

Temperance Department.

Resolutions.

At the open temperance meeting of Astoria Lodge, No. 40 I. O. G. T. July 4th, the following resolutions were presented by J. O. Bozorth, and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, By the grace of God, the temperance people were enabled to achieve a great victory in the State of Iowa on the 27th of June last by carrying the Prohibition Amendment to the State constitution by the great and decisive majority of twenty-nine thousand, therefore be it

Resolved, That we heartily congratulate our noble brothers and sisters of Iowa, and the brotherhood everywhere, upon this great victory over our common enemy—King Alcohol.

Resolved, That we sincerely thank all who were instrumental in bringing about this great result, and especially do we feel that thanks are due from us, and from all who sympathize with our cause, to Gov. John P. St. John; John B. Finch, The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and to all persons and organizations, who, by their persevering and untiring efforts in the field, contributed so much toward the great result.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished each, to the *Rescue* and the *Temperance Herald* for publication, and that a copy be suitably engrossed and forwarded to the governor elect of Iowa.

A Bill to Make Idiots.

The New York *Herald* says: "Delegate Post, of Wyoming Territory, has introduced into Congress a bill which, it is to be hoped, will not be passed. It is called 'A bill to reduce the internal revenue tax on cigarettes,' but a more appropriate title would be, 'Bill to make lunatics and idiots, and for other purposes,' the other purposes being to fill up the cemeteries and make millionaires of the undertakers! Mr. Post," the *Herald* continues, "must be an enemy of the human race. He could not, if he tried, hit upon a more certain method of killing off a large portion of the rising generation, and of making idiots of the one that is to follow it. The cigarette annually kills thousands of children and young men; those whom it does not destroy physically, it ruins mentally! The tax on

it should be increased, not reduced. It would be well to place it so high as to put those poisonous packages beyond the reach of the small boy."

So far speaks the New York *Herald*. And what it says as to the poisonous effects of cigarettes is fully confirmed by the leading physicians of the country. Their uniform testimony is, that diseases of the lungs and of the heart are the almost sure result of smoking,

and that the brain is weakened, and the nervous system shattered, and the general health undetermined by it, to an extent that is little imagined. When will our young men learn that for wrong indulgences in early life they have to pay terrible penalties in later years, if the penalty of death does not cut them down before they reach such years!—*Ed.*

An Old Pledge.

Following is a verbatim copy of one of the first temperance pledges subscribed to in Maine, now the State of prohibition:

"Phippsburg, February, 1882. We the subscribers to this paper, knowing of the evils that do daily arise in consequence of the generality of our Citizens making frequent use of liquors, do consent and agree each one for himself that we will not take or use any strong liquors knowingly, such as Rum, Brandy, Gin, either mixt or unmixt, except for a medicine, for the term of time hereby annexed to each of our names, and that we will throw divine assistance fulfill our present engagements; and also in some measure will try to influence others to take up with the same resolutions. (Signed) James Bowker, for the term of one year & Samuel Small, Jr., 2 years."

Prohibition Does Prohibit.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus H. Hamlin, the wellknown missionary in Turkey, in a letter to the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, speaking of the workings of the prohibitory law in Maine, says: "We have passed through the whole length of the State from New Hampshire to New Brunswick, and have conversed with every class, and we can bear the most decided testimony that the Maine law is not only a great success, but it is most firmly established in the hearts of an immense majority of the people. This is further proved by the fact that almost every year increases its efficiency. Its weak points are from

time to time strengthened, objectionable points are modified, but no one attempts to relax it; no one dares assail it. The excellence of the Maine law, however, is in execution. The people sustain it.

They have considered well the evils of intemperance, and have decided to do away with them.

A Leaf From a Heart History.

The temperance meeting was held in the village church, and as the clear, sweet bell pealed out, swelled and rolled like ocean-waves upon the trembling air, it reached the ears of a man walking slowly and wearily along the river-bank.

The ringing bell seemed to deprive him of strength, and he sat down beside a huge willow leaning over the bank. He leaned against its brown trunk, and memories of bygone days clustered about him until, like showering rain, the tear-drops rolled down his furrowed cheeks. But as the moon arose, and its peaceful beams fell upon him, he arose and started churchward. He crossed the old stone threshold, and sat down upon a back seat in a listening attitude.

The speaker proved to be interesting and eloquent. Afterward there were hymns sung and kindly invitations given to join the temperance brotherhood, but the responses came feebly; there were only thirteen names enrolled thus far that evening.

But the speaker was in earnest. He honestly said that, although he had never been a drinker, and so had no experience personally in that way, there probably were some in the audience who could relate chapters from their own lives which would both interest the hearers as well as influence their hearts in the right direction.

"Will any one come forward and speak a few words of warning or of cheer?" was the question then asked.

No one spoke; indeed, no one seemed to move for some time afterward. The lull was becoming oppressive, when suddenly, by some irresistible power, the stranger whom I have mentioned arose, and walked slowly up the aisle. All eyes were turned toward him, although he looked at no one, but with eyes bent floorward he pressed toward the speaker.

Reaching the platform in front of the pulpit, he turned to face the audience and raised his eyes—deep eyes in which one could see lurking

a terrible grief and a most terrible remorse. There was a tremor in his voice as he began to speak, and his hands shook as if he felt deeply embarrassed, but he soon commanded his feelings and commenced his story without preface or explanation.

"Most of you will think it is an old man talking to you, but I am not old in years; it is the sin and grief in the warp and woof of my life, which have bowed my form and wrinkled my face and burdened my heart. I am only forty-five."

Only forty-five! A surprised and horrified look crept over the faces of the listeners.

"I had a home which was a veritable Eden; it was sweet with the perfume of flowers and beautiful with the quivering sunlight creeping in the windows, and peaceful and soothing, with its strains of music. Ah! what a wonderful voice my wife had—my lovely, beautiful wife; and Elsie, our darling little daughter, had a voice just

like her mother. God knows that I loved both wife and daughter, but notwithstanding that fact, before Elsie's sixth year a serpent crept into our Eden, and was winding his hideous coil about me. As the days rolled by, I loved my glass more and more, until Elsie reached her ninth birthday. I shall never forget that day. I returned from my place of business early in honor of the day. The afternoon sun was still shining brightly and the bobolinks were darting here and there in the grass. The house was in gala attire. Even the banisters were wound with smilax and fragrant rosebuds. The servant who stood in the hall said my wife was dressing, and that Elsie was dancing somewhere about the house. 'Dear child,' I said fondly, as I went upstairs to brush up a little before meeting my family. But I stopped a moment in a little room at the head of the hall. There was something very enticing concealed in the pretty rosewood cabinet hanging on the wall. I unlocked it cautiously, as was my custom, and took a drink. After taking it I rested a moment or so in the great easy-chair by the window, thinking meanwhile that it was good, very good. I prepared some more, this time putting the bottle with its gilt-glass label 'Brandy' upon the little table. I did not sit down, but stood in the flower-wreathed doorway which led out into a charming little balcony which encircled two