

Temperance Department.**Harmless But Damning.**

Returning to my old home in the summer of 18—, I met again a friend of my childhood. We had known each other intimately in boyhood and girlhood, but our pathways through life had widely separated us since.

Of course, meeting again after the lapse of many years, we had much to talk of, of common interest to us both. Scenes, both amusing and pathetic, familiar to both, were discussed; friends of our childhood, who had "passed over the river," were tenderly referred to, and many almost forgotten joys and sorrows were brought up to our minds with scarcely less than the vividness of reality.

Last and saddest of all, my friend told me of his own past history, how he had drunk deeply of life's pleasures, in fact, he had lived for mere worldly, passing pleasures; and now, although yet in early manhood, he stood almost a wreck, wasted and wearied and worn with such a life, but unfitted, he felt, for any other.

He, perhaps, had not the manliness or moral courage to enter any other, for the fruits of his honest labor were all bartered, even then, in exchange for the insinuating pleasures of the wine cup, the card table and the dance, and he but seldom entered the house of God. All this he told me himself. "And now," he said, "it may seem strange to you to hear me say so, but I would strongly advise all young people to never under any circumstances whatever, touch any of these three things. They are all more or less dangerous, hurtful and insinuating. There is to me no prospect of a home in this life, but if there were a sinful, wicked, man that I am, I would never allow either one of those so called innocent amusement, in any form whatever, to enter my house. I tell you I know they can't be touched by some without harm."

He then pointed out to me the house of a Christian mother and daughter, where he had during the war, when a boy, gone night after night for amusement, and played cards. They had taught him, and he had become infatuated with the game, and since then had spent many a night and squandered many times the wages of honest labor at a gaming-table.

And the dance and the wine cup

had both been held out to him in his boyhood, as I myself remembered well, by Christian friends as "innocent except when carried to excess." He had tried them under that recommendation, indulged in them, and been ruined by them.

His testimony then was, that of the three into which he had been thus allured, he hardly knew which he considered most hurtful. His life is perhaps spent and wasted, but should this warning arrest one reckless or thoughtless young person, or hinder one Christian, man or woman, mother or father, from thus causing one of their little ones to offend, that life even would not be spent in vain.

How strange it is that some Christians will not only permit, but often warmly advocate, what they believe in many instances to be perfectly harmless, and yet must know in some to have been damning. If it but risks the eternal welfare of one single soul, will they not, in the words of another, "give the benefit of the doubt to the Lord?" Reader, will you not?—*Sel.*

How I Would Paint a Bar-Room.

If I had the adorning of a bar-room it should be done somewhat in this wise:—

On one side I would paint death on the pale horse, his arm wielding to the thunder-bolt, the fiery hoofs of his flying steed treading down everything that is fair and lovely the garden of Eden before him, a blackened waste behind him.

On the other hand I would draw the picture of a wretched hovel, once a happy home; the roof broken in, the windows stuffed with rags; in the doorway a weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, piteously beseeching her for bread. In the distance should be seen the once happy husband and father, now a reclining drunkard, on his way from the village tavern to the hut he calls home.

Back of the bar, in full view of the bloated creatures that stand with the cup to their lips, I would paint a company of demons, in the death dance of fiendish hilarity around a fire kindled with the flames of alcohol, and over which I would write in lurid letters: "Moderate drinking lights the flame that burns to the lowest hell." Opposite the bar should be a lonely and dishonored grave; a lightning-blazed tree should stretch its leaf-

less branches over it; and on some withered bough should perch the melancholy owl hooting to the wintry moon. At the foot of the grave should kneel the angel of mercy with eyes and hands upraised to the pitying heavens, and at the head of the grave should be the angel of justice, carving with stern, relentless hands upon the tombstone those fearful words of doom,

"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God."

In the intervening spaces I would have, here a grinning skeleton, there a broken heart, a shattered hour-glass, a stranded boat, a torch extinguished in blackness of darkness; while from over the doorway and from the ceiling should look down all kinds of woful faces—pale, imploring, wrathful, deadly, despairing.

The walls of the room should be shrouded in sackcloth, and the floor covered with ashes, and the bar wreathed in weeping willow and gloomy cypress, while all the vessels that held the damning fluid should be black as the gates of doom.

Then I would call the rumseller if he would, to take his place behind the bar; and, though a few besotted wretches, hardened in crime, might stagger up the bar and drink defiance to their fate, yet I should hope that the young—the pride of mothers and the light of homes—might turn away as though they had caught a glimpse of the infernal world.—REV. T. GRIFFITH.

Exit Whisky.

To say that the liquor law can not be enforced is nonsense, as we have all along insisted. Topeka's open drunkard factories were held up as so many unanswerable arguments that twenty outlaws could rule a city of twenty-two thousand people with regal sway, and that perpetually. It required more than a year for the people here to learn that dramsellers are persistently bad men, and that they respect themselves as little as they do decent and respectable people. But when this lesson was learned, it had its perfect work. Meetings were held, committees appointed, money deposited, suits begun, costs piled up—and then the mayor joins in, the city council follows, a proclamation ordering the saloons closed is published, and an ordinance providing ways and means to enforce the proclamation is passed,

and lo! two days before the time named in the proclamation, the dram-shops are all closed, and the imperial body of rumsellers in organized body beg the county attorney to dismiss the prosecutions pending against them, and they offer to pay all costs now due, amounting to some twenty-five hundred dollars.

To-day there is not a whisky shop in Topeka. The room directly opposite the window where this is written, a place that has been like a beehive, with swarms of people going in and out all hours of the day and most of the night, is deserted—not a man or a boy to be seen swaggering about its large glass doors with the big screen beyond. It is a decent looking place now. Exit whisky.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

There are some ways in which it does and the present campaign over Pennsylvania, organized in favor of a constitutional amendment which shall cut off manufacture, supply and sale in the sixty-six counties of this State, is intended to give notice and advocate one of the ways.

The Kansas plan is a success. Gov. St. John says it is and his statement is backed up by stern facts, made in the face of as determined an opposition as ever existed. To these facts of success St. John adds the endorsement of the Kansas Republicans—who make up about three-fourths of the voters of the State—and his re-election is assured. If prohibition was not an answered question to-day in that Commonwealth does any suppose St. John would stand where he does?

Prohibition is the voice of popular will in Iowa also, as that great commonwealth only recently amended its constitution denying manufacture, supply and sale. Prohibition is also a leading plank in the Ohio Republican platform this year, in fact they have made it and the Pond Liquor Law bill the prime fighting issue. It is amendment or death to prohibition and the forecast given by Gov. Foster as the result in October is for amendment. He says it in an interview and declares the best citizens are the advocates of it. We mention these instances, as indicating certain sections of sentiment, before getting nearer home.

Now then, as to thought and