



The Reformation of Inebriates.

The question of how to deal with men who have become slaves to strong drink is one of the most difficult of our social problems. To class drunkenness with disease, as some have done, is to ignore moral responsibility; it is to assume that there are morbid influences at work stronger than the human will, as in the case of typhus or small-pox. Inebriate asylums, based on the assumption that drunkenness is a disease, where patients are to be treated as if in a hospital, may effect a temporary good, but they cannot do, to any hopeful extent, the work of reformation. They isolate a man for a time, and remove him from contact with allurement; but when he goes back into old associations and stands again face to face with temptation, he is little stronger, as to moral and spiritual power, than before. The effects of disease, so called, have been overcome by treatment. He is well again, as a man restored from fever is well. But when he returns to society, he is like the fever district. He has no immunity from attack.

Now, we must have, in the treatment of drunkenness, something more radical than this. We must go deeper than hospital and asylum work. This work reaches no farther than the physical and moral nature, and can, therefore, be only temporary in its influence. We must awaken the spiritual consciousness, and lead a man, too weak to stand in his own strength, when appetite, held simply in abeyance, springs back upon him again, to trust in God as his only hope, if we would effect a permanent reformation. First, we must help him physically. We must take him out of his debasement, his foulness and discomfort, and surround him with the influences of a home. Must get him clothed and in his right mind, and make him feel once more that he has sympathy— is regarded as a man full of the noblest possibilities—and so be stimulated to personal effort. But this is only preliminary work; such as any hospital and asylum may do. The real work of salvation goes far beyond this; it must be wrought in a higher degree of the soul—even that which we call spiritual. The man must be taught that only in Heaven-given strength is there any safety. He must go in his weakness and deep sense of degradation to God as the only one who can surely lift him and set his feet in a safe place. Not taught this as from pulp-it or platform; but by earnest, self-denying sympathetic Christian men and women, standing face to face with the poor, repentant brother, and holding him tightly by the hand lest he stumble and fall in his first weak efforts to walk in a better way.

And this is just the work that is now being done in our city (Philadelphia) by the "Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates," a Heaven-inspired institution, and yet but a year old, but with accomplished results that are matters of wonder to all who are familiar with its operations.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

A New York correspondent writes: I might continue through the most prominent merchants, bankers and business men generally, nearly every one of whom might be shown to have been the architect of his own fortune. Most of them are without any regular education, while it can be demonstrated that the college-bred men here, as a rule, either remained poor or have achieved only comfortable independence.

From this, one might deduce that regular and systematic culture is a bar to the acquisition of wealth, and the deduction is, to a certain extent, correct. Education of a liberal sort insures such needs and tastes as fall of gratification from mere money making. Moreover, it produces a breadth of feeling and a degree of sensibility that seriously interfere with the constant pursuit of dollars.

If you are in search of University graduates, you must go among the poor book-keepers, accountants and clerks, not among the directors, officers, and partners. The somebody I have mentioned, recently counted in two hundred large firms here over forty Bachelors of Arts, not one of whom is in receipt of a salary of over \$2,500. Not a single principal has had a classical education, and the proprietors have average wealth at from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

Moral: If you wish to get rich, avoid a classical education. Greek and Latin and mathematics may be useful in disciplining your mind, and giving symmetry to your thoughts, but they will not furnish you with real estate, brown-stone fronts, large bank accounts or multifarious securities.

life, nor seen a red deer on his native heather; so my uncle had to initiate me, from the commencement of my visit, into all the mysteries necessary to be understood by a Highland sportsman. I took to it wonderfully, and soon became expert. But I was eager at the sport, and rash, sir—rash, as all novices are, and I had to pay the penalty.

"I hope it was not a heavy one," I said. "Well, you shall judge," was the reply. "I lost two fingers and gained a—wife."

"Yes," continued the doctor, holding up his hand; "I put an overcharge in my gun, and what was the consequence? Why, it burst, sir, it burst. It blew into ever so many pieces, and two of my fingers blew into pieces with it."

"Such a scene!" said he. "You may suppose I called out pretty loud. And ladies (they had met us to take lunch on the hills) fainted to a woman, all but one, sir, and she—"

"Well, doctor?" "Well," said the doctor, "in her distress she let fall some words which showed me in which quarter the wind blew. I can tell you."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, significantly. "I had rather had a severe illness, sir. There was danger of lockjaw, and I'll leave you to guess who nursed me, and all that sort of things."

"Oh, yes, doctor," said I, slyly—"I can very well guess all that sort of things, as you call it."

Dr. Robbins laughed, and though I couldn't see him, I've no doubt he blushed like a young girl. "Next year," he went on, "I repeated my visit, and I became so expert with my gun, that I took home plenty of spoil with me, and—ahem!—took away something else, also."

"And that was?" said I. "Mrs. Robbins!" he replied, laughing heartily.

"Quite a romance, my dear doctor." "Just so," he answered. "Well, now, ring the bell, Skitts, and we'll have a broiled bone and a bit of old Stilton before mamma and the girls come home."

A Sardine Story. In one of the cities of New Hampshire, some years since, a man named H— was elected Mayor, and very important he thought his position. During his term of office a fire company sent word that they should visit his city and remain several days. The Mayor called a meeting of the City Council to see what should be done towards entertaining the firemen. He wanted to show the hospitality of the city in its most magnificent form, and proposed that a collation should be given the strangers.

"And what," asked one of the aldermen, "do you propose to put on the table for the collation?" "We'll give them," said His Honor in reply, "hot coffee and sardines."

One of the council thought that sardines and coffee were hardly up to the mark for the hungry firemen. "I know better," said the Mayor, in an angry tone. "Sardines are hearty and will be just what the men need."

"Perhaps," said an alderman, "his Honor does not know what sardines are."

The Mayor sprang to his feet, angry all over. "I know," he shouted, "what sardines are as well as you do, or any other member of the board. I've eaten enough of them in my life. They are easily prepared. Just take two pieces of bread and put a piece of ham between them and then your sardine is made."

His Honor sat down amid a roar of laughter. He'd got things, such as sardines and sandwiches, kinder mixed up in his mind.

A Cleveland, Ohio, paper reports that a lady recently got into a horse-car in that city, carrying with her a diminutive poodle dog. The conductor, in the usual polite manner of those functionaries, intimated that it was against the rules of the Company for dogs to enter the cars, and that he must put her out. The lady was, however, equal to the occasion, and drawing a revolver from her pocket, pointed it at the man, and threatened to fire if he dared to touch her dog. The conductor dropped the subject and retired to the back platform, and the rest of the passengers precipitately left the car; but the lady with the pistol and the dog remained in quiet possession.

It is said that the conductor lost his presence of mind so completely that he forgot to ask the lady for her fare.

the Highlands, and "take a turn at the grouse." It is so very unusual, now-a-days, to find a fashionable physician a perfect enthusiast in the pastime of grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing and deer-stalking that I did not hesitate to express my surprise at my good friend's sporting tendencies. Thereat the doctor's face beamed with a knowing sort of a smile, and he nodded sagaciously with an extreme roguish twinkle in his clear, gray eye.

"Skitts, my boy," (for that is my not very euphonious name) he at last rejoined, after delivering himself orally of the sentence which heads the chapter, "as for the grouse, I love 'em."

"Bless me, sir, that's rather a strong expression, isn't it?" said I rather startled at the emphatic thump on the table with which this declaration was accompanied.

"Not a bit of it, sir, not a bit of it," retorted the doctor. "Mayn't a man love his own wife?"

"I began to apprehend that the physician had taken a little more of the Madeira than was good for his health.

"If it hadn't been for those little brown members of the feathered tribe, sir, (bless 'em again!) I should never have seen Mrs. Robbins."

"You don't say so?" said I, with an air of great interest (and inserted, or rather curious I felt).

"Never have seen her, and never have married her," continued the doctor.

"It follows, of course," I returned, rather pleased at my own sharpness, "that if you had never seen her, you never could have married her."

Poetry.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY W. M. CARLETON.

My business on the jury's done—the gubbin' all through— I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give 'em needed laws; I stuck so long to my chair, I thought I should grow in it.

But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay; I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm glad to come to-day.

I've somehow got uneasy, like, since first day I came down; It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town; And they've no Sunday suits of mine on Sunday nights— I'd rather wear the stuff I wear, it somehow suits.

But when I wear the stuff I wear, it somehow suits and I'm rather near my home-ward rig of pepper-salt and gray— I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one— As well as any woman could— to see that things was done; For though Moll, when I'm there, won't set her foot on me; She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores;

But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay, And I will put my things in shape, when I get home to-day. The mornin' that I come away, we had a little bout, I coolly took my hat and left before she was out.

For what I said was laugh and where she ought to take offence; And she was always quick with words, and ready to commence; But then, she'll first give up when she has had her say.

And she will meet with a kiss, when I go home to-day. My little boy— I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can— It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man! The gamest, choicest little chap, you'd ever want to see!

And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me. The little rascal he goes for me, like robbers for their prey; He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl— I can't contrive how it should happen this— That good thing— pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to me! My wife, she says that han'ome face will some day make a stir; And then I laugh because she thinks the child resembles her.

She'll meet me half-way down the hill, and kiss me any way; And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day. If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when he's away from home a week, and then gets back again; If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound, Some honest fellow meets his folks, and hugs them all at once.

But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may, My heaven is just ahead of me— I'm going home to-day.

Miscellaneous. Gaining a Wife. "Twenty years ago I may have been in a good practice, or I may not. Perhaps I had some prospects of future success—perhaps I hadn't.

Perhaps I had both money and ability—and perhaps I had neither. A man, you know, may be a Brodie or an Astley Cooper in embryo, and he may have a comfortable balance at his bankers; or a man—well, we'll suppose the reverse of the picture to be the truth in my case."

Thus spoke my highly respected and respectable friend, Richard Robbins, M. D., a Mayfair, physician, in very excellent practice, as we sat quietly discussing a glass of old Madeira and a prime Havana in his study, on a hot July evening.

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