

Moral Reform.

Advance in Temperance Sentiment.

As early as the Norman conquest, drink had besotted the peasantry and soldiery of the kingdom, so that it is said that the night before the battle of Hastings the English army spent the time in drinking and carousing, rather than in preparation for the coming conflict. From that time on, grog was the Englishman's evil genius. It is asserted that it paved the way for the decadence and downfall of Anglo-Saxon power, and it is certain that the drink remained to curse the Norman conquerors and those who came after them. Four centuries after the time of William, Hume and Smollett tell us that "the population were sunk in the most brutal degeneracy by drinking to excess the pernicious spirit called gin." Knight, referring to the demoralization caused by drink in the latter part of the 18th century, says that "the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding were often the most intemperate."

The excessive drinking habits of Fox and Sheridan and even Pitt were matters of common comment, and even just before the accession of Queen Victoria, the exhibition of shameless drunkenness on the public thoroughfares of London, according to Knight, were most shocking. In 1833, says the *Licensing World and Licensed Trade Review* of London, the organ of the legalized drink traffic, there was one arrest for drunkenness in that city to 40 of the population, while last year the arrests for a similar offense were only about one in 700 of the population.

While England shows an enormous consumption of drink, amounting to a gallon of distilled and 30 gallons of fermented liquor annually per capita the last half century has shown a marvelous improvement in the standard which public sentiment has reared regarding the drink custom and drunkenness. Exhibitions of bibulous depravity which were tolerated as a matter of course half a century or more ago would now call for and receive social ostracism and a public condemnation almost ruinous to those guilty of such excesses.

But the greatest gain of the temperance reform during the century, both in England and America, has been in the improved moral standard which measures the drink habit, and which has succeeded in separating the drinkers into a distinct class by themselves. They are to-day, in the best thought of Christendom, a sequestered class, recognized to a large degree by the business as well as the moral world as defectives, and handicapped in the race for commercial pre-ferment by that fact. In the conflict

with evil the victory is more than half won when vice receives its proper classification, and the vicious pass, in the estimation of the best public opinion, as the unfit. The law which ordains that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and that the tendency of vice is to burn itself out, is being applied to the liquor evil in a marked degree. The best wisdom of to-day erects the danger signal over the drink traffic and habit as certainly as over a pest-house, and this generation is forearmed in that it is forewarned as was never the case before in the history of the world. When the votaries of any vice are fenced off by themselves, as is the case with the victims of the drink habit, that particular vice is forced to propagate itself within itself, and is doomed. While the quarantine in this particular case is not complete, it is getting nearer and nearer to perfection every day, as the general knowledge regarding the pernicious personal and public effects of liquor increases.—*N. Y. Voice.*

Fog and Grog.

Arthur was walking along the beach with his father one fine afternoon. He had been watching the bathers bobbing up and down, their red caps or flapping straw hats shinning in the water like shoals of buoys in the ocean. Here and there he picked up a cork or a wine bottle, and at length his father pointed out to him a great hulk of a vessel which had recently been wrecked. It had on it an immense load of coal—several hundred tons. You could now look into it and see piles of coal, but no one could get at it. And it would cost more to get it out than it was really worth. So at last the coal was sold for eleven dollars.

"How did it happen to get wrecked?" asked Arthur.

"I asked that question," replied his father, "of a gentleman with whom I walked to the wreck the day after the accident, and I said to him, 'I suppose it was caused by fog.' He replied in one word to my question, and that word was 'Grog.' So, upon inquiry, I learned that this was true; that the crew had been drinking, and of course with unsteady heads they could not steer the vessel in a straightforward course. So with many wrecks in life. Men make mistakes that end in ruin, and they often find that there is more danger in grog than in fog."—*Temperance Banner.*

Carrying Burdens Gracefully.

"Now watch her," said a tourist friend, pointing to a peasant woman who had lifted a heavy basket up to her head and was walking off with free, sure step. "See how steadily she carries it, and how well her head is poised. If that were one of our countrywomen, she would try to carry that basket on her arm, where it would be in her own way, and in that

of every one who passed. She would shift it from side to side, bending awkwardly under its weight, and reach her destination tired out. But that woman has learned how to carry a load—and what a fine, erect carriage she has! It's a pity our girls cannot have a little training along that line."

While our enthusiast talked we thought of another kind of burden, and of how much it means to "learn how to carry a load." Bear them we must, of one sort or another—the burdens of grief, care, and disappointment which belong to our human lot—but we all know how differently. Some bend under them, and stagger on complainingly, obtruding them upon every one who comes near. Some lift them quietly out of other's way, and, since they must needs be borne, learn to bear them steadily and serenely. There is a gracious poise and beauty of spirit which can be acquired only by the proper bearing of burdens.—*The Young Woman.*

Miss Willard's Rules.

The following are the "Golden Rules of Health," established by her father, which Miss Willard followed in her girlhood:

"Simple food, mostly of vegetables, fish, and fowls.

"Plenty of sleep, with very early hours for retiring.

"Flannel clothing next the skin all the year round; feet kept warm, head cool, and nothing worn tight.

"Just as much exercise as possible, only let fresh air and sunshine go together.

"No tea or coffee for the children, no alcoholic drink for anybody.

"Tell the truth and mind your parents."—*Biblical Recorder.*

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L. M. GILLES, Huntington, Ind.