few months Mary's bright dreams of happiness were fully realised. Her home was a little paradise, and her husband as loving and devoted as ever a woman had. But, alas! a change soon came. The demon drink by degrees took possession of Edward Lawrence, changing him, as it never fails to change those who give themselves up to it.

Poor Mary wept and expostulated in vain, and prayed, as she had never prayed before, to Him whose ears are ever open to His children's cry, that her husband might be led to give up drink.

After a little, the household expenditure had to be curtailed, and Mary economised in every possible way, but soon her once happy home became stripped of all its luxuries and comforts. Then they had to move into a smaller house, and a short time before Madge arrived the servant was dismissed.

Edward Lawrence had once been a handsome man, but now no remains of good looks could be traced in his bloated face and bleared, bloodshot eyes. Madge, of course, soon discovered the grim spectre that was wrecking poor Mary's home, although for the first few days after her arrival Edward kept perfectly sober, and endeavoured in his naturally good-natured manner to make her visit an enjoyable one. He was passionately fond of his little daughter, and during these few happy days Daisy and he were almost inseparable. Mary's sad eyes brightened as she watched them, and a longing hope filled her heart that for the sake of his little daughter he would, with God's help, forsake the wine cup.

But, alas! his love for drink proved stronger than his love for wife or child, and the fifth day after Madge's arrival he was brought home helplessly intoxicated. He fell headlong into the little hall as soon as the door was opened, and Madge, who came running out of the parlour on hearing the noise, felt as if she never could forget poor Mary's look of hopeless agony.

Between them they dragged the senseless man to his bedroom, where, after putting him on the bed they left him to his drunken sleep.

When Mary had calmed a little she told Madge the whole miserable story of her husband's temptation and fall.

"A man who allows the love of drink to grow on him, and to give way to it, is the most contemptible creature in existence!" said Madge, with flashing eyes. "Mary, this life is killing you! Something must be done. Darling, you and Daisy must come home with me. Mother, and all of us, would be so glad to have you."

"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," said Mary softly. "I thank you from my heart, Madge, for your loving sympathy, but my place is with my husband. You know I took him for better, for worse, and I have not given up hoping yet that he will reform, for I know, Madge, that nothing is impossible with our Heavenly Father."

After a little, Mary resumed, earnestly—

"Madge, dear, I pray you may be warned by my unhappy experience, and never, never marry a man who touches the wine cup."

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Madge had been a little over a week in Brierly, Dr. Ellis came to pay his promised visit. Mrs. Lawrence had been told of his intended arrival, and soon after he came discreetly withdrew, leaving the lovers alone. The doctor was not slow to take advantage of her absence, and in many terms told Madge of his deep and sincere love, and asked her to be his wife.

Madge listened to the old, old story with flushed cheeks and down-cast eyes, and when he had finished she raised them to his, and said, falteringly—

"Charley I do love you; but before I promise to be your wife, there is something I want you to do."

"What is it, little one?" he asked, smiling.

"I want you to become a total abstainer," she said firmly.

"A total abstainer!" he echoed, in utter astonishment. "You must be dreaming, Madge. What put such an idea into your head?"

In a few words Madge told him her reason for making such a request, speaking with tears in her eyes of her cousin's miserable, unhappy life, and ended by saying unless he signed the pledge she would never marry him.

He did his best to reason her out of this resolve, using every argument and entreaty he could think of; but all in vain, Madge remained as firm as a rock. Seeing she was not to be moved, the young man soon left the house in bitter anger and annoyance, declaring he never would sign the total abstinence pledge.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lawrence, on hospitable thoughts intent, was busy in her little kitchen, while Daisy kept running from the hall to the kitchen, playing with her doll. Thinking at length that dolly was tired with so much play, her little mistress stood for a moment in the hall considering the advisability of putting her to bed, when her father opened the door with his latch-key, and came in. The doll was immediately dropped on the floor, and Daisy running up to him caught his hand, saying eagerly—

"Bring daisy for a walk, papa."

He had frequently taken her out before, to her great delight, and, always willing to indulge her, he returned—

"All right, puss. Where's your hat and jacket?"

Daisy in glee ran off to her mother for them, and the latter, first coming into the hall to see whether her husband was in a fit state to take charge of the child—a sad but necessary precaution—got the hat and jacket and put them on, and soon Daisy and her father were walking along the street. The latter had come straight home from the hotel, where each day he spent more and more of his time and money. As he and Daisy were passing it now, a dissipated-looking man came to the door.

"You're the very man I wanted to see, Lawrence," he said. "Come in for a minute."

Lawrence looked at Daisy and hesitated.

"The child can play about the door until you come out," continued the tempter. "I will not detain you long."

"Daisy, stand at the door until I come out," said her father, letting go the little clinging hand.

"This gentleman wants me for a minute."

Daisy had never been left alone before in a strange place, and her lips quivered pitifully as her father disappeared into the hotel bar. The minutes passed slowly to the waiting child. Five minutes, ten minutes, and still he did not come. At length Daisy thought if she walked into the middle of the street her father would see her from the window and come out to her. So, summoning her courage she left the door, and, standing in the middle of the street, fixed her eyes on the hotel windows.

At this moment a horse and car came down the street, driven at reckless speed. The driver was evidently drunk, and either did not see the tiny figure standing on the road, or else could not pull up his horse in time to save her. At all events, when he did pull up, poor Daisy was lying on the street with closed eyes and a stream of blood flowing from a wound on her head, where the wheel of the car had just grazed it.

A crowd gathered instantly, but it was a young man who had come walking along the street with frowning brows and angry eyes, who lifted the little insensible figure in his arms—

"Who does she belong to?" he asked hoarsely.



"Mr. Lawrence," was the reply; while a woman's voice added, with a sob in it, "God help her poor mother!"

Dr. Ellis, for it was he, felt his heart sink at the thought of the task before him—of having to tell poor Mary Lawrence that her little Daisy, the sole joy and comfort of her saddened life, was dying; for his practised eye saw that the little one's days were numbered.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish and dismay in Edward Lawrence's home when Dr. Ellis arrived with his tiny burden.

The hours passed slowly to the watchers round Daisy's bed, but at length, near midnight, to their joy, the white eyelids opened, and the child's big brown eyes gazed round at each of them.

"Daisy tired waiting," she whispered. "Papa, please come and bring Daisy home."

"You are at home now, darling," said her mother.

"Then where's papa? Daisy wants him."

"Papa will come to see you in the morning, dear; but you must not talk any more now. You are sick."

"Yes; my head sick. Muddie," opening her eyes very wide, "you 'member the booful city you told me about—am I going there now?"

"If it is God's will," said poor Mary, in a choking voice.

"And won't you come, muddie? and cousin Mads? Daisy will wait for you at the gate."

"Yes, my darling, we will."

"And papa? Daisy wants papa to come too. Tell him Daisy wants him."

"Yes, dear; but try and sleep now."

"No! Daisy wants papa, now," she said entreatingly.

"Perhaps I ought to go for him, Mary," whispered Madge.

"No; I will go myself," and with tottering steps Mary left the room.

She opened the parlour door softly, and found her husband sitting at the table, with his face buried in his hands.

"Edward, Daisy wants you," she said.

"Is she conscious?" he asked quickly, raising his sunken, bloodshot eyes to hers. He seemed to have grown ten years older looking since Mary saw him last.

"Yes, and is calling for you."

"Thank God," he said fervently. "Mary, if she recovers, I will never drink spirituous liquor again."

"Don't put in any proviso," returned Mary. "Oh, Edward, Edward, husband! if you would only promise, even now, never to touch the wine cup again!"

"I will promise," he said. "With God's help, I never will touch it again. Oh, Mary! if I had only taken your advice long ago our precious Daisy would not be— Oh, Mary, you must hate me! Will you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, Edward, I do forgive you even as I hope to be forgiven. But come, Daisy is waiting."

Daisy's brown eyes brightened at sight of her father.

"Oh, papa," she said, "Daisy is going to wait for muddie and cousin Mads at the gate of the booful city, and for you, too—won't you come, papa?"

"Yes, my darling, I will," he said, while the heavy tears rolled down his face.

"Don't forget," she said, fixing her eyes earnestly upon him. "I'm sleepy now, muddie," she added; "but I must say my prayers," and, folding her tiny hands, she repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then began—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me:  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,"

when the little, weak voice suddenly failed, the white eyelids closed, and with a gentle sigh Daisy's pure spirit entered the gates of the Beautiful City.

Edward Lawrence kept his promise manfully and bravely, and never again touched the wine-cup. He had struggles and temptations, both within and without, to endure that well-nigh overpowered him, but when tempted almost beyond endurance Daisy's little warning, "Don't forget," would flash across his mind just in time to stay the hand that had been almost stretched out for the tempting glass. After a little he became possessed of another and more enduring safe-guard, and—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his Eternal Son,"

he not only became a confirmed abstainer himself, but also a powerful and successful advocate in the cause of temperance; in which noble work Dr. Ellis also worked with the energy and perseverance it so well deserves, for the day after Daisy's death he brought joy and gladness to Madge's heart by coming to her with a little bit of blue ribbon to sew in his coat, and while she neatly stitched it on he again urged his suit, and this time with perfect success.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “OUR LITTLE ANGEL.”

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By MRS. M. A. PAULL RIPLEY, Author of “My Battle Field,” &c., &c.

**I** NOTICED a woman in the shop, with a baby in her arms—a lovely little creature, a year old, perhaps; one of those babies that appear to be types, in their innocence and beauty, of what we may see in heaven if we are so happy as to reach it. God’s sunshine lingered in the threads of gold that curled upon her forehead, and her dark violet eyes

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looked out sweetly, confidingly—not fearfully—upon all around her. The woman, who seemed so happy to have her that I felt sure she must be the mother, was not very young—thirty at least, and lines of care were on her face; but the happiness was conquering the care now, I felt sure of that.

Joe says I am ridiculously romantic for a grocer's wife, and that I get more stories out of what I see when I come into the shop to help serve the customers on market days and Saturdays, than he should all his life. And I retort in this way—for I think a woman may answer her husband, when she does it lovingly and playfully, and uses plenty of kisses for heart-salve, if her words are a little cutting:—

"Well, Joe, isn't it better and cheaper for me to make my own romances, than for me to pay to a circulating library; at any rate, until we are a little richer, dear?"

And Joe laughs and calls me a saucy puss, and so all is happily ended. And, privately, I know he would much rather have me in the shop with him, reading living romances, than inside devouring novels, as some young wives I know do, while their husbands are busy weighing cheese, and serving soap and sugar. Some girls will perhaps stop reading this before they get to "Our little Angel," now they know how "vulgar" I am, and how I actually think it not a bit unladylike to stand behind a counter. If I wasn't a lady behind a counter, should I be a lady anywhere, I wonder? I don't think so. But I will admit that I am wandering, as Joe declares I often do, and that this is a digression. The first time I noticed this woman was a year or more ago, and then I never saw her again till last evening, when I determined to speak to her; for I had often thought of her, and wished so much to know if what I made up about her was the least bit like the truth. But before I tell her story, it is necessary I should say a little bit about Joe and myself. I was always an out-and-out teetotaler; I don't care for doing things by halves, and when Joe made me an offer, I of course asked whether he was a total abstainer. "Oh! yes," he answered; and I was very glad, to tell the truth, for I did admire him a good deal, and should have been sorry to refuse him (as I would have done, though,) on that account.

But when we came home (I had lived many miles away), I found to my great annoyance that he was agent for Gilbey's wines and spirits, and we had a quarrel. I know it was very foolish of me, but I shall not be honest unless I say so. I declared he had cheated me, and he said he had not, that he was an abstainer; and I said he had. And you know how it goes on, or if you don't, you can fancy. We were both of us miserable, and yet for nearly a day we wouldn't own it, either of us. But it was horrid to go on hour after hour, and have Joe coming in and out, and yet not receive or give a single kiss. I couldn't bear it at last, and I sat down and cried with all my heart. When Joe came in next, he came over to me, and asked me ever so kindly what made me cry; and so we made it up, and Joe promised to think about Gilbey & Co., and said he had a large stock for which he was answerable to them, and a large country trade that always wanted these drinks sent. I said I would rather live on dry bread and water, than get rich with drink money; and he laughed at that and patted my head, and then said gravely—

"Bravo! Letty, that's genuine. Now, trust me a little, dear; I promise you I'll ask God to show me what is my duty, and I won't shirk it when I see it, though it may mean a business failure almost, little wife, and then what will your friends say?"

"I don't know, Joe; but I shall say, God bless you, my husband;" and I hid my face a little shyly against his breast, for that name was still so sweet and new to my lips. He kissed my bowed head, and said—

"Don't hurry me, dear; it must be a struggle, and I will tell you when I am out of it."

It lasted many weeks, and it was during these weeks the woman with that lovely baby first came in. At the end of the time Joe acted nobly, and you may be sure I was happy. He is a fine fellow; I never felt disappointed in him, except that once when I saw that he sold for Gilbey. He wrote a manly letter to them, sending a cheque for all he owed them, and explained that he had discovered it to be his duty as a Christian man, to give up selling any intoxicating drinks, and their traveller need not call again. Then, though his stock of them was heavy, he poured away all he had into the drain, with his own hands and mine, and those of a young apprentice, who was a teetotaler too, and enjoyed the work nearly as much as I did. Joe had had a modest little bill printed, one for each window, to explain simply that he felt it his duty not to sell spirits, wines, and liquors any more. When they were

put up, after the shop was shut, and the drink destroyed, he came in to me in the parlour, and said, with a sigh of relief—

“Thank God, it is done!”

I looked up at him in some surprise.

“I was so afraid, Letty, I shouldn’t have the courage to go through with it. It means less of luxuries, less of little pleasures I intended to give you, darling, and no new bonnets and hats for ever so long.”

“Is that all?” I said, smiling. “Well, anything beyond dry bread is more than I bargained for, so you needn’t trouble about me; and please remember, sir, I didn’t come to you without my *trousseau*. Why do you talk of my wanting hats and bonnets for the next three years? And as to pleasures, can I have a more welcome amusement than to walk with you of an evening in the fields and lanes, and attend temperance meetings in the winter? My dear Joe, I love you more than ever for what you have done, and better still,” I said, changing my tone to a serious one, “I do feel as if God smiled on you, and that is so sweet. There is nothing like doing one’s duty after all, for real pleasure.”

“Letty, you share all the merit, if there is any,” he answered. “Nay, don’t contradict me, dear; I should not have done it, I fear, but for you. You have been a real helpmeet to me, dear.”

It was very beautiful to hear his praise, and we did feel happy that night. But next day, and for months, indeed for more than a year, it was hard. No reward outwardly came to Joe, quite the contrary; and sometimes when he told me of this family and that having taken their custom elsewhere, because he could not supply wines and spirits, I said, with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat, as I tried to comfort him—

“Never mind, Joe, virtue is its own reward;” and then we would both laugh, just because we would not be so silly as to do the other.

When Joe took stock yesterday month, he was a few pounds worse off than he had been a year ago; and all his labour for nothing. It was very hard. It is no use for writers in books to say that when people make sacrifices for teetotalism wonderful things immediately happen to add to their prosperity. It is often quite different to that. But it was Joe’s turn to encourage me, when I said something of this kind—

“God hasn’t failed in His promise,” he said; “we have had bread and water and a good deal more, all the ‘necessary things’ have been ‘added’ and we have felt *inside happiness*. My dear little wife, I begin to understand the worth of that more than ever, don’t you? Why should we expect to purchase *that* for nothing? And another thing, a pleasant little circumstance happened to-day, a woman came into the shop and said she came because I had no wine agency. That she was here once when I sold for Gilbey, and she had her husband with her, as well as her child, and she was quite miserable and frightened, and got him out of the shop as soon as she could. By-the-bye,” Joe added, with a sudden flash of remembrance, “she was the same woman whose baby you took such a fancy to, Letty, I remember now; and she had the child with her to-night, I suppose, only it had learnt to walk.”

“Oh! I wish, Joe, you had asked her in to see me,” I said impulsively; “I did so want to talk to her, and to see that little angel-face again.”

Joe laughed. “You will be sure to see her; she has promised me her patronage in future.”

I was as glad almost as if a duchess had sent her orders to our shop. It was the first person who had actually come because the wine agency had been given up, and I hoped it augured a more prosperous business future for my noble young husband.

The next market day I was busy as usual, when the woman and the little child came again; but this time the sweet little creature was in the arms of a large, rather heavy-looking man. Yet, as I watched them, I saw how tenderly he gazed at her, and it was evident that there was a very deep affection between father and daughter. If I said to myself the words “Beauty and the Beast,” I begged his pardon, mentally, the next moment, when I noticed how the child’s loveliness seemed to reflect itself, like sunshine, on his rugged face.

I was soon ready to attend to her wants, and the man drew near with the child.

“What a beautiful baby yours is,” I said warmly; “I have thought about her many times since I saw her, more than a year ago, and I talked so much to Mr. Burnet about her that he was amused.”

"Ah!" said the mother, looking at her, "she's just our little angel."

"I don't wonder you call her so," I said, thinking of what I had myself thought in regard to her. "Dear little one, do you like candy?" I asked, handing her a piece.

Perhaps the transition *was* rather abrupt; I am sure Joe smiled as he heard it—dear naughty Joe.

But the mother bade baby kiss me for it, which the little pet did very prettily, and then she said, "I don't mean because of her beauty, ma'am, but because of what God has done through her."

"I should so much like to hear," I said; "perhaps you will come into the parlour and tell me."

"We musn't stay long, thank you, and we can tell the story in a few words, ma'am," she said. "We had been married many years before God sent us a little child, and I won't say that my man and me weren't a bit disappointed, for we were both dearly fond of children; and, after the first two or three years, Sam, he took to the public-house dreadful."

Sam looked a little sheepish when his wife said this, but nodded his head affirmatively.

"He sat, and soaked, and wasted his brains and his money, and then he would come home, and if I was gone to bed he would make me get up, and if I was up he would swear at me for not going to bed. And I used to sit and cry, and fret myself to a shadow, and think if there was only a little one to attract him home it might be different. One day it came to me as clear as daylight that I was sinning against God, and that our home was no fit place for any little child to be born into. I was neglecting my duty as much as my husband was neglecting his, and I had better see to it. You know, ma'am, I professed to be a Christian, and Sam never had, so I was really the worst of the two."

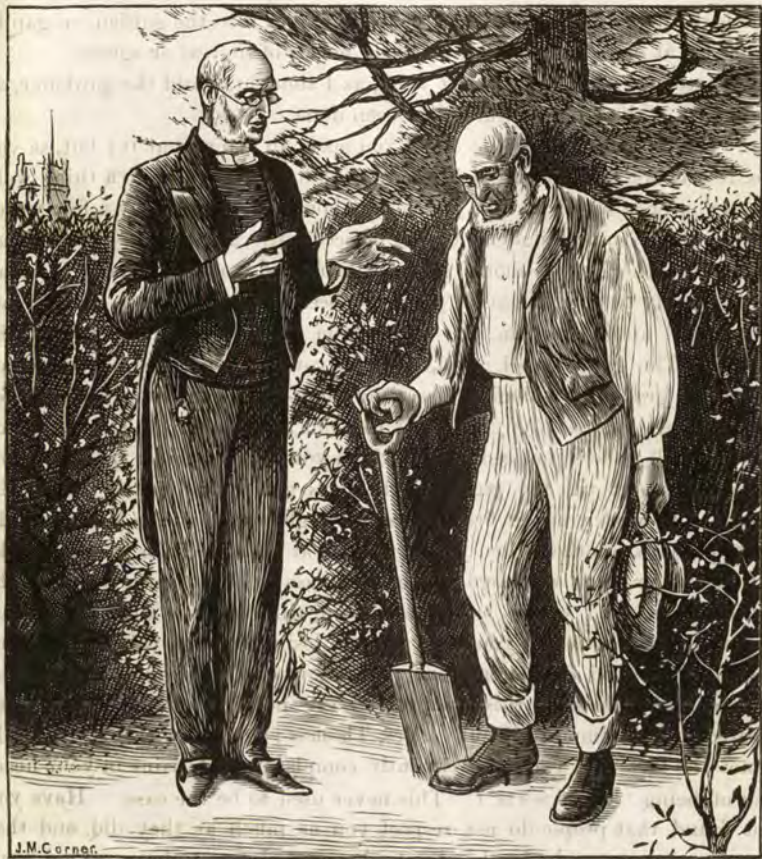
"Noa, I shall never give in to that," said Sam, with a broad provincial intonation; "you was the best of us two, by long chalks, and I was a brute to 'ee."

"I agree with you," I said, liking the man the better for his honest confession.

"Well," said the wife, "I tried to do better, and asked God to help me. I determined that at least the home should be fair enough for innocence and purity to dwell in, and if the desire of our hearts might not be granted us, I asked that the child spirit of meekness and teachableness might enter. And I thought of the child Jesus in the carpenter's house in Nazareth, and prayed that the Spirit of the Holy Child might rest upon my soul. Sam did not treat me quite so roughly after that, for I never answered his harsh words. More years passed, and then our baby came to us. I shall never forget Sam then, never. When he looked at our new treasure and examined her little hands and feet, and wonderful little face, with its beautiful eyes, he trembled like a man in an ague. God used her at once as an angel to open the door of his hard heart, for he fell on his knees by the bedside, and held her little hand in his and cried, 'Oh! God, I don't deserve this blessing!' And it was made plain to him that a greater blessing still had been brought to him by the little child Jesus, born in Bethlehem, to 'save people from their sins.' He's never been like what he used to be since. He gave up the drink from that time, and though I say it as shouldn't say it, there's no man and his wife can live happier than we do in our little cottage, along with our little angel. She's brought a blessing, little beauty, and God only knows how we love her. Sam and me, and baby, goes to church regular, and we have a hope now that by-and-bye we'll be angels, together with baby, up in heaven."

It was such a pretty little story, that I asked if I might put it down for others to read, and I said, "Perhaps it may make some other father give up the drink for the sake of his little angel; who knows?"

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## STOP THE GAP!

By the Author of "Found Dead in the Snow;" "Three Acres and a Cow;"  
"Give a Man a Chance;" &c., &c.

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"WELL, Thomas, what is the matter this morning?" asked the Rev. Edward Vincent, as the gardener entered the study one morning with a rueful look upon his face.

No. 254.

"If you please, sir, the boys have been and had nearly all the Victoria plums; some pigs have got through and spoiled all the best of the cauliflowers, and there's a rare to-do out in the garden, sir. Do'ee come out and have a look at the caddle they've got the place in," was the reply of the man, who spoke with all the freedom of a privileged servant.

"Very well, Thomas, I will come;" and forthwith master and man proceeded to the garden. It did not take long to discover the means by which the depredators had been enabled to get into the garden—a gap in the hedge at one corner afforded a ready means of ingress or egress.

"I stopped that hole up last week, as I thought," said the gardener, as he looked at the damage which had been done.

"Yes, Thomas, I have no doubt you made an attempt at it; but, as you see, it was not half done, and hence the result. It pays to do a thing well, when you once set about it. But now, Thomas, I want to say a few words to you about something else I have noticed with much pain lately: that there are other gaps—moral gaps—which need to be stopped. I shall speak plainly to you, Thomas; you have been in my employ so many years that I feel an interest in you apart from my duty as a minister of the Gospel. The great gap I mean, so far as you are concerned, is one which has been gradually widening for some time—I mean your fondness for intoxicating liquors. At first it was like this little hole in the hedge, which was so small nobody noticed it, and which you did not think it worth while to trouble about till the pigs and the boys got in and nearly ruined the garden. So with you: at first it was only a glass with a friend, or at meals, with, perhaps, another when you got home at night. Then by degrees the gap got wider; you would go and have a glass or two of an evening at the 'Cross Keys,' and so the habit has grown, till now it is almost a passion. Has it never occurred to you what you are losing through this gap? Your health, your good character, your reputation, and your money are being filtered away through this opening, to say nothing of the danger thus created to your immortal soul. Yes, Thomas; you know this is true. Is it not the fact that you are frequently complaining of pains in your head, and of being 'out of sorts'? This never used to be the case. Have you not found that people do not respect you as much as they did, and that many now pass you by in the street who used always to have a kind word for one whom they regarded as a hardworking, honest man, but about whom, now, they shake their heads and say, 'Ah! Thomas Lee is going to the bad!' Then, you are not so honest as you used to be. Stop a minute: I do not mean to say that you actually steal any of my cabbages or potatoes, or anything of that kind. Oh, no; but there is another class of dishonesty, nearly as bad. You used to be a model of punctuality, but now you think nothing of losing an hour or two in the morning, or half-an-hour at dinner-

time, or of idling away an hour or two in the daytime when you are out of sorts after a visit to the 'Cross Keys.' Your wife has lost that fresh, happy look she used to have, and is frequently obliged to go out and do a day's work in order to help make both ends meet. Even with this, sometimes, the ends do *not* meet, as you very well know. The children are not so tidy and well-behaved as they used to be, and their attendance at school is decidedly irregular. You are seldom seen at church now, and never at the Lord's table. Oh, Thomas, Thomas, you know all this is true; and if your eyes have never been opened before to see how wide the gap has grown, I pray God to open them for you to-day. For your own sake, for the sake of your wife and children, and, above all, for the safety of your soul, let me urge you to stop this dreadful gap at once. Half-measures are worse than useless. Supposing you only partially mend this hole in the hedge to-day, in less than a week we shall have just the same job over again, or perhaps even worse, for the weak spot will be found, depend upon it. So with a bad habit; it must be crushed at once. It is no use to play with it, or the snake will only be scotched, not killed. Supposing you resolve that henceforth you will only take a glass or two in moderation, and that you will never exceed a certain limit, what will be the result? You may drive out one evil spirit, but you will leave several others behind who will speedily open the door for even worse ones than themselves. No, Thomas; it must be done at once, and done thoroughly. You must stop the gap ere it be too late. All is not lost yet, but there is no knowing how soon it may be. How can you do it? Why, first of all place the Temperance pledge right in the middle of the gap, then hedge it round with faith and prayer, water it with the tears of repentance, place your trust in God, and in due time you shall see the result in improved health, happier home, a heavier pocket, and what is of far more value than all these put together—a brighter hope in the world to come. I have spoken plainly to you: God grant it may prove a word in season."

\* \* \* \* \*

And it did, for two mornings afterwards Thomas entered his master's study, and without any preliminary said, "I'll do it, sir!"

"Do what, Thomas?" was the astonished reply.

"Why, stop the gap, sir. Please give me a card to sign, and I'll never touch another drop of the drink. I mean to have the card framed and hung up over the kitchen mantelpiece, just to keep me straight if I happen to be tempted. It will be rather a tough job at first, sir; but God helping me I'll win, and will try to be a better man in the future than I have been in the past."

\* \* \* \* \*

Need the moral be drawn: the characters are so legible that even he who



runs may read. A word in season, how good it is! Working men who may be drifting with the downward tide, and who take "just a glass" now and then, be warned in time and stop the gap ere it be grown to such dimensions that health, reputation, and everything worth the keeping shall have escaped through it. To the young we would say, beware of a wrong beginning. It is the first step in the downward path that makes the rest so easy: the "little rift within the lute" that slowly and imperceptibly widens till at last it destroys the music. Beware of the first glass, which soon grows to a habit and binds its victims in fetters which are difficult to break—sometimes, alas! impossible. Oh, then listen to a word in season, and cast in your lot with those who, for the love of their country and the love of God, are trying to rid England of the drink traffic with its train of attendant evils, and who now call to you, in the name of those who are sinking beneath the waves of intemperance, and the poor wives and children who are suffering so terribly, to come and throw yourself into the work, and by your example, precept, and practical support, help us to

STOP THE GAP.

E. LAVER.

DEVIZES, September, 1886.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.

Price 1s. 6d. per 100, Free by Post.

# W YEAR'S TRACT.



## EZEKIEL AND THE GOOSE.

BY THE REV. T. W. HOLMES, SHEFFIELD. *All rights reserved.*

**M**OSSES GREEN was the crippled son of a village tailor, whose sign *Ezekiel Green, Artistic Tailor*, had furnished more than a nine days' topic of conversation to his illiterate neighbours. Perhaps Ezekiel knew what he was about. He was neither an industrious tailor, nor a sober tailor, nor a thrifty tailor, nor a religious tailor—he was artistic if he was anything, and shared the love of a merry song, a pipe of tobacco, and a pot of ale, with the famous inhabitants of that greater Bohemia, of which rumours had never reached his work-room. This was situated over the kitchen of the small house he

inhabited, and it faced a little croft or orchard into which farmer Haverhill's gees would often stray, *faute de meilleure*, during the long summer afternoons. Out of the bak door, over which hung a blackbird in a wicker cage, poor little Moses would watch them waddling about, picking up such food for digestion or meditation as they could find.

One day the lad had crept out of the door, and sat resting his aching back against the green mossy stem of an apple tree, which, though very old, was a marvel of beauty to him every spring-time.

Moses was particularly interested in one of a flock of goslings that had somehow or other got lamed, and came fearlessly up to Moses as if it recognised in the tender-hearted, suffering lad, a companion in misfortune.

So absorbed was the child in his attention to the bird, that he had not observed the entrance of the farmer by a gap in the wall, who had stood half concealed behind a tree and watched the little comedy. The gosling had succeeded in climbing on to Moses' knees, and staring earnestly—that is to say earnestly for a gosling—into the boy's face.

"Do you care for that bird, Moses?" asked Squire Haverhill.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, who was of gentle manners, like his mother.

"Then you can have it," said the bluff good-tempered man.

The boy thanked him, and, rising to go into the house, was followed by the gosling with as much alacrity and intelligence as if it had understood and consented to the bargain.

Ha! ha! ha! roared Mr. Haverhill as he watched the two cripples hobble across the orchard and enter the cottage door.

Through his half-opened window, Ezekiel had overheard the conversation betwixt the farmer and his son, and when Moses reached the house with his prize following him, he was waiting to receive them. He was not very busy, and Tim, the parish apprentice, though at that moment suffering from a boil at the back of his neck, alleged to have been brought on by the consumption of too much cabbage, was quite equal to the demands that were then made on the "artistic tailoring establishment," so Ezekiel quickly made a box for the new pet, in which he placed some nice new hay, and after breaking some bread into a saucer of milk watched its rapid consumption with quite as much enjoyment as either Moses or the gosling.

Day by day, the curious intimacy betwixt the lad and the bird increased, and wherever one was seen the other was not far off. If the bird, looking as serious as a rural dean, turned the corner by the bookseller's, Moses was sure to be on his way down the High Street. Unfortunately, while the bird outgrew its lameness and became quite a handsome creature that of poor little Moses got no better. He was thin and white, and the colour on his cheeks—the only bit about him—indicated consumption. The one consolation of his painfully monotonous days was his bird.

Now Ezekiel, who, in many respects was not a bad sort of fellow, had unfortunately acquired a liking for intoxicating drink, and from time to time went, as it is called on the spree. When he had, on those occasions, spent all his money, he would contrive to prolong his orgies by playing his fiddle in any of the public houses in the parish, for a pint or two of ale. He was a capital player, and had formerly been the most celebrated fiddler in the church choir. After one of these drunken bouts he would be listless, indolent, and snappish for days, in fact he was then a quite different fellow from the humorous good-tempered man he was usually.

His wife, a pretty, but faded woman—once a village beauty—had done all she could to induce him to join the village temperance society. The Vicar, a young man fresh from Cambridge, had taken a fancy to Ezekiel, had lent him books, discussed social and political problems with him in his work-room, played duets with him on the violin, and done his best to enable him to overcome that passion for drink which seized him at times, but all had failed.

It was now only six weeks from Christmas, Ezekiel had been on the spree for nearly a fortnight; his means were exhausted; he had not another copper left, and nobody seemed to care that night to listen to his fiddle. He was sitting in the "Magpie" publichouse, tired, hungry, and half mad with a wild craving that devoured him for more drink. The snow was on the ground, and he was almost too tired to walk another yard. The door of the room opened and the face of the landlady looked in on the group that sat around the fire, and, by the light of a couple of tallow candles, smoked their pipes, discussed the affairs of the parish, the new gamekeeper, and the quarrel among the ringers. Ezekiel, who had no pipe and was taking no part in the conversation, was the only one who noticed the opening of the door. The woman beckoned him out—

"Ezekiel," said she, when they were in the long sanded kitchen, hung with sides of bacon, "'Tis a hard frosty night. Don't 'e feel mortal hungry?"

"Trew, trew, mistress," said Ezekiel, who was surprised at this unexpected interest in his condition, in such a personage.

"Well, here be some nice boiled ham as anybody might hope to taste, and a quart of ale out of the last barrel from the big brewery up to Stokeholton, and you be welcome to as much of both of 'em as you like."

Ezekiel stared, and continued waiting.

"On one condition," she continued.

"And what circumstance be that, mistress, pray?"

"Why," said the woman, assuming her blandest tones, and, though she had grown coarse since then, she had been lady's maid years ago at the Hall, and bore not the best of characters. She was described by the villagers as a sharp'un. "Why, 'tis a condition and not a circumstance, which be no word for such as you, that you bring me that goose of yours to-morrow night."

It was not all at once that Mistress Coates could prevail on Ezekiel to promise, but he was very hungry, the white cloth with its tempting viands was before him, the beer frothed as the landlady poured it into a mug, and outside, as he knew, the snow was driving into deep drifts and hillocks betwixt him and home. Besides, Ezekiel was half daft with his spree, and as hungry, and in addition as wretched, as a man can be. At last he promised, ate his supper, got drunk once more, and, seizing his violin, played like one inspired—for Ezekiel could play,—till the rafters rang, while the shoemaker, the carrier, the lawyer's clerk, the blacksmith, and the cow doctor roared in frantic chorus to his accompaniment. The next night, when Moses was asleep, he stole out of the back door, with the goose muffled in an old coat. Never poacher, with his pockets stuffed with dead rabbits or snared game, felt more afraid lest anybody should cross his path than did Ezekiel. He was startled every time the bird, which he clutched by the throat, cackled or hissed, lest anybody should hear it. He, however, delivered it safely at the back door of the public house, into the hands of the landlady, and then, after another pot of ale, slunk homeward like a beaten hound.

As he entered the door, with every sense on the alert, he heard poor little Moses coughing; he lighted a candle and softly stepped into the lad's bedroom; there lay the boy, his thin arms thrown out upon the white quilt, his deformity was concealed and his face and his hands alone were visible. He inherited his mother's beauty, but what in her was coarse, in him was delicate and refined through the influence of pain patiently borne. His cheeks had a spot on each that was red as a rose. He was evidently disturbed by the entrance of his father with the candle, for he suddenly opened his eyes, and, seeing him, put up his face for a kiss. The love of the patient boy for his father was something wonderful. The man felt as if he were unfit to touch the cheek of the unsuspecting child, who, as he rose in bed, disclosed to Ezekiel's eye the bent little back; Ezekiel hurriedly kissed the boy and left the room. In the morning, as he sat cross-legged on his bench meditating, not working, he waited with something like dread to hear the sound of Moses going down to his breakfast, but the boy did not stir. His mother presently called her husband to that meal, and disclosed to him the fact that the goose had been stolen. She bade him keep the secret from Moses. But, during the short, cold, foggy weeks that followed, until nearly Christmas, poor Moses was too ill to think of his bird. On the night following the transfer of the goose to the publican's, as Ezekiel was returning home in the dark from the curate's lodgings, whither he had taken some work, he heard, as he came up the lane, what he took to be the cackle of a belated goose. It was an unmistakable cackle. He turned to look at the place from whence it seemed to proceed, but the wall was betwixt him and it; then he heard a louder noise of cackling, mixed with hisses, and a rush of something, or somebody hurrying away, accompanied by half-suppressed, derisive laughter. Ezekiel heard the sound of retreating footsteps, and, muttering an angry threat, hastened home. That night was the beginning of his troubles; somebody had found out how it came to pass that a paper containing the words, "A Christmas goose to be raffled for here on Christmas Eve," had appeared in the window of the "Magpie" the very day after the mysterious disappearance of little Moses's pet. Did Ezekiel venture out at dusk he was sure to hear behind him some cackling or hissing. He heard it under his bedroom window at night. It dogged him on his way to church, to the neighbouring statutes, and to the public-house.

For weeks Ezekiel had remained an abstainer; he had not forgotten the resolution made on the night when he kissed the hot cheek of the little cripple. It was his great desire to earn enough to buy back the goose before the raffle took place, or to get another as a substitute, which he hoped to persuade the landlady to accept. His intention, however, was not carried out. One night, rather more than a fortnight preceding Christmas Eve, he was returning home across the common, which was covered with snow, when a man passed him, who, as he went by made the hateful hissing sound that had grown so intolerable to Ezekiel. The infuriated tailor sprang at him, and followed him at full speed across the common, but, stumbling against a boulder concealed in the snow, fell and broke his right arm. Stunned, also out of his senses, he lay unconscious for an hour or more; when he came round he lay for at least another hour helpless and miserable. By the light of a waning moon, he saw at last the carrier's wagon toiling up the road a little to his right, and succeeded in making himself heard. The carrier, who had been an old crony of his, put him on a sack of hay, and after many horrid joltings and shakings, Ezekiel was left, more dead than alive, at his own home; he was very ill for many days, in consequence of cold and exposure. The companion of his loneliness was little Moses, whom his mother used to carry into his father's bedroom and place in a little chair by the side of the warm peat fire. The talk of the thoughtful dreamy child was a new revelation to the tailor. Time gradually slipped away; it had reached Christmas Eve at last. Just before candle-lighting, the black-

smith's lean apprentice called in to tell them his mistress had won the fat goose at the "Magpie," and that it was then plucked and hanging in the pantry. The tailor heard the story as he sat in the room above, and cursed his own folly and selfishness as he did so. It could not be helped, however, now.

The tailor might go down to dinner next day, the doctor said.

Farmer Hetherington had sent Ezekiel and his family a nice piece of spare-rib, a pork pie, a sack of coals, some tea, sugar, oranges, and a spice pudding, and other good things. The night wore on, and just before midnight struck, the choir came and sang "When Shepherds," under Ezekiel's window; at twelve, the ringers sent merry peals from the old church tower that startled the white owls which lived in the belfry; then all was still, and Ezekiel fell into a troubled sleep. Next day he and Moses were, for the first time, down stairs together. Noon came; the people returning from church passed the cottage window; many a kindly face looked in at the door and nodded. The dinner was upon the table; the plum pudding, decorated with holly berries, was waiting for the insertion of Ezekiel's spoon. Little Moses held his plate, which trembled in his hand—it was pitifully weak and transparent. Big tears suddenly sprang into Ezekiel's eyes, and, to the astonishment of his wife and child he told them the story of his temptation, his theft, his remorse, his resolution for the future, and how it came to pass that he had broken his arm. They both listened with breathless attention, and when it was all told the man covered his face with his left arm, and laying his head on the table, sobbed passionately to himself; little Moses slipped quietly down from his high chair, and, going up to his father, kissed his hand. The man had raised his head and listened: what was it that his quick ears had detected! It was—yes—it was the sound of somebody cackling outside; it came nearer and nearer; it was a splendid imitation—triumphant, audacious, insolent even,—you could scarcely have told it—unless you had been a gooseherd by profession—from the real thing, it was just the perfection of hissing. But what a pity that it should have come to mar that pretty little reconciliation scene. And then, as if not satisfied with offering the insult outside the house, the footsteps paused at the door—Ezekiel rose, with cheeks a flaring scarlet, and was just about striding across the floor to meet the intruder and insulter, when the door softly opened and in walked—fatter, and sleeker, and fussier than ever—Moses's own goose. Ezekiel stood amazed and speechless. Hamlet's astonishment in presence of his kingly father's ghost was a tame sensation to it. The goose waddled pompously, almost patronisingly, to where Moses—whose eyes were still wet with childish tears for its untimely death—stood, staring in equal surprise and bewilderment. Then it struck Ezekiel that the goose could not have opened the door for itself, and he was quite sure it had not shut it after itself. He cautiously opened it and looked out; there, standing against the low orchard wall, was the man whose imitation of the cackle of a goose had led to Ezekiel's fall on the common. He was a harmless neighbour who never imagined such a termination to a joke. The two men looked at each other in silence for a moment, shook each other by the hand, and then, after the manner of rustics, parted without allowing speech to intervene to check the flow of genuine feeling.

From that day to this, Ezekiel has never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink, and the goose, getting old and grey, is one of the most respected inhabitants of the parish.

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JUDGE YE!

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

By Mrs. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of the Trevelyan Prize Essay, "Sir Walter Raleigh's Legacy"; "The Farmer of Silver Cord"; etc., etc.

"A DOUBTFUL good at best; the source of two-thirds or nine-tenths of the poverty, crime, and sorrow that afflict our civilisation."

What is it of which the scientific and philanthropic have thus spoken? Is it a necessary evil from which there is no escape? Tens of thousands of voices answer "No!" The wise, the learned, the aged, the middle-aged, and the young echo the answer "No!"

No. 256.

The toiler requiring physical strength for manual labour, the high-class artisan, the brain-worker, concur with the vast host of nephalists scattered up and down the world in saying "No, it is *not* necessary." In the most trustworthy, oldest Book we have among us, we read of those who have achieved mighty works *without* the aid of this falsely-supposed source of strength. It would seem most probable that during the building of the first Great Eastern—the Ark—its architect did not resort to this delusive friend to gain strength for the execution of his work. His after conduct stands as a warning to all succeeding workers. The truth of the testimony given in the grand old Record concerning this false friend is borne out by the experience of all who will observe these things.

Take a sketch or two from the writer's own knowledge within the range of twenty years. F—T— is the only son of a widowed mother, who has a small independence sufficient for the maintenance of herself and an invalid daughter. The son holds a position adequate to the support of himself and a wife. He cannot see that it is wise or necessary to abstain from the "good creatures of God in moderation"; nor can he see the danger, the pitfall in his pathway, which is the snare of thousands besides Fred T.—an inherited liking for alcoholics,—the great blockade to the temperance reformation. He works hard at the office and, by imperceptible degrees, drinks hard. The cigar which he sucks on the knifeboard of the Camden Town omnibus by which he travels to the city, so "soothes" him that he wants waking up, therefore takes a little stimulant before going to business, and the cigar smoked at dinner-time produces a like result; and that on the return journey, and those "whiffs" in the evening, as he takes a "stroll with Annie,"\* she looking lovingly at him as, hand in pocket, his enamoured gaze is rivetted upon the cigar he holds in his hand, whilst the smoke issues from his mouth, as though each power of mind and body were intent upon inflicting injury upon himself, and polluting the free breath of heaven; these lead all in the same direction.

They marry. Shortly rheumatism lays the bread-winner low. His alcoholics are forbidden by medical orders.

He rises with impaired health. He will still drink—"in moderation"; which in this case is one quart of stout daily: "he cannot do with less"; the writer had it from his own lips.

Business is precarious. The young man obtains employment now and again, only to lose the last situation as he did the former—from inefficiency.

Would abstinence from all narcotics have wrought a state of things such as here sketched?

#### JUDGE YE.

And the wife and child—for there is now a puny baby.

It is a wretched November night. In Camden Town, in a poor street, is a house let out in lodgings; over the kitchen is a narrow wing-room. Enter it; cast your eyes round, and, by the aid of that bit of rushlight which makes darkness visible, you discover a dirty bare floor, a fireless grate strewed with ashes, a broken pipe and cigar-ends. The furniture of the room consists of an old bedstead with scanty bedding, two or three broken chairs, and a bare deal-table. The wife has been expecting her husband home for hours. She has not broken her fast, but the baby has been trying the greater part of the day to get the sustenance provided by nature to support infant life, and the disappointed, famished little one wails and pines, whilst the exhausted wife and mother sheds unavailing tears.

Did total abstinence ever work thus?

#### JUDGE YE.

C—K— was a skilled workman in constant employment, receiving five pounds a week, as he and his wife assured the writer. Surely the income in this case will produce domestic comfort, for C— loves his wife; "would give her gold to eat," as she says. Thus these wives talk!

Come with me to that respectable road turning out of Kingsland High Street. It is a poor kind of stationer's shop; the private door is delapidated, the passage and stairs dirty and bare. You enter the front room: it is the dinner-hour. You see a handsome young workman; but as you enter, he retires—omitting to remove the bottle of gin from the table.

Examine the apartment;—an old bedstead, scanty and not remarkably clean bedding, a coke fire, a rod of iron for a poker, a handleless shovel, and the publican's can serving for a kettle. The floor is innocent of carpet. Three whining, ragged children—babes they might be called—are tumbling about among broken chairs. The wife sits covering over the bit of fire, hushing in her arms an infant five-days old.\* She has no one to look after herself or the children, except the little attention kindly given by the mistress of the news-shop. Questioned as to her destitute state with such a well-paid, loving husband, she answers:—*"He's so fond of treating his mates!"*

Did ever total abstinence work such havoc?

#### JUDGE YE.

He was a high-class workman and a total abstainer. There were children—three or four; the house well-furnished, for his wages were as good as those of C—K—. He had a

\* See frontispiece.

good library, a harmonium, pictures—everything betokening comfort: yet there seemed a strange want in the home—a skeleton! There was a housekeeper; all marketing was done by her, and an account of all monies spent rendered each evening to the father and husband. He was not a widower, nor was the wife ailing or infirm to the casual gaze; but she was afflicted with the saddest disease that can torment a woman—an inordinate love of strong drink. Once fairly good-looking, all physical beauty had now fled. She had only one eye, having, in a drunken bout, fallen down stairs, and the loss of that precious organ was the penalty.

As she lay upon her bed of suffering she expressed but one desire—a craving for strong drink of any kind. Her husband was maligned, the children scolded, the housekeeper abused. The woman's mother came to see her daughter in her illness, and fed the flame that was consuming its victim by slyly introducing spirits into that room. The husband still loved his wife. He could not endure the exposure of a separation from her, nor would he deny the mother access to her daughter; but he had exacted a promise—not kept—that she would never introduce the foe to the poor sufferer's room; but the unwise mother was "sure that a little drop" would not hurt her, and even when the writer was speaking words of warning to the enslaved woman, piteously she entreated the loan of a shilling with which to procure the coveted luxury.

A deep melancholy has taken possession of the man, and, if God's loving grace does not intervene, what will be the end of this state of things?

Does total abstinence ever so work?

JUDGE YE.

A young woman, E—B—, with some personal attractions, an artist and musician, left a widow with three children, finds it hard to support her little family, marries again,—a man mentally inferior to herself, but industrious. He works hard, and drinks hard; becomes, by degrees, less hard-working, but more hard-drinking; and the old story is enacted—the house is given up and a lodging taken.

Grief and privation in a short time lay the suffering wife low. The husband, who married for love, ill-uses, through drink, the woman he had sworn to cherish. Bare of furniture is that one room. Bare would describe the bed, the children, and the cupboard; but the publican's till is made heavy by that husband's earnings.

Privation and grief work rapidly upon the delicate frame of the sorrow-stricken wife. Pale little Sarah, prematurely old, waits upon her mother and "tidies" up the room. Paul, the eldest boy, an aunt in the country has taken, and "baby" the Lord mercifully takes, whilst Teddy is at the mother-in-law's. Thus the little woman of eight summers is alone with her mother. The landlady, in pity to the child, sometimes gives her some food, and does a kindness for the sick woman; often a mistaken kindness in scolding the husband, who retaliates by ill-treating his wife and worrying the helpless little girl.

They are under notice to leave their lodgings.

The man, the husband, is debased—washed away by a flood of strong drink. Callously he works in the day and drinks at night.

It is ten o'clock in the forenoon. Little Sally has been tending her mother ever since six o'clock, when father went out to work. The woman has kept her bed for the past week. She *ought* to have taken to it long before, but has frequently, more dead than alive, risen from her wretched pallet to wait upon her tipsy husband.

The little daughter wonders how it is that "mother says such queer things and stares at her so." She feels frightened, and "wishes Mrs. Brown would come and look at mother." She does not like to call her because "she's busy washing."

Well might the child be frightened as she gazed on that cadaverous face—those large dark blue eyes!—those arms thrown about wildly! while the long dark dishevelled hair streaming over the woman's shoulders gives a weird aspect to the sufferer.

Sally utters a loud scream, and Mrs. Brown, hastily coming into the room, sees her lodger quite out of her mind, sitting like a skeleton before the fire-place.

With great difficulty she is replaced in bed. Mrs. Brown has "thought her queer for some days." The doctor is sent for, but before he arrives the spirit has left the prematurely worn-out body of the drinker's wife.

Oh, the untold suffering of women and helpless innocent children! Did ever total abstinence work such havoc?

JUDGE YE.

Objection might be taken to the foregoing as being examples of "excess," which illogically enough is condemned by the moderate drinker, who vauntingly asks, "Why cannot others do as I do—leave off when they have had enough?"

Indulgence in these things takes away from those using them the power to discern *when* they have taken what each may consider enough, and which those whose eyes are opened to see the insidious nature of the products in question always consider too much; since, if it be possible for alcoholics to work the ruin which each one of us must have discovered to exist as the direct result of indulgence in this habit of civilisation, surely it behoves all right-minded persons to set their faces against so dangerous a custom as even moderate



drinking; for in each of the foregoing cases the victims never dreamt when they set out in the downward course that their career would be so terrible, not only to themselves but that such fearful issues to others would eventuate.

In the first instance cited, a widowed mother is impoverished by curtailing her own comforts to give her son that which increases his viciousness, whilst it fails, in the slightest degree, to benefit any one—no! not even the publican; for though these men may accumulate money by the traffic, a curse, as we have heard a publican's wife say, often visibly attends the unhallowed gain (Prov. 13 ch., xi verse). Then, again, in the case of which we are now speaking, not only is the mother impoverished, but her heart is pained, and the sister and daughter are involved in this great trouble. Again, an innocent babe is born—only, as it would seem, to suffer, and for its sufferings to aggravate still more the grief of its wretched mother; whilst all the intelligence, all the manly aspiration that might have been in that man and have augmented the good of the common weal, is thus lost in alcoholic excess. Alas! the fire which is consuming him is scorching all within his influence. Yet does the mocking spectre, clothed in the garb of pleasantries and good-fellowship, delude its victim. That the benevolent, the christian worker, should not perceive the fallacy of the talk about "moderation," can only be accounted for by the blinding influence of the superfluity for which they plead.

In our second instance the suffering wife seemed unable to discern the real cause of her misery. Probably the moderate half-pint of beer taken by her when she could get it, might have something to do with her obtuseness in this direction. Looking into the beer-cup seems to induce purblindness in regard to what is called moderation.

In our third instance we have a total abstainer made wretched, all domestic happiness wrecked, all the good advice and example of a father neutralised, it might be, by the bad example of a mother, herself bolstered up in her terrible practice by her own mother!

In our fourth case we see the man's destructive habit recoiling fearfully upon a wife. Until reason is dethroned, and inflicting misery upon a little girl, eating out all the joy of childhood, rendering her terribly familiar with vice, and prematurely old in sorrow.

How such instances of misery, caused through strong drink, appeal to the women of England to come out from participating in this snare; and being free themselves, should it not energe them to work for the total emancipation of their sex from the snare of the drink fiend?

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JENNIE'S VALENTINE.

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By EDWARD LAVER, Author of "Found Dead in the Snow," "The Better Part,"  
"Stop the Gap," &c., &c.

**N**O, Fred; my mind is fully made up. I promised my dear mother just before she was taken from us that I would never marry a man who was not a teetotalter; and I mean to keep that promise, as much for my own sake as for the memory of my mother."

No. 257.

So spoke Jennie Miles to her lover, who had been urging her to give her consent to marrying him at an early day ; and the quiet, determined manner in which the young lady spoke, convinced Fred Parker that he had to deal with one who meant what she said. The two young people had been keeping company for some few months, and everybody agreed that they were just suited for each other. But there was one subject which constantly cropped up between the two lovers, and which, more than once, had nearly led to a rupture. Jennie was a thorough teetotaller, not only because she had always been led to believe that total abstinence was best, by the best of parents, in a good home, but also from conviction, and by having seen the sad effects of drinking habits amongst some of the people who lived in her native village. Fred, on the other hand, was one of those easy-going good-tempered fellows who are general favourites, but who, nevertheless, had not yet been brought to see that there was any danger in what he termed "a moderate indulgence in the good things of life." In fact, he rather prided himself—as, alas ! so many have done to their sorrow and eternal misery—upon being "able to take a glass or to leave it alone," and he professed the greatest contempt (although he was careful not to tell Jennie so) for "those weak-minded folks who were obliged to take a temperance pledge because they couldn't trust themselves without it."

Jennie was head housemaid at the Manor House, in one of the pretty little villages with which Wiltshire abounds, whilst Fred was the son of the village carpenter, and, as we have said, was a general favourite. Having met with Jennie whilst carrying out some work at the Manor House, the friendship then commenced soon grew into a warmer feeling. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and in this case it seemed as though the rock upon which it would split would be upon the teetotal question. Our story opens just as Jennie was replying to the urgent pleadings of the young carpenter to allow him to have the banns put up.

Fred was made of too stern stuff, however, to acknowledge defeat at the first repulse, so he returned again and again to the charge, only to be met by the same cool determined answer. Jennie was by no means disposed to risk her future happiness, even with one she loved so dearly as she did Fred Parker, without a distinct understanding upon this all-important question ; she did not believe in marrying a man to mend him, and though Fred never exceeded the bounds of the strictest moderation, she argued that so long as he took any, there was the danger of his passing the rubicon.

So, though he talked and pleaded, and at length began to get vexed and angry, it was of no avail, and at length the young couple parted much distressed, having had their first real lovers' quarrel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven months had passed, and the quarrel had not yet been made up. Jennie, conscious of having come to a right decision, and having the approval of her conscience, had held steadily on her way, bearing her burden as best she might, and hiding her secret sorrow in her own breast. Fred had not made any overtures for a reconciliation, but those who knew him best noticed a change in the young man for which they could not account, and which they found difficult to define.

\* \* \* \* \*

The whirligig of time had again brought the season of year so delightful to young folks of both sexes, who find a pleasure in sending to one another through the post, those fanciful and artistic messages and tokens which call forth so much ingenuity and skill in their design and manufacture. Fred had gone to the neighbouring town on business, and whilst walking through the busy streets his attention was attracted by a shop-window full of valentines. He stopped to look at the numerous pretty things on view, and thought, with a sigh, that he had no one now to whom he could send a valentine. Suddenly he saw a card, almost hidden beneath a lot of flimsy-looking articles, and his attention was at once arrested. It was a plain unpretentious-looking card, printed in blue ink, with the motto at the top, "With charity to all, malice towards none." Then came the words, "I promise, by Divine assistance, that I will not drink any intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that I will not give them to others." Fred stood for a minute or two looking at the card, and then, saying to himself, "I'll do it," he walked into the shop.

"What is the price of that valentine—card, I mean—in your window; that one printed in blue ink?" he asked of the young lady at the counter.

"This one; oh, I'll give you that with pleasure, and lend you a pen, too, if you wish to sign your name, now," was the pleasant reply.

"Thank you, Miss, but I have another use for it;" and putting it into his pocket, he left the shop and went home.

Next morning, the servants at the Manor House were all excitement, waiting the arrival of the postman, and many were the remarks laughingly made to Jennie as to how many of Cupid's missives she was likely to get.

"I don't expect any," quietly replied Jennie, "but I wish you all joy of yours."

Just then the well-known "rat-tat" increased the excitement; and by common consent, Jennie was deputed to answer the door, and distribute the bundle of letters to their respective owners.

"Only one for you, Missie," familiarly remarked the postman as he handed her about a couple of dozen of all sizes and shapes.

Everybody was soon busy, whilst Jennie went to her room to open hers apart from the curious eyes of her fellow-servants. To her delight and astonishment, instead of a valentine, she found a pledge-card, signed "Fred Parker," with a slip of paper containing the words "I am conquered: may I come and see you?"

Need it be said the answer was "Yes."

Two months afterwards a quiet wedding took place in the village; and no happier home in England can now be found than that where Fred and Jennie Parker live, surrounded by a family of young children, to whom Fred often tells, as the years roll by, how a good solid foundation was laid for a happy and useful life, preserved from the temptations and snares of the intoxicating cup, by

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CREEK SIDE.

By A. A. MILLER.

A PRETTY white house, not a very large one; a green lawn and flower garden in front, sloping down to a low wall on the very edge of the Creek. Upon this wall just now three boys were sitting, two of them astride, the third with his back against a tree, and his arms around his knees.

"Well, Ju! how long are you going to hang about here? I say I've had enough of this; I'm off." And so saying, Ronald let himself drop off the wall on to the bank below, and scrambled through the bushes to a spot a little further

on, where a boat lay moored. Julian sat watching him unmoor the boat and then shouted—

“Bring her round, Ron, and we’ll get in here.”

“Will I? No, I’ll go off by myself.”

But it was only an idle threat. The boat came up, and the two other boys got in. Wilfrid pulled off his shoes and stockings and sat across the stern dangling his feet in the water, and professing to steer while the others rowed.

They had not been gone many minutes when a lady came out of the house with a basket of work on her arm. She walked down the garden and leaned over the low wall, watching the little boat as it made its way along the creek.

Her three boys, Ronald, Julian, and Wilfrid, were the joy and pride of their mother’s heart.

The little boat went on, on, out toward the great wide sea. But they were never allowed to pass a certain point, and she could trust them, so she was not afraid.

“And soon they will be out on the sea of life,” she said, “and what then?”

“Ah! what then?”

When they had first gone out in the boat upon the Creek she had made them promise that they would never go beyond a certain point, and they had promised and kept the promise faithfully. Oh, if she had but obtained a similar promise in another direction, where the danger was infinitely greater and more imminent! But she had not, and she did not, and they were sailing away; only on the Creek now, but alas! already past the danger point, and soon to be swirled within a current too strong for them, and carried far, far away.

Mrs. Thornton was a widow. Her husband had been dead several years, but she still lived on in the same house, and her three boys had been educated at a good private school near. During her husband’s lifetime the boys had always taken their meals with their parents. Their father, though never an intemperate man, had rather sneered at teetotalism, was in the habit of taking wine at dinner, as also his wife; and their boys had from early childhood been accustomed to the taste and use of it.

Such a thought as that they would ever become addicted to drink had probably never entered Mrs. Thornton’s head, or if so, been waived as a thing of most unlikely and too dreadful occurrence.

Yet if mothers will sow the seed of noxious weeds in the fair garden of their children’s hearts, what wonder if by-and-by instead of the blooming flowers they vainly long for, is seen only a tangled wilderness of waste and briar?

The three boys would have to face the world alone, they would have to fight the battle of life—like all others who are not enlisted under the Captain of Salvation—at tremendous odds; and she, their mother, was sending them out into it unarmed, unwarned.

Fifteen years hence and she would have given her very life to undo the past.

Ronald was the first to go. It was a wrench on both sides—the parting. But he was to board with the uncle in whose house of business he was apprenticed, and the city was not very far away from Creek Side, so he would come home now and then. A year later and Julian followed, but shortly afterwards a new line of railway was opened, which enabled the brothers to go to and fro every day. Two years more, and Wilfrid also had plunged into the vortex of commercial life. Her three boys were all afloat; the mother was satisfied.

The evenings were very lively; there was plenty to be said, comparing notes of their daily avocations. Sometimes they would bring a friend home to spend the evening or stay the night, and frequently one or the other, or oftener two, were absent spending the night in town.

At first Mrs. Thornton felt no uneasiness on this score, but gradually an impression stole over her that all was not right. Some of the young men who came up from town, especially Julian’s set, appeared to her decidedly fast; and she could not help noticing how speedily the decanters were emptied now in comparison with other days.

A shadow was looming over the household. Imperceptibly the blight was creeping on.

Julian often seemed very excited; was it only his natural flow of spirits? And then came unmistakable evidence of the cause. His mother gently remonstrated; he turned it lightly off. The same thing occurred again, and again she alluded to it, and he turned it off with a jest, but at the same time appeared rather annoyed, and she noticed that after this he oftener spent his evenings in town, either remaining the night with some of his friends or returning by the last train, so that she, having retired to rest, did not see him.

Well, she had always thought Julian was rather inclined to gaiety; but he was so handsome and fascinating, such a young man was sure to have a large circle of friends. Ronald and Wilfrid would be all right. But the first evil rumour that reached the house from outside was about Wilfrid. However, it was only from a lady in the city who was strong on total abstinence, so the mother attributed it to her squeamish notions, and tried to make light of it.

A few months after came a more serious report, concerning Ronald this time, and from his uncle, who was *not* an abstainer, but "took it in moderation." His nephew had more than once been seen in the office so much the worse for liquor that he had been obliged to request him to go home. The offence having been repeated, he wrote to the mother urging her to use her influence, for he should be very sorry to have to part with him, but really such conduct was not respectable.

This was the first real home-thrust. Thenceforward, life was never quite the same to Mrs. Thornton. Her Ronald, the one she thought most of, to have disgraced himself before his uncle in this way; oh, it was a bitter mortification!

She spoke to him when he came home that night. But Ronald was rather hot tempered, and it vexed him. What right had his uncle to go telling tales of him at home, as if he were a schoolboy? He was not the one to put up with that sort of thing. He declared he would not stay there. He had long wanted to go abroad, and now he should look out for an opening at once and go.

In vain his mother entreated. He was resolved. It was a great blow to her; but he went.

\*             \*             \*             •             •

A misty night, towards the end of autumn. Julian and Wilfrid had been in town late, according, alas! to their usual custom now; and were returning by the last train. A stile-path near the station led across the fields, and over a high bank skirting the Creek by a near cut to their home. It was a lonely way, and their mother had often requested them to come by the road when they were late, and generally they did so; but, to-night, Julian was bent on taking the field walk. The fog was so disagreeable, and they would get home sooner. Wilfrid slightly demurred, but presently acquiesced, and saying good-night to an acquaintance with whom they had travelled, and who was going in another direction, they managed to clamber over the stile, and with staggering gait endeavoured to trace their way through the heavy mist.

"It strikes me you'll not get home this side of morning," was the mute comment of the neighbour from whom they had just parted, as he watched them a moment until their unsteady figures became lost in the gloom.

"What a good thing, now," he added to himself, "that I joined that Juvenile Temperance affair, and grew up without knowing the want of this hateful drink. I do believe my mother would have gone out of her mind if I'd taken to it like these young Thorntons. It's an awful pity! such nice fellows, and such a good start in life they've all had. Heigho! one would really think the advantages of Total Abstinence were self-evident, but some folks buy their experience at a dear shop!"

Their mother was not asleep. Hour after hour she lay awake, listening for the familiar footsteps—so different now to what they once were—the fumbling of the latch-key in the door, the heavy staggering up the staircase. Her pillow was often wet with tears. Oh, that *her* boys should have turned out thus!



But to-night she listened, listened, and still they did not come. Could they be staying in town? Yet they had never done so without telling her beforehand, or at least hinting at its possibility, and they had no engagement this evening, for they had both promised to come home, having already been away two nights that week.

She dropped asleep at last; into a troubled, dreamy, wakeful, anxious, unresting sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

How could they tell her? It was too terrible, and she was not strong—the servants said they could not. Yet it must be done. The bodies had been got out. The men were bringing them up to the house.

How they told her, they never knew. She neither started, nor shrieked, nor fainted. She said nothing, but she turned very, very pale, and she “trembled very exceedingly.”

When the bodies were brought up she went down and looked at them and kissed them as they lay side by side—her two sons, Julian and Wilfrid—and then in a strange, calm voice, with a dazed look in her eyes, she said—

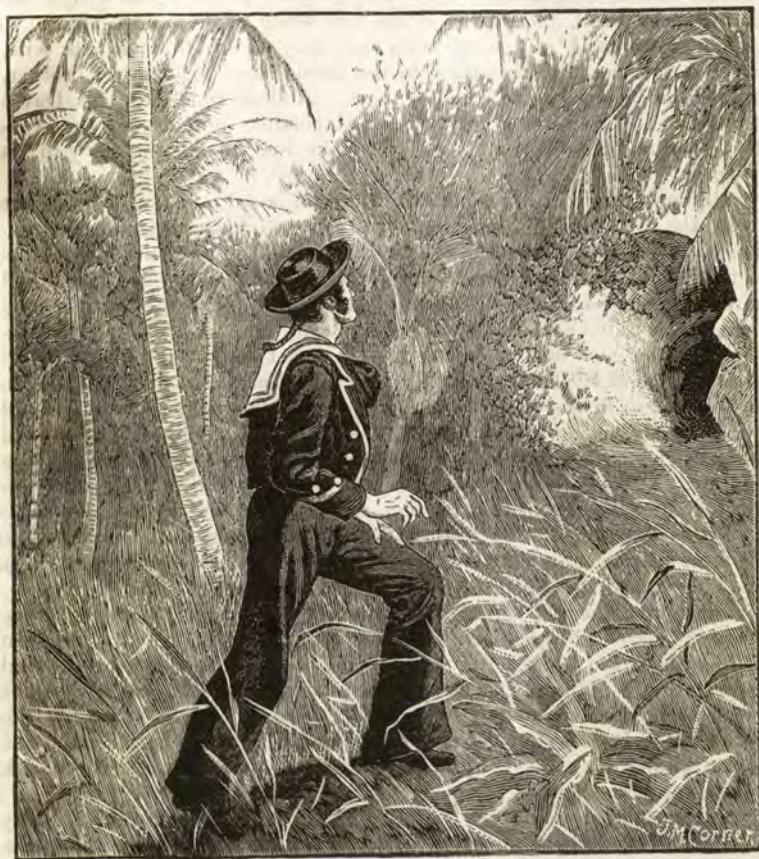
“And Ronald, too—all gone—my three boys—ruined by drink—all drink—my fault!” and she sank on the ground. They lifted her up and carried her to bed. For several days she raved about them, and then death severed the silver cord, and they laid her to rest in the grave, where her two sons had been hurled by the Demon of Drink.

The awful news went out to Ronald in the “far country,” where he was leading a similar life to that of his brothers.

Julian and Wilfrid had been going home intoxicated, walking along the bank above the Creek, in a fog; had lost their footing, fallen over, and been drowned. The shock had killed his mother. Oh! how the contents of that letter burned themselves for ever into his soul.

Ronald Thornton is living still, a prosperous man and highly esteemed. No alcohol passed his lips from that day forward. He returned to England, sold Creek Side, and then went abroad again and married. But never, even in the midst of a happy home, can he forget the terrible lesson by which he learnt to become an abstainer. His children know it well, and are taught to shrink from intoxicants as they would from the deadly bite of a serpent.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



A SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

SECOND PART.

By A. J. P., Author of "Once Too Often;" "The Tempter Folloed;" "Nipped in the Bud;"  
"Crossing the Rubicon;" &c., &c.

**I**N the first part of our story, Allan and David Mackenzie, the sons of a small farmer in the Highlands, had disagreed on account of David refusing to take strong drink, and out of revenge Allan betrayed his brother to a press-gang, then carrying on its nefarious work in their neighbourhood.

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Remorse for his cruel deed, however, led Allan to try and drown his troubles in drink. The father was also a hard drinker, and lost his life in a snowdrift one dark night, on a moor near their farm.

Glad to leave the scene of his sins and sorrows, Allan Mackenzie sold the little farm and removed further south, where he married, and for a time lived happily. But his wife, during a severe illness, was ordered by the doctor to take stimulants—thus placing the tempter again within the reach of the husband, and ending in the wife being taken to an asylum.

Allan Mackenzie on going, with his only child, to visit his wife, discovered that the minister sitting by her bedside was his long-lost brother, whom he had believed to be dead for years. A short time after this David recounted to the re-united family what had befallen him during the years he had been absent. We will, however, leave him to tell the story in his own words.

"Although carried from home and placed on board a man-of-war against my will, the treatment I underwent was not nearly so harsh as that experienced by many less fortunate than myself. One or two of the lieutenants tried to be domineering now and then, but the captain being a good-tempered man, my life on board ship was at all events endurable. Whilst on a long voyage in the China seas, and afterwards in cruising about in the Mediterranean, I had a good deal of leisure time, which I employed by reading all the books I could lay hands on. My favourite place on a fine day was to lie at full length in one of the boats hanging from the davits, where I would either carry my book with me or else lie on my back, thinking of my old home and friends, and of the days long past, and then of the future lying before me. Of one thing I could not help feeling thankful, and this was that we had not been called into action, although we had been in expectation of it several times. My feelings on this point were not shared by the seamen on board, many of whom were loud in their expressions of disgust at the long time we had remained inactive.

"There was one old sailor with whom I was on very friendly terms. He was far better educated than the majority of the men, and having been knocking about the world nearly all his life, he had picked up a great deal of information. Many a yarn he spun me of the shipwrecks and adventures he had been through, and many a useful lesson I learnt from his life experiences. It was from this kind-hearted old man that I gained a practical knowledge of navigation, and sometimes, just for practice, we took the bearings of the ship.

"But notwithstanding the pleasant hours I spent, there were many drawbacks to my happiness. Not the least of these was the drunkenness indulged in by the men whenever an opportunity occurred; and in this habit they were not alone, for the officers frequently sat drinking at the mess-table till they were quite helpless.

"The discipline on board a man-of-war is rather strict, and having no great love for a seafaring life, I longed to be ashore again. In fact I had given my old friend to understand that, having been taken to sea against my will, I should try and escape when an opportunity occurred. Finding it useless to dissuade me from this course, he promised to do his best to help me. But how to get away was the question. The opportunity I was waiting for came, however, sooner than I expected.

We were off the coast of South Carolina, and had put into the port of Charleston for water and provisions. Several of the men had obtained leave to go ashore for the day, and I was to form one of the party. On such occasions as this it was no uncommon thing for nearly all the men to get dead drunk before returning to the ship in the evening, and many a disgraceful scene of this kind had I witnessed, accompanied frequently by serious accidents, one seaman having been drowned within sight of the ship not long before.

"I prepared for the trip by filling my pockets with biscuits, and a few other necessaries which my old friend got ready; also the money I had saved, though it didn't amount to much.

"It was a lovely autumn morning when we started, and by about ten o'clock our destination was reached. The men very quickly made their way to a grog-shop, whilst the boatswain strolled about with me for a short time. Very soon, however, to my great relief, he went off, saying he had some old mate living on the outskirts of the town whom he intended to hunt up.

"Now was my opportunity, and I made the most of it. In less than an hour I had left the town far behind, and, following the course of a small stream, was soon deep in the recesses of a forest. Tropical flowers, plants, and shrubs grew in luxuriance on every hand, and creeping vines wound themselves round the gigantic trees, or climbed up them to a great height. I had never looked on such a wild and beautiful scene before, and felt almost lost in wonder and awe.

"There was no immediate fear of any search being made for me, as we were at liberty to spend our time as we pleased till the evening, and by that time I knew the men would be far too stupid, from the effects of strong drink, to come after me. After revolving several plans in my mind, I determined to look for a secure hiding-place in the forest, where I could stay for a few days, till the search for me would be over, and then make my way inland to some quiet town and try to get employment.

"But I am making my story too long, and must hasten on. Not very far off I could see a steep hill with trees growing almost to the top. After climbing about half-way up I came upon some wild cherry trees, and whilst pushing through the bushes to get at them I noticed the entrance to a cave. This was just what I wanted. It was rather dark inside, but my eyes soon grew accustomed to the place. I found it was a kind of natural grotto in the rock, and at once set about making it as comfortable as possible. There was an abundance of dry leaves lying outside, and with these I made up quite a comfortable bed. This done, my next care was to see if there was any water near my hiding-place. After a search of about half-an-hour, I found a small stream of clear water, and on my way back had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, which would ensure a good supply of food for several days.

"I stayed in my cave for about a week, and then made my way to the town of E—, where I became acquainted with the minister of the town, who owned a small farm. For a few weeks I worked at gardening, but finding that the minister wanted a trustworthy man to manage his farm, I went to work for him; and a good, kind master and friend he proved. After hearing my story, and finding how fond I was of reading, he often

lent me books, and many a pleasant hour we spent together in his study. He was a total abstainer, which required no small amount of courage in those days, for a man in his position especially. But his heart seemed brimful of love to God and to his fellow-men.

"After staying in this place for some years, I received an invitation to become the pastor of a small church in an adjoining village where I had occasionally preached. At first I hesitated; but feeling sure that God had a work for me to do there, I took the advice of my friends and went.

"And now I must tell you how it is I am here. Having always felt an intense longing to see my old home and friends once more, and my health not being very good, I got a holiday for a month or two, and came over to Scotland.

"The rest you know. I went to the old place, and heard the sad news of poor father's death through drink; and then I traced you here."

"And can you ever forgive me for all I have caused you to suffer?" asked Allan, looking at his brother, with tears in his eyes.

"There is no need to ask my forgiveness of me, Allan," said his brother. "It was the drink that was to blame. But now I have a proposition to make—that you all go back with me to my home in America."

Allan gladly accepted his brother's offer, and in a new land was instrumental in saving many from that which had proved such a snare and curse to himself and his family.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## TRAGEDIES.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

**M**Y friend! I have seen a good many tragedies in my time, and I may here describe some of them for your sake. Cause; do you say? There is no need to ask. One word answers—**DRINK.**

Going along a street a woman rushed up to me, and said, "Oh! Mr. M'Cree, do go into that house." In I went, to see what I could do, and I found a man extended on his bed. In a fit of drink-madness he had cut his throat, and there were his wife and children weeping around him.

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After a while, I was able to pray with them all. Did the man reform? No! Reader, do beware of drink. Never touch it. None can tell its power to enslave and destroy. Dr. Payson once said, "What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your thoughts and feelings? What care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment-day." Will you write on your diamond—your soul—the awful word, DRUNKARD? God forbid.

I once saw thirteen dead bodies. Seven of them formed one family; all burned to death. From the father and mother to the tender babe—all were there. How did the fire originate? It was traced to a drunken carpenter, who also perished in the flames. Does this narrative move you? Think how my heart fainted when I saw these thirteen dead bodies. As Shakespeare wrote,—

"To see sad sights moves more than hear  
them told;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold;  
When every part a part of woe doth bear,

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.  
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow  
fords;  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
words."

Beware of drink. It makes us do what would horrify us when sober. That carpenter did not mean to slay thirteen people, yet he did it, and perished himself. We may apply to drunkenness the words of the Good Book—

"For this is an heinous crime; yea, it is an iniquity to be punished by the judges.  
For it is a fire that consumeth to destruction, and would root out all mine increase."

Visiting in a court full of bad folks, I found myself at an attic door. I knocked, and heard a feeble voice say, "Come in." Hearing it was a woman's voice, I opened the door very slowly, and went in, and this is what I saw:—A back attic low in the roof, an empty grate, an old tray on the floor, a mattress in the corner, and on it a woman with a bleeding head, and holding a child also with bleeding head. And this was the home of a British workman! Reader, what kind of a home have you? Is it clean, quiet, pleasant, well furnished, and the sweetest place on earth? Remember the words of James Montgomery, on country and home—

"There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting  
shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that  
pole!

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest—  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside

His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother,  
friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter,  
wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of  
life!

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be  
found?

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around  
Oh thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps  
roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy  
home!"

To resume my story. I said to the woman, as I pointed to her bleeding head,—

“Who did that?”

“My husband, Mr. M‘Cree.”

“Why did he do it?”

“He came in, sir, and asked for sixpence; and I told him I had‘nt one. He then demanded fourpence, and I told him I had not that much in my pocket. He then said, ‘Give me two-pence,’ but I told him that I would not give him any money for drink. When I told him that, he swore at me, and declared that he would give me my blood to drink. With that, he took up the poker, and slashed me about the head with it, and he hit the baby, too.”

“Where is he now?”

“He is gone, sir, and God help me! I never wish to see his face again.”

And no wonder; the man was too brutal to have a wife. Yet there are thousands of such husbands in Great Britain, and they form a class of men which disgrace the flag under which they live. Do you say, “I will never become a brute like that.” Perhaps not. Perhaps you may. Drink is an awful snare. It is a cruel friend, a deep ditch, a deceitful net, a cunning foe, a band of iron enslaving us in body and soul. And I remember reading this sad story, “A painter once wanted a picture of Innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little supplicant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, and hung up on his study wall, and called Innocence. Years passed away, and the painter became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of Guilt, but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighbouring gaol. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit, named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and old Randall were hung side by side, for Innocence and Guilt. But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas, the two were one! Old Randall was young Rupert, led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and disgraceful dungeon.”

My friend! Make haste, and sign the pledge, and thus put one barrier at least between your soul and its ruin.

Sitting one day in a railway carriage bound for the North, I saw a young sailor pass up the platform to his seat, and I noted that he was slightly tipsy. After we had been running some time, we dashed into a tunnel, and when we came out of it the train was suddenly stopped. I looked out to see what had happened, and what I saw led me to spring out of my carriage, and run up to where I saw a guard looking at the top of a carriage, where I could see the young sailor lying in his blood. We lifted him down, laid him on the grass, and, lo! he was dead! It seems that he climbed out of the window, and mounted the top of the carriage in a fit of drunken folly, struck his head against the edge of the tunnel,



and fell back dead. Poor boy. I took his handkerchief from his pocket, and spread it over his face, and left him in charge of the officials, and as the train moved slowly past his silent form, I thanked God that I signed the pledge in the days of my youth.

Yes, that was a good start in life for me. It meant sobriety, books, friends, usefulness, health, honour, and, by the grace of God, a religious career lasting until now.

In one of my books I read of a country lad who was about leaving his Sunday-school and friends to go up to the metropolis to take a situation, that he was accompanied to his starting-place by a Christian friend, who kindly said to him, "Now, my boy, recollect you are going to launch your craft on a dangerous ocean," "Yes, I know it," said the boy; and, taking a Bible out of his pocket, and holding it up, he added, "but you see I have got a safe compass to steer by."

Give me a young man—or anybody—who will sign the pledge, love his Bible, fear God, work hard, be thrifty, gentle, and true, and he shall eat and drink and sleep in peace: he shall live well and die well. Will you do all this, and reap this blessed harvest? All things are ready! You have read my words—will you now sign the pledge? If you have not done it, do so at once; and, if you have, be thou faithful unto death. Remember the lines of John Evelyn's epitaph:—

"Fell asleep the 27th day of February, 1706, being the 86th year of his age, a full hope of a glorious resurrection, through faith in Jesus Christ. Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he learnt (as himself asserted) this truth, which, pursuant to his intention is here declared:—'That all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.'"

WHICH I believe, as witness my hand,

GEORGE WILSON M'CRIE.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



GOING, GOING, GONE!

By Mrs. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of "The Farmer of Silver Cord;"  
"Mother's Old Slippers;" etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

GOING.

IT was a busy morning with Wilkins the auctioneer. The season had been unremunerative, and the lares and penates of more than one disappointed householder were brought under the hammer that day, and at each

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"Going, Going, Gone!"

and at each fall of the hammer some of the goods of the Brown's passed into the possession of the Jones'.

Among the loungers in the auction-room was Herbert Stanton, leaning, cigar in hand, languidly, he scanned the scene passing there.

Herbert was a bright young fellow, out with a fellow clerk, Frank Benson, for his annual holiday.

The Stantons were a decayed branch of what is termed a good family, not that the paternal "goodness" caused the decayed fortune of those who now owned the patronymic, unless it was the "good" eating and drinking of the lord of the Manor of Suppleton.

The "Squire" died of apoplexy in comparative poverty.

Herbert's father, under the fostering care of a maiden aunt, had in childhood become a cold-water volunteer, and in due course was united to an amiable, sensible woman.

Reared in the principles of total abstinence, Herbert, as a life abstainer, from habit avoided alcoholics: but the *principle* of abstinence was not intelligently enforced in that home; there was no temperance literature seen there—no interest manifested in the numerous temperance organisations; the Stanton children, it seemed to be taken for granted by their parents, would naturally take to abstinence as young ducks do to the water. This would doubtless have been the case had no stronger liquid been put in competition with man's natural, Heaven-sent beverage; but the young ducks do not, consciously nor unconsciously, inherit a taste for that article of civilisation, which at the moment we write is working evil wherever it is introduced the world over. So wonderful is the instinct possessed by the lower creation, that were the ducklings exposed to the danger which confronts our young people on every hand we feel sure that the mother-ducks would caution their progeny with more solicitude than we of man's superior race often do those who are in imminent danger. The heads of the family were both easy-going, and feeling alcoholics were no temptation to them, they did not, as we see, appreciate the risk to which their children might be exposed. During the four years of attendance at the bank, Herbert, from habit, was an abstainer. Many times had his fellow clerks twitted him with a want of "sociability."

At length, overcome by their raillery, he one evening "tried" a mild cigar. Hitherto he had been a consistent abstainer—from both narcotics.

Herbert had passed the rubicon! he was—

"GOING!"

## CHAPTER II.

### GOING!

Ah, that fatal seaside trip! "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," etc. Herbert did not feel that it was at all necessary at his age—three-and-twenty—to inform his parents that he had severed from their "unnecessarily," as he now called it, rigid practice of never taking alcoholics; he found the "good

creatures of God" "most helpful" during the routine of business, especially at the end of the month when he was detained late at the bank.

Narcotics, we all know, work more disastrously upon some constitutions than upon others. His indulgences were working mischief that Herbert little appreciated.

The cigar was soon superseded by the pipe and the use of a strong tobacco, whose depressing influence demanded a stimulant.

The demand was complied with oftener than the young man had at first intended it should be.

Nature frequently reproduces in the second generation a strong likeness to the grand-parent. So was it here. Herbert resembled the luxurious old Squire in person, and from him inherited a taste for alcoholics—a taste which would have remained dormant through life under the salutary water *régime*; but the first glass, taken by the persuasion of Frank Benson, acted as the taste of human gore does upon the bloodhound: it woke up the dormant inherited taste—an insatiable craving for the insidious indulgence—a taste which speedily dominated his entire being, and transformed an amiable, affectionate young man into a reckless spendthrift.

A railway accident involves the Stantons in inexpressible grief. Death claims the head of the family, and on the very day of the funeral the disconsolate widow discovers the fatal habit which is fast ruining her eldest son. He had stimulated during the day to "brace up his nerves," as men and women who drink moderately are in danger of doing when a great sorrow overtakes them.

Tears, entreaties, expostulations, though apparently heeded, were powerless to arrest the young man's course. Love of kindred, honest aspiration, assiduity in business, health, will-power, were all—

"GOING ! GOING !"

### CHAPTER III.

#### GONE !

The broken-hearted mother sleeps in the cemetery beside her husband; two of the daughters have married and emigrated; the younger children are in orphanages; Herbert has no family ties—only himself to care for.

Oh, there are other cares! A case of embezzlement must come to light shortly, and, as he paces the floor of his lonely lodging, he tells himself that he must drink to drown reflection. And imbibe he does!—till the mocking drink-fiend has its grip upon him. Spiders, toads, serpents—"all vile things"—mock his suffering. It is unendurable.

There is a fair-haired girl who has known and loved Herbert from childhood. She weeps in secret, for her parents have interdicted all intercourse between their pure, high-souled girl and the besotted creature who, professing to admire her, yet washes away all manly feeling, all sense of right in that to him now bitter cup. How often has Ada pleaded with him to take the pledge to pure water, and has reminded him that, once reinstated in his former habit of total abstinence, her parents will, for her sake, consent that they shall jointly take the life-pledge. For Ada, like many another love-sick girl, fancies that, once

married to him—always at his side lovingly to help him in right-doing—she should win him back to rectitude. Ere he sank so low, many times had Herbert urged a clandestine marriage; and well was it for Ada that devoted affection to her mother held her back from so undutious a course, or the tale of suffering might have been multiplied.

Herbert had been wounded; his pride was mortified that Ada would not yield to his plan. There had been not a quarrel, but a pique, a coolness on his part, and they had not met for weeks—those weeks in which Herbert was not walking, but rushing, down the incline.

The surroundings of the alcoholic victim were not favourable to his recovery. The ill-used body was weakened, emaciated, whilst the mind was racked with tormenting anticipations of exposure and disgrace, and penal servitude seemed to be his ultimatum.

The doctor did what human skill can achieve for the body; but who can minister to a mind diseased?—only the Great Physician; and His aid was not sought. And yet Herbert seemed to be slowly returning to reason, to consciousness.

The vigorous watch, which by medical direction had been hitherto kept over him, was relaxed for a short space—long enough it proved for that sick man to dress, delve into his box, and draw from its hiding-place a ring, which had been his father's.

Undetected, he escaped to the pawnbroker's, and soon the memento of a lost father was transmuted to a bottle of brandy, which Herbert had intended to take to his lodging and use "medicinally" to "brace his nerves." We know that the drink crave was strong upon him. The mocking fiend hissed—"Drink! Drink!"

The greater part of the brandy was swallowed ere his lodging was reached. How he contrived to accomplish that feat was never known. Soon his raving state demanded forcible control, for again *delirium tremens* was upon him.

We will not attempt to describe the horrors of that night. Those who have heard the death-wails of the victims of this most horrible of human sufferings need not to have their feelings harrowed by the details of these scenes; and for those who have never witnessed the torments endured under such a state we can only wish that it may never be their lot to behold such a scene.

The paroxysm subsided, and as night waned into morning, Herbert Stanton lay comparatively quiet, the silence broken only by moans and mutterings. One or two strangers surrounded his bed. Neither kith nor kin were there.

And now the mutterings ceased: groans resound through the apartment; life is ebbing away; and, as Death lets fall his hammer, in that stillroom is whispered—

"GONE!"

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## THE BABY FLOWER-GIRL.

By MRS. M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY.

"PLEASE to buy! P'ease to buy!" Such a soft little tremulous voice smote upon the night air from the lips of Katie Anderson, as she stood in the doorway of the King's Cross Distillery, a public-house in the North of London. This doorway is adorned by a picture of Nell Gwynne entertaining King Charles the Second, by dancing before him, while other ladies, and pages, and guests help to divert the dissolute monarch by their society.

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This picture formed a sort of back-ground, as the baby flower-girl stood before it, her pretty fair little face looking out innocently, almost demurely, from the closely shaped hat which shaded its lovely blue eyes and delicately moulded cheeks. The light graceful little form was dressed in a pink frock, and a little drab cloak, lined with fur, enfolded her small person, and protected her from possible cold on that damp and somewhat chilly July evening.

"P'ease to buy! P'ease to buy!" she lisped, again and again, holding up, out of the basket which she carried on her arm, various little button-hole bouquets of rather doubtful freshness. She presented them to a motley crowd of incomers to and outgoers from the King's Cross Distillery. There were hardly any of these who did not present a woful contrast in appearance to the baby flower-girl, hardly any who were not more miserably faded and blighted human flowers than the very worst button-hole bouquet little Katie had in her basket. What a dreadful procession through the long evening hours: haggard, dissipated men, their worst passions in full sway, their whole life a mockery of the Divine Image in which their manhood had been formed; men in all the various stages of the terrible drink appetite, from a careless social glass with a friend, taken by the respectable-looking tradesman or mechanic, to the leering bloated soddened wretch, who crawls in for his gin or his brandy, as the only thing he cares to do in this life, the only potion to which his despoiled appetite prompts him.

And the women! The tidy looking girls coming in, shamefacedly at first, with their sweethearts, and only indulging in "just a taste" out of Tom's glass "for fun," and protesting, with coughs and smiles, that it is "horrid stuff" and "ever so much too strong" for them; and other girls, young yet in years, but with old haggard faces, and cravings for the drink, that can make them forget for a few brief hours their innocent childhood, their tender parents, and their mother's God.

There are old women, too, tottering to eternity, with noggins of gin in their palsied hands, making night hideous by imprecations and curses, and helping to spoil the lives of others less degraded than themselves.

Little Katie Anderson amongst such surroundings, has yet kept the bloom upon her sweet child-nature, as if, unseen, the good Spirit of God watched over her thoughtless innocence, her trusting heart, and kept her spotless.

Katie was a drunkard's child: no kind father's arm shielded his little one from her perilous position, no word of his prevented his careless harsh drinking wife from exposing her step-daughter to such awful danger. When Mrs. Anderson dressed up the pretty little girl, and set her to stand in the wide doorway of the King's Cross Distillery, she congratulated herself at her own cleverness on the probable "takings" of Katie. Anderson acquiesced in the situation, and would have swallowed more drink out of Katie's earnings, had not his smart wife taken extremely good care of them herself. She dressed the child pretty well, she looked after her physical comfort to a tolerable degree, she had no wish to lessen her attractiveness in any way, and the scheme soon succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Little Katie became a sort of institution, people looked for her in that particular doorway, and even the selfish drinkers were not unfrequently touched by her sweet face and tender voice, to bestow a copper upon her in return for her little bouquets.

"P'ease to buy, Miss; p'ease to buy!"

The little hand held up a scarlet geranium surrounded by mignonette, the scarlet petals had many of them disappeared, blown hither and thither in the damp, gusty, chilly evening air, that mocked the summer month; but the perfume of the mignonette was only the more exhaled by the dampness and the breeze, and it reached the senses of the girl towards whom the child had raised them, with as perfectly graceful a gesture as it was possible to imagine. And as the girl paused, the little plaintive musical voice repeated the word of her monotonous invitation.

"P'ease to buy, Miss; p'ease to buy!"

"You little dear," said the girl, thus addressed, stooping down to the baby flower-girl, in unaffected wonder, at the apparition of so much innocence and sweetness in such a haunt of vice and misery. "Wherever did you come from, and whoever could bear to put you here? Kiss me, will you?" And then she drew herself back hastily, and added, "But you won't want to kiss me, will you, little dear?" "I want to 'tiss you," lisped little Katie, and down went the girl's face to hers, and the kiss was exchanged heartily.

The two faces were a study; the baby one so pure, so innocent, so sweet, and that other face innocent and pure and sweet also not so very many years ago, and still haunted by a wistful longing for the fair life that had been hers in the past, and remorse for the sin and the shame of the present. The knowledge, implanted by agonizing experiences, that the drink shops had ruined her own career, made Ellen Norman tremble for the fate of the baby flower-girl, and a blessed impulse to save this little child from perdition seized her, and overpowered all thought of obstacles.

She took the flowers from the little soft hand, and placed them in her bosom, and paid Katie double the price she had asked. And then she began to question the little creature concerning her home and her parents, and why she sold flowers at the doorway of the King's Cross Distillery. Katie answered with the utmost frankness. She had been told by her step-mother not to talk to people more than she could help, the cold calculating woman felt some little shame at the part she played in the child's degradation, and had no wish to call attention to Katie's antecedents and circumstances; but Ellen Norman's kind words and gentle manners won the little girl's confidence, and her simple story was soon told. Short as it was, the attentive listener saw in it some resemblance to the opening chapters of her own history, and thought was busy in the scenes of other days. The busy London street, the public-house in the doorway of which she stood, even the baby flower-girl herself, were superseded for a few minutes by a quick retrospect of the places and people who had made her life in her girlhood before she came to the great City, with an appetite already formed within her for the accursed drink. "Accursed drink!" She called it so every time she thought of it, and yet she was even now on the threshold of the house in which she meant to purchase another portion of it, and drain it to the dregs.

Ellen Norman was the child of a tradesman in a country town. He was a man of gentle character, but little or no business capacity, his children dearly loved him, though they could not admire or reverence him for any useful worldly qualities. He had not made a good choice in his marriage, and the wife and mother wearied and worried both her husband and children by her constant complaints and her utter lack of sympathy and aid in their amusements and employments.

Mr. Norman failed in business, and his health gave way under the pressure and the misery in his home. Then his wife assumed undisputed command, and managed matters as she would, without consulting him or appreciating his wishes and scruples. For two of her four daughters Mrs. Norman unhesitatingly accepted situations as barmaids; they were well-grown, attractive looking, elegant girls, and she made her price of them accordingly. Ellen came to London, a modest gentle refined creature, to fulfil her mother's promise in the bar of an hotel, in opposition to her own wishes, for this mode of life was entirely repugnant to her, and against the entreaties of her father, who besought his wife not thus to expose their child.

Ellen had never been taught to abstain from intoxicating beverages, she took a glass of wine at home when she could get it, or a glass of ale, without a thought of consequences. There was therefore no strong barrier to be removed by those who desired to tempt her to excess, and by degrees her horror of the earlier stages of intoxication in her customers was removed by the frequency with which she encountered them; words and jests that at first filled her with shame and disgust for those who uttered them became at length familiar to her ears, and were passed over with only an affected remonstrance or playful reproof. She became a universal favourite with those whom she would have done well to shun. Then came a chapter of her life when she deemed herself most happy, but when she was in reality most miserable. Her trust was abused, her self-respect destroyed, and it was strong drink that alone had made it possible.

When she came to herself, after a wild wayward time of riotous living, she dreaded her harsh mother's judgment and her gentle father's sorrow, she hid herself from both in the vortex of a life that was ever sinking lower and lower, and she drowned all reflection as far as possible, by constant drams to deaden the tortures of a conscience that would not always sleep. It was just at this time that she encountered the baby flower-girl, with her geranium and her mignonette, and the sweet perfume of the Frenchman's "little darling" flower brought her childhood back to her, when her sisters and herself had sown its seeds in boxes outside their window, and made their chamber sweet with its delicate scent. The baby face, too, of little Katie, the blue eyes so heavenly in tint, and their unconscious depth of



wonder at all surrounding them on earth, affected Ellen even more than the migniette, and aroused a passionate longing for this child's salvation.

She herself was lost, the happy innocence of the past was gone for her, but this baby flower-girl, this little human bud in God's garden, should it too be spoiled of its power to bloom eternally in heaven? Had any passers-by noticed these two, standing together in the broad doorway of the King's Cross Distillery, they might have feared the contaminating power of this poor girl in her faded finery, and with her prematurely worn and weary countenance, upon the little child. But the angel of little Katie, "always beholding the Father's face" on high, knew the purity of her aims, the sweetness of her purpose, and how these might be safely permitted to influence the life of the baby flower-girl.

Puzzled thought led Ellen Norman, at last, to one conclusion, that she could only be the means of saving little Katie by putting her case into wiser hands than her own. After watching over her, and seeking to guard her for many nights from all possible harm, she realized how little she could personally do for her. She longed to take the little one to her aching lonely heart, and care for her as if she had been her own. But she had no means to compensate her unnatural step-mother for the child's earnings, and she felt that her poor wasted life was too tainted for the proper training of the innocent child.

Her mind turned to one of the refuges for destitute children, and the ladies who managed it. They would tell her what could be done, and would probably do it for her. There are dozens of such places in the metropolis of England, made necessary by the "accursed drink," which brutalises parents and destroys natural affection to such a degree as to make fathers and mothers the most unfit of all persons to be entrusted with the care of their children. Here Ellen Norman happily found sympathising and wise friends. Her anxiety for little Katie awakened a deep interest in herself, and not only is the little flower-girl prevented from standing in her perilous position night after night, but her dear friend, Ellen Norman, is safely and usefully engaged caring for and nursing little children in a teetotal home—herself pledged for ever against the "accursed drink" that had so nearly wrought her everlasting ruin.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## JOSEPH STRONGBOW AND HIS AWKWARD QUESTIONS.

"I'll do it, and do it now." Thus said Mr. Thinkwell to himself in his office, after he had sat silently thinking for a long time; and he rang his bell with a sharp stroke as if he feared that he might alter his purpose. On a lad appearing, he was bidden to tell Joseph Strongbow that he was wanted in the office. In a few minutes that working-man entered the presence of his employer with a puzzled countenance.

It was not often that a workman was sent for in such a fashion ; visits of this kind generally meant either an advancement in position or loss of employment, and Joseph evidently did not know which of these alternatives he was to expect. Mr. Thinkwell did not keep him waiting, but bade him "be seated, as he wished to ask a few questions, which he hoped Joseph would answer as best he could."

"How long have you worked for us?"

"Well nigh since I was a lad, sir."

"And you have had good wages?"

"Oh yes, sir, never had any reason to complain on that score, and I think I have given good work for the cash I have received."

"Yes, Joseph, you have, or you would not have been here all these years. You are and you have ever been a first-class workman. You are always in time, always to be depended upon, and have not been paid a penny more than you deserve. If anybody wants to know what kind of workman you are, send them to me and I will give you an excellent character."

"Thank you," said Joseph, in somewhat doubtful tone, for all this praise did not point to advancement, but rather to adversity.

"Where do you live, Joseph?"

"Why, in Angel Street, sir."

"What! in Angel Street, where the houses are nearly all decaying—where there is only one room down-stairs and one up—where you cannot find a clean door-step from week's end to week's end—where the windows are mended with brown paper—where only the most fallen of the poor dwell! You live in Angel Street and have two pounds a week, honestly earned money as wages?"

Joseph opened his eyes in wonder, and answered "Yes."

"And what does your wife do, Joseph?"

"She gets a job where she can, sir—we have a biggish family and had sickness, sir. We have hard work to get along. She goes out every day and earns her one and sixpence a day, and sometimes brings home a bit of broken meat, else I don't know what we should do."

"And how many children have you, Joseph?"

"Well, sir, there are five of them, all little ones, and not so well, sir."

"And did I see them with shoes out at the toes, with frocks and jackets torn, with hair uncombed and faces unwashed, playing in the streets instead of being at school?"

"I don't know, sir, very likely you did; it is hard work to get along in these days."

"It is! It is!" said Mr. Thinkwell, "But where do you spend your evenings, Joseph? With your wife and children?"

"No, sir! a man who works hard like me needs a bit of company and a little more society than he can find at home."

"And so you go to the Club, Joseph?"

"No, sir! to be honest, I go to the Commercial Inn, sir."

"And that costs so much, Joseph; pray, what did you give your wife out of your wages last week?"

"Why, sir, I spent rather more than I ought last week, and had only seven shillings to give her."

"So thirty-three shillings of the money you got went in drink, and tobacco, and a bit of gambling over a pigeon-flying match. And your wife had to find food for

herself and children, pay the rent, buy the coals and the clothes, and pay the school bill; for, of course, you would eat more than seven shillings worth in a week."

"Yes, sir, I suppose it must be so. I did not look at it in that way before."

"No, Joseph, I fear you have not looked at it at all, but simply lived after your own fashion. But do you know Thomas Stringer?"

"Yes, sir. He is the same trade as I am."

"And been out of work for six months. Has asked me for work a dozen times, and I have said no. When he fell out of work he had a little money in the bank, but I hear he has drawn all out, and even pawned some of his things for bread."

"I believe that is true, sir."

"He has five children, too, and I saw them with patched clothes and pale faces, and I have been told that they have sometimes been short of food."

"Yes, sir, they are in a bad way."

"When Thomas was in work he took his wages home, and what they could spare they took to the Savings Bank, or they would have been on the parish to-day. He and his wife knew how to take care of their money, Joseph. And do you know anything of Frederick Jones, who lives in Sumner Lane?"

"Yes, sir, he is out of work too, and has six or seven children and a sickly wife. He is terribly badly off; I wish he could get a job, sir."

"Yes, Joseph, I believe he is in a bad way; and they tell me that he is sober, industrious, and honest, and lost his work when 'Robinson and Brown' failed. They had borrowed £100 of him, and he lost it nearly all. Then his wife fell sick through anxiety and care. I wish I could help them, Joseph. Now I want to put one more question to you. Suppose you had forty shillings a week to dispose of, and you knew a man who was a good fellow in the way of work and companionship, but who loved himself so well and thought so little of his wife and children that he let them starve on say ten shillings a week, whilst he used the thirty shillings: and you knew another man who was equally good at work, was a kindly generous neighbour, but took care of his wife and children, saw they were well fed and clothed and taught, which of the two would get your forty shillings?"

"Why, sir, that is putting it hard on me; but I'm bound to say it would be the other man, and not me."

"Yes, Joseph, I think so too, and I have made up my mind that my forty shillings a-week shall go to clothe somebody's little children, and make them happy and glad. If Joseph Strongbow will take his money home to wife and children, Joseph Strongbow shall have the forty shillings; but if he won't do that, I will find some good working-man who will honestly earn his wages and then take them home to brighten his own fireside. I've not been teetotal, and have not asked anyone to be so, but your pale-faced ragged children have filled me with sorrow and shame, and from to-day I mean to sign the pledge and keep it. You can do as you please, Joseph. Don't speak to me now; go to your work and think over what we've talked about, and decide for yourself whether you or someone else is to have the forty shillings a-week."

So Joseph went to his anvil with slow step and a very mixed feeling.

When work was done for the day some of his companions wanted him to call at the Commercial "just for a glass," but he declined and walked home. As he went down Angel Street he looked at the doorsteps and window-panes, and felt they were a dirty lot. When he entered his cottage he found his little children there, dirty, ragged, sickly-looking, and half afraid of him. "Stand in a row and let me look at you," he said, and they stood with wondering eyes. As they did so in came his wife with tired look and jaded step.

"I'm looking at these children of ours," he said.

"Yes," she replied, "they make one real bad to look at them. I'm forced to leave them to get them bread, and wash and mend as I may I cannot keep them right."

Then Joseph rose and washed, and went out amidst the wonder of wife and children. As he walked he thought, and as he thought he grew troubled. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'm a great big blind ass. When I married my Kate she was a bright tidy wench, and it was not until I made my mind to go to the Commercial that she sank. I have left Church and School and manhood behind me, and I don't wonder that Mr. Thinkwell spoke as he did, but I'll mend."

When he got to bed he could not rest. The whole misery of his lot forced itself so strongly on his attention that his past blindness became a mystery to him. Next day he looked for another house, and took one, resolving to remove from Angel Street at once, for now it was a torture to him to think he lived there. When his wife saw the drag come for their furniture she was filled with dread that another calamity had come to their home. When she saw the house to which she was being taken she thought Joseph had gone wrong in his head. There was, however, nothing for her to do but to submit. When Friday night came, and Joseph gave her thirty shillings to buy in with, she burst into tears, for the sum was more than she had handled for years. Very quickly, however, the children were properly clothed, and sent regularly to school. The wife was able to remain at home and keep her own fireside bright and clean, whilst Joseph found there was "no place like home." His paper read better than it did at the Commercial. He found his children could sing sweeter songs than those he heard at "the public," whilst the companions who sought his fellowship either at his or their own dwellings were more pleasant and satisfactory. In a short time he attained to some degree of wealth, for he learned to save. He found his way to God's people, and over and over again he declared that his master did him the greatest kindness when he called him into his office to ask him such awkward questions.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



DOROTHY GREY.

By M. TATE.

CHAPTER I.

"GOING, going, gone!" The auctioneer's hammer came down with a bang, and the last article belonging to Dorothy Grey's home was sold. It had been a trying day to Dorothy, for a hundred associations lingered round everything belonging to the old home, and as that last "Going, going, gone!" sounded in her ears, the poor girl felt as if everything that made life worth living for had gone from her, and wished—not for the first time—that she, too, were laid in the freshly-made

grave in the churchyard, where her mother's worn-out body had been laid only a fortnight previously.

Dorothy was a small, rather delicate-looking girl of about twenty, with a fair, sweet face, surmounted with a quantity of pretty auburn hair, which she wore brushed simply back and coiled round her head. Dorothy's eyes were her best feature—large brown velvety eyes, whose natural expression was a bright and merry one, but were now heavy with unshed tears, and wore a sad, bewildered look; and little wonder, for young as she was the poor girl had known bitter trouble and sorrow, all brought on by the awful demon Drink. Dorothy's father had been a respectable farmer in good circumstances. He had four children—two boys and two girls, and Dorothy could remember what a happy, merry little party they had been before her father became fond of drink; she could remember, too, how by degrees he became more and more addicted to the wine cup, until at length he was hardly ever seen sober. The inevitable result soon followed. The once comfortable home became bare and miserable; the poor wife, wretched and broken-hearted; and the children, who had once loved to play with their indulgent father, soon learned to dread the very sound of his approaching footsteps, and to fly in terror from him. One day, he staggered into the house in a drunken rage; his wife had met him outside, and upbraided him bitterly for the ruin and disgrace he was bringing upon his family; his only reply was an oath, and a blow on the poor woman's head which almost stunned her. He then went into the house, and as he staggered into the parlour, the youngest child, a pretty little girl of about four, was coming out. In his drunken excitement he never noticed the child, but stumbling against her, knocked the poor little thing down, and fell heavily across her. When the mother came in about half an hour later, she found her husband snoring on the sofa, and little Lily, the pet and darling of the house, lying white and unconscious on the floor. The child never recovered consciousness, and none of them ever knew what had caused her death. They never knew, but a suspicion that amounted almost to certainty, had entered the poor mother's mind, which made her turn in horror and loathing from her unfortunate husband, who still continued to drink as much as ever.

A few years after Lily's death the second boy took a cold, which ended in consumption and death. This time, not only the mother, but everybody knew that the boy's death lay at his father's door, for he had been the only one who could venture near him when he was drunk, and night after night he might be seen standing shivering in the cold, outside the door of the public-house, waiting to conduct his drunken father home. The poor mother fondly hoped this blow would have the effect of changing her husband from his evil course; but no, still the wretched man drank on; and now, it was the eldest boy who had to go every night to bring him home. But, alas! instead of shivering in the cold outside, Charley ventured, timidly at first, inside the warm, brilliantly-lighted house, where he was eagerly welcomed by the jovial landlord, placed in the cosiest corner of the fireside, and "treated" to a seaming tumbler of sugar and water, with just a needleful of whisky in it to make it less insipid. By degrees, the "needleful" was changed to a "thimbleful," until at last Charley Grey became known everywhere as a hard drinker; and inside the public-house was unanimously declared to be a "right, manly youngster," and "a chip of the old block."

The end of it all was that the elder Grey died suddenly in a fit of *delirium tremens*. After his death, the farm was sold, and the widow, with her son and daughter, went to live near a small country town, where Dorothy eked out their now slender income by giving music lessons, for she was the only member of the small household able to give any help towards its support, as Charley, owing to the fast life he had led during the last few years of his father's life, had become a complete invalid. His illness lasted for a year, during which time he saw his sin in its true light, and, confessing it, died happy in the conscious assurance that he was forgiven and accepted by an all-merciful, sin-pardoning God. Poor Mrs. Grey's cup of sorrow had indeed been filled to the brim, but she had known where to look for strength to bear her many troubles, and when, a few months after Charley's death, she, too, received the call to "come up higher," it was with a joyful heart she obeyed the summons, knowing that, although her earthly life had been clouded with care and sorrow, an eternity of bliss and glory awaited her in heaven. Dorothy was now alone in the world, but not friendless, for the clergyman's wife, who had been a kind friend to her mother and herself, now interested herself in Dorothy, and procured a situation for her as nursery governess in her brother, Dr. Lynn's family, who lived near London.

## CHAPTER II.

Dr. Lynn's family consisted of himself and his wife, a grown-up son and daughter, children of the doctor's first marriage, and three little ones who were to be Dorothy's pupils. The latter was received very kindly by the Lynns; they had heard her sad story, and sympathized deeply with her, and Dorothy, treated from the first as one of the family, soon felt as if she had known them all her life. She and Mary Lynn, a bright, animated girl of her own age, became fast friends at once; while Robert Lynn, who was two years Dorothy's senior, seemed quite suddenly to find time for staying more at home than he had done. He was studying for the bar, and had chambers in London, and before Dorothy's arrival, his visits to Elmfield had been compared to angels', being few and far between. But this could no longer be said of him, for almost every day he now "turned up" at home, to the delight of everybody, as he was a general favourite. His step-mother also noticed with delight how fond he seemed to be getting of the children, for he rarely came home without bringing some little toy or sweetmeat in his pocket, which he carried straight to the school-room, where his presence was always hailed with delight by the children, and brought shy blushes to the young governess's face as she tried to subdue the noisy excitement of her pupils.

Dorothy's new life was a very happy one, but there was one cloud in it, and that was, that wine was freely used and indulged in at Dr. Lynn's, and poor Dorothy had seen enough of the evils occasioned by the use of drink as to dread the very sight of it.

"We must try and bring some colour into those white cheeks of yours, Miss Grey," said the doctor, a day or two after her arrival. "You have not consulted me professionally, but still I will prescribe for you."

"You are very kind," said Dorothy, smiling. "But I think my cheeks will get back their colour without the aid of medicine."

"Oh, but the medicine I intend giving is very nice, very simple, and *very* easily taken!" he returned, laughing, "and is nothing more nor less than a glass of my old crusty port twice a day, at luncheon and dinner."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Dorothy, shuddering. "Dr. Lynn, I would rather die than take it!"

The doctor looked up in surprise at her vehement tones, and was about to reply, when a warning glance from his wife stopped him. However, he renewed the subject frequently afterwards, but always with the same result, until at length, one day at dinner, evidently vexed at her obstinacy, he said, coldly, "It is perfectly absurd your refusing to take wine, especially when you are told it is necessary for your health. What harm could it possibly do any one your taking a glass or two of wine every day? I take it, and Mrs. Lynn takes it, and Mary takes it, and what is anyone the worse for it?"

Dorothy made no reply, but sadly thought somebody *was* the worse for it, and wondered if they had denied themselves their daily glass of wine would Robert now be as fond of it. But to Dorothy's amazement, none of them seemed to notice his growing liking for it, or that he now rarely came home thoroughly sober.

"I don't intend to bother you any more about it," continued the doctor, "but until I see some good results from your total abstinence, I won't believe in it," and with this the subject dropped for a time.

When Dorothy had been about three months in Elmfield, Mary Lynn's birthday, which was always celebrated with festivity and mirth, came round. A large number of their most intimate friends were generally invited to dinner, and then in the evening the young folk arrived.

Great preparations were made for the eventful day, which at length arrived. Robert Lynn brought Dorothy in to dinner, a circumstance that did not tend to make friends for the young governess amongst some of the young lady guests present. However, despite their cold glances, Dorothy enjoyed herself thoroughly. Before the ladies left the table, an old gentleman who was sitting beside Mary, and whom Dorothy had heard was her god-father, got up and proposed his god-daughter's health. Every one at the table at once raised their glass to their lips, except Dorothy, which the old gentleman was quick to notice, and in an undertone directed the butler to fill Miss Grey's glass.

"No, thank you," said Dorothy, quietly, as the man prepared to obey. "I don't take it."

"Fill Miss Grey's glass," said Dr. Lynn, peremptorily, from the foot of the table.



All eyes were now turned on poor Dorothy, whose face had flushed crimson, but putting her hand across her glass, she said in low, distinct tones, "Dr. Lynn, you know I never drink wine."

"You refuse then to drink my daughter's health," said the doctor, who was famed for his hasty temper.

"Not from any ill-will to Mary, but because, as we all know, she objects to drink wine," said Robert, coming out suddenly as Dorothy's champion.

"And it is real plucky of her to stick to what she thinks right," added the old gentleman, who had unwittingly caused the unpleasant little scene. "I wish we were all as true to our principles."

Mrs. Lynn now gave the signal for the ladies to retire to the drawing-room, and while they filed in, Dorothy escaped to her own room, from whence not a Mary's loving entreaties could bring her down again that night.

The following morning the doctor surprised his young governess by making an ample apology to her for his "rudeness," as he termed it, of the night before. And after breakfast, Robert followed her to the school-room, and gladdened her heart by saying he had determined to become a total abstainer, and that it was her steadfastness had shamed him into doing it. He said he knew that for some time past the love of drink had been growing on him, but that until Dorothy came he had no desire to break away from it. Now, however, thanks to her example, he had determined to make a stand against it, and with God's help would keep the total abstinence pledge.

"I wonder, Dorothy," he added, after a little, half playfully, "will I ever have any reward for my self-denial?"

"You will have the reward of an approving conscience," said Dorothy, shyly.

"I dare not ask for any other yet," he said, a flush of shame dyeing his face. "But, Dorothy, if in twelve months I come to you, saying I have faithfully kept the pledge, and intend keeping it, will you be afraid to give me the reward my heart covets—this little hand?"

Dorothy's answer is not recorded, but it fully satisfied Robert Lynn.

The twelve months passed, during which Robert not only manfully kept the pledge, but advocated the cause of Temperance wherever he had the opportunity, his first convert being his own father, who declared, that seeing the good results attending Dorothy's total abstinence principles, he had to believe in them, and could do no less than become a total abstainer himself; so that, from henceforth, the dust was allowed to gather thickly and lie undisturbed on the bottles of old crusty port in Dr. Lynn's cellar.

At the end of the year Robert won the reward he had stipulated for; and Dorothy, although only a governess, was not a portionless bride, for during the twelve months' of Robert's probation, Mary's god-father died, leaving her all his wealth, with the exception of £1,000 to his "plucky little friend, Dorothy Grey."

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



“I’VE SHOT THE TIGER!”

By EDWARD LAVER, DEVIZES. Author of “Jennie’s Valentine;” “Johnnie’s Grave;”  
“Auntie;” &c., &c.

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**L**OOK here, Tom; it may be no business of mine, lad, but I don’t like to see you go headlong to ruin without stretching out a hand to save, or opening my lips to give a warning. You are on the broad road, I fear, lad; and the worst of it is you don’t seem able to see your own danger.”

No. 265.

So spoke George Rogers to his shopmate, Tom Vaughan, as they were working together at the bench one morning before breakfast. The fact was they were both good, steady artisans, and stood well in the estimation of their employer. George was an out-and-out teetotaler—we like to record that fact, for it is to be feared that there are too many of the half-hearted, timorous sort about, who, whilst abstaining for their own sakes, will not stir a little finger or move a muscle to help forward the cause of sobriety, and who, if they ever say a word in favour of total abstinence, do so in such an apologetic style as to discount their utterances and make them worthless. Tom, on the other hand, liked his glass and made no secret of it. He was not going to be a milksop, not if he knew it! He should make the most of life, and enjoy it whilst he was young! He wanted to do what was right, of course; but what could a fellow do, if he didn't drop in of an evening, and have a glass and a song with the rest of them. It might do for George, but "not for me, thank you," he would say, with a laugh.

On the morning when our story opens, he had been yawning, and putting his hands up to his head, and wishing for breakfast-time—showing in a dozen different ways that he was "out of sorts." This had led to inquiries by his comrade, eliciting the fact that the previous evening had been spent at the "Bird-in-Hand," where a "free and easy" of an exceptionally attractive character had been held.

It had long been in George's mind to have a serious talk with his fellow-workman upon the habits he was apparently forming, and now that an opportunity seemed to offer, he could restrain himself no longer, so he addressed him in the words with which our story opens.

As may be supposed, Tom was hardly in a mood to receive a rebuke, however kindly offered, and he replied with an answer which would have deterred one less in earnest than his comrade from pursuing the subject. But George had determined that it should not be his fault if the young man went to destruction: so, following the example of Him "who went about doing good," he spake the truth in a parable.

"Look here, lad," he said; "I came across a pretty little story as I was reading last night, and I will tell you about it. Once upon a time there was an English officer living in India, who had caught a young tiger and trained it up till it roamed about with him as tame as a dog. Wherever the officer went the tiger trotted along with him, and it was as playful as a kitten, and soon became a general favourite. One evening the officer was reading a very interesting book, and had his pet lying down at his feet. He had been fondling the tiger, and now the animal was caressing him, licking his hand. All at once the officer heard a low growl, and looking down he saw the cause. The rough tongue of the tiger had broken the skin and made his hand bleed. No sooner had the tiger tasted blood than all its savage nature was aroused, and in an instant the playful pet was transformed into a dangerous and deadly enemy. The officer did not lose his presence of mind, however, but kept his hand still, for he knew that to remove it would be to court instant death. Still something must be done, for the growls grew louder and fiercer every minute. Reaching quietly out with his disengaged hand, the officer took a loaded revolver from the table, and, without a moment's hesitation, blew the animal's brains out. It was a desperate remedy, but the

only one likely to be of any avail; and, sorry as he was to lose his plaything, he was bound, for his own protection, to take this only course. Wouldn't you have done the same, lad?"

"Ay, that I should, George; but he was a plucky one, I must say," responded Tom.

"Just so, Tom. Well now, don't you see what I am driving at? You have been playing with and fondling this liking for drink, and made a regular hobby of it. Nearly every night you get some excuse or other for going to the 'Bird-in-Hand;' either a 'free and easy,' or a raffle, or something or other, and it all means drink. You know as well as I do, that you make these things excuses for stopping away from our Mutual Improvement Society and week evening services; that Sunday mornings your class at the school is more often without a teacher than with one, because you don't feel quite 'up to it' in the morning. No, I don't mean to say that you are a drunkard, Tom, or that you ever will be. What I do say is, that whilst you are going on as you do now, you are in danger of becoming one. Don't get angry; let me finish, please. As long as you drink at all there is *some* danger, you must admit that; but when the appetite begins to get a firmer hold upon you, the danger is much more real. Oh, Tom, don't you hear the tiger growl? Be warned in time. 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!' Take and shoot the tiger; that is your only remedy—or, to put it into plain English, sign the Temperance pledge, and kill the appetite for strong drink for ever. Ah! there goes the breakfast bell, and I must be off; but think over what I have said."

The two then separated, as their routes lay in different directions, and did not meet for a fortnight, as Tom was sent off to a job in the country, whilst George was kept at the bench at shop.

One morning, however, the two again were at work together, and after the usual greetings and inquiries, Tom abruptly said—

"Well, George, I have shot the tiger!"

"What tiger?" was the astonished reply, the previous conversation not occurring to him for the moment.

"Why, don't you remember what you told me about? I have made up my mind to come over on your side, and have signed the pledge."

"Thank God for that, then!" fervently replied George.

"I will tell you how it came about," continued Tom. "That morning after our talk, the foreman sent for me to go to Sherston to work with some more of the men. Before we started, I felt rather queer about the head, as I had had more than usual the night before, so I just slipped in to have a glass whilst we were waiting for the wagonette. Just as I was coming out, two of the scholars in my Sunday school class went by on the other side of the road. I was ashamed to look across at them, but I heard one say to the other, 'Johnny, is that our teacher?' I can hardly tell you how small I felt. Then your words came back to me, and all day long I was thinking about the tiger. Then I resolved to try and see how far I was got into his clutches; and I can tell you it was a rude awakening to me when I found how difficult it was to do without my glass of beer at dinner-time; and when we had finished work, and the rest went off to the village 'pub' to spend the evening, it was the hardest job I had ever had to

keep from going with them. But I was the master over my appetite at last, though it was a terrible struggle. I then found out how true your words were; and I can't thank you enough for pulling me up in time. Had I gone on much longer in the way I was going I might not have been able to break the chains at all; but thank God my error was shown me in time. As soon as I realized my position, I waited for nothing else—I shot the tiger at once, and signed the pledge."

The parable here sketched needs but little interpretation. There are many working-men to-day who have become enslaved by their appetite for strong drink. They little know how firm are the fetters they themselves are binding by indulging in the pernicious drinking habits which surround them, nor do they know fully how tightly the coils of the serpent enfold them. Oh, that they would arouse themselves ere the serpent they have taken to their bosoms shall turn and bite them. There is only one safe course: let them resolve by God's help to have no part or lot in the drinking customs of society; and if, unfortunately, they are now slaves to their appetite, let them, ere it be too late, listen to the warning voice, and shoot the tiger at once, or the result will inevitably be their own destruction.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.  
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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## "ROARING BILLY AND HIS DOG JUMPER."

THE colliers of Tyneside were a rough lot, especially about the year 1841, when "Roaring Billy" enjoyed his wild freaks near Whinstone Moor. He could play quoits and skittles, could bowl and fight, could sing and drink; and then his terrier dog: oh! what a dog was he. Rats! they had no chance with "Jumper." Badgers! he was not afraid of any badger that ever bit a dog's ear off. Billy was a rare singer too—melodious was he as a bird, and it was a treat to hear him troll out—

No. 266.

" Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head and a' that ;  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.  
 What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that ;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;  
 An honest man, though e'er so poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that."

Billy was honest as the day ; but, alas ! he was not sober. He could drink whisky for ever, and never cared to be quite sober. When crunk he once bet a shilling that he would swim the Tyne, at Scotswood Bridge, when stormy winds blew at a spring tide ; and he did it, but he nearly lost his life.

Well, one Saturday night he went to the " Spotted Dog " to spend a crown ; yes, five shillings was his mark that night, and he'd share it with Johnny Crowe, his " marrow," that he would. They drank whisky that night, and they were joined by Jack Forester, and Scottie, and Tommy, the cobbler, and Sam, the pigeon-fancier, and Little Jim, the champion runner, and they sang " Weel may the keel row," and " The White Cockade," and " Caller Herrin," and, of course,—

" O Charlie is my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 O Charlie is my darling,—  
 The young Chevalier."

Now, Billy had long brown whiskers, and they were his very pride. His roystering chums seeing he was dead drunk sent for auld Bob, the barber, to shave them off, and for sixpence and a glass of whisky neat, he left not a hair on Billy's face. Ah ! there was a sight. Maggie, his wife, would not have known him. Then, away they all went, taking Billy with them : he, very dead drunk had to be carried, and, as he grew heavier every step, they at last laid him in a dry ditch, and left him there to get sober.

The hours went on, the silver stars shone and waned, the cold air blew upon his face, and at five on the Sunday morning Billy awoke, sat up, felt his jaws chilly, put up his hands to feel what was the matter, and after a while, he muttered—

" Eh ! hinny, is this me ? "

Now, that was the question. Was it he—himself—Billy? He was not sure of that. It might be himself; it might be some other man. Who could decide? Well, Jumper would do it.

"Aye," said Billy, "if it's me, Jumper will loup on me knee; if it isn't me he'll bark like a little devil."

Off he reeled home, opened the door, which had been left on the "sneck" by Maggie, and Jumper roused himself, looked at his master and began howling, barking, snapping, and snarling so furiously that Billy yelled out—

"Oh, Maggie, hinny, it isn't me; it isn't me. No, it isn't me—oh, Maggie, where's your Billy?" Then Jumper drew near, sniffed all round Billy, looked wistfully at where the whiskers had been, then sniffed again, and, at last, as Billy sat down on his cracket (stool) he sprang on Billy's knee. He broke down, cried like a baby, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Maggie, it *is* me; yes, it is me. But, lass," said he, in an awful whisper, "where's my whiskers?"

That was the question. Billy kept indoors for some days, but at last he ventured out, and bit by bit the story came to his ears. Billy was in a great rage, and swore he'd "smash" all his chums; but the day of his salvation had come. The heading of a bill caught his eye—

#### "A TEETOTAL MEETING

Will be held," and so on. As Billy read the notice of the meeting in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, strange thoughts began to fill his mind—thoughts of a better life.

"I'll sign the pledge," said he. Off he started up the hill to his cottage, dashed in, and shouted—

"Maggie, I'll sign teetotal. Yes, hinny, I'll get drunk no more, but gan to chapel with thee."

Maggie kissed him, and said—

"Bless thee, Billy, lad, we'll gan to Heaven together;" for Maggie was a Primitive, and like her husband a good singer, and holding him by the hand she sang softly to him—

"When fightings without us, and fears from within,  
Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin;  
Where tears, and where fears, and where death shall be never,  
Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever.  
Soon, and for ever! the work shall be done,  
The warfare accomplish'd, the victory won;  
Soon, and for ever, the soldier lay down  
His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown.  
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,  
A glorious to-morrow is bright'ning and near;  
When—blessed reward of each faithful endeavour!—  
Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever."



Billy was true to his promise. Maggie and Billy went to the meeting, and signed the pledge together. Next Sunday Billy sat beside his wife in the Chapel, and heard the famous William Towler preach with amazing power on "The Accepted Time." Billy went right up to the penitent form, and rose a changed and happy man. Henceforth the "Spotted Dog" knew him not. Soon he got another name,—“Singing Billy,” for he went to all the teetotal meetings round about, and sang away like twenty men.

It was a treat to hear him sing—

“Do what you can for another,  
Haste to the rescue of all,  
Raise up a suffering brother,  
Let him not hopelessly fall;  
Do what you can, live to bless every man,  
Truth shall prevail;  
Fear not the frown, there's a robe and a crown,  
For each warrior when the battle's o'er.”

But his favourite verse was this—

“To-day, the gate is open,  
And all who enter in,  
Shall find a Father's welcome,  
And pardon for their sin.  
The past shall be forgotten,  
A present grace be giv'n,  
A future joy be promised,—  
A glorious crown in heav'n.”

Billy died like a hero. An explosion took place in his pit, and a volunteer was wanted to risk his life to save a lad whose voice was heard crying for help. Billy kissed Maggie, who stood beside him, and went to his doom with a wonderful smile of peace shining on his face. Billy and the lad were found dead—he reached the lad, but the choke-damp came, and they died together,—the little lad's hand in Billy's.

This tale of mine may have fallen into the hands of a drunkard; perhaps of one exposed to sudden death. My friend, sign the pledge. Sign it to-day, and keep it for life. Drink is a curse to you. Forsake it for ever. Leave the public-house and go to the Temperance Meeting, the Reading Room, and the House of God. You may have a happy life and a peaceful death. May God bless and save you, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the prayer of

Your sincere Friend,

GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “FOR PITY’S SAKE.”

By Miss RICHARDSON, Harker Lodge, Near Carlisle.

“**A**YE, for pity’s sake, will not one of you stand by a poor fellow and save him from going to the dogs? I cannot drink moderately. You all know that when once I begin I cannot stop. It must be all or none with me. If but one of you will drink water with me, I shall have a chance.”

No. 267.

The young lieutenant stood and spoke these words to his brother officers at the mess table, but no one stirred, no one responded; a dead silence followed his piteous appeal; some doubtless sneered, some probably pitied, but their pity was weaker than their love of wine. They all drank like men, and he drank too, and in three months he was in a drunkard's grave.

And this because English soldiers had no pity.

"For pity's sake, Sir William, aye, for pity's sake, put the wine off your table. Your son has been reclaimed by some of those fools and fanatics, the teetotalers. He had wasted his money, ruined his prospects, broken his wife's heart, beggared his children. His acquaintances had cut him, his friends had deserted him; you, his father, had cast him off, and had forbidden him to show his face in his childhood's home. But now those crotchety people, the total abstiners, have got hold of him. He has been steady for five years, his little daughter has learnt to love and trust him. She no longer hides herself tremblingly when she hears his footsteps. And you have granted his humble petition to come and see your face once more.

"But he feels his weakness still. For pity's sake put the decanter out of sight while he is your guest."

No; oh no! The father had grieved for his son, and he warmly and heartily thanked the good friends who had given him tender care and sympathy, who had raised him up to a better life, and inspired him with hope and courage to battle against the enemy.

He was really grateful to them, but the decanter held its place on his table; and in ten days' time news came from the disgusted father to those friends who had watched and guarded his son by day and by night, that his reformation was but skin deep—that he had deliberately preferred a low drinking place to his father's house; that he was gone from his home, and was drinking heavily once more. Shipwrecked, and this time for life!

Because his father had no pity.

"For pity's sake, Doctor, do not order stimulants to this fair girl. You have already, by former prescriptions, taught her to like them. She has struggled desperately with her enemy, and has overcome him. But the fatal appetite which you have created within her can never be eradicated; as long as she lives it will dog her steps like the shadow of death—her sole safety is in total abstinence. For pity's sake do not prescribe alcohol to this dear girl."

Oh, ah, yes—the doctor thinks it very sad; he is really not in the habit of prescribing alcoholic stimulants, but in this particular case there is no other medicine which will touch the disease, and he orders only a teaspoonful of rum in milk in the morning, and a glass of weak claret at dinner.

Years pass away, and that gentle girl is a wife and a mother. She may any day be seen in the street, her cheek flushed, her step unsteady, guided home by one of her children with downcast eyes and shame-stricken heart. Her home is blighted, her sons, her daughters broken-spirited, her husband robbed of all that makes life worth the living.

And this because the doctor had no pity.

"For pity's sake, young lady, become an abstainer. You know not what poor tempted being at your elbow will yield to the enemy and drink if you drink. For pity's sake deny yourself this small indulgence. It could be no real sacrifice to you."

Sacrifice! oh, certainly not. She is young. She is not much in the habit of taking wine; oh, yes, she could do just as well without it, it is nothing to her one way or another, but it would be singular, and she sees no reason why she should not take a glass when she requires it—very rarely, of course. And she has no influence. No one would be affected by her doing so absurd a thing as to

turn teetotaler, and nothing in the world will ever induce her to do so. No; those who cannot restrain themselves do quite right never to touch wine, but that is no rule for her.

So she drinks her wine at table, and at the railway station she begs the gentleman who has escorted her there to bring her a glass of sherry before she starts. She has no idea, of course, that he is a reclaimed drunkard. How could she? Those who have been saved from this degrading vice do not carry a badge about them by which they may be recognised. He brings it to her, and she thanks him and waves a graceful adieu to him as the train glides out of the station. And it bears her safely to her home.

But what of him? The deadly appetite has been aroused within him in all its resistless fury; his best resolutions are swept away before it like chaff before the wind; he drinks, and he does not return from the station. He is sought for, traced to London, that vast hiding-place for sin and misery! He is never found—still living perhaps; perhaps dead. The light, the happiness, the life are gone for ever from his home; those who loved him are in desolation and mourning and woe.

And all because an English girl had no pity.

“For pity’s sake, dear madam, sign the pledge. It will be no trouble to you, for you are already an abstainer, and it may be safety and happiness to your friend who is now unconsciously overstepping the dangerously narrow line which separates moderation from excess. Once beyond it she will be out of your reach. Sign the pledge now, while you may possibly save her.”

No; oh no! She will not listen for a moment. It is true, as we say, that it would not be the slightest sacrifice to her; she never takes wine unless ordered to do so. But she will not bind herself. She really sees no necessity for binding herself. On principle, she would not take a pledge of any sort. It is very well for such as feel that they cannot control themselves; but she is thankful to say that such is not her case. No, never will she degrade herself so far as to sign a total abstinence pledge.

And so her friend shrinks from what is thus declared to be a badge of weakness and shame; crosses the invisible line of moderation, and falls, as only women can fall—because a Christian lady had no pity.

“For pity’s sake, O wife, put away your glass of beer.

“Your husband is bowed down under the shame of his enforced abstinence. He is struggling painfully to regain his footing, to conquer his love of drink. Do not parade before him the fact that you are strong where he is weak, that you can safely drink what he may not touch or taste. Do not hold the deadly temptation before his eyes. His task is hard enough; would you, his wife, make it harder, press it more heavily? Abstain with him for pity’s sake.”

No. We plead in vain. She has mourned over her husband’s criminal weakness; she has laid very plainly before him the disgrace he was bringing upon himself, the misery he was inflicting on her, the ruin which must ensue; and she rejoices that at last she has succeeded in opening his eyes to the truth. He is quite right to abstain entirely, if he feels that he cannot take wine in moderation; but for herself there is no fear—she takes only what her health absolutely requires. And he has assured her that her glass of beer is no temptation whatever to him; and she is therefore easy on that score. And so they of his own household become his foes; his wife is his tempter, and after a protracted struggle he yields once more, and falls lower than ever; humbly confessing in his hopeless despair, that, as she tells him, he has no one to blame but himself. His sorrowing teetotal friends vainly try to save him, and he dies in unspeakable horror.

Because his wife had no pity.

For pity’s sake, you who hold authority in the Church of Christ, remove from the Lord’s Table that enemy of mankind before whose dread power multitudes

have fallen ; whom so many cannot look upon and live. Those whom we have rescued from drunkenness would eagerly come to that Table, and offer there their thanksgivings for deliverance, and seek there for strength to maintain the position of comparative safety to which they have attained. But they dare not place themselves within the reach of that evil spirit ; they dare not presume to tempt God by running into the fire ; they cannot expect Him to bear them unscathed through it. They have seen others make the attempt ; they have seen them fall scorched and crippled into a drunkard's grave.

Yet there still is hope for these sorely tempted ones. For pity's sake we come to the rescue. Our God is not a pitiless Juggernaut, beneath the wheels of whose car his hapless votaries may be ruthlessly crushed ; and we know that it is according to His will that we should have pity. We who have never known the drunkard's appetite, we who have never tasted of the direst of all the curses which afflict mankind ; we who, in this matter, have no cause for trembling and shame, we come before you, and with no bated breath we ask that the cup of temptation be removed from the holy table ; and we declare ourselves ready to bear the reproach of our weak brother, to refuse the cup which he dare not taste, to share with him whatever censure you may be pleased to cast upon him—because we have pity. Fourteen rescued ones fell before the temptation after one communion : fourteen who had gone up to the Table in hope of finding grace and strength—because their minister had no pity !

Bishops, pastors of Christ's flock, our rescued ones are falling on every side, and those who fall through this cause are they whom our Lord Jesus Himself specially commended to our tender care, those who are of the household of faith.

They are being lost daily through this cause. Is this to go on for ever ? Must souls perish day by day, and week by week, because Christ's own chosen servants have no pity ?

Have compassion one of another. Be pitiful.

# PICTORIAL TRACT.

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## QUESTIONS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

By JOHN RIPLEY.

### SECTION I.

#### QUESTIONS FOR THOUGHTFUL MEN.

1. What have publicans done to improve the condition of the working-classes?

**No. 268.**

2. Have you more comfortable homes through supporting the drink sellers?
3. Have you fewer jailors and magistrates through supporting the publicans?
4. Are your poor-rates less because drink-sellers are kept busy?
5. Is bread cheaper because nearly eighty millions of bushels of grain go to the maltster instead of the miller?
6. Is trade improved because money is spent at public-houses instead of in clothes, furniture, and food?
7. Are the articles manufactured by brewers and distillers worth the money that is paid for them?
8. If drinksellers had to keep all the paupers, lunatics, and criminals they make, how many of them would be able to keep out of the bankruptcy court?
9. Is the health of the drinkers of intoxicants better than that of people who don't drink?
10. Are neighbourhoods most orderly and prosperous where public-houses are the most numerous?
11. Would your sons and daughters be improved if they were trained up behind public-house bars?
12. Don't publicans generally vote for those candidates for Parliament who promise to protect their trade, regardless of every other trade?
13. As emigration has been proposed as a remedy for our national distress, could any class be better spared than the liquor sellers?
14. If one law authorises bishops and clergy to preach the sanctity of the Sabbath, is it right that another law should authorise maltsters and drink-sellers to violate the Sabbath?

15. If a church were composed of nothing but maltsters, brewers, distillers, publicans, and their assistants, what influence would it exert on the drunkenness of the country?

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SECTION II.

QUESTIONS FOR THOUGHTFUL WOMEN.

1. Are the men who are the fittest and worthiest for husbands to be found amongst drinkers or abstainers?
2. Do the wives of teetotalers or drinkers get the worse treatment?
3. Are not the drink-shops the ruin of more young women than any other places?
4. Don't the wives of the publicans flaunt in fine clothes that ought to belong to other women?
5. Do not more publicans' wives become widows than any other class of women?
6. Does the publican care about the wife's Sunday dinner when he is taking the last shilling from her drunken husband on Saturday night?
7. Has not drunkenness increased amongst women since grocers and confectioners have been licensed to sell drink?
8. Is it right for drunken husbands to pay rent for palaces for publicans' wives while they only pay rent for hovels for their own?
9. If children never know the taste of drink will they ever feel the need of it?
10. Has not teetotalism been a blessing to thousands of homes that had been cursed by drink?
11. If there was more pledging with the temperance society would there not be less pledging with the pawnbroker?



12. Is it right for parents to teach their children to drink, and then grumble because they learn to like it?

13. Is it right for teetotalers to blame others for using intoxicating drink if they themselves put it into Christmas puddings, mince pies, and other dainties?

14. If drink is good, why do masters and mistresses advertise for teetotal servants?

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#### A QUESTION FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.

If you sign the pledge on this paper, and ask God to help you to keep it, do you think you will ever regret doing so?

---

#### PLEDGE.

*I, the undersigned, promise, by Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and to discountenance their use by others.*

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*we have*

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## TURN HIM OUT!

By Mrs. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Legacy" (the £50 Trevelyan Prize Essay).

IT was a quiet wedding party, but the comforts of life were not wanting, and, alas! dangerous luxuries sparkled on the board. Sam Townley, the "best man," proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, which was drank with apparent heartiness and sincerity.

No. 269.

And yet those who knew James Kingston might reasonably have entertained doubts as to the fulfilment of the cheerily expressed wish. This was not a love-match on one side at least. Again and again had James Kingston pressed his suit upon Mary Skinner. They had known each other from childhood; but Mary was a staunch abstainer, and had made the taking of a pledge to total abstinence the condition upon which she would pledge for life with James.

The young man was mortified. They quarrelled, and Mary proceeded to Devonshire to pay a long-promised visit to friends.

Miss Seaton, a school-fellow of the Misses Kingston, happened about this time to pay them a visit. In the midst of his anger at Mary's refusal James fancied it would be "a good piece of retaliation" to marry Agnes Seaton "straight off," thus proving to Mary Skinner the truth of the old saying, "If one won't, another will."

Agnes was an orphan just of age, and just in possession of a few hundreds. In her Liverpool home Agnes had formed the acquaintance of a young sailor, to whom she had plighted her troth. But though women are not, as a rule, inconstant, there was a smartness about James Kingston attractive to Agnes. Her sailor lover was a chief mate—stood well with his owners, and was shortly to pass as master in the employ of his first and only owners.

It was little remarkable that a nothing-particular girl should be easily persuaded to waive the claims of the absent one in favour of the impertunate James, who pleaded undying love, awakened at first sight.

Thus much for the wedding.

Time sped on. James went to business each day, and Agnes busied herself with her home and her friends.

A little difficulty cropped up speedily after her marriage. Her sailor lover was coming home to marry. Agnes, with considerable perturbation, was compelled to acknowledge to him her dishonourable conduct.

Another perplexity overtook Mrs. Kingston. Her husband's affection seemed cooling; nor was she long in discovering that the wineglass and convivial society possessed for James greater attractions than his home.

Agnes did not improve the state of things by constantly mentally contrasting her total abstinence sailor-lover with her freely-imbibing husband.

So matters went on—the strong-drink snare day by day more fatally enclosing its victim, whilst the disillusionised wife hourly wondered what she could have seen in James to love, and fretted at her fate.

The children, of whom there were several, were not strong, nor was Agnes a good manager; added to which, a foolish speculation entered into by her husband, has wrecked her small property—an event which further soured her temper and increased her distaste for her husband.

Meanwhile Mary Skinner pursued her useful, unobtrusive course of life. She and James met occasionally, for the families were connected. At such times James failed not to contrast in his own mind the gentle, common-sense of Mary with his wife's fretful or impulsive manner.

Day by day the Kingstons were diverging more and more—save in one particular: both were fast becoming confirmed inebriates. Poverty, degradation, estrangement—all the ills that march in the train of strong drink, fastened upon that home. The man was reckless, yet blamed his wife for the gigantic wretched-

ness that was overtaking them—ignoring the fact that he was a long way on the alcoholic road ere poor Agnes began the race. She was the weaker vessel; and found it to her sorrow, when harsh and profane language was more than once supplemented by personal violence.

Vainly did Mary Skinner attempt to persuade the neglected wife to abjure strong drink. Piteously she pleaded for her glass of gin—she must take “something.”

Strong drink often works more disastrously upon woman than upon man. It was so in this case. The once pretty, well-cared-for orphan girl with her little property, which with economy would have enabled her to remain in the social position in which she had always moved, had now become a deteriorated, hopeless woman, with but one aspiration—an insatiable craving for gin.

Disease, born of alcoholic indulgence, at length consigned Agnes to the grave, whilst the four children could scarcely be said to be deprived of maternal care.

The husband was muddling himself at one of his haunts, unconscious of his wife's approaching death. There, in a miserable back room, she might have passed away, utterly untended, but for the merciful ministrations of Mary Skinner.

The eldest child, a girl of some eight years of age, was sent in quest of her besotted parent to the low drink-shops.

She found him enough himself to take in the sad tale told by her.

Somewhat sobered, he reached that wretched back room—to find the corpse of his wife placed as decently as circumstances allowed, and Mary Skinner seated on a ricketty chair trying to comfort little Albert, his youngest boy, who was crying for tea, and “wanted ma to speak to him.”

“It's all your fault!” ejaculated the half-tipsy man, his eyes gleaming viciously. “If I'd married the woman I loved, it would'nt have come to this!”

Mary abruptly left the apartment.

After the funeral, the children were taken care of by relatives; and the homeless man became the constant guest at one or other of the numerous drink-shops in his locality.

It was getting late; the house was about to be closed. The man was advised to “make himself scarce.” He had spent his last sixpence obtained from the pawnbroker. Craving for drink, he had that afternoon repaired to the usurer and had insisted upon “pledging himself.” The shopman, who had for years known him as a “good customer,” to humour the man's drunken craze had pinned on a “ticket” to the front of his ragged coat, and had given him sixpence, with the remark to his assistant as the inebriate left the shop—“We can't have that fellow here; if he comes in again turn him out.”

Kingston had been very merry with his boon companions that evening over the thought that he was “a pledge”: yet he could not forget that the pawnbroker, instead of retaining him, as is customary with pledges, had adjured his shopman—

“TURN HIM OUT!”

Again and again he was admonished—not in gentle terms—to quit the public-house, as it was “getting late.”

Failing to comply with this request, the publican consigned him to the tender mercies of the barman, angrily repeating—

“TURN HIM OUT!”

"You've had all my money to the last sixpence," stammered the victim.

"TURN HIM OUT! TURN HIM OUT!"

Was fiercely vociferated, and in less time than it takes telling, the poor besotted creature was hurled from the door to the pavement, his head coming in contact with the kerb.

Through those days of delirium in the hospital, but one sentence escaped his lips, breaking the midnight silence in that else quiet ward:

"TURN HIM OUT! TURN HIM OUT!"

Dismissed from the hospital, his family did what they could to arouse hope in that wrecked creature. How far the prayers and ministrations of the gentle Mary helped him back to health will never be known in this world.

"TURN HIM OUT!"

Was the refrain constantly floating through the mind of James.

At length he was induced one evening to accompany an elder brother to an abstainer's meeting and listen to an eloquent and popular lecturer, who has since passed away. The conscience-stricken, emaciated man, with eyes fixed on the comely presence of the speaker, whose black hair had grown white during the long years of advocacy of total abstinence, listened with rapt attention. Hanging on his impassioned utterances, an electric shock seemed to smite Kingston's frame, as with fierce denunciation of the alcoholic tyrant the words were spoken—

"TURN HIM OUT! TURN HIM OUT!"

"*I will! I will!*" exclaimed James, starting to his feet.

"Sit down, Jim, there's a good fellow!" whispered his brother; "don't disturb the meeting."

There was a little titter, the throng swayed somewhat, and heads were turned in the direction of the Kingstons.

The lecture closed, and James Kingston, true to his avowal, signed his name in the pledge-book.

Much the man marvelled that he had not earlier found the solution of the cause of his misery—that he had not earlier sought relief from the disease of an appetite for stimulants.

The rest is soon told. With a brain free from the bewildering power of strong drink, James became a new man—a Christian total abstainer; and, with restored health, a comfortable home, the means of gaining a livelihood, with his children around him, and Mary as the best of all step-mothers and a true yoke-fellow to himself, he thanked God for the day when pawnbroker and publican issued the mandate—

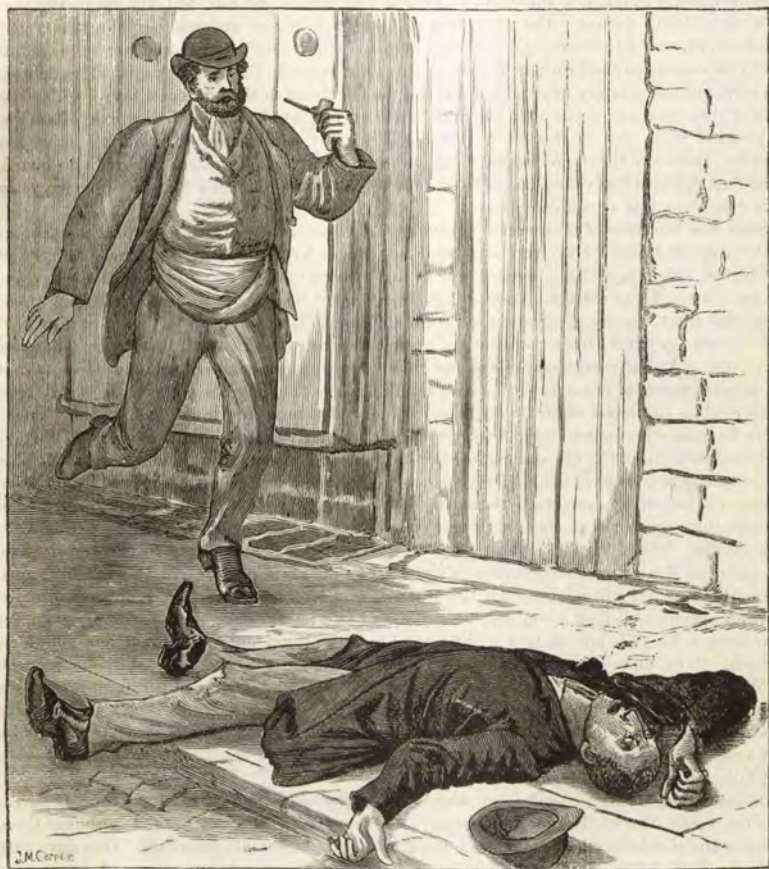
"TURN HIM OUT!"

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**“ WHERE AM I GOING ? ”**

A true Narrative from a Temperance Worker's Notes.

**I**N the beginning of the year 1886, I went to the house of John Scott, who lived with his brother Thomas and sister Betsey, to invite them to a Temperance meeting, to be held the following evening. They were rough, uncouth people naturally, but drink, with its attendant evils, had, for years, sadly degraded them, and frequently turned what might have been a good home, into a perfect den of cursing and cruelty; the neighbours often fearing there would be murder by one or the other.

**No. 270.**

For many years this had been the state of their home, when a marked and blessed change took place in John, the youngest brother. For five years he was not only an abstainer, but knew much of true religion, for in occasional conversations with him I often rejoiced that the grace of God had thus changed this poor besotted man; and, though I think there was no moral change in the brother and sister, yet they were more sober, went frequently to a place of worship, were quiet in their home, saved money in their little business, and had, altogether, so respectable an appearance that the neighbours congratulated each other on the peace and quiet, which was the result of this change. But, alas! the *fatal day* came when poor John again took the drink; he often told me *how* he fell, bitterly mourning over his weak yielding nature. His sister was ill, and the doctor ordered her stimulants; he instituted himself her nurse, and for days opposed the doctor's order and her request; at length he consented, but fought bravely against his appetite for several days. The demon, however, got the mastery over poor John, and he fell; and as the old book says: "The last state of that man was worse than the first." He rapidly went from bad to worse, often was he pleaded with, but it was of no avail. The sister continued the drinking after her recovery, and soon the home ceased to have in it one ray of brightness; their little hoard, saved during those five years, began to find its way to the publican's till, and for two years their home was just a pandemonium.

Such was the state of this wretched family, they became a terror to the whole neighbourhood. Just at this time we were expecting an earnest loving speaker to come and give us an address, and in my Master's name and strength I ventured to go and invite them to come and hear her. I was received most civilly, though I got no definite promise that they would come, but great was my gladness to see John with another man enter the hall, and greater still was my joy when, after the meeting, these two men came forward, unasked, and signed the pledge. As their names were entered in my own pledge-book, I spoke, as God taught me, earnest words of cheer to both; and, thank God, to this day his companion is still true to his pledge, and has a comfortable happy home. The next morning, against the protest of my friends, who feared I might meet with insolence, I went to John's house, not only to congratulate him but to try and induce the brother and sister to sign also; John and his sister were alone, he gave me a hearty welcome, she a civil one; and after encouraging him to keep his last night's resolve, I turned to Betsey and said: "Oh my sister, are you not glad your brother signed the pledge, and won't you try to help him by signing also?" She replied, very gruffly, "No, I won't; and he won't keep it a month." and began to be very abusive, but the dear Master gave me courage to stand my ground and plead lovingly with her, until at length I saw her softening, as did the brother, who took advantage of the mood, jumped up from his chair, dipped a pen into the ink, and said: "Do sign, Betsey, for my sake, for your own sake, and let us lead a different life." I placed my hand upon her shoulder, and said, "Oh, do my sister"; and with wonderful graciousness she acceded to our request.

Week by week I visited them, and found them firm, and though I could never see the other brother to get him to join our ranks, yet once again the home began to have the appearance of peace and comfort. Again John became a regular attendant at God's house. But again did he become the victim of the fell destroyer, and ere three months had passed, had fallen *never* more to regain his freedom.

Month after month he sank lower and lower, often being most brutal to poor Betsey—who for weeks afterwards kept her pledge, and depraved as she had been, I could see those few months of sobriety had made her human enough to regret his downfall. One day, with tears, she said, "Oh, Mrs.—, what can be done, will you see him again, and try to turn him?" adding, "Them were three happy months, why it was just like Heaven." Poor woman, how my heart ached for her; and, of course, I told her if I could get to know when he was sober I would, indeed, plead with him. I watched day by day for an opportunity, at length it came, and He, who ever gives to His feeblest child His own words of love and power, taught me in that hour what to say. I could see how he longed for freedom, but the inexorable demon held him fast, and though he gave me many promises of amendment, even consenting to go to a home for inebriates, yet the next day he was again raving.

Worse and worse grew the state of all three. For the sister's reformation being only partial, could not stand the test of the great patience needed now. So in a few days the three were embroiled in a quarrel so terrible words could not describe; the outcome of

which was, with fearful imprecations and threats, poor John was turned out of doors. After wandering about all night, he sought admittance at his own door, but was told, with an oath, he should never enter it again; thus treated, he went to a low tavern, where for three weeks he stayed drinking incessantly, rarely taking any food.

One day, thinking even more about him than usual, I prayed earnestly for his rescue; a few hours later he came and asked to see me; I found him a sad wreck, but sober enough to be in great distress, and never shall I forget the bitter cry with which he said, "Oh, my dear lady, will you save me, I am such a wretched man, nobody but you will pity me, I have just been down to the river to drown myself, but something said, 'She will save you.' Oh, send me to that home, you shall have all the money I have left to pay for it"; then, with a pathos I shall ever remember, he said: "You won't give me up, will you?" Of course I brought him into the house, for I felt this was the answer to my prayer, and that the Master had sent him to me, though my heart well-nigh fainted as I thought of what it all involved. I said, without any hesitancy, "Yes; I'll save you if I can." To describe a tithe of the difficulties, the mental suffering, the social annoyance of those three days and nights which intervened between my promise and its fulfilment would be impossible, only for the dear Saviour's sake, who gave His very life to save the lost; who stooped from His own Divine purity to uplift the lowest; and who, whilst here, thought not of *pleasing himself*; for His sake and in His strength I was enabled to go on.

I had pleaded with his brother and sister to take him in until arrangements were made for him to go into the "home," but they refused, and so low had he fallen no one would shelter him, even for money. Knowing there would be no chance of saving him, or even helping him to his promise to go away, if he went back to the public-house, with the sanction of my husband, I took him into our own home. The reception day for patients to the "Home" was Friday, and this being Saturday and not daring to face a whole week with the almost positive certainty of his resolve not lasting, I wrote at once to the governor asking him if he could, in this extreme case, relax the rules and admit him on Monday or Tuesday; most kindly and promptly did he respond to my appeal, for on Monday morning a telegram came—"We will receive him at any hour." There was considerable work, and many difficulties, some thought insurmountable, before he could be got off. However, even those I feared most, such as getting his clothes and money from his sister, and someone willing to take him a distance of 150 miles, all disappeared, as I trusted in the promise of the fifth verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm; and on Tuesday morning, unpleasant as was the journey, my dear husband started with him to the Sanitorium. Oh, how I thanked God for this mercy, and then dared to hope for his rescue. But soon, ah, so soon, those hopes were crushed, there came complaint after complaint from him, everything was wrong; and my fears that it was the restraint—loving and wise as I knew it was—at which he rebelled, and that the intense craving for drink was not fought against, were confirmed by a letter from the Governor, who said, restless, dissatisfied, and miserable as he was, if we could keep him there for nine or twelve months he had great hope of a permanent cure, and he personally would do all he could to keep him.

Again and again I wrote to John, placing before him the inevitable ruin if he came back to his old associates before he was established in sober habits, but all of no avail. At the end of two months he was determined to return; wrote such solemn promises of amendment to his sister, vowing, if only the money could be sent for his return, he would never touch the drink again, or cause any more sorrow and disgrace. We were all sure there was no permanent cure in so short a time, even physically, still the brother and sister consented to his return home. The first day all his vows were broken, and what followed, until the end came, is far too harrowing to write; it is only the old old story of rapid destruction, when the poor drunkard becomes the *slave* of the demon Alcohol, and death for body and soul is inevitable, for—"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

I frequently saw him, but could rarely speak to him; once only did he give me the opportunity of pleading with him, when I said, "Scott, this cannot last long; soon, even the long-suffering patience of God will end, and someone will come to me and say, 'John Scott is dead.' Oh, my brother, is it to be eternal death?" In a few short days, without any apparent illness, except that resulting from taking drink without food, the words I had said were literally fulfilled; at eight o'clock on the Sunday morning it was said: "John



Scott has dropped down dead in the street." At that early hour he had gone to get drink ; was seen to fall within fifty yards of his own home ; a man ran to pick him up, he spoke but twice : the words heading this paper—"Where am I going?"—being the last he ever uttered ; and almost before they reached his home, the spirit had fled, and he had gone to "abide the audit," and have for ever the solemn question answered, "Where am I going?"

Just a week before, his brother Thomas, who had long been a wreck through drink and an evil life, had died ; John behaving to him, during his illness, in a most brutal manner, and so low had he fallen that he was never sober whilst the corpse was in the house ; even drunk at the grave-side, uttering words about his dead brother and miserable siser, which I could not write. To add to the horror of such a burial, Betsey was too intoxicated to attend the funeral. Ah, how little did that poor victim think, if he was not too imbruted to think at all, that in one short week *he* would fill a drunkard's grave, but thus it was.

My fearful story is not yet told ; poor Betsey drank on and sunk lower day by day for a fortnight, and then the tragedy ended, the *last* from that home was borne to the silent tomb. Yes, in one short month, *one* grave received those brothers and sister who had, through drink, been often led to wish each other dead ; and that emptied home with all its frightful memories, its closed door and shutters say to each passer-by, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked ; for *whatsoever* a man soweth *that* shall he reap."

Oh, Drink ! Drink ! what desolation, what horrors are ever in thy train ! Brothers, sisters, turn from it ere it be too late, and the unalterable and fearful answer to the question, "Where am I going?" comes to you in the solemn words, "to Eternal Death."

Dear fellow-workers, haste to the rescue of our perishing brothers and sisters, save them from the power of the tempter ; unceasingly give them a loving, helping hand, never daunted by failure or non-success ; ever keeping an influence over the most wayward and debased by loving, pitiful sympathy, drawn from dwelling thyself close to the fountain of all tenderness and compassion.

PYNE.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “WATER-CRESSES.”

By A. A. MILLER.

**H**ER feet were cold, and bare and blue, and no one seemed to want a relish of water-cresses this morning. So many hours she had been out, so many streets she had walked up and down, so few pence she had taken.

How hard, and bleak, and terrible the world looked to-day—the great wide world, so full of people, and some so rich, but some so poor.

And then the well-known odour from a glaring publichouse as she rounded the corner of a street, recalled her from her reverie.

No. 271.

Well-known, alas! for how often had she to penetrate into the precincts of such places to seek and try to bring her father home. And as she passed she glanced up at the windows and pulled an ugly face, exclaiming, "Ugh! it's all along o' such as you, you cussed traps! That's how you get yer livin', by catchin' folks that 'ud go on all right if ye'd let 'em alone!"

On she went again. "Water-cresses! fresh water-cresses; penny a boonch penny a boonch!"

They were disposed of at last, late in the morning, and then, footsore and weary, she retraced her steps to the dingy court, where, at the top of one of the dingiest, most tumble-down houses, she and her father, mother, and four other children dragged out a miserable existence.

The father had once been a respectable workman, earning good wages, but drink—that blight of the British nation—had cast its withering spell over him until he had become too degraded for anyone to care to employ him, so he did odd jobs when he could get them, and drank what he earned between whiles. The mother did washing, cleaning, or any sort of work she could obtain, but she was gradually sinking in consumption, and lately she had been unable to do anything, so that there was little to maintain the family but what Pollie and her two brothers, who sold daily papers, could pick up on the streets, and that was not much at the best of times, even when some "Startling Announcement," or "Great Political Crisis," or "Horrible Tragedy," created a rush on the press. These were their harvest times, certainly, and the two lads devoutly wished that "something horribly dreadful" would happen every day, so that folks would be wanting more "news."

Sometimes Pollie, too, went selling papers, but the boys were often rude to her unless she went on the same beat as her brothers, and then it rather divided than increased their earnings, therefore she liked her "water-cresses" best, and when these failed she sold flowers, and sometimes oranges, but they were heavy to carry, and she was only a frail small girl.

She went out again, however, that afternoon, with some oranges she had on hand, and hung about the town until they were all sold, and then, chilly and tired, went home.

Her mother was lying on an old mattress in one corner of the room; Jack and Bennie, her two brothers, were out selling evening papers; the two younger children, Meg and Susie, were crying in a mournful duet because there was no more bread and treacle—only a dry crust to divide between them. Such a thing was of too ordinary occurrence to excite much sympathy from Pollie, she merely said: "Well, whisht, can't you! crying won't make it no better," and she proceeded to rake up the low dull fire and rub her cold blue feet before it.

"Pollie," said her mother, in a faint weak voice from the corner, "I feel so ill to-night; I can't do anything. Will you make me a little tea. There issome in the cupboard."

"Yes, mother," she replied, putting the kettle on, "and I'll run and get you a little loaf"; and, suiting the action to the word, she went.

Returning almost immediately, she gave the top crust to the little ones, cut a nice even slice and began to toast it, but the poor fire made this rather a slow process. She succeeded presently, notwithstanding, and had a well-browned piece. The kettle boiled, and she made the tea and took it to her mother, who duly commended her both for the beverage and the dry toast.

When her mother had quite finished, she poured some more hot water on the leaves, none too strong at first, and she and the little ones had that, dipping their dry bread in it.

It was later on in the evening when her mother, who was lying very still, called her to her side. Meg and Susie were asleep, huddled on a bundle of rags and straw

in another corner of the room, and Jock and Bennie were still out with their evening papers.

"Pollie," she said, speaking with difficulty, "I am very ill. If—if I leave you—take care of them all—be a good girl—." She gasped for breath. "Keep away from bad people—and when you are grown up never marry anyone who takes drink—beware of this—beware." She paused again for breath. "Remember all I have said to you about—seeking the Lord—'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God'—I did *not*—I found it out too late—but I am forgiven;—yes, thank God, quite, quite—for the sake of Him who loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood—." Another long pause, "Pollie, dear, try to get your father—to—to—," and then she seemed to faint.

Pollie had listened in silence, and when her mother stopped altogether she ran and got some water and brought it to her, but she opened her eyes and smiled, and then closed them with an exhausted sigh, and her spirit had fled. The little girl had never seen anyone die, and she stood there waiting for her to speak again.

"Mother!" she said softly, "Mother!" and then—"She must have dropped asleep, perhaps she will be better now."

Yes, little Pollie, "far better."

She was very sleepy herself and she went back and dozed against the fire-place, waking herself now and then with a start, lest her mother should want anything. Her brothers had only looked in for a minute; they slept in a loft overhead, and were snoring heavily. She heard a church clock far away striking eleven, and she aroused herself and went on tiptoe to the bedside again. Her mother looked just the same as when she left her, and then something in her unusual stillness struck her. She had not noticed it before. A strange feeling of terror crept over her; yet she might be only asleep, and, if so, it was a pity to awake her. But the suspense became unbearable. "Mother!" she said, bending down close to her ear, "Mother! you didn't finish what you were saying—Mother! are you asleep?"

She stooped to kiss the pale forehead, and as she did so an icy spear went through her heart. She knew that her mother was dead.

She flew across the room, opened and shut the door behind her very softly, slid down the steep dark staircase, out into the bleak night, and wound her way to one of the low haunts where she knew her father would most likely be. She pushed the easily, because so often, swung door, and stepped through the glaring, dazzling light, into the room beyond. Yes, her father was there, in the midst of a drunken squabble. She thrust herself in, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Father, come home!—come home, quick! There's something the matter with mother." Death seemed too sacred a thing to be mentioned in such a place as that. He only uttered an oath, and shook her off. But she was used to his treatment, and persisted. His temper had been irritated by one of his boon companions, and he turned and struck her in the face. Her nose began to bleed profusely. Some of the drunken set swore at the father, some at the child. The publican came forward.

"Now, young wench, get out o' this! We don't want none o' your sort here! What d'ye mean by comin' an' makin' all this yere disturbance—eh? Now then, off with yer!—there's the door! Make yerself scarce!"

Pollie's little dress was spattered with blood, and her apron covered, as she held it up, trying to staunch the flow.

She did not heed the man's rude speech at first. She was only bent on getting her father home. But drink had made him stupid and obstinate, and he would not move. The publican set upon her again, and took hold of her shoulder to thrust her out. And then, like a little wild creature at bay, she turned upon him.

"Let me alone!—let me alone! You old brute! You 'cute old villain! How dare you touch me? It's you that's robbed us of everything we have in the world!

It's you that's taken away our furniture, an' our home, an' our food, an' our clothes, an' all that we had! It's you that's dragged our father down, an' made him what he is, and that he doesn't care whether we live or we starve! It's you that's crushed the life out of my mother, an' made her a corpse this night! It's you!—it's you!" Her dark eyes flashed upon him. She looked as if she could almost have torn him to pieces in her rage. "I curse you!" she said, stamping her little foot upon the floor. "By my dead mother—lying there, a cold, white corpse—I curse you! I curse you and your hellish drink!"

The words had burst forth so rapidly, and with such theatrical effect, that for the moment the company of sots, and also the one who made his living by lesotting them, listened in transfixed amazement, until the publican, recovering himself with—

"You little madam! I'll teach you to come in here, an' make a row like this!" dragged her, by main force out of the room, across the bar, and thrust her through the swing door, with a push that sent her reeling into the gutter.

This, with the loss of blood, and the night's excitement overcame her completely. She lay there insensible.

By-and-by a "bobby" came sauntering along.

"Now then—what are you doing there? Move on—Come!" giving her a shake. "Wake up!—Move on!—Humph!—What's this?" seeing the blood about her. A crowd instantly gathered, and the policeman took her up and carried her to the police station.

She seemed very cold—very—and she was fast asleep, or she had fainted—he could not tell which.

But Pollie's temple had struck against the curb-stone, and it was only a lifeless form that he held within his arms.

Never mind! She will never be cold, nor hungry, nor weary any more.

When the closing hour prevented him from staying any longer, he father staggered home, and stumbled up the stairs into the garret, falling in a drunken heap besides his wife.

Through the kind efforts of a District Visitor, Jock and Bennie have gone to train for the sea, and Meg and Susie are in a Home for little girls. The father is drinking still, and day and night before his besotted vision hovers the phantom sight of a wife and child, both cruelly murdered by the Demon of Drink.

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## ELI HAYWARD'S SILVER WATCH, AND OTHER MATTERS.

A TRUE STORY.

WHAT ELI HAYWARD DID.

**E**NGLAND has always bred brave lads. An English boy will face dangers of the most awful kind, and go through peril with a merry laugh. It is well. The world needs brave men, and, thank God, the breed is not yet dying out.

No. 272.

I know a Band of Hope boy—well, he is a little bit older than that now—who has shown a wonderful amount of pluck.

At first, when he went to the Sunday School he was poorly clad,—dull, slow, and silent. For some weeks he never spoke in his class. Indeed, he seemed almost as torpid as a stone. But life was at hand. A young Primitive Methodist minister came to Windmill Heath, and Eli's redemption then drew nigh. Under the teaching and prayers of the young minister he was led to the Saviour, and—

“No matter how dull the scholar whom He  
Takes into his school, and gives him to see;  
A wonderful fashion of teaching He hath,  
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.”

A great change took place in Eli's looks and ways. His face became brighter, his talk more lively, and his mind fuller of real force. Now, also, he joined the Band of Hope. This was a good thing; beer and beer-shops were the curse of Windmill Heath, and the teetotal pledge kept Eli from both these fountains of evil.

Every lad has some gift—Eli Hayward's was bravery. A cottage chimney next door to his mother's, I think, took fire, and blazed away, and Eli was one of the foremost in putting it out. This was not much perhaps, but there was a celerity and coolness in the way he did it which made people feel that this once dull lad was “a new creature.” Of course he was. Religion always makes a man nobler than he was, and only keep drink from him and you need have little fear as to his future.

Well, something else happened. Eli had begun to recite at the Band of Hope meetings, and he had been selected to make an appearance on a given night. Eli was full of this event, and the morning of it came and lo! Eli found himself, his recitation, and all at the bottom of a well. This was what took place. He went to the well to draw water, and, leaning forward to grasp the rope he felt it give, and down he went—chain, rope, bucket, recitation, head and heels to the bottom. Happily he was saved from drowning, and was pulled up, but his arm was broken. Nevertheless, Eli was at the Band of Hope Meeting that same night, and gave his recitation. Lads! be plucky. Never say die. Fight and win. That's the spirit to conquer the world. Learn this song—

“Though the tempter, like a lion,  
Constant watches for his prey,  
Christ will bring us safe to Zion,  
He will guard us by the way;  
He will keep us, if we humbly watch and pray.

Though the way be rough and thorny,  
 We through grace will travel on ;  
 Death, ere long, will end our journey ;  
 Jesus then will claim His own ;  
 Angels shouting, Welcome to the glorious throne."

Then another thing happened. Just after a meeting in Bourne Chapel there was an alarm of fire. A woman had left a burning lamp on a table near her child's cradle. The little hand pulled—pulled—pulled away, until, at last, the lamp fell on the child, and, in a moment the child, clothes, and cradle were in flames. The mother, wild with fear, bore the cradle into the garden, and screamed for help. In a moment, Eli rushed to the school-room window, threw it up, bounded over the sill like a greyhound, fell on his feet, climbed the fence, tumbled head over heels, got up, dashed away for the cradle, pulled off his coat, and put out the deadly flame. Hurrah, Eli! O, how a deed like that stirs the blood, and makes us ready to do some glorious thing.

Alas! the poor child died, but Eli had done his very best to save its precious life.

The good folks of Windmill Heath were not likely to pass over Eli Hayward's bravery in silence. No, they are a pleasant people, and they gave Eli a silver watch and chain, which, mark you, the hand that writes this tract has held in its grasp. So far as I know, Eli Hayward is alive, and his watch is still ticking in his pocket.

I like to write about living persons, for I wish to prove that honesty, courage, temperance, and godliness prolong life, and crown it with honour and gladness. What said Mr. W. Bell, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union? "Perhaps," he said, "no living man has spoken to so many Band of Hope boys and girls as it has been my pleasure to speak to. It is my constant work. I believe I have spoken at more than 8,000 meetings, and travelled more miles in connection with Bands of Hope work than would go round the world seven times over. I remember the formation of the first Band of Hope, and am now permitted to say that there are 13,000; and more than 1,600,000 members." These young folks, other things being equal, will live longer, and enjoy life more than moderate drinkers. For what said Sir James Paget in his lectures to medical students? "Be rather afraid," he says, "of operating on those, of whatever class, who think they need stimulants before they work; who cannot dine till after wine or bitters; who always have sherry on the sideboard; or are always sipping brandy-and-water; or are rather proud



that, because they can eat so little, they must often take some vine. Many people who pass for highly respectable, and who mean no harm are thus daily damaging their healths, and making themselves unfit to bear any of the storms of life."

Let every parent sign the pledge for the sake of his child; every minister for the welfare of his church; every citizen for the salvation of his country; for I say, as Joseph Livesey said in 1831, "While drinking continues, poverty and vice will prevail; and until this is abandoned, no regulation, no efforts, no authority under heaven, can raise the condition of the working-classes. It is worse than a plague or a pestilence, and the man is no friend to his country who does not lift up his voice and proclaim his example against it."

#### A PERSONAL WORD.

This is my fifty-sixth publication. I have written tracts, lectures, sermons, articles, and books since I was nineteen years of age. This is No. 56. My eye is clear, my hand steady, my voice strong, my heart regular, my face ruddy, and my soul grateful to God. Early consecration to Christ, and rigid teetotalism from my youth have done this for me. I do, therefore, urge you, dear reader, to begin

#### A NEW LIFE

this day, and you may then hope to finish your own life as sainted John Andrew, of Leeds, did by saying: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." So may it be, Amen.

GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

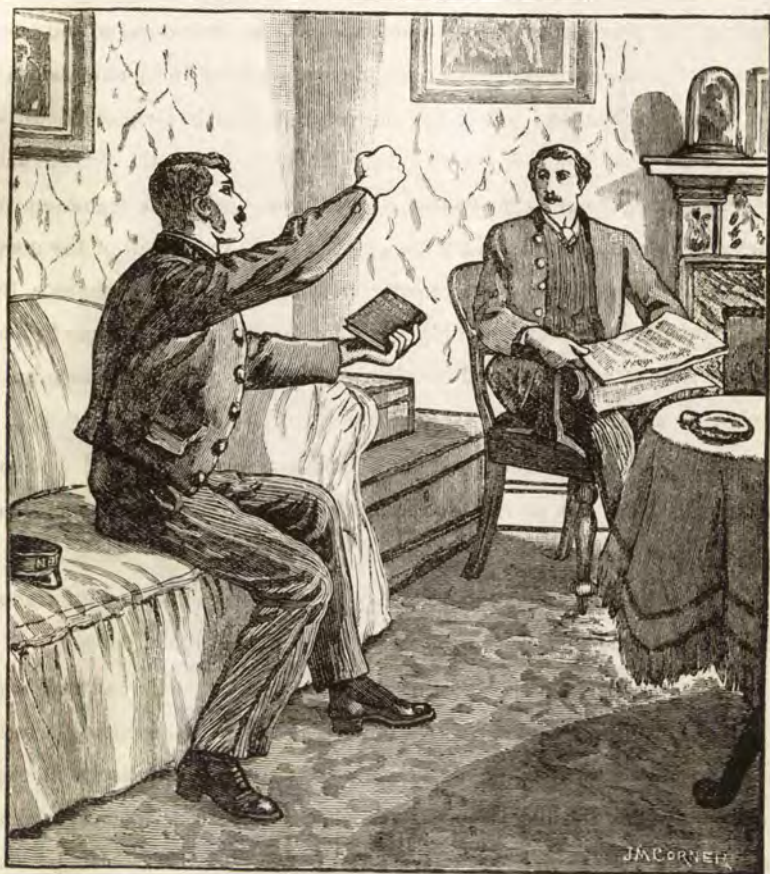
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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



**“NEVER; NO, NEVERMORE!”**

By M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY, Author of “Tim’s Troubles,” “The Bird Angel,” &c.

**S** EED SOWERS are not always privileged to hear of the plants that spring up after their sowing, and bear beauteous flowers and fruit, in principle and practice. Whenever such knowledge does come, to  
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hear of it, is as sweet as music, as fragrant as the breath of roses, as welcome as the harbingers of spring.

Standing one day beside my husband, as he was giving away tracts in the fine Guildhall Square of our ancient town of Plymouth, previous to his entering the police court to take statistics of the drink cases, and give tracts to the discharged drunkards, a pleasant-looking fine young railway man came to him and asked for one of the British League Pictorial Temperance Tracts which he was distributing amongst the crowd, and we very soon got into conversation. We found he was a teetotaler of some years standing, and glad to receive the tract, and to tell of the good work being done amongst the railway men, for God and temperance by their own admirable societies. My husband having introduced me to him as the writer of the tracts, and of "Tim's Troubles," and other temperance works; he asked, as he grasped my hand warmly—

"And you are the writer of 'Tim's Troubles,' ma'am? Well, I never thought to have the pleasure of shaking hands with the writer of that book; I have read it years ago."

Then, whilst my husband was busy with other candidates for tracts, my railway friend told me of some good which my book had done.

Some years ago, another young man also engaged on the railway, who was just getting a little too free with his glass of drink, spending a little more money on it than he could rightly afford, and precisely in that condition where the danger signal should have been hoisted over him, came in to his house and took up "Tim's Troubles" to read. He became interested in the story, and the day he finished the volume, he was sitting very comfortably on the sofa with it in his hands when he closed the book, and exclaimed vehemently—

"Never; no, nevermore!"

"Nevermore what, Jim?" asked his surprised friend.

"Nevermore any drink, mate, never; no, nevermore."

The resolve made in that somewhat unique fashion has been faithfully kept ever since; he is now a zealous advocate of temperance principles, and "Tim's Troubles" remains a favourite in the household, where, by God's blessing, it worked out a wise resolve in that young man.

I thanked our friend heartily for having told me so encouraging and interesting a story, and my heart beat with grateful joy, for it cheered me inexpressibly to hear of the circumstance, and made my pen the swifter, if possible, to write my detestation of the drink that ruins so many lives, so many homes; if thereby I might again be instrumental in leading some other drinker to exclaim of his old habit, "Never; no, nevermore."

Sometimes even earnest workers are tempted to be just a little cast down at the slow progress of the grand and noble temperance reformation, which they feel deserves to succeed by leaps and bounds; it is so true, so perfectly in harmony with all God's laws for his creature man. But let us take heart, for every day, almost every hour, there are determined men and women entering our ranks and saying anew to the old life of indulgence, to the fascinating glass, the temptations of drinking associates: "Never; no, nevermore!"

The sobriety that is an invaluable recommendation to a railway man, without which, indeed, he has no chance whatever of commending himself to the Board of Directors of any line in the kingdom, is, in reality, the only lever by which any working man can hope to rise. I am very anxious that those who stand on the threshold of life's work should realise this for themselves, and I am quite sure if they will carefully watch, they will ascertain without any difficulty that the drinkers almost invariably descend the social scale, and the teetotalers, provided, of course, that they add industry to sobriety, just as surely rise.

There is no more certain blight on a young man or woman's social prospects than the suspicion of even occasional indulgence in intoxicating beverages, and it is well known that there are thousands of young people

who have been brought up in our Bands of Hope, who largely owe their advancement in life to their total abstinence principles.

I beg of these not to undervalue their privileges, not to think lightly or carelessly of that great moral safeguard—the temperance pledge; not to shrink from taking their part in the temperance warfare, but to glory in being thought worthy to carry on so grand a reformation, to be faithful to teetotalism, and to determine, like the young railway man who read “Tim’s Troubles,” and was convinced of the value of temperance teaching, that they will *never* take the poison—alcohol—within their lips.

And for those who have tampered with strong drink as he did; for those who are in danger of falling; for those who already feel the attraction of the public-house and the company they meet there, there is no longer any safety, except they wisely make the resolve he made, and determine that “Never; no, nevermore,” will they take any of the drink that threatened to work their ruin.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



“OLD COCKLES!”

WE called him “Cockles” because he sold cockles, and we called him “Old Cockles” because he was old—very old; at least we lads thought him old. But he was old—say sixty, and more.

Poor old Cockles—what a drinker he was. No fisherman, pilot, dredger, or sailor, could drink more rum than he did. He was always

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going off to the "Pilot's Rest" to get what he softly termed a thimbleful. What a picture he was as he stood beside his barrow, murmuring—he never shouted—"Cockles alive! all alive! Fresh cockles; all alive o'!" He had a big shaggy head, covered with a yellow tarpaulin hat, a ragged pilot coat, corduroy trousers, and clogs of the largest size he could get, for, though of low stature, he had immense hands and feet.

Poor drunken old Cockles. Yes, he was drunk every night. It happened in this way; he could invent strange and awful oaths, and people used to drench him with rum, and then, standing in the midst of a turbulent crowd of sailors, quay labourers, river thieves, foul-living women, and mocking boys, he would pour out curses enough to make the worst shudder: only drink being in them, decent feeling was out of them.

He lived in a cellar. Where else could he live? In a dark hole he lived alone; in darkness of soul he lived there. Yes, he had a soul after all. But who could touch it? who could bring it forth? who could lead it from darkness into light?

"A little child shall lead them," said a great prophecy. It was even so. Poor drunken old Cockles was laid on his filthy bed one Sunday morning, and a little flaxen-haired girl, on her way to the Sunday school, looked down upon him, and said—

"Mr. Cockles." Here was a wonder. *Mister Cockles!* That respectful word touched a tender chord in the poor old drunkard's heart. It reminded him of a time when he was sober, a tradesman, a husband, a member of a christian church, and went to the House of God in company with his pious wife, now in heaven, and sang together—

"Finish, Lord, thy new creation;  
Pure, unspotted may we be;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

She was yonder; he was here—a drunkard, and knew it.

Poor drunken old Cockles. It was too much; he sat up in bed and wept bitterly.

"Come in," said he, at last, to the little girl, and she went in wonderingly, and stood by his side. He was a forlorn picture. His hat lay on the ground; he was fully dressed, clogs and all, and there he lay and cried in the anguish of his shame.

"Oh!" sobbed he, "I am a drunkard—a blasphemer—a lost man—a lost man."

Then said the little girl, "No, Mr. Cockles, the dear Jesus loves you, and, if you will give up all drinking and swearing, He will make you as happy as I am."

And, as he looked at her, he saw that her face was like the face of an angel. He said—

"Can you sing?"

"Yes, Mr. Cockles."

"Sing to me."

And in a firm voice, clear as a bird's, she sang—

"I hear Thy welcome voice  
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,  
For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.  
Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure,  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure."

Having sung these lines, she said—

"Please Mr. Cockles, there is a chorus, and it says:—

"I am coming, Lord,  
Coming now to Thee,  
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary."

And, having sung it over, she laid her beautiful hand on his shoulder, and whispered—

"Will *you* come to Jesus, dear Mr. Cockles?"

The weeping man rose from his bed, and knelt down on the floor in prayer. And the little maid left him alone before the Cross; but she came back at noon, and brought with her a pledge card and a black lead pencil, and having read over aloud the words of the pledge she said—

"Dear Mr. Cockles, will you sign your name *there*?" and she pointed out the place for his signature. He signed—yes, signed his charter of freedom from drink, the curse of his body and soul.

He was soon known as "Old Teetotal Cockles." For everyone knew that he had signed the pledge. He bought a teetotal medal, and got Janey Stewart—the little maid who was his friend—to sew its red riband on his coat, and he put a wicker basket on a corner of his barrow, and filled it with tracts on temperance, peace, and religion, given him by some



Quaker ladies, and these he gave to his customers as they would. Then, on Sundays, he went, as of old, to the House of God, and prayed for grace to be faithful unto death.

The sunset of his life was calm and sweet. Some of his early friends rallied round him, and placed him in a little cottage on a small pension. There he spent hours in the sunny days of a golden summer reading his Bible, and crooning and singing—

“I long to depart to the land of the free,  
 And there with my Saviour for ever to be;  
 To witness, engaged in its hallowed employ,—  
 'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of *joy*.  
 How happy! away from the world and its din,  
 All sorrows shut out, and all blessings shut in,  
 To know in its fulness, that never will cease,—  
 'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of *peace*.  
 From labour and turmoil for ever away,  
 To bask in the light of a ne'er ending day,  
 Confessing while joining the song of the blest,—  
 'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of *rest*.”

He had not long to wait, for one Sunday morning Janey Stewart called for him to walk with her to the Temple of the Lord, and she found him ready dressed, laid upon his bed, but dying, and as she leaned over him he said in a gentle whisper—

“I am coming, Lord,  
 Coming now to Thee.”

And in a moment more he went across the river, where the shining ones were waiting for him.

Then said all who heard of his departure, “Good Old Cockles has gone,” and then went they on their way in silence, and not without a tear.

Many also who had been reformed from drunkenness by his tracts wept for him. And I learned that little children can save drunkards, and that men like old Cockles need not despair.

G. W. M'CREE.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**"MY SISTERS BEWARE!"**

By R. H.

**I**N looking back upon some of the friendships of my early days, there are those over whom my memory loves to linger, while on the other hand it awakens painful recollections of some who began well, but who, in a few years went rapidly down the broad road leading to destruction. Such, I am sorry to say, was the case with the young friend of whose history I am about to give a brief account. At the period of my first making her acquaintance she was about the

age of sixteen, a neat, genteel-looking girl of modest deportment, the youngest daughter of a widowed mother in good circumstances. As my education was not completed our intimacy was only during the vacation, and subsequently we saw less of each other, as, in a few years after, we moved to a greater distance. However, there being a relative living in the neighbourhood where I was then located, I heard about her and had the pleasing intelligence of her being baptized and received into the church under the pastoral care of an eminently pious man in L—, long since entered into his rest. Her mother was a decided Christian, and sought to train her children in the fear of the Lord, and doubtless the step which her daughter had taken she felt to be an answer to her pleadings at the throne of grace on her behalf. How long after her profession of faith I do not know, but she had an illness which confined her to her bed for several months, during which period she was carefully attended by a skilful medical man, her beloved pastor, anxious mother, and sympathising Christian friends, but as there appeared no positive disease, nothing but debility, her doctor strongly urged that she should be removed from her bed and taken into the air, which was accordingly done and the result proved that the advice was good; but during the time of her long confinement to her bed it was considered necessary that she should take stimulants, which were administered to her, and whether it was at this time she imbibed a strong liking for intoxicating drinks or before her illness I am not prepared to say, but on her return to her family it was but too evident that the love of strong drink had taken hold of her. She was the only daughter at home, and her mother becoming infirm, she was compelled to keep her room, and thus A— was called upon to be her attendant; valuable her services might have been, but the keen scent of the anxious mother detected in her nurse unmistakable signs of an over-indulgence in that which a time back had been but too freely administered to her as a medicine, and thus her presence too often became repulsive. Time wore away, and her mother having finished her course here below, left this world of sin and suffering to be for ever at rest. After a while A— took apartments, and not living with any of her relatives all restraint was removed, and I am sorry to say that she gave her unbridled passion the sway, pursuing a downward course, the companion of low society, and ultimately ended her days in the infirmary of a workhouse. A gentleman passing a bookstall during her life discovered her bible, which had her pastor's name attached to the texts from which she had heard him preach, and which had probably been sold for drink.

Then another sad case was one who was an active member of a Christian Church and much respected. I used frequently to meet her on the Sabbath, each going to our respective places of worship; she always appeared steady and consistent in her deportment, she and her sister filled situations in a house of business and I never heard of anything which affected her character. Time went on, and I found that her father, an aged man, was compelled to give up his situation in consequence of increasing age, and circumstances became so depressed as to oblige him to seek assistance from friends and public charity. Sometime after this it became evident that she was addicted to drink and was seen about the streets in such a degraded condition that respectable people avoided her, and this state of things went on for a long time until she was compelled to go to the workhouse, where she remained for a long period, and when she was allowed to come out she plied her friends for money for drink, and then returned to the

workhouse drunk ; whether she ended her days there I cannot tell, as I left that part of the town.

A third case was the principal of a highly respectable boarding school many years ago. I first knew her when about nineteen years of age, she was then only an assistant, a bright, clever, stylish young woman, but as the ladies who conducted the school married and left a few years after she went there, she purchased the school and subsequently married. Her husband was in a very good position, kind and affectionate, and of good family ; they had several children of their own, and a large establishment of young ladies, and whether the strain upon her nervous system was too great I do not know, but she took stimulants to such an extent that she was scarcely ever sober, and she had been known to take a quantity of neat brandy before breakfast. This of course affected the prosperity of the school. Her husband left her for a time, but returned and disallowed stimulants coming into the house, and used every means to cure her, but I believe in vain. The establishment was obliged to be broken up, as it was impossible to keep it on. What became of her afterwards I do not know, as distance separated us, and long years have passed since.

A fourth case was a maiden lady, the daughter of a clergyman, I believe addicted to drink so that it was hereditary. He died before I knew her ; she was well educated, was much liked when sober, as she was kind, and the clergyman and his wife were very friendly with her in the town where she resided, but unfortunately they also were too fond of the bottle, so that with him it became too often apparent in the pulpit. He could easily take a bottle of wine at a sitting, which habit sadly interrupted his parish duties ; his wife also, through excess of stimulants, incurred a disease which ended fatally. These being the companions of the lady referred to, they had no influence in preventing her taking the fatal cup, but living alone she continued to indulge in intoxicating liquors until one morning her neighbours finding she was not up, her house was entered and she was found at the bottom of the stairs a lifeless corpse, with her neck broken, and her faithful dog by her side. It was thought that through her unsteady gait she had slipped from the top to the bottom of the stairs, which caused her death.

The fifth case was a person respectably connected, had been a governess, but I was told a disappointment had preyed upon her mind, which unhappily caused her to have recourse to intoxicating liquor. This she so freely indulged in as to become a disgrace to her family ; she frequented public-houses until turned out by a ridiculing crowd ; her language under the influence of drink was fearful to hear, but when sober she could not bear to hear a coarse word, and was well behaved. The Temperance Society at last got her to sign the pledge, which she kept for six months, and during this time she conducted herself with propriety, was sorry for the past, attended the House of God, and her friends hoped she was reformed. Unfortunately she was advised by a lady to take a little, as she thought the sudden discontinuance might affect her health ; she yielded to the bait, and I am sorry to say became worse than ever, until at length, her friends not being able to restrain her, she was sent to the workhouse, where eventually she died.

The sixth case was a lady of independent means, a member of a dissenting church. I knew but little of her, but have seen her under the influence of the fiery liquor and was told it was her habit, how long I cannot say, but eventually she committed suicide.

I will now end these sad cases by one which has a more cheering conclusion. This happened many years ago when total abstinence was almost in its infancy. I was at a christening, there was a party of friends, Christian people, and the evening was spent in a becoming manner—wine was used, in moderation, but during the night the nurse had occasion to take the infant to the mother, and it was thought that she had taken too much stimulant, and was unable to manage the baby, and so let it fall downstairs, the result was it affected the brain and for a long time a cure was despaired of. But happily after being kept in a dark room and every other expedient tried, the child was restored and grew up to manhood.

Had the host of the house been an abstainer and disallowed stimulants no temptation would have been put in the way of the nurse, and the poor baby's sufferings would have been spared.

If any of my sisters who read the above painful facts are themselves addicted to taking stimulants under the plea that they want a "pick up," as it is termed, let them ponder over what I have written, and at once seek for the strength which will be given them from above to resist the temptation, and a substitute will be provided more conducive to health and preserve them from becoming outcasts of society.

Touch not the cup. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." How true is the word of God. Think of the influence you have upon others; the baneful influence of those of whom I have spoken can never be known—never be undone.

#### MY SISTERS BEWARE!

"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,  
 Each victory will help you some other to win;  
 Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,  
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through."

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “TEMPTATION; Or, WHO IS TO BLAME?”

BY REV. ARTHUR WARD, LEEDS.

ESCAPE.

“WILL you come to the Primitive Methodist Chapel to-night, to hear a lady preach?” asked a little girl in the city of Lichfield, some years ago, of a big burly man, a butcher, who, sunken low through drink, regularly carried out his meat on Sunday mornings to customers, who were as low as himself. For him to be invited to a place of worship at all was unusual, and it was still more unusual for a

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little girl to invite him to hear a female preach. All these elements in the invitation were used by the Divine Spirit in inducing him to consent; accordingly, when the evening service was about to commence, our butcher-friend, clad in his blue frock, was found seated in the chapel. The word preached was accompanied with Divine power, and he was convicted of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; so that when an invitation was given to all to stay at the prayer meeting, following the service, he resolved to accept it and stay.

In this meeting he earnestly sought for mercy, and long he stayed. But at its close, he was still without that which he now desired more than aught else in the world,—a knowledge of sins forgiven. He went home, retired to his room, not to sleep; but to plead with God for pardon, and for strength to live a new life; and at one o'clock in the morning, he found all he so earnestly desired.

In the lives of all men there are times of spiritual illumination, in which they see not only that they have gone grievously astray, but also the evil causes of their straying. And they also hear an inward voice prompting them to remove these evils from their path, lest they stray still further and be lost eternally. Such, at this moment, was the experience of our friend; he saw that strong drink had been his curse, and he listened to the inward voice prompting him to put it away. There and then he promised God that he would never more taste it again, and by Divine power he was enabled to keep his word.

He now began to prosper in business; and henceforth grew in respectability. He realized that "Godliness hath the promise of this life, and of that which is to come." He made the best of both worlds.

Some years subsequent to his conversion, just narrated, a great trial overtook him—a grave temptation to drink; and the temptation in his case, as in many others, was the outcome of devilish fun. There are numbers of men and women who deem it pastime when they meet with poor wretches who are struggling to free themselves from the love of strong drink, to tempt such back again to their old habits. If this should meet the eye of such tempters, will they reflect that what the frogs in the fable said to the boys who were throwing stones into the pond, is true in their case: "What is fun to you is death to others." For many in this way have been tempted back again to drunkenness. And ruin, premature death, and what is infinitely worse, death eternal, have followed. The tempter in this case, we regret, to say, was a country gentleman of whom better things might have been expected, Squire L—, and the temptation came about in this way:—

Mr. Merry, for that was the name of our butcher-friend, was accustomed to buy fat stock from this gentleman's farm bailiff, and while bargaining for the sale of some animals one day, the old Squire himself came up and entered into conversation—

"Oh, Mr. Merry, come up to the hall, I want to see you particularly."

"Very good, sir, I will go up with you."

To the hall they went, and on arrival Mr. Merry was led by the Squire into one of the richly furnished rooms; and, though it was known that he was a teetotaler, was thus tempted to drink—

"Now, Mr. Merry, what will you take?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir."

"Oh, but you will; what is it to be?"

"Nothing, sir; I am a teetotaler."

"Oh yes! all very well; but surely you will take something with me."

"No, thank you, sir; I cannot."

"Well, but I give you my word, as a gentleman, that if you will take a glass of wine with me, no servant shall enter the room, the blinds shall be drawn, and I will never mention your having had a glass with me to anyone."

Very sad is such a scene as this! If this man yields he is ruined, soul and body. On the other hand, if he resists, there will be continued to him, what I have seen, a happy home, earthly comforts, and the favour of Heaven. What will be his decision? Thank God! there is one who is ready to stand by and deliver all such tempted ones, if only they are resolved to resist, and look to Him for help. And He did stand by and deliver our friend.

"Yes"—the answer came solemnly and firmly,—“I will have it on one condition, if you will tell me how I can escape that eye that can look through your blinds when they are drawn, and, if need be, down into your dark cellar, I will have it.”

His soul thus escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare was broken and he escaped.

Frequently afterwards, the Squire acknowledged his discomfiture at his rent-audit dinners: “Look you, gentlemen,” he would say to his tenant-farmers as he pointed to Mr. Merry (who, being one of his tenants, attended these gatherings, but always left early), “this is the best teetotaler I have ever met with in my life, I could overcome others, but I could not overcome him; he beat me.”

Yes, he was kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.

The last message I ever received from him was one given by him, when on his death-bed, to a relative of mine: “Tell him I am going to heaven, and I shall wait and look out for him!” May I meet him there. Amen.

---

### DESTRUCTION.

During my ministry in the Chesterfield Circuit I frequently came in contact with one of our local preachers, who was also an earnest temperance advocate. From his lips I had the following:—

“My father was at one time a good and useful man, a leading official in the Church, and circuit steward of the B— Circuit (a circuit embracing a Lancashire manufacturing town and the adjacent villages). He was a teetotaler, prosperous in business, and we children enjoyed the blessings of a Christian home. But an evil day arrived. A *Christian* man came to lodge with us who not only was not a teetotaler himself, but made it his business to ridicule those who were: ‘they were beasts, and not men,’ he said, ‘who could not drink a glass of ale without drinking to excess.’ This he preached to my father again and again, and with fatal success, as the sequel will show. Presently my father did as he did; he drank his glass of ale, but he also went far beyond his tempter: he lost his religion and became a drunkard. Within six months from the date of his first temptation he was found upon the skittle alley of a public-house. Things now altogether changed with us as a family. I had no one, now, to open my way in life; nay, I was looked down upon as being a drunkard’s boy.” (This last sentence touched the writer deeply, for he knew of the narrator’s *present* poverty.) “Four years ago,” continued my informant, “I went to see my father die. In his latest moments, when speech had failed him, I said, ‘Father, if you have any hope in your death lift up your hand.’ *He did not make the desired response, but, on the contrary, turned his face away from me, and died, as I believe, without hope.*”

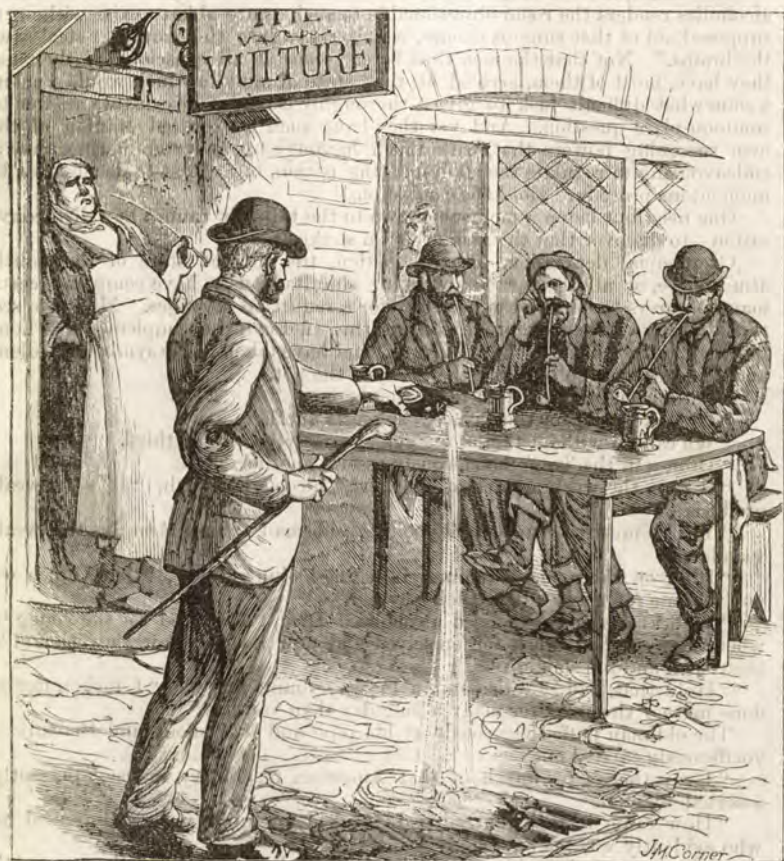


“When the Lord maketh inquisition for blood, shall he not visit for these things?” He Himself saith: “Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on Me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea.”

A second story of ruin through temptation is from the pen of Dr. Asa Mahan, formerly of America, but now of Eastbourne, Sussex. He says:—

“I knew of a young man who went to college and studied very successfully. Being of a bright and animated disposition, he was often invited to pleasure parties, and although he went to them, he never could be prevailed upon to take a glass of wine. He was engaged to be married to a young lady of the first rank, and all seemed to go well and promise a future happiness; but intemperance did its work. While at a party the young lady was told of the abstemious nature of her intended partner. She was told that nothing in the world could induce him to drink a glass of wine. ‘Don’t say so,’ she said, ‘till I have tried him.’ She asked him to take a glass of wine from her. He firmly refused. She threw her charms about him; she prevailed. He got intoxicated. The abstemious youth became a drunkard, and ran rapidly in the downward course. Her father, though in the habit of drinking himself, could not bear to see his daughter wed a drunkard, and he was ordered from the house. The father got into difficulties and became bankrupt. He went into the back settlements to recruit his fortune. One night, about twelve years after, while there was noise, and dancing, and music, a strange wailing noise was heard outside the building. It became louder and louder. All was silent. The music ceased. The door opened, and the figure of a man entered, and threw himself on the floor, crying, ‘O God! save me from the fiends.’ The young lady went up to him, and as she approached, his upturned eyes met hers. It was too much for her; she fainted away. He, whom she had wronged thus, lay before her a poor maniac, and in two days more I had the melancholy duty of attending his funeral and hearing the clods of the valley rumbling upon his coffin. She is now, if living, in a lunatic asylum. Her father and mother sleep in an untimely grave. Oh, what an amount of sin must a person have to answer for, who thus is the means of ruining a precious soul, or causing a weak brother to perish!”

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**“ ON STRIKE.”**

By Mrs. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of “The Farmer of Silver Cord”; “Mother’s Old Slippers,” &c., &c.

**A**N ominous silence brooded over the erst busy region of Milltown. Women with serious faces accosted each other in dull undertones. The words chiefly discernible were, “My Tom,” “My man,” “The childer,” “Bread,” “Firing,” “Dicky’s boots,” or “Sally’s hat.” A stranger visiting the town after the lapse of a few months would wonder what it all meant.

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For the solution of this state of things in Milltown let us peep into the "Vulture."

The burly landlord's red face wears the jovial expression discernible upon it when "trade is brisk." The barman and the potman and Mrs. Juniper are all busy.

But without stopping to make inquiries as to the state of things in the town generally, and at the "Vulture" in particular, let us look into the "parlour," where are congregated perhaps from twenty to thirty stalwart sons of labour.

The atmosphere is laden with tobacco fumes, whilst the smell of various alcoholics renders the room objectionable to such as are able to exist without the supposed aid of that ruinous enemy, which, taken into the mouth, "steals away the brains." Not that the men thus bereft seem at all conscious of their loss; they have, most of them, arrived at that state of muddle which would render it a somewhat difficult task to give a thoroughly coherent, reasonable answer to a common-place question. And yet they have such an exalted opinion of their own reasoning powers that, with much hiccoughing and stammering, they are endeavouring to regulate the affairs of the nation, or at least to decide how this momentous procedure *should be* carried on.

One need but listen a moment or two to the talk—it cannot be called conversation—to discover that the men are "on strike."

Commercial depression, over-production, the clouded state of the political atmosphere, or all these causes working simultaneously, have compelled certain manufacturers to declare the necessity for a reduction of wages. Men who scout this alternative have, to improve matters, thrown down their implements of honest industry, have flocked to the "Vulture," and have taken to the symbols of idleness and dissipation—the pipe and the glass, or the pot.

"The Queen ought to abdicate," shouts one.

"To make room for the Prince," suggests another.

"We can do without the lot on 'em," hoarsely bawls the third.

"Drones in the 'ive!" boisterously asserts another.

"It's we, the working men of England," hiccoughs a fifth, "as is the wealth-producers."

"Yes!" mutters a miserable-looking old man, "and *them* be the wealth-spenders."

"Hold on there, mate," chimes in a fine-looking fellow, "tisn't much work you've done for many a day, Dick Lawson."

"Well," returns smoke-dried alcoholised Dick, "I worked for the young 'uns when they couldn't work for 'emselves, and now its only fair they should 'ave their spell and me should rest."

"Hold that, dad!" called out a brawny young fellow. "I reckon nother's done more o' the work for many a long day than you has."

The old man puffed vigorously at his pipe and was silent, and the talk was vociferously carried on.

"I say there's too much of that American machinery in use," presently is asserted by one.

"How came it to be introduced?" asked an intelligent, well-dressed man, who evidently was *not* on strike.

"He's one of them bloated aristocracy, I 'spose; he has the cut on't," is suggested by a lounger.

"It was not through the *strikes*—was it?" significantly inquired our will-to-do friend.

"Shorter working hours," the doing away with a "bloated aristocracy," the "division of property"—forgetting, or not caring to remember, that thousands of industrious and abstaining men have themselves risen to opulence and position from their own ranks, and that if all men were equal to-morrow, by that day twelve months there would be, so long as men indulged in evil habits, grades in society;—the famous "three acres and a cow," which, it may be remarked in passing, would fail materially to benefit artisans and mechanics employed in large towns;—all these topics were discussed, and a determination avowed not to return

to work till the submission of the employers had been achieved. And more beer and gin and whisky were consumed, and more money was, as it were, blown into the room to increase the haziness of the atmosphere, polluting still more the fetid air of the apartment. And then they hiccupped "Britons never shall be slaves." They meant, we suppose, masculine adult Britons—not the suffering drudges and half-starved children at home. Anon was boisterously shouted, in defiance of all rules of health, "We won't go home till morning"; a slight mistake, rectified by the laudible landlord, who just then assured the "gentlemen" that it was "shutting-up time."

There was a "turn out." One of the frequenters of the "Vulture," of pronounced socialistic tendencies, found himself sobered by floundering about in a shallow stream, which he had mistaken for a moon-lighted pathway. It was never ascertained whether his strong communistic proclivities rendered him anxious that his fellow-countrymen should "share" his bath with him. Several trees, one or two lamp-posts, a stray cow, and a hapless donkey were challenged or greeted on the homeward route by these would-be settlers of our national affairs.

And what of their homes?

Their employers had been roundly abused—though in their absence it did not hurt them; statesmen had been put upon their trial—and condemned; the aristocracy and the opulent classes had been execrated; the Queen and the royal family had been swept away, and men had "all things common"; but business had been brisk at the "Vulture" that night, and a heavy "score" had been "set up" against the men on strike. Many a hunger-bitten child had cried itself to sleep that night, and many a heavy-hearted wife was too care-worn to sleep. But the husbands, *of course*, could not help this state of things; they would "never submit" to work for a trifle lower wages, whether it were reasonable or unreasonable, though they knew that foreigners were filling up the places voluntarily surrendered by them,—the former contentedly working longer hours, receiving lower wage, and satisfied with plainer diet.

The strike continued. Want and suffering increased proportionately. Some of the men went "on tramp," a few families emigrated, and there was quite a little colony of foreigners settled in Milltown.

Things were about as bad as they could well be among the operatives; but as several of the ringleaders of the strike had left the town, a few of the men slunk back to the works and were taken on by the employers, who were benevolent men, and had felt for the wives and families of their misguided workmen.

Walter Freeman considered it "mean" to return to his work whilst his mind was prejudiced against the heads of the firm.

Depressed at the state of poverty and suffering which assailed him at home, and thoroughly angry with himself for having listened to the agitators—not a few of whom were paid to do this, in order to keep in office those who received considerable salaries and whose business it was to agitate—and unable longer to endure the silent suffering of his wife, Walter, without any object in view, rushed into the street from his bare room, out of which every dispensable article had disappeared to buy bread for the children.

With rapid strides he walked out of the town and along the high road leading to a place five miles off. He was more than half-way to Kingsleigh.

Coming to a standstill, he bethought himself that he would, as he was so near, call upon a brother residing there.

The clean, comfortable home, the happy children and contented wife, caused a sharp pain to dart through Walter's heart, and a big lump to come up into his throat.

Ned was delighted to meet his brother. Whilst blaming him for bringing himself to his present condition, like a true brother, Edward had done what he could to help them in their hour of need.

"I'm downright glad to see you, old fellow," he spoke, "but after walking all this way I fear you'll think it shabby treatment for Hannah and me to leave you, but we must go to the hall; the great Mr. — is going to speak to-night."

The thought passed through Walter's brain :

"Ha! if I'd only struck against the *drink* instead of the *masters*, I might have been as well off as Ted!"

With assumed gaiety he returned, "I'm not going to stay here by myself; may as well go with you and hear this wonderful lecturer."

He went—was convinced,—and took the decided step.

Walter was still on strike, but now it was *against the drink*; and happening to have a bottle of Bass's ale a friend had made him a present of, secreted in his cupboard, he very unceremoniously the next morning struck the neck off it emptying the contents of the bottle in the gutter in front of the "Vulture public-house.

His wife, like a sensible woman, did not oppose her husband's new plan which she thought "very good for *him*," since he sometimes took "too much," while she, like many another wife, boasted that she only drank "what did her good," and knew when she had "had enough."

Walter was not slow in discovering that not even the Heaven-sent plan of total abstinence will ensure comfort and respectability if unthrift and bad management are indulged in. He became a *consistent* abstainer—free alike from the debasing influence of alcoholics and the stupefying, thirst-creating, erroneous called "soothing" effects of the twin narcotic—tobacco. With the renunciation of his former companions, the young man recognised the privilege of making seventh of the week not only a rest-day, but a season for more pronounced "seeking first the kingdom of God." Nor was he left without the fulfilment of the promise given to those who thus seek, for all needful things were "added" (Matt. vi., 33); nor was there any lack of comfort in that well ordered family.

With perfect sobriety and a clear brain, Walter formed a juster estimate of men and things; and while he felt that earth was not paradise, and there were many wrong things that needed to be set right, he became daily more and more convinced that declaiming against the existing state of affairs, aided by the inhibition of strong drink and the fumes of tobacco, did not make matters better domestically or nationally.

Soon the prudent wife saw it to be her duty and privilege to become a true yoke-fellow—a help-meet to her reformed husband, who to the end of his life continued upon strike—*against the drink*.

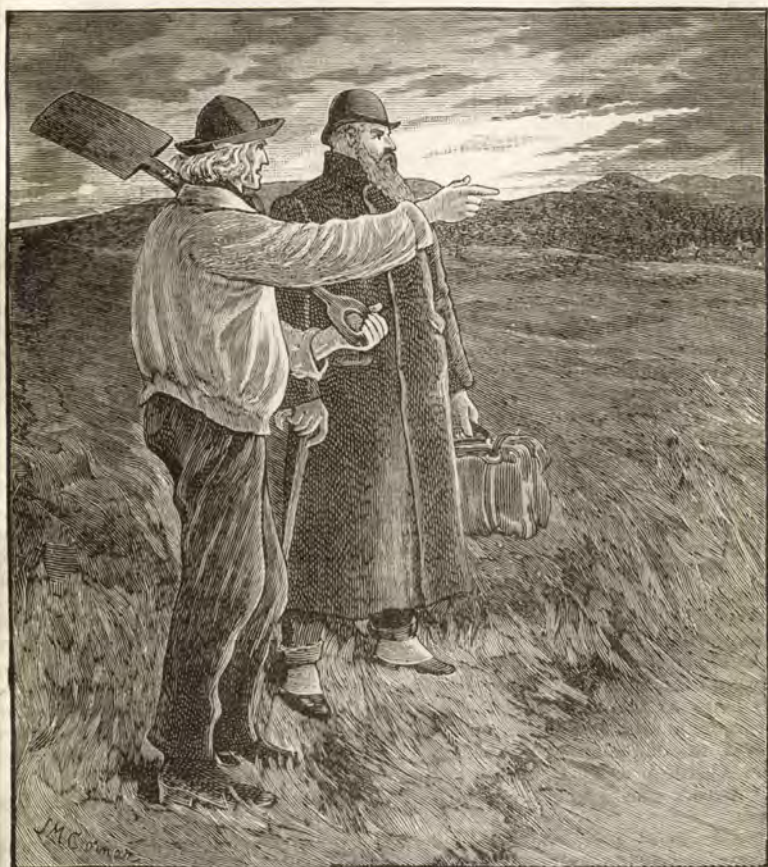
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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



“TURN RIGHT ROUND AND FOLLOW THE LIGHTS!”

By M. A. PAULL (Mrs. John Ripley), Author of “Vermont Hall,” Sought and Saved,”  
“Tim’s Troubles,” &c.

**M**Y old friend, John Aberdeen, had written to say he would pay us a flying visit, and see our new house. It was always a universal pleasure when John announced a visit, and as there had been unusual changes in our domestic arrangements since we had last seen him—more than a year ago,—the event was anticipated by my wife, the young folks, and myself, with extra pleasure.

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"I hope he won't come in the evening," said John's namesake, my son Jack, "For if he does, he'll never find this house, unless he get's a man from the station to show him the way across the moor."

"It is no use to trouble," said Jack's mother. Though if any barn or vexation came to our honoured friend, my dear wife would certainly have shared it most fully. "Mr. Aberdeen always likes to pop in upon us, when we are not quite sure at what time to expect him; and it is really surprising he has given us so decided an intimation of his visit."

"Perhaps," said I, laughing, "he thought, as we had moved into a larger house, his room would not be so certainly ready as in the old days."

"More likely, papa," said prudent Polly, "he thought the bedroom in a new house would require fire."

For several days we waited and expected John Aberdeen in vain, every evening a cosy fire burnt in the grate of the apartment made ready for him, and the supper table was just a little more bountifully supplied in anticipation of his possible arrival.

We had another visitor in the house before John wrote to say he was coming; a guest of quite another character. He was the son of another old friend of mine, who had written a plaintive letter to me, telling me his history and begging me to allow him to come and stay awhile in my teetotal family, where he would not have any temptation to drink, which was his besetting sin.

It is a very curious fact that moderation drinkers never undertake the reclamation of drunkards to their own professedly safe stand-point. They always appear to suppose that it is the duty of teetotalers, who have nothing whatever to do with strong drink, to convert and watch over and reform those who have tried to practise moderation, and have failed in the attempt. Neither my wife nor I could bear to refuse to allow the poor prodigal to come to us if he were sufficiently in earnest concerning himself, to follow the rule of our house during his visit, and abstain from intoxicants. He was a poor miserable broken-down looking fellow, a sort of living testimony to the evil effect of drink. Though something less than thirty years of age, youth had completely disappeared. He was morbid and melancholy, and wandered aimlessly about trying to imagine that he was improving, haunted by thoughts of his wasted opportunities, his distressed relatives, his weakened physical powers and lacking resolve and moral strength to play the man.

We had just finished supper, the best of the provisions had been dandished, for all expectation of John Aberdeen's arrival that night had been dismissed, though we had delayed the meal for a whole hour in mysterious expectation that he was drawing near, the servants had been sent to bed, and the girls volunteered to be lady-helps to their mother, if any call was made upon them. It was a wild, stormy night, and as we drew our chairs round the cosy fire, reluctant to leave it even for our comfortable beds, we expressed the hope one to another, that John Aberdeen was not exposed to the blast and the chill rain.

"Wasn't that a knock, sir?" asked Walter Atkinson, his pale nervous face attent.

"A knock!" I repeated, "Why, there's a bell, man; nobody would stand knocking on such a night as this, when he could ring a bell."

"I think Mr. Atkinson is right, father," said Polly, "You had better see; perhaps it is Mr. Aberdeen, and he doesn't see the bell."

So my lads and I hurried out, and there, sure enough, all battered and beaten with the storm, to which he had been exposed, was my old friend. It is needless to say that the door leading into light and warmth was thrown wide open to the traveller—that he was speedily led to his comfortably warmed chamber, and then welcomed heartily at a table spread very respectably, after all, with provisions for the satisfaction of his hunger; and not until he had done full justice to all these did we renew our circle round the fire, and beg him to give us some idea how he had been so late in his arrival, and what sort of an adventure he had had.

"Adventure, indeed," quoth John Aberdeen, playfully. "Why what hath possessed you, my dear and good friends, to pitch your earthly tent in the midst of such a howling wilderness?"

The girls cried out in a deprecatory chorus at his words, but he persisted that they perfectly described his experience.

"You should have had a guide from the station," said Kate, "and then you would have been all right, Mr. Aberdeen."

"A guide to the house of my oldest friend?" queried John Aberdeen. "It would have seemed an absurdity to me. I never knew the time, since we were boys together, that Tom Naylor could not find me, and I could not find Tom Naylor. But to-night my pride has had a fall. You are so new in this newly-built district that few people seemed to know there was such a place as Naylor House, and all across the moor I only met one man, and if I had not met him," said John, laughing heartily, "I think I should have been going round and round on that 'howling wilderness' in the furious storm till this very moment."

John's laugh was so merry that it was infectious; even Walter Atkinson's pale sad face kindled with mirth.

"And that man gave me a grand piece of advice," said my friend John; looking at us all in turn with his honest kind gaze, "a grand piece of advice, that every one of us will do well to take. 'Turn right round,' said he, 'and follow the lights!' Of course I was going all wrong, walking away altogether from Naylor House, towards I don't know what, and into darkness and gloom. I could not see any light when he spoke to me, but directly I turned 'right round,' there were the lights of this new township, that is springing up so fast, where you have come to dwell. As I walked along, I thought of his words, and saw how they were the keynote of all reformation—how the prodigal son in the far country heard the voice, 'Turn right round, and follow the lights,' and his obedience led him back to his father's house, and his father's love. What is conversion, even in the very meaning of the word, but 'turning right round'? And then how true it is, that when we walk away from the right, we have no light, 'neither sun nor star'; but when we turn right round from evil habits, the star of hope begins to shine, and the Sun of Righteousness arises upon us, 'with healing in His wings.'"

I could but notice how intently Walter Atkinson listened to John Aberdeen, whose frank, honest way of proclaiming truth never failed to dispose his hearers to be mindful of his words. My heart was lifted up to God that the "word fitly spoken might be like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The next day was just as bright and beautiful as the previous one had been stormy and wild. Naylor House, of which, to tell the truth, we were all a little proud, and to beautify which, with its extensive garden, we were all anxious in our several ways, looked at its best in the bright sunshine, and we showed it to our friend, and received his admiring comments with great satisfaction. In all these hours of intercourse, Walter Atkinson modestly kept himself aloof, fearful of intruding his personality.

John took occasion to ask me who he was, and what made so young a man look so doleful, and appear so listless. When my friend learned the sad story, he was silent and thoughtful for some little time, and I could but believe he would seek to use his influence to encourage our other guest to a better life. I was not surprised, therefore, when I learned that he had invited Walter Atkinson to show him some parts of the neighbourhood; and though I felt sympathy with my son Jack, who considered himself a little bit snubbed by his old friend, I could well believe that John sought thus to gain a private interview with the young man.

The two came back just before dinner, John's face positively glowed with benevolent satisfaction. Into the previously dull countenance of Walter Atkinson, there had crept, as it were the light of dawn, with promise in it of a glorious day. The change was wonderful; I knew by the glances of my wife and children that it had not escaped them.



"Has anyone got a pledge book?" asked John.

"Oh! yes."

"Certainly."

"You can have mine, sir," burst from the lips of Jack and his sisters; but Polly was first to bring the required article.

"Yesterday," said John, beaming upon us as he spoke, "yesterday it was I who turned right round and followed the lights; to-day it is our dear young friend here. This is the emblem of the light of experience and reason and truth in regard to strong drink," added John, bringing his fist down impressively upon Polly's pledge book, "and he signs his name in it to show he has begun to follow the lights. You have so early been taught to do so, that in this matter of strong drink you have never been in the dark at all; but let me tell you, Jack and Polly, and Kate and Frank, that if you *were* to cease to follow the light, you might wander into the wilderness, like those who have never known better. It is a tremendous responsibility you share with all lifelong teetotalers, to hold the light so high, and keep it burning so constantly, that none may stumble who look at you, or be in doubt which way to go. But enough of parables," said John, breaking off abruptly, "I suppose dinner is ready."

Then Walter Atkinson's pale face flushed, as he took the pledge he had just signed between his thin fingers, and said earnestly to us all, though his voice trembled at first, "When Mr. Aberdeen told us that story last night about being lost on the moor, it went home to my heart, and the words 'Turn right round, and follow the lights,' came as a message from God to my weak, wayward purpose. I know you will all help me there for a little while longer to do rightly, and then I must seek some hard work, and prove that my actions are as honest as my words."

And he did; else my dear child Polly would never have taken that solemn pledge to love, honour, and obey him, which she did yesterday.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



“The Queen’s Vaults”; or, “The Caverns of the Damned.”

By GUY HAYLER.

**T**HERE have been many ways in which men and women addicted to drinking have been led to see their error and induced to sign the teetotal pledge. “Buy your own cherries,” said by a publican’s wife to a regular customer about to pick a cherry from a basket-full standing on the counter, not only resulted in the drunkard becoming a teetotaler, a respectable member of society, and a blessing to his family, but by the incident

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being published thousands have abandoned their support to so selfish and demoralising a traffic. "Dip your roll in your own pot at home," and other ejaculations from those engaged in the drink traffic, have likewise been "blessings in disguise."

The incident about to be related had the same happy termination, and gave the world a teetotaler and earnest worker for his country's good for nearly half a century.

In the year 18—, the license of the "Queen's Vaults," situated under the Old Queen's Theatre, had been transferred to a new tenant, who, from some cause or other, wished to change the name of the Vaults. The regular customers to the Vaults having been consulted it was agreed to meet and, by vote, to choose a new name. It so happened that the evening chosen for the meeting was Christmas Eve, and the landlord, expecting a great increase of customers, had engaged extra help for the occasion; the counter, glasses, and every article of furniture had received an extra polish, and, together with the bright fires, the Vaults looked exceptionally bright and cosy, tempting those in the cold and snow outside to enter, and holding, as in an iron grip, those that were within; the cheerily "Good evening gentlemen," and "A Merry Christmas," of the landlord, completed what looked to the eye the very embodiment of happiness, but which in fact proved as all such always prove, only a deceiver and a snare, resulting in the loss of happiness, by being robbed of health, reputation, business, money, and all that goes to make life worth living.

Now, on this eventful Christmas Eve, while many were hurrying through the doors of the Vaults to attend the meeting for selecting a new name, a man and woman could have been observed, leaning against the railings of the Theatre—

"Don't go in to-night," said the woman.

"I must," was the reply.

"We haven't a bit in the house," said the woman.

"Well, I can't help it," was the reply.

Yes, you can," urged the woman. "If you would go home with me, *now*, before your money is spent, we should have something for to-night and to-morrow; now do come home."

"No," was the firm reply, "I shall go in for an hour or so."

And with this the man left the woman, and entered the Vaults.

"Good God!" exclaimed the woman, "And am I tied to a brute like that," and hurrying away from the Vaults, the woman was lost in the darkness.

"Good evening, Peter," exclaimed the landlord, as the man entered the Vaults, "Walk through to the inner compartment, to-night," and the man addressed as Peter did as requested without a word.

Now these Vaults were divided into three compartments, and could be entered by separate doors from the street, the first was frequented by those members of society who considered themselves respectable, such as tradesmen, sons of merchants, farmers, &c., &c., who just called in for a glass and a chat on political matters or matters in general, but every now and again some one or other of those attending this compartment would overstep the boundary of so-called moderation, and would then be told their room would be preferred to their company, for they did "not wish to be mixed up with drunkards and lackguards." Thus those expelled from the first compartment would migrate to the second compartment, where the *injustice* and *pride* of the "other lot" would form for a time the chief point of discussion, invariably concluding with the remark, "never mind, old chap, it will be their turn next." A prophetic remark coming true only too soon. Now, the third compartment, or outer as it was called, consisted of such customers who might be called a no-descript lot, chiefly drunkards, outcasts, prostitutes, and such like men and women who had neither respect for themselves nor their fellows; fearing neither God nor man, only drinking themselves into oblivion.

Into this compartment many who had commenced their drinking in the first compartment had found their way, and here most of their time was spent, having lost their once respectable positions in the town.

This was the place in which Peter had spent many a pound, which would have provided both his wife and himself with food and clothes, and retained for him the respectable position he once held.

When it was decided to give a new name to the Vaults, the landlord informed his customers that the meeting would be held in the inner or first compartment, and that a few

of the old customers from the other compartments would be admitted to assist in the ceremony ; so that at the time Peter was requested to walk through to the inner compartment a large company had assembled, much to the pleasure *and profit* of the landlord.

Peter, almost unrecognised, sank quietly into a seat in a corner of the room, and having ordered some drink lapsed into apparent indifference to all around him.

The landlord commenced the proceedings by the remark that he thought "there ought to be a chairman," which having been agreed to, one of the principal tradesmen in the town was voted to the chair, and stated that "the business of the evening was a very important one to their host, for a good name to a house was everything, and resulted in many a man making a large fortune." The process of naming was then proceeded with. Every name, however, suggested met with some strong opposition, until one remarked that "no name was needed—all that was wanted was some good 'stingo,' and that would make the house well known." Of course, during the discussion sundry drinks were consumed by the company, and the landlord and waiters were kept constantly at it ; thus some considerable time had been spent, and the company seemed no nearer a solution of the difficulty, when the chairman remarked, "There's our old friend, Peter, in the corner. Has he any remarks to offer, or a name to suggest ? I'm sure we shall all be glad to hear him." This was followed by a number of "Hear, hear's" and the rattling of glasses on the tables, during which Peter rose to his feet. The past history of this man could be guessed by the short conversation between his wife and himself previous to entering the Vaults. Once he had filled a most respectable position in society, but drink had reduced him until now he was a poor, wretched drunkard. He felt very wretched on this night, and drank deep to drown his wretchedness. But he could not drink from his memory his wife's statement—"We haven't a bit in the house." It haunted him. Again, he remembered the time he first entered that very room, a respectable and honoured tradesman, respected and courted by all, and then that he was in that room, for *that night only*, by favour.

Knowing that he had once been a local preacher among the Methodists, and had what they call "the gift of the gab," a remarkable quiet fell upon the company immediately Peter began to speak. He said :—

"Mr. Chairman, landlord, and fellows,—I have been quiet, and would have preferred remaining so, if I had not been called upon ; for quiet gives time for reflection, and in spite of myself I have been reflecting on the time when I first entered this very room and commenced to mix in convivial society, which has ended in the blasting of all my prospects. ('No, no.') Those who say 'No, no,' know not what they say, or how soon their turn will come when they will say ditto. I was once as respectable as any one here, and was held in as high repute ; but I have gone down lower—(murmurs)—and lower—(Landlord : 'Shut up')—until I am now cursed by all who know me, even including my own wife."

"Really, gentlemen," exclaimed the chairman, "we cannot listen to such remarks. We are all sorry that Peter cannot take a glass and leave it ; but our business is to select a new name for the Vaults, and unless Peter has a name to suggest for our consideration I shall have to call upon someone else."

Peter, who had remained standing, but had again drunk deep from the drink before him, said, "I am going to finish my remarks by suggesting what appears to me the most appropriate name for these Vaults. Considering we are below the level of the street, that in joke, we are often called 'Devils for a lark,' and that the whole tendency of the place is to degrade—(murmurs),—I'm sure no truer name can be found than the one I have the pleasure to propose, namely, 'The Caverns of the Damned.'"

The scene which followed these remarks is indescribable, suffice it to say that by the help of the potman and certain of the customers the landlord succeeded in ejecting Peter from the establishment into the street. Peter, however, protested most earnestly against such proceedings, and, irritated by the liquor he had imbibed, fought like a demon against expulsion.

Exhausted by the struggle, he sank upon the snow, partly leaning against the railings, the drink he had taken rendering him almost powerless in a very short time, and soon a crowd assembled, discussing the merits and demerits of Peter's expulsion. Two teetotalers coming up and learning what had taken place raised Peter to his feet and induced him to go with them to a Temperance Hall close by, where a teetotal meeting was then proceeding.

Peter was assisted to the Hall and placed on a seat in a corner, where, by the effects of the drink and the warmth of the room, he soon fell asleep.

Shortly before the meeting closed, Peter awoke from his stupor and wondered where he was, then remembered the Vaults, the inner compartment, his first glass and his downward course, then the name he had suggested for the Vaults, his fight against expulsion, but he could remember nothing more; how he came to be in the meeting he could not understand, but this he fully resolved upon, "They shall never expel me again from the Vaults."

Having arrived at this determination, he endeavoured to listen to the concluding remarks of the chairman, which convinced him he had been brought into a teetotal meeting; for the first thing Peter distinctly understood, was the chairman saying—

"If there is but one poor drunkard in the meeting, we care not how low he may have fallen, if he will but come forward and sign the teetotal pledge and keep it, we promise him sobriety and at least the honest respect of his fellows."

Peter waited for nothing more, but staggering to the platform demanded pen and ink, and, followed by many others, signed the pledge, amid the applause of the audience and the singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

All Peter's money had not been left at the Vaults, and when, shortly after the meeting closed, two teetotalers had the pleasure of handing him over to his wife there was a look in the woman's face which clearly showed that, in her opinion, Peter had taken a step in signing the pledge which rejoiced her greatly, and, without any solicitation from her husband or the teetotalers who had brought him to the one room which served for a home, she promised to sign the pledge at the next meeting.

The expulsion of Peter from the Vaults on Christmas Eve not only resulted in his conversion to teetotalism, but to his again taking his place in society as a respectable tradesman, and by his earnest advocacy of the cause for so many years, many were led to embrace our principles, and rejoice that Peter suggested the appropriate name to the "Queen's Vaults" of—

"THE CAVERNS OF THE DAMNED."

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READER,—Have you severed *yourself* from the Liquor Traffic? If not, I plead with you on behalf of all that is manly, noble, and holy, to do so at once. Let the New Year open with your name being appended to the following pledge:—

*"I promise, by divine assistance, to abstain from all that can intoxicate; to discountenance the use of such drinks in the community, and to do my utmost on behalf of our common humanity to secure the prohibition of the common sale of all Alcoholic Drinks."*

Name,.....

Having signed the above, join yourself to some Temperance Society, Good Templars' Lodge, or Band of Hope, thus taking sides with those who are fighting to free our native land from the terrible curse of Drink.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.  
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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “OUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.”

BY WILL POWER.

**A** SULTRY July day, succeeded by a comparatively cool and pleasant evening.

Two young medical students sat, amidst a varied collection of flowers, on the balcony outside the first floor room, belonging to one of the large old-fashioned and comfortable houses in Gower Street.

**No. 280.**

The lectures—clinical and otherwise—to which they had listened during the day had tired them and made their heads ache.

Charlie Forester and Bertie Gordon, the aforesaid students, had an especial vanity in the matter of drink, and were indulging the same. Through long straws they sipped their sweetened, diluted, cool, and cooling lime-juice, and varied that performance by nibbling arrow-root biscuits.

Romantic admiration of sky-scapes is not a characteristic of those ardent but hardened searchers in the caves of knowledge—students of medicine. Nevertheless, Messrs. Forester and Gordon had watched the setting sun and were watching the rising moon and the slowly sparkling stars. Even much-maligned London is beautiful under a starlit sky.

Whether his headache made him impatient, or whether he was tired of stargazing, is not clear, but certain it is that Charlie Forester abruptly put this alternative to his friend: either he should tell him a story or they would start at once for a spin round the Park. Bertie, ever anxious to oblige, and bethinking himself of something he had had on his mind, decided to hazard an attempt at story-telling, and began as follows:—

“Well, you see that newly-painted house opposite, with the tapestry curtains and venetian blinds, and the dish of cut flowers in the parlour window?”

Charlie replied in the affirmative.

“Thereby hangs a tale—er!” quoted Gordon, in tragic accents.

“I’m very pleased to hear it; hope you’ll tell it; hope you’ll make it interesting, even if you *do* have to draw upon that vivid imagination of yours for your facts,” said Charlie, beginning to be interested.

“You’re a good listener, so it will not be your fault if the story is not a success,” Gordon continued. “It matters little,” he added mysteriously, “how I became possessed of the facts, but I can give the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes and ears for the truth of what I am about to say. Old Closey—sire of that plain, prim, pleasant spoken, unmarried girl now sitting at the window—was a rag and bone merchant; a marine-store dealer, if you please, and, like Eugene Aram, a melancholy man.”

“No more of that, Bert, an thou lovest me,” interrupted Charlie.

Gordon continued, unheeding the mangled quotation, “He smoked to kill the smell of his wares, and poured down spirits in order to keep his spirits up. From early morning till late at night he toiled at his very full-flavoured business, accumulated money quickly, lived hard and drank very copiously. The result of that course you may guess; he took to walking up and down the floor of his room at night, being unable to sleep; now and again he would break out into a passion, and, clasping his grog-bottle, would stamp and swear, and fight with the figments of his inflamed imagination, which were, no doubt, only too real to him.”

“A case of D. T.,” muttered Charlie.

“Closey’s favourite son—the elder—did not like short commons, was anxious to take the reins of management, and even went so far as to say to his brother that the best way was to let the old man drink, for the sooner he finished himself the better it would be for all parties. The younger brother, although he had often

to bear the pain of hunger and the keener pain of humiliation because of his father's drunkenness, was shocked, and so remonstrated with his kinsman. One night the elder brother joined the father in a drinking bout, and both drank heavily. In the morning, the father being ill and prostrate, Dr. Sugarey—good, easy man, with a nice little practice that he wanted to hold together—was called in.

"And made him knock off the drink at once, *a la* the governor of a jail when he receives *his* unwilling patients?" queried Forester, with professional interest.

"Not a bit of it," said Gordon. "'Be moderate,' said the Doctor, in dulcet tones, 'and live plainly.' As well say 'be moderate' to a tigress robbed of her cubs! As to the 'plain living,' that was a joke to the underfed family. The younger son, not being satisfied with the slow, crab-like, backward progress his father was making, called in young Dr. Peniton—a struggling though clever man, with an infestimal practice,—who honestly begged his patient to cease drinking altogether. That roused the passion, not only of the father, but of the elder son. 'Do you take me for a drunkard?' said the self-deceived father. 'Do you think my father has no self-control?' thundered the son, whose soles were itching for his father's shoes. That night father and son played cards, smoked, wore, and drank together. Both slept the drunkard's sleep, but the father slept no wake no more."

"This is getting thrilling," said Charlie.

"The inquest," continued Gordon, "was a nine-days' wonder of course, and, equally of course, a verdict of 'death from natural causes' was returned. My interest in the opposite house, like that of the majority of the neighbours, cooled down considerably, but on taking up the *Daily Recorder* one morning, I was puzzled to read a solicitor's notice, headed, 'Thomas Closey, deceased,' and calling upon creditors and other persons to send in particulars of their claims, &c., in respect to the estate."

"Of course you sent in a heavy bill, old chappie?" queried Forester.

"Unfortunately I had no statement of claim to send," Gordon answered, "but the merciless medico and the merciful ditto claimed, heavily in the one case, lightly in the other. The old man, it was found, left a very considerable sum, the whole of which went to the favourite elder son. Partial and unfair in life his partiality and unfairness were intended by the old man to be further manifested after his death. With the money he also bequeathed to his heir a something not mentioned in the unjust will, viz., a craving for drink. That rich young braggart coolly told his mother, his brother, and his sisters to go, and even refused to shake hands with them when they sorrowfully quitted the old home. The younger brother, cheered by the love of a beautiful girl, did not shrink when face to face with difficulty, but set manfully to work to support his mother, his sisters, and himself. The two sisters bravely, with quiet fortitude, turned their talents to good account as needlewomen in the great city. The mother, sustained by her dutiful children's love, though mourning for her selfish son, did not succumb to grief, but roused herself to make a home of the humble lodgings her boy engaged. The family had a common treasury, in which a surplus slowly but surely grew. Time went on, and success—which follows the



hopeful and hardworking, just as failure dogs the heels of the lazy and despairing—came, and was eagerly welcomed. The dissolute young man was lost sight of, and took no pains to make his whereabouts known."

"And a good riddance, too," said Charlie, who had been following the story with increasing interest.

"One day," resumed Gordon, "the good young man was passing through Gower Street, when he was surprised to see the old house 'to let' Clearly the heir must have left! Being then in a position to take the house he made application, and in due course entered into possession. The mother brightened up when back in the old home. The prim sister toiled with commendable ardour, and quickly made the place 'ship-shape.' The pretty sister—the pet of the family—devoted all her spare time to making the house a tasteful and pleasant retreat."

"I suspect that that is where you have spent some of your evenings of late!" said Charlie, suspiciously. "Don't forget me when the wedding-take is being shared out."

"Don't be either hurried or envious," continued Gordon, "the prim sister shall be yours, and we will both get married at the same altar, and on the same day."

"What became of the scapegrace brother?" asked Forester.

"Your interruption caused me to digress, or I should have told you ere this," Gordon replied. "He drank and gambled his money away, and at last became a casual sojourner at one of the lowest of registered lodging-houses. One night, not wishing to walk the streets, he ran after a gentleman to ask for a 'copper,' and broke down when he saw that that gentleman was his brother. Now, to make a long story short (I'll give you the details at some other time), as it is getting somewhat late and rather chilly: the humbled heir, by the kindness of his generous brother, and the glad assent of his mother and sisters, was allowed, on condition of giving up drinking and taking to working, to resume his old place in the family circle, and, with it, his place in the affections of a little lady who had been forced to give him up."

"Wealth is not always to be understood when money is expressed," remarked Charlie, sagely.

"No, my boy; you're right," said his companion. "Now, I think we'll drop in over the way for a few minutes. I'll introduce you to the prim sister and the rest of the family. They already know something about you, and, between ourselves, they're expecting us now. To-morrow night you shall tell me what you think of 'Our Opposite Neighbours.'"

All we have

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## MY FIRST SIP.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "A WEAK BROTHER."\*

Communicated by Mrs. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Legacy" (the £50 Trevelyan Prize Essay); "Mother's Old Slippers," &c., &c.

**N**EVER shall I forget that gloriously bright autumn day, when with maternal pride my venerated mother imprinted a hearty kiss upon my lips, lovingly congratulating me upon having attained my majority. Father's birthday present was some valuable standard works in substantial

\* 1 Cor. viii. 11, 12; Rom. xiv., 21.

bindings; mother's, a splendid Bible. The children's gift was an album containing the portraits of all our family and a good many of our young friends of the Band of Hope, of which father was conductor and I registrar.

It goes without saying that we were staunch abstainers. My parents had pledged to our noble cause before they took the life pledge to each other. To his temperance my father added godliness, and the dear *mater* was a true help-meet to him.

I was moral, studious, cheerful, and valued in the bank, which I had entered at the age of fifteen, upon leaving school.

Our parents trained us in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They, by example and precept, taught their children to covet the "one thing needful"; and on that 21st birthday the answer to their prayers came. Their hearts were gladdened by hearing their eldest son avow his intention to join the church, of which they had been members before I was ushered into this world of sin and sorrow.

But it didn't appear what I have just called it on that happy day. No! Life's pathway seemed, if not strewn with roses, yet possessed of much that was attractive and desirable.

Like many another young fellow, I was inexperienced, yet fancied that I knew a great deal. I was aware that drunkenness abounded on every hand. I knew that what is called partaking moderately of alcoholics was the rule rather than the exception with those among whom we were compelled to mingle. But, as a life abstainer, I was utterly ignorant of the fascination exerted by the drink-fiend over his victims. It appeared to me a fearful weakness to take that which, in excess, causes three-fourths or nine-tenths of the poverty, degradation, and crime beneath which civilised mankind groan. It was to my mind monstrous that men—aye, and women too—should indulge in a habit which palpably was utterly ruining them. But while I rigidly condemned the stupidity, or recklessness, of the inebriate, I was ignorant of two facts—oh, that I had remained so!—namely, that in many instances of excessive drinking the appetite is hereditary; and secondly, that, at a certain stage of indulgence, love of strong drink is as much a disease as typhoid or erysipelas; nor had I the slightest sympathy for the indulger in alcoholics.

In due course I was admitted to the church.

Never, never, shall I forget the experience of that evening! The morning service, the afternoon school—all was joyous and peaceful, and with thankfulness of heart in the evening I stood to receive the right hand of fellowship from our minister, whom I had loved from earliest childhood, and now regarded as my spiritual father.

Methinks I hear at this moment the gurgling of the wine as it flowed into the goblets that night! I seem to feel as I write that new perception greeting my senses as the aroma of the intoxicant filled the building in which some three or four hundred devout Christians had assembled—to remember the dying love of a gracious Saviour—to keep in remembrance that costly redemption which exceeds silver and gold and all corruptible things.

A venerable elder gravely placed the cup in my hand.

I raised it to my lips and took

#### MY FIRST SIP

of the drunkard's drink!

Gethsemane and Calvary, the Cross with its agony and degradation, faded from my memory! My cheek flushed! The blood seemed to bound with quickened pace through the arteries! A new appetite was awakened! *I liked it!* I was as the hound who first tastes human blood: a craving was inspired! He who of old appeared among the "sons of God," was surely there whilst we "presented ourselves before the Lord." The whisper came (oh, he's a special pleader!): "There is no harm in it—*taken moderately*: Christians imbibe it." And, as he misquoted Scripture to our Lord, so again the arch-fiend suggested—

"Every creature of God is good—in moderation." Nor did my dense mind discern that a manufactured thing is *not* God's good creature.

The bait was swallowed, and at my first communion I resolved that, like other good Christians, I would partake sparingly of wine and its kindreds. Excess should be strictly avoided. The grace of God would keep me from it. If there were any danger in conforming to this usage of society, I would manfully resist all temptation. Yes! I would take "a little," as Timothy did—without once reflecting (to my shame I make the acknowledgment) that in those early days, when medicine was in its infancy, medicated wines were used, both externally and internally, *as medicines*. Hence Paul's advice to his spiritual son did not touch my case. Yet so illogical was I—owing, it may be, to the blinding influence of this newly-acquired taste—that I failed to perceive things that differ. I should consume wine—as a *luxury*, not for my "stomach's sake."

A few short days after my first communion our family were plunged in grief. A boating accident occurred: my parents were taken home through a watery grave.

I was of age; my prospects were fairly good, and there was no reason why I should regard the "scruples" of my lost parents; nay, their very loss seemed to call for a something that should help me to endure the pang of separation; and I sought sustaining power—not by prayer, but from the delusive luxury of which I had tasted in *my first sip at the Lord's Table!*

Joy, peace, comfort, the Band of Hope, the Sabbath school, the sanctuary, my duty to the orphan brothers and sisters—all were shortly sacrificed beneath the dominating power of my newly-awakened appetite, inherited, as I afterwards found out to my intense grief, from my father's father.

I became what thousands have been reduced to by the same agency—a maudlin muddler—a habitual soaker.

The church had, before I arrived at this stage, enforced discipline: they had struck my name from the church roll. They raised the fiend; they never sought to lay him!

While the elders and members who continued their connection with the dealers in the drink traffic retained their positions in the church as honourable upholders of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report," I had become worse than a "heathen and a publican" to them. To the former they sent missionaries, and with the modern publican they did not hesitate to keep up a moderate degree of intimacy, to say nothing of family connections with distillers and brewers.

But Christian abstainers—good Samaritans—"came where I was." They prayed me back to sobriety, to respectability, to hope; and with improved circumstances, and as a pledged abstainer, I married, and enjoyed the bliss of domestic love for some years.

Our children were in the Band of Hope, my wife a member of a church, situated in a different part of the county to that to which I had formerly belonged. With tears and prayers many times she urged me to take my place as a humble disciple of a crucified Saviour, and to partake of the memorials of the Lord's dying love.

I felt stronger than formerly. Upborne by the prayers of Christian friends, I ventured once again to approach the Lord's Table, and with my devoted Marian, commemorated the Lord's Supper.

My happiness was great, but short-lived. Soon the drink-crave fastened on me. Temples were everywhere. False or misguided friends and numerous drink-shops wrought my ruin.

Again the fearful drama was enacted. No need is there to pen the details. Alcoholics simply worked the way their nature is to work.

I was reckless! despairing!

Was it *my* fault that I inherited a disease? For the love of God, for the love of souls, ought not that which was a stumbling-block to a weak brother to have been put away by those who were stronger? "We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves" (Rom. xv. 1).

Happily, my faithful Marian did not live to see the worst. A violent cold and added grief developed rapid consumption. The strong-drink mania had taken such possession of its victim I could not, would not, believe the worst. With her latest breath she prayed for and lovingly admonished me.

As the spirit left her body, I rushed from the house, feeling that the brand of Cain was on my brow. Others attended her funeral obsequies. Her family took the children, and emigrated them. Delirium tremens brought me to the verge of the grave.

I returned to consciousness,—to find my brother Fred—my slighted total abstaining Christian brother, two years my junior—watching over me with deepest sympathy and almost womanly love.

“Frank!” he avowed, “I will never give thee up.”

“No hope, no hope!” I murmured. “I have sinned against light and knowledge. My murdered Marian’s upbraiding eyes are ever present to me! Fred! I am not worthy the trouble of rescuing!”

“Nay, nay,” he uttered, “the Good Samaritan cared for me when sunk as low as thyself.”

Fred’s constant watchfulness, his Christian courage, transformed him to my guardian angel, and I drag on a blighted existence.

Years have rolled away, and with a sore and desolate heart I mourn the turpitude of my course. A gleam of hope now and again crosses my sin-stained soul. One passage of Holy Writ buoys up my spirit and keeps me from despair:

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

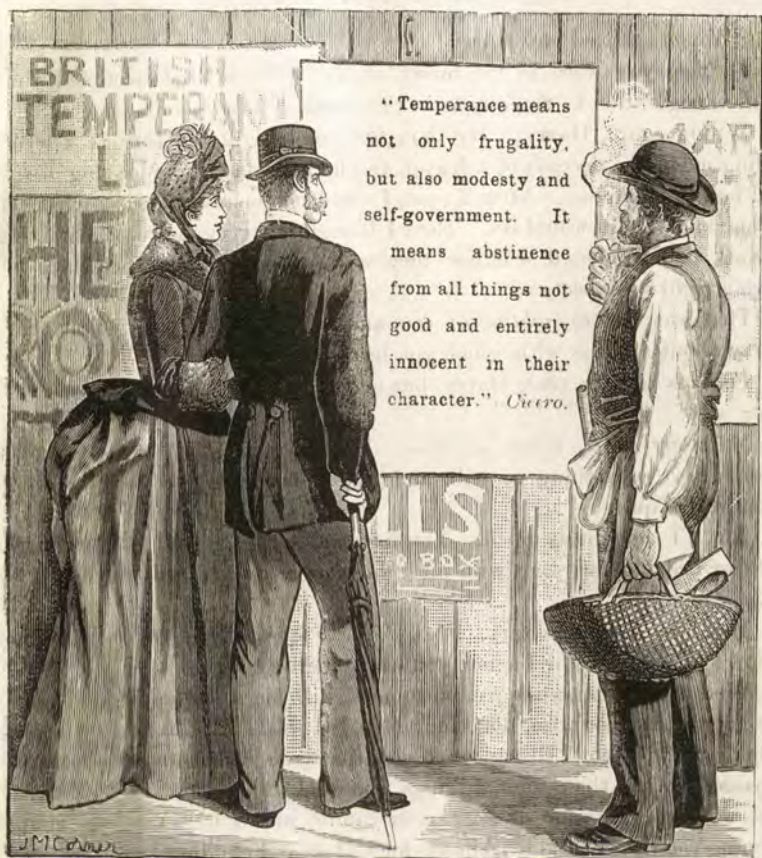
This I can and do avow—Come life, or death, or perdition, I will never again touch that which has ruined me! The scars of the fierce battle will only be hidden in the grave. A stricken, lonely, disappointed man, wrecked by my own presumption and self-confidence, I sometimes trust I shall yet enter the harbour. Not as a well-appointed craft; not with sails set and every rope taut; not as a gallant vessel with “steam up” do I approach the haven; but rather in the pitiable plight of Paul’s shipwrecked company: upon some “board” or broken spar I trust just to get “safely to land”; or, to change the figure, “as a brand plucked from the burning.” Alas! it might have been otherwise but for

“MY FIRST SIP!”

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.

Prices (assorted or otherwise), 30 for 6d., 100 for 1s. 6d., post free.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



LORD DERBY has been speaking about the difficulty some people have in finding good investments for their money. A commercial gentleman has made a study of the Government Insurance Blue Books, and a long and searching investigation into the subject of Life Assurance generally. He has come to the conclusion:—

1. That a Life Policy in the best Offices yields a larger possible and probable return for money than any other form of Investment offering equal security.

2. That a system of “Endowment Assurance”—*i.e.*, payable at a fixed age or at previous death—is admirably adapted to investors of surplus income who are seeking a safe and remunerative investment.—From “Capital for Young Men,” by A. A. READE.

## “HOW HARRY WILSON BECAME RESTFUL!”

By the Author of “How to Improve our Fortune,” “Honest Trade,” “Joseph Strongbow and his Awkward Questions.”

HOW you startled me, Harry!

Yes, you were in “a brown study.” Pray what occupied your fertile imagination? Something in the clouds, I’ll be bound.

Wrong again, Harry. My thoughts were earthly. Here is a letter telling me of the decease of a friend, and he has gone hence leaving a wife and family penniless. After I read, I could not help wondering what the widow and family would do. Then I thought of very many of my living friends, and wondered whether they were exercising that prudence we have a right to expect.

That was very *thoughtful* of you, and very *generous* too. You often worry about matters with which you have nothing to do.

Perhaps that is true, Harry, but may I ask whether you have made *your will*?

Made my will? What an idea! Why your question seems to imply that I have something to will, and that I am going to die. What a comfortable question!

Ah! I thought as much. You have neither made your will nor taken care to provide for your wife and children, were you snitten down by disease or death.

You are complimentary, Fred. What question is to be next, old fellow? Go ahead, for I know you have a series to put.

Well then, I must ask you once more, will you sign the pledge? You are not thrifty, nor wise, nor kind while you waste your money on strong drink and tobacco. Every week you spend on wine, bandy, beer, and tobacco, not less than four shillings, and this will amount to £10 a year, and with your income of £200 you cannot afford it. You are simply opening the door of the workhouse for widow and children to enter.

The old, old story, Fred. Don’t look so serious, old fellow. I know you are right, and if you have a pledge I’ll sign it.

Hurrah, Harry! that is a wise step to take. But what are you going to do with the £10 you are bound to save?

Do with it! What a question to ask. What should I do with it?

Insure your life, my friend, for FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

Whew! Are you sane? Why, just a minute ago you told me I could not afford to spend £10 on luxuries, and now you want me to spend more on insurance.

Yes, Harry; for whilst you cannot afford to spend £10 in making yourself ill and killing yourself by inches, you can afford to be prudent and lay by for a rainy day.

Fred, you are a provoking friend. I suppose you speak the truth in love, but it is rasping. What do you mean?

Forgive me, Harry, but I wish you would think awhile. I received, a few days ago, a circular from the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. You know I insured my life in it nearly thirty years ago, and so am interested in its progress. In 1840 nearly everybody thought that good beer helped men to live, but a few men knew it was a mistake, and formed this institution. Since then 90,000 policies have been issued, and 41,000 are still in force. The accounts of the teetotalers have been kept separate from those of the non-abstaining members, with marvellous results. The actuaries expected that in the general section 6,144 persons would die, and 5,984 did so—or 97 per cent. This shows how accurately the tables are prepared, and how scientific are the statistics of life and death. Yet the actuaries expected 3,937 teetotalers to die, and only 2,798 did so, or 71 per cent., making a difference of 26 per cent. in favour of the abstainers. There can be only one reason for this difference, viz., the abstinence from intoxicating—poisonous—beverages. Hence it is clear that everybody who takes alcohol is shortening his life in proportion to the quantity partaken of. You, a young man with wife and children, must desire health and life that you may provide for their necessities, and your signing the pledge is a step in the right direction. But you may die any day. Here is my friend cut down unexpectedly at fifty, and leaving quite a large family with many needs. As he did not provide anything, their case is piteous. Never expecting to have thus to fight life's battle they are worse off than the family of a weekly labourer. Is not this a shame? Now you have been spending £10 a year on injurious luxuries, and if you insure to-day in this Society you will have the comfort of knowing that even if you were called away the day after the insurance is effected, you would leave the wife and children with money enough to provide for their wants until they had decided upon their future course, and have enough besides to commence a small business. Take our friend Richard Thompson, who insured for £500. You remember that he insured his life two years before he died, and that in six days the claim was met by the Institution, and besides that his widow obtained a bonus of £40, so that they had £540. If he had placed his money in the savings bank he would, perhaps, have saved £50 during the two years, but by his prudent care he left his family with their great sorrow much relieved. You will remember, too, our friend Joseph Harrison; he only earned £2 a week, but he insured his



life for £100, besides paying into a Rechabite Tent. During his sickness the family received 15s. a week, and when he died £15 from the Tent. The Provident Institution paid them the £100, with more than £20 added for bonus.

Why, Fred, one would think you were an insurance agent. What will you get for this speech?

I cannot tell, my boy. If you will join the long roll of 90,000 members and have a share in the more than four millions of pounds laid by, I shall be paid well by the knowledge that your bonnie wife and bairns are provided for if you should be taken hence, and also that I have set in operation another of those moral forces which uplift humanity. You will become, as soon as you insure your life, so restful that you will long for others to possess a similar enjoyment.

But are there no other societies that do the same thing?

Oh, yes there are; but none of them have such a long record of Temperance experience. Besides, I confess, that as it is my office I desire that it should still prosper.

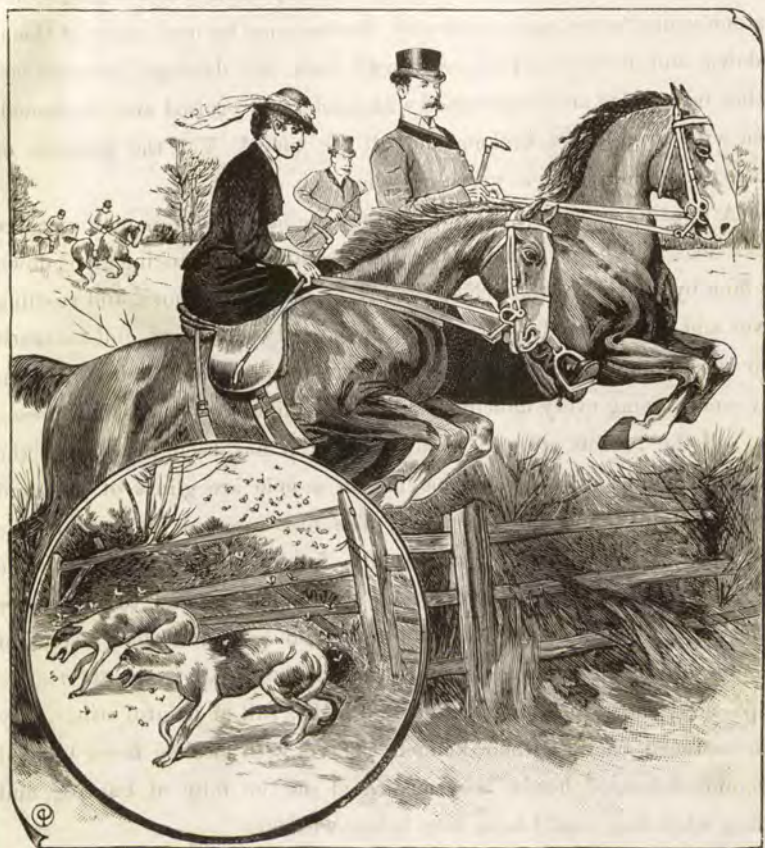
I see, I see. A little philanthropy with a cartload of selfishness. Is not that it? But come along, Fred, and on the principle "in for a penny, in for a pound," now I've signed the pledge I will insure, and thus taste the pleasure of a restful life.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



“A HUNTING WE WILL GO!”

By JOHN RIPLEY.

**T**HE title of an old song, full of breezy life, bold adventure, and wild mad fun. For hark to the winding horn and the loud tally-ho! The “view halloo” tells that the “varmint” has broken cover, and now the huntsmen and women, on pleasure bent, in handsome attire, with  
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faultlessly white linen and bright faces, are galloping over field and fen. In the intoxication of their glee, dangers are unseen. They see the fox as he stealthily, in the distance, runs along the hedge-row and keeps as much as possible from the open field; and the pleasure of catching the creature blinds his pursuers to every risk. But as the sportsmen and women come to stone walls, locked gates, and wide ditches, one by one, many of them, go down, and, in time, appear again with hats like damaged concertinas, clothes bedraggled and bespattered with mud, faces bruised and blackened, often with even bones broken, and all for what? For the pleasure of hunting something that is worthless when it is caught.

"A hunting we will go!" Such is the title of three companion pictures of two dogs, that, freed from their kennels, went unseen, dancing along down the lane by the side of the wood; the bright sun, breezy morn, and rustling leaves and grass stirred their pulses, quickened their blood, and hastened their speed, no one to interfere with their freedom and their fun. On they went, seeing every dancing shadow and sniffing every passing breeze. But, see, the race is stopped, a rabbit warren has been discovered, the prize is at hand. Shining and moving in a hole are glints of gold and jewels, a dainty find for the dogs. The first inserted his nose in the hole, only to draw it out more rapidly, full of stings and pain. The other, regardless of the experience of his companion, and to make sure of the prize, thrust in the whole of his head, only to find that instead of the pleasure of discovering a rabbit, he had the pain of encountering a wasp's nest, and, with drooping tails and bodies full of painful stings, they both hastened back to their kennel. There, with swollen faces, blinded eyes, and deformed heads, they meditated on the folly of hunting, and finding what they would have been better without.

"A hunting we will go!" So say the proud bridegroom and the blushing bride, as on the marriage-day they lift the crystal glass, to drink long life to their happy union in the sparkling wine and flowing bowl. "We'll hunt for pleasure," and thus—

"Our nights shall be made of music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

But it has not been so, the proud bridegroom and the blushing bride have wrecked their beautiful home through drink, and the pleasure of a happy union ends in the pain of a premature separation.

"A hunting we will go!" So say the working men, when, after toiling hard all the week, they receive their wages on Saturday night. Home is dull and dark, and the drink-shops are all ablaze with light and full of busy joyous life. Outside the windows the men see many coloured transparencies through tempting bottles of varied coloured drinks, while inside bright plate-glass reflects the blazing lights and the gilding and glittering ornamentation, with which the place is lavishly adorned, and the bejewelled landlord, and bedecked landlady, and fascinating barmaids, put on their blandest smiles.

So into the forest of meretricious temptations the foolish hunters rush, and as glass after glass of fiery poison enters their veins, judgment reels in the wild delirium of delight, the reins of reason and restraint are thrown on to the neck of appetite, and tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, the alluring phantom of animal pleasure is full in sight, and the reckless pursuers, one by one, fall from the saddle of sobriety into the mire and mischief of drunkenness, and return to their homes bruised and battered, and penniless, without the prize. Like the two foolish dogs that saw the hole in the ground, illuminated with the gold of the wasps, into which they thrust their heads, so have these simple hunters after pleasure, found that the drink-shop is a glittering wasp's nest, out of which the visitors emerge with deformed and discoloured faces, to endure the pain of the stings of conscience, more hard to bear than the stings of a thousand wasps.

"A hunting we will go!" So said a young soldier to his comrade who wanted him to sign the temperance pledge at a meeting addressed by the writer. "I'll not sign the pledge now; I'm going on furlough for a fortnight at Christmas, and I'll sign it when I return."

At Christmas he went, to mingle in the wild festivities of drinking parties, and the days and nights passed merrily by. The chase for alcoholic pleasure must be kept up, and "money makes the mare to go," but it is soon exhausted, and that young man, with a drinking brother, in order to obtain more cash, committed burglary, and, in the act, also murdered the

man they robbed. With the proceeds of their crime they spent three days and nights hunting with the demon drink from public-house to public-house, in one of our large cities, till the law laid hold of them, and shortly afterwards they came to their miserable end on the scaffold of Taunton jail. That young soldier never returned from his Christmas chase, for the drink-seller and the hangman blocked his way.

"A hunting we will go!" So says the temperance man to his wife and family. The Temperance gala-day has arrived, let the habiliments of labour be changed for holiday attire, pin on the medals, bring out the decorations, for hark! the beating of the drum and the music of the band are heard. The grand procession comes, the gilded banners are sparkling and waving in the summer breeze, and in the hunt for sober pleasure and innocent recreation let all join.

Thus pass along husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, a happy hunting band; to return from the chase with the prize of invigorated health and strength, minds bright and buoyant, and consciences void of offence.

Readers! will you sign the pledge, and join this party, and for sober pleasures, say, "A hunting we will go!"

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



WON BY HIS WIFE.

By Mrs. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, Author of "The Farmer of Silver Cord;"  
"Mother's Old Slippers," &c., &c.

THEY lived in the same busy manufacturing town, were school-mates and near neighbours, and were nearly of the same size and age. Cholera carried off very suddenly the bread-winner of the Greenfield family, leaving a widow destitute of means to bring up and provide for six children, of whom one of our heroes—Earry—was the eldest.

Six months before his father's death, Harry Greenfield and his friend and constant companion, Tim Norland, had joined the Band of Hope. Their Sunday-school teacher had found out what many a godly worker in the Lord's vineyard might discover, but for the liking for certain stimulants, taken, of course, in "strict moderation," the measure of which, probably, the reader may attempt to define; the writer cannot. This teacher, then, discovered that the strong drink custom is the prolific source of evil the wide world over, and is almost, if not quite, the only vicious indulgence tolerated and acknowledged by society.

Thus our two lads became abstainers on the same night.

Tim had a fine voice, and Harry was good at reciting.

These endowments became a snare to each of the young men, for upon arriving at maturity both had broken their pledge, and had sought companionship with men who grumble at almost everything but the publican's charges. But then they were "hearty good fellows"—could sing a song and render a comic recitation.

Both the young men were earning good wages, for the event about to be chronicled happened previous to the present depression scare.

Tim's position justified to himself and Mary Greenfield—Harry's pretty sister—the step of taking a pledge for life, and, as the words passed the lips, "Till death us do part," the thought of that parting, distant though it might be, cast a transient shadow over the happiness of the wedding day, for they had loved each other from earliest childhood.

It was a double wedding, for Nellie Norland, on the same occasion, became Mrs. Harry Greenfield. Both the brides had been in the Band of Hope, and each had upbraided her lover for breaking his pledge. It was not a teetotal wedding, and the girls were pressed to drink the healths of each other and their relatives.

Mary complied, whilst Nellie rigorously adhered to her pledge—a little to the discomfort of Harry.

Tim Norland was in higher spirits that day than his friends had ever known him exhibit. The truth was, he was full of spirits—to semi-intoxication.

Mary had tasted sherry that day for the first time in her life, and—*she liked it!* A strong hereditary appetite had been awakened, and till the day of her death malt beverage and strong waters found their way into her dwelling, so long as they could by any means be procured.

Tim Norland found housekeeping more expensive than he had imagined. As a young man earning good wages, the payment of his weekly "score," though large, did not inflict monetary inconvenience upon him; but as a married man the case was different.

Mary was not a good manager. She had in early girlhood gone to work in the factory, and being a quick hand, earned fairly good wages, and with the exception of a small sum paid to her mother for board, spent the rest of her earnings—not in the most judicious way—upon herself.

The introduction of little Tim to the Norland household was supposed to render necessary the consumption by Mary of a large quantity of "stout," and ere the little boy was twelve months' old, it was the talk of the relations and the gossips, that Mary Norland took "more than did her good."

The husband was not slow to discover the state of things at home. The pair quarrelled. The man upbraided his wife. The woman retorted that, however large her drinking might be, it did not amount to what Tim's cost him. Nor could the man refute this statement.

Bitterly the husband exclaimed—"Look at Nellie! What a wife she makes Harry! The meals are always ready, the place clean, and she good tempered and waiting for him to come home and be comfortable—instead of finding such a pig-sty as our place is."

"You said 'waiting' last!" spoke Mary, tauntingly. "She dresses herself up, keeps the place tidy, gets everything ready for tea or an early supper—and you two fellows come staggering home from your public-house and want to be waited upon when one's tired and dying for to go to bed, and —."

"More often than not," interrupted Tim, "when one's too much in the drink to find her way upstairs, you mean, and has neglected everything—the poor boy into the bargain! Now, if I'd such a wife as our Nellie makes Harry, there'd be some attraction in home."

"And yet," retorted the wife, "though your sister is such a wonder, it don't make her life any happier, nor prevent Harry's drinking; and you please to remember, Tim, it was my foolish love for you that made me break the pledge on the day of our wedding. I know it was stupid to think so much of you," the woman spoke tartly, "for you never cared nothing for me. Nellie thinks a lot of herself," was continued, "and a lot of her friends; and see how she dresses little Mary!"

"Tisn't out of Harry's money," assured the man; "he don't earn as much as I do, though his score is always pretty near as big."

"Oh, well, perhaps she's got ways of getting money," spoke the woman maliciously, "that I don't understand."

The words were scarcely uttered before the man—not himself through drink—had dealt his wife a blow.

The woman in falling came in contact with the fender, and received serious injuries.

Tim, though irritated at the implied slander against his sister, had not intended to hurt his wife. The brutal act had sobered him, and he was terror-stricken.

The neighbours were quickly on the spot—to find the woman bleeding and insensible, and the man upbraiding himself as the murderer of his wife.

She lingered in the hospital for a few weeks and died.

Tim's sentence was "manslaughter," the punishment two years' imprisonment.

Poor little Tim was taken to the workhouse. With all the stimulant allowed to the inmates of such places, the officials were yet shocked at discovering that the baby of eighteen months old had learnt to lisp but two words—"gin" and "beer," and happily for all concerned, the worse than orphan's tiny thread of life was, at the end of a month, severed, and the young ransomed spirit found a home in that happy region where there entereth nothing that can "defile," but where they quaff the pure river of the water of life that rises from the throne of God.

In dismissing Tim Norland, it may be narrated that prison life had not reformed him. His release was celebrated by a big drink.

From bad to worse the man fell, until he was absorbed in that mighty army of gout-stricken, rheumatized, pauperized imbeciles, maniacs, apoplectics, robbers, murderers, which is ever passing on to the unseen, to the number—so we are told—of 120,000 annually.

Harry and Nellie grieved for the loss of Mary, and were horror-stricken at the career of Tim.



And yet Harry drank!

With tears and entreaties his wife implored him to return to the safe practice of his youth; and he promised that it *should* come: but he did not *at once* break away from the tyrant drink and become free. He tampered—dallied with it—intended to leave it off “by degrees.”

Nellie left no means untried to save her husband from the abyss into which her brother had fallen. She hid away her grief and wore a smile, for Harry asserted and re-iterated that he could not endure to see “crying women.” She trained little Mary to be loving and winning; but the mother’s smile was like a sunbeam glancing upon a glacier. She was pale and emaciated; the heart was almost broken, but brokenly lived on. It was the old story enacted as we write. Home comforts were becoming fewer and fewer. Privation was now the rule in that sad home, and drink was hardening Harry.

One mighty lever was used on his behalf. The wife prayed for the prodigal’s return.

Upon one of these occasions she was summoned from her knees to receive the insensible form of her husband, borne upon a shutter. His home was nearer the scene of the accident than the hospital, and they took him there to know Nellie’s wish on the subject.

She decided to keep him in her wretched room and watch the flickering lamp of life go out.

It was a long illness. The head was so much injured that recovery of the mind was pronounced by the doctor hopeless. The patient’s intemperate habits had not only caused the accident, but had aggravated the results.

Nellie never completely lost heart. She prayed on and acted like a heroine to her husband and her child, neglecting neither. She prayed him back to life, to love, to total abstinence; and was rewarded in having, for many years, a godly, sober, affectionate partner, whilst their numerous children were trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the Heaven-sent plan of total abstinence.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**ILIAM ALTON.**

BY GEORGE MOULSON, SHEFFIELD.

**I**LIAM ALTON in many respects was a typical Englishman. He loved work, he loved play, but alas! he also loved drink. He was strong in constitution, ruddy of countenance, and full of animal spirits. He was an entire stranger to fear, but possessed one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in a human breast. He never did a mean action in his life. He was generous to a fault. He was sought by his companions for his fun, his courage, his love of sport, and his *money*. His cheery voice and merry spirits always made him welcome wherever he went. He was specially a favourite with the publicans because he never went alone. He was ever

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a welcome guest; the best chair and the warmest corner were both his. His opinion was taken before any change or alteration was made—in fact, both in his own neighbourhood and the surrounding villages he was known as a jolly good fellow. Well, he sought pleasure, and, in draining every cup, it was not his fault he did not find it. He was earnest enough, but like thousands before him, he sought to quench his thirst at the wrong spring. He sought it in the flowing cup and the roysterous shout, in mistaken openhanded liberality and exhibitions of physical strength; but the yearning of the soul for good, will never be satisfied by means like these. The risks he ran in his endeavour to find it is illustrated by the following incident:—At a village close by his native place called Adslly Ridge was a publichouse, often frequented by Iliam and his companions. Here they drank and sang, sang and drank far into the night, until the excitement became intense, and the potent spirit had taken possession of their faculties—both body and mind. Some swore, some raved, some slept, while Iliam tottered into the open air, thinking probably that if he got home all might be well. But the influence of the cold night air, acting upon the moist and porous skin, closed up the ordinary outlets of perspiration, and thus the force and power of the alcoholic spirit became concentrated upon the sources of muscular action and nervous centres; in other words he was helplessly drunk. In this fearful plight he sought a place of rest. Finding by his touch a door, he opened it and entered, rolled himself in a corner, went off into a heavy sleep, ignorant of where he was. In the morning, judge of his intense surprise and disgust when he found that he had obtruded his drunken presence upon the rightful inhabitants of the place, viz. :—a Sow and a litter of pigs! Those who are acquainted with the habits of such animals at such times are of the same opinion as Iliam himself, that it was nothing short of a miracle that he was not worried alive. When he realized his position he began to think, and it was about time, when he had sunk so low as to make his bed with the “Sow wallowing in the mire.”

But even now his goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew, it speedily passed away. Not caring to acknowledge the power of far over his mind, nor as yet willing to confess how much he had been moved by this incident, he readily yielded to the invitation of his companions to drown his convictions, which he did for a time by yielding to his ever-growing habits of intemperance.

When I say that Iliam was not yet 20 years of age it will be understood how much grief and sorrow was caused in the hearts of those who loved him best. On account of his pugilistic tendencies and the serious results of a local brawl in which he was very much compromised, he was obliged to leave his father's house under the protection that darkness affords. This step was the occasion of much distress to his father's mind, being an upright and godly man. Thus Iliam became a prodigal son, wandering into a far country, not even his father knowing where. Wayward sons and daughters little know the sleepless nights and tearful eyes that loving parents experience on their behalf, but by a merciful Providence the worst is often spared them. I have heard Iliam say that at this time, away amongst strangers, he was foodless, shoeless, and shirtless, begging his bread by day, and sleeping out at night—literally “eating of the husks that the swine did eat, for no man gave unto him.” Thus low had he fallen, and the sands of his life's glass appeared well nigh to have run out. But 'tis often darkest before the dawn. His father who had never ceased making inquiries about him, learning as to where he was, wrote to him and begged of him to return home, which he did; but when his father saw him, O, how he wept! as he beheld his only son bruised and tattered—cruelly treated by the demon drink,—a complete wreck at thirty years of age.

Iliam, following his daily toil one day in the factory where he worked, the conversation turned upon the wonderful changes teetotalism wrought amongst those who signed the pledge. Iliam, from his experience, knew too well the truth about a drunkard's life, and in his heart he longed for rest and peace.

One of his shopmates, a steady man, whose heart was in it right place, was waiting the opportunity to benefit Iliam with his advice. Hosea Fearston had been asked by his father to give an eye to him, and he did, for Iliam had now arrived at that stage in his life when he was willing to receive any new influence that would be likely to further his better nature. In the year 1848 Iliam signed the pledge at the close of a teetotal lecture delivered by Mr. James Melling, in Col Pit Lane School-room, in the town of Sheffield. He had gone thither with four of his shopmates, and, more in joke than anything else, one of them remarked, “Iliam, I'll sign the pledge if you will.” Whereupon Iliam replied, “Whether you do or not, I shall.”

And he did, jumping over the forms, and scrambling to the platform to do it. On that occasion the whole five signed the pledge; three kept it, two broke it: the three are living, the two are dead—a suggestive fact showing the life preserving tendencies of total abstinence. That act was destined to have a powerful bearing on his afterlife.

It is the old, old story. The temperance pledge was his precursor to religion. He had rid himself of one bad habit; he now sought to put a good one in its place. He succeeded. In his sobriety he was a much happier man. But the struggle of his life had still to come on. He felt himself a slave to sin, and yearned to find liberty for his soul. The Rev. Samuel Dunn, a Wesleyan minister, shot the arrow of conviction to his soul. The Rev. James Horsfield, a Baptist minister of Sheffield, made him long still more to find his peace with God. Under these circumstances Iliam went to Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel of that town fully resolved to make a complete surrender of himself. Oh, how he prayed and wrestled that that might be the time and place of his liberation from his load of sin. The Rev. William Jones was the preacher, and he made an announcement that seemed like the death blow to Iliam's soul, viz., "On account of the sacrament there will be no prayer meeting in this chape to-night." Iliam said that the devil upbraided him, saying, "No salvation to-night, Iliam." With a heavy heart he went home, but not to rest; whilst others slept he prayed; and as he prayed he lost his load of sin. Light shone in his heart, shouts of rejoicing escaped his lips; and in the fervency of his newborn religious life he wished that there might have been an open place of worship into which he might enter and tell them what a Saviour he had found.

Iliam having now obtained two of life's chief blessings, viz., temperance and religion, his mind was at rest, which enabled him to turn his attention to those matters relating to everyday life. His steady habits, his mechanical skill, his physical strength, and the superior productions of his daily toil soon placed him in comparative comfort. He became a man of independent means. But he never forgot the pit from which he was dug. His ambition was to become the medium through which other poor lost, drunken and debased creatures might be brought to a sense of their condition, and to hope for better things. His Sabbaths were now spent in traveling from place to place. His mode of speech was both pathetic and powerful. The most fastidious were compelled to acknowledge that he was a most genuine man. His power of prayer made sinners tremble, and seemed to bring heaven near to earth. He became the central figure amongst a body of downright religious enthusiasts of the right sort, who paved the way for the establishment of such organizations as the Salvation Army and others. Important aggressive work was engaged in, and the once wanton rioter became a preacher of righteousness. Thousands of persons in various parts of the country have been thrilled to their souls as he spoke of the divine power that saved him, and the blood that washed him whiter than now. He was a member of the once famous Hallelujah Band. The work that God accomplished was truly marvellous. The largest halls obtainable were filled to overflowing. Thousands found liberty through believing, while others began to think there must be something in a religion that could change such a man from nature to grace. Drunkards signed the pledge, wife-beaters became changed, prodigals went back to their homes, and numerous sections of the church were quickened in their religious life.

Iliam's wealth was wisely spent. Besides numberless acts of charity which live enshrined in the loving secrecy of grateful hearts, there is one which deserves the widest publicity. Robot Chapel, the sacred spot around which his religious life was entwined, and in which his richest experiences were enjoyed, laboured beneath a mortgage debt. The church to which he belonged was, comparatively speaking, a poor one; sometimes struggling hard to make both ends meet. Various means were adopted for the purpose of reducing the liabilities, and Iliam often added to what was raised an equal sum. He had treasured the idea that the mortgage debt should be removed, and Iliam paid it off. He desired that the church should possess a house of its own in which the minister should reside, and he generously placed a sufficient sum of money in the hands of proper persons to purchase the same. In fact his contributions to the church of which he was a member must have amounted to between £1,000 and £2,000. It is too seldom that we see such devoted liberality by our rich men. In his case we cannot wonder at it. All he had, of character, of position, of social comfort, of physical strength, of religious life, he owed it all to temperance and religion, and he paid the interest back.

Iliam still lives (1888). His children to the third and fourth generation call him blessed. His grey hairs are to him a crown of glory, found as they are in the way of righteousness. All his affairs he says are settled both for time and eternity. He has got his ticket for his last journey, and booked through in a first-class carriage to the better land. He is waiting till the Master calls yet once again; he heard his Master's voice when he signed the pledge; he heard it when he lost his burden of sin in his own home in the darkness of night; he has heard it when passing under the chastening hand of his God; he hears it now. It is one of comfort and encouragement in his declining years; and, when the voice of invitation comes, he is ready to say, "I am willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

Two remarks may justly be made respecting the foregoing narrative. First, the immeasurable value of temperance advocacy, and, second, the capacious probabilities of human life. With respect to the first the teetotal advocate perhaps never knew during his life what he had been able to accomplish in Iliam's mind. By his trenchant teaching he broke up the fallow ground of his heart, and therein planted a goodly seed destined to produce a rich and precious harvest. Such instances of reclamation ought to be brought under the notice of temperance workers, for as "they sow beside all waters" every sign of success is an impetus to them "not to tarry in all the plain." While Iliam owed much to religion, temperance first won his heart, and from that source must be traced all the happy results of his afterlife. Second. Here is a word of encouragement to those whose life is rendered most unhappy by the drink. A great philosopher was in the habit of saying that "there is nothing noble in man except his mind." Drinking, we have seen, debased and degraded Iliam to a fearful extent. It was the gratification of his depraved tastes at the expense of his mental manhood. Low as he was, the pledge saved him; and nothing else will save the drunkard but abstinence. "He that would be free, himself must strike the blow."

If my reader is on the road Moderation, stop! You are now at the parting of the ways. The road to your right is abstinence; the one to your left is indulgence. In one is pleasant pathways, spots of inviting reflection exciting your sweetest hopes, and brightest anticipations full of sunshine and light. But the other, it is overcast with clouds; fearful noises fill the air; despondency and despair seem written on the scene. Take the turn to the right, as Iliam did! Sign the pledge, and ever trust in God.

*all we have*

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “LET US GO IN!”

BY R. H., AUTHOR OF “MY SISTERS, BEWARE!”

**W**HAT a solemn thing is influence, and yet how few regard it as such. The word of God tells us that no man liveth to himself; but we ask, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” The influence we have upon each other is incalculable. A word spoken in season, a kind look towards

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a person in sorrow, may be the turning-point of their life to happier days. How important it is for those who have the care of youth that they caution them against the many pit-falls into which they may be so easily led when "entering into life" as it is called.

I have before my mind a youth whom I knew many, many years ago. He was a nice bright fellow, and to all appearances seemed likely to do well, as he was very steady, of good abilities, and genial in his manner. He lived in a small town with his parents, and as no opening for business presented itself there, he was induced to accept a situation in a much larger one, where, I regret to say, he became acquainted with a class of young men who drew him aside into slippery paths, and being naturally of a yielding disposition, they too easily succeeded in inducing him to do that which ruined his character. He was the only son of pious parents—but he lost his father soon after leaving home, and his poor mother was almost in a state of distraction at the disgrace of her son. Having lost his character he was glad to accept the first situation which offered itself, and that, I am sorry to say, was in a large tavern. In this line of business he continued for several years. He was much liked by the proprietor, but I fear his genial temperament caused him to make friends with those who were too fond of the glass. He eventually married a steady young woman and became father of a family, but his habit of drinking increased until at length his health failed, and he was obliged to resign his situation and remain at home. Medical advice was sought, but the opinion given was that every organ of his body was diseased through the intemperate use of the fiery liquor. At last he took to his bed. His conscience smote him; the past came before his mind. He suffered intense agony both mentally and bodily. He sent for a Christian friend who directed him to Christ, the sinner's friend; the One whom he professed to love in his youth, but had forsaken for the pleasures of the world. He confessed his sin, pleaded the mercy of God, and sought the forgiveness of Him who said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The cry was heard, and when the end was near, he clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer, and, with uplifted eyes, breathed his last.

Let us hope that the bitter experience of the father through the influence of alcohol upon his mind and body was a beacon to the bereaved family.

In my early days I was living in a large town, and was asked, with others, to give occasional visits to the "British Schools." This brought me into contact with the master and mistress; but it is of the master that I am now especially going to write. He was a young man of considerable ability and well educated, which made him ambitious for a larger sphere of labour. He thus commenced a school of his own, with a very suitable help-mate in a wife; and having a good connection, he began life under very favourable circumstances. The number of pupils increasing, it was necessary for him to build a school-room attached to his house. But as years rolled on, and I presume he began to find the application to study make too great a demand upon his physical strength, he sought the advice of medical men, who, unfortunately recommended him to take stimulants. This, it appears, he indulged in *too freely*, so that his duties were neglected, the school abandoned, money saved recklessly spent, and the House of God exchanged for the tavern and its visitors.

In a few years he rapidly degenerated from a character respected by all who knew him, to one which would be shunned as a drunkard. In doing so he not only beggared himself, but his family. By this time he was getting past middle life, and he and his wife—who never deserted him—removed to a small town; but his habits continued unchanged, until at length his constitution was so completely broken down, that he was compelled to keep to his home. Having no means of support—beyond the exertions of his wife with her needlework, or in other ways to keep from actual starvation—he was obliged to give up the stimulants. This led to reflection, and thus he became a sober man. He deeply regretted the past, and tried to obtain a few pupils towards keeping the home together; but his health was so shattered that he was obliged to take to his bed. Feeling anxious as to the state of his mind, I sent him a tract "What will you do in the last conflict," and I was pleased to hear that the poor prodigal had set his face towards the "Father's House," confessed his sin, and heard the welcome voice saying, "Return, ye backsliding one; I will heal your backslidings." He lay for many weeks on his dying bed, peacefully resting on Him who hath said, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

What a career! A young man who commenced life with such bright prospects. Could he have been told that by taking intoxicating liquor in the first place as a medicine would have led to such disastrous results, he would have thought it a thing impossible. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

There is an old adage, "Never too late to mend," and I am going to give you an instance of that in the case of an old gentleman whom I knew many years ago. I was then staying in a small country town, and being told that a lecture was to be given on "Total Abstinence," I went to hear it. Just before the meeting began, a very shabbily dressed old man came in, who was evidently known to the audience as there was a titter and suppressed voices uttered his "nick-name." He was very attentive, and when the lecturer had finished he got up and put a few questions to him as to the desirableness of his becoming an abstainer at his advanced age—for he was about seventy-five. The lecturer then gave him two instances of aged persons taking the pledge, and were decidedly better for it, and, after making a few more remarks, the old gentleman, when the meeting ended, signed the pledge. He was, of course, warmly greeted by those who had so often seen him in a state of intoxication. Some of them knew him in his days of prosperity as a first-class lawyer keeping his carriage and entertaining dinner parties of people of high position; this, it appears, led to the too free use of the glass, when the result followed as usual—neglect of business. The home was broken up, his wife died, and his family could no longer remain with him. He then left the town for a few years, but subsequently returned to go into the Union, where he was for twelve months. But being a man of good abilities he was able to obtain a situation as book-keeper, which he held at the time he signed the pledge. He had a few outbreaks, but he was most anxious to keep his pledge, and I am glad to say he did, with divine help, which I believe he sought. Some of his relatives came to his assistance and he once more "looked the gentleman." He was finally restored to his friends, and died at a very advanced age—over ninety.



Many years ago, when I was walking through one of the crowded thoroughfares of London, one Sabbath evening, two young men walked before me, and passing a brilliantly lighted gin-palace, one said to the other, "Let us go in." *No!* replied the other emphatically, and pulling him aside they continued their walk. Ah! I have often thought if others would do like this young man how many would be delivered from the snare of the devil—the gin traps. Had it not been for that decided "*No*" the other might have yielded to the bait. Thus the good influence of his companion saved him. It is more than thirty years since this occurred, but the circumstance is still fresh in my memory.

And now, my dear reader, I am wondering what effect these true narratives will have on you. If for health's sake you are taking it, remember some of these poor victims thought the same, but found to their sorrow it was a delusion. Banish the intoxicating cup from your table, and wield your influence on the side of "Total Abstinence." If an abstainer, and already a champion in the cause, let not your zeal abate, but lay hold of your non-abstaining brother, and say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Look to the great Captain of your salvation, who will strengthen you for the battle.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armour on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through His eternal Son.  
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
 And in His mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.

From strength to strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
 And win the well-fought day.  
 Still let the Spirit cry  
 In all His Soldiers, "Come."  
 Till Christ, your Saviour, shall draw nigh,  
 And take the conquerors home.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**



**A Christian Physician's Prescription, and its results.**

By E. W.

**D**R. DILLON, ere he went forth to his daily rounds, earnestly sought in prayer for Divine assistance and blessing. He had given himself to God and sought His glory; he helped the poor by medical advice and drugs gratis, and often relieved their needs  
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by gifts of money where he saw that his alms would be well used. Often as he treated some poor drunkard he exhorted him to sign the pledge, but he was not himself an abstainer, thus his words lacked the force which example would have given. His cheerful manner and kind sympathy made him a welcome visitor, and many a sorrowful face brightened at his approach.

Stepping into his brougham he gave the coachman a list of patients at whose houses he was to call. The first was at a stately mansion, where the young mistress was lying on a sofa looking pale and worn.

"Well, Mrs. Dashwood, and how are you to-day? Better, I hope," said he, as he took his patient's hand and placed his fingers on her pulse.

The gentle patient replied in a languid voice, "Yes, Doctor; thank God, I *am* a little better, but still so weak."

"Weak are you? Well, we must find you a little strengthening medicine, and *now* I think a glass of port wine would do you good."

"Oh, Doctor; port wine! Must I take it? Can't I do without that? You know I never take wine or beer."

"All the more reason why they will do you good now," said Dr. Dillon cheerfully. "You need only take one glass a day, so that will not do any harm."

Mrs. Dashwood (who knew better, but who was too weak to enter into an argument) sighed and looked appealingly at him, hoping he might re-consider his prescription; but her sister, who was present and who was not an abstainer, said "I am *very* glad you have ordered her wine, Doctor; I am sure she needs it, and she will not touch it unless you positively order it."

"A doctor's prescription must be obeyed," said the Doctor, with a bright smile, as he took up his hat, "and may God soon restore

you to health, and enable you to continue your useful labours for Him."

So saying he departed, leaving poor Mrs. Dashwood depressed in spirits at the thought of the unwelcome necessity of using intoxicants. For many years she had been a prominent worker in the Temperance cause, being a life abstainer, and her influence for good was almost unbounded. After she married she and her good Christian husband worked together in every branch of the Lord's work. She held mothers' meetings and Bible classes, conducted a Band of Hope, and gave addresses at the Y.W.C.A. Her children were members of the Young Abstainers' Union, and all her influence was on the side of total abstinence, and now how could she take that horrid wine. The doctor's orders were, however, imperative. Her husband reluctantly seconded the doctor's advice and begged her to follow it. She yielded to their wishes, but her heart sank within her as she realized that she could no longer consistently advocate and plead for total abstinence whilst the sting of the port wine was on her lips, and her breath perhaps still tainted with its horrid odour. She could no longer wear her dear little blue ribbon; her influence in the righteous cause was gone.

And how far did the evil effects of that unwise prescription radiate? Many of the mothers in her class declared they also required "keeping up" by wine or beer. "If their young lady could not do without it, neither could they," and many homes, from which intoxicants had been banished, again became nurseries of intemperance.

"Where is your blue ribbon, Mary?" said the teacher to a young girl at the Y.W.C.A.

"Oh! I don't wear it now, ma'am: Mrs. Dashwood have left off hers and a many of us have too," was the reply; and what could the teacher say?

"Sally, old girl," said Jem Smith, the reformed drunkard, to his wife, "I seed the grocer's man a-taking in wine to Mr. Dashwood's, and they say as they all drinks there now."

"Oh! Jem, I can't believe it," said Mrs. Smith, sadly, "but I do remember now that Mrs. Dashwood had'nt her blue ribbon on when I met her last week; and she never speaks at the Temperance Meetings now."

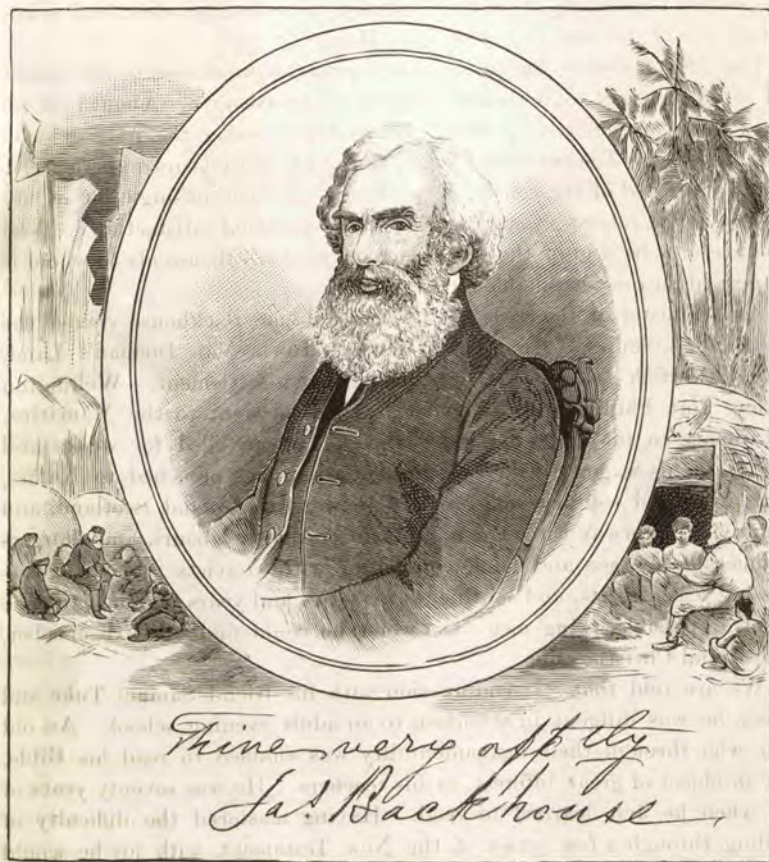
"Well, Sally, she *be* a good lady, and if she takes her wine I shall take my beer again." And off went Jem to his old haunts of drink and vice.

Could Dr. Dillon have known what would be the result of his prescription would he, as a God-fearing man, have dared to have given it? Yet this is a true story. Shall we not then pray that not only may patients refuse to take intoxicants even when prescribed as a (so called) medicine, lest they should lose their influence for good, but that God will open the eyes of all medical men to see the sad results which may follow from their ordering even "One glass of wine a day."

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## THE BACKHOUSE FAMILY, AND OTHER "FRIENDS."

IT has been my privilege to see much of the Society of Friends. I often heard Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the brave days of old. I have been the guest of John Fothergill, of Darlington, one of our medical pioneers; John Dodshon, of Stockton-on-Tees; Robert Charleton, of Bristol; Samuel Bowly, when he resided at the beautiful  
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home the Horsepools, near Gloucester; and of the venerable and noble Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham.

The Backhouse family I also knew. There was Hannah Backhouse, surely a prophetess of the Lord. She once prayed alone with me. Sacred is the memory of that hour. There also was Edward Backhouse, of Sunderland, a man of fine Christian spirit and great culture. And there was James Backhouse, of York—botanist, traveller, preacher, and saint,—truly one of the wise teachers of the Heavenly way.

The life of James Backhouse was a remarkable witness to the safety and moral power of total abstinence from all intoxicants. About 1830 he joined our movement. "I was," he wrote, "among the number who early signed the Temperance Pledge, and, with many years' experience, I am fully satisfied of the benefit of so doing. Indeed, no single bit of my life has, in the retrospect, afforded me more unmixed satisfaction." And the same may be said of the experience of countless thousands to whom it has proved an inestimable blessing.

As a minister of the Society of Friends, James Backhouse visited the Australian Colonies. He went to Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, Sydney, Norfolk Island—the notorious convict settlement,—Wellington Valley, Port Phillip, and Melbourne. Then he went to the Mauritius, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope. He travelled for weeks and months in his wagon drawn by teams of oxen, and preached to Kaffirs, Hottentots, and solitary emigrants. He went to Ireland, Scotland, and Norway—to Norway three times, enduring fatigues, labours, and dangers innumerable by sea and land, consorting with convicts and savages—crossing seas, deserts, and continents for years and years together, that he might, if possible, bring men—the worst he could find—to live a sober, honest, and Christian life.

We are told that "in conjunction with his friend Samuel Tuke and others, he was diligent in attention to an adult evening school. An old man, who through their instrumentality was enabled to read his Bible, was an object of great interest to his teachers. He was seventy years of age when he first learned to read. Having mastered the difficulty of spelling through a few verses of the New Testament, with joy he would call to his neighbours to 'come in and hear the sweet words of Jesus!' Sustained by his Saviour's love, and rejoicing in the truths of the Gospel, this aged Christian, 'poor in this world, but rich in faith,' in great peace finished his earthly course."

One of his journeys in Africa took five months. We are told, "This portion of their journey, which occupied five months, was attended with great fatigue; in many parts the great heat and scarcity of water were very distressing, both to themselves and also to their cattle; but even in

the most lonely districts, solitary individuals or families were met with, to whom the glad tidings of the Gospel were proclaimed, and to whom it proved indeed a joyful sound."

Writing near the conclusion of this long and arduous mission, James Backhouse thus refers to it.

"I cannot here give much account of our journey; it has been attended with much fatigue, but G. W. Walker and I are both favoured to be in good health, and our visit to the various classes of the inhabitants of this land has been well received, and to ourselves has been very interesting. At Griqua Town, the Kruman, and Motito, there are many converts to Christianity of the Bechuana nation. At Griqua Town and in some adjacent places, there are also many valuable Christians of Hottentot and Dutch descent; and in great and Little Namaqualand, Christianity is making interesting progress. Many times our spirits were refreshed, as we sat upon the ground, and held meetings with little companies of Namaqua Hottentots."

Note, they were "in good health." Total abstinence from alcohol is always best—it always helps men who have to face the dangers of life.

On one of Mr. Backhouse's many voyages in a sailing vessel, there were signs of a storm, and the captain ordered the mate to take in sail. He then went and dined, and partook of two glasses of wine. When he returned to the deck, the sky was still stormy, but he called to the mate to put on more sail. His fine sense of danger, Mr. Backhouse believed, and often afterwards said, had been impaired by his so-called moderate indulgence in alcohol. Nor need we wonder at this. It is well known that a famous captain ran his vessel ashore after drinking "the Queen's health"—his eye having taken one light for another,—and the terrible error placed a noble ship, a good crew, and hundreds of people in direst danger. Teetotalism never yet wrecked either ships or souls.

A glimpse of James Backhouse at the end of his return voyage from Africa is very interesting. "I shall not wish to stay many days in London, as it will be necessary for me to be there again at the yearly meeting, if I be spared and in health. But perhaps you can send some wearing apparel: I shall endeavour to have a pretty good suit of woollen clothes to land in, but my wristbands are too ragged, or will be, after another wearing at sea, to pass muster in England, and my wardrobe is so worn, little will be worth landing."

He tested teetotalism in Norway as he did in Australia and Africa. "We had a meeting with probably 300 people, among the tumbled rocks, at 9.30 p.m., and separated soon after 11. It was a good meeting. In this Arctic region it is difficult to calculate the lapse of time, as now the sun is always up. After our meeting I ascended an adjacent rocky hill,



the Tyv mountain, to see again this interesting sight. The sun was several degrees above the sea horizon at midnight, and the mountain on which I stood, as well as many others in view, were quite in the blaze of sunshine, which lit up some of the glaciers among their tops, and snow patches on their sides. The sun does not set for several weeks in summer. A song of thanksgiving was in my heart to the Lord, who has brought us safely on our way hitherto, and a prayer that for Jesus' sake, He would condescend to open before us the way in which He would have us to go, and strengthen us to preach the Gospel of His dear Son, according to His own will."

James Backhouse died, aged 74, in 1868. Listen to what he said:—"I have been sensible of a large measure of the love of Christ during this season of weakness. The Everlasting Arms are indeed underneath! I have great occasion to trust in the Lord;" and after a solemn pause, he added: "I will trust in Him and not be afraid."

Reader! Would you have a healthy and happy old age? Consider these facts concerning Christian total abstainers:—John Ambley, of London, died aged 74; Mrs. Edward Marriage, of Colchester, aged 72; John Andrew, of Leeds, aged 78; George Toulmin, of Preston, aged 75; James Cadbury, of Banbury, aged 85; Charles Sturge, of Birmingham, aged 88; and George Sturge, of Sydenham, aged 90.

"These all died in faith," peace, and hope, and their names and lives and blessed memories attest the value of total abstinence as a means of attaining to long life, domestic felicity, public esteem, and the blessing of God. Therefore, reader, sign the pledge and keep the pledge, and having done all, rest in Him who never forgets the humble souls who do His will on earth as it is done in Heaven.

GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## THE WARDER'S STORY.

By M. A. PAULL (Mrs. John Ripley), Author of "Vermont Hall," "Tim's Troubles," &c., &c.

**I**F a prisoner doesn't give any trouble, and is good, and quiet, and tractable, I think it is natural a warder should get to feel a kind of liking for him, at least I know I do. There's many a man amongst those I've been looking after that I could feel was my friend, and I was his; not that I would do anything different for him to what I would for the others, only I might, without

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knowing, do it in a different way. It's often the men who do something desperate through drink and get sent to us that are easiest and pleasanter to manage when their heads are quite clear, and they have no chance of getting any more. But the story I am going to tell you now, madam, is about a man that the drink sent to penal servitude, but not his own drinking. I felt sorry for him from the beginning, he seemed so different to the most of those amongst whom he had to live. He was quiet and steady, and gentle; never said a bad word; never acted rough any way. He seemed to feel it dreadfully too, and began to pine and droop from the commencement. He would have to go to the hospital for short spells, in and out, and by degrees he had to stay there longer, and looked ill even when he was called well. He was a favourite with everybody—as much as a man can be a favourite in a convict establishment. The chaplain liked him, and the doctor. He gave no trouble to anyone, and listened in church with the greatest attention and reverence, and the tears would often trickle over his face whilst the singing went on. I was always glad when it was my turn to be off duty at service-time; it is bad enough to see men who are right down wicked brought to worship God, or to hear Him talked about in a bare, cold, dreary place that is to my mind worse than a cell, because of the associations that gather about churches and chapels out of doors, that can have no place in a prison, and that make the solitary seat partitioned off from all others, and the dreary look of everything a prisoner can see, something terrible."

The warder paused, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief as if he felt the oppression of the place he had described, and then continued: "At last No. 410 broke down altogether, and the doctor gave him no hope that he would ever be better, though he might linger a bit. One day during his illness, he called me to him and said: 'I should like to thank you for your great kindness to me since I came to this dreadful place.'

"I told him I hadn't been kind, and if I had seemed so it was because he didn't give me any trouble. 'If you were to ask some of the prisoners my character,' I added, smiling, 'they wouldn't be full of my praises.'

"'That is because they can't appreciate your willingness to give a man a chance to feel that he can win your respect,' he said, looking at me very earnestly. His eyes were very bright, and shone out from his sunken cheeks like stars. 'I shouldn't like you to think worse of me than I deserve,' he went on, 'I was, and am, bad enough, God knows, but I never really committed the crime for which I am here.'

"Number 410 had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of his wife. The extenuating circumstances brought out on the trial about her drunkenness, had lessened his sentence considerably, there could be no doubt, but five years was, as I have said, too much for his health.

"'It will be a great relief to my mind, now that I am dying, if you will let me tell you all about it. Will you?'

"I nodded. I would not refuse a dying man such a request, if I could grant it. It had puzzled me not a little to believe that he had murdered a woman, and that woman his wife, because the evidence all went to show that he was sober at the time. If he had been drunk, or even if he had been drinking, I could have believed anything of him. I was not sorry that I was to have the story from his own lips.

"'When I married Bertha,' he began, 'she was just as sweet and good as a husband need wish a wife to be, but she liked a glass of beer or ale, and generally had one at dinner and supper. I never cared about drink, and rarely tasted it. I used to joke her sometimes about our joining a teetotal society, but she ridiculed the idea. We went on for years comfortably enough, and then gradually home became less clean and neat, and my wife less tidy and good-tempered. I began to suspect that she took more than was good for her, as people say, but I think now that the least drop is more than is good for a man or woman. Then she took to pawning my Sunday clothes, and I got angry at that, and we had our first downright quarrel about it. Next, she neglected the

children; we only had two that lived any time, and the money I gave her to get them clothes and toys and books was never spent on them, but on herself and the women who drank with her. I was more angry when I found this out than I had been about her pawning my Sunday suit, and I dared her to invite her drinking companions into my house again. I came home only a few days after and found the place full of them in a beastly state of drunkenness—only beasts know better than to get drunk, and I owe them an apology for the word. My brain felt on fire; I acted, I dare say, as if I were mad, for my hope and love seemed to depart from me when I looked in at the house door at that disgusting picture of riot and excess, in which the woman I had loved so fondly looked the most drunken and most reckless of them all. I turned them all out, my wife and all, and shut myself in with the crying, dirty, neglected babies, and vowed she should never return to me. But of course that wouldn't do, the law would have stepped in if I hadn't altered my mind, so next morning Bertha, who had been sheltered somewhere by her neighbours, came home, and I let her come in, and watched the unkempt, slatternly creature, in her slipshod style, move about the house, and I wished I had never been born, or that I had never been attracted by her freshness and beauty in the happy days that were gone for ever, and that had only lasted a few brief years. Now and then she promised amendment, and I tried to summon to my heart the old love for her, but it would not come. Then one day at my work I was hastily warned to hurry home, for my cottage was on fire. I tore through the streets with the energy of despair. My children, oh! my children. But I was too late: the little girl, a gentle, loving, little creature, with a face like the Bertha I had loved, was burnt to death, and the boy had only escaped a like fate because the neighbours had dragged him through the fire and smoke, and he was strong enough to bear it. He was taken to the hospital, and though I would not have her punished for it, it was all my wife's doing, through her cursed drunken folly. When my boy was well I sent him away to live with an aunt of mine, and told Bertha plainly she should not be allowed to burn any more of my children to death. She cried bitterly and begged to have him back with her, but I would not yield. For a few weeks the fright she had had, sobered her, and then she began to drink worse than ever. Perhaps she wanted to drown her remorse and forget her misery. I have thought since I came here that perhaps this was so, and I have asked God to help me to forgive her in my heart. She pawned everything she could lay hands on to get means to satisfy her thirst, for I would not give her money. My home was as bare as a prison cell, and seemed barer because of the comfort that had once been in it. I came home one evening at the time I usually went to lie down on my wretched bed, and Bertha met me at the door. She was in a state of maudlin, silly drunkenness, and she wanted to kiss me. I was in no mood for what I called her sickening fondness, and I pushed her from me. She persisted, not being sober enough to perceive my annoyance and anger. Again I pushed her away from me, and again she, with silly affectation and senseless laughter, drew near. I repulsed her roughly, rudely, but, oh! God, there was never a thought of murder in my heart, only a sickening loathing of the contamination of this drunken woman who called herself my wife. She fell heavily to the floor, and, falling, struck her head against the fender with a dull thud. I was beside her in a moment, I saw the blood flow from the wound, and tried to stanch it. As I looked at her, the old love for her, that I had believed dead, seemed to roll over my soul with the increasing volume of an avalanche. 'Bertha,' I cried in my agony, 'Bertha, speak to me; Bertha, forgive me. God knows I did not mean to hurt you.' But there was no answer, and as I knelt beside that still form, growing more and more still every moment, I knew that she was dead.

"Number 410 paused and wiped away the beads of perspiration from his forehead. Then he continued, 'You know or can guess all the rest. People came, and then they sent for the police. All the evidence was against me, for I could not deny that I had pushed her away, and I could not make people believe that I was wholly free from blood-guiltiness. Indeed, as I listened to the gentle-

men who talked on one side and the other, I almost began to believe in my own guilt.'

"Number 410 smiled a quaint sad smile. 'But,' he continued, 'my conscience tells me I am clear of that, and I wanted you to know the truth before I died. Some people would say it does not matter, but I prize your good opinion, warder, and would gladly feel that I have it before I die.'

"I told him then, madam, what I have told you, that I had all along found it difficult to believe in his guilt. He brightened up when I said that, and looked more cheerful than he had done for many a day.

"'I want my boy to know that his father did not kill his mother,' he said, earnestly, 'if you can ever get it round to him how it all happened, it would be the greatest kindness you can do me. I never thought when little George was born that his father would die a convict and have a nameless grave, but I can bear it better if he knows the truth of the story.'

"I promised him I would do all I could, and I have kept my word," said the warder.

"Then your poor prisoner did not recover?"

"Oh! no; he was very near death when he told me what I have told you. I shall never forget how sad he looked as he said: 'It's terrible to die in a convict prison—terrible—and it's all through the drink. My poor Bertha and I might have been as happy as the day is long, with our little children, in our comfortable home, if drink hadn't come between us.'

"It was only a few days after that I was sent for to see him. 'I thought you would come to me,' he said. 'I felt a wish to clasp a friendly hand while I am dying. It's an awful thing to die here, a mere numbered convict, not a man, and be put into a nameless grave, but you won't forget me, warder?'

"I grasped the hand he held out to me, and he held mine tightly; and so he went down into the dark valley. 'Lord I believe,' I heard him say, 'help Thou mine unbelief; and so he died.'

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.

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WHAT PAYS.

By Mrs. A. HAWKINS.

**I**N these days of competition and what is called "hard times" a great many people are very much concerned to know what pays. Trade after trade is considered, and all are alike condemned as not

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likely to pay. Especially is it disastrous to trade on borrowed capital without a fair prospect of being able to repay in a reasonable time, and he or she who trades on these lines may expect failure.

There is one trade that never pays, either body or soul, and that is the trade in *strong drink*. I make this assertion fearlessly, in the face of Allsopp & Sons, of Bass & Co., and of Guinness & Co. The trade of these men may give big returns of solid cash, but I venture to say that they have neither sound health of body nor quiet of soul. Persons who trade in this precious commodity—Strong Drink,—are apparently very jolly folks, some of them, but deep down in their heart of hearts, there is a secret uneasiness that they would not like to confess. How can they feel comfortable, in the face of the determined opposition of some of the best men and women in the country to a trade that is productive of crime, disease, pauperism, and death, in a thousand destructive and violent forms. Those who desire to serve God according to the rules laid down in the New Testament should not engage in the traffic in Strong Drink. They will find that it will eventually be anything but a paying game.

*It pays* to have all sorts and conditions of men, especially working men, in comfortable circumstances, and clothed, as well as in their right minds, instead of taking their hard earnings to enrich the pockets of the landlord at the "Bird-in-Hand," or the "Shades," the said landlord fattening on their wages, and erecting large and handsome buildings with softly-swinging doors, plate-glass windows, and lights in abundance from flaring jets of gas, while the homes of the deluded men who go there are miserable, dark, and wretched, with empty cup-boards, fireless grates, children in rags and shoeless, the wife sorrowful and almost broken-hearted at the distress and misery she is compelled to endure through this one fell cause *drink*.

*It pays* for mothers, and fathers, and children, to be dressed not "in rags," but in nice suitable clothes, with good boots and shoes on their feet, and to live, not in "hovels," but in well-lighted roomy cottages or houses, with nice front windows, clean white curtains, and in them pretty flowers such as geraniums, petunias, calceolarias, heliotrope, and what-not; and in the houses good useful furniture of all sorts, suited to the wants of the

inmates, and some of the ornamental too, if means will allow, such as books, pictures, a nice easy chair or two for father and mother, a harmonium for pleasant music, while the mother sits sewing after the toils of her busy day are over.

It *pays* for working men to keep from alcohol, which helps to make paupers, to fill gaols and lunatic asylums, and to people our grave-yards and cemeteries, and to send vagrants roaming about on their predatory and mischievous errands.

It will pay to *agitate, agitate*, until an end is put to the existence of a traffic, which of all the sources of crime and destitution is the greatest ; that instead of producing order, peace, and happiness, produces all things foul, evil, and of bad repute, and curses society with innumerable evils, the out-growth of the wide-spread drinking customs of the land, and eventually *death* in its worst forms.

It *always pays* to do right in all we undertake, and it can never be right for men to be engaged in, and to defend, in a great liquor-ring, a soul-destroying trade, both to the buyer and seller ; and which has destroyed its hundreds of thousands, and will destroy until its malign influence is for ever banished from the homes and families of men, on the face of the whole earth. Then would be the ushering in of the golden age of universal prosperity, happiness, peace, and good-will to men. The evil passions which are stirred into fearful activity by the influences of drink would then be unknown, and all the horrid forms of crime would be sent to their proper home in the nethermost hell from whence they came.

It *will pay* for all earnest workers in this noble cause of total abstinence to still do their utmost in conflicting with this giant evil, *intemperance* ; to push the battle to the gates of the rich as well as the poor, that all classes of society may be led to feel that it is necessary to touch not, taste not the accursed thing, if they would have the world what a beneficent Creator designed it to be, the dwelling-place of prosperity, happiness, and peace, every soul conforming to the laws, and acknowledging the claims of a wise God, the Lord and Ruler of all.



Then would open—

“THE GATE OF HIS ENEMIES.”—*Gen. xxii. 17.*

O, world of pride!  
 Throw open wide  
 Your golden gates of splendour  
 And let the holy Christ come in,  
 The cities of this world to win;  
 O, kings, your homage render.

O, world of woe!  
 Wide open throw  
 Your iron gates of terror,  
 And let the Consolation in  
 To triumph over death and sin,  
 And free from bonds of error.

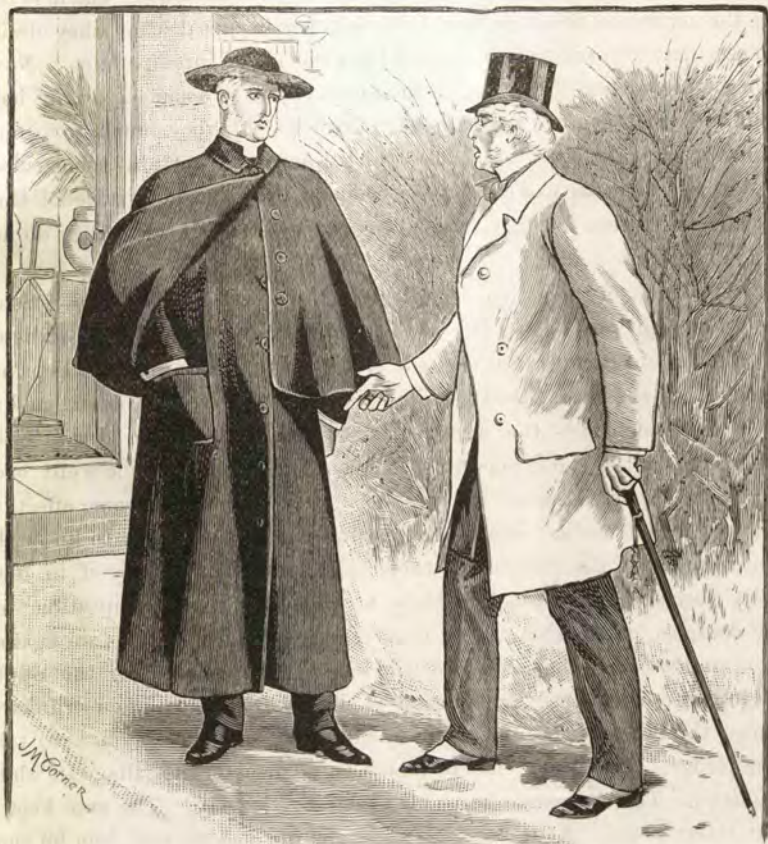
O, labour's sons,  
 Ye toiling ones,  
 Throw wide your brazen portal,  
 And let *Him* in—the Son of Man,  
 Your toil to own, your work to scan;  
 And bless with joys immortal.

O, gates of doom  
 Make room, make room  
 For Christ, the King of Glory;  
 He shall the world's wide gates possess,  
 He shall come in to judge—to bless—  
 And end earth's bitter story.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



WHO BLOCKS THE WAY?

By REV. PREBENDARY GRIER.

**T**HIS evil of drunkenness is not confined to any locality, or to any class, or to either sex. Wherever we go we find it, and I am quite certain even amongst the friends and relatives of those who are regarded as belonging to the upper classes the evil is not unknown. Again and again I receive letters from every part of England—from people of every rank—

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asking me what is to be done, now with a wife, now with a husband, now with a sister, now with a brother, now with a son, and now with a daughter who have given way to this sin of intemperance. For whatever people may say, it is to us teetotalers that those who are in sorrow about inebriate relatives invariably turn for help. It is very easy to say moderate drinking is a higher virtue than total abstinence; but it is not to the moderate drinkers that those who say it appeal when they desire to see their own relatives reclaimed from this sin of intemperance. Now, for the prevalence of this evil in the upper classes of society I cannot help thinking that doctors are to a very great extent very much to blame. They often make a use of alcohol which I am quite certain science does not teach them to make. By the common prescription of alcohol they escape difficulties, for they seem always to prescribe it when they do not know what else to do.

The result of the action of medical men is sometimes disastrous. Some seven or eight years ago a lady of my acquaintance who had been addicted to this sin of intemperance took the pledge. For a long time she kept her pledge, but she became seriously ill—almost on the verge of death, and in her unconsciousness the doctor drugged her with strong drink. She recovered, but the old appetite had been awakened, and she went back again to her sin. I could tell you story after story to the same effect, to show you that medical men before prescribing alcohol ought to know the antecedents of the people for whom they prescribe. Surely if in their folly they prescribe alcohol for those to whom it is a sore temptation, and by doing so induce them to go back again to the tremendous sin against God and society, they must be held morally responsible for the result. Surely, too, it is better for a person to die sober than to live a drunkard. Some thirty-five years ago a man was induced by his clergyman to take the pledge. Up to that time he had been a curse to the village in which he lived. The clergyman keeps his pledge to this day. The man kept it for thirty years. At the end of that time the doctors told him he must revert to the use of alcohol. He listened to their fatal advice and to-day that man is once more a confirmed and hopeless drunkard. Again I say it is better not to live than to live a drunkard, and I call upon doctors to remember that they belong to a sacred profession, and should not simply study the constitutions of their patients, but should also study their moral condition, and I call on them to act (as every Christian man should in everything) not simply for the deliverance of man from physical suffering but for the glory of God.

In the North of England there lived a gentleman who had exercised the greatest influence for good in his neighbourhood and county. He was a brilliant writer, and his books are read to this day with eagerness by the young, but his life was one of very great excitement. Towards the close of it he fell into this sin, and brought great scandal upon the Church of God. He bitterly repented of it, and became a total abstainer. He then fell ill. That the want of strong drink was not the cause of his illness I need not say, but the doctors said it was impossible to save his life unless he once more drank wine or spirits. The man deliberately balanced in his own mind the advantage of prolonging his existence against the danger of once more taking drink, and determined to die; he did die, and now upon the tombstone which marks the place where his mortal remains are laid are these words, inscribed by his own desire: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." It was true. The world knew of his fall, of his sin and his shame, but God that searcheth the hearts knew of the depth and sincerity of his repentance and his love. But it is not doctors only who are to blame. Surely relatives, who are aware of the shortcomings of those in whom they are interested, ought to take very great care not to expose them to temptation.

I remember very well, many years ago now, a gentleman coming to me with a letter of introduction from a distinguished doctor. I was in the vestry of my church at the time, and on receiving a message that I was wanted, went home, and found him walking in an agitated manner in front of my house. He said, "I want to speak to you," in an eager and excited way, and when in my study continued, "I am troubled by the drunkenness of my wife. She has brought great disgrace upon me, and only last week fell into the hands of the police, and I had to use all my influence to prevent her from appearing before the magistrates. Sometimes she determines she will never again touch strong drink, and then her brother-in-law (the son of a well-known baronet in this neighbourhood) goes to the house with some brandy in his pocket, and makes her drink again. What am I to do?" I said, "First of all, are you a total abstainer?" He said, "I am not quite." "How did she fall into this sin?" "I met her years ago at —, she and her sister were the handsomest women there, and I married her. Afterwards her father and the whole family came to live with me. I had no notion that the girls liked whisky, and as I do not like the stuff in this neighbourhood, I had ordered the real thing from Jamieson's in Dublin. They got to the cask, and everyone of them became a drunkard." I said, "Of course you turned it out of your house?" He

said, "I could not quite do that." "What!" I said; "you are anxious for the recovery of your wife, and yet you will not part with the drink yourself?" He said, "I do not see that I am called upon to do that." He was appealing to me for help, and yet was not prepared to help her himself. Was it not passing strange? He was quite prepared that I should die of teetotalism, but had no notion of making the experiment himself. This man could not bring himself to take cold water as a beverage, but he had set a pecuniary value on his wife, and he was quite ready to offer £250 to any person who would look after her. Or he would give even £500 or £1,000. I told him I thought the smallest sum was quite sufficient, and that I would see what I could do for her. I applied to a friend of mine, and at length found an excellent clergyman who would exercise the closest supervision over the poor woman. But when I wrote to the medical man from whom the poor fellow came, I found it was too late. The man had been agitated and worried out of his senses by the conduct of his wife, and now instead of his seeking an asylum for his drunken wife she was seeking an asylum for her mad husband. Is it not strange, with so many of these cases constantly before us, we do not determine with God's help to have done with these intoxicants? We are all members of one family; brothers and sisters in the family of which God is the Father. We should all care for one another, and love one another: is it a very large sacrifice to make to keep from intoxicating liquors?

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## THE SLIPPERY PATH.

By E. C. A. ALLEN.

"GUESS, Patty, who our new foreman is to be."  
The speaker was a well-built, intelligent-looking mechanic, just come in from the day's toil. The answer came from a wife of whom he had just reason to be proud. She was a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word. Lovely in person, and graceful and refined in manners. She seemed eminently fitted to adorn a superior position to the one she occupied, but her aspirations and ambition were bounded by the walls of their humble cottage dwelling. Here love, cheerfulness,

neatness, order, temperance, and piety dwelt, and Patty was the presiding genius of the happy scene. From the bright look and animated tone of voice in which the question had been put, the thought for a moment entered her mind that a cherished dream had been realised and her George's merits acknowledged. Hence her quick reply, accompanied with an eager look of inquiry from her rich brown eyes.

"Why, who is it more likely to be than George Duncan?"

"Nay, nay, Patty, lass; whatever could put that into your head? It is Robert Lindsay, your cousin Anice's husband. I put in a word for him, and the master made inquiries which resulted in his engaging him. I thought you and Anice would like to be near each other again, as you were brought up together like sisters."

And though a wee bit disappointed in her expectations, Patty was glad that Robert had got the situation, for the last foreman had caused George much annoyance in various ways. George's steady habits had silently, but no less powerfully condemned his unsteady ones, and he had conceived a violent dislike, which he had not scrupled to show on many occasions. His life, however, was cut short by dissipation, and hence the change alluded to.

And now we will present the contrast in two families by relating a few circumstances as they took place after the arrival and settlement of Robert and Anice Lindsay in their new quarters.

The Duncans occupied, as we said, a cottage house. It was roomy and airy, and, as yet sufficed for the wants of themselves and three children. On the opposite side of the road was a more pretentious and somewhat elegant-looking double house, which, being empty just at the time, well suited the Lindsays. The greetings between the cousins had been warm and affectionate. They had both been left orphans, and brought up under a loving grandmother's care. They had both married workmen from the same manufactory, and had, since then, been parted widely asunder, Robert having met with a situation in the North. They had corresponded occasionally, but family cares had left little time for that.

There was an indefinable uncomfortable feeling left in Patty's breast after the first interview with Anice. She strove to banish it, but it would be there. There was a haughtiness and pride about Anice that seemed to forbid familiarity, and, after all, it did not appear to promise much enjoyment, that they were again near neighbours. On the first Sunday morning after their arrival, James and Annie Duncan, two fine children of eight and six years respectively, were up early and ready, as usual, for Sunday School. "Go across, my dears," said their mother, "and ask Mrs. Lindsay if she would like Charlie and Polly to go with you." Bright, beaming faces they were, that went out of the door to carry the message, but the brightness was clouded when they returned with a note addressed to Mrs. Duncan, and thus worded:—

"Mrs. Lindsay's compliments to Mrs. Duncan, and she begs respectfully to decline allowing her children to attend Sunday School, as they have never been allowed to mix indiscriminately with common children; she, however, thanks Mrs. Duncan for her kindness in asking them."

With a smile she handed the note to her husband, with the remark, "I was not aware that Anice had grown so very formal in her manners. I must surely have transgressed the rules of etiquette in not sending a note on such important business."

The incident, trifling in itself as it might appear, showed, what after circumstances confirmed, that their pursuits and habits were widely different, and Patty was not at such a loss for companionship as to endeavour to force her company where it was not desired, and so for some years they lived near to, yet far from each other. Mrs. Lindsay tried hard to prevent her children associating with the Duncans, but Charles and James were school-fellows, and soon became fast friends, and it was into James's ear that Charles poured his troubles as they became too heavy for his heart to bear alone, and this was the form in which they came to him. His father and mother, too proud to be singular, had followed the common custom of using intoxicating liquors, and the tale of ruin told in so many hundreds of cases, was repeated in theirs. Anice became a bond-slave to drink. When once the bounds of secrecy were passed, and her failing discovered, she rapidly lost self-respect. She and her husband had indignantly refused to allow the children to attend the Band of Hope meetings of which the young Duncans were members, but James had duly indoctrinated Charles with his views on this subject and inspired him with a little of his own earnestness, and the visible contrast between the homes as to comfort and happiness, powerfully impressed the boy's mind. At any rate his decision was come to, and at the age of twelve he became a pledged and principled abstainer.

And so six years passed on from the time when Robert came to M—. The two families had never quarrelled. It had been many times a source of grief to George and Patty that their offers of kindly advice or companionship had been rejected or slighted, but theirs was the charity that suffereth long and is kind. Ever on the watch to do a service if it lay in her power, Patty repaid evil with good, and the children were trained in the same path. Instead of envying the finer clothes or more fashionable and worldly amusements of their young friends, the Duncans were sincerely sorry that they missed so many happy times, such as they enjoyed at the Sunday School and Band of Hope meetings.

And now it came to pass that a foreman was again needed in the works. Mr. B—, the senior partner, called one evening at George Duncan's and informed him that he had been obliged to give Robert Lindsay notice, as the post he filled required not only thorough understanding of the business, but a clear head and constant attention in its management, and that Lindsay was now so addicted to the use of intoxicants that he was not to be depended on. This errand was further to offer the situation to George, and to press it upon his acceptance, as his consistency and steadiness of character had been unvaried. For one moment a thought crossed George's mind of the pleasure which his advancement would give to his wife and children, but the next, a better thought succeeded. "Mr. B—," said he, "I thank you sincerely for the honour you have done me. I should be proud indeed to accept the situation and to serve you in a higher capacity to the best of my ability, but may I be permitted to ask as a great favour that you will try Robert a little longer; he is cleverer than I am, and if I can possibly gain an influence over him and get him to sign the pledge, he will be a most valuable servant to you. I will do all that lies in my power, and also, if you consent to it, will endeavour to assist him in his duties if necessary during the time of probation."

"I admire your disinterestedness, George," said Mr. B—. "I will agree with your request, and if there seems to be any chance of Robert's reformation I will give him another trial. Remember, however, that in case of failure of our plan you have the offer of the situation."

It cannot be denied that Patty felt a pang of regret on being first informed of Mr. B—'s proposal, and George's refusal. Her wifely pride was gratified by the appreciation of her husband's talents and character. No token of disapproval, however, escaped her eye or lips, and a very few minutes' consideration not only led her heartily to sympathise with and enter into George's scheme, but raised him still higher in her estimation and admiration as she understood the noble character of his self-denying action. They were consulting as to how best to break the subject to Robert without giving offence to him, when a knock was heard at the door and Robert entered. He was sober, and a look of deep trouble shaded his face. He took the seat to which he was cordially invited, and, encouraged by the kind, respectful, and sympathising looks of George and Patty, unfolded the object of his visit. "Mrs. Duncan," said he, "you and your husband have been right, and I have been wrong. There is danger and destruction in the drink. I am a ruined man. Anice is seldom sober. She has even degraded herself so far as to sell and pawn things out of the house for drink. Last Saturday she fell down stairs and sprained her ankle and injured her foot so badly that she has since been compelled to keep her bed."

"Dear me," said Patty, "and I knew nothing at all about it."

"No!" said Robert. "I asked her to send for you, but she refused and insisted on having our washerwoman to wait on her. The doctor strictly forbade her the use of intoxicating liquors. She cannot rise to procure them herself, and the woman to whom I gave instructions on the subject declares solemnly she has brought her none, and yet I find her nearly drunk. Whatever shall I do? And besides this I have lost my situation. I got notice on Saturday morning. My brain seems reeling. Whatever will become of my poor children?" And the proud strong man wept scalding bitter tears in his great depth of sorrow.

And now George and Patty rejoiced in the determination he had formed and the step he had taken. "Robert," said he, speaking tenderly and kindly, "will you sign the temperance pledge?"

"Of what use will that be to me now," was the bitterly spoken answer, "it would only be shutting the stable-door when the horse was stolen. I ought to have done that years ago."

"It is not too late, now," was the reply; and George, without reserve, communicated the interview already detailed, and implored Robert at once to take a decided step, and then and there to sign the pledge.



"And is it possible that for my sake you refused the situation?" asked Robert, painfully conscious of the many ways in which he and his wife had shown coolness and slight to the Duncans.

"It is more than possible. I did it," was the answer.

"And what motive could prompt you to do that?"

"Friendship and deep anxiety for the welfare of you and your family."

"Then you deserve your reward," was the tremulous reply. "Have you a pledge-card, George?"

A pledge-card was instantly produced and the name of Robert Lindsay written firmly and resolutely.

"Let us pray," said George, and together they knelt and implored the Giver of grace to bless the solemn action, and to shine on the future pathway of Robert and his family.

"And now," said Robert, "may I ask another favour from those whom I have discovered to be real friends? Will you, Mrs. Duncan, if you possibly can, step across and see Anice, and, if you are able to do it, will you devise some means of keeping the drink out of the house, and try to win Anice over to total abstinence?"

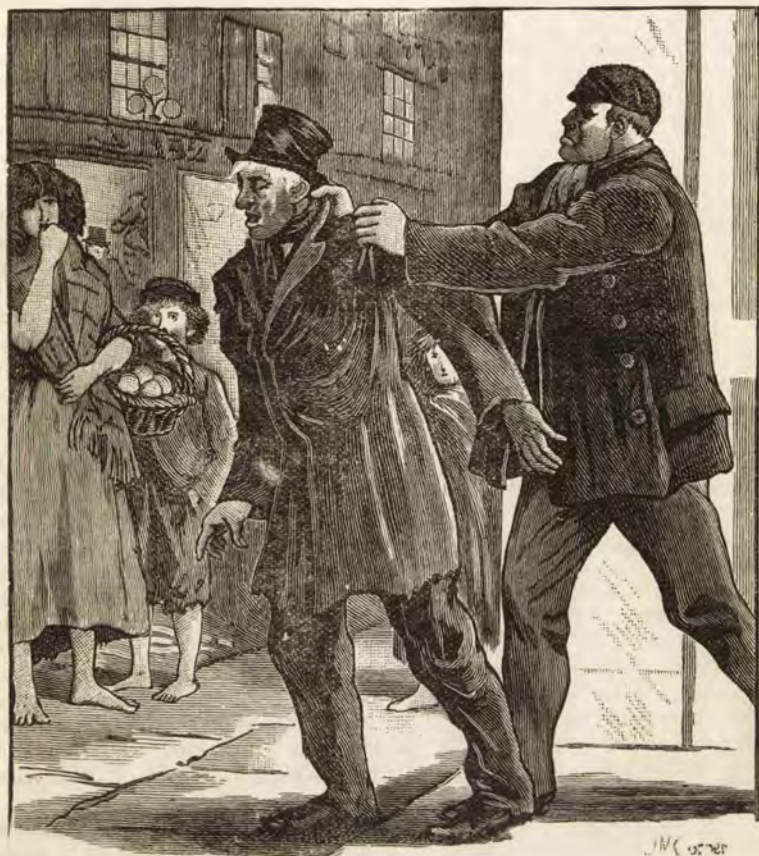
"With the greatest pleasure in the world, if my husband will put up with a few inconveniences at home, which my frequent absence will necessitate. I will do my best to get Anice down stairs in a short time, and it will not be my fault if she too does not sign the pledge."

And the little woman bravely undertook the task. Polly Duncan, the oldest girl, now ten years old, was delighted when Patty took the management of affairs. Anice was shy and constrained. Her husband, however, had told her that he had been to request Mrs. Duncan's services, and that he expected her to be treated civilly. He had not yet, in her weak state, informed her of his narrow escape,—of the disinterestedness of George, and of his having signed the pledge. This important news he reserved for a fitting occasion.

Patty's Argus eye took care that neither spirits nor beer found their way upstairs. Every attention was bestowed on the sufferer, and the nourishments offered were faultlessly prepared and temptingly served up, but Anice turned loathingly from all. Her kind nurse was doomed to disappointment as she saw no improvement. It was discovered that she had received a severe internal injury in her fall. The doctor re-enforced his caution against the use of spirits, as their action might induce or encourage inflammation. One day Patty's home urgently demanded her attention, and she requested a neighbour to stay with Anice during her absence. On this neighbour she prevailed (by false representations of being deprived by Patty's strange whims of a little nourishment) to procure her a bottle of brandy, and as soon as she was left alone for a few minutes drained its contents. The mischief was done. Within twenty-four hours Anice Lindsay was no more, and another victim was added to those slaughtered by drink.

The grief and self-condemnation of Robert were indescribable. He had stood as he thought, secure on the platform of moderation, but he found, instead of solid footing, it was an almost imperceptible downward, sliding, slippery path to the quagmire of drunkenness. He now stood firm by God's grace, but as a humbled and chastened man. He kept his situation and amassed wealth, and, after several years led another bride to the altar, but she was a pledged abstainer. George did not permanently injure his worldly prospects by the noble sacrifice he made. Mr. B— recommended him to a position in the firm of a friend, which was more lucrative than the one he gave up, but prosperity has not yet tarnished the lustre of the piety, consistent character, and strict teetotalism of George and Patty Duncan.

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## CHUCKERS-OUT.

By JOHN RIPLEY.

**B**EFORE writing this tract, in order that I might not be charged with using a slang term in my title, I looked into Dr. Annandale's Dictionary to see if "chuck" is a recognised word in the English language, and I find that "to chuck" is "to throw with quick motion a short distance, to pitch." Being right with my title, I will proceed with my tract.

To investigate the appearances, habits and characters of living things, is one of the most interesting studies in which the mind can be engaged. Some animals are so handsome, and some are so ugly; some are so lovely while some are so loathsome; some are so kind and some are so cruel; some are so wise and some are so foolish, that in studying them, the mind experiences every sensation of which it is capable.

Now, of all the various creatures to be found on land or in water; in Zoological Gardens, or Aquariums, there are none, to me, more repulsive and cruel than "Chuckers-out." They are not animals in the ordinary sense of the word; they are human beings: not a separate and distinct race, but only degraded and brutalised specimens of the common family of man; their distinguishing features are not beauty of face, high intellectual culture, nor moral and spiritual elevation. In fact, these qualifications would interfere with their habits, and would rather militate against the discharge of their duties. They are not usually found mixing in religious society, though they sometimes take part in politics, and when needed will very suddenly and effectually apply the *closure* to political discussions.

The most useful specimens for their special work are those that are tall and broad-chested; whose calisthenic exercises have been in the prize ring and on the wrestling ground, and whose college companions have been patrons of the so-called "noble" art of self-defence.

If the unsophisticated reader has never seen a "chucker-out," and does not know where to look in order to find one, he had better go to London and take his stand near some large gin-palace in a low, busy, rough neighbourhood, and observe the motley crowd of customers, and the lazy loafers that are hanging about the place. With an observant eye, he may soon detect one stalwart, low-browed fellow who seems very much at home at the establishment. This is the "chucker-out," who, when any poor victim has been robbed of his reason by the drink he has purchased, and becomes obstreperous, on a signal from the landlord or barmaid, pounces upon him as a tiger on his prey, and hurls him out of the place on to the pavement, or into the road; in other words, "chucks" him out, to be picked up by the police and conveyed to a miserable prison cell, or otherwise to find his way to a more miserable home.

"Chuckers-out!" What a loathsome occupation! What a singular business the drinkseller's must be, to cause him to require the services of creatures to "chuck" his customers out.

The butcher, the baker, the draper, and every other useful tradesman would be glad if they could employ some chuckers-*in*, feeling certain the purchasers would find their own way out, quite soon enough. Who ever heard of a customer entering a cook's shop and gorging himself with meat and vegetables and pastry till he lost his reason, and began to fight his friends and break the furniture; till the proprietor had to engage the services of a man to chuck him out, and then to appear at the Police Court next day to prosecute him for disorderly conduct brought on by eating too much food, and drinking too much cold water, tea, or coffee?

It is bad enough to take money from a customer for an article that is worthless, but it is infinitely worse to take money for an article that works ruin upon the body and circumstances, mind and soul of the consumer. How a publican can lay his head upon his pillow and go off into a dreamless sleep, after he has taken a man's money and sent him home a maddened drunkard to his wretched wife and children, is more than I can understand. As there is no carrion so rotten but some foul bird will feast upon it; and no bird so foul but it will have some parasites clinging to it; so there is no human degradation so deep, but some more degraded beings will make capital out of it.

The "chuckers-out" are appropriate representatives of the drinking system with which they are connected, for it is altogether a system of "chucking-out." How many men of promise and position who have been the hope and pride and comfort of their homes, has it "chucked" out of good situations, and even out of their native land, to make a fresh start in life with enfeebled health and ruined reputations. It has "chucked" the minister out of his pulpit and the member out of his pew; for "the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink." It has "chucked" the merchant out of his office, the doctor out of his practice, and the working-man out of his home; but worse than all these it has chucked reason out of the human head, and love out of the human heart, till the whole land is saddened at the scene, and so cruel and destructive is the system, that the trafficker who employs the chucker-out, often gets chucked out himself. Of all the occupations in which men engage, there are none which produce such a high death rate as that of selling and serving drink.

Go to the Brewster Sessions in our large towns, and watch the number of women in sable attire and widows' caps, who apply for licenses. Ask the reason of their widowhood, and the answer in very many cases would be, their husbands fell victims to the business they carried on. As you pass along the streets, look at the public house signs, and see how often the christian name of the publican has been painted out, and a female name substituted, telling the self-same tale as the applicants at the Brewster Sessions.

But as no night is so dark but some gleam of light may be seen; and no wilderness so desolate but some sign of vegetable life may be found; so in the moral darkness and desolation of liquordom, some scintillations of human kindness and pity can be discovered. There are happily many drink sellers whose private characters are out of harmony with the business in which they are engaged. To see a professedly good man carrying on a business, the prosperity of which is the exact measure of his customer's ruin, is strange indeed; he may try to guard against mischief, and blame his customers for taking too much, but nothing save an absolute miracle can prevent drunkenness if drink is consumed. Wherever public houses are kept open, and drink is sold, whether by saints or by sinners, there social ruin is the result.

While riding beside a publican in Kent, who let out conveyances and acted as driver, I spoke about men being religious and keeping public houses; when he replied, "I don't care what

they say, no man can be a worshipper, and keep a public house."

I replied, "But I know a religious man at Macclesfield who keeps a Gin Shop." With emphasis he answered, "HE CAN'T DO IT, HE CAN'T DO IT."

On an Atlantic Steamer, an officer told me that previously to taking that situation, he had kept a whisky shop in the Gorbals at Glasgow, till one day a ragged drink-cursed mother went into his shop, and threw three halfpence on the counter and called for whisky. Her little daughter whom she held by the hand burst into tears and begged her mother to buy her some bread. For this the brutalised mother struck her child a violent blow on the head. This was too much for the whisky seller, who "chucked" the three half-pence back to the woman and ordered her to leave the place, which she did, uttering curses upon him. He at once became a chucker-out of the right kind, he chucked the business out of his hands altogether, and sought for and found a more congenial and useful occupation.

The chuckers-out that are needed are not the brutal muscular loafers who, for drink or cash, will seize drink-maddened victims and throw them into the street; but wise and good people who will "chuck" strong drink itself out of their houses, and church officers who will chuck it out of their vestries, and voters who will chuck drink-selling town councillors and members of Boards of Guardians and members of Parliament out of their offices, and a Lord Chancellor who will chuck every liquor-selling magistrate off the bench. To crown the whole, an honest, strong and Christian Parliament to chuck out the whole immoral licensing system, into the black bottomless pit of oblivion, and then the genius of a nation's sobriety will usher in a reign of peace and plenty to hundreds of thousands of homes.

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “LOAVES AND LOAFERS.”

**I**N my daily walks I pass a large number of public houses. Some of them are in the suburbs of London—on the verge of green fields and shining streams. Others are in Central London—in the midst of busy traffic, warehouses, shops, markets, wharves, and police stations.

Loafers! Why, every public house seems to have its set, and every gin-shop its gang. You may count five, eight, ten, and twelve of them at any time; on Saturday and Sunday nights they swarm round every door, and lounge against every wall. Loafers! Let us look closely at them.

*Look at their faces.* Do they ever wash them? They have a penny shave, I suppose, once a week. I saw, the other day, a frightful face. It was red like a carrot. The nose was very big, indeed, and had a small bunch of bristly hair at its ruby end. The eyes were small, cunning, sensual, hoggish. And, the mouth was hideous, wide, filthy, gluttonous, and moist with saliva and drink. A most horrible face: every feature bore the history of a vice! the brand of a crime. Its possessor reeled into the public house, and I felt that a monster had gone from my presence. Yet the dread vision of that face haunts me still.

*Look at their clothes.* How ragged, greasy, and old they are. Depression of trade! Why, of course there is depression, for clothiers and hatters, shoemakers and tailors are waiting for these men as their customers, but they spend their money in beer and gin. Sixpence a day is £9 2s. 6d. a year—how clean and sweet and smart that sum would make them. Yet they are in rags! If they spend five pence a day in drink this would buy—say—three hundred and sixty five loaves in a year at fivepence each; yet their children are hungry. Are they men?

*Look at their gait.* A man should walk and stand and look like a man. He should not hang his head, curve his shoulders, shuffle on his feet, and, keep his hands in his pockets. A man both in a physical and a moral sense—should “walk uprightly.” “What”—said Shakespeare—“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god, the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals!” But this unwashed, ragged, slouching, idle creature—what a libel on a glorious manhood is he!

The conversation of loafers is mostly disgusting. Snatches of it makes one shudder. Drink always befools the tongue. Oaths, obscene words, filthy jests, deep and dark blasphemy against the Blessed Creator are the common sins of drinking people. The depravity of the tippler's heart boils and bubbles over in fœtid streams of vilest talk. Surely small mobs of such men should not be permitted to herd day after day in public places polluting the air with hellish words, making decent women have to cross the street, and teaching children to lisp the language of devils.

The loafer's home! Has he one? Not always. Sometimes it is a common lodging house, a hayloft, a dry railway arch, a corner in an empty house, an empty cask, a barge, or, the casual ward. Should he have a home—it is a back room, a cellar, an attic, where a ragged wife and neglected children tremble at his footsteps and bleed under his blows. Clean clothes, fresh air, good meals, kind words, bright smiles, and sweet kisses are all unknown to them. What a husband! What a father! Are *you* one of them?

How miserable are these loafers! Drink made them miserable, and drink keeps them miserable. Fire burns—water drowns—soot blackens—arsenic kills—sin punishes, and drink ruins, blights, corrupts and destroys.

“I'll tell thee what is *hell*—thy memory  
Still mountained up with records of the past,  
Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,  
Telling the tale of joy and innocence,

And hope, and peace, and love ; recording too,  
 With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs  
 Worked upon weakness and defencelessness ;  
 The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurned ;  
 All that hath been that ought not to have been  
 That might have been so different, that now  
 Cannot but be irrevocably past !

Thy gangrened heart,  
 Stripped of its self-worn mask, and spread at last  
 Bare, in its horrible anatomy,  
 Before thine own excruciated gaze ! "

Shall this hell be yours ?

The loafer's end—his death. First, let us read this epitaph :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JABEZ LLOYD,

Aged 28, Boat Builder,

Who was drowned in the Sunshine on the 24th of June, 1888,  
 among the water lilies of the Thames.

He was beloved of God and man.

What a beautiful memory ! He was no loafer. His precious happy wife and children feared not his footsteps. They wept when they lost him. But the public house loafer—what of his end ? Where does he die ? I have known him hang himself in a hayloft. I have seen him dying in hospitals and workhouses. I have found him passing away in a dark cellar. I have beheld—with horror—his death on the scaffold. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine criminals have I seen hanging dead on the scaffold at Newgate Gaol, in London. Yes, I have heard the bell toll the hour of death, and, stood on the scaffold itself to pray with the MURDERER before he died.

Sweetly, oh sweetly ! the morning breaks,  
 With roseate streaks,  
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;  
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,  
 On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die.  
 Alack ! that ever so fair a sun  
 As that which its course had now begun,  
 Should rise on such scene of misery,—  
 Should gild with rays so light and free  
 That dismal dark-frowning gallows tree :  
 And hark ! a sound comes big with fate,  
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes eight :  
 List to that low, funereal bell,  
 It is tolling, alas ! a *living man's* knell :  
 And see ! from forth that opening door  
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er  
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more ;—  
 God ! 'tis a fearsome sight to see  
 That pale wan man's meek agony,  
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye  
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,  
 As though 'twere scanning in doubt and in fear  
 The path of the spirits unknown career ;  
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands which ne'er  
 Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer—  
 The heaving chest ! Enough—'tis done,  
 The bolt is fallen ! The spirit is gone :  
 For weal or for woe is known but to One.  
 Oh ! 't was a fearsome sight ! Ah me !  
 A deed to shudder at—not to see,

Shall this be your end ?



Let me plead with you. Are you young? Beware of strong drink as you would of deadly serpents. Never—never—never touch it! It is a dire foe of health, strength, and peace.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine,

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, *when* it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Are you a father? Are your children well-fed, your wife happy, your home lovely? Not now perhaps, but, they may be. Come! be a man, and sign the pledge. Begin a better life. God will bless you, and keep you in all your struggles to do right in future.

"The way to heaven is straight and plain, —Will you go? —

Repent, believe, be born again—Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,

"Take up thy cross and follow Me,

And thou shalt My salvation see;—Will you go?"

Oh, could we hear some sinner say,—"I will go!

I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!

My old companions, fare you well;

I will not go with you to hell;

I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell."—Will you go?"

Are you an old man? Has the public house been a curse to you? Has it made you poor, ragged, forlorn, hopeless? It is not too late yet to escape from it, and to begin a happier life. Hasten to-day to some little meeting, and, there sign the pledge against drink, and, then begin and attend temperance meetings, prayer meetings, open-air services, and, the House of God. Read Temperance tracts. Get a nice new bible and study it. Pray for a new heart, and, determine never to go back to the old sad life of a loafer at public houses. Remember these words—you will find them all in the Book of Psalms:

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.

Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God *is* my defence, *and* the God of my mercy."

Farewell! I am, your friend,

GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

Borough Road, S.E.

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “THE NATION'S CURSE.”

[FROM A SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.]

2 Kings, x. 6-9.

I see a long row of baskets coming up towards the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in, and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gates of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps one on either side of the gate. In the

No. 295.

morning the king comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side of the gate, he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a much more fearful massacre. Intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighbourhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, and cry out, "Who slew all these?"

I can answer that question in half a minute: The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the license, the women who give strong drink on New Year's Day, the fathers and mothers who have it on the side-board, the thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—They slew all these! I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are *the sorrows* and *the doom* of the drunkard, so that you, to whom I speak, may not come to the torment. Someone says, "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone, if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket four requests, saying, "Pray for my husband," "Pray for my son," "Pray for my brother," "Pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands

I think the subject has been kept back somewhat by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I myself used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now, for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered, but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go upstairs. I heard him shouting, hooting, and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears, and groans, and heart-breaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard! Alas for his home!

1. The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. When it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for a workman? What store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man will appoint him his executor? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That ruins him. O that Christ may save him!

2. Another loss which the inebriate surely suffers is Self-respect. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot.

I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies, and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, and very generous, and very loveable, and whenever he talked about the evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time!" But he kept going on, going on, down! down! down! His family would say, "I wish you would stop!" "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time, if I want to." After a while he had *delirium tremens*; he had it twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time, if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Strong drink! Strong drink! And yet among his last utterances was "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if man goes, he cannot possibly stop! Beware!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, with a look of despair on his face, "Uncle, I can't give it up! If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it."

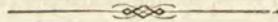
3. I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers loss of usefulness. Do you not recognise the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink, only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in the reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes! they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonoured vows, and the dishonoured sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been, and of what he is now?

4. I go on, and say that the poor inebriate suffers loss of physical health.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers! Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ears! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack! talk of the inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut!—he feels them all at once! Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up, and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh Heaven! oh Heaven! Help! help! Rum! Give me drink! Help! Take them off me! take them off me! take them off me! Oh Heaven!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek,

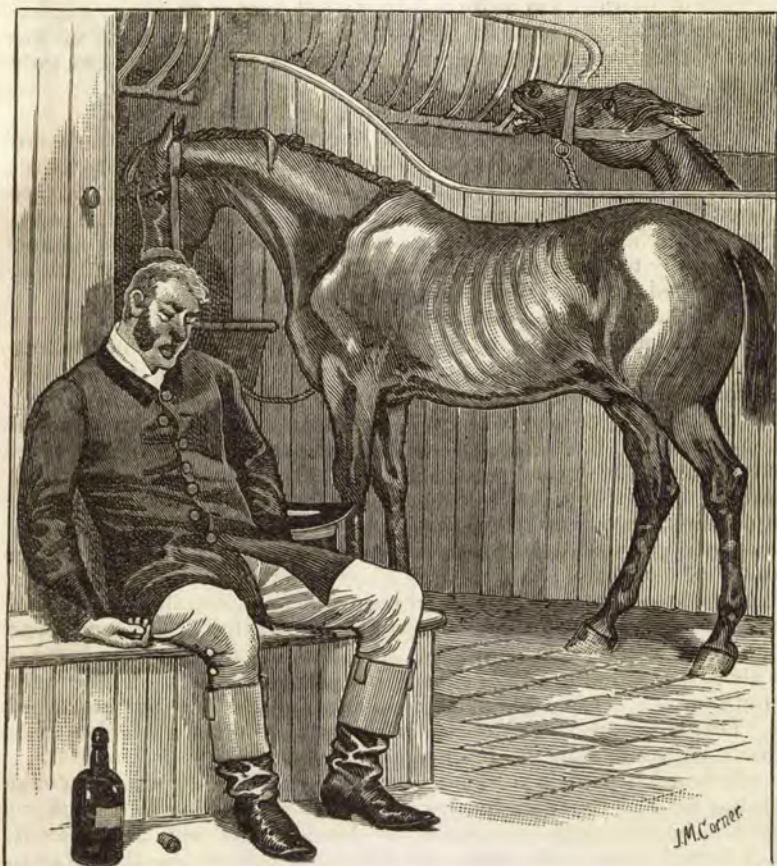
and they blaspheme, and they ask their keepers to kill them. "Stab me smother me! strangle me! take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighbourhood on this continent of America, and in Europe also. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further and solemnly, that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it! I see it coming!

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink! With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it! Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart, and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed, and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well-clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O, strong drink, thou foe of God thou spoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit of everlasting darkness and misery, I abhor thee!



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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
PICTORIAL TRACT.



THE DOCTOR'S COACHMAN.

“NOW, Auntie, I'm sure it is too dark for you to see any more now; so put away that weary knitting and tell me some of your Temperance stories.”

So saying my pretty American niece saucily drew my work from my not unwilling hands, and after poking the fire, drew a low chair to my side, and continued "you used to call them our 'Twilight Talks on Temperance,' when I was in England two years ago, and I have often thought of them when in New York, and wished you could have been over there with us to help in the crusade against *strong* drink which the women are still carrying on so vigorously."

"Well, Flora, I am quite ready to tell you some of my experiences, and I am thankful to know you are really interested in the subject. Did I ever tell you about poor Stockford the Doctor's Coachman."

"No, Auntie, I never heard of him, do tell me his story."

"When we were residing at Leet, one of the suburbs of London, I used to visit a good many of the poor people there, though I have never been a district visitor, and I generally paid my visits on Sunday afternoons, as the children were out of the way, at Sunday School, and the public-houses being shut, the husband was generally to be found at home, and the wife at leisure, for I chiefly visited drinking men and their families."

"Oh, Auntie, were you not afraid to talk to them?"

"No, Flora, I never had an uncivil word spoken to me by any of the hundreds I have accosted and conversed with. But Stockford was the coachman of a Doctor Boyes, and I had been asked to try and get him to sign the pledge, as he was too fond of strong drink. I had often noticed his two little girls on their way to Sunday School, before I knew whose children they were, and I called them the little China Doll Children, for they had the most exquisite complexions I ever saw, blue eyes and golden curls. They generally in summer wore white frocks and blue sashes, and were quite little pictures of childish beauty. Stockford was receiving twenty-six shillings a week as wages, and had rooms over the stables. He had lived nine years with Dr. Boyes, and was, till the drink conquered him, a very valuable servant; but, alas, his master prescribed stout and ale to his patients, and of course Stockford thought such beverages strengthening. At last his master woke up to the fact that Stockford was 'Drinking' and he offered him two shillings a week higher wages if he would sign the Pledge, but it was too late!

"When I first visited him he was in a muddled state, and I could make but little impression, but by visiting every Sunday and speaking earnestly, he was induced to sign the Pledge; his wife also signed, and I hoped that both being on the same side, he *might* be able to abstain, but, alas, when I went in one Sunday, I found that Mrs. Stockford was taking porter, and of course her husband was drinking again. She said Dr. Boyes had said that she was wrong to give up her stout as she 'required' it. Alas! It was then a hopeless case, and I could not get Stockford even to try to stop."

"Oh, Auntie, how horrid of that Doctor to order the wife to take the drink again. Wasn't he sorry for it?"

"Really, Flora, I cannot tell you. I had the opportunity of speaking to him once about Stockford, and I said "You Doctors are creating a disease which you can never cure," and he could not deny it. Well, poor Stockford went on in this terrible way for nearly two

years; it is a marvel that no accident occurred; but the horses were very quiet, and coachmen get into an automatic way of driving at last.

"The poor horses got thinner and thinner, their ribs actually shewed through their skin, for Stockford sold their corn for drink, and he used to let them stand all night with the mud caked on their legs, the straw of their litters unchanged, and I heard that his little boy of eight years old, used to try to wash their legs out of sheer pity for them. You see how even the poor dumb animals suffer from this curse of drink. Stockford used to order methylated spirit with which to clean the harness, and drink *that!*"

"What a horrible draught, Auntie, I wonder it did not poison him!"

So it did, dear, in the end, but not immediately. As we always spent the winter in Brighton, I did not see much of Stockford till I heard one of his little children had died. It was only about eighteen months old, and died of bronchitis and privation! for the home had been deprived of all comforts, and they were obliged to beg old clothing for the children. I met Stockford soon after, and told him plainly that he had caused the death of the child, as had it been well nourished and warmly clothed, it might have been alive then. He seemed penitent, and I hoped was doing better, but, alas, it was only a lull. At last, Dr. Boyes dismissed him, and he was in great distress; then he got employment as a cab driver, but upset a cab and was dismissed again.

"Then I lost sight of them all for a year or more, and could hear nothing of them, till one day I heard Mrs. Stockford had called to see me, and would I go to see her. I went, and oh, Flora, it seemed impossible to believe those filthy children were my pretty china dolls of former days. They were lodging in a *VERY* old shattered house, which was a disgrace to the neighbourhood. Up a wretched dirty staircase I climbed, and in a miserable room with the broken door leaning against the wall, were Mrs. Stockford and her children. A few old rags on the floor formed their bed, only two broken chairs their furniture, a scrap of fire was in the grate, and an old and filthy sack their carpet."

"What a change, Auntie, for I suppose they had good furniture when you knew them first?"

"Yes, love, they had really substantial furniture and many pretty ornaments, but all had gone into the till of some wealthy brewer or spirit merchant, perhaps to purchase sealskin mantles for his wife, or luxurious sofas for his own use. I wonder whether if they could trace back the money which purchases the grand decorations of drink-makers' mansions to the hands which laid it on the counter, they would feel compunction in using it. They *must* know it chiefly comes from miserable homes and wretched people; and that their wealth is derived from sources which ought to make them 'ashamed of their revenues,' but, 'their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord.'

"But to return to my story. It was quite evident that Mrs. Stockford was still drinking the 'strengthening medicine' ordered by Dr. Boyes, and I could do nothing for her as long as that was the case.



So I earnestly advised her to go into the workhouse. Her husband had deserted her, and she had had terrible hardships to endure. At last I prevailed on her to go into the union, and the Matron told me that she and the children were in such a state of filth that their clothes had to be cut off them and burned!"

"Oh! how dreadful! What an awful state for those pretty "china" children to be brought to."

"Yes, Flora, and all the doings of drink! Yet men who dare to call themselves Christians make their wealth by the miseries of such poor little helpless children, and the degradation of such wretched women."

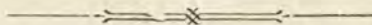
"Did you ever hear of the coachman, Auntie?"

"Yes, dear, strangely enough I received a letter from a stranger; a lady who was visiting the Sydenham Workhouse Infirmary, and who had been talking to a man named Stockford, who appeared to be dying of consumption, and he had begged her to write to me to inform me of his state, and to ask me if I could tell him of his wife and children. I answered at once, and told him where his family were, but I never heard again, and I cannot tell if he died there, or what has become of the wife and children."

"The poor children will probably have inherited the taste for the accursed drink, and unless brought up as rigid abstainers, will follow in the footsteps of their parents, and so it goes on. And Doctors still continue to sow the seeds of mortal disease and eternal death, as with light heart and easy smiles they say, 'Oh, don't give up your glass of beer (or wine) for you know you require a little stimulant.' May God open their eyes and show them the consequences of this fatal prescription. They are doing the devil's work and sending souls to eternal woe by their thoughtless advice, and some day they will see and bewail this. I am so thankful, dear Flora, that you and Herbert are real abstainers."

"Oh, Auntie, I *hate* the drink, and so does Herbert, and I shall detest it more than ever now that I have heard the sad story of

THE DOCTOR'S COACHMAN."



# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “SHIP AGROUND.”

BY M. A. PAULL, (MRS. JOHN RIPLEY), AUTHOR OF “VERMONT HALL,” “TIM S TROUBLES,” &c.

THE respectable town of Bridgewater, in Somerset, has, as most people are aware, a considerable commerce by water. Its river, the Parret, bears on its rather muddy bosom, a considerable fleet of barges for the transport of bricks, coal, and other

useful commodities, while the Bridgewater canal, one of the first of these useful water-ways to be constructed in this country, takes its part in adding to the aquatic facilities of the ancient town.

It is twelve miles from Start Point where the Parret enters the Bristol Channel, and one of the sights of Bridgewater is to stand on the handsome new bridge over the river, and see the "bore" advancing from the sea, forming an avalanche of water which rushes with great force against the river current, and makes a tremendous noise. At very high tides the "bore" washes away impediments that chance to be in its way, and boats and material of every kind need to be extremely well secured to resist its onward flow. Those who have watched the magnificent on-rush of the tide over a bar at the mouth of a river, and heard the solemn sound when the "harbour bar is moaning," can form a good idea also of a "bore."

It would be quite possible for the "bore" to drive "a ship aground," and this may have led some publican who had witnessed such a scene, to call his house by this somewhat peculiar name. For it was in the ancient town of Bridgewater, in a long street not far from the railway station, that we met with this unique sign, "Ship aground."

It is surely not an inappropriate name for a public-house, and could hardly be regarded as a sign that lured a drinker to his doom. Rather, it strikes a warning note, and suggests that the sailors or landsmen entering that door may become in character, in position, in affection, "Ships aground." We can hardly imagine a less agreeable prospect for a ship than to run aground. The very reason of the existence of a ship is to sail over the sea, with sails set, anchor weighed, and a fair wind under a bright sky, how beautiful a picture does it present to our imagination, or to our sight, if we are so happy as to live beside a river or the ocean! Even when tossed about in a storm, battling with the mountainous waves, and the roaring winds and the grand "artillery of heaven," we associate activity and purpose and determination to do the best it can, with the career of a gallant vessel; but "ship aground" spoils it all.

Stuck in the mud-bank, sails rotting, hull leaking, anchor rusty, masts broken, unseaworthy; what can be done with such a ship as that? The publican who chose such a name as "ship aground" for the sign of his drink-shop did a very foolish thing. For there could not possibly be any fitter emblem than "ship aground," of a man or a woman in whom the appetite for strong drink has gained the mastery.

On the ocean of life how many beautiful human ships have set sail with every promise of a good voyage, but have run aground on mud banks of sensuality and sin, or have been driven aground by the fierce "bore" of temptation, which they have not been brave enough to resist. What pitiful stories we hear of the waway

in which they ran aground, and of the miserable condition they are in ever since that happened. Sometimes it is a young lad; a good situation has been found for him, and his gratified relations say confidently that his fortune is made. He goes sailing away for awhile, and you hear excellent accounts of the progress of the ship, and then all suddenly you know something wrong has taken place, for sighs take the place of smiles on loving faces, when you ask for him. Already the ship is aground, the boyish promise has been spoiled by excess and gay company, the glass and the pipe have abruptly ended the good voyage.

Sometimes it is a young wife and mother, idolised in her home and by her relatives and friends, but she has secretly given way to the fascinating wine, the fallacious cordial, the wonderfully restorative alcoholic tonic, and she is aground before those who love her have finished their wishes for a "bon voyage."

Sometimes it is a man of high standing and influence, one who has been prepared by careful secular and religious mental training for the proclamation of the gospel of Christ. He has sailed safely through his college days; surrounded by teetotal students and professors, he has been one with his companions in their adoption of the pledge of total abstinence. But when he begins his ministerial career, he encounters difficulties he never expected, and he tacks his course, now here, now there, to please the deacon who is a wine merchant, and the Sunday school superintendent whose father is a brewer, and his smiling hostesses in the homes he visits, who all expect him to accept the wine they offer. By and bye, in the denomination to which he belongs, there are grave shakes of the head when his name is mentioned, there are sad fears half expressed, that his good promise at the outset of his career has been belied; the ship is aground.

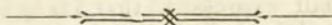
It may be a promising member of the Bible Class. We were at the launching of this ship, and we never felt more pleased and hopeful. We were just a little proud that we had a share in such a vessel, so smart and neat and "taut," with gay flags flying, and streamers from the mast head.

But our ship is aground now. The class-room was neglected for the public-house, the Bible for the pewter-pot, the hymn book for the obscene songs and coarse jests of boon companions.

"Ship aground" on the public-house signboard that hangs over the doorway; "ship aground" on the publican's other sign who staggers out and along the pavement, the young sailor with his once pleasant face all blotched and spoiled with his hard treatment of himself, and the temptations which have long since stranded him. "Ship aground!" In the ages of the past, dissipation and excess have ruined, not individuals only, but nations. They have reeled and tottered to their doom, sunk in the mire of lasciviousness, aground in vice, instead of sailing into a glorious futurity.

England's future should be the care of every patriot. Shall the once gallant vessel, in Puritan days orderly, frugal, careful, abstemious, be driven aground by the great drink "bore" of this nineteenth century, the awful noisy tide of intoxication sweeping her away to destruction, and then leaving her a battered, dismasted, anchorless, miserable hulk, a spectacle for pity and for scorn.

Our country can only be saved from this fate by purity, by abstinence, by honesty, and by uprightness. "Britannia the pride of the ocean" will never become a "ship aground" if she is manned by teetotal tars, and smiled upon by teetotal maids and matrons in teetotal homes.



BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD

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# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “BLIGHTED LIVES.”

BY J. T. ALLEN.

‘ Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,  
When it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright;  
At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.’

**N**O truer words were ever written by the inspired penman than these, and they are especially applicable to this true story of “Blighted Lives.” “*Blighted Lives!*” How these words thrill our souls to the very core. How awfully solemn

they strike upon our ears. How terribly real they speak out the death knell of bright promises, high expectations, noble designs, and pure purposes. "*Blighted Lives.*" Are there such lives? Are there beings bearing the impress of their Creator's image that can be stamped as "*Blighted Lives?*" Yes! Every year is adding to the sad, sad total of these "*Blighted Lives.*"

The drink demon sways his sceptre over the hearts and consciences of thousands of our *brothers and sisters*, and what does he lay siege to? What is his demand? What are his claims? Their most untiring energies; their devoted sacrifice; brain power, will, mind, strength, love. *All, all, all* has to be laid upon the altar of the drink fiend. Like the horseleech ever saying *give, give, give.* And men, and women, (once encased in the purity and strength of their God-given manhood and womanhood), obey his behests, follow his call, wait upon his pleasure, the result; the outcome, the end of all this being, "*Blighted Lives.*"

Reader, I have not taken up my pen to moralise; but to place before you the sad but *true story* of "*Two Blighted Lives.*"

The Rev. James Rushbrook, pastor of the small church at Denton, was the recipient of many congratulations, and hearty good wishes, one morning in the leafy month of June, in the year of grace 1852. His wife had that morning presented him with a son and heir. The worthy minister being held in much esteem and respect by his neighbours, it need not be wondered that as the auspicious news of the advent of this little stranger became generally known, that each vied with the other, in shewing their appreciative worth for the kindly minister, by sincerely and heartily wishing him every happiness in this important addition to his family.

In an upper chamber in the minister's manse, lay the mother and the babe. As the mother ever and anon turns to minister to the necessities of her child, her mind dwelt upon his future. How bright she pictured it. What wonderful day dreams she indulged in respecting his future. As she gazed upon that infant face, (gazing with that look of tenderness and love that only a mother's countenance can impart) she imprinted again and again kisses upon his fair cheek; and then the tears, seemingly unbidden, trickled down the mother's face on that of the child, and the mother, mid her tears, breathed forth the prayer, "God bless my boy." Weep and pray on mother, for though you know it not, that boy will need all the tears you can bestow, and the prayers you can offer. Little did that mother think that the day would come when she should wish little George had never been born.

Twenty-five years have rolled away. Once more we meet with Mrs. Rushbrook and her son. The revered and honored husband has long since passed to his rest. Mrs. Rushbrook, on this evening that we again meet with her, is labouring under very great excitement. The reason of this is easily explainable. Her son George, the pride of her heart, and the light of her eye, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of his late father's church. It was my privilege to be present at that memorable service. The Church is crowded to its utmost capacity. George Rushbrook is an exceptionally eloquent preacher. I shall never forget that service. The rich modulated voice, the graceful gesture, the chaste and poetical language of the preacher; the deep hush resting upon that vast congregation; all these things are indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was one of the first to grasp the hand of the minister, and offer my congratulations at the close of the service. A deep flush not of pleasure, but (as I afterwards learned) of pain and shame suffused his countenance. I may as well enlighten my reader. George Rushbrook had already become the *slave of strong drink!* Fresh from his college pursuits, with his ordination vows still ringing in his ears, with the blessing of his honored tutor resting on his head, with the memory of the godly life of his father; with the prayers of his fond mother echoing in his heart; with all these things surrounding him, yet George Rushbrook was carrying with him that which was to disgrace the office he held; to violate the pulpit he occupied; to wither and dry up the memories most dear to him; to break the heart of his too fond mother; to blast his prospects; and to *blight his life.* But, I must not anticipate. Any one who listened to the high eulogiums passed upon the preacher, at the close of his first service as the Pastor of Denton Church, would have formed little fear respecting its future prosperity. Leaving her son to the congratulations of his friends, the mother with a thankful heart, and with joyous expectations, awaited his homecoming.

"Oh George, my dear son," said Mrs. Rushbrook on his entering the house; "how pale you are looking; tell me, are you ill? is anything the matter my dear boy?" "Nay, mother mine, it is nothing; a mere faintness; I feel fagged mother, you know." "And no wonder my son" replied the fond mother; "with the crowded congregation, and the energy you put forth, I am sure it was certainly enough to make one feel even something more than fagged." All the time Mrs. Rushbrook had been speaking she had been busily engaged in making sundry preparations. "Now George my boy, I am going to mix you a real good strong glass of whisky and water; it is no use you shaking your head; I say yes; and when I say *yes*, I mean it. Now, George, you drink this right away, and I am sure you will feel the better for it." George needed no second invitation; as already in his short ministerial career, he had again and again applied to the *drink* as a stimulus, and the result was, *he had grown intensely fond of it*. Again and again during that evening did George Rushbrook apply himself to the tempter at his side. Angels might have wept to have seen the popular minister wrapped in the folds of his destroyer, as he staggered at midnight to his couch. Ah me! if that mother could only have known, the misery that was to accrue from her mistaken actions; methinks she would not so readily have become the *moral murderess* of her son.

To none did the future seem brighter and fairer than to the mother of George Rushbrook. The far-off clouds of misery and sorrow could not as yet be seen through the sunlight of happiness and contentment by which she fondly imagined herself to be surrounded.

Although they realized it not, this was the beginning of evil days for Mrs. Rushbrook and her son. The cloud at first no larger than a man's hand was increasing in proportions. Notwithstanding George's popularity as a preacher, the tongue of slander was busy, and in a very few months various whisperings—rumours that none could fathom—reports that none could or dare gainsay, were brought to the ears of the Church officials. The minister was asked for an explanation. That explanation was given by tendering his resignation *which was accepted by the Church*.

When I next heard of George Rushbrook, it was as pastor of a large and influential Church in the South of England. His popularity as a preacher was unabated. His congregations were drawn from all classes of the community. His scholarly attainments and deep researches found him friends at every seat of learning. Yet above and beyond all this, the gifted minister, the classical scholar, the skilled theologian was step by step being dragged from his exalted and enviable position by the insidious tempter, drink. Nay, start not my reader,—this is truth; it is no picture of a heated or overdrawn imagination. George Rushbrook was firm in all things save *one*. He was a strict disciplinarian, jealous for the cause of the Master he professed to serve. None fought against sin and its attendant evils more than did the pastor of the Liscombe Church. Yes, in all things firm, resolute, unflinching, manly, was George Rushbrook, *save one*, and that one was *drink*. It was an evil day for the minister when he was asked to grace by his presence the social board of his admirers. It was *here* that he felt in all its force his weakness; his powerlessness for refusing strong drink. To the repeated invitations to drink from the cup wherein was *death*, he could not say *no*. *Again the minister fell*. In the solitude of her chamber that night the mother wept; wept and prayed; and as the scalding tears of shame and grief coursed down her face, oh how earnestly she prayed that her boy, her darling son, her own George might yet be saved.

I have not the inclination, even had I the space afforded me, in this short tract, to trace step by step the downward course of the friend of my early days.

Down—Down—Down—was George Rushbrook carried by the stream of intemperance. Lower and yet lower in the social scale did he descend. Deeper and yet deeper from moral rectitude and honour, did he sink in the labyrinth of vice and wretchedness, battling fitfully and with the stamina of manhood sapped within him as he was borne very, very swiftly down drink's rapids. Powerless as an infant (the once strong man, armed) was he borne by the current (love of strong drink) that was carrying him on to destruction. No breakwater of manly resolution, steadfast purpose, or grim resolve now stayed his course. Engulphed in the whirlpool of strong drink, he is fast settling down beneath its waters a *moral wreck*; another victim to the self-deceiving, soul-destroying god Bacchus; another blasted reputation—another shipwrecked soul another *Blighted Life*.

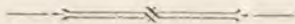


Drink—Drink—Drink—was the continuous cry, the constant wail of the fallen minister. The mother's heart, the bond of hallowed friendship, the love of kindred, the sympathy of his once admirers, the warnings of steadfast Christians, all were snapped asunder and trampled underfoot, for the love, the craving, the thirst for strong drink. Is there a youth reading these "*Blighted Lives*," who has not yet been stung by this scorpion drink? Learn the lesson that this true story of "*Blighted Lives*" teaches. Young man, Young Woman, there is death, destruction, damnation in the cup. Touch it not—Be warned in time.

About twelve months since I had occasion to visit the Bethnal Green Workhouse. Owing to the kindness and courtesy of the Governor and Matron, I was enabled to visit most of the wards, at least all the sick wards. My visit was drawing to a close; in fact I had entered the last ward, when my attention was drawn to a man, whose countenance appeared strangely familiar. I made my way to where he sat, but as he observed me approaching he became strangely agitated, and he turned his head, as though anxious to avoid recognition. However, nothing daunted, placing my hand upon his shoulder I said, "I don't know how it is, my friend, but your countenance seems strangely familiar to me." His reply came very quickly, although it evidently caused him pain. In a voice tremulous with emotion he said, "Don't you know me, sir." "No," I replied "and yet there is that in your voice and figure that tells me we have met before." Taking hold of my hand, and in a voice broken by emotion, he said, "Not know me sir; why, Mr. Talbot have you too quite forgotten your old school mate, and your early friend *George Rushbrook*." "Yes" he said "I am *George Rushbrook* the once popular, ex-minister of the Church at Denton." "Oh, Mr. Talbot," said the broken-hearted counsellor, how terribly real have I proved the words of Holy Writ 'The way of Transgressors is hard.'

Sitting in the ward of that Union, *George Rushbrook* gave me his life's history; told me how *drink* had blighted his life and ruined his prospects. He told me that only a few weeks previously his poor mother had gone the way of all flesh; how by his love for strong drink he had brought a blight upon her life; and a grief and sorrow upon her last days. Few could have recognised in the bent emaciated form before me, the once manly, gifted, polished preacher, *George Rushbrook*. I left him to his sad communings, praying that he might yet be led to seek that *O One*, who has said for the encouragement of all, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." I visited *George Rushbrook* again in the early part of this year; he was ill—dying, he was unconscious; a few hours after, his spirit passed away to the God who gave it.

As I wended my way home, I thought; nay, I wept as I thought of the havoc that drink and its work is making; and with an earnest prayer that it might be used by God for the reclamation of some poor drunkard, I sit me down, and pen this true story of "*Blighted Lives*."



# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## "TWO HOURS WITH THE PUBLICANS."

BY M. A. PAULL, (MRS. JOHN RIPLEY), AUTHOR OF "VERMONT HALL," "TIM'S TROUBLES." &c.

ON a certain August morning in a certain sea-port town, I found myself within the walls of the Police Court, attending a Brewster Sessions of the magistrates and officials. Most people who know anything at all about such matters, know that licenses are granted on this particular day to the publicans to sell

drink, but I imagine comparatively few take the trouble to consult their dictionaries in regard to the word "Brewster." If they did the result would be, "One who brews; a brewer; more especially a female who brews." In this termination, there lies a curious trace of the Saxon love of beer which employed both men and women to manufacture it. Ladies will recognise a relationship between the words, spinster a spinning woman, and brewster a brewing woman. But Brewster Sessions means now, not merely a court licensing men and women to brew, but a court which empowers both men and women to sell all kinds of intoxicating liquors, fiery distilled spirits, and wines, and any species of drink for which the vendor may find or create a market.

Physiognomy is always an interesting study, and for those of us who are total abstainers, and who have been treated to many quaint criticisms on the appearance induced by cold water as a beverage, it is well worth a little sacrifice of time to note the faces and forms which in quick succession, appear at the table where the clerk sits to receive the money for their licenses, on this publican's day. For almost two hours, varied by only one or two incidents, of which more anon, the clerk of the magistrates called out the names of the landlords and landladies together with the diversified signs of their public-houses, "Ocean Mail," "Anchor and Hope," "Shakespeare," "Robin Hood," "Hansom Cab," "Albert Oak," "Tradesmen's Arms," "Harvest Home," etc., etc., etc., which call was echoed by the two tall messengers of the court, one on each side of the table.

It was curious to note how many of the publicans bore the unmistakable marks in style and bearing of their former, and in some cases more innocent occupations. This one had been a seaman, that a soldier, this a butler, that a farmer. Not a few were typical publicans, rotund, rubicund, sensual, with inflamed visages and pimple-disfigured noses; men whose lives were lived in the lowest storeys of their natures, as Henry Ward Beecher would have put it, and who never sat in their chambers that were nearest heaven.

But, to be just, there were also a vast number amongst them, both of men and women, who looked oh! so much too good for their miserable and deadly work; whom one longed to see sowing the good seed of God's Kingdom, instead of, as now, scattering the seed of the tares broadcast over the land.

The brewsters proper, the female publicans, were many of them widows, several of them young, nearly all of them arrayed in expensive and rather extravagantly fashionable attire. The fool's pence danced in the smart feathers and flowers on their hats and bonnets, and the elaborate trimmings of dresses and jackets.

Drunkards' wives must be specially endowed with the grace of patience, if they can see landladies in such finery without anger and annoyance.

After the long procession of holders of full licenses, came the holders of off licenses, amongst them men of position in churches and chapels, grocers and confectioners, who seem out of place and out of character in their present surroundings, and after these the beer-shop keepers.

Seven and sixpence, five shillings, and half-a-crown; these are the respective sums claimed by the Crown from these different classes of traders in intoxicants, at Brewster Sessions. Who gets the money that was paid so willingly and yet with such a different air, by the male and female publicans to-day? Some of them tossed it on the green cloth that covered the table with reckless indifference, as if their pockets were so full that it was a relief to get rid of some of the burdensome coins; others counted it out with exactness. Five shilling pieces were so numerous as to suggest that some special effort must have been made to produce them at Brewster Sessions.

The proceedings had commenced with a speech from the Mayor judicially mingled of praise and caution to the assembled publicans. They had almost without exception behaved exceedingly well during the past year, and the Magistrates were generally well satisfied with their conduct, but they were specially warned against a special danger, that of permitting betting and gambling on their premises.

In two or three instances, however, the Chief Magistrate felt constrained to administer a severe rebuke to the holder of a license, for the conduct he had permitted upon his establishment during the twelve months, and this he did very much as a schoolmaster might to delinquents amongst his scholars, on the reassembling of school: while the offending publicans cried "peccavi" with the utmost humility, and promised better behaviour in future, standing hat in hand to plead for a continuance of the privilege of being licensed to make Her Majesty's subjects drunk "by wholesale."

It is doubtless true, that, as in the bad times of slavery in the United States, there were many who perpetrated the iniquity of holding slaves, rather by the force of circumstances than by choice, so there are both men and women who find themselves in the bad business of selling drink, and who do not know what else to do for a living, with children depending upon them, and all their capital absorbed in their miserable and unholy business. But one can hardly doubt that the great majority of publicans have chosen their trade, as one in which they can make a living easily without very hard work, that they are unscrupulous, and careless of the effect of the goods they sell.

This Brewster Sessions is a day of sowing seed, and well may we ask, "what will the harvest be?" Through the 365 days that intervene before the expiration of those scores of licenses, how many murders, how many assaults, how many wounds, how many black eyes, how many wrecked homes, how many blackened characters, how many suicides, will arise as their ghastly fruitage?

The burly men, the horsey men, the pensioners, the old soldiers, the smart strong men, the staid men, the superannuated butlers, the hard brutal fighting men, the worn-out nondescript men, the respectable looking men, the gay tawdry women, the fashionable stylish women, the dignified handsomely attired women who make up the long procession of licensees can none of them prevent the demoralising effects of the intoxicating drinks which they have paid for the permission to sell. An awful power which might make the Devil and his angels tremble is in their hands; and the poor country

in which they dispense their goods groans under the weight of their evil influence.

And behind the publicans, sharing their terrible responsibility, and as it were creating them as a class, are the brewers and distillers, and with these, every shareholder in their terrible syndicates and companies for the promotion of hell upon earth. The maker, the seller, and the drinker of intoxicating liquors form an unhappy trinity of wrong; each depends on each and neither is free of the other.

The Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has nothing in common with the manufacture, or the sale, or the consumption of these drinks; and it will flourish and spread as it never has yet done, when Brewster Sessions cease to be held and Great Britain is free from the curse of drink.

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"Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in my opinion that the Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform."—  
RICHARD COBDEN.

"I believe myself honestly that *there is no mode of touching this question except by giving in some shape some CONTROL TO THE PEOPLE who are affected by these public-houses.* I think they are set up in many places upon no principle whatever, and where there is no kind of necessity for them, and that they afford means of temptation very grievous, and that they bring about a state of things in their immediate neighbourhood which tends greatly to depreciate the property by which they are surrounded; and, therefore, they are a great evil morally to those who come within the range of their influence, and at the same time greatly injurious to those who have property in the neighbourhood. That being so, it becomes a question how it is to be remedied."

—RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, *January 13th, 1870.*

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# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “THREE GENERATIONS.”

“WASTE not, want not” is a forceful proverb in money, but more so in vital energy, for once wasted a fresh supply is almost impossible.

So Sir Ralph Winstone found in bitter experience. He came of a good stock. His ancestor had combined industry, simple living, and healthy exercise. Money too he had amassed. When Sir Ralph was only plain Mr. Ralph, he led home a lady in every way worthy of his pledges at the altar. Two children came of the marriage, and competed with their parents for the love of old Sir Ralph. Never so happy did the time seem as when the children climbed his knees; when he saw their parents joyfully contribute to the making of the home. Thus he husbanded out life's taper at the close, and found repose which induced no waste of life's flame

No. 300.

Death claimed Sir Ralph as a piece of ripe fruit for the heavenly garner at last, for full of years and honours, rich in the affections of all about him, he fell asleep. This was the first generation.

With the second generation the current of life changed. The new Sir Ralph was not proof against the claims of Society. Country ceased to command his admiration. It continued to be just the thing for his children and wife. But for a man—a man of wealth and position—town had paramount claims, for there alone could he mingle among the directors of the ship of state, and find phases of life—club, theatre, and music-hall—so diverting, so exciting. Sir Ralph got into a fast set, not the less degrading, because many of them bore honoured names. Sir Ralph had ready cash. "The set" had many bills. Thrown among harlots, gamblers, and drinkers, all well-dressed and favourably received in fashionable circles, Sir Ralph found it harder to pull up his energy than to refill his purse. A shadow fell upon his home. Fitful visits, of short duration, and at lengthened intervals, told more plainly than words that his heart was elsewhere. His wife had no choice but submission, for in the old days she had placed herself in her husband's hands, and never dreamed of conflict with the expression of his will. She did plead for more of Sir Ralph's society, but was powerless against the rapacious appetite—the devouring lust—which society's pleasure creates in its victims.

Ten years passed. The three had turned into four in the number of years of Sir Ralph's journey. At forty, Sir Ralph was carried to the room where his father fell on sleep. The appetite had consumed Sir Ralph's vitals. No rest, no peace, no balm of life well spent smoothed his pillow. Futile repinings made him restless. The attention, the loving care of wife and children, were but gall in the memory of his neglect, and of his preference for the husks of society to the blessings of domestic felicity. The doctors gave no hope. There had been such a run upon physical resources that the reserve had been completely squandered, and only by extreme precautions could the flickering glimmer be prevented from going out. The end came at last. The second generation closed, bankrupt in energy ere two score instead of three score years and ten had passed, and leaving clouds to shut out the sunshine of the early days.

The third Sir Ralph was yet in his teens. His mother's fears had kept him from public schools. Private tutors directed his studies. Cicely, his sister, proved an acceptable companion in schoolroom and in play. Together the two grew up, and nowhere could be found brighter jewels to illumine a widow's heart. Young Sir Ralph got only imperfect gleamings of the circle outside that in which he moved. His vision of it might almost be termed a blank from the home-point of view, for his tutors hoped to keep him out of temptation by complete ignorance of its existence. Their plan was a failure. Mere covering up will not wipe out a risk. Better recognise its existence and equip the surely-tempted one that the conflict may not come as a surprise, or a leap into the dark.

Cicely and Ralph sometimes met two young people a little older than themselves. Ruth made Cicely the recipient of her fears for her brother, Herbert, while that same Herbert lost no opportunity of exciting the curiosity of Ralph by graphic descriptions of "sprees" which seemed to be the end-all of his existence. After mutual interviews, Cicely always found her brother dissatisfied and unsettled. Cicely dared not repeat Ruth's forebodings. Ralph was afraid to confess an interest in the experience of Herbert.

At last, in despair through a marked accession of uneasiness in her brother, Cicely repeated Ruth's confidences to her mother, and her suspicions of Herbert's influence upon Ralph. The council of two held a long sitting. What could they do? The mother, under the shadow of her calamity, had strung her nerves to a high state of tension. The fear of one yet more dreadful led her to fall back upon an authority such as her husband wielded over her. She would not reason with Ralph. She would not lay bare the causes of her husband's premature end. She would simply forbid Ralph to associate with Herbert.

A crisis soon arrived. Herbert invited Ralph to share in a run up to town. Much to Herbert's disgust, Ralph pleaded that he must ask his mother.

"What! still in leading strings? My mother would be in danger of a fit were I to ask her permission."

"How will you act?"

"Simply tell her that I am going to a spread in London, and that I shall not be home at night."

"But I have never been from home for a night, save with my mother and I dare not treat them so indifferently. My mother, my sister, would never in their beds."

"Rubbish, man. You must start some day. There's sure to be a scene at first. There always is. The best way is to have it after, rather than before a spree. What's done can't be undone, and even women know better than cry long over spilt milk. You had better come off with me and leave a note to inform them of your whereabouts and return."

"That won't do. I must speak to my mother."

"Well, you know best. Remember, I start by the three train, and return by midday on Wednesday. I must clear off now, as Monday is my night for billiards at the Crown. Ta, ta, Ralph; shall see you at the station, if your mother will let you go."

With this sneer Herbert took his departure, leaving Ralph to decide between grieving his mother and sister, and playing up to Herbert's caricature of a man. Happily for Ralph, the influence of his mother found additional strength in the gentle sympathy and love of his sister. In some senses Ralph stood more in awe of his sister, not in the craven sense, but because she effaced herself in sweetening his life. Ralph therefore determined to interview his mother alone. Her consent would overcome the scruples of his sister.

Ralph found opportunity the same night. In a few detached sentences he set out Herbert's proposal. His mother appeared quite overcome. When words came she forbade Ralph's future association with Herbert, and added that his death would cause her less anxiety than his entrance upon such practices.

The vehemence of speech staggered Ralph, who put it down to country prejudice, rather than to unworthy suspicion of his own ability to defend himself. He left his mother in anger, saying to himself that the worst was over, his going could not provoke a more violent scene.

For the first time in his life Ralph was missing from family prayer, having dismissed the pleading of his sister on the score of sick headache. The morning brought him to the presence of the household, taciturn and resolved, deaf to every suggestion as to the employment of the day. Ralph avoided his sister, while he resisted any attempt to make him the only companion of his mother. At length he escaped from the house. The time yet too young to seek the station he spent in roaming through an adjacent wood, where conscience struggled with the desire to realise the ideal manhood which Herbert had set up. Time worked for conscience. There seemed no limit to the things which crowded upon Ralph's memory, piling evidence upon evidence of his mother's love. The set-off to disregard of that, the grounds of defiance for that mother's will, were few and weak. One ground was simply curiosity to see whether the scenes were as Herbert described; another, to be able to boast on equal terms with Herbert; while a third was resentment at his mother's dictatorial tone. When these had been set up mentally, over and over again, the last only availed to influence Ralph's decision. Conscience almost made him resolve not to go, but his pride stuck in his throat. As he strode along he muttered aloud, "My mother should not have treated me as a boy. Herbert will make me the laughing stock of the neighbourhood, if I give way to that."

"Be a man Ralph, sneers never smooth pillows, nor does disobedience lighten one's heart. Be your mother's man, your sister's man."

Before Ralph could escape, Cicely had caught him in her arms, and her hands enchaind his neck.

"Don't treat me as a baby, Cicely. I'm too big for that, now!"

Poor Cicely released her brother, and her eyes sought the ground.

"I didn't mean that Cicely, but—"

Words failed him to express what was indefinite in his own mind. So he kissed his sister, and she raised her eyes, but their language was not agreeable to Ralph, who, with his own averted, said,

"I wish you would not be so hard on a fellow. Ruth does not plague Herbert."

"Ruth's Herbert is not Cicely's Ralph. Ruth and Herbert go their several ways; we go together. Ruth knows that Herbert will not listen to her. Ralph always listens to his Cicely."



Again Cicely's hands sought their usual places, but Ralph avoided her caresses. "Mother's man" took the sneering aspect, as he thought how Herbert would roll the phrase along. Once more Ralph set his face and stifled his conscience.

"Good-bye, Cicely," said he, extending his hand. "Three days will see the end of it, then mother and you will regret your unkindness."

Cicely clutched his hand, as she said in penetrating tones, sharpened by intensity of feeling,

"Will you follow your father to the grave?"

Ralph stopped in a moment, and turned upon his sister.

"The grave! My father! Cicely, what do you mean?"

His hands went instinctively to his head, as though he must needs stay the rush of blood. Then he almost shook his sister, to get an explanation of the words. But Cicely was not to be taken at a disadvantage; she would explain readily, but in their own retreat, where none but they could hear. Thither, to a natural arbour in the wood, Cicely led her brother, and there she told him the secret of her father's premature death. Ralph sat speechless. He saw the reason of his mother's violence. She had never disclosed anything to his father's shame. All her references to him were to early days, the period of sunshine, when home was superior to the claims of "spreads," and the manifold devices of society. The rest was a sealed book, now suddenly opened by his sister. It came as a fearful revelation. Ralph drew back, as though the grave yawned before him.

Ralph did not meet Herbert. After a restful talk with Cicely, who wrung from him a promise that his mother must not know by what means his sister had prevailed, he sought his mother, and took his old place by her side. When that mother put her hand through his hair, Ralph almost shuddered at the near approach of treachery to her love. Ralph found forgiveness as well as rest.

Ralph resolved to be his mother's man, and met his recompense. When the silver touched her locks, and her limbs grew feeble, her Ralph's arms were her support; then she blessed him, blessed her Cicely; while the grateful pleasure which beamed from her eyes made the strong man tremble, for he remembered how nearly he had thrown that dew of heaven away to gain what the world called pleasure. Ralph knew no more temptation. The chastening of the second established the third generation. The son gathered the lesson of his father's fate, and gave to humanity what so-called pleasure would have wasted on self.

By Permission of the Editor of *The Son of Temperance*.

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## "RAGGED RAVEN:"

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. H. A. NOEL-THATCHER, AUTHOR OF "MOTHER'S OLD SLIPPERS;"  
"THE FARMER OF SILVER CORD," &C., &C.

**L**AUNCHED into what is called a good social position, surrounded by wealth and parental love, Markham Ravensbourne was what is called "a born gentleman."

No. 301.

Gloriously bright was that June morning upon which the infant commenced the journey of life. The very atmosphere of that well-appointed residence was laden with the perfume of choice exotics, and lovely flowers of commoner names, but of equal beauty. A tiny thing, enveloped in delicate pink flannel, richly embroidered cambric and lace, with an intelligent and highly trained woman to watch his slumbers and supply his smallest infantile wants, Markham Ravensbourne was tended like a prince and cherished as an idol.

As years flew by, the boy was pronounced almost a genius. A loving mother had sought to implant high moral principles in the mind of her only child. The father, times without number, sought to transfuse to his son's mind his own ideal of morality and honour,—moved thereto by the reflection that his own father had been gifted, but erratic, and the heir of Ravensbourne bore a striking resemblance to the paternal grand-parent.

Sincere and old friends of the family acknowledged that they could not wish a better thing for the boy than that he should tread in the steps of his father. At the christening the aspiration was heartily expressed, and drank in "bumpers." Thus from early childhood the finely-strung nervous temperament of young Ravensbourne was subjected to the influence of that which possesses the fatal power of not only neutralising all good in man, but of turning it to evil.

Ere he arrived at manhood, the inherited taste for alcoholics had developed. But so long as it did not outrage the proprieties of good society, this appetite of Markham's was not recognised.

The self-made prosperous merchant, dying early, to be soon followed by his wife, young Ravensbourne found himself the possessor of a fortune which, unlike his father, he had been at no pains to acquire, and therefore could not value it as his predecessors had done.

In a few years his princely wealth was dissipated, and poverty's grip was experienced:—but not by Markham alone; his elegant, attractive wife and two little girls were hurled from affluence and luxury to impecuniosity.

Prudence, awakened by maternal love, prompted Florence Ravensbourne to attempt to stem the torrent of poverty which every day was coming nearer to her dwelling. But in one solitary instance Markham would not hear of retrenchment: wine and brandy he would and must have; for was he not "a gentleman?"—had he not been nurtured in the indulgences so usual in his sphere of life? The rule of rigid abstinence adopted by the wife for herself and children, had no good effect upon the reckless husband, who persisted in saying that he must now drink his wife's share added to his own—"to mark his disgust of her foolish plan."

Face to face with poverty, the wife, by the exercise of her musical talents, achieved a scanty subsistence for herself and her children. But not unfrequently Mrs. Ravensbourne's earnings were squandered, as the husband's fortune had been; and so obscured by his dominant vice was Markham's perception of right and wrong,

that the man who foolishly boasted of being "a gentleman," failed to discern how these acts disqualified him for the use of the epithet.

The worse than brutalising power of strong drink at length led to acts of cruelty, whilst the ill-used wife felt that she could endure anything rather than allow her husband's vices to be blazoned abroad.

In simple trust upon her Almighty Saviour, the lady toiled on and suffered.

But the end came. Neglect, privation, and personal unkindness did their work. The medical certificate spoke of a "complication" of diseases. Between the lines one might have read—A Broken Heart!

The children were, as Markham expressed it, "incumbrances," and were gladly relegated to the adopting care of a maiden sister of their mother, and were shortly removed to the far north of Scotland.

Released from family obligations, Markham Ravensbourne pursued recklessly the downward course. In destitution his fine talents were made available to procure the scanty sustenance needed by him, and the more indispensable stimulant. Possessed of a splendid voice, a popular song, rendered in his best style, gained for him now and again an evening's hilarity and the price of a lodging. On other occasions a Shakesperian reading would be rewarded similarly: and the more cultured his hearers chanced to be, the more frequently was heard the verdict—"HE WAS A GENTLEMAN."

Like many another victim of strong drink, Markham Ravensbourne railed at fate, and believed himself "a most unfortunate man."

And now he became a well-known character at the metropolitan police-courts, and felt even flattered by the lectures of sitting magistrates, who would administer wholesome reproofs to one who "seemed to have forgotten that formerly he was a gentleman."

Short terms of imprisonment, whilst they did not reform the man, so far benefitted him physically as to enable him to endure the strain upon his constitution of a life of debauchery.

Markham was not left quite friendless. Again and again did those who had known him under better circumstances ply him with arguments, and seek to help him to put away his ruinous indulgence: but to no purpose: angrily these well-meaning friends would be repulsed by the reminder that their auditor was "a gentleman:" "if they chose to relieve his temporary necessities, in consideration of former years, well and good: advice he did not ask, nor would he tolerate it: he knew all that could be said upon the subject, for—was he not a gentleman?"

Lower and yet lower the being, who had had all manliness washed out of him by alcoholics, sunk. He became a street patterer. The musical voice and correct enunciation excited the wonder of the intelligent and the sympathy of the benevolent, and ineffectual efforts were repeatedly made to rescue Ravensbourne from that which was now his normal state.

In the low lodging-house to which he had gravitated, the talented, petted son of the wealthy merchant was no longer recognised as Markham Ravensbourne, Esquire, but Mark Raven, soon to be further curtailed to "Old Raven," or, more truly, "Ragged Raven."

Ragged, indeed, was that once fashionable, well-made, but now thread-bare and rusty coat! battered and sometimes brimless was his high silk hat! unkempt the grey hair, and straggling and harsh the untended beard! yet vainly did he persuade himself that onlookers "could see" that "he was a gentleman."

The brain, marred and softened by excessive stimulation, yet pertinaciously clung to the one idea he had cherished through life. Without friends, without means, without hope for this world or the next, bereft of every aspiration after the good and the true, with imbecile tenacity he hugged the idea that—"he was a gentleman."

At length the day of reckoning came, and in the kitchen of a common lodging-house the victim of delirium tremens passed away. But even in his drunken madness, visions of his early life tormented him. Mingled with the horrible fancies which haunt the alcoholic suicide, were reminiscences of former wealth, and love, and privilege: and with the old refrain, the spirit passed away.

Mark Raven was hidden from sight in the pauper corner of "God's acre." An old crony, who attended the funeral with the avowed intention of "seeing the last of Old Raven," as he turned from the grave and wiped the moisture from his eyes upon his ragged coat-sleeve, muttered—"Poor Raven!—to come to this! and—'HE WAS A GENTLEMAN!'"

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “A MOTHER’S LOVE.”

BY REV. WILLIAM MAYO, BRISTOL.

“**W**E Women, lay down at the cradle, our youth, our beauty, our talents, anything, everything, to help the little bit of humanity lying there. We cannot help it. It is God’s providence for the child. . . . If we save the *children* to-day we shall have saved the nation to-morrow.”

Thus spake one of the noblest of American mothers before the United States Senate in the year 1886. And is this not true of all true teetotal mothers? What will not a mother do for her babe, "Her boy." *Unless she drinks.* Ah, what will not a woman do for drink? Some years ago when I was living in Manchester, I read an account of a woman standing at the bar of a low public-house in that city, giving up one article of her clothing after another for gin, until there remained but one garment on her otherwise naked body.

While she begged hard for "just one more glass of gin," the landlord tauntingly told her she had nothing to pay for it. She soon, however, volunteered to give up what she had on. The drink hardened, callous-hearted brute of a landlord drew the gin and offered it temptingly in exchange for the last vestige of clothing the woman possessed; and SHE GAVE IT UP, AND DRANK THE GIN.

This little scene had been watched by a number of men, and when this climax was reached it was too much for one of them, who took off his coat and wrapped it round her, and had her conveyed either to the police station or the workhouse. What was done to the publican the paper did not say, and I never heard; but what naturally strikes one as strange is; that *Christians* who know the terrible effects which follow the drinking of intoxicating drinks, (if they have their eyes and ears open,) and yet sip their wine, drink their ale, or take their whisky toddy, and call them "Good creatures of God."

One day last year, a little boy seven years of age was brought into the Brompton Hospital by his half-drunken *mother*. When undressed he was covered with bruises, open sores, and vermin; he was little better than a skeleton. As soon as they decided to keep him, the MOTHER said, "I hope he will die now you've got him, I don't want him. If he lives, I hope you won't be too kind to him, for he'll have plenty of beatings when he gets home again!"

He never did go home to *her* again, for as the child improved Dr. Barnardo was communicated with, and he received him into his great family of over 3,000 rescued ones.

About the same time a little girl aged five years, was received whose MOTHER had systematically ill-treated her. The neighbours said "she kicked her about like a football." She was covered with wounds and bruises from head to foot.

Where was the MOTHER in each of these cases? Driven out of the woman by the *demon drink*. If any of our readers see "*The Child's Guardian*" they will know that MOTHERS for the sake of money to get "drink" and as a result of drinking "the drink" will burn, beat, starve, neglect, most cruelly treat, and ingeniously ill-use their own off-spring.

The facts brought to light by the *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children* are heartrending, making your blood boil with indignation, that one longs for a good whip, and a chance to get at these inhuman monsters.

What makes them so? *Oh that we had the power to banish the*

cause! Please, dear reader, note that

NONE OF THESE CRUEL MOTHERS ARE TEETOTALLERS.

Contrast this with the following:—A teetotal mother living in Maine, Massachussets, during the war between North and South America, had a boy named Willie in the ranks fighting for Abraham Lincoln against the southern troops. He was taken prisoner, and a telegram or letter had been received by this mother informing her that "her Willie was sick; dying, in the prison at Richmond, Va." When she read it, she said to her husband, "Father, I must go to Willie." "No wife, you cannot go, there is a line of bullets and bayonets between you and Willie." That night she did, what only a Christian mother could do; she laid the matter before the Lord, and spent most of the night in prayer.

When the morning dawned, she said to her husband, "Father, I must go to Willie; I must." "Well, my dear, if you will go, and must, I'll find the money, but I do not know what will be the end of it."

She went straight to Washington to see the great President Lincoln, who, while he had a strong valourous spirit, possessed a heart as tender as any woman. He brushed away a tear while he wrote a pass; handing her the paper he said, "Madam, that will take you to the enemy's lines, but what will become of you after you get there I cannot tell."

Thanking him for the paper, she hurried with all possible speed on her way. When she reached the enemy's line, the sentinel challenged her, and she handed him the paper. He looked at it, and then at her, saying, "We don't take *that thing* HERE."

All the way down from Washington, Abraham Lincoln's signature had availed, but here, on the confines of the enemy's position, it was so much waste paper. Taking back the paper she said, "I knew it; but Willie, my boy, is dying in Richmond prison, and *I am going on to him*.—Now, shoot, if you must." His musket was brought to the ground; he did *not* shoot. He stood awed and silent in the presence of a mother's love, that was "stronger than death." Possibly *he* had a mother somewhere, so, she was smuggled through the lines, and on past every sentinel with the same plea and password, "My boy," "My Willie dying in Richmond prison," till she reached the hospital where he lay.

Arrived there, the surgeon said "You must be very careful, madam, your boy will not survive any excitement." Softly and stealthily she passed cot after cot till she came to the one where her precious boy was lying. Kneeling down she prayed in smothered tones for God to spare *her boy*.

The sick man heard her voice as of yore, the sound of its tones reached the shore of the river of death. The soul just about to launch away, was called back by the loving tones of a mother's prayer. Raising his hands from under the sheet and opening his eyes he reached out to her, saying, "Mother, I knew you would come."



That boy is alive to-day, an active Christian Temperance worker, saved by A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Can *that* drink which will steal away from a mother the first and most precious instinct of her nature, "God's providence for the child," be a good creature? Can it be a "GOOD CREATURE OF GOD?"

During the month of August, 1890, the following cases, proving the power of intoxicating drink to do this, appeared in the public press:—

At Hull, A MOTHER was sent to prison for mercilessly lashing "HER BOY" with a strap when stark naked.

At Barnsley, a MOTHER sold "HER BOY" for 2s. 6d.

At Stockton, A MOTHER was sent to prison for thrashing "HER BOY" till he was covered with blood.

At Lowestoft, A MOTHER received three weeks' sentence passed on her for ill-treatment to "HER BOY." She knocked his head against the stove he was cleaning for her. She often knocked him down and knelt upon him, and kicked him constantly. A witness said "she had five times seen him lying on his face with his MOTHER kneeling on the top of him."

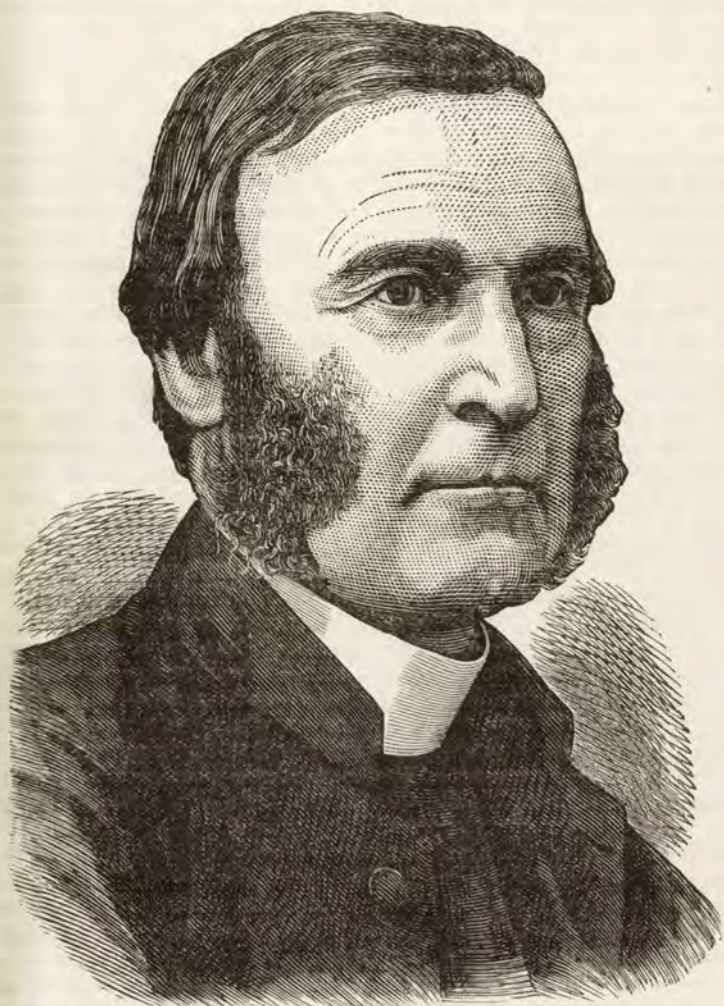
And so we might go on citing case after case, where "drink" had debased the mother, robbed her of all her affection towards her own children, defrauding them of that maternal care and love which is their right, and this, "a good creature of God?"—Perish THE THOUGHT. AMEN.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD

Prices (assorted or otherwise), 30 for 6d., 100 for 1s. 6d., post free.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT,**

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**“ MISSIONARIES WANTED! ”**

*By the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF LONDON.*



**W**E want every member of the Temperance Societies to consider himself a missionary for the purposes of the cause; we want every single soul to look upon himself as

commissioned, as sent, sent by the authority of God Himself, to his fellow-creatures, to try what he can do to make them take part with him, to try what he can do to influence, it may be a few. If each man brings but a few, how vast is the result! Why, if all those who read this Tract would undertake before this time next year to convert ten men to follow them—what an effect would be produced! And the thing is by no means impossible if only you will set about it. Certainly it is possible that we might double our numbers in a year at least; for that has been done, and done over and over again. And how is it to be done? Chiefly by caring about it yourself; chiefly by really feeling how it affects all your fellow-creatures. It is to be done out of that sympathy of heart with heart, which is at the bottom of all good work that is done by any one of us for the sake of his fellows. It is to be done by a man showing that he is not indifferent to his neighbours, that he cares about their welfare, and that he is prepared to make sacrifices himself for that welfare, even if the sacrifices cost him a great deal. There are a great many, no doubt, who are now total abstainers, who unquestionably did need it for themselves, of whom it might be said that they were always in danger; for it is certain that out of the ranks of those who indulge in moderation, and entirely out of their ranks, the ranks of the drunkards are perpetually recruited. But, nevertheless, whilst we say this and constantly press it upon the attention of all alike, we do not say that everybody who indulges moderately is sure to become a drunkard. We at once admit that there are a very large number indeed who certainly do not become drunkards and do not learn to exceed. We can say to every individual man, "You cannot be sure about yourself; say what you will about it, it is impossible for you to be certain." But we are not able to say that out of the many hundreds there will not be a very large proportion who will never fall into downright sin in this matter. We do not pretend to say it, and we do not desire to say it. But even to them we say, "Show by your self-sacrifice that you feel for your fellows; give up that which you need not give up on your own account, but show that you care for your fellow-men, and show it practically." Depend upon it the influence that is produced by that is far greater than the influence which is obtained by giving money towards the cause. I would rather a great deal that a man gave himself, than that he gave £10,000 to the temperance cause. I value much more the man's own personal self-sacrifice than any amount of money that he may happen to have to spare for any such purpose as that. We have men who show their earnestness in the causes to which they have given their adhesion by contributing large sums to the promotion of those causes. It is, of course, a very good way of showing that you are in earnest, and if you will only give it, your money will be used for the real purpose of promoting the temperance cause. And yet for all that, I would say to every single man, I care more for you than for your money. I am certain that in the long run we shall gain more by men giving us themselves than by giving us any amount of money. What we want is—your hearts. We want your sympathy. We want you to feel with us. We want the power which comes out of that sense of fellowship with your fellow-men with which nothing

can be compared. We desire that you should stand shoulder to shoulder with us in the battle. For you to stand behind in the rear and say, 'Fight on, and I will supply you with ammunition and provision; I will take care that you shall not lack; fight on, and I will watch you and congratulate you when you have won the victory'—all that is very excellent, and we are glad to get it, but we prefer men who will come down to the people themselves, who will stand their ground and will come in and give us that which is the most precious thing that a man can give—will give us their lives in the cause. If we can succeed in winning men we are certain that we shall win everything else; if we can succeed in gathering more and more of those who enter into this matter, who understand it and see how it can really be promoted, we are certain then that all else will follow. Every now and then we ask our friends to come and listen whilst we tell them what has been done in the course of the year, or the month, as the case may be. We call them to come and listen to any new facts or arguments that we can put before them; we call them together, above all else, to make them feel how heartily in earnest we are, and, if possible, to make them carry out into the world at large and amongst their fellow-men everywhere the testimony which they learn from our own lips—that we have given ourselves heart and soul to the matter, and that we are exhorting all men to do the same. This is the exhortation that I would address to every reader—this is what I beg of you to lay to heart; I call upon every man to give himself to the work, and then I know that he will have given all that it is possible for him to give—the greatest of all gifts. [*Block by permission of the National Temperance League.*]

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## STRONG DRINK.

**W**HAT is he like? Sometimes he is white—then he is called gin or whisky; sometimes he is brown—then he is called ale; sometimes he is almost black—then he is called porter; sometimes he is red like blood—then he is called wine. Some people who are afraid of him in one dress are quite bold with him in another, which is very foolish, for his disposition is the same at all times. Amongst fashionable people he dresses in a genteel red or purple very often, and writes Wine on his card, but his favourite dress in other circles is a dull water colour or a changing drab. If ever you see him in red calling himself negus, or port, or sherry; or in a drab calling himself Dublin stout, or London porter, or Edinburgh ale; or in water colour, calling himself toddy, punch, Hollands, or double-proof, or any other such names—be you sure, whatever may be said against it, that you see that deadly villain, Strong Drink, and make the best of your way out of his reach.

Where does he stay? He stays in barrels and casks, in black and white bottles, decanters, tumblers, and dram glasses. He stays a great deal in sideboards and presses, and is sure to be found in the public-house. He takes up his abode with many at Christmas and

New Year time, and if a marriage takes place in any house near you ten chances to one but you find him there; as to fairs and fights and races, he is never far from them.

Why is he called strong? When two men struggle, and one knocks or throws the other down, that one is the stronger. But Strong Drink is stronger than the strongest man. He will throw any man down that likes to try him. This is one reason why he is called strong. He can destroy the strongest bodily frame; some strong men fight with him a good while, but he beats them at last, and they are often quite useless long before they are dead. But the mind is as strong as the body, and Strong Drink can destroy the strongest mind. There are some very strong things in the mind; these are called feelings or principles, and are like gates or pillars to it. Now Strong Drink can carry away these gates, and pull down these pillars as easy as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, or pulled away the pillars of the house of Dagon. There is love, a very strong thing; but he has often destroyed even that, making the father curse his children, and the husband kill his wife. There is shame, but he will take that away too, and make men well enough pleased to act like beasts, the wealthy content to go like beggars, the well-bred to do the meanest things, and those who were once patterns of good conduct to commit abominable crimes. There is fear a mighty pillar; but Strong Drink can pull it down, so that neither gaols, nor banishments, nor gibbets shall be any terror; aye, and he has made many who would once have trembled at the thought of death and of judgment laugh them to scorn, so that they have neither the fear of God nor of man before their eyes.

What, then, should be done with this dangerous foe, Strong Drink? Avoid him altogether, keep out of his reach, keep away from where he is. Have nothing at all to do with him—*Primitive Methodist World*.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT,**

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**“THE SUMMER HOUSE.”**

BY R. H., AUTHOR OF “MY SISTERS BEWARE,” AND “LET US GO IN—NO.”

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**I**N our walks along the street we naturally take a glance at the passer-by, except it be in the crowded streets of the great Metropolis where we feel we must look out for ourselves lest we come into collision with others. With some, deep care is written on

the brow, betokening sorrow of heart, the cause of which is unknown to us. The next individual may be one perhaps, who has gone through the world in great prosperity and has had to all appearance everything that heart could wish, but Solomon says "The heart knoweth his own bitterness and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." (Proverbs xiv—10.)

In the early days of my youth I was lodging with my friends in the country whither we had gone in search of health for a short time. In the same house a gentleman and lady had rooms. They were a middle aged pair and to all appearance seemed a happy couple. They never went out separately which caused us to make a remark to the landlady, "What a happy couple Mr. and Mrs. M— seem to be." She looked seriously at us and then to our surprise told us the sad reason. The gentleman was in a good way of business but his habit of intemperance was such, that he could not be trusted to go to the warehouse alone as he would be sure to stop at the public-house, and his dear faithful wife was, I presume, his only check to this evil. She was a comely looking woman had a bright cheerful face so that a stranger would never suspect the cause of her errand with him. Whether she was instrumental of entirely preventing him from a fatal fall we cannot tell, if so, we may say with the poet

"A ministering angel thou."

Whilst thinking over the above case, I have been forcibly reminded of what I saw many years ago, but which has always been fresh in my memory. We were staying on the sea coast in the South of England, when we heard of the death of an eccentric old gentleman, and his small estate being on view we went to see it. What struck us the most was an old summer-house in the grounds, where evidently those who had visited the place had on the wood carved their initials. "English propensity you will say." But our attention was arrested by two verses which some individual had written probably from the experience of their own heart which doubtless the reader will endorse by saying how true.

If every man's internal cares,  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share,  
Who raise our envy now.  
The hidden secrets when revealed  
Of every aching breast,  
Prove—that only whilst concealed,  
Their lot appears the best.

How many have read those lines, how many have remembered them, and what has been the influence is known only to that One who searcheth the hearts and by whom actions are weighed, and who guided the hand of the writer long since silent in the grave. It is one of the hidden secrets. A relative was with me at the time, we were in our youthful days but the remembrance never left him, and he often repeated them.

Another case comes vividly before my mind. It is that of a lady who lived in a large town, kept a handsome carriage and pair, considered the best in the place. Doubtless it was envied

by many a stranger who little knew that the occupant was so given to habits of intemperance as not to be allowed to have the purse, which was given to the coachman to disburse any payments that were required for the family during the drive. Notwithstanding the precaution, she would under some pretence call upon a tradesman she knew to get her a glass of the stimulant she most liked. When away from home she still continued the same baneful habit, when some of the Bath-chair-men seeing her reeling gait kindly came to her assistance and took her home. She had a large family, and I am sorry to say she pursued the same course all her married life. Some of the family married and became members of Churches and some have long been called to the Father's Home above. She became a widow, her indulgent husband was called away—her position was a solitary one, but being left with handsome means for the remainder of her life, it was considered necessary that she should have a companion, who I believe proved to some measure a restraint on her bad habits, but not entirely until she was deprived of her eyesight. This led her to reflection and as she could no longer obtain the intoxicating liquor she became a sober woman. She died at an advanced age. Her habits were a sore trial to her family, and doubtless many prayers were constantly put up by them for the eradication of that vice intemperance, which cast a gloom over the home which otherwise would have been a very happy one.

In writing the above sad cases, memory recalls another, who was a respectable tradesman, a draper in the West of England. He was considered a good man of business, had a young wife and small family, but eventually it was found that she was too fond of the glass, her constitution gave way and she died under the influence of delirium tremens. Her husband was much attached to her and was grieved to see the wreck she had become through her intemperate habits. But after her death he was too often seen in the bar of a public-house, where eventually he made the acquaintance of a publican's widow and married her. This as you may be sure did not improve his position but the reverse. He neglected his own business, and it was evident to his customers that he was pursuing the same career which had taken his first wife to the grave, and so it was intemperance which I believe ended in delirium tremens. The widow then led a life of gaiety and dissipation which finally carried her to the grave not many months afterwards.

One more sad case I will relate, and then conclude with a brighter picture which will encourage temperance workers. In my early life, our family doctor a highly respectable man and an eminent Christian, had two sons, Cambridge students, well educated but so given to drink and dissipation that they brought their dear old father with sorrow to the grave. They have been seen standing at his door with an old coat on and shirtless. They had one sister who married a clergyman. Her health became so affected by the degraded position of her brothers that she sank into an early grave. Poor fellows, what an account to render. Young men who had every opportunity of pursuing an honourable career in the world, good home, Christian parents, loving sisters, all exchanged for companions



in vice. Through the deceitfulness of the heart they accepted satan's bait, "drink," which quickly sent them on the downward road.

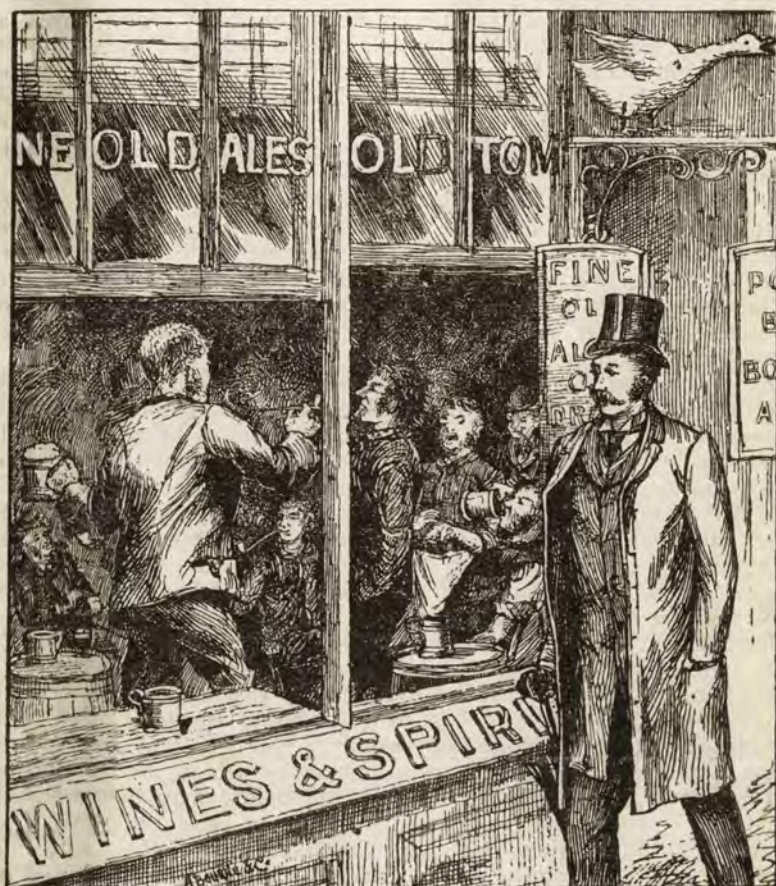
Where vice hath held its empire long,  
 'Twill not endure the least control,  
 None but a power divinely strong,  
 Can turn the current of the soul.

About two years ago I received a letter from a Christian worker in the temperance cause. He stated that he had been leader of a Band of Hope for fifteen years, the result of reading a Temperance Tract to which as he termed it changed his mode of life. This Tract had been given to him by an earnest worker out of a parcel I had sent him at that time. He had also been changed by Divine Grace and had been asked to take the charge of a Mission Room. How true is God's word "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days." To you my Fellow Labourers who may read these lines, I say "Let us embrace every opportunity and warn the unruly and comfort the feeble minded. Persevere and "never stand still till the Master appears." And to others who are grappling with the sin of intemperance, longing to get free from its fetters, remember God's promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—Psalm L.—15. May your prayers be that of David, "ORDER MY FOOTSTEPS BY THY WORD." "HOLD THOU ME UP AND I SHALL BE SAFE."

Cling to the Loving One,  
 Cling in thy woe ;  
 Cling to the Living One,  
 Through all below.

Cling to the Redeeming One,  
 He speaketh peace ;  
 Cling to the Healing One,  
 Anguish will cease.

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “FROTH.”

By JOHN RIPLEY, AUTHOR OF “CHUCKERS OUT,” “A HUNTING WE WILL GO,” &c.

**F**ROTH! How it sparkles on the wine and the beer. How pleasing to the eye and tempting to the appetite, as under the sunshine or gaslight, it reflects all the colours of the rainbow from its thousand bubbles in the wine glass; or rises like a jewelled cauliflower on the

top of a pewter pot. With what scientific precision the liquor is made to fall the proper distance, so that the froth may rise as the vessel fills, in so much that there is as much froth as liquor; thus fully justifying the customer who asked the barmaid, if she would kindly let him have the beer in one glass and the froth in another.

Froth! How it deceives the anxious eye and mocks the thirsty appetite. The drinker plunges his face into the liquor foam to drink, and is like the man who chased a beautiful glassy globe across a desert, and leaped to catch it, but fell over a precipice with a burst bubble in his hand. How many thousands of men and women have there been who with gleaming eyes and parched throats have chased across the desert of life the bubble pleasure, as it has sparkled in the tempting liquor, and then leaped over the precipice of death with empty hands.

Men are deceived who think they can be strengthened by drink, fattened by froth, or have the real pleasures of life increased by the use of alcohol. Just as men's eyes become opened to the worthlessness of strong drink, and their consciences aroused respecting the drinking customs of society, so in proportion will they see that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Unthinking people are often deceived by froth, especially by frothy talk. Some years ago, an eminent statesman stood up in the House of Commons, when a certain drink tax was being discussed, and said, "For our part we look upon beer as bread. It is the same produce, the great necessary of life prepared in another fashion." To that statement, I would reply, "Grain, it is true, is a necessary of life, but it is the fashion in which it is prepared by the makers of intoxicating drinks to which we object. Let the miller and the baker, instead of the maltster and the brewer, prepare the article, and then all will be right. Iron ore, made into ploughshares, is a blessing, but made into swords, it is a curse." The statesman's pompous talk was simply "froth."

A public meeting has been called by the mayor of a certain town, the largest public hall is crowded, the platform is filled with patriots and philanthropists and friends of the people of every kind, who are anxious to devise some means by which the abounding drunkenness, crime and pauperism of society may be lessened. But the tap-rooms and bar-parlours have sent their brain-poisoned patrons to the meeting, and under the leadership of their wily and worthless fogle-man, the sober portion of the audience, instead of listening to the calm and solid reasoning of sensible speakers, are compelled to hear nothing but the braying and bawling of a crowd of slaves to appetite and custom, who bellow with discordant voices,

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

When the storm has subsided nothing but froth, empty froth, remains. Weary of the roaring of the rabble I retire to my home.

I take up a newspaper next morning, and my eyes are attracted by the report of a licensed victuallers' dinner. In the speech of the

mayor who attended the banquet occurs the following passage:—  
 “The country cannot do without you, for if you were taken away, the wayfaring man on a journey would be like a lost man on a moor.”

Another magistrate said at the same dinner, “I have long thought that no class of tradesmen in the borough of—— exceed the licensed victuallers in point of respectability, integrity of character, and high social bearing.” I laid down the paper, and tried to balance the apparently calm utterances of these borough officials with the wild war whoopings of the drink-sodden crowd I had heard trying to sing the night before.

I could only come to the conclusion that these after-dinner speeches were all “froth,” empty talk, destitute of meaning.

Feeling a strong interest in politics, and seeing an advertisement that a meeting is to be held to discuss a certain Bill before Parliament, my attention is at once engaged. I read further that the meeting will be addressed by the Assistant Secretary of the “Liberty and Property Defence League,” from London. Surely an official from such a big place, representing a society with such a high sounding patriotic title, will be certain to have an audience of the principal politicians of the town; and we shall have some solid and sensible political philosophy from the principal orator. I, of course, decided to go, but guess my surprise when I found the audience composed almost exclusively of publicans, who were anxious to have an annual license changed into a permanent freehold, and I heard the orator say, “The state has created the licensing for its own purposes, and has encouraged those in the industry to develop it, and if the state has licensed too many houses, it must in justice pay for its folly. It is idle to talk of the license being a yearly license;” and the audience cheered this nonsense. As I walked home I murmured, “froth, froth, nothing but froth!”

Passing along the street, I heard the sound of jingling glasses, clapping of hands, and cheering voices from the open windows at the sign of “The Gaping Goose.” I looked in and saw standing in the midst of the muddled multitude, in a cloud of tobacco smoke, with a black pipe in one hand and a pewter pot in the other, a public-house politician who was loudly denouncing the Foreign Policy of the Government, while he was neglecting his own home department, and leaving his wife and children to starve. To all his blatant bluster, I instinctively replied, “Froth, my friend, froth!”

The historic city of Exeter rejoices in having the motto “Ever Faithful” emblazoned on its arms; so when the licensed victuallers had announced a meeting to oppose the Sunday Closing movement, I was anxious to know how far they would keep to the spirit of their legend, and sacrifice themselves for the good of the public.

One speaker said, “The public are more concerned in the subject than the traders, but the public look to the traders to defend the liberty of law-abiding citizens.”

Another said, “Sunday Closing in Ireland and Wales has proved to be a failure.” And another said, “In the interests of Temperance itself we ought to do the best we can to frustrate this Sunday Closing.”

A fourth said, "I think we shall have no difficulty in finding clergymen to address meetings to protest against Sunday Closing. Personally, I like a quiet Sunday, but it is not our own comfort, but the interests of the public we have to consider."

I laid down the paper and said, 'If the publicans of Exeter are 'Ever faithful' to anything, it is to froth."

When I see a Bill introduced into the House of Commons to effect changes in the licensing system, and there gathers around that Bill the opposition of nearly every Temperance society in the country, and nearly all the leaders of thought in the church and the state, while the only people who petition for the Bill are the drink-sellers; if the Government tell me they have introduced the Bill strictly in the interests of Temperance, I rejoin "froth!"

When I see a publican get upon a platform, and declaim about British liberty, and declare that the teetotalers want to "rob the poor man of his beer," I say "froth!"

When I see over a public-house door the sign of "The Freeman's Arms," I exclaim "froth!" It is not the freeman's arms, it is the bondsman's arms.

When I hear any one in defence of the drinking system talk as if he drank to keep up the revenue, I say to him, "froth!" Froth as light as the foam that is cast on the sea shore, and blown away by the first breath of wind.

Of the whole drinking system, the beauty and blandishments of the bar-maids, the smirking smiles of the landlord and landlady, the gilding and plate glass of the gin shop, the thousand and one allurements to drink; it may be said: "Froth, froth, nothing but froth!"

BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S  
**PICTORIAL TRACT.**

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**“ANNIE MARSDEN’S SONG.”**

OR

**HOW SHE TOLD HIM HER MIND.**

BY REV. WILLIAM MAYO, BRISTOL.

*A TRUE TALE.*

“FOR the sake of the children” said Mr. Marsden, as he and his wife entered their names in the pledge book of a newly-formed Total Abstinence Society some forty years ago.

At the village Chapel where they attended Mr. Marsden started the tunes and Annie was the leading treble voice.

One Sunday evening, a stranger was seated just behind them, and Annie handed him her book, &c. and at the close of the service her father gave him as hearty shake of the hand, with an invitation to come again. This stranger was Herbert Leonard, one of the Parish Church Choir; his father was foreman in some large works in the neighbourhood, and Herbert was working under him. He was very fond of his mother, and often stood between her and his infuriated father when he was drunk; and though he never drank to excess himself he was fond of a glass of good (?) ale, or his mother's elder wine, and he was prejudiced against anything that savoured of temperance.

The second time he visited the Chapel he found one of the despised teetotalers from the works was the Sunday School Superintendent, and on the way home together after the service they had some conversation regarding a very strange comment by the preacher that morning, who, when reading the lesson came to the words, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," &c., remarked, "Then I suppose, if we wish to drink it, we must shut our eyes." This proved a good text from which Mr. Springwell could enforce temperance truth.

The preacher of the evening was a watchmaker from the neighbouring town of Durnton, with whom Herbert had done business; therefore he was pleased to meet him.

At the close of the service Mr. Marsden invited some of the young people into his house (as usual), for a little singing. These informal "after meetings" resulted in blessing to not a few, for the young people did not leave till prayer had been offered.

To Herbert, the engagements of this day were strangely impressive; he seemed to live in a new world, and Mrs. Marsden's look and her words as she bid him good night, were never effaced from his memory. She said to him "Mr. Leonard, are you satisfied in view of eternity?"

The following Sunday was the re-opening day of the Parish Church, and Herbert was in his place. The day after at the "White Horse" a splendid supper was provided in honour of the occasion, to which the choir were invited, the Vicar, Curate and Churchwardens being present. They began in harmony but ended in discord.

Herbert's recent experiences made him careful as to himself and observant of others; so much so, that he felt rather disgusted with this supper.

Nothing was seen of him by the Marsdens for some six weeks, till one afternoon Mr. Springwell brought him to a tea meeting at the Chapel.

The meeting after tea was the first of a series of Monthly Temperance Meetings. Mr. Trueman, the watchmaker from Durnton, presided, and there were addresses by a Doctor from Durnton and one or two working men, with some singing by Annie Marsden and her brothers. To Herbert's astonishment a hot barley pudding was produced and distributed; also bottles were shewn containing an analysis of Ale, the product of the same quantity of barley as the pudding. A large bottle of boiled water, a small one of spirit, and some sticky stuff; "a very nauseous sediment," said the Doctor, "containing all the nutriment left, of the 3 lbs. of good barley, after it has been converted into half a gallon of ale. *There is more nourishment*" said he, "*in a penny loaf than in a whole gallon of the finest ale ever brewed.*" Herbert had never in his life heard such things, and he left the meeting with a strong impression that total abstinence was a good thing for some, who, like his father could not govern themselves; and he felt his prejudices giving way.

The following Sunday he took tea at the Marsdens, and from this time he gradually relinquished attendance at Church, and was oftener seen at Chapel. At the Marsdens he became quite a favourite with the boys; with regard to Annie, Mrs. Marsden thought she discovered a growing tenderness on her part towards the young man; therefore she took an opportunity to talk very seriously about it to her, and after prayer together, when the whole matter was laid before the Lord, and

bleasing sought for Herbert, Annie promised that she would never receive advances from Herbert or any other young man who was not a decided Christian, and said further that she was determined never to marry a man who was not a total abstainer.

Some weeks later Annie learnt a new tune from one of her lady friends, and no suitable words could be found, till one of her brothers said it would "go well" to a song in Paxton Hood's Temperance Melodist, which Annie and her friend set themselves to learn.

There came a day when Herbert was off work, so after dinner he put on his Sunday clothes, put his flute into his pocket, and sauntered forth. Strangely enough his steps led him in the direction of the Marsdens' House. While the boys were at school, Mr. Marsden away and Mrs. Marsden out, our hero arrived. Annie answered his knock, and asked him in. For some time he had longed for an opportunity when he might let Annie know his feelings towards her, and try to ascertain if they were reciprocated.

Well, then, here they were alone together for a full hour, he saying anything but what he wanted to say. Sitting rather uneasily in the chair, one of his elbows resting on his knee, his hat in his hand, and with his other he was tracing the pattern of the carpet with his stick. After some time of silence, Annie remarked "Fannie Goodman was here the other week, and taught me a new song.

"Indeed," said Herbert brightening up, "You'll sing it to me! Miss, Marsden won't you? Anything you sing always gives me pleasure, you have such a charming voice."

"I don't mind" she said. So without lifting her eyes from her sewing, she sang:—

"Though he come till he's tired, and woo on his knee,  
If he will not drink water, he'll never have me.  
Should he not come again, I will not sit and cry,  
There'll be men who drink water for all by and by."

"I shall try to do right and leave all the rest  
For two loves cannot live in the same little breast,  
If but *one love* can live in *one heart*, so then see,  
Should he love Ale and Whisky, he cannot love me."

"If all were like me, we would shew them the door,  
If they drink not the drink which is sparkling and pure.  
We would not give a moment to tales they might tell,  
And not one should be wed, till he drank from the well."

"When he comes I shall fill him a glass of the best  
From the stream as it runs, and his love I will test.  
Should he shrink from the draught, Oh, it never can be,  
I must have *his whole love*, or he won't do for me."

"He may turn to the left, or pass on to the right,  
And may seek for another more fit in his flight;  
If he buy Ale and Whisky, he cannot buy bread,  
So, to live with a drunkard I soon should be dead."

The refrain after each verse was the first two lines of the first verse. Herbert could not listen to that sweet voice without pleasure, and yet he felt she was singing *at him*. Vexation, indignation, and disappointment were some of the feelings stirring within his breast, and when her voice ceased there was a painful silence, which was relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Marsden; her quick eye saw something was the matter, she would have taken his hat and stick, thinking he would stay to tea, but he excused himself and wished them good afternoon; and the boys coming from



school met him at the gate. Herbert had no use for his flute that day, but he walked off like a steam engine through the village, and on for a mile or two; and as he went he said to himself "Where did she get that song? Did she compose it herself? She is a clever girl, but what a cheek! She must think I am after her; if I were, what right has she to think so! I'll never go near the house again. What did she say? 'To live with a drunkard I'd sooner be dead?' Who asked her to live with a drunkard? besides, I'm not a drunkard." Thus he went on, talking to himself, and striking at the plants by the roadside as if they were the offenders.

For nearly three months after this he studiously kept out of Annie's way, though he continued to attend the Chapel, and began to teach in the Sunday School. He also attended with his sisters a great Temperance Festival at Durnton, and what he heard there, together with "Annie Marsden's Song" had such an effect upon him that he called on his friend Mr. Trueman, signed the pledge, and bought a handsome pledge card, which he framed and hung up in a conspicuous place in his home

\* \* \* \* \*

By Herbert's arrangement his mother invited the Marsdens to tea on Christmas day. The day came, so did the Marsdens. It was a bright, cheery day, and just before tea, when Mrs Leonard was busy preparing, and the boys were off with Herbert's sisters, *he* was showing some of his handy-work to Annie, and drawing her attention to some pictures he had framed, he asked, "Do you see anything?" Oh, yes, she saw; and turning her eyes towards him their eyes met, and *he saw something too.*

During the next twelve months they both joined the Church. A wedding was celebrated, and no happier couple could be found the world over than

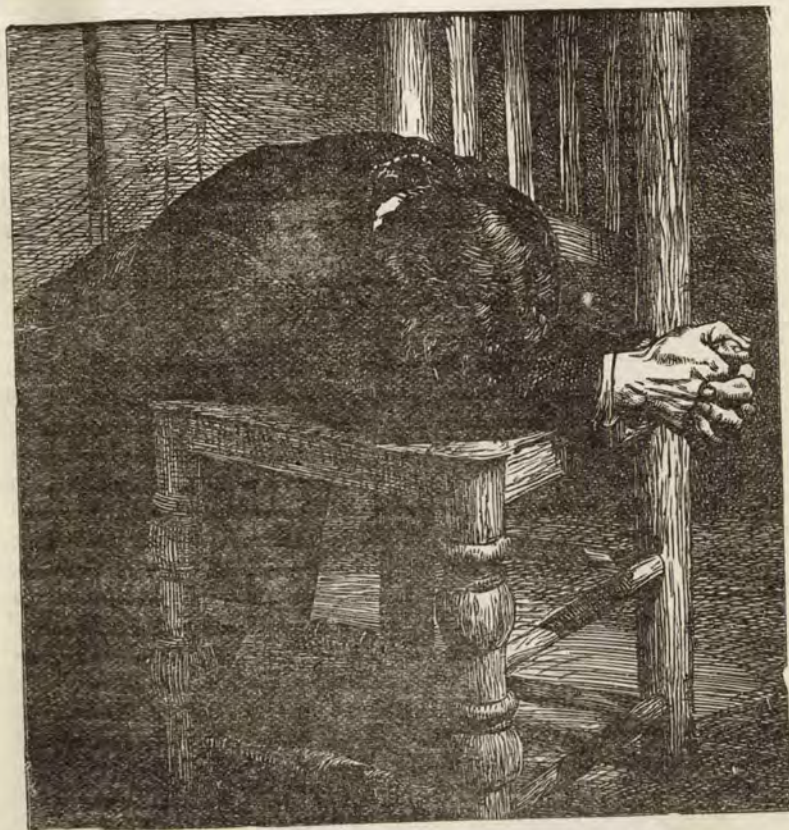
HERBERT AND ANNIE LEONARD.

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BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, 29, UNION STREET, SHEFFIELD.

Prices (assorted and otherwise), 30 for 6d., 100 for 1s. 6d., post free

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



“ IS IT NOT SAD ? ”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ HONEST TRADE,” “ JOSEPH STRONGBOW AND HIS AWKWARD QUESTIONS,” ETC.

“ WHY Harry, what is the matter now ? You look as sad as if you had lost the dearest treasure of your life.”

“ Yes, I am sad, very, very sad, for I have been hearing an earnest good minister of the Gospel teaching most foolish and hurtful doctrine, that is bound to yield bitter fruit.”

“ Eh! and what has he been saying ? ”

"He has been declaring that the New Testament in no case teaches abstinence from Alcoholic beverages, but that these are given us by God, and may be used without danger."

"Surely that does not make you sad. Is it not true?"

"True! that he said it, yes; that it is as he said, No—a big loud NO. This is the lie that has ruined thousands of young people, and sent them to poverty and destruction."

"But, Harry, moderate your feelings, and let us talk the matter over. Has not God given us these beverages?"

"No—Men use words without thinking sufficiently. God does not give knives, rope, cannon, swords, loaves, beer, alcoholic wine or brandy. It is true He gives us the material out of which they are made, and for the material we ought to be thankful; but for the manufactured article we have sometimes need to be ashamed. Does God give us jerry-built houses, clothes made by sweaters, badly drained streets?"

"Now, Harry, it is my turn to say no, and as far as I know, nobody ever said he did: but do you deny that the infinitely wise and loving Father gave men Alcohol?"

"My answer is, He never gave men Alcohol. It is true that He in wisdom arranged that certain substances in the process of decay should yield Alcohol. That Alcohol may be of great service is not disputed. It is an excellent solvent. It is a good thing in which to dissolve some drugs that are needed by man. It is an excellent body in which to keep physiological specimens of great value to medical men, and for these purposes we may be grateful that God has provided fruits of the earth, etc., out of which men may manufacture Alcohol. But that is a very different thing from saying that God made beer, cider, brandy, champagne. These things are artificially produced, and the results of the common use of them show that they are accursed liquors that all good men should shun, and do all they can to lead others to shun. To make any one, especially young folk, look on these drinks as God-given blessings is simply to lead them straight to destruction."

"Now Harry, here is your uncharitableness. I always am troubled when I hear you speak in this extreme way. You know the man who stirred your bile is one of God's most earnest and valiant soldiers."

"Yes; herein is one of the saddest parts of the case. If he had been a wicked-man instead of a saint, not half as much harm would have resulted; because everybody expects a lie from the Father of Lies, but from the other, truth and righteousness. Here, however, is a servant of God doing the devil's work."

"But I don't see it."

"I dare say not, and that is another proof of the deadly nature of the teaching. You look at it through the man who spoke. Take your eyes away from him, and look at the fruits of drinking Alcoholic beverages. To-day a Wesleyan minister's daughter is summoned for being drunk in the streets of our town. She commenced to drink these beverages as God-given blessings. A few days ago a Congregational minister was compelled to resign his charge, because seen to be the worse for liquor, and he, to my knowledge, took the wine and beer as *good creatures of God*. A Clergyman a very little time ago, was suspended for the same cause, and constantly the

like results are seen from taking Alcoholic beverages moderately. All immoderate drinking begins there."

"But does not the New Testament imply that wine was for man to drink?"

"Fred, you almost anger me with your question. It seems to me that some good men want to do all they can to make some of us doubt that the scriptures are the word of God. Let me put it to you. All round the world, wherever Alcoholic beverages are used, there is drunkenness. It is the common every day fruit of the habit of what is called moderate drinking. Now seeing that Almighty God is wise, loving and good, is it natural to believe He would teach us to adopt a habit which brings such terrible evils on mankind?"

"I confess, Harry, that I think we might expect the contrary; but Christ made wine, and had it given to the people to drink.

"Yes, and who disputes it? No teetotaler. The pure juice of the grape that hurts no man, but is full of blessing, as I know full well who have given quarts of it to sick and dying folk; *that* he made for the feast. It was rich, cool, refreshing, and could make no one drunk. To suppose it was the strange fire-water that men call 'Port' is to suppose that the gentle loving Saviour gave this dangerous drink to those who had well drunk, and so put them in danger of falling. Was that like him who taught his disciples to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' All teaching of the word of God urges that we should be careful for our own sake, but specially for our fellow-man's sake, to choose the safe path, and avoid anything that would cause a brother to fall. Yet here we have some good men actually saying to young people, 'this cup that *moves itself aright* is given for you to drink by a gracious God. I don't drink it, because some people get drunk, and if you let it alone it will be best, but I find no fault with the drink. A good man may drink the cup that *at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder*, for God has given it men to drink."

"Oh Harry! you are bitter."

"And need I not be bitter? Here is a splendid young fellow, full of ability which he consecrated to God and man. He cheered and gladdened older people by his song and speech, whilst young people gathered round him like bees around the queen bee of the hive. How he inspired men and made them glad! Then he fell ill, and friends urged him to take wine and other 'good creatures of God.' His Pastor, a good man like our friend, said 'If you do not take these things you sin against God,' and he took them and fell to his own sorrow and the sorrow of all who loved him. Of course some will say he was a bad and foolish man. I, who loved him, knew better. The hours he spent in agonising prayer no one but God and he knew. The bitterness of his grief no human being can tell. The fault lay in those who said that poisonous beverages were life giving, and he was to blame for believing any such error. The drinks simply did their work. They seized on a fine sensitive nature, and quickly made havoc of the man."

"Yes, that was sad; but you don't know many cases like that."

"Not many cases like that! Why, man, they abound: open your eyes and see—A minister at Bath a few years ago, said that out of 100 scholars who had left his school, he traced 77; of these 2 attended worship and 35 were confirmed drunkards. Another whom I know sought in a village 72 lads who had left the school: 57 were

traced, and of these 9 were making profession of Christian life, but 18 were confirmed drunkards, and 19 more get drunk at feasts and-weddings and such seasons. The same is going on to-day, and I'll warrant for one lad that joined our friend's church from his Sunday school, he will find at least two, probably three, who have become absolutely drunken."

"You make me troubled by your earnestness, Harry. You dream of this question until you get a nightmare."

"Would to God it were only a nightmare. Not long ago a man came to me with the lines of sorrow deep graven on his brow, and told how his wife had fallen. The picture was sad enough for any one to see, and she, poor thing, put her hand in mine, and looking in my face with tearful eyes, declared how earnestly she desired to be free. She signed the pledge and kept it awhile, but was not well, and then the 'good creature' was given her, and she went deeper and deeper until she died. Her godly husband prayed for her until he almost broke my heart with his cries, and yet this good minister will have me believe that He who is love gave us these liquors to drink. Imagine my boy going to this man's lecture, knowing how good a man he is, and hearing him say 'You may drink these drinks, for God gave them to you.' If he fell, where would the blame lay? Should not the man be arraigned before the bar of Heaven? Here, to-day, men are drinking so sadly that the nation reels with intemperance; and much of it is to be traced to the false teaching of godly men. The scripture says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moves itself aright' It declares 'Woe to the man who giveth his neighbour drink,' and declares 'No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God.' Oh that God's servants would see that the poison that weakens men's bodies, degrades the mind, paralyses the will, and makes so many slaves could never have been intended to be used as a beverage."

"Well, Harry, I do not wonder you are sad; it is enough to make Heaven sad."

# BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S PICTORIAL TRACT.



## “A WASTED LIFE.”

BY M. A. PAULL, (MRS. JOHN RIPLEY,) AUTHOR OF “VERMONT HALL,  
“MY BATTLE FIELD,” “TIM’S TROUBLES.” &c.

“**H**E’S been my chum since we were boys together, and I would’nt wrong him for the world, sir, and yet I’m not going to deny that ’twas a piece of foolhardiness and nothing else, and ’twas the drink in him that made him do it, and so I hate the drink to-day as I’ve never hated it before, though I’ve never tasted it myself, and have always looked upon it as the enemy of every man that tampered with it.”

We were looking down upon the scene of a wreck that had taken place about a fortnight previously on the iron-bound northern

coast of the Cornish peninsula, where great jagged rocks, like the cruel teeth of some gigantic sea monster, have often torn helpless craft to pieces, in conjunction with the terrible roll of the Atlantic waves and the wild storms of wind that sweep around these shores.

Lying near us were the broken masts and spars and sides of the hapless vessel reduced to matchwood; immense iron bolts and girders bent as if they had been wax, and various impedimenta of the wreck strewed in all directions.

"He was a splendid young fellow, sir; if you had seen him, you would have said so; one of the gentlemen called him 'a regular athlete,' a strong and as brave as a lion, nothing came amiss to him in the way of work or play; he was the life of the whole of us on board, and when we got in harbour anywhere he was the favourite wherever we showed ourselves. His looks recommended him to any company, the girls went crazy after him, with his laughing eyes and his curly hair and his ruddy face, but his heart was in pretty safe keeping, I fancy, away in North Devon near his old home. There's a poor little maid crying her eyes out there, I reckon, though he did not tell even me very much about her; he showed me her likeness once and said 'he would have to steady down, for 'Min' was as good a teetotaler as I was,' and I told him he'd better sign teetotal, and be like the both of us. If he had, sir,"——He paused, his voice faltered, and tears welled up into his eyes. Then he continued: "Our ship was safe up in the canal the day of the storm, and when we heard there was a vessel running on the rocks, of course we all crowded down to see her. A regular crowd gathered, all the cliffs were covered with people; round Compass Point and the look-out it was black with men in groups counselling what to be done. It was an awful sea. I have been in a good many storms, but I never saw one in which a ship was in greater danger than that; the wind roared like great guns, the sea was mountains high."

"Didn't they man the life-boat?" asked my companion.

"Life-boat! Bless you sir, no life-boat could live in such a sea. The fact is, the life-boat is of very little use at all, here at Bude, a dozen wrecks might happen when it would be impossible to use it to one, when it would be of the least use. No, sir, 'tis the rocket apparatus that can be of most service here, and 'twas the rocket line that saved the poor fellows on board that day; and Charlie worked with a will, and did all that one man could to help."

"How many were there on board?" I asked.

"Eight, and all were got off just in time, before the ship went to pieces. What with the surge and the spray and the blinding showers of hail that were falling at the time, cutting into their faces and ours like points of steel, I can tell you they were more dead than alive when we dragged them in to shore, and they had to be helped to a place of shelter, though most of them got to rights after a few hours' rest and warmth and food; and 'twas who should do the most for them. A party of the rescuers, and Charlie among them, got into one of the public-houses and there they sat yarning and drinking and drinking and yarning for hours. Charlie was in his wet things, he never came on board our vessel to change, and he was awfully tired,

for he had worked at the ropes like a horse, and done splendid service for those poor fellows in jeopardy. Why, sir, if the Queen gave her Victoria Cross to men for saving shipwrecked mariners, Charlie would have deserved to have it then, and 'twas only the horrid drink that spoiled the hero in him, and made him waste as fine a young life as God ever gave to a man, to use to His glory."

There was another pause, we all looked sea-wards, watching the long grey wall of giant waves beyond the harbour, caused, as our companion had previously informed us, by the ground swell of the Atlantic, which broke every few minutes with a heavy roar and dashing foam and spray as of a mighty waterfall. Then he continued: "Hours after every man had been rescued, Charlie dashed down to the scene of the wreck, and declared his purpose to swim out to the vessel; he was staggering drunk, and flung off every kind restraining hand that tried to hold him back, and before a good many of us realised what was happening, or imagined for a moment he would persist in his folly, he had plunged into the blinding surf, and was lost in the boiling waves."

"Horrible!" said my companion.

"It was horrible, sir; I have seen a good many sad sights in my time though I'm not so very old neither, I've been ship-wrecked myself, and I've seen men lost at sea, but I never saw anything so horrible as when Charlie in his drink-made foolhardiness and confusion of mind struck off to save men that were already saved; and threw away his life as careless as a man might throw away a used match. His shoulder must have caught somehow in the rocks, for his arm was torn off and that is the only part of him that has been found."

I shuddered. "How terrible for his friends: Do you think his poor body ever will be recovered?" I asked.

"That's more than I or anybody can say, ma'am," he answered; "but when I think it all over, I wonder how some people can sleep in their beds."

"You mean the people at the public-house where your friend got the drink."

"Yes. I should not like to have Charlie's death at my doors. I don't know about ghosts, but I believe I should hear him cry 'Here goes!' as he plunged into the boiling waves, whenever there was a wind blowing, and I should see his unsteady steps in every flickering shadow on a moonlight night."

"I suppose the publican would say in self-justification, that he did not want any man to drink till he was drunk, and that if he gave your mate drink, when he was cold and wet with his noble efforts for the shipwrecked crew, he did it out of kindness. We have a great deal of work yet to do as Temperance Reformers, to shake and shatter the faith of the people altogether in drink as a 'good creature.' To many, there seems to be nothing else which men can suitably take when they are exposed to severe stress of weather but some kind of spirituous liquor; there is a miserable lurking belief that it puts heart into a man, and keeps the cold out, and prevents disease attacking him."



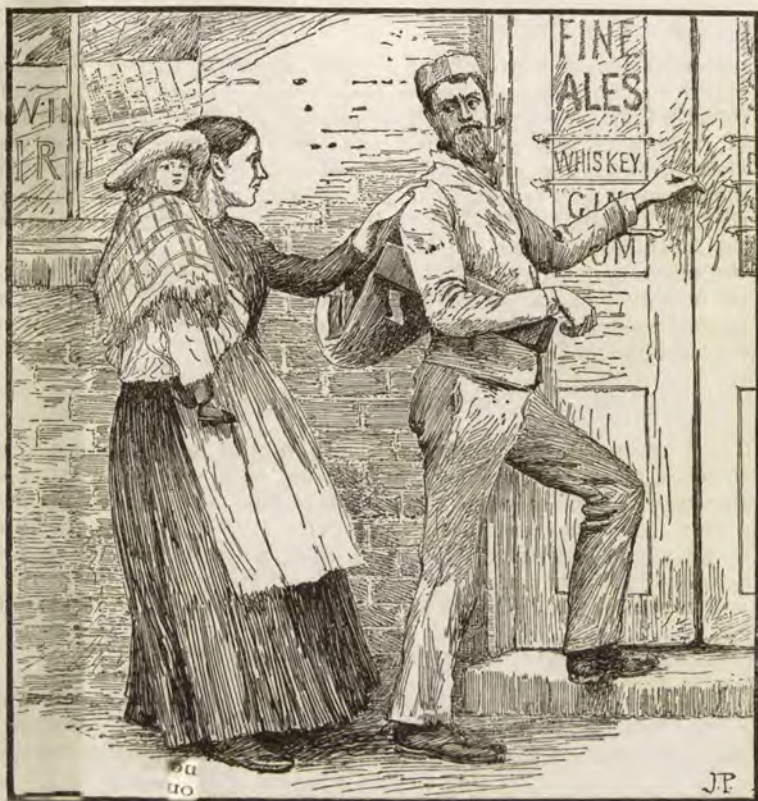
"I know, sir, I know; and I don't want to say that anybody intended to make Charlie mad and thus lead him to commit suicide; but it's true all the same, sir, he was made mad by the drink, and after acting like a hero, to save the lives of others, he threw away his own young life like a fool. Oh! sir, it's enough to break a man's heart to think of it, that was his friend; and what must it be for his mother and for that little 'Min' he talked about?"

What, indeed? Can any one estimate the wail of despair, of heart-broken agony, of needless grief, swelling up into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth from those who mourn over such wasted lives, as that of this brave young seaman?

Surely wise men need no stronger proof of the degrading stupefying effects of the brain-poison alcohol, than was exemplified in this sad case, the very impulse to brave deeds and noble daring turned by its power into stupid bravado and reckless folly, the drinks served in the licensed drink-shop becoming the incentives to self-murder; and those who served them, the tempters to destruction.

Just because this wasted life had so much of glorious promise, so much of grand self-sacrifice, such possibilities of noble purposes and noble deeds, so much to make good men and women rejoice, should its tragic end read a solemn lesson to our hearts. No man, no woman is safe who drinks intoxicating liquors; the finest temperament, the most loveable nature may be warped and spoiled by its influence; men may be constrained to blame where they would fain have admired, and a career that promised nobly may end through this terrible temptation in blackest night.

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## PLAIN WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY ONE OF THEM.

**Y**OUNG MEN, you who are the hope of the future, let me for a moment have your ear. I would say earnest words to you— would it might be with voice, with pen of eloquence. But no,

I boast no flowing speech, and can but add to simple sentences the emphasis of conviction and solicitude. You want to know my business? Why beat about the bush? I wish to warn you, as one who sincerely desires your best welfare, against the greatest snare which the devils of hell ever sent into this world to entrap the feet of brave, strong, hopeful young men. Do I mean the evil of gambling, which is so prevalent in these latter days? No, though that is

#### A FRIGHTFUL SCOURGE ;

better let disease shatter your physical strength, than let your moral nature be contaminated by the dishonesty, the wretched, miserable, pitiable unmanliness of that growing practice. No one with a spark of true manhood—and, mind you, as much true manhood walks about in fustian as in broadcloth—will soil his fingers with the dirty money earned by betting. It is fools' pay and cowards' earnings—that and nothing else, so be sure you never gamble in ignorance of the meaning of your act. But I am not thinking of gambling. Is the snare unchastity? Not that either, though let me say here that virtue soiled can never be washed clean, that honour broken can never be mended. Impure once, impure for ever. Guard well your sacred honour, keep your virtue unsullied ; it is

#### YOUR VERY SOUL'S LIFE.

But I am not thinking now of either gambling or unchastity ; I wish to speak of an evil which is at the root of nearly every other evil that waylays the steps of young men to-day. You know I mean the DRINK. Do you know a greater evil? Do you know any human curse which has wrought so much ruin, so much misery, so much shame, dishonour, and death? Look around you! Think! Why, you can reckon up for yourselves many hopeful lives wrecked by this

#### FOUL SLAYER OF BODY AND SOUL ;

—companions, may be, of your own, or neighbours, men who might to-day have been living in comfort and health, and enjoying the respect of their fellows ; but who have been brought to the dust, even to the death, by this devil's weapon, this cursed fire of hell. How many families, too, do you know who have in the same way been reduced to want, to sorrow, to degradation ; *how many faithful wives who have been made to taste the cup of humiliation and shame ;* how many innocent children who have been robbed of home and comfort, and worse still—and more saddening still—of a father's care and love. I am not going to read you a homily upon workhouse populations ; nor to cram statistics of crime and insanity down your throats. I am not a teetotal lecturer, nor a preacher either. *Th* I do, however, claim to be—a friend and well-wisher of young men, one who knows something of their difficulties and their dangers, who desires to see the manhood in them developed and strength

and ennobled. "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth!" So spoke the olden sage. But that is not the only piece of advice which Solomon gave to young men. He is called the wisest man who ever lived—not the best, but the wisest. But for all that, he was one of the worldliest of men. He tasted the pleasures of the world to the full; he knew them all, the best and the worst, the highest and the basest; and that is why no man in history has spoken with greater weight and authority upon questions of personal conduct, for his was

#### THE AUTHORITY OF LONG EXPERIENCE.

And this wisest of men, when he had tasted of the fulness of carnal enjoyment, went back to virtue as the only source of happiness; and speaking of this very evil of drink he said: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." *And doesn't it?* Again, I say, ask your memory, cast up your experience, and tell me, is not drink a shorter word for DAMNATION? Young men, if you have nevertouched the drink, shun it as you would a plague: and if you have sought its false friendship, turn away while you have the will and the power. I do not mean to say that all who drink will be damned by its curse—some of the best men drink; nor yet that they will of necessity become slaves to its potency. But I do say this, that thousands of victims are falling to this enemy of the race every year; that it is yearly desolating thousands of homes, blighting thousands of characters, creating thousands of criminals, maddening thousands of minds once strong, palsying thousands of wills once vigorous; that it is destroying men and women wholesale, both body and soul, and not only old men and women, but YOUNG. I point you to this drink, and I remind you of the great multitude of lives—in number "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands"—which it has blasted and ruined; and I challenge you to show what *blessing* it has done in return for so much cursing. True, you may not be in peril. Heaven grant it!—but remember that wills as strong as yours, resolutions as strong as yours, characters as high and honourable and hopeful as yours have been brought to nought by this your insidious, most treacherous enemy. And if you are in no danger yourselves, are not others in danger? Do, then,

#### FOR THE SAKE OF EXAMPLE

what you need not do for the sake of your own safety. That is an appeal which I make to your manhood, to your unselfishness, to that love and sympathy for your fellows, the greatest growth of which denotes the highest and noblest development of character. Now I will stop. This is something like what I wanted to say. I do not know what put it into my head to say so much, or, indeed, to say anything. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!" But that you may rejoice, you must hold your manhood high, and remember that none of hell's demons drags men down so powerfully and so slow as this deadly, dastardly DRINK.

## GAMBLING.

Gambling, racing, and popular re-creations (which exhaust force, not re-create it), are almost invariably associated with drinking, and these twin vices are the chief causes of unhappy homes and hearths for the wives and children of Britain. The system is so gigantic, and so potent in the appetites and interests of the world, that the vast energies put forth by the Temperance Reformers have simply held its growth in check: and even yet the Church is bent upon looking at *one* of its effects instead of attacking with all its power the *fons et origo* of the entire evils.

There are 'occasions' of gambling, as of drinking, but these must be distinguished from the true causes. The 'cause' must fit every case—must be an element, or an agency, which applies universally—must explain the subjective slavery and delusion that are involved in both. Few of our publicists inquire into the conditions of the increase of the gambling-spirit. It is admitted that we live in a sensational age. Why? Because the nervous stamina of our people is lessened—the very BRAIN IS GOING. And why? The silly cry is, We live too fast!—silly, because *it* is itself an effect. With less brain-force, stronger outward appeals to excitement are necessary. Sensational play bills—sensational amusements—sensational books—even sensational songs and sermons! What are the elements of this fast life? A fast life is a life of waste, of exhaustion, both morally and physically: and this has been going on *in spite* of temperance education and shortened hours of labour. What, then, are the chief constituents in this causation, which can possibly account for the terrible effects? They are not far to seek, and they are vices *entailed* upon the children, cursing them ever more and more with each generation.—*Dr. F. R. Lees in the "True Thinker."*

# PICTORIAL TRACT.



## THE ROOTS OF THE EVIL.

(By MR. ALD. WHITE, EX-SHERIFF OF NORWICH.)

A FEW miles from Norwich, on the roadside, is a somewhat large and commodious public-house, and on the other side of the road is a piece of municipal furniture, not very often seen nowadays, in the form of a complete set of stocks. On the one side of the road was the house to manufacture the drunkard, and exactly opposite were the stocks to put him in confinement, when he had

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been manufactured. This has been the kind of way in which we have dealt with this drink traffic all along. I say we must change our tactics, and if we are to devote ourselves to the great problems of social reform we must go to the roots of the evil. And what are they? And what are the problems that face social reformers? First of all, the mass of poverty which surrounds us, in our larger towns especially—how to feed and clothe the millions of our fellow-countrymen. It is said that five millions are inadequately fed and clothed. I venture to say that at least one-half of this poverty comes directly from the influence of drink, and oh! how comparatively easy it would be to deal with the other half if we had this half—the worst half—out of the way. In addition to that we may say that 15 or 20 per cent. more, at least, comes indirectly through the drink. A short time ago the son of a clergyman came to me—a man who could speak three languages besides his own. He had just come out of the workhouse, and was without any prospect of earning a living, and had to resort to begging for something to buy a crust of bread. He acknowledged to me that all his trouble and difficulty and separation from his friends came solely from this drink. I have had to do for many years with a body of working men and women—about 1,200—as respectable and industrious people as you would find in the country; and yet so much have I seen of the evil of drink in dragging them down from positions of respectability, that I feel no hesitation in saying that at least 50 per cent. of this poverty comes through drink. We are told by social reformers who attempt to ignore this evil that the cause of the poverty is inadequate or unremunerative employment, but can any reformer who thinks upon this question fail to see that the main cause of this want of employment, and the main cause of its unremunerative nature, is the drink. Adam Smith says that a wise man works for wages and spends his wages so that he may work again. If that is the test of wisdom, then we shall have to submit to the dictum of Carlyle that most of us are fools, for it is quite certain that if one man spends his money in drink he spends it in that which does not bring him wages. The balance sheet for 1888 of a brewery company, shews that brewery earned last year a gross profit of £50,086, and a nett profit of £24,560. On the other side I find that they paid for salaries and wages £6,402; that is to say, their nett profits were four times as great as the wages they paid. Now, I compare that with my own manufacturing business, and I find that my wages, on an average, are five times as great as my profits. On the one hand, therefore, you have profits four times as great as wages, and, on the other, wages from five to six times as great as profits; or, in other words, where a brewery company pays in round numbers £6,000 in wages I should pay from £120,000 to £130,000. Therefore, you see at once that every pound that is taken from the drink traffic means a certain number of days' employment for one of the unemployed; and the money is sure to be spent for useful articles. There are thousands of tenements in London that have not a piece of furniture in them, tens of thousands of women and children who have little but rags with which to clothe themselves. If you abolish the drink you put all these matters right. Seven or eight months ago in an adult school of which I am superintendent,

a man was brought in by two of his companions, who had become the victim of drink. He had got very low, and had hardly anything with which to clothe himself, and was in a very poverty-stricken condition. I raised half-a-crown on him, and made him a friend. He stuck to the school for six or seven months, and only left it within the last fortnight to fill a better situation in another town. Before he went, however, he said, "I have to-day the best suit of clothes I have had for fifteen years." During the six months he was in the school, what had been going on? When he came to the school he had two rooms and two old chairs and a little piece of sacking upon which he and his wife and three children lay down at night; but every week during the six months he was adding something to the comforts of that house, and not only so, but he was also adding something to the wages fund of his fellow working men. If you take that one instance and multiply it, as you may by thousands and tens of thousands, I see therein one of the easiest solutions and surest solutions of this great problem. This man was no victim of want of employment; he was no victim of sweaters, unless it be the greatest sweater of all—the publican. And so I believe you would find numerous instances throughout the country. Another great problem is the problem of bad, unsanitary dwellings, for which rack-rents are charged. From my own personal knowledge, I believe that the drink traffic is one of the main causes of this difficulty. I have seen over and over again men make their own dwellings—that is to say, they have removed from a court, where they occupied a room or two, into an artisan's dwelling, with a garden, back and front, simply through the influence of this total abstinence movement. But these external improvements are nothing compared to the internal improvements which come to the home of the drunkard by reason of total abstinence. Social reform must be home reform if it is to be real reform. Who is there that has laboured among the working classes of this country at all, does not know that drink is the great curse of the home, bringing its blight upon so many families around us? I could also say something about education. As the chairman of a large School Board I have had to send children away to industrial schools to be taken care of because the father is away and the mother is drunken, and are left to roam about the streets and get into mischief, or are sent out as pick-pockets. This brings me to notice the final thing with which social reformers are heavily oppressed, and that is, how to take care of poor little destitute ones who are brought up in such associations and misery. There is nothing that has a title of the influence to destroy and crush parental affection that the drink has. I could take you to a family in Norwich where the father every night of his life has to lock up the children's clothes to save them from the mother. One Saturday night a few months ago he laid out the Sunday clothes for the little ones, in order that they might be ready for the Sunday-school. He went into the kitchen to wash his hands, and whilst he was gone the wife rushed out, and before he knew that they were gone, the clothes were in the pawn-shop and the woman was drinking herself drunk in the public-house. The poor destitute ones that crowd our large cities by thousands, would to a large extent be cared for and tended and nursed by kind-hearted parents if it were not for this drink. When