

monopoly of the liquor business in one of the suburbs of this city, was supposed to have laid up a competence for himself and family. In early life he had seen the ill effects of the traffic in his father's family in England, but this did not deter him from engaging in the same business when he had reached the age of manhood. He made money, and his stout constitution endured the strain. By and by his wife died from the tremens, and he for a time abandoned the business, but subsequently re-entered it and added to his establishment year by year. The other day he was carried to the poor-house, a wreck in the prime of life, his strong frame transformed to hideousness. His property has been all dissipated, and his little ones have been taken care of by families from whom he would a few years ago have scorned to receive a favor.

This seems to be one of the saddest aspects of the liquor evil. There is a double loss, an absolute wasting of resources. If the money which the man takes from his family to spend in drink were to be bestowed upon the family of the seller of the drink, the tragedy would be less appalling; in a certain way good would come out of evil in that case, and the produce of a generation's labor would be preserved. But this double degradation—the ruining of buyer and seller and the families of both—with what may we compare it? It is defeat without corresponding victory, loss without gain; it is murder and suicide at a single stroke.—*Ex.*

A Rumseller's Story.

A man named Stacy, the owner of a splendid drinking saloon in New York, signed the pledge lately and closed his house. Hearing that a party of lads had formed themselves into a temperance society, he went to them and gave them his experience as a rumseller. We repeat some of his recollections for our larger audience:

"I sold liquor," said Mr. Stacy, "for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterward fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon who cannot now buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers, worth from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, who are now without

money place or friends."

He warned boys against entering saloons on any pretext. He stated that he had seen many a young fellow, member of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said the rumseller, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any man, no matter how strong his resolution, is outside the door of the saloon."—*Ex.*

Stop Now.

Why not? If it is best to stop at all, put on the brakes at once. Why? Because you are on a down grade, and the longer the delay the greater the momentum; hence if you ever succeed in stopping, it will be increasing difficult. "But why should I stop?" Because you have a habit that is wrong, or at best inexpedient. It may seem to your unwilling scrutiny only an indulgence that roots back into the old life of selfishness and carnality. It is not safe to link your spirituality in yoke fellowship so questionable. The spiritual mind never breathes the air of true gospel freedom while the shackles of old selfishness are upon it.

Therefore, stop now! Smoke no more; chew no more; drink no more; swear no more; cheat no more; be gluttonous no longer. Kill lustfulness. Let the royal spirit of crowned manhood be sovereign over self. Stop now! If you can not do it unaided, as very probably you can not, then call on God for help. He loves to help the helpless, and give victory to the oft-times defeated, and deliverance to the captive to-day. Stop now!—*Sel.*

The Children's Part.

In one of the river towns of Iowa the mayor brought in a bloated German beer drinker to vote the "whisky ticket," when the German's children, fresh from the Band of Hope procession, hurried forward, the little girl throwing her arms around her father's neck, and saying with tears, "Papa, please vote for us at home;" and the boy who was a cripple, taking him by the hand with the same plea. "Ach, dis vas too much!" exclaimed the German, breaking away from

the man who had counted on him, and going up to the ballot-box with the vote his little daughter gave him, while she held one hand, and the lame boy hobbled on the other side as guardians. Not an eye that looked upon the group could see it clearly because of tears, "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Truly "a little child shall lead them." Truly that little child is "the fortress of the future," away out on the frontier of time. Let us furnish the fortress with provisions, weapons, ammunition, and eager hearts shall "hold the fort" when we grow weary. God bless "The little soldier newly mustered in."—*Sel.*

What Rum Will Do.

Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness, he went home and murdered his wife in the most brutal manner. He was carried to jail while drunk, and kept there through the night. Awakening in the morning and looking around upon the bare walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaimed:

"Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For merder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" said some one. "Why, it was your wife you murdered."

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead. Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to jail sold the liquor which caused his drunkenness; the justice who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his license; the sheriff who hung also him also sold liquor, and kept a ten-pin alley.—*Sel.*

The whisky question is simply a question of fact. If the saloons of a city do more good than they do injury; if they build up more houses than they curse; if they make more honest voters than corrupt ones; if they make more honest men than criminals; more wealthy men than paupers, then the man is not honest, nor fair, nor manly, nor worthy to be a voter, if he refuses to continue the saloons. If a saloon is a blessing, a man is an enemy to the commonwealth and

civilization if he opposes it or votes to destroy it. But if the reverse is true—if the saloon is an enemy to society; if it corrupts voters; if it fills prisons; if it crowds poor-houses; if it breaks warm hearts; if it beggars children, how can we vote for such a curse. A vote to place men in an office, or keep those in office who wink at the existence of saloons is simply a vote against law, against good order, and against morals. The whole question is—only this and nothing more.—*Ex.*

It is not often that the inscription is worth more than the gift. A Detroit tobacco manufacturing company gave a special prize last week to a promising boy exhibited at the baby show in Grand Rapids. It was a sealed box of tobacco on which was inscribed the first-class advice, "Never use tobacco until your mother breaks this seal." A striking feature of this sage council, given by parties who knew what they were talking about is more than disinterestedness: If boys would let tobacco alone until their mothers opened the package the business would certainly perish.—*Michigan Christian Herald.*

"Fathers! mothers! we appeal to your reason and common sense when we ask you if you desire your children to become habitual wine, beer or whisky-drinkers? Suppose you are fond of your beer, do you want your children to cultivate an early taste for it? If not, will you not help keep saloons out of your town?"

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