

SHOT AND SHELL
FOR THE
Temperance Conflict.
—
Rogers.



SHOT AND SHELL

FOR

THE TEMPERANCE CONFLICT.

BY
REV. D. ROGERS

(OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE);

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.,
TORONTO.



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PREFACE.

It is related of an individual who attempted to read through a book on Moral Science that he wrote the following verse on the flyleaf :—

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly ;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be *dry*.

It is the humble hope of the author of this volume that none will find it "*dry*." It treats a live, throbbing question. The names attached to the "contributed" articles are a sufficient guarantee that they are worthy of perusal.

My object throughout has been to *interest* and *profit* both old and young, and incite to a more earnest and continued effort to aid in removing the greatest evil that can afflict any people.

If it succeeds in this, the highest ambition of the writer will be realized.

D. R.

KINTORE, *December 20th, 1883.*

Advice, Good		181
A Glance at the Situation.	<i>Rev. J. J. Rice</i>	115
An Appeal to Voters	<i>A. R. Carman, B.A.</i>	154
Blighted Hopes; or, the Widow's Son, <i>Rev. W. Galbraith, LL.B.</i>		118
Boys Wanted		178
Britons never shall be Slaves	<i>Rev. E. A. Stafford, A.B.</i>	112
Canada Temperance Act of 1878		73
Children, Take care of the	<i>Rev. Charles Garrett</i>	172
Church and Temperance.	<i>Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.</i>	50
Close the Saloons	<i>Rev. W. K. Boyle</i>	124
Conflicting Corners	<i>Jacob Spence</i>	160
Decanter, A Shot at the.	<i>T. L. Cuyler, D.D.</i>	82
Drink, Strong—(1) Cause of Wretchedness	<i>Dr. Guthrie</i>	14
(2) An Enemy of the Gospel	<i>Bishop Foss</i>	15
Enemy, An, at Work		9
False Lights	<i>Dr. T. L. Cuyler</i>	32
Hold the Fort	<i>W. H. T.</i>	92
License or Prohibition	<i>Rev. D. L. Brethour</i>	57
Liquor Bills in the United States		30
Liquor Traffic, The		16
“ Dealing with it	<i>Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A.</i>	56
“ Described	<i>J. B. Gough</i>	23
“ How Can We Tolerate It? <i>T.D. Talmage, D.D.</i>		21
“ How to Deal with it.. <i>Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.</i>		25
“ Its Ruinous Work.. <i>Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.</i>		20
“ Its Wickedness	<i>Rev. J. C. Seymour</i>	23
“ War against the	<i>Dr. Talmage</i>	27
“ Won't Let us Alone	<i>Rev. F. P. Thwing</i>	21
Man-eating Tree of Canada, The	<i>Rev. J. A. McClung</i>	127

INDEX.

Methodism and Temperance	<i>Rev. M. L. Pearson</i>	93
Moderation, Danger of		35
National Liquor Bills in the United States		30
Only Now and Then		176
Organized Efforts.....	<i>Rev. John Hall, D.D.</i>	48
Our War-cry		66
Pipe, Sammy Hicks and his.....	<i>Rev. T. E. Thorsby</i>	180
Pledge, The Girl's and Boy's.....		181
Pledge, Take the		166
Poison: A Recitation.....		177
Prayer, A	<i>Rev. J. B. Williams</i>	26
Prohibition		60
Prohibition, Benefits of		68
Remuneration to Liquor Dealers	<i>Rev. K. Creighton</i>	70
Smoke, Do not		179
Smoking, Juvenile	<i>Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.</i>	182
Song, A. Temperance	<i>Rev. Dr. Hatfield</i>	102
Speech, Woodie's Temperance		171
Teetotal Waggon		30
Temperance Cause, A Bed-rock for the	<i>Dr. Cuyler</i>	88
" " What it has Done	<i>Rev. Newman Hall</i>	47
" " Progress of the		43
" Gospel of	<i>Dr. Talmage</i>	53
" Man, A Plucky		184
" Thoughts at Random Strung		104
The Question of the Times	<i>Rev. Wm. McDonagh</i>	143
Tobacco as a Medicine		179
Total Abstinence, Safety of		37
" " Benefits of		39
" " vs. Moderation.....	<i>Rev. J. C. Antkiff, B.D.</i>	132
" " 	<i>Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D.</i>	141
What We Need		54
Which Jug		178
Young Men, An Address to.....	<i>R. T. Booth</i>	83
Young, A Few Words to the.....		163

INTRODUCTION.

ALL who have carefully studied the signs of the times, in regard to temperance work and social reform, must be convinced that the diffusion of sound arguments and correct information, in relation to the liquor traffic, the drinking usages of society, and the physical and moral effects of alcohol, is an essential condition of success. A large majority of the people never make these subjects a special study, and have very imperfect ideas of the evil and danger which result from this cause. It is specially important that our young people be early instructed on these points, so that they may have correct views regarding the basis of right conduct. Those who are well informed respecting the grounds of duty, and the facts and arguments by which total abstinence and reformatory work are vindicated, are less likely to be turned aside from the right way by plausible sophistries, or ensnaring temptations. We want a generation trained in sound principles and right habits ; and we will never win a complete victory over the combined forces of selfish interest and evil habits, till we gain this vantage ground, from which to carry on our warfare against intemperance and the evils which follow in its train.

In this little volume, Mr. Rogers presents a valuable contribution towards educating the public mind on this great practical question. Here will be found a good collection of stirring and instructive articles, on the different phases of the temperance theme. The importance of abstinence, the evils of the traffic, and the necessity for earnest action are forcibly presented. Neither old nor young can carefully read this book without profit. It is indeed "SHOT AND SHELL"—something that, while it inspires those who read it to greater zeal in reformatory work, will, at the same time, furnish facts and arguments, which they may effectually use in the battle against this terrible evil. I hope it will have a wide circulation, and rouse to action many who are now indolent or indifferent.

I would urge all readers of these pages, first of all to give the full influence of their example on the right side. Let no false ideas of fashion or gentility induce you to deem the wine-cup a harmless thing. In the next place, use every means in your power, social, moral, and legal, to lessen or destroy the evils of tipping and intemperance.

The motives that prompt to vigorous and united action have not been weakened by the lapse of time. The baneful results of a legalized liquor traffic are still unspeakably deplorable. Whatever temporary inaction may characterize our temperance agencies in their work, there is no cessation of the poverty, crime, and ruin produced by intoxicating liquors. Personal Christian effort, to reform the fallen and shield the young, should go hand in hand with earnest and united endeavours to enforce the law against the traffic. Unless we are content to stand idly watching the progress of intemperance, and thus becoming in some degree responsible for the terrible consequences, we must vigorously use the legal means which the Parliament of our country has furnished for preventing the evils of the liquor traffic. After we have succeeded in securing what we believe to be a greatly improved local option law, it would be unwise, unpatriotic, and recreant to duty, to neglect to take the necessary steps to bring this law into force, merely because selfish and interested parties are anxious to disparage and misrepresent it. Every available agency by which the work may be forwarded should be vigorously brought into play. Among the most effective of these are the diffusion of sound literature, and the training of the young in our Sunday-schools and homes in right principles and habits, so that they may be a numerous, valiant, and intelligent army, to battle for the destruction of this great enemy to the progress and happiness of our country.

E. HARTLEY DEWART.

"CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN" OFFICE,
Toronto, *December*, 1883.

SHOT AND SHELL.

“AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS.”



HE parable from which the heading of this paper is selected, is founded on something we can all understand. In olden time when a man wanted to injure his neighbor, he would cross his field, after it had been sown in wheat, with a sack full of tares, and scatter it all over the field. Of course it would soon sprout up and greatly injure, if not spoil the crop. Our version calls this mischievous seed “tares,” but some travellers who have encountered the same plant describe it as the “darnel”—a seed which in its early growth is somewhat like the wheat, but when the ear is formed the difference is clearly seen.

The mischief was done “while men slept.” It may not have been at night, however, as in the East they usually took a short sleep after the mid-day meal, and the darnel may have been sown then. And sometimes we are asleep and waken not until the vicious seeds have taken root and sprouted—indeed, in some instances, have brought forth a frightful harvest.

Whether it was by night or by day, one thing is certain, *our unwatchfulness is Satan's opportunity.*

This practice of darnel sowing is still practiced in these times in many ways.

1. The "enemy" makes use of the printing press to scatter his seeds. At no period were there ever so many good books and papers in circulation as at present. But we regret that much of the literature of to-day is charged with insidious infidelity—and that which sneers at religion and caricatures its professors. The land is full of light, vicious publications. Every railroad train has its agents, and men and women who love money write and push these productions, irrespective of their moral character or religious tone. I could name some such books and papers, but my practice is usually to let Satan do his own advertising. It is enough to say that as a Church, and as parents we must not sleep, but put in motion counter-acting influences that will neutralize and destroy the bad influence of these immoral and skeptical issues from a corrupt press. Talk not of religious publications being too dear: no religious book or paper can be too expensive, if by its introduction into the home the destroying influences of a skeptical and licentious press are averted.

A preacher recently was urging one of his members to subscribe for a religious paper. He declined on the ground that he could not take any more papers, and that he had taken religious papers and his children would not read them. The preacher suggested if he

were able to take secular papers he certainly was able to take religious ones, and reasoned that the moral and religious instruction of his children was of more importance than any other interest. As to the second reason, "that his children would not read them," the minister was at a loss to reply. A short time afterward he visited that family, and the reason why a religious paper was unread was apparent. On the table was the secular paper of the day, with its columns filled with open and insidious assaults on Christianity—a sensational weekly; and open on the table, with its vicious pictures exposed to the gaze of son and daughter, was a copy of the *Police Gazette*. No wonder a religious paper was an unwelcome visitor in that home. "An enemy" had been there, and the "tares" of an immoral taste had been sown. There is a very intimate connection between this kind of reading and the commission of crime. A few months ago only, a twelve-year-old boy in Alabama, who was a constant reader of the *Police Gazette* and other such trash, took his revenge upon a negro for a trifling injury by splitting his head open with an axe. In the boy's pocket was found a copy of a paper containing a thrilling illustration of the Franklin County tragedy of ten years ago, when a man killed one Rackard with an axe. The deed of the youngster is directly traceable to the reading of those books which give false views of life and make it noble and heroic to do such deeds. Both of the above may be extreme cases, yet I fear there are thousands who are permitting the good impressions

made on the minds of their children by the preaching of the Gospel and Sabbath-school instruction to be supplanted by the sensational and positively infidel literature of the day. The fathers and mothers who are asleep, and allow this "darnel" to be sown in their home, and fail to provide the antidote in the form of sound moral and religious reading, are committing a fearful blunder, aye, more—a *sin* which will make their hearts ache some day, when its fruit shall be gathered from the lives of unbelieving and irreligious sons and daughters. One of the objects we have in sending out this little volume is, that it may do its part in counteracting the evil influences of such books and papers as are referred to in this paragraph.

2. "An enemy hath done this" finds an illustration also in the drinking customs of the present time. A father and mother may be scattering good seed in the form of advice, prayers, and entreaties, while the enemy scatters amid it all the wretched "darnel seed" of enticing him to drink that which yields a fearful crop of sad consequences. He who thus entices another is, without doubt, doing the devil's work, and while a terrible responsibility rests upon associates who trap and ensnare each other with drink, we go farther back and say, a great responsibility rests upon the liquor dealer against whom is pronounced the "woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink,"—and farther back still, the responsibility rests upon you and I, as voters, electors, and public teachers, if we fail in our duty, for every one who will vote for men who

encourage this system of darnel-sowing, this traffic in drink, is responsible, so far as his influence goes, for the whole results that follow. Let every one enter into a crusade against this "great red dragon of Intemperance, with its ten horns hooking and lacerating society."

We are gratified because of the great change in public opinion within the last ten years, in relation to this form of "darnel sowing." Without doubt this change has been wrought mainly through the indefatigable labors of the temperance people, and we intend, God helping us, to *work* on and PRAY on until we secure the desired end—Prohibition. At a critical juncture in the American war of 1864, the Cabinet were in session at the "White House," anxiously waiting for tidings from the sanguinary conflict then waging in Virginia. A despatch at length arrived stating that the Union forces were driven back and badly demoralized. After a brief silence, in which the members of the Cabinet looked at each other, one of them said, "Well, Mr. President, what next?" Mr. Lincoln calmly replied, "There is only one thing for us to do, and that is to keep pegging away." This homely yet significant utterance of Abraham Lincoln is especially applicable to us in our work. It was constant and unrelenting efforts that closed the saloons in Jessemine County in Kentucky. There is not a licensed whiskey shop there, and in Tennessee rigorous laws have just been enacted which are working untold good among all classes. "Drunkards cease to stagger

through the streets, drunkards' wives wipe the tears from their faces and take fresh heart, young men cease hanging around the saloons taking their first lessons in drinking, taxation is lightened, and industry increased." These results are a happy surprise to all except a small class who may feel aggrieved that they are no longer allowed to prey upon society, and scatter seeds which overrun the whole nature with useless and sinful habits.

Let us seek by every legitimate means—the scattering of good literature, the power of good example—to neutralize and destroy the work done by those who are scattering the devil's "darnel." Let good men and women go on in the work of spreading light, scattering good seed, and helping the good cause by the use of facts, argument, and persuasion.

STRONG DRINK.

I. THE CAUSE OF WRETCHEDNESS.

" I HAVE heard the sad wail of children for bread, and their mother had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling at breasts as dry as if the starved mother was dead. I have known a father to turn a stepdaughter into the streets at night, bidding the sobbing girl, who bloomed into womanhood, earn her bread there as others were doing. I have bent over the foul pallet of a dying lad, to hear him

whisper that his father and mother, who were sitting half drunk by the fireside, had pulled the blanket off his body to sell for drink. I have seen the children blanched like plants growing in a cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air, for want of rags to cover their nakedness; and they lived in continual terror of a drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I do not recollect ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings dandling her infant, or of hearing the little creature crow or laugh. These are some of drink's doings, but nobody can know the misery I suffered amid those scenes of wretchedness, woe, want, and sin."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

II. AN ENEMY OF THE GOSPEL.

"As a Christian minister I oppose drink, because it opposes me. The work I try to do it undoes. My charge against it at this point is single and simple. It is an obstacle which assails the gospel, and whose complete success would drive the gospel from the earth. The chains it forges are the strongest and most galling ever fastened to the human body of the human soul. There is not a sinner on the face of the earth so unlikely to be savingly affected by the influence of the gospel as the habitual drunkard. He may be a man of delicate sensibility, of lofty purpose, and of towering intellect; he may have qualities which, untainted with alcohol, would adorn his character; but if he is addicted to his cup his destination is almost inevitably to the bottomless pit. The salvation of a

thorough drunkard is one of the mightiest miracles of Almighty grace. I know men who are frequently convicted of their need of experimental religion, but who are held back from a single step toward it by the charms of rum. All other fetters would be as gossamer in the way of their urgent longings: this holds them. Many a poor, heart-broken wretch has staggered up to the altar for prayer, and cried earnestly for mercy, and reeled away again to drown his sorrows in the bowl which caused them, and which will aggravate them until they culminate amid unquenchable flames."—*Bishop Foss*.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

IN some villages and rural districts there may be a few who know or see comparatively little of the widespread and tremendous evils resulting from the traffic in strong drink, but the great majority have such abundant evidence that there is no possibility of their remaining in ignorance respecting them. Others see, but are almost indifferent, and may not be aroused until the "rum fiend" enters their home and blasts the character and life of some member of their own family. We propose to give the testimonies of great men who have been awakened to the fact that there is nothing so destructive to the happiness and morals of the people as is this body and soul destroying traffic.

The Bishop of Manchester, England—"Beer and wine shops with vaults are gateways to hell."



John Wesley—"They murder by the wholesale, neither doth their eye pity or spare, and the inheritance of blood is theirs."

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York—"The alcohol is the one evil genius whether in wine, or ale, or whiskey, and is killing the race of man."

John Williams, the martyr Missionary of the Pacific Islands—"I dread the arrival of an American ship, for though she may have more missionaries in her cabin, she brings in her hold the death water of damnation."

Robert Hall, a very sober and eloquent orator, following in Shakespeare's line, said—"It is a liquid and distilled damnation;" and in our own day an eminent scientific authority has said, "It is the devil in solution."

The late General Dix, Governor of New York—"I am very glad you have allowed the Woodland House to remain vacant instead of renting it for the sale of liquors. I would rather let it remain vacant until the end of time than to have it rent for such a purpose. I consider rum the cause of nine-tenths of all the murders, poverty, and crimes in the country, and no earthly consideration would induce me in the remotest manner to contribute to its sale."

Why does not the traffic come out and tell us some of its virtues? There are many and serious charges against it: is it guilty or not guilty? It certainly accomplishes wonderful and sad transformations in society. Who has not seen it as it takes a boy of beauty and promise, teaches him to carouse with gay

associates, and makes him a bloated, loathsome, worthless man? Who has not seen it as it takes a young girl, loved and lovable, and converts her into a miserable, haggish woman, at whom passers-by point with fingers of scorn? It breaks hearts, blasts character, destroys the happiness of homes, murders citizens, and laughs at all efforts to check it in its deadly tread.

Though these are but a few of its ravages, yet to say that it accomplishes these is a *serious* charge. If the charges are not true, let the traffic refute them.

“Thousands are yet distilling
The poison of our race,
And graves and prisons filling
With death and dire disgrace.”

These facts are sufficient to convince the incredulous and inform the unknowing. But I think it safe to assume that every one knows something of the evils connected with this traffic of poison and death. With every patriot and Christian the practical question is, “Are we to sit by and tamely submit to it year by year?”

As citizens of a Christian country we must be made to feel this truth, that so far as our influence and vote are concerned, *we are responsible* for the continuance of it.

“In the providence of God the people of this country are the rulers; their votes control the law-makers and those who execute the laws; hence they are *particeps criminus* in all the mischief which this traffic is doing in this land.

"Before the bar of public opinion, and before the Judge of all the earth, we charge that the freemen of this country are responsible for all this waste and terrible tide of woe. They have the power to throttle this great 'blood-gorged dragon' and destroy him. If they fail to do so, they must stand charged with being partakers in this dark and terrible criminality; and if the court of public opinion fails to abate the evil, the guilty must face the charge in the light of the Judgment-fires."

I. ITS RUINOUS WORK.

"The liquor traffic is spreading irreligion, idleness, poverty, and crime among the people. Shall we sit tamely by and allow this work of demoralization to proceed unchecked? Are the financial interests of the liquor sellers, who fatten on the ruin of others, to outweigh the interests of the people? The principle of prohibition is already recognized, in the various restrictions imposed upon the traffic. It is simply a question of extending the operation of this principle. If the use of intoxicating liquors, promoted by a legalized traffic, destroys a great quantity of food annually, withdraws a large proportion of industry and talent from spheres of usefulness, and promotes poverty, vice, and misery among the people, in the name of common sense, how can it be injurious to the country to arrest this waste of food and waste of talent, or to adopt measures that will prevent the formation of those habits of intemperance that have

prematurely blighted so many lives? Men of Canada, on! War a good warfare against this demoralizing business. Be not laggards in this moral strife. Let the people, inspired by a true Christian patriotism, rise in their invincible strength and wipe out for ever this blot upon the fair fame of our beloved country.”
—*E. H. Dewart, D.D.*

II. HOW CAN WE TOLERATE IT.

“How a Christian people professing the doctrines of Christ, professing to be measurably imitators of His life and example, how such a people can wink and blink at the liquor traffic passes comprehension. The thief of a few pennies is sent to jail, and deservedly. A man who strikes another is punished by the strong arm of the law. And yet a Christian people allows its citizens to deal out that which reduces thousands to beggary, which steals the brains, which nurtures and fosters crime, which demoralizes society and ruins souls. Liquor to the right of us, liquor to the left of us, liquor in front of us, drunk at the corner grocery, drunk at the public bar, drunk in the railway trains. And we are a Christian people, and this is the nineteenth century. It is a long jump to heaven from the top of a whiskey barrel.”—*T. D. Talmage, D.D.*

III. IT WON'T LET US ALONE.

“It is sometimes said, ‘Rum never hurts those who let it alone.’ Go stand to-night beneath this waning moon, on the south-westerly slopes of Mount Auburn,

and you will see a little new-made grave. Over it bends the branches of a walnut-tree, through which the struggling moonbeams reveal the resting-place of our latest born and earliest taken. It is sweet with flowers and tears, and consecrated by prayer and psalm. Autumn showers have steeped the sod, yet by the cuttings of the spade the stranger sees it is the grave of a child. When I go to the little grave I cannot help feeling a new consecration to the noble reform. Do you ask why? Startle not when I speak out of my heart. *Rum helped to dig my boy's grave.* Indirectly, perhaps, but really. Yes! intoxicating drink stole away the senses of one who was in charge of these two little brothers while their parents were absent at the death-bed of a mother. Deserting her charge, she wandered about, incoherently talking of unfulfilled duties, and left them without food or drink, companionship or care. Half-starved and chilled, the little convalescent soon relapsed, and passed away ere long to the safer custody of Christ above. I have no curses to pour on any human being, however deeply he may have sinned; but on the traffic which can not only stultify man but besot woman—which puts property in peril, and renders life insecure—upon that I heap my hottest hate! By all the love I bore to that child, by all I bore to others just as precious, that is high and holy, I vow against this trade eternal war.—*Rev. F. P. Thwing.*

IV. TRAFFIC DESCRIBED.

"I will tell you my idea of the liquor traffic very briefly. God forgive me, I do not speak of it boastingly, for my sins are ever before me; seven years of my life was a dark blank. I know what the burning appetite for stimulant is; I know all about it, and I have sat by the dying bedside of drunkards; I have held their hand in mine; I have tried to lead them at the last gasp to the Saviour who never turned any away that came to Him: and yet, in the light of my own experience and the experience of others that I have received through my observation, I could say, Father in Heaven, if it be Thy will that man shall suffer, whatever seemed good in Thy sight of temporal evil, impose it on me; let the bread of affliction be given to me to eat; take from me the friends of old age; let the hut of poverty be my dwelling-place; let the wasting hand of disease be laid upon me; let me walk in the whirlwind, live in the storm; let the passing away of my welfare be like the flowing of a stream, and the shouts of my enemies like rain on the waters; when I speak good, let evil come on me—do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the bed of a drunkard! And yet, as I shall answer to Thee in the day of judgment, I had rather be the veriest sot that reeled through your streets, than I would be the man who sold him his liquor for a month."—*J. B. Gough.*

V. ITS WICKEDNESS.

"The liquor traffic exists still in our midst. It wields a gigantic power; it is enormously rich in

capital; it has any amount of desperate pluck; those interested in maintaining it are legion; the sacred sanction of law still shelters it, and it goes on hourly doing its deadly work all over our land. While this state of things lasts we need not boast much. The truth is we are, after all, only begining to see a little into the infinite wickedness and peril to society of this whole business. The proof of this statement is in the simple fact that we can tolerate such a thing amongst us with so much patience and placidity, while we pretend to be a civilized, intelligent, virtuous, and Christian people. There is enough villany in connection with the liquor trade, in any one day, to awaken such a storm of virtuous indignation from one end of the country to the other, as would never calm down until the whole traffic were throttled to death. But days, weeks, months, and years of its most infernal iniquities pass before our eyes, and no such storms of righteous wrath awaken, except in the breasts of individuals here and there. We are not as intelligent, as civilized, as conscientious, as we think. It is neither civilization nor Christianity to legalize such a trade as this at all. It is a monstrous perversion of justice to stretch out the mighty arm of the law to defend men in pursuing such a trade as this liquor traffic. What are those great distillers? They are murderers by wholesale of Her Majesty's subjects. That was John Wesley's opinion, and he never said a truer thing. What are these liquor saloons and grog-shops? Their true classification is houses of ill-fame. Whether it be

the liquor-bars of the palatial city hotel, or the rough country tavern, they are one and all infamous dens, that ought to be raided by the police and broken up as a nuisance of the very worst sort. And what are those millions of revenue we so willingly take as a bribe to permit this horrible thing to live? It is accursed blood money, every dollar of it.”—*Rev. J. C. Seymour.*

VI. HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

“The liquor traffic can never be satisfactorily regulated—it must be suppressed. No matter what the law may be, or how it may be enforced, anything short of entire prohibition will not satisfy the temperance community. Christian men everywhere are beginning to see more clearly the sin of making legal that which God has stamped with his own word of condemnation; and even men of the world are being led to question seriously the wisdom of licensing the cause of crime and punishing the effect. So terrible a curse as intemperance should be exterminated—not tolerated. The liquor traffic should be made illegal, and then the war against it could be more consistently and zealously carried on. There is an absurd as well as a serious aspect to our present law on this matter. We make the traffic lawful and respectable by licensing it, and then cry out about its iniquity and villainess; we give a saloon-keeper authority to make a man drunk, and then, in the police court the next morning, fine the poor fellow for getting drunk! The

sooner we, as a community, adopt a more reasonable and common sense method of dealing with this great question, the better for our country. If the liquor traffic is right, let us place no restrictions upon it; if it is wrong, the whole system should be put under the ban of the law."—*Christian Guardian*.

A PRAYER.

OD of eternal love,
Throned in the world above,
Regard our prayer.

Behold with pitying eye,
The multitudes who lie,
Fall'n to the ground to die,
In deep despair,

Intemperance, like a wave,
Bears hundreds to the grave,
As moments fly.

In this auspicious hour,
Display Thy mighty power,
Send blessings like a shower,
Down from on high.

In this our native land,
The sons of freedom stand,
And wait to see
Their country free from thrall,
King alcohol's downfall,
And temperance over all,
Reigning supreme.

Then shall our country rise,
The fairest 'neath the skies,
A joy to see.
Bright as the morning star,
Sending her light afar,
Her golden gate ajar,
Land of the free.

—Rev. J. B. Williams.

WAR AGAINST THE TRAFFIC.

WHO WILL HELP US IN THIS WORK?

I.

¶ HAVE to tell you the women will be on our side. "Oh," says some one, "that makes no difference; they can't vote." They can and they do. Are you not willing to acknowledge that the wives and mothers of America are the mightiest power extant? The women carried Iowa and Kansas for State Prohibition, and the women will carry the United States for National Prohibition. Every man with a wife who is not a fool is affected by her moral sentiment. If a business man wants business advice he goes to a business man, but if he wants moral advice he asks his wife, unless he is resolved on immorality, and then he asks no one. Woman understands the ravages of this dragon. She has seen one of its feet in the nursery, and another in the wardrobe, and another foot in the empty bread tray, and the other foot saturated with the tears and blood of a desolate home. Woman knows what rum does by its fiery wake. Charles Dickens laughs at the

punch bowl, and poets garland the wine cup, and many an impersonator has made audiences roar with mirth at the step of the drunkard, but women sees but little fun in that dramatization. She looks beyond the foot lights of the comedian until she sees the blue, cold, shoeless feet of little children, and the daughter by destitution turned into a life of infamy, and the gash across the wife's temples from the edges of a decanter, and a wild, disheveled man standing midfloor, uttering a halloo that makes the children shriek and the wife drop on her knees looking towards a God who for ten years has not seemed to care anything for her—that maniac with one fist dashing to pieces the mirror at which his bride once arranged her tresses, while with the other he throws the family bible with the marriage record into the flames, and with cracked lips curses the God who will yet avenge the cause of his children, though his judgments tarry long. There is not much fun in all that for women. Oh, we shall have in this country a million Deborahs ready to help the Baracs in this conflict, and who will go forth and demand of the United States Government national prohibition.

II.

Churches of God will come in solidly on the subject. The world may scoff at Christian people as insignificant, but banded together for any great moral movement, they can carry anything at the ballot-box and in Congressional assembly. The trouble is they have

never yet massed their forces. The rum-drinking professors of religion will get out of her and go clear over to the devil who owns them now from hat to heel, and the Methodist Church, and the Baptist Church, and the Congregational Church, and the Episcopalian Church, and the Presbyterian Church led on by some Dr. Guthrie, and the Catholic Church led on by some Father Mathew, will come in on this cause, and then the question will be so thoroughly settled, and the work will be so thoroughly done, that after you and I are dead and gone, and far on in the future, in a museum in this country, there will be standing on the same shelf the lachrymatory of an ancient tomb, and the demijohn of a modern wine cellar, both alike curiosities; and the antiquarian in his lecture will explain to his students how one of them was a receptacle of tears for the dead, and the other was the fountain of tears for the living. For the Church of God, for all patriots, for all good women as well as good men, let the battle-cry for the next twenty-five years be, "Down with the rum traffic! National prohibition! No quarter for the license system! Eternal smash for the wine bottles! Death to the red dragon!" I take the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and I thrust the old grizzly monster through, and through, and through, and stamp on the execrable carcass, and cry with the angel that St. John saw standing in the sun at the time the beast was slain, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, "Come and gather yourselves together to the supper of the great God!"—
T. D. Talmage.

TEETOTAL WAGGON.

THIS good Teetotal Waggon was running rather slow,
 Until the ladies lent a hand, and then it had to go ;
 For, when they fight for God and Right, it isn't worth denying
 They'll have their way and win the day, or else they'll die
 a-trying.

The Opposition waggon is freighted down with woes.
 Its track is strewn with blood and tears as through the world
 it goes.

It runs upon a downward grade ; Perdition is its level ;
 Its passengers are drunkards, and its driver is the d—ramseller.

And now, good friends, before we start, we've this good word
 to say :

Let tipplers quit that Whisky Cart and go the other way ;
 While temperance men and women too, and boys and girls
 beside,

We'll stay on board the journey through, and all take a ride.

Sel.

NATIONAL LIQUOR BILLS IN UNITED STATES.

ESTIMATES are made from time to time, based on
 returns from the Internal Revenue office, Police
 and other places, Hospitals, Insane Asylums, Poor-
 houses and charitable institutions, from which it is
 calculated with reasonable certainty that the liquor
 bills in this country amount yearly to not less than

1. Direct expenses, \$600,000,000.
2. Indirect expenses, an equal amount.
3. Intemperance burns and destroys property,
 amounting to \$10,000,000.

4. It destroys 70,000 lives.
5. It makes 30,000 widows, and 100,000 orphans.
6. It makes 500 maniacs.
7. It instigates 250 murders, and causes 500 suicides.
8. It consigns to jail 500,000 criminals.
9. And greater than all this, it endangers the inheritance of liberty left us by our fathers, by debauching the voters and making instruments for upholding corruption by means of the ballot-box.

The above statements, with a degree of correctness are applicable to our otherwise fair Dominion. "These are the days of boasted patriotism, but how can we be patriots if, by word or deed, our example encourages the drinking customs of the day? A tremendous outcry was raised in our fatherland about tithes, and they did not amount to one million a year; but when are the patriots to condemn the appropriation of \$20,000,000 a year to the purposes of vice and poverty, sickness and crime in the consumption of ardent spirits, liquid death, which has flooded our country, and notwithstanding all the vigorous efforts put forth, the flood of misery rolls on. O! Son of God, stretch forth Thine arm omnipotent, and sweep the earth, redeemed by Thy blood from this soul-destroying abomination, that the beauties of holiness may clothe every region and the songs of heaven float on every breeze."

THREE FALSE LIGHTS.

THE *first* one is that God's Word approves and sanctions the use of alcoholic beverages! For one hundred years American slavery was buttressed by the same plea, that the Bible sanctioned it. But since the battle of Appomatox the sharpest eye never discovered such a passage. The teachings of Scripture may be summed up in four heads:

1. The Bible in various passages point out the evils and the perils of intoxicating drinks. It never pronounces a blessing on an intoxicant, and often warns men against its use; several passages forbid such use.

2. The Bible in several passages approves and commends abstinence from intoxicating beverages. There is not a single verse in this Book which condemns total abstinence.

3. The whole spirit of the Word of God teaches self-control and self-denial, both for our own sakes and for the good of our fellow-men. The only passage in which the word "moderation" occurs, has no reference whatever to moderate drinking. It has not the faintest reference to the use of beverages. The word itself translated signifies constancy, calmness and quietness.

4. Every passage in the Bible is to be studied in the light of the whole Book. The whole Book teaches the same truths which God has written upon our bodily constitution. If alcohol poisons the body, disorders the brain corrupts the character, damns the manhood

and destroys the soul, it is forbidden by the whole volume of the revealed Word.

The *second* false light is that wine and ale and other alcoholic beverages are creatures of God, to be not refused, but used in "moderation and with thanksgiving." I have heard that quoted since I was a child. As to alcoholic beverages being good creatures of God and to be used with thanksgiving, I deny as an absurdity. Alcohol is not a "good creature" of the God of love, for it is nowhere to be found in the whole domain of nature. While the Almighty has created innumerable fountains of sparkling water, he never created a gill of alcohol! It is the simple product of the fermenting vat and distillery. It is born of vegetable decay. God made the golden corn to nourish and sustain his mighty family; but distillation throws the golden grain into a vat of rottenness, and presses out of the rotting mass the fiery juice of alcohol. God hung the purple clusters on the vine to gladden the human eye and palate, but fermentation turns the pure blood of the grape into the maddening intoxicant. God created poppies; but he never created opium. If he did create it, are there not poisons known in nature that may be sometimes sparingly used as a medicine, but common sense forbids them as a beverage. The Song of the Corn conveys its meaning:

"I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put in the mill,
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed ;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule ;
In drink I'm a master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning—
'My strength I'll employ :
If eaten, to strengthen !
If drunk, to destroy !'"

The last false light is that moderate drinking does not lead to drunkenness. I do not say that every one who goes down Fulton-street enters the gate at the ferry, but I do say that those who are in the ferry-house must have gone through that street. If it is said that a very moderate drinker is not an enslaved drunkard and may never become one, we grant it. We grant that Niagara rapids are not Niagara cataract. We grant, too, that some men who have launched their boats far up toward the head of the rapids have pulled out of the stream and have reached the shore. But this we declare, that just so long as Niagara rapids tend toward the cataract and draw with an increasing suction and momentum toward the

cataract, so long by the immutable laws of God will every use of alcoholic stimulant tend to drunkenness and draw to destruction. That some have resisted it, and have not been drawn over, does not alter the character of the tendency. There is not a moderate drinker in this house who is not constantly resisting the tendency while he remains a moderate drinker. I set before you all the clear straight channel of total abstinence. It is a safe channel, strewn with no wrecks of health, and wrecks of home, or wrecks of hearts or eternal hopes. It has guided millions to competence and comfort and cleanliness of life. It has borne thousands to the cross of Christ. God has blessed the honest efforts of pulpit and platform and press to guide men and women into this safe channel, and, as long as this pulpit stands, the true light shall shine on the safe channel, and no wife or mother, or daughter or sister shall ever call me to account and charge upon my example, or the utterances from this pulpit, the wreck of a son, or a brother, or a husband, for time or for eternity. All I ask is to be on the safe side, on God's side, for this world and the life everlasting.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

DANGER OF MODERATION.

THE "Morning" tells this instructive story of a moderate drinker. "A so-called moderate drinker was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety is alone in abstaining from the use of ardent

spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond self-control." "To make plain the question who is in the wrong," said the temperance man, "will you just quit one month, not to touch a drop during that time?" Said the other, "To satisfy your mind, sir, I will, with pleasure, though I know myself; I will do as you ask, to cure your overwrought ideas." He kept the promise, but at the end of the month he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he, "I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life. I see now I was almost beyond hope, and, had the test come many months later, it would have been too late for me. But I have kept the pledge, and, by God's help, I will keep it for life."

This incident illustrates the truth that "strong drink is a *deceiver*," and that many know not the danger until too late. A boy who once went with his father on a voyage to South America was anxious to see the equatorial line, and said to an old sailor: "Jack, will you show me the line when we cross it?"

"O yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line. The old tar said, "Yes, my lad."

"Why didn't you tell me and show it to me?"

The sailor replied, "O my lad, we always cross the line *in the dark*."

So the moderate drinker always crosses the line

between the moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral night settles down on him as he crosses the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, blinding him to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little way on the road he is travelling.

The following lines from Longfellow contain practical advice:—

“Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the angel of death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware, oh! beware,
For sickness, sorrow, and care
All are there.”

SAFETY OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

WE hold that total abstinence is positively a *safe* principle—we feel we are on solid ground. A moderate drinker *may* become a drunkard, a total abstainer *never can*. That is simple, common sense logic. I think it better, as temperance workers, to rest our arguments on this principle rather than on the *danger* of moderate drinking. Some can give instances of individuals who drank moderately for many years and never became drunkards, and in doing so they imagine they have established the position that moderation is safe. These comparatively few instances

are nothing compared to the thousands who began on that plan and yet filled drunkards' graves at last. A writer has illustrated it thus :—"A few years ago a vast crowd of persons were assembled on both banks of the Niagara river a short distance below the falls ; probably not less than 20,000 were present on the ground. What was the attraction ? Why, a man had advertised that he would walk across the gorge of the Niagara *on a single rope*. And he did cross quickly and safely. But how many persons in that vast course could have done the same thing ? Probably not one. So we meet here and there a man who has passed through life on the single rope of moderation with apparent safety ; but for every such case there are tens of thousands who, in trying to imitate their example, have perished miserably." The true line of argument is the superior *safety* of abstinence. A rotten bridge *may* bear you safely over the stream, but so long as there is a sound crossing, why use the perilous one ? A man who lately paid the penalty of death for his crime, at Springfield, Ohio, before his execution made a confession in which occur these remarkable words : "Rum lies at the foundation of all my sorrows. It found me a motherless boy with no one to influence me to discard its use. I followed on, and before I was aware of it it held me a slave ; I could not maintain a moderate use of it. The more I used the tighter the chains riveted about me, until now I find myself about to be hanged on account of what it has done for me. I hereby warn everybody,

both those who sell it, or in anywise uphold its use. Let my fate be a warning to both young and old, that the *safest* way is to touch not, nor taste the cup that has robbed me of *home, friends, liberty and life.*" Let the motto be "Total abstinence for the individual, prohibition for the State." It is all in these four lines,

"Mental suasion for the thinker,
Moral suasion for the drinker,
Legal suasion for the law breaker,
Prison suasion for the drunkard maker."

BENEFITS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

SOME time ago the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, England, called for evidence—from clergy, recorders, governors and chaplains of prisons, of lunatic asylums, governors of workhouses and superintendents of police—as to the results of the use of liquor. The evidence returned is of one complexion. "I can trace," said one clergyman, "nearly every case of family destitution to intemperance." Another says, "There would be no real poverty here, except from some illness, if there was no drunkenness." The governors of workhouses replied as follows, following the exact order in which they are printed: "Twelve years' experience shows that two-thirds of the inmates of this house are victims of intemperance." "Eighty per cent. may be given as the proportion of paupers who are the victims of intemperance." "I should say

that three-fourths of the inmates of this house have been victims of intemperance." "Without hesitation, I should say that seventy or eighty per cent. of the paupers come to that state through drink." And so it goes on, "eighty per cent.," "eighty out of one hundred," "three-fourths," "eighty per cent.," in terms that very soon range themselves into a grim tautology. One master of a workhouse says, "I have been relieving officer eleven years, and during that time *I never knew a teetotaler applying for parish relief.*"

The famous athlete, Tom Sayers, was once asked by a gentleman, "Well, Tom, I suppose when you are training, you use plenty of beefsteaks, and London porter and pale ale." The boxer replied, "In my time I have drunk more than was good for me; but when I have *business* to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells." After retiring from "business," he took to drink and died a sot. Cold water made him a Samson, alcohol laid him in his grave. As a motto of personal health and long life, "It is good not to drink wine."

Dr. Reynolds, the great temperance advocate, says that six hundred of the ablest physicians of the land testify that since they have ceased to give alcohol as a medicine they have had much better success with the patients than before.

Phillip Phillips, the great sacred song singer, said in one of his entertainments in Montreal that he had travelled over the world, and though fellow-companions drank wine, and beer and brandy for health,

and yet fell by the way for physical care, he drank only water (God's beverage), and had never in all his travels missed an engagement or employed a physician.

Dr. David Livingstone's testimony amid one of his terrible experiences of hardship in the interior of Africa, as recorded in his journal, is as follows:—"My opinion is, that the most severe labours and privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants, because those who have endured the most had nothing else but water."

A gentleman who is a chief in Shoshong, South Africa, sent a letter to the Scottish Temperance League, Glasgow, bearing date of November 24th, 1880, in which he states that since his efforts to stop the use of liquor there, his people are much better for it, and that his duties as chief have been greatly lightened,—for he adds—"Drink is death; it is that and nothing else." This testimony reminds us of a remark made by a temperance lecturer not long since. He said, "I know a victim to liquor who hasn't tasted food for over thirty years." A hearer said, "How do you know he hasn't?" The reply was, "Because whisky killed him in 1853."

These statements go to upset the theory that liquor is necessary to sustain under great physical or mental strain. We believe it is resorted to, in most instances, because it is liked. A noted actor in a London coffee house of the old variety, heard one man say, "Waiter, a glass of brandy, I'm hot." In a few minutes another customer cried out, "Waiter, a glass of brandy,

I'm cold." The actor was exasperated by the general dishonesty and halloed, "Waiter, a glass of brandy, *I like it.*"

A good story is told in which a Quaker seems to have discerned the true situation. An elderly gentleman accustomed to indulge freely in strong drink, entered the travellers' room of a tavern where sat a grave Quaker by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes and calling for brandy and water, he complained to the Quaker "that his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles did not seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think ; if thou wouldst wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

" Away, all drink that man distils,
So fraught with sin and sadness ;
We'll drain the cup that brings no ill,
The draught of health and gladness."

A moderate drinker once took up a temperance tract and sat down in his family to peruse it. After reading it once the man said, "The author of this is a fool or I am." He read it again and said the second time, "This man is a fool or I am." But after reading it again the third time he finished it by saying, "I was the fool," and never tasted a drop of ardent spirits afterward. If the reader of this paper be a moderate drinker I would say, "Go thou and do likewise."

As to the profitableness of total abstinence Dr. Franklin said, "It puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back and vigor in the body."

PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

NOT more than seventy-five years ago the first regularly organized temperance society was formed in the United States. We are informed that one of its regulations was as follows:—"Any member found drunk will be fined twenty-five cents, unless said intoxication takes place on the 4th of July or some other regular day of military muster." We laugh at that now, but it was then in advance of anything we had, and those who advocated the cause suffered for it. But from that and similar organizations there has arisen a band of temperance workers who have made their influence felt in this country for good. Our total abstinence pledge now has no exemptions for the 24th of May or the 1st of July. It is an understood thing that if a man is a temperance man he is to be one all the time—abroad as well as at home, that he will work by precept and example for the furtherance of the cause, and thus imitate the worthy example of an Irishman who had taken the pledge at home but afterwards came to this country, and on being asked

to take "a glass" he refused on the ground that he belonged to a temperance society, and had signed the pledge in the old land. The individual said, "O, but that was in Ireland. You might drink here and no person would know it." "Do you think," said he, "that I brought my body to this country and left my soul in Ireland?" The traffic in liquor is now guarded by many restrictions which have been secured by agitation, though those restrictions do not by any means fully satisfy those who are working for the overthrow of King Alcohol. We are satisfied with them so far as they go, because we believe they are steps in the right direction; but we do not believe that the liquor traffic can ever be satisfactorily regulated—it must be suppressed. Nothing short of that will satisfy us. We have been forced to take a lesson in tactics from Bismarck in relation to the advancement of our cause. Said he, "In politics I act as I do out snipe shooting. I put my foot on one stone and do not take it off till I see my way to another. When I have found that, I step firmly on to the new stone and leave the old one behind, and so on till I am out of the marsh." So we have taken step after step, and we trust we will soon be out of the bog. These restrictions, as means of doing away with the traffic, remind us of two boys who had a rabbit, and by accident it got its leg broken, which necessitated its being killed to prevent suffering. Tommy, who was a tender-hearted boy, said, "John, go behind the house and

kill the rabbit." After a time Tommy went around to see how he succeeded, and found his brother lightly tapping the rabbit on the head with a small stone. "Why don't you strike it hard at once?" said he, "and kill it." "Oh," said Johnny, "I want to kill it without hurting it." The application is easy. We shall never abolish the traffic unless we strike heavy blows. It is not a case in which a kid glove style of warfare will be of any avail. It is surely because we have become accustomed to the traffic that so many tamely submit to it. Let us suppose there are 100,000 hotels, or "toll-gates to hell" in the Dominion, occupying the time of 150,000 men. Suppose the same number of men would come over from the United States and do one-hundredth part of the damage to our people, the cry would be raised all over the land, "To arms! to arms!" and hurl the destructive foe from our land; but because the liquor traffic is licensed by law our people seem willing to submit to the greatest evil that ever has afflicted any people. At different times long petitions have been sent to the Government asking for prohibition; but large bodies move slowly, and it seems that legislative assemblies are not an exception. But we will petition again and again, if need be, and make our efforts tell upon the Government of this country. We must not merely pass resolutions denouncing the traffic, but we must use our franchise in sending to Parliament only such men as are favourable to the suppression of the liquor traffic.

“We boast of education,
Of laws to punish ill,
Yet license desolation—
Yes! license men to kill.
We called for legislation;
How foolish were our calls!—
While drinkers held high station
In legislative halls.”

Let us, as temperance workers, rejoice because of what we have thus far secured, and labour in confident expectation of receiving better and more efficient measures. We endorse the following from one of our leading Canadian journals:—“No cause has within the last five or six years made such progress as this of temperance has done, and nothing is more evident than that within the next decade it is destined to exercise a most potent influence on the course of political action and legislation on all the most civilized countries in the world. It has fairly got out of the slough of contempt; and even those who have no sympathy with its objects and operations cannot help watching its movements with interest, sometimes possibly even with alarm, while politicians are fain to trim their sails to the rising breeze, and are beginning to speak respectfully of what they had hitherto ridiculed, and to endorse what they had till lately both bitterly opposed and unsparingly condemned. The situation is hopeful, and the prospects encouraging. Let all help according to their light, and the result will cast into the shade all that has hitherto been accomplished.”

WHAT THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE HAS DONE.

IT is an enterprise that has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick, taught the ignorant, elevated the degraded, gladdened the sorrowful, and led to the Cross multitudes that had wandered far away; an enterprise that has gathered again the fortune that had been scattered, and built again the home that had been ruined, and raised again the character that had been blasted, and bound up again the heart that had been broken; an enterprise that had given peace where there was discord, and gladness where there had been woe; has prevented many a suicide, and robbed the gallows of many a victim that would otherwise have been there; an enterprise that has thinned the workhouse, hospital and jail, but has helped to fill the school, the lecture room and the industrial exhibition; an enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that were the pests of society; one of the best educators of the masses; one of the very chief pioneers of the Gospel. Like some fair spirit from another world, our great enterprise has trodden the wilderness, and flowers of beauty have sprung up upon her track. She has looked around, gladdening all on whom her smiles have fallen; she has touched the captive, and his fetters have fallen off; she has spoken, and the countenance of despair has been lighted up with hope; waved her magic wand, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Like the fabled Orpheus, she has war-

bled her song of mercy, and wild beasts, losing their ferocity, have followed gladly and gratefully in her train. She has raised up those that have been worse than dead—sepulchred in sin; and she has led multitudes to the living waters of salvation.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

ORGANIZED EFFORTS.

IT is admitted that when a vice has become prevalent and powerful, it is allowable to make organized resistance against it. This has been done in the case of obscene literature, and an almost complete stop has been put to its publication. It has been done in the organization of resistance against cruelty to the lower animals, and also against cruelty to children. There can be no question, then, of the wisdom and propriety of organizing in like manner for the prevention of the vice of intemperance. It is obvious, in fact, that such organization becomes necessary in self-defence, if for no other reason. There is no need to expatiate upon the evils of intemperance. It is the foe of industry, and the promoter of idleness and viciousness. It is the foe of human health. In every hospital in the land there lie bodily wrecks which have been made such by drunkenness. It is the foe of intellectual progress. There is not one of you who cannot point to men, bright, genial, witty, who have been ruined by intemperance. There are other sins of

which men may be habitually guilty, and yet retain their faculties; but when a man becomes the slave of this sin the very channels through which his reason might be appealed to are closed up. As I said before, the evils of intemperance are so obvious that they need not be mentioned. Christians rest their arguments against intemperance on the Scriptures, and there I think they have found a solid argument. There is no sort of doubt that in the Scriptures we are warned against it as a snare and temptation. Now, can there be any doubt that we can subsist without intoxicating liquors? To say that they are necessary is childish. If my use of intoxicating liquors will commend them by my influence and example to others to whom they may be harmful, it is my duty as a Christian to avoid them.

You can easily imagine the case of a man who is hospitably invited by his hostess to take wine. In his early manhood he has yielded to excessive drinking. He has put the temptation away from him, but now, when it is again presented to him, he is surrounded by men who know of his youthful weakness. He wishes to say "No," but he fears to do so. He knows that they will think, "Ah! poor fellow, he knows his own weakness; he does not dare accept the proffered drink!" He is tempted to prove to them that he, as well as they, can drink a glass of wine without fear of permitting it to lead to drunkenness. But let the men who surround him: ministers, lawyers, bankers—men against whom there had never

been a suspicion of weakness—let them say *no*, and they place before him the shield of their strength, they render his refusal easy. In conclusion I would say, don't press liquors upon others, don't give the weight of your personal character to the habit of drinking. If it gives you pain to forego your habit of taking liquors, then I say to you that you have reached a point where it is time, for your own sake, to abstain from them.—*John Hall, D.D.*

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

IT is only about fifty years since the first active and united efforts commenced in the interests of the cause of temperance in this country. The work that has been done in this half-century is certainly most encouraging, and although the enemy has not been completely destroyed, yet the results of the aggressive efforts that have been made are enough to warrant us in carrying on the good cause with still greater zeal. Fifty years ago the use of intoxicating liquor, by farmers in gathering their crops, and by mechanics in their shops and homes, was almost a universal habit. Fifty years ago there were very few temperance societies, and the pulpit was almost silent concerning this giant evil. Now the position is entirely different. Temperance Associations have been formed; men of ability and influence have spoken and written on the subject until public sentiment has almost entirely changed. It is no longer considered

a respectable thing for a man to habitually indulge in intoxicating drinks; and in all positions of trust total abstinence men are invariably given the preference. The Church now takes a very different stand on the temperance question. Instead of refraining to refer to the matter at all, the evil of intemperance is being attacked on all sides by ministers of the Gospel of various denominations. The press, religious and secular, is giving more and more attention to the subject, and never was there so much good temperance literature being circulated as to-day.

In looking at the progress that has been made during the past few years, and considering the prospect for the next decade, nothing is more cheering than the advanced position now taken by the Churches, and, we may say, especially by the Methodist Church. The temperance question was regarded very differently by the Church than it is to-day, even within the memory of many of our readers. It is said that a Church in the eastern part of Canada, some years ago, actually rented its basement as a wine and beer storehouse, while the upper part still continued to be used for the preaching of the Gospel. The trustees became somewhat ashamed of the use to which they had allowed their building to be put when a wag placed a placard over the front door, on a Sunday morning, bearing the inscription,—

“ A spirit above, and a spirit below,
A Spirit of love and a spirit of woe :
The Spirit above is the Spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.”

Such a thing as a Church employed, even indirectly, in the liquor business, seems to us now scarcely possible, which simply shows that a wonderful change has taken place in public sentiment, and more especially among Christian people. The Church should not, however, rest satisfied with what has been done. The temperance question is the great living question of the day, and must be dealt with. The Church is an institution which aims at overthrowing evil, and cultivating and encouraging the purest morality. It has the true remedy for vice—the Gospel of Christ—and ought, therefore, by example and action, seek to so influence public opinion that this traffic in strong drink shall be declared illegal. Much has been done, there is still room for improvement. There are still many members and adherents in all our Churches who, if not direct patrons of the liquor trade, are at least indifferent and careless in opposing it. In a pamphlet by the late Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, published a year or two ago, the author makes the following astounding statement. He says: "I have no doubt that the money expended by the Presbyterian Church in the United States for intoxicating drinks amounts every year to more than all the receipts of our Home and Foreign Missionary Societies; and the total amount expended for drinks in the United States, if devoted to the national debt, would pay it in four years." If this statement be true, there is yet much to be done in the Church itself before we may expect it to enter very energetically into aggressive movements against the

traffic. In the agitations now going on in different countries, and in the great conflicts for prohibition, the Church ought to lead. The cause of temperance reform is certainly a legitimate field for Christian activity. Let all ministers of the Gospel, all members of Christian Churches, be pledged to total abstinence, and moreover pledged to work for the complete overthrow of intemperance, and we believe the good cause would soon triumph.—*E. H. Dewart, D.D.*

THE GOSPEL OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Bible declares that "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." What it says it means, all "explanation" to the contrary. And with such a declaration how plain is it that temperance work is essentially a Gospel work. And it is doubly so. First, the Bible enjoins it; and what the Bible enjoins the preacher of the Gospel should advocate. Secondly, it is emphatically "good news" which turns the intemperate man away from his bottle and keeps him to his Bible. What man enslaved by appetite can break his own chain? Man's will can indeed do much, but there must first come the inclination. And there is where the root of the trouble is. "Let me sleep," says the sluggard; "Let me swear," says the swearer; "Let me lie," says the liar; "Let me drink," says the drunkard. "They will not come to the light," is the declaration of Christ; and it is as true

to-day as when uttered by Divine lips on the shore of Galilee. Can a leopard change his spots? Can a sinner remove desire for sin? Neither can a drunkard while living in the depth of his iniquity desire to leave his drink. The devil is always by, and gives him both entertaining company and counsel. "Drink on," he says. And he drinks deep; he drinks early and late, and then—dies of thirst. And where does he go? Does heaven claim him? Is his thick voice wanted to swell the anthems of the angelic choir? May the Church of Christ arise in its might and preach the Gospel of Temperance, and arouse men and women to their duty! Then intemperance will not claim its *sixty thousand* American victims every year. Hell will lose, but heaven shall be the gainer.—*Dr. Talmage.*

WHAT WE NEED.

WE are in favor of a temperance revival, or something of that sort, to stir the people up. We want something that will keep the people studying over the temperance question, that will set them to thinking, and we believe nothing would do this better than a temperance revival.

We have a temperance lecture once in a while; but we want several of them at times. We want to keep the minds of the people stirred up so strongly that they will begin seriously to study this great question. We have considerable faith in the temperance party,

and in its ultimate success; but we believe we must first stir the people up to a sense of their danger, show them both sides of the question, and let them understand that they must decide between the two. Convince them that the temperance party are in earnest, and that we mean to make the temperance question a political one. Show them that we, as a party, are in earnest. Ask them for their votes, and do your best to get them. One of our greatest troubles is we have too many resolutions and too few votes.

We have been treating the temperance question too much like men of the present day treat what they call extravagance and folly of women, who denounce it all the time, yet keep telling their wives and daughters how prettily Miss W. looked in her silks and diamonds, and still praising their beauty when dressed in the height of fashion, and scolding them for not being dressed as much as one of their neighbors. Just so with temperance men—they meet, they talk about the evils of intemperance, pass resolutions denouncing the traffic, and then go to the polls and vote for men whom they know to be opposed to anything that sounds like prohibition.

Thus we have kept them up until they boast that they do not care for our resolutions, they are sure of our votes, and that is what they care most for.

What we want is to show them that the temperance men of the country can make resolutions and then stand by them. That if we say we will not vote for any other but a temperance man, and then stand to it

to the last ; when we do this, then we can make our power felt. To be able to do this we must stir the people up, and keep them so until they give us their votes and their influence. Whenever we get their votes we are sure of victory, and can only gain them by hard, earnest, and faithful work. If holding a temperance meeting every night for a week is not sufficient, keep them going the others. Keep them up until you have stirred the masses up to vote a straight temperance ticket, irrespective of either party.—*Sel.*

THREE WAYS OF DEALING WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

THERE are three ways proposed of dealing with the liquor traffic. One is to throw no restrictions whatever around it, making it free, and putting it on the same basis as any legitimate or respectable business. Another is the license system ; in other words, saying, "It matters not how much destruction you send broadcast, if you will only pay us for it." This system is wrong in principle and inefficient in application. It is wrong in principle, for, as Lord Chesterfield said more than 100 years ago, "Vice is not to be taxed, but to be suppressed." License clothes the traffic with legal respectability and gives it the protection of the State. It is inefficient, for wherever tried it has confessedly failed to accomplish the end sought. There is not a species of crime known to the law which is not hatched beneath its protecting wings.

We have probably to-day, in Ontario, the best license system we ever had ; but that does not alter the fact that any license system that can possibly be devised must, from the nature of the case, be utterly inefficient. So long as we have legalized drink-selling we shall have drinking ; and so long as we have drinking we shall have drunkenness and all its terrible consequences. That *Prohibition* is the right method of dealing with the traffic is evident, for the State exists to prohibit evil and foster the good.

We live not in a savage but in a civilized community, and in such a state every man's liberty is limited by the good of society. The whiskey seller has no right to interfere with the rights of others. Wives have rights ; children have rights ; quiet, peaceable members of society, who wish to live in security of life and property, have rights ; and these rights must be preserved even at the expense of denying to some others the right to sell whiskey and get drunk.—*Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A.*

LICENSE OR PROHIBITION—WHICH ?

WHAT A VOTE MAY DO.

HAVE you a vote ? If so, who gave it to you, and to whom are you responsible for the use you make of it ? The greatest question before our country to-day is, "*Shall the liquor traffic be protected and perpetuated, or destroyed ?*" The question of the settle-

ment of the Boundary Award, or the disallowance of the Streams Bill is of small importance compared with the settlement of the momentous issues involved in the liquor traffic.

What is your position towards this question? For or against—which? “Why do I ask you,” do you say? Because you are the proper one to ask; you are a voter—so am I. By our votes this liquor curse lives and spreads itself everywhere. It could not exist for one hour but for these. They give it a *legal* right to be here, and clothe it with all the respectability it possesses. By our votes we have put it upon the throne where it now sits, and have given that throne its stability. By our votes it reigns and conquers. Do you know we are partners in the business and sharers in the responsibility for its crimes? There is not a liquor-seller in the Dominion but can point to our votes and influence as the reason for the existence of his dreadful trade in death-dealing drink. We are responsible for the opening or shutting of the drink shops. “How is that,” do you say? Because the liquor traffic is protected by law, and our votes say who shall make the laws, and approve or disapprove of them after they are made. If we vote for license we vote to make it morally certain that at least 7,000 per year of our fellow-citizens will die drunkards. We vote for a traffic that makes 75 criminals out of every 100 that are sent to our jails and prisons; that produces three-fourths of all the crime in our land. We vote to

make thousands of wives widows and tens of thousands of children orphans and paupers. Why should we do this? Do we hate our kind that we should seek to perpetuate a business that ruins multitudes of them? God forbid! With license we are helpless to protect the weak against the strong. With prohibition you can punish the man who sells another liquor; you make the liquor traffic an outlaw, and all who sell are violators of law and criminals. Prohibition will dethrone the liquor traffic from its place of power as a party weapon in politics, and brand its use as thrice accursed in social life. Are we not our brother's keeper? Let us then shut up the door of this great temptation that lies open at his feet, thereby lessen the probabilities of his utter ruin, and protect his wife and family from cruelty and hunger. It is time as electors that we spoke out upon this subject—that we freed ourselves from complicity in this traffic, by saying *no license* shall be given with our consent. Shall we do it? Let reason, judgment and conscience answer, and so far as your vote and mine will go, the wrong of license shall be righted and the right shall be sustained.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

—Rev. D. L. Brethour.



PROHIBITION

WHEN temperance people and friends of prohibition advocate the suppression of the liquor traffic, they often hear a great deal about the revenue: "*It would be ruinous to any country to adopt such a measure, to kill the hen which lays the golden eggs,*" etc., but the trouble is, the hen is always hatching troublesome chickens which will not come home to roost. Reliable statistics inform us that in Indiana the expenses of paupers and criminals arising directly from liquor in twenty years have been nearly \$15,000,000; the receipts for licenses, etc., have been a little more than \$2,000,000. This shows a clear loss to the State of over \$12,000,000. As we have shown elsewhere in this book, Canada would be *immensely enriched* if the whole traffic was abolished.

It is properly *the duty of Governments to take the lead in temperance work by making good laws*. It is said, in answer to this, "You can't make men good by any Act of Parliament." That may be true, but it is just as true that the consumption of intoxicating liquors can be controlled by such Acts. The principle of prohibition is already recognized in the numerous restrictions we have imposed on the traffic. We want an extension of the same principle until the traffic is *entirely controlled*. Just in proportion as the liquor laws are stringent or loose is the amount of drunkenness, as a rule, therefore any law that would shut up saloons would curtail the consumption of liquor,

because it is here that many learn their first lessons in drinking. "There being fewer gins, the number of birds taken would be smaller, as a natural consequence." If the law does not "make men good," it is able to remove the cause of crime and so enhance the cause of virtue.

We are told we have "*No right to interfere with a man's personal liberty, and his right to eat and drink what he pleases.*" When a man's definition of "personal liberty" is that he must have liberty to tempt and ruin his neighbors' sons by keeping an open whiskey and beer saloon, every day in the week, he needs either a new dictionary or a new heart. It ought to be clearly understood that we have no wish to infringe on any one's liberty as to eating and drinking. Suppose an ox or a sheep is dying of disease, and the owner kills it and brings the meat into market. A town officer steps up, saying, "The law prohibits the sale of this article." But there happens to be one standing by who is jealous of his own and other's privileges, and he turns and defiantly asks, "Do you mean to interfere with the rights of freemen? Cannot any one eat unsound meat who pleases?" The officer replies, "Certainly, he can; but that is not the question. This man, by exposing for sale what is injurious to health, has rendered the article liable to destruction and himself to a heavy fine." That is the law, and a very good one, necessary for the protection of society. So the object of the law we want is not the regulation of any one's diet, or an

infringement of his liberty as to what he should drink, but the prohibition of an unsound, soul-and-body-destroying traffic." Is not that plain enough? The purpose for which Governments exist is *the protection of the people*, and when they fail or come short in this, in the highest and best sense, just so far they fail of the purpose for which they are established. And we can see no reason why intoxicating drinks should be claimed as an exception to the subjects over which Governments exercise authority. If dangerous animals expose human life or property to peril, magistrates adopt measures for public safety by destroying or confining them within their proper limits. In seasons of prevailing epidemics, the authorities of any town or city exercise the right of removing any cause which has a tendency to increase or perpetuate the malady, even at the risk of interfering with the lawful interests of individuals. And yet the traffic in strong drink is in perpetual operation, withering, cursing and destroying some of the fairest portions of society, spreading its devastations in every direction, and, when comprehensive measures are proposed to remove the evils inflicted, the patriots of appetite and avarice raise the alarm that an act of unpardonable tyranny is about to be perpetrated. The liberation of thousands from a worse than African bondage is nothing in the estimation of such benevolent souls (!) when compared with the gratification of sense, or the gains arising from administering to the demands of an imperious and depraved appetite.

It is said, too, by the friends of license, that "*Prohibition doesn't prohibit, because men sell liquor and get drunk where prohibition exists.*" The West Virginia *Freeman* says: "Suppose we use the same argument in other matters; for instance, Christianity doesn't christianize, because there are sinners in the world. Wisdom doesn't make men wise, because fools are still to be found. Cultivation doesn't cultivate, because weeds still come up in the field. Education doesn't educate, because it does not exterminate the ignorance that persists in such silly arguments as the above." Maine adopted this principle over thirty years ago, and has been fighting away ever since against this "whiskey devil," and the result is that no political party now dares to take issue against prohibition. To assert that the law is broken and that some get drunk where prohibition exists, is simply to charge that it is like any other law, human or divine, for all laws are broken; but the violation is often the most conclusive evidence of the *necessity* of the law. Had no one any disposition to do that against which a law is directed, such law would be needless. Therefore to say that a law will be broken is really an argument in favor of the law. That stale old lie that "more liquor is sold under a prohibitory law than under a license law," will not go down with the common people, whose quick reasoning discerns the fact that while the rum-sellers declare their business to be better under a prohibitory law, they at the same time try to move heaven

and earth, and the other place, to get the restrictions lifted.

Prohibition in relation to liquor is not a new thing, for history informs us that in 1733 the trustees of the colony of Georgia enacted that "the drink of rum in Georgia be absolutely prohibited, and that all which shall be brought there be staved." In Scotland twelve hundred years ago there was a law that any one who would sell intoxicating drinks should have his house pulled down and he be banished. If he returned and began his business again he was to be hanged.

This great evil will never cure itself. It never did that and never will. They who are not in its fangs ought to make it hard for others to be destroyed. Only a few months ago an elderly man said that he had that morning walked ten miles to get whiskey with which to celebrate his fifty-fifth birthday, which was the next day, by getting on a "big drunk;" but to his sorrow (it ought to have been to his joy) he failed to procure the "celebrating" fluid. So much on the duty of putting the evil out of the way, in accordance with Gladstone's statement made not long ago, viz., "It is the function of the Government to make it *easy* for the people to *do right*, and *difficult* for them to *do wrong*."

How is this great end to be gained? Edmund Burke once said, "When bad men conspire, good men must combine." Let ALL "good men (and women, too) combine" in this work, and may God help those who are now praying and working to save this land of

orators and heroes from "the curse that has blighted its men of genius, murdered its young manhood, and broken its women's hearts!"

"There is an evil in the land,
Rank with age and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
Money, fashion, use and time;
'Tis the question of the hour,
How shall we the wrong o'erpower!
Vote it out!
This will put the thing to rout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

"We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smiles and tears,
To abate the flood of wrong,
But it answered us with sneers;
We are wearied with the scourge—
Vote it out!
Loyal people raise the shout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

"'Tis the battle of the hour;
Freemen show your strength again,
In the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain.
We have preached against the wrong,
We have pled with words of song;
Vote it out!
Vote and pray with heart devout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

“Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight.
We shall see the hosts of Rum
Palsied with affright, and dumb,
Vote it out!
Thus we'll put the fiend to rout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and put him out.”

OUR WAR CRY.

THE war drums are beating!
Up, soldiers and fight!
The despot Intemperance,
Hurl down from his height!
Oh, gird on your armours,
His minions are nigh,
I'll give you a watchword—
“We conquer or die!”

The clarion is sounding
From inland to shore;
Your swords and your lances
Must slumber no more.
Shout, shout in your glory,
Your caps waving high,
“We are fighting for freedom!
We conquer or die.”

March forth to the battle
All fearless and calm,
The strength of your spirit
Throw into your arm;

And let your proud motto
Ring up to the sky,
Till the very stars echo
"We conquer or die!"

Strike deep and unerring;
Nor dare to retreat,
Though thousands by thousands
The enemy meet!
The thicker the foemen,
The firmer stand by,
Remembering your watchword—
"We conquer or die!"

Go forth in the pathway
Your forefathers trod;
Ye, too, fight for freedom,
Your leader is God.
Fling out your broad banners
Against the blue sky,
And shout like true soldiers,
"We conquer or die!"

Not chains for the tyrant,
For chains are in vain;
He is planning already
To break them in twain!
But raise your deep voices,
And shout the war cry—
"Death! death! for the tyrant;
We conquer—or die!"

—Mrs. Mansfield.



BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION.

HERE is a man in the Western States who is in the employment of the liquor party. He goes out on lecturing tours. "Twenty dollars for every speech," he says, "and five dollars a day for expenses; such are my terms, and I am open for any argument, my *role* being to show that prohibition does not prohibit."

Neal Dow says, "There is no place,—there never has been one,—where prohibition exists, in which the volume of the liquor traffic has not been diminished. In many of them greatly reduced; in many of them entirely swept away." If prohibition vastly increases the liquor traffic the conduct of the liquor men, who spend large sums in resisting it, employing men to write down prohibition, and papers to advocate license, is unexplainable. We have testimonies recently furnished by men in responsible positions as to the efficiency of this righteous measure. Governor Robie, in his inaugural address to the Legislature, reviews the growth and success of the State of Maine, in which he says: "Prohibition has worked immense advantages for the State of Maine. The vast sum of money which formerly went to the saloon-keeper is now spent in improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, till both political parties, and a great majority of the people, look upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic as the salvation and safety of the State. The above gives the lie to the infamous statements which the liquor

interest persistently sends forth, that prohibition is a failure. It has made liquor-selling a failure, except when they defy both God and man, and are willing to sell their souls to the devil for a glass of rum."

The Hon. J. G. Blaine, gives the following testimony: "Intemperance has steadily decreased in this State since the first enactment of the prohibitory law, until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Maine."

The Clerk of the Circuit Court of Edwards County, Illinois, lately submitted the following facts: "There has not been a licensed saloon in this county for over 25 years. During that time our jail has not averaged an occupant. This county never sent but one person to the penitentiary, and that man was sent up for killing his wife while drunk on whiskey obtained from a licensed saloon in an adjoining county. We have but very few paupers in our poor house—sometimes only three or four. Our taxes are 32 per cent. lower than they are in the adjoining counties where saloons are licensed. Our people are prosperous, peaceable and sober." Dr. Talmage said: "I don't know how you feel, but I confess I am tired of paying taxes to fix up the work of these infernal grog-shops that are tossing tens of thousands of people into crime and suffering." In Kansas a prohibitory law is in force. The Mayor of the city of Paola was determined that it

should not be said that Kansas could not enforce prohibition, and he ordered the saloons closed. One or two men refused to obey the proclamation and they were immediately arrested.

Thus the work is going on. Prohibition *does* prohibit, and it always will where the temperance sentiment of the people is strong enough to make legislation effective, as it is in those places where the majority have said, "We will not submit any longer that the work of destruction shall go on in our midst." Let the whole traffic be put under the ban of the law. If after that evils come from it, let them be—like robbery and murder—against the law, and not by its consent and appointment—in accordance with law.

REMUNERATION.

IT is said "if a prohibitory law be passed we ought to remunerate the liquor-dealers for the loss of their business." It would be greatly to the advantage of the country to buy out every establishment in the Dominion, destroy the whole stock, and allow no importation, except what shall be placed under the same restrictions as other dangerous articles on the apothecary's shelf, rather than permit matters to go on as they are now. But if we begin the work of compensation, of course those who have profited by the trade must be required to remunerate those who have been ruined by it. Thousands of our population are groan-

ing under injuries and miseries which *money* cannot repair or alleviate; how are they to be compensated? If the Legislature refuse a prohibitory law, will they agree to indemnify those who will suffer by the present license system in the future? If they do, they will soon have no trouble in distributing a surplus revenue. The idea of remunerating those who have been fattening on the degradation and calamities of others is a gross absurdity and outrage. Let them turn to some useful calling as a means of support, thankful that they get off so easily as to be allowed to do so.

The trade in strong drink is a root from which grows a rank crop of all moral and social evils; it is a tree planted in our midst whose spreading branches drip with poison, and in whose deep shadow death reigns. The only effectual protection we can have against its influence is to cut it down and cast it out. I have no sympathy with those timid warnings against "legislating in advance of public opinion." The idea that we are not to proclaim a truth or enact a law until everybody is prepared for it, and the bulk of men think alike about it, is contrary to the whole philosophy of reform and improvement, as well as to the teachings of history. That the law would be violated is no argument against its enactment. What species of crime can be mentioned which prohibitions and penalties have entirely driven from among men? Not one. The laws against murder, profanity, robbery, outrage, perjury, are disregarded by many. Would that prove the propriety of their being abrogated?

If public opinion is wrong, let the laws be made right, thereby hastening the work of leading the popular mind on to the truth.

We may all become educators on this subject. Let the friends of sobriety and good order determine to take a part in the struggle now going on. When thousands upon thousands of the loftiest intellects and the most generous hearts are annually destroyed by rum; when multitudes of broken-hearted wives and worse than orphaned children are imploring us to aid in securing a triumph which will restore to them deluded husbands and fathers; when the drunkard himself is calling upon us, in his misery, to give him that shield which will protect him from the tempter whose siren voice will otherwise draw him on to destruction, can we longer be silent and indifferent? Never was there a more favourable time for action than now. We must all become agitators on this subject in our own vicinity; and we must press it upon the attention of our law-makers in such numbers and with such earnestness that they will be compelled to yield. The demon will yet be trampled down, annihilated, and the banners of victory will wave over our gladdened earth. Temperance will yet triumph. Both God and man call upon you to labor for its spread.—
Rev. K. Creighton.



CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT OF 1878

(KNOWN AS THE "SCOTT ACT")

VERSUS THE CROOKS ACT.

[CIRCULAR.]*

LAST week a circular, with a title opposite to the above, was issued and sent to the electors of the County of Oxford. Though it does not bear the name of any individual, it is generally understood to have had its origin among the liquor-dealers and their friends. The writer, or writers, assume at the outset that "some may not be acquainted with the restrictions of the Scott Act, and that some" (possibly the Temperance people) "may represent them differently to what they are," therefore they proceed to give extracts from each of the Acts,—though I am sure the reading of the quotations will not militate against the Temperance cause, as it will be apparent to every intelligent reader that the Crooks Act, which they endeavor to extol, permits the granting of licenses (precisely that which we wish to prevent), while the Scott Act does not grant such licenses. This circular informs us as to some of the evil effects which will result from the passing of the Scott Act. 1st. It will promote *Intemperance*. They have made this bold

* This and the following letter were originally written in answer to a circular sent out in the County of Oxford by the liquor-dealers or their friends. I have thought it might serve a good purpose to insert them in this volume, as the same objections have to be met in every contest for the overthrow of the drink traffic.

statement without any attempt at proof. Now, as temperance workers, we honestly believe the opposite will be the case, hence we are consistent in laboring for the success of the Act. If the liquor-vendors *believe*, as they tell us, that it will increase intemperance, thereby increasing their receipts, why not act consistently with their *professed* convictions and labor for the passage of the Scott Act? 2nd. We are told the "Crooks Act is a success." That altogether depends on what is meant by "success." If it is meant that it *licenses* a system which impoverishes families, creates animosity between husbands and wives, retards the Gospel chariot wheels, peoples mad-houses, pleases the devil, replenishes the grave, plants the dying pillow with thorns, condemns at the judgment day and shuts the drunkard up in hell; then it is one of the most gigantic successes this age has ever witnessed. Will a Christian people, in this the 19th century, vote for the perpetuation of this huge "success" when a grand opportunity is afforded them to do otherwise? I hope not. I believe not. 3rd. "If you adopt the Scott Act, you are going to grant the druggists licenses," etc. For years, on our Temperance platforms, we have said, if liquor must be sold, let it be kept in its place, alongside other poisons on the apothecary's shelf, and if it be kept there, as the Scott Act directs, "for medicinal purposes," doubtless it would be pure, which cannot be said of much of that which is sold in saloons—composed largely, as it is, of blue stone, log-wood, and other vile ingredients.

Apart from that, I ask the electors to carefully read and examine the restrictions under which liquor is to be sold by druggists, and I am persuaded you will conclude it is decidedly preferable to having rum-shops on every corner—with their glittering bottles and soul-destroying abominations to trap and ensnare the young, who are the hope of this country.

We are told "if we displayed the Christian spirit which we profess, we would be willing to remunerate for the property we destroy," in case the Act be passed. If the saloon-keepers advocate "remuneration" let it commence in the families who have suffered indescribably through the nefarious traffic. They must remember their license is granted for one year only, and at the expiration of that period, the authority that had power to grant it has power to withhold it, if the trade pursued under that license is found to be injurious to the public. During the past winter, a manufacturer in the West marked \$700 in new bills which he paid his workmen one Saturday night, and the next Monday afternoon \$450 of those identical bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon men. Who will do the "remunerating" there? The advice to "display the Christian spirit" certainly comes with bad grace from the "whiskey ring," whose business, if allowed, would throttle and destroy Christianity. I ask the electors to read the following parable and tell us who, in this case, displayed the "Christian spirit:"—"It came to pass that as a certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave, he fell among saloon keepers,

who robbed him of his money, ruined his good name, destroyed his reason, and then kicked him out worse than dead. A moderate drinker came that way, and when he saw him he said, 'He is but a dog; they served him right. Let him die, he is a curse to his family.' And also a license voter came that way, and when he saw him he said, 'The brute! Put a ball and chain on his leg and work him on the street.' And a fanatic teetotaler came that way, and when he saw him he had compassion on him and raised him up, assisted him to his home, ministered to his wants and to the wants of his family; got him to sign the pledge, and started him on his journey in comfort and happiness." Whom, think you, was the greater friend to humanity—the saloon-keeper, the moderate drinker, the license voter, or the teetotaler fanatic?

It is certainly very startling to be told in the circular under review, that "ministers have no interest in the county, they don't mix with the people," etc. They are not hermits,—they mix a great deal with the community, and every minister sees evidences of the sad work done by the liquor traffic, and the necessity of manifesting the "Christian spirit" in doing what we can to save our fellow-men from the crime and curse of drunkenness, even though we are but "temporary residents." If it be meant that "ministers do not mix with the people" in bar-rooms, then I am sure we are all grateful for the compliment.

You are advised to vote "nay" to the Act also, to save the county from "an immense expense." A

liquor-seller sold a pint of liquor under the "license" system, and made a few cents profit. The drinker, under its influence, shot his son-in-law, and his arrest, imprisonment, trial and execution cost the country more than \$1,000; and what expense will be connected with the sad event that transpired, in connection with liquor, six miles from this place, not more than three weeks ago? Will the liquor-dealers please "rise and explain?" We are told the Scott Act is a "failure" in Halton. A law is not a failure because of a few violations. I doubt not but the liquor-sellers have experienced a heavy "failure" in cash, but when liquor *is* sold and the law violated (by men such as have addressed you in their recent circular), the authorities are doing what they can to bring the offenders to justice.

"The saddest thing in the present legalized liquor traffic is this—it prepares its own victims. If the hotels *found* men who *demand*ed drink and supplied these only, it would not be so terrible. But they know right well that if they did this only their patronage would soon cease, when 7,000 drunkards in Canada are swept away every year, therefore they set themselves with cool and bloody cunning to prepare men to like liquor and demand it." The man who scatters a trail of corn and coaxes your hog into his pen, you call a hog thief, and you send him to the penitentiary in disgrace. But the men who allure your sons into whiskey dens, and for their money make them drunkards beyond the hope of recovery, are called gentlemen

and good fellows, and, as appears in the circular under consideration, "respectable hotel-keepers." I ask, electors, will *you* in the coming contest, vote that their business is legitimate and ought to be fostered by this fair Dominion at an enormous expense? We will meet opposition, fallacious and illogical reasonings, exhibitions of selfishness, because the "craft by which they get their wealth is in danger," but we must work and pray and *vote*. It will not do to sit down in supine inactivity and mourn over the evils of intemperance, for while we are doing so the business of the drunkard will go on—for the most conclusive of reasons—it *pays*. There is money in it, and men will brave all shame and all dangers for big money. My ground is squarely taken and here I stand: "Society has a right to protect itself against the business that makes drunkards, and against the drunkards that make the business."

[LETTER.]

I have recently written a circular in which some of the fallacies of the circular by the liquor party have been exposed.

I will note a few more of its remarkable statements. We are told the "Scott Act will do away with all light, harmless drinking, such as ale, beer, etc." According to that admission the Act is not going to be a "failure" after all; for we hold it is the use of these, the "treating" and fatal social drinking, that starts our young men on a career, which, in the majority of

instances, leads to positive drunkenness. Prevent this "harmless drinking" and you will give the weak and struggling victim a chance to recover himself. A man addicted to drink said, this week, that he hoped the "Scott Act" would pass—it would remove the temptation out of his way. He said, farther, that many times he had sent some member of his family to town in his place, to keep out of the snare. Some would laugh at that frank acknowledgment, but those who have had to battle against the desire for drink, acquired by this "harmless" tippling, will understand the force and point of such a statement. Many of this class will thank us for our endeavors to shut those "traps that catch men."

Then, again, it is said "the Scott Act will rob your fellow-citizen" (the hotel-keeper). It ought to be remembered that we are not fighting against them as individuals, so much as we are warring against the "*license system*" which they have extolled. What does that system do? Not content with "robbing" men of their *property*, the evil effects of it enter the sacred precincts of the home, and blast the character and destiny of our children. And if this "Act" be passed and fairly tested, we believe that even whiskey-sellers will have the occasion, when their feelings have cooled down and their consciences have been allowed to speak, to be glad that they and their families are from under the shadow and curse of such a business. They ought to rejoice, if by any legal regulation they

are compelled to follow a more reputable way of making a livelihood.

Then "the markets will be destroyed by this Act." I do not imagine that the intelligent farmers of Oxford, to whom this bait is thrown, will grasp at it. To make such a statement as the above is about as reasonable as it would be to argue with an incendiary that it would ruin a city to put out the fire that was burning it up. Will any intelligent man believe that the prices of grain and other produce is made to depend on the traffic in liquor? I simply ask the question and leave it to the electors to decide.

We are told we will "lose a large amount of money raised by licenses." The question naturally arises, how can hotel-keepers pay these "large amounts"—with occasional fines—unless some of our fellow-citizens are badly fleeced? There can be no doubt this traffic is fraught with untold evils, and the question is—Will we as electors, for the license money, grant its continuation? When the Emperor of China was requested to *legalize* the traffic in opium, his memorable reply was: "I will never consent to increase my revenues by the vices of my subjects." Let us say so too, and clear our skirts of the "blood-money" from licenses which grant our fellow-citizens the privilege of dealing out poison, destruction and death.

The old argument as to "increase of taxes" has been trotted out. I have not heard it stated to what extent that increase will be. An *authority* says that the whole revenue from drink is \$5,000,000, which repre-

sents \$1.20 per head ; but, according to an unchallenged statement laid before the House of Commons, the drink traffic costs the country over \$7.00 per head. I doubt not but this is correct. Even if the opposite were the case, can any country prosper in the long run whose Government lives on the revenues of iniquity ?

We ask the people to vote for the "Scott Act" for weighty and substantial reasons. The (so called) arguments of our opponents are mostly sweeping assertions, unsustained by facts, and misrepresentations respecting the actual working of this Act where it has been, and is, law. The interests of the sober and law-abiding should far outweigh those of the other party, who wish to force upon the county or country a demoralizing, body-and-soul-destroying traffic, that the majority of voters believe to be, not only unnecessary, but positively injurious. Let us show them that we so *believe*.

You are asked to "stamp out with an iron hand this uncalled-for agitation," but we believe the duty of every intelligent and right-thinking citizen will be to "stamp out" this nefarious traffic, with its din and clatter, that the fiery breath of the whiskey-devil may no longer scorch and blast the lives and happiness of the people.

KINTORE, *May 1st, 1883.*



A SHOT AT THE DECANter.

THERE is a current story that a Quaker once discovered a thief in his house, and taking down his grandfather's old fowling-piece, he quietly said: "Friend, thee had better get out of the way, for I intend to fire this gun *right where thee stands.*" With the same considerate spirit we warn certain good people, that they had better take the decanter off their table, for we intend to aim a Bible truth right where that decanter stands. It has no more business to be there at all than the thief had to be in the honest Quaker's house. We are not surprised to find a decanter of alcoholic poison on the counter of a dram-shop, whose keeper is "licensed" to sell death by measure. But we are surprised to find it on the table or the sideboard of one who professes to be guided by the spirit and teaching of God's Word. That bottle stands right in the range of the following inspired utterance of St. Paul: "*It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.*" This text must either go out of the Christian's Bible, or the bottle go off the Christian's table. The text will not move, and the bottle must.—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*



TO YOUNG MEN.

*Extract of an address delivered by MR. R. T. BOOTH,
in Plymouth, England, 1883.*

THE greatest conundrum that young men have to solve on this drink question is this. They see men occupying positions of honour and trust, respected by their neighbors, beloved by the poor, and they see them drink. These young men may have been taught that in order to succeed they must be honest; that in order to obtain the respect of their fellow-men they must be sober. It may be, if their mother has been true to them, that they have been taught to sign the pledge—the pledge of total abstinence. When they come out into the world and see these things they are unable to understand how those who drink have got on. The great mistake that young men make to-day is this. They see these things, and do not stop to consider that these men came on the scene of action when public sentiment was different to what it is to-day—when it was not unpopular to drink wine. I thank God the day is coming when it will be just as unpopular as it is disreputable to drink this stuff. But there was a day when that was not so. But public sentiment has changed and times have changed. To-day is not yesterday; this year is not last year. In years gone by we would hear it sung—

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing itself away
In everlasting bliss.

But what do we hear to-day—

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying.

We used to see a lot of little chubby boys sitting together like cats, with their faces blown out, singing—

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand.

Now we hear—

Hold the Fort for I am coming,
Jesus signals still ;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
By Thy grace we will.

That is the sentiment and that is the feeling in this land to-day. There is no demand for a young man who drinks. If you pick up a morning paper in Plymouth to-morrow, I will defy you to find an advertisement like this, "Wanted, a young man who drinks beer, gin, or whiskey." But you will find scores of advertisements which read like this, "Wanted, a young man, sober and steady," and in some cases there may be added, "Only Blue Ribboners need apply." There is no single occupation in the land to-day which calls for a man who drinks. Even the publicans want people who are total abstainers in their employ. I have got an advertisement in my pocket cut from the *Birmingham Daily Post*. An hotel-keeper was there advertising for what we call in our country a "bouncer"—I do not know what you call him here—a man to

turn out from 'his house men who, having got the drink in them, became disorderly. In fact the man was to do a kind of police work. Well, this hotel-keeper wound up his advertisement by saying, "Only abstainers need apply." Think of that. That is a question which has been solved and which has been answered. The men who employ labour, the men who manage railways, the men who have the guiding of the great steamers across the Atlantic, should know that there are rights which they are bound to respect. I say, as an abstainer, when I take a railway ticket I have a right to demand that the railway company should put a sober man on the engine to drive it. All the Cunard men, when they go on board the ships of the line, have nothing to drink until the voyage is ended. The White Star line has adopted the same rule. It is on the sea and on the land, in posts of difficulty, that men want clear heads and steady nerves. When I sweep through your country in express trains I don't think of the man who sold me my ticket; I do not care for the men who own the line; my only concern is about the man who is driving the engine and the man who is in the signal box. But the moment we talk about this to young men they say, "Oh, Mr. Booth, it is all very well, you know, but we have will,—power, and strength of mind; we will keep this appetite under;" or, "it will never get the upper hand of me." I say, "Talk with that young man earnestly and plead with him to give it up." I met a young man in the train the other day and he said,

"I only drink one glass per day, Mr. Booth; I can drink or let it alone." I told him it was a grand thing to be able to say that, but it was a grander thing to "let it alone." But this is the same song that every drunkard in the land has sung. There is no one lying in a drunkard's grave to-night but has sung it, and has sung it whilst he saw the rocks on that shore where no wreck is ever repaired. Let it alone; to-night is your opportunity. Heaven will rejoice if you will take this step in the right, and give your heart to the Lord. * * * * Do you ever suppose the young man becomes a drunkard all at once? Never! No young man ever took a glass of wine or liquor, and said, "I know what this will do. I know it will make every nerve in my body dance with pleasure; it will thicken my blood and weaken my nerves until I tremble with palsy; that it will rob me of virtue, fill my heart with woe, and fit my soul for hell below." That is never done, and never will be. The start is made without thought, and, strangest of all, without fear of the danger. Everything is pleasing and beautiful—green fields and waving corn, and the whole world filled with sunshine. That is the experience at starting, of the man who drinks. He sees before him this mirage, this phantom, this delusion, which is beckoning him on. At every step he sees dancing before his eyes this inscription—"This is the way to social, jovial companionship; this is the way to innocent amusement; this the way to freedom from care;" and thus with singing and dancing he has hardly

crossed the fatal boundary when the flimsy drapery is dropped, the tinsel and the mask are removed, and the hideous monster stands revealed. It is only then that the drinking man understands the battle; then, only then, it becomes a thing of reality. He sees he has all the powers of the bottomless pit to contend with and so the fight goes on. Everywhere his enemy dogs his steps; everywhere he goes it is with him, for ever hunting him down. Yes, every hour of the day, all night long the shattered man cries drink, drink, drink, evermore drink; and is never satisfied. This sin changes thus as it goes on. There are times when memories crowd in upon him and he longs for better days. Life, youth, and innocence—he would go back to it; but no, sitting in the house of God and longing for the balm of Gilead, there stands written before him “No hope, no hope.” He strives to be free, but it is only to be overcome and overwhelmed again and again, and thus it goes on until by and bye, blessed be God, in his weakness he looks to the Saviour, and finds it is life to look at the Crucified One. His enemies leave him; God takes possession, and the mighty folds of the blood-stained banner of King Jesus float over the battlements of his soul. Men and women fall into the ranks; our Captain has never lost a battle; and in this conflict He has sounded a trumpet which has never called a retreat. It is “Onward” and “Forward.” Though a great sea of difficulty is before us, and mountains of opposition are on the left hand and on the right, He shall roll

them away as the mist before the sun ; the waters shall separate and roll back as a scroll, and we will stand on the other side with the Redeemer, and there sing—

“ Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.”

A BED-ROCK FOR THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

MANY of us are utterly weary of the wrangling—in pulpits, reviews, or newspapers—about half a dozen contested passages of Scripture. Ink enough has been wasted to fill the six water-pots of Cana many times over. It is quite sufficient for all practical purposes to teach every child that alcohol as a beverage does nobody any good, and sent millions upon millions to perdition. The Bible closes the “kingdom of God” against the drunkard. The Bible declares that wine is a mocker, and warns us against its adder-bite and serpent-sting. The Bible proclaims that noble Christian principle of self-denial, “It is good not to drink wine or anything by which thy brother stumbleth.” One of these passages teaches the terrible danger of tampering with what is by its very nature a subtle deceiver. Another pronounces the awful doom of those who are enslaved by the deceiver ; and the third unfolds a most sensible and beautiful principle on which all who have any regard for their fellow-creatures should be willing to stand in solid phalanx.

"Why don't you take wine?" inquired a certain bishop of a neighbor to whom he pushed a decanter at a public table. The reproving reply was, "I do not for the sake of my example."

Now, the above-mentioned simple, clear, undeniable principles constitute a sufficient bed-rock on which to build the temperance reform. The acceptance and the practice of these principles would give us a community of abstainers. They would give us the most effectual law to uproot the destructive liquor traffic. They would go far toward removing what is the most terrible obstacle to the progress of Christ's kingdom. But we seriously fear that less is being done to spread these undeniable principles than was done forty years ago. A smaller percentage of the American people are total abstainers to-day than at the time when the original "Maine law" was enacted in 1851. This fact can easily be accounted for, but the fact is unquestionable.

What amazes and shocks me is to see the wine bottle where it is as flagrantly out of place as a bonfire would be on the floor of a powder-mill. No intoxicant has any business to be on the table of a family which contains any boys, or on the table of any miscellaneous social party, or in the cupboard of any professional man, or anywhere else, in short, except possibly in the hands of a very discreet and careful physician. Every bottle that contains alcohol contains a serpent. The serpent in Eden was not a more perfect embodiment of deceit. A bottle of Bourbon or Burgundy will deceive the very elect. I am constantly called to labor

for the reformation of persons who began with the most honest resolutions to drink moderately ; but their glasses insensibly enlarged and deepened until they became literally a pit of damnation ! Some of the hardest cases I encounter are of those whose names are enrolled on church registers. In yonder lecture-room I have heard a man pray most pathetically for deliverance from the tempter, and yet he has been tracked to a drinking-saloon on his way home from the prayer-meeting ! More than once he has been the subject of most loving personal efforts (once or twice of necessary church discipline), and still does he cry out in agony from the bites of the serpent which he deliberately put into his own bosom when he was a young man. He never whines about being "a poor unfortunate victim," etc., etc.; he squarely admits that he is a heinous sinner against God and his own soul. But what shall be said of those Christian people who, from thoughtlessness or from the tyranny of fashion, will set wine bottles where they will produce just such conflagrations ? In my honest judgment, Pat O'Rafferty, the grog-seller, will have no heavier account to answer for in the "great day" than will those reputable and professedly Christian people who place bottled serpents on their hospitable tables for the temptation and poisoning of their guests. Half the drunkards in the land had one or more partners at the outset. God's Word solemnly declares, "Be ye not partakers of other men's sins;" how much worse to be their tempters.

The one momentous truth that must be instilled into the minds and consciences of the young is, that nobody can safely tamper with an intoxicating beverage. On the bed-rock of entire abstinence alone are they safe. I am willing to confess on this public page that I would no more dare to tamper with a wine bottle than I would dare to thrust a fire-brand into one of the pews of my church edifice. The venerable President of my college told me how often in his student days he used to listen to the eloquent sermons of Dr. —; but those very sermons were delivered under the inspiration of the wine-cup! The excuse was, "I can preach better with the help of a stimulant." He delivered a discourse once on the sufferings of our Lord that melted his auditory to tears; but his nerves were all on fire with port wine while he was preaching! How this brilliant minister of Christ fell at last into open intemperance, and how bitterly he repented, and how he reformed and was reinstated, is still remembered by a few aged people. His temporary fall is a warning—trumpet-tongued to all of us—not to "look upon a cup that stingeth like a serpent."

The only gospel of temperance I have yet learned, or which I dare to preach, is—let it alone; it is a deceiver; it has power to cast both body and soul into hell. This is the principle to teach to the rising generation. On this bed-rock of entire abstinence they can build safely. On that immutable rock let us maintain and enlarge the temperance platform.—
Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

HOLD THE FORT.

HO! my comrades, see our banner
Waving in the sky,
Hear our rallying hosanna
Echoing on high.

CHORUS—Hold the fort for prohibition,
Freedom signals still;
Answer back to the petition,
By our votes we will.

All our land the foe engages,
Let no freeman lag,
For the battle fiercely wages—
Rally round the flag.

Hear the groans of thousands dying
On the slaughter field;
By the ensign o'er us flying
We will never yield.

Hark! what shrieks of woe appalling
Pierce through all the air;
Hear the wretched veterans calling,
"Save us from despair."

By the land our fathers bought us
With their precious blood,
By the birthrights they have brought us,
Stem the battle flood.

By the right which freedom gave us
With immortal souls,
Crush the foe who dare enslave us;
Forward to the polls!

—W. H. T.

METHODISM AND TEMPERANCE.

(Delivered by the REV. M. L. PEARSON at the meeting of the Montreal Conference, 1875).

IT is not of late that the Methodist Church has commenced the advocacy of the temperance cause. From addresses recently delivered, we are required to believe that never until within the last few years did our Church become aware of the prevalence of intemperance, or peradventure being aware of its existence it never realized that it was the deadly and unpitying enemy of mankind. This is certainly a false representation. Our Church's opposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants is co-equal with our Church's existence, and the discipline of our Church always demands as a condition of continuance in membership the non-use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Before any of the temperance organizations that now exist had undertaken the Christlike work they are accomplishing, the people called Methodists took advanced ground on the question, and its ministers (at least many of them) have laboured earnestly to mould the sentiment of the people in favour of total abstinence. It is perhaps more recently that the subject at the Conference has received that recognition which its importance demanded, and it is pleasing to contemplate that when our children, and our children's children, shall in after years read the history of this Montreal Conference (the first after its organization),

they will notice that the first public meeting held under the sanction and by the authority of Conference was in the interest of the temperance reformation. Times there have been when the introduction of this subject into the pulpit was the signal for the visitation of the heaviest malediction of the congregation on the head of the unfortunate offender, and in too many instances awed by this prejudice, the subject was passed by unnoticed and unexpounded. But now foremost among those who in this great reformation are in labours most abundant, are many upon whom the burdens of ministerial responsibility are resting. The ministry of the day are not sleeping, they have been on the watch-tower making discoveries and ascertaining the enemy's movements, and as they looked they have seen the sword coming upon the people; not the sword of war, but intemperance, the heaviest, and deadliest of all; and they have blown the trumpet, and warned the people, and roused by the call of the clarion, the hosts of Israel are gathering for the conflict, and having at their sacred altars sworn eternal enmity to rum, they are inspired by the prospect of a certain and speedy victory. In the present state of the antagonistic armies is not the duty of the ministry clear and unmistakable? Who among us can be neutral in the strife, and how can the Christian ambassador, who fails in the announcement of this message, however eloquently he may dilate on other themes—how can he, I ask, expect to be greeted by the Sovereign, when the rewards of eternity are being

distributed, or to hear from His sacred lips those words uttered with kingly authority which I earnestly covet for myself when the last labour is completed, and the last battle is o'er, "Well done, good and faithful servant." I appeal now to the followers of the Saviour who are in this church to-night. Is not the work in which we are engaged a part of the work of the Church? Some answer "No." They suppose it conflicts with the spiritual character of the Church. The Church, they agree, has been established for the conversion of the world; it aims at the implanting, by the power of the Spirit, a whole new principle of being. The temperance reform, and indeed all moral reforms in general, only deal with specific sins, which are but the symptoms of the world's great disorder. Why, they ask, distract the Church's energies, whose duty it is to destroy the malady, and seek to trouble it with your quackery about the symptoms? Now we are bound to admit that the Church is a spiritual institution. But the Church has been established for man *as he is*, mind and body. It is adapted to the facts of man's condition as a sinner, and as a being suffering for his sins. Surely it is safe for the Church to fashion its policy after the model of its Divine founder. And how large a portoin of His recorded activity was employed in alleviating the woes and sufferings of mankind. We read of Him going about doing good, removing the sorrow of the people without even hinting at His higher character as the physician of the soul. And in the prophetic description of the last

judgment, when the Son of man, sitting upon the throne of His glory, has before Him all the nations of the earth, we have clearly set forth the fact that God will hold His people accountable for failure to carry out His beneficent policy to a suffering world. No one questions the propriety of the Church's actions when a Dorcas Society is formed. But where is the difference in principle between making a society for aiding the poor, a part of the work of the Church, and establishing a weekly or monthly temperance meeting under the auspices of the Church? If either of the two is apart from the profound idea of the Church's mission, it is the effort for the direct relief of the poor, for the temperance movement strikes at the root of nine-tenths of the poverty of our land, and there can scarcely be anything done that will be of greater benefit to the poor than for the Church to engage heartily in the temperance reformation. But it is absurd to waste time debating this question. The Church must interfere. It cannot keep out of the conflict. It has been foully attacked. Intemperance has invaded our territory, and to maintain our position we must be active in this cause. It has destroyed the happiness and extinguished the brightness of many Christian homes. It has thrown down the family altar. It has gone into the chamber where the good man meets his God, and dragged him from his devotions. He has intruded into the privacy of the classroom, and laughed to scorn the promises made to resist his power. There is no sanctuary in our land—

not one, the wide world over, that has not been polluted by his presence. He has forced men out of their pews when for years they have sat and worshipped, where they have wept and rejoiced under the melting influence of gospel truth, and hurled them into wretchedness and sin ; and having robbed them of the loveliness of their lives he has given the poor diseased body to the drunkard's grave, and consigned his deathless spirit to the tortures of the drunkard's hell. And then, as if ultimately he aimed at the destruction of the angels in heaven, he has gone up higher than the pew, entered the sacred enclosure of the pulpit, and cast down from their elevation some of the noblest men that ever preached the Saviour's name: Intemperance has severed the heart-strings of some of earth's fondest mothers and brought down the grey hairs of some of her grandest sires in sorrow to the grave. It has blasted the prospects of thousands of our promising young men, led them forth upon a career of wickedness and sent them down to people perdition. How many fathers there are who tremble with fear as the son leaves his quiet rural home to enter into business in some of our large towns or cities, as he thinks of the terrible temptation that awaits that boy. Follow that old man into his place of communion and prayer with God, listen to him as he enquires day by day of Him to whom he has entrusted the body and soul of that loved one : "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And now see that parent again, when after years of absence that boy returns, with his intellect shattered,

his hopes blasted, his prospects ruined, his health gone, and the religion his mother taught him in childhood disgraced and dishonored, and now hearken to that old man as he looks with bleeding heart upon the remnant of his bright and promising son, and exclaims, "It is my son's coat, a wild beast hath devoured him." Yes, it blasts all that is great, and blights all that is good in humanity. The man of honor it betrays into infamy, and the man of weakness into sin. It destroys the tenderest ties of social life, exiles the sweet endearments of home, and robs earth of its loveliness. In its power, in its influence, and in its fascination, it stands like Goliath among the Philistines, more than any other foe a terror to the host of the Lord; like Saul, it is head and shoulders above its fellows in degrading, debasing, and demoralizing effects. "Oh thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to go by, we will call thee *Devil*."

And all this evil, and places for the production of it, are guarded—are perpetuated by the sanction of law. At almost every street corner there are planted up as trees of poison, under which nothing good and virtuous can have a healthy life, guarded and protected by law. In every direction you meet with these pestilential fountains, sending forth their slimy stream, and these fountains are legalized by Parliamentary enactment, and if we dare remonstrate with these men who are engaged in this traffic of death, they fling defiantly in our face their license from the highest authority, authorizing them to carry on their infernal mission.

“Licensed to make the strong man weak,
Licensed to lay the strong man low;
Licensed the wife’s fond heart to break,
And make the children’s tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm,
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber’s arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer’s knife.

Licensed thy neighbor’s purse to drain,
And rob him of his very last;
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crowns thy work at last.

Licensed, like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
To mock his struggles, suck him dry,
Then cast the shattered hulk away.

Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want and woe:
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit a man for hell below.”

There are two objects which the earnest men of the Churches and of other organizations have in view. First, —To persuade every man to pass a prohibitory liquor law upon himself. This is one constituency, certainly, over which he has control, and though there will be difficulty in enforcing the law, yet he has to aid him the omnipotent hand of God. Our appeal is based upon the ground of self-sacrifice for the good of others. Underlying this appeal is the example of the great apostle “who counted not his own life dear unto him,”

that it might be employed for the benefit of others, and who declares, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything, whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." The principal ground of our appeal, however, is love to Christ, and to the souls purchased by His blood. O! that we could all rise to the dignity of our calling, and identify ourselves with Him whose entire life was one of self-sacrifice for the world's good; who taught that sacred principle in all His actions, and heightened the majesty of it, when on the cross He died in our room and in our stead.

The other object in view is the education of the public sentiment with a view to securing "legislative enactment, pronouncing illegal the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors." I shall not discuss the propriety of an immediate enactment. I shall leave to men of more mature wisdom and experience the question: Whether the passing of such a law, in the present state of public opinion, would be beneficial or otherwise to the cause of temperance; whether such legislation would advance or retard the end in view? The duty of the hour is unquestionably to enlighten the public mind, and educate the opinion of the people. This is being done: the signs of the times are most encouraging and there are clearly describable good omens which cheer us in the conflict, and indicate the triumphant issue of the struggle in which we are engaged. Espousing the cause of prohibition to-day are leading men in all the walks of life. The

merchantman is now convinced that the commercial interests of this country are not wrapped up in the liquor traffic, and repudiates the notion that was a few years ago unanimously accepted as a fact, that the destruction of the traffic would be the ruin of the country's trade. Politicians, too, are being aroused from the slumber of ages. Some of them have, for some years past, been fondly dreaming of their duty to the land. But the people have recently been knocking so distinctly at the halls of Legislation that the honourable gentlemen are getting up, some of them persisting that they were not asleep, and it is evident the day is not far distant when the subject of Prohibition will be the main question agitating the country from one end to the other.

Every year our cause moves on apace, and the ultimate triumph of the work is guaranteed, not only by recent successes, but by the infallible Word of God.

I am not ignorant of the accumulated and formidable difficulties still in the way, and of the painful prevalence of the drinking customs of society. I hear the voices of many almost discouraged ones exclaiming "What of the night?" But, brethren, it is past midnight, yes, long past midnight, and through the grey streaks of the morning there comes the answer,

"It's a long night, and murky, and drear,
But my faith is strong that the day is near;
There's a gleam of light in the dusky sky,
It must be, brethren, that the day is nigh."

The last fire in the last distillery in this land shall soon be put out, the last stream of desolation shall be dried up, the last tear from the last drunkard's wife shall be wiped away, the last drunkard's child shall be protected and saved, and the latest in the succession of the slaves of infatuation, shall, in God's name, assert the royalty of his freedom and dash the cup away.

There is a fount about to stream,
 There is a light about to beam,
 There is a warmth about to flow,
 There is a flower about to blow.
 There is a midnight darkness changed into day,
 Men of thought, men of action, men of Temperance,
CLEAR THE WAY.

Aid it, dawning tongue and pen,
 Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
 Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
 Aid it, for the cause is ripe.
 But our earnest must not slacken into play,
 Men of God, men of faith, brethren, sisters,
CLEAR THE WAY.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR, "AULD LANG SYNE."

AN we forget the gloomy time,
 When Bacchus ruled the day ;
 When dissipation, sloth, and crime,
 Bore undisputed sway ?
 The time, the time, the gloomy time,
 The time has passed away,
 When dissipation, sloth, and crime,
 Bore undisputed sway.

Can we forget the gray-haired sires,
Who sunk, by anguish riven,
To see their sons, by liquid fires,
To endless ruin driven ?
The sires, the sires, the gray-haired sires,
No more shall thus be riven,
Nor see their sons, by liquid fires,
To endless ruin driven.

Can we forget the tender wives,
Who found an early tomb ?
For, ah ! the partners of their lives
Had met the drunkard's doom :
The wives, the wives, the tender wives
May bid adieu to gloom,
For now the partners of their lives
Abhor the drunkard's doom.

We'll ne'er forget that noble band,
Who feared no creature's frown,
And boldly pledged both heart and hand
To put intemperance down :
The band, the band, the noble band,
The band of blest renown,
Who boldly pledged both heart and hand
To put intemperance down.

We'll praise and bless the God of love,
To whom this grace we owe,
That living waters flow above,
And streams of health below :
The God, the God, the God of love,
To Him our praise we owe,
That living waters flow above,
And streams of health below.

Nor shall the Pledge be once forgot,
That so much joy creates,—
“We’ll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate’er intoxicates:”
The Pledge, the Pledge is not forgot,
The Pledge that Satan hates;
“We’ll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate’er intoxicates.”

—*Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D.*

TEMPERANCE THOUGHTS AND GLEANINGS, AT RANDOM STRUNG.

I. A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.

THE Rev. Dr. Guthrie said: “I have heard a man with a bottle of whiskey in his hand have the impudence and assurance to say, ‘Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;’ and he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, and so is prussic acid. Think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol, and excusing himself by saying that it is a good creature of God. He would not use many such creatures, that’s all I’ll say. Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead, but it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man put him in whiskey. If you want

to kill a living man put whiskey into him." The same celebrated divine said: "I have four reasons for being an abstainer from ardent spirits—1st, My head is clearer; 2nd, My health is better; 3rd, My heart is lighter; 4th, My pocket is heavier." Everyone will say they are good and sufficient reasons.

2. CYRUS, the great king of Persia, was a man of good temperance principles and habits, as well as of noble traits of character. We are told that when a boy, being at the court of his grandfather he engaged to perform the office of cup-bearer at the table. He was required, in his official position, among other duties, to taste the liquor before presenting it to the king; but, without performing the duty of tasting, he delivered the cup to the king, who observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," said Cyrus, "I purposely avoided it, because I feared it contained poison, for lately at an entertainment I observed that the lords of your court after drinking it became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic." The effects of liquor is still the same, and young men will do well to imitate the example of Cyrus.

3. FOR the manufacture of that valuable commodity, *public sentiment*, in favor of putting down the traffic, we certainly have an ample supply of matter-of-fact material at hand. The simple process is work up. Without this our cause is lost, or at least indefinitely delayed. With courageous action certain success.

“Smote by truth, fall ancient error,
Reared by power, and propped by wrong;
And earth wonders, when they perish,
That they stood the test so long.”

4. J. B. GOUGH relates the following:—“In one of our sleeping cars in America there was an old bachelor who was annoyed by the continual crying of a child and the ineffectual attempts of the father to quiet it. Pulling aside the curtain and putting out his head, he said, ‘Where is the mother of that child? Why doesn’t she stop this nuisance?’ The father said very quietly, ‘The mother is in the baggage car in her coffin. I am travelling home with the baby. This is the second night I have been with the child, and the little thing is wearying for its mother. I am sorry if its plaintive cries disturb anyone in the car.’ ‘Wait a minute,’ said the old bachelor. The old man got up and dressed himself, and compelled the father to lie down and sleep, while he took the babe himself. The old bachelor stilling the cry of the babe all night was a hero. And the man who, for the sake of others, gives up a lawful gratification in his own house or in the social circle, is as great a hero as though he stood upon the battlefield.”

5. IN one of our Canadian cities, a few years ago, a young lawyer became addicted to habits of intemperance, and finally got so low that one day he fell down drunk in a public square, and lay there with the

sun pouring upon his face. A young lady, a stranger to him, passing by, took pity on him and covered his face with her pocket handkerchief. When he came to his senses, and was told of the act of kindness, he was so affected by it that he said he would hereafter be a temperate man. He took the pledge, and soon became a promising man in his profession. Not long after he was introduced to the lady who had done him the act of kindness, and afterwards married her. The parties are living happily together, and the young lawyer is now the Attorney-General of one of the Canadian Provinces.

6. P. T. BARNUM says the money spent for liquor in any city would pay all the municipal expenses, and give every citizen two good suits of clothes every year.

7. A GENTLEMAN travelling in Vermont found the following lines inscribed upon a board near a watering place where he stopped to water his horse :

“Temperance fountain, good as can be ;
Better far than rum or brandy :
If this truth excite your fury,
Let your horse be judge and jury.”

8. BISHOP ASBURY having been compelled to spend a night in a log cabin standing in a western wilderness, in which night had overtaken him, found himself in very rough company. The cabin was a sort of

desert tavern, to which many hunters and others resorted, and was the scene of many ungodly carousals. The good bishop prayed with them, however, and kept them by his reverend presence within the bounds of decency. In the morning the landlord approached him with a bottle and a glass and offered him a little whiskey. "Nay," replied the bishop, "I make no use of the devil's tea." Was whiskey ever more appropriately named?

9. IN the state of Oregon every man who drinks liquor is required to take out a license costing \$5 a year. Unless armed with this document he cannot get liquor at any hotel or saloon, as it is a penal offence for the proprietors of these establishments to sell to any person without a license. Every six months the names of the persons who take out these licenses are to be published in the local papers, so that the public may know who and who are not authorized to drink.

10. AN EASY, SURE WAY.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes!" answered the Quaker, "it's just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise you to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open

the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." We are told that the toper was so well pleased with the plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.

11. It is well to keep facts relating to the temperance subject constantly before our minds, and in proportion as we see the gigantic evils of the liquor traffic will be the earnestness of our efforts to do what we can to suppress them. We do not now propose to discuss this or that method of suppression, only let all patriots, freemen and Christians be awakened to the fact that *something* must be done. Discussions on the traffic lodges doubt and disquiet in the hearts of many implicated therein. Some of these are partly coming over to the other side—while others will fight for the evil thing with a constantly increasing sense of weakness and foreboding of inevitable defeat.

Dr. Howard Crosby estimates, that in New York city, there is a saloon for every eighteen drinkers, and, that to support the rum-selling proprietors, each drinker must pay \$7.00 per week ; that is to say, about one-half the average weekly earnings go into the tavern bill. The quantity of liquor drunk, adulterated and disguised, in the shape of patent medicines, gives the devil much help in his murderous work of drunkard-making. In different ways the enemy urges on his work, and does not refuse help even from Christian people. It is humiliating to know that the worst

obstacles encountered by the missionaries proceed from the drunkenness and vice introduced by nominally Christian nations.

Let every good man and woman give liquor-selling a blow at every opportunity by free speech, by the ballot and by prayer. At a late Convention in Ohio, the audience was largely composed of women. They do not vote, but they pray, and in the long run, prayer for a *good* cause will be stronger than the logic of the beer seller in behalf of a bad one.

The red-faced whiskey-seller saw his neighbor's son as he staggered homeward drunk, and then went back inside his "bar" to mix drinks for the next victim who might call. What were his thoughts? And yet that is but one illustration of the murderous work that has gone on for years past. Temperance people are not "a lot of fanatics," fighting an imaginary evil. When men and women cease to cry out against this work of drunkard-making, it will be when they cease to have human hearts within them; hearts to feel another's woe.

12. HIGH license for the privilege of whiskey-selling means that the whiskey-devil will strike higher game. It tends also to make an aristocracy of evil. The man who can afford to pay a thousand dollars for the privilege of helping the devil in his murderous work, ought to have a seat in his front parlor.

13. As you approach the city of Louisville from the east an impressive scene is presented to the view. Just beyond you, in the valley, are huge distilleries with a capacity for hundreds of barrels of whiskey per day. Farther out to the left, on an elevation, is the city infirmary, where the victims of this business are cared for at public expense. A little farther on, and in full view, is the cemetery, where lie the bones of thousands of victims of the whiskey curse.

“Step by step he leads his victim
To the verge of dread despair ;
Hurls him o’er the brink of ruin,
Laughs and leaves him helpless there.

Widowed hearts and homes deserted,
Helpless children, orphans made ;
What a picture ! God of mercy
Let the cruel tide be stayed.”



CONTRIBUTIONS.

BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES."

BY REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A.B., WINNIPEG, MAN.

WHEN mighty kings with iron hand
 Enslaved the unsuspecting land,
 And Freedom's name but newly born
 The heritage of man, was torn
 From sons of toil, to serfdom led ;
 And rank in fealty bowed its head ;
 And heirs of noble sires were driven
 From rights to all by nature given ;
 Uprose the stalwart barons then,
 To claim their heritage as men,
 And stood before their cowering lord,
 While gleaming steel enforced their word ;
 And craven John perforce began
 An age of liberty for man,—
 He signed the charter of the free—
 The shield of ages yet to be :—
 Thus saved from servitude and woe,
 In common vow joined high and low,
 And swore while England yet had graves,
 That Britons never should be slaves !

When length'ning ages sped along,
 And kings unwatched, again grew strong,
 Girding by stealth their arm with power,
 That robbed each man of nature's dower ;

And Tudors into Stuart's hand
Of iron, passed their stern command,
Who closer drew enslaving chains,
And higher heaped extortion's gains,
While guardian angels seemed to weep,
O'er Liberty's fair form asleep :
Then nature moved in laboring throes ;
Great Hampden, Pym, and Eliot rose,
To claim for universal man
The rights that with their race began :
Then England wrote her history's page
In tears, and bled for every age ;
Her flaming banner high unfurled
Meant liberty for all the world ;
And heroes sought untimely graves,
That Britons never might be slaves !

Such sires as these begat us all !
Here at our feet their shadows fall !
So brave they strove—so near they stand,
Their names are worthy to command !
Yet, where they fought and died to save
Their latest child from doom of slave,
Such guilty bondage is begun
As never yet defied the sun !
In passion's chains enslaved, and sold
In pleasure's mart—more base than gold—
Men drink to curse, and curse to die ;
They rush to ills that toward them fly,—
They court th' avenging doom of sin,
And here their hell of woe begin,—
They scorn the happiness of earth,—
They shame the diadem of worth,—
Their honored name—their high degree—
Their manhood's crown—their heaven to be—

They barter all, like base born-knaves,
And Briton's sons are worse than slaves !

O morn of hope from darkness rise !
O pitying light from angel eyes,
Shine forth where manhood pities not !
Where kind affections are forgot !
Where starving children hopeless pray—
And vice seeks out a darker way,—
On shadowed homes where womanhood,
With blighted faith continues good !
Where filth and rags their signal raise
Of sin and shame, where want dismays
The hand that gives, the eye that weeps,
And demons guard while vileness sleeps !
Let brighter light illumine our day !
This bondage break, drive shame away !
Let nobler inspirations glow
In hearts benumbed from self-sought woe !
Let Law with voice of power speak,
And stretch its shield above the weak !
Let those who bear the Christian name,
Denying self, Christ's way proclaim,
In burning word and holy deed,
That all who err His help may heed !
Where growing wealth its pride displays—
Where voice of power the rabble sways—
Where learning's radiant mantle falls—
Where statesmen walk the nation's halls—
Wherever drink the soul depraves,
May Britons born no more be slaves !



A GLANCE AT THE SITUATION.

BY REV. J. J. RICE, COBOURG.

THE importance of the Temperance movement is becoming more and more manifest, and has now reached a point at which it is ignored by none. With the increase of light that has dawned upon the question, there has also arisen a very pronounced public opinion, and with it, a deeply sensatized conscience has been created, and that in all grades of society. These active forces have, of late years especially, given greatly accelerated momentum to this mightiest of modern moral and social revolutions, which at length appears to be marching grandly onward to its inevitable consummation. We need not pen the one word which is now felt to be the only one that can express the fitting solution of all past progress in this mighty movement for the emancipation of our well-nigh rum-ruined race. To speak of emancipation, implies the degradation and slavery which, as an effect of the great social evil, has for many centuries past settled down with crushing fatal force upon untold millions, who but for it had been a benison to the world, but through the rum traffic's operation became its blight. The wrong, however, must not always triumph. The world's redemption in this regard now draweth near—the day of doom for the rum-fiend is at hand; and the entire uprooting of this deadly upas tree is only a matter of time.

Among the mightiest of the forces combining to press this foul fountain of evil, the liquor traffic, to the wall, is the Methodism of this and other lands. Of necessity, wherever "Christianity in earnest" exists, it will largely preponderate on the side of Temperance, as well as every other recognized reform. The different sections of Canadian Methodism have hitherto (although severally distinct, organically) always been largely united upon this great question, so much so, that for many years past a Methodist, whether lay or clerical, who was known to tamper with intoxicants has been justly regarded with suspicion and out of place among his co-religionists, and a reproach to his profession. In England, Methodism has the same proud distinction; and all its sections there vie with each other in effort to advance the cause of Temperance. In this we cheerfully, gratefully acknowledge that Methodism is not singular, so far as English denominations are concerned, for every religious organization there, Protestant and Roman Catholic, if not to the same degree as Methodists, is nevertheless exerting a powerful influence to-day, which is fast leavening, at least, the church-going portion of the community. A new departure marked the English Bible Christian Conference of 1883, in the appointment of District Secretaries, with a General Temperance Secretary, to whom these make annual returns for Conference. This action so far recognizes the Temperance movement as to make it henceforth, more prominently than in the past, as a regular department of Church work—

a matter in which every class of its officialism will be expected to take a more or less active part.

In connection with the late General Conference of the United Methodist Church, in the city of Belleville, while day and night that great representative body was so crowded with weighty matters involving strain, mental and physical, upon the delegates, there was no possibility of affording time, as usual, for public religious services; nevertheless, *one* public meeting was held, and that an old-fashioned Temperance meeting. It was spoken of by many as the most successful and satisfactory gathering of the kind ever held in the city. That grand old Methodist preacher, Dr. John A. Williams, President of the Conference, occupied the chair as few men could have done; and he, together with Revs. R. Cade, D. V. Lucas, D. L. Brethour, and J. J. Rice, and an influential and eloquent layman from the Eastern Townships (Mr. W. H. Lambly), gave spirited and most effective addresses. The prominence thus given to the great temperance movement under such circumstances, by a great representative convocation, is a guarantee of the high position this question has reached in the heads and hearts of their constituents, and thus a further pledge that the new Methodist Church will tolerate no half-way doings, denominationally, in its share of the work necessary to the securing a legislative measure of general prohibition. Our Pioneer Prohibitory Act for the North-West Territory, intended, doubtless, to give Canadians who should make that portion of the Dominion their

home a retreat forever free from the curse of the rum traffic, and also to test practically the operation of such a measure under circumstances at the time favorable to its proper enforcement. That beneficent Act has been largely and shamelessly voided, and those who placed it upon the Statute-Book stultified, by the privileges granted to almost any one, and especially to any Government official, itinerant or resident, in the way of special permit, to take intoxicants into the territory for personal or party use. Against this outrage the people resident there are indignantly protesting, and it will be the manifest duty of the friends of prohibition to endorse that protest and sustain by every legal means the efforts of an injured people to obtain redress. This, as a *first* duty; and then to labor on, and earnestly and increasingly supplicate the Divine blessing upon such labor, until prohibition be secured, and secured to be adequately enforced throughout the length and breadth of this fair "Canada of ours."

BLIGHTED HOPES; OR, THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY REV. WM. GALBRAITH, LL.B., OF MONTREAL.

FRED OSLAM was the son of a respectable widow. His father died when he was only three years of age, leaving Fred and two sisters—one six months, and the other five years—to the care of their mother. They were in comfortable but not affluent circum-

stances. Mrs. Oslam continued the grocery business in which her husband had been engaged.

She resolved to bring up her children respectably, and to give them a good education. Fred was a bright, attractive boy, replete with life and energy. At school he took the most prominent part in every play, and usually stood at the head of his class. His genial, bland, affable and cheerful disposition made him a general favorite.

On arriving at fourteen years of age, he was accustomed every evening after school to relieve his mother from the cares of business. For convenience, in closing and opening the store, and also as a supposed additional safety to the premises, he slept over the shop, which was some distance from the family residence. Mrs. Oslam, though not a member of the Church, was a woman of great force of character, unblemished reputation, and good principles. She regarded the manufacture and sale of liquor as wrong—opposed alike to the laws of God and the best interests of humanity. She never allowed any in her grocery. If a customer asked for it, she was always ready with an apt reply, such as this: "I don't traffic in the 'sum of all villanies.' I will not take for liquor the money which a poor man should give for bread to feed his hungry family. I cannot make my shop a fountain of death to pour forth its streams of poverty, misery and desolation upon the community on which I live."

At other times she would vindicate her temperance principles by saying: "I am not a true Christian,

though I ought to be; but, I tell you, this liquor business is the darkest blot on Christendom. But for it, we would have little need of police, prisons or poor-houses. Politicians speak of the increase of revenue from the license system. Deluded men! It is the most costly burden that crushes the nation. Without it, the government of the country would not be half so expensive as it is. That which impoverishes the individual subject, and reduces the amount of taxable property, cannot enrich the State. Then, look at these facts: *The traffic in strong drink costs Great Britain and America two thousand millions of dollars annually; forty thousand members are yearly expelled from Christian Churches for drunkenness; AND THIRTY THOUSAND DIE ANNUALLY IN THOSE TWO GREAT CHRISTIAN NATIONS FROM THE SAME SAD CAUSE!!*"

Her sentiments on the temperance question soon became extensively known; and those who wanted strong drink went to other groceries. Fred's mind was early and thoroughly imbued with his mother's sentiments. He had full sympathy with her in regard to the sale of ardent spirits.

At the age of seventeen he went to college, and at the end of four years graduated with the highest honors of the University. He then began the study of law. On completing the course, he opened an office and commenced practice. His mother was justly proud of him. His neighbors prophesied for him a brilliant career. His business rapidly increased. It was universally anticipated that he would soon become

one of the most wealthy and influential men of his native town.

He sought and obtained in marriage the hand of a young lady of exquisite beauty and refinement—the daughter of a wealthy wholesale merchant. On the wedding-day the friends of both parties congratulated most heartily the bride and bridegroom. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed when Fred began to keep late hours. His wife became solicitous and expostulated. Business engagements were offered as an excuse. In certain circles it was whispered, with bated breath, that Fred Oslam was drinking. The painful fact soon became generally known that he was a confirmed drunkard. It was now ascertained that, when a lad, sleeping over his mother's shop, young men were accustomed to come in after business closed, and spend the late hours of the night with young Oslam. First, they played checkers, then chess and cards.

Fred's temperance principles were thoroughly understood by his companions. They brought cigars, and afterwards liquor was gradually and stealthily introduced. Finally, Fred's scruples were overcome. A taste for intoxicating drink was acquired. It had been gaining strength during his college life.

Simultaneously and imperceptibly the will power became enfeebled as the appetite increased in strength till the desire for ardent spirits could no longer be concealed. His downward career was then most rapid. Wife, mother, and sister expostulated, pleaded, and wept. But words and tears were unavailing.

Business was neglected and constantly decreased. The little money he had previously saved was soon squandered. He became utterly reckless and dissipated. He shunned respectable society, and associated with the lowest and most degraded. The disappointment of his mother was inexpressible, and her grief inconsolable. Her health sank under the burden of sorrow, and she died broken-hearted. At her funeral his friends accused him of being the cause of her death. He pleaded guilty of the awful impeachment, and wept like a child. Despairing and alone he entered the room where lay the body of his mother stiff and cold in death. He bowed over the pale form and yielded to unrestrained lamentation. On rising to leave his eye caught sight of a bottle of brandy: he seized it and drank greedily its contents. An hour later, his friends, wondering at his long delay, opened the door, and behold! to their amazement and confusion, there were two bodies on that bed—the body of the mother and that of the *dead drunk son*.

Stung with shame and remorse, he moved with his family to a country village. His wife was not only highly accomplished, but a woman of deep spirituality of mind. In the most tender, loving manner, she appealed to every attribute of his manhood; to his former sentiments; to his marriage vows; to his obligations as husband and father, and to his own present and eternal interests. With all the moving pathos and eloquence of tears, she besought him to abandon the blighting, destructive beverage. Strongly and bit-

terly he reproached himself, and resolved and vowed he would drink no more; but his resolutions and vows were made in the strength of a will shattered and enfeebled by alcohol, and were then broken as often as made. One day after his recovery from a protracted debauch, his amiable and loving wife came to him, and threw her arms around his neck, and, bathing his bloated and disfigured face with her tears, said, "Fred, you do not try to reform in the right way. With you the disease of drunkenness has advanced too far for reformation by mere human strength. Satan is the strong man armed. In your case strong drink is the armor in which he trusts to keep your soul in bondage. Now, Jesus Christ, who is stronger than he, must enter, bind this strong man, and take away his armor. If you will surrender your heart to Him, by the renewing of His spirit He will take away the appetite for rum."

Fred wept bitterly and said, "I have degraded myself, broken my mother's heart, brought the best wife in the world to shame and sorrow, and my innocent children into disgrace and poverty. I am not fit to live. Oh! that I had become a Christian before this fiend of Intemperance enslaved me! I see, my dear wife, the course you advise is my only hope." But he did not reform. His wife, reared in luxury, was reduced to abject poverty, and was forced to do all the work for herself, husband, and four children. Her father gave her a cow, the milk of which her degraded, unfeeling husband sold from the lips of his hungry children to

buy whiskey. Almost any evening he might be seen in the yard of a low groggery earning a glass of liquor by keeping "tally" for the most abandoned villagers, while they pitched quoits for a "treat." His mental and moral nature was completely deteriorated. Soon his physical constitution was completely wrecked, and disease, induced by strong drink, bore him to a drunkard's grave.

CLOSE THE SALOONS.

BY REV. WM. K. BOYLE,

Editor of "The Episcopal Methodist," Baltimore, Md.

FACTS and arguments are so thoroughly on the side of the temperance movement, that it is matter of great astonishment that any sensible men dispute or oppose its progress. We have no sympathy with the intemperate utterances of some of the temperance advocates, and for the politician who only uses this question to help himself into office we feel an utter disgust. We go quite far also on the question of sumptuary laws. We do not believe that we have any right to legislate on any matter affecting a man's personal liberty, or to say that he must eat only certain food and confine himself to non-intoxicants for drink. Let it be understood that the vast majority of thinking temperance people admit that any man may make a gourmand of himself if he please, or drink the

meanest whiskey he can find. We have no right to prevent him by force. As affects the individual we can only rely on moral suasion. We can argue with him, show him the certain outcome of dissipation, but we dare not presume to fix his diet, or tell how he must quench his thirst. But we strenuously insist that in every community the citizens have an unquestionable right to abate any nuisance or to destroy any agency that works against good order and good morals. The very fact that law does license, in many places, the sale of drink, is an acknowledgment that the traffic is amenable to law: the fact that repressive measures are admitted as necessary to prevent the increase of the saloons, and a high license is therefore demanded, is a fatal admission of the danger, and the need of a remedy. The undisputed fact that fully *eighty per cent.* of all the crime, pauperism, and sickness is directly traceable to drink, and that but for the opportunities afforded by the saloons, the habit of drinking would be greatly abridged and lessened, calls with a mighty voice, "*Close the Saloons.*" By law we abate any nuisance that offends any of the senses: we forbid the publication of any lewd prints and impure literature: we force men to close a slaughter house or glue factory because they offend our olfactories and breed disease: there is a heavy fine for selling decayed food of any kind, and why, in the name of reason and good morals, shall we not destroy anything that offends the moral sense of a community? Shall we allow a lazy man to place his beer-shop or whiskey-

mill right under our noses, so that the stench of stale ale and sour beer and mean whiskey shall fill the air: shall we permit such traps to be set for our sons, where they may be robbed of health and character, and immortal hope: shall we allow these nurseries of crime to spread and grow under legal protection: shall these people fatten on the sins and follies of the hard-working people whose earnings they so greedily secure for drink? We say a thousand times *No!* Let us close the saloons. A healthy public sentiment is, we know, necessary to execute our prohibitory laws, and in some places temperance men have been satisfied with getting the law passed, as if it would execute itself. Eternal vigilance is the price of our liberty. Agitate unceasingly; show your faith in the cause by spending your money to see the law executed, and by your constant effort to keep the whole truth as to this abominable traffic and its effects before the people. The working men are rapidly absorbing the teachings of Socialism. They are restless because they have not the comforts of the rich; but if they could only be induced to stop drink every industrious and saving man could own his own house in five years, and secure for his children an education to which they cannot now aspire. If the almost incredible millions now wasted in drink could be saved, it would make every man, woman, and child richer each year by at least \$50; and a family of six or eight would have a nice sum in the savings bank at the year's end.

Be careful in legislation that you do not infringe on

men's liberty, but as the highest courts have held that prohibition is a remedy not at all incompatible with man's freedom or our principles of government, and as it has been abundantly proved that prohibition, where properly carried out, does elevate men and destroy most of the evils under which we labour, therefore "Close the Saloons."

As Christian men let us put our conscience in this work, and never cease our efforts until every miserable groggery and gilded saloon are closed and destroyed. "Moral suasion for the drinker and legal suasion for the seller," is the motto inscribed on the temperance banner. None of us have ever thought of interfering with personal liberty, but we fight against "license," and shall to our dying day. And any country that legalizes this iniquity makes a "league with death and a covenant with hell."

THE MAN-EATING TREE OF CANADA.

BY REV. J. A. M'CLUNG, SUNDERLAND, ONT.

NOT long ago a friend of mine told me he had been reading of a singular production of nature (so-called at least), named the Man-eating Tree of Madagascar. My informant said that it was customary for the natives on certain occasions to select one of their own number, whom they would unite in compelling to climb to the centre of the great sensitive plant, when its enormous cactus-like leaves would

begin gradually to close upon him, in pressing closer and closer with an irresistible force, till the blood ran from every pore of his body and mingled with a kind of liquid which exuded from the plant, and, trickling down, is caught and drank with a kind of infernal glee for its intoxicating properties.

Now, I have searched the Encyclopædias, from the "Britannica" down, for anything answering to this description, but in vain. After searching among the books till weary, I had a dream; and in my dream I saw right here, in our beautiful, Christian Ontario, what I had sought in vain as a product of a foreign clime and heathen practice. It was so large that its long, sinuous arms covered the whole of our fair Province, and was in danger of covering the Dominion. They don't call it by the harsh name of the "Man-eating Tree." It would be too frightful to call it by a name that would describe it. So they call it the "Liquor Traffic" or "Licensed Victuallers' Association." This tree puts forth limbs far-reaching and powerful, but they called them Distilleries, Breweries, Saloons, Taverns. And I saw in my dream, and behold men climbed its sinuous branches by hundreds, and put themselves in its deadly grasp. I saw men, apparently sensible men in other matters, take property and life and all, and cast themselves into the capacious maw of this vegetable devil-fish, for it seemed to live and grow strong on whatever robbed poor humanity of home and happiness. Worse than all, I saw men drag helpless women and children—their

mothers, their wives, their children—and with hellish shriek, mingled with blasphemy, fling them in, and their blood ran down a livid stream.

Wondering what was the power of this tree which seemed to have such fatal influence in drawing men with irresistible force to their ruin, I thought that Shakespeare appeared to me, and I asked him what was the secret of this fatal power. “The ‘invisible spirit of wine’ which I call ‘devil,’” was his reply.

Around this tree I saw many of its worshippers who were loud in its praises. I saw statesmen there, and as they held up the loathsome mixture they said it is worth \$5,000,000, and the country could not do without it. Political parties danced around it in high glee, for it casts its protecting shadow over the throne of our Sublime Chief. And so I saw once in four years—sometimes oftener—the supporters of Her Majesty’s Government, or the supporters of Her Majesty’s Opposition, as the case may be, gathered to water it carefully with a funny kind of pail they call a “ballot box.” And I saw in my dream that, however they differed on other things of minor importance, they seemed mostly to agree in shouting, “Great are the benefits of the mighty Man-eater, for he brings much gain to our party, and our Chief sits under its shadow and eats its fruit with much delight.” And they appointed sedate men, men of broad views, to fence it and care for it. And behold, I saw it surrounded by a fence, great and high, built of that beautiful picket that they call “lie-sins” (license). Beyond this fence

they said it must not grow; but it did grow. And men were drawn by its long arms, and they were crushed, and they cursed the day they were born; and others drank of their blood and cried, "Great is the Man-eater."

And I saw doctors there who said it must live, for great were its healing virtues, and our patients grow vigorous under its shadow. And yet I saw a thousand die by its tortures for one that was benefited by its virtues.

Stranger than all, I heard learned divines wax eloquent in its praises, because they say Jesus planted a root of it by His first miracle in Cana of Galilee, and presented it to a young couple as a wedding gift! This so shocked me that I woke out of my dream; and lo! it was not a dream.

Who is so stupid as to need an interpretation of this? Who is so blind as not to see, in his readings of the daily press, a reality of which this is only a very faint picture? It's to-day a stabbing affair in the streets of Kingston, and to-morrow a shooting affair in Toronto, and the next day a mother burns herself and children to death because she is drunk, and the next day a noble young man felled like an ox; and then its a suicide; and then for a change its all of these and more in a day, and the one only cause is—*Drink!* soul and body-destroying drink! But what of that! There are a lot of harpies who say they must live; though no one but themselves can see any good reason why they should live on the blood of better

men. And the Government says that the country will go to ruin if it does not grant license to spend \$50,000,000, and murder hundreds of its citizens, to get a paltry \$5,000,000 of a revenue.

Now, all this and a thousand-fold worse can be proven against this monster of crime and blood, and yet the license will be issued, the fence will be built, the tree will be watered instead of uprooted. But if only one this year should perish, and that one out of your home, would you, dear reader, say, "Issue the license?" Remember then, when you are giving your vote for license, that you are giving your vote for that which will slay somebody's loved one.

Here is a case in point which happened in this land not many years ago, and with most of the parties the writer was acquainted. A noble young man, son of respectable Christian parents, goes out on business a few miles from home, and passes the *licensed* corner tavern. The landlord, either in pretence or reality (the judgment-day will reveal), wants to attend a neighbor's funeral, borrows the young man's horse and cutter, and tells him to stay till he returns. The young man thoughtlessly consents. A quarrel in some way arose in the bar between him and a butcher. The butcher struck the young man one blow, and he was laid a lifeless corpse on the floor. The poor father and mother are at home wondering "where is my boy to-night?" The wretch who kept that place drove past that home once and again, but never let the lonely watchers know until he brought the coroner, held the

inquest, and secured the verdict he wanted. The first they knew was a request to bring a coffin for the lifeless remains of that much-loved son. Who will wonder when I tell them that that poor broken-hearted mother and two daughters were shortly after laid on beds of death, from which they were carried, after a lingering illness—one on one Sabbath and two on the next—to the silent resting-place of the dead, and the father and remaining son left the lonely survivors in the home of the once happy family. This is the fruit of the “Man-eating Tree of Canada.” “How long, O Lord! how long” shall this monster of iniquity be permitted to crush and destroy human hopes and human hearts?

TOTAL ABSTINENCE *VERSUS* MODERATION.

BY REV. J. COOPER ANTLIFF, M.A., B.D.,

Editor of “Christian Journal,” Toronto.

IN reference to the using of strong drinks, all persons may be divided into three classes—drunkards, moderate drinkers, and abstainers.

In regard to the first class—the drunkards—all are agreed that their habit is to be condemned. If any one were found advocating it, he would justly be considered a suitable person for either a gaol or an asylum. With many drunkards, however, the habit indicates not only a vice but a disease, and hence the propriety of providing hospitals especially for in-

ebriates. It does not, however, follow that because there is the element of disease in drunkenness that it is the less immoral; for it is by the drunkard,—or, as he is sometimes significantly called, the *dipso-maniac*,—having gradually relinquished self-government that he has fallen into his present condition; and therefore blame must not be merged into pity.

But though none are to be found advocating drunkenness, there are many who are prepared to maintain that moderation is even a virtue, and that it is preferable to entire abstinence. Now, let us consider the claims put forward in its behalf, and afterwards consider the claims of entire abstinence, and if, on a candid comparison, the latter are found to be superior, let our conduct harmonize with our belief.

In answer to the question, What is moderation? we remark that it is difficult to specify an exact quantity of strong drink the partaking of which may be termed moderation. Much depends on habit, constitution, and climate; but, in general, it may be defined as the taking of alcoholic drinks in such quantities as will not superinduce intoxication.

1. It is claimed that moderation has the advantage of conforming to custom or fashion. Though the custom, happily, is not so prevalent as formerly, it is still a too common thing to bring out strong drink at births, marriages and funerals. It is used as a token of friendship, and to give it is reckoned a sign of hospitality. There are few influences more powerful than that of custom, for it is almost omnipotent.

With many the question is not "What is right?" but, "How do people generally act?" There are more idols than those made of wood and stone, and in Christian lands there are multitudes of idolaters who bow down at the shrine of the huge idol—FASHION. Now, when we can conform to custom without sacrificing principle it is well to do so, for those crotchety persons who prefer going counter to custom, for the mere sake of being singular, are justly shunned. But that man exhibits true heroism who will do right, when right is in the minority, and will dare to ignore a foolish and hurtful custom.

2. But another advantage pleaded for moderate drinking is, that it tends to the enjoyment of life. There is doubtless force in this statement, and it unfortunately happens that the kind of pleasure drinking gives, viz., physical, though of the lowest type, is that most generally appreciated. There is, however, no merit apart from some good end to be accomplished in a man denying himself pleasure, and it is, under certain conditions, even our duty to avail ourselves of enjoyment placed within our reach. In the use of strong drinks exhilaration is experienced, and hence many partake of it to drive dull care away.

3. Other arguments urged in favor of moderation are not so valid as those just mentioned. When it is stated that it is sanctioned by the apostolic precept—"Let your moderation be known unto all men," there is manifestly ignorance as to the meaning of the term translated "moderation." The Revised Version, with

more correctness, uses the word *forbearance*; and Bishop Lightfoot, in referring to this new rendering, says, "*Forbearance* is the opposite to a spirit of contention and self-seeking." Dr. McKnight says: "It means meekness under provocation, readiness to forgive injuries, equity in the management of business, candour in judging of the characters and actions of others, sweetness of disposition, and the entire government of the passions." So that this frequently misquoted passage has no direct reference to the use of alcoholic beverages.

4. Again, it is sometimes argued that abstainers who ask those who are moderate drinkers to abstain entirely because some drink to excess, might on the same principle ask persons to abstain from food because some are gluttons. But there is this fatal objection to this analogy, that while eating is a necessity the partaking of strong drinks is only a luxury.

II. Having now stated the pleas usually urged in favor of moderation, let us consider what advantages can be offered in favor of entire abstinence.

1. In the first place, it tends to the saving of money. Drinking is one of the principal causes of the poverty witnessed in many of the homes of the people. While the few are enriched by the drink traffic, the many are impoverished. It has been calculated that this traffic costs Canada forty millions of dollars yearly, or ten dollars per head for every man, woman, and child, and about as much indirectly. If the small sums spent by the moderate drinkers were only husbanded

they might secure many comforts in their homes of which they now deprive themselves, and they might also make better provision for the needs of old age. It is a lamentable fact that when trade becomes depressed, many artisans, whose wages in good times are in advance of the incomes of some professional men, find themselves under the necessity of pawning their household goods, and seeking charity at the hands of their more frugal neighbors.

2. Again, entire abstinence has the advantage of conducing to health. It is now agreed by the highest medical authorities that alcohol is not a food but a poison, and that the partaking of it as a beverage, even in moderate quantities, is injurious. Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., says: "I am quite satisfied that fermented liquor of any kind is unnecessary as an article of diet. For people who enjoy tolerable health, but nevertheless find 'digestion slow,' or 'imperfect,' or 'the circulation languid'—popular forms of excuse for taking wine—it seems to me more frequently a dangerous snare than a tolerable remedy. Let us put alcoholic liquor in its proper place—namely, among the so-called luxuries of life, not among its necessities. Don't take your daily wine under pretext of its doing you good. Take it frankly as a luxury, one which must be paid for—and mostly some loss of health, or of mental power, or of calmness of temper, or of judgment is the price."

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his *Diseases of Modern Life*, says:—"A man or woman who abstains is

healthy and safe. A man or woman who indulges at all is unsafe. A man or woman who relies on alcohol for support is lost."

It is a well-known fact that the Grecian athletes, when they were being trained for the games, were required to abstain from wine, and modern gymnasts observe the same regulation. It was found in the Crimean war that those soldiers who were water-drinkers were not so liable to suffer from the intense cold as those who were accustomed to drink grog. In the Ashantee expedition the military surgeons advised the men to avoid strong drink, and to drink cold tea as the best beverage. In the Government returns regarding the mortality of troops in India, we find they are arranged in three classes, viz., abstaining, temperate, and intemperate, and the mortality is respectively 11, 25, and 44. In cases where great physical exertion is necessary, it has been found that meal and water will enable workmen to do a far greater amount of work than beer and kindred beverages. It is sometimes urged by those who partake of these drinks that they feel stronger after partaking of them. The reason of this is, they act as stimulants. But a stimulant does not impart strength; it draws on the strength stored up by nature in our system, and which strength should be carefully husbanded for seasons of extremity. Strong drink no more imparts strength to a man, than whip-cord strengthens a horse. A person seized with disease, say fever, who has been an abstainer, other things being equal, will be far more likely to recover

than one who has been a moderate drinker. We do not maintain that there is not a place for these drinks as medicines; though they would be far less frequently prescribed were medical men more skilful or conscientious. They are prescribed at times to please the patient; for a medical gentleman assured the writer of this paper that in his visits he was at times almost requested to order them. The late Dr. Higginbotham, of Nottingham, England (the original of Dr. Wilbraham in the prize tale *By the Trent*), once stated that he had lost £10,000 in his profession by being an abstainer, for when his patients discovered he would not order strong drinks, they sought the services of some practitioner less scrupulous.

In further corroboration of our position that entire abstinence is conducive to good health, we may cite the experience of Insurance Societies. It is found in the working of the "United Kingdom Provident and Temperance Institution" that, taking the number assured at a given age, for every 100 deaths among abstainers there are 117 in the general section; and experience has proved that for every £4 of profit realized in the general section there is a profit of £7 accruing to those in the temperance section, which is kept separate.

3. But passing from the advantages of entire abstinence, from a financial and physiological point of view, to its moral advantage, we cannot fail to perceive its superiority over moderation.

Entire abstinence is a guarantee from the evil of

intemperance. Though tens of thousands of drunkards are dying annually, their places are being filled up year by year. Where do the recruits come from? Most certainly from the ranks of the moderate drinkers. There is a percentage of these who will inevitably become drunkards, for gradually and stealthily the love of strong drink grows on a man; may be he flatters himself that he can give up the habit of taking them whenever he will, but at length he finds the power of his will has been undermined, and he is the slave of his vicious appetite.

But even when absolute drunkenness is avoided there is still an injury suffered by our higher nature by the action of alcohol; the moral sensibility is blunted; the passions are excited, and self-control is to an extent lost. It has been well said by Bishop Hall, "He that would be safe from the acts of evil, must wisely avoid the occasion." That the partaking of strong drink is liable to lead men astray, however sacred their position, is set forth in the prohibition addressed to Aaron, Lev. 10. 8, 9, "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations."

Again, the example of the abstainer is more likely to benefit than that of the moderate drinker. Example is more powerful than precept. Around us we see the fearful evils that the use of strong drink is inflicting upon the people, and as vultures are said to

follow armies to the field of carnage, so do sin, misery, and disease follow the use of strong drink. The question will suggest itself to every patriot and Christian, "What can be done to remedy this state of affairs?" and when the answer almost spontaneously presents itself, "These poor wretches cursed with intemperance must give up the cause of their sorrow," does it not seem feasible that a man who himself abstains will be more likely to succeed in reclaiming the drunkard than one who takes alcoholic beverages, though to a very limited degree? But besides this, the example of the man who entirely abstains is quietly but certainly influencing those around him for good. There are those who seem so deficient in moral strength that they look to others for their principle. Let a stronger will than their own come near them, and they tremble like a needle near a magnet. Now, though there may be those who could drink in moderation during a lifetime and never be actually intoxicated, there are vast numbers who have not this power, and it is a noble resolve to say, "Well, I could take the drink and it would not overcome me, but I find others cannot act thus, and I will relinquish what is to me a luxury for the sake of my weaker brethren."

In conclusion, let the thoughts embodied in this paper be carefully considered, and to an unprejudiced mind, I am not without hope, it will appear that, though moderation may claim conformity to custom and be a source of pleasure, yet that the advantages of entire abstinence are superior, both in number and

in weight, and therefore it becomes those who are governed by reason and religion, and not by fashion and appetite, to accept its principle, and, what is more difficult, adopt its practice.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.,

(Congregational), New York.

IT is supposed by many that a luxurious diet is necessary to health, and not seldom men use intoxicating drink as a constant beverage, under the delusion that it imparts strength. Both of these mistakes are easily exposed. A sparing diet is conducive to health and long life, while the pampering of the appetite with many dainties tends to the production of disease. Then, as regards strong drink, we have the testimony of medical men of highest standing to the fact that it is not necessary to a healthy person, and that its habitual use is always more or less injurious. Hence, if for no other reason, we might well abstain from it as an article of diet. But when we take into account the insidious nature of alcohol, which always creates a craving for itself, and, above all, when we think of the numbers in the land who are continually falling under its power, and of the fearful amount of the misery and crime which is

traceable, directly or indirectly, to its influence, we may surely be brought to adopt the course of Daniel and his friends in regard to it, the rather as no evil consequences will follow the carrying out of such a resolution.

Do not say to me that there is no danger of you. It is he who thinketh he standeth here who has most need to take heed lest he fall. You may find among the helpless, almost hopeless, drunkards on our streets many who once said the same thing as you are now saying, and who seemed then to have as good a ground for saying it as you have now. Why, then, should you imagine that you are in this respect infallible? You may reply again, as some have done, that if there were any certainty that you would become a drunkard you would abstain. But to that I answer in the words of Butler, "Probability is the guide of life." You guard against probabilities, nay, even against mere possibilities in other things; why not also in this? You have no certainty that your house shall take fire, yet, as a prudent man, you insure it, and your furniture too: you have no positive knowledge that your ship shall be lost at sea, yet, as a wise man, you underwrite it to the full. So abstinence from strong drink is an insurance against intemperance, with this advantage—that the premium goes not into the coffers of a wealthy company, but comes back to yourself in the shape of pecuniary saving, physical health, and domestic comfort.

But I care not to put this question on such selfish

ground. I ask you to look at it in the light of the multitudes whom strong drink is beguiling to their ruin. Will you not abstain, if thereby you may remove temptation out of their way, and help them to restoration? There is no hope for them save in abstaining. But should not we assist them by the moral influence of our fellowship in so doing? When David thirsted for the water of the well of Bethlehem, and his three mighty men broke through the enemy's ranks and returned with a pitcherful of it, he would not drink it. Men's lives had been jeopardized for it! So he poured it out before the Lord. In like manner, when the wine cup is presented to you, think of the multitudes which are not merely imperilled, but destroyed, by that bewitching draught, and then you, too, will pour it out before the Lord, saying, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby a brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

THE QUESTION OF THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. WM. M'DONAGH, OF SARNIA.

THE age we live in, like all other ages, is, no doubt, most interesting to those who live in it. Their business is with the present. The times past may be accountable for the introduction of many evils which in the present afflict the nations; yet we who live in the nineteenth century should see to it that we send

not down to coming ages great wrongs as a heritage of shame and cursing.

The present time is marked by two characteristics—on the one side dense spiritual darkness, like that of Egypt of old; and on the other side the dawn of the approaching day of the Sun of Righteousness, which shall dispel all mists of evil now enveloping the world.

As one of the agencies in opposition to the well-being of men and the prosperity of the cause of Christ, there is none more injurious than the liquor traffic.

That it is too late in this day of the temperance reformation to attempt any elaborate description of the evils of the liquor traffic, seems to be a sentiment cherished, and, we humbly think, carried a little too far by a certain class of temperance advocates. But we have to do with such a tremendous evil, we are apt to lose anything like an adequate idea of the magnitude of the figures continually repeated concerning it. We say here in Canada that about \$30,000,000 are worse than wasted or misused in this cursed traffic every year; that eight thousand men and women die annually and directly from drink alone, and we think we have some vague idea of this monster evil. But when we bring it nearer to ourselves, then we have a much nearer, stronger, and real sense of its terrors. I wonder how many families have been scorched by this traffic and their peace destroyed; that have not had their hearts well-nigh broken by reason of this tremendous evil of intemperance. O, it is when we come to look at this in its domestic aspect that we get the

real idea of the evil! And then when we come to multiply the individual cases by the thousand and myriadfold we come to have something like a right idea of what we have to contend with. This giant is three-headed—appetite, fashion, and interest. The best brains of our country and the most philanthropic hearts, with the most fertile and productive pens, have for years been engaged in the task of combatting this three-headed monster, performing their work with skill and force. But we are now confronted with another danger, that of admitting the existence of these evils so readily that they may not have their due weight on our minds and hearts.

It is beyond a reasonable doubt that this traffic in intoxicating liquors is *the* crime and curse of our country as it is the crime and curse of other lands; the darkest stain on our Christian civilization, and the chief hindrance to social and financial prosperity. More of pure saintliness, more of noble manhood, of real service for God and man; more innocent youth; more of all that is great, good and noble, has been lost by this cursed business, to the Church and nation, than by almost all other causes put together; yea, it is becoming one of the commonplaces upon our magisterial benches for the judges of our land, in concert with those of other lands, to declare that nine-tenths of the crimes against law and human rights are perpetrated under the influence of this nefarious traffic. It spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those at the belt of the red man. Its

most desolating strifes are at our firesides. Why should a Christian Government license it? Why should a Christian people tolerate any authority that attempts to license such a curse and pollution? is a question which moves the heart of a Christian public. By doing so you make war on the comfort and happiness of the households of our land, and you carry war and want into thousands of homes. Why, in God's name, tell us, in this land of plenty, where our harvests roll like a golden ocean, and where an ever kind Providence has scattered blessings on every hand, should women and helpless children go hungry for bread? These same children, stripped by this cursed traffic of father and home, of comfort, nursed by it into scowling criminals, or wallowing in vice or dying on the scaffold. Shame on a people that can license such a nuisance! We speak as unto wise men; judge ye what we say.

But we are told by the advocates of this traffic, as a bar, as they term it, to all this declamation, that the temperance movement is hostile to human rights, to the general and business interests of the country, and, of course, to *their* interests in particular. If the temperance cause triumph, it will throw so many men out of employment, and cause a great waste of capital. They tell us of the millions involved in the traffic, as well as the worth of houses, now as property, bringing a large return to the owners. This may or may not be true; we believe it is not true, but as unreal as the baseless fabric of a

dream. But granting the truth or forcefulness of their argument for a moment, we ask is this the whole truth? Ought not the fact also to be stated, to the credit of this liquor business, that it has made thousands of criminals for this country to support or punish; that it is the fruitful cause of the death of more than eight thousand yearly of the inhabitants of this country; that twice that number are now on their way to the same dread fate? And is it possible that the Christian people of this fair land can be imposed on by these liquor advocates and their sophistries, and so fear to attack it? Farmers dread lest they should lose a market for some of their crops, and the merchant dreads lest he should lose custom or lose debts contracted by some of those connected with the traffic. Bankers, brokers, and money-lenders have their obvious reasons for letting liquor-dealers alone; and lawyers know too well where fees can be found to take any active part against its curse. Doctors understand where to find patients; and ministers themselves are sometimes profoundly impressed with the need of refraining from studying this subject in all its aspects lest it might lead them, under the demands of conscience, into little unpleasantnesses. You know, dear brethren, we appeal to the conscience of every man. O do not misname your fear and baptize it "prudence."

Again, people say of this evil business that it is the fault of the Government, and that if its manufacture and sale were stopped it would bring an end to the evil. Again, others say that so long as man has a

depraved nature there will be the craving for such indulgence. Well, these statements are not all true, nor yet are they all untrue. This appetite is not from within; it never was placed here by God. Every natural appetite in its felt needs can be met and satisfied by creatures provided to meet the requirements; but here is something God never provided in nature, but which results from the destruction and rotting of God's creatures—the product of disintegration and death—for the enjoyment of which there is no natural but an acquired appetite and taste, producing and bringing death in every form to the user and not life. Then there is a mutual fault—that of the individual and that of Government. A certain writer has said that drunkenness is said in the Bible to come out of the heart. But we answer, No! The Bible says that spiritual evils, such as envy, malice, etc., come out of the heart. The whole human family are inclined to some of these evils from the heart, but you can find millions of the race that know nothing of drunkenness as an appetite. It is an artificial appetite, and will be destroyed as soon as the human family decrees it. But the question has long been debated, "How can this artificial vice be destroyed, and all that ministers to it be swept away?" We apprehend the means must be threefold—*moral, social and political*.

In the first place, if the country is saved from this vice, we must protect the *young*. We plead with you on behalf of the young people of our land, and we ask, Must they perish as thousands? yes, as millions

have done before them. When the slaves of the tippler's and drunkard's appetite are dead and gone, shall there be after us a new generation of drunkards, twenty or thirty years from this time? Where are they to come from, if not from the children God has given to His people. They are little children now, in our homes, in our Sabbath-schools, and must we, will we go on merely talking and making effort to save the drink-seller's victim, but license the traffickers in human souls and human misery to still go on with their wicked business. No! forever No! Let it be heard, in answer to the attempted smugglers of the Scott Act amendment, like the voice of the old Roman populace,—

*“Tribunes, we will have Tribunes!
Down with the Wicked Ten.”*

Freedom, we must have freedom. Down with this God-cursed traffic and its abettors.

Let us, as Christians, teach Temperance and Prohibition in our Sabbath-schools as a gospel means of grace, and strike down any law that upholds vice, and also the legislator that may advocate such legalizing of sin.

Next to the importance of taking care of the children, and aiding in carrying out of this work, there must and ought to be the most earnest grappling with the drunken customs of society. These are at the very root of the evil, and effect the ruin of thousands. Till the drink is banished from the tables

of our homes, the children of those homes will sink into the miserable and drivelling drunkards of the future. Take care that the serpent is not already in your paradise, and perchance that child you clasp to your bosom may yet bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Then let us make every effort to save the drunkards we meet. Let us do it by the power of love. Love only possesses power to stoop and lift the lost. Abstinence for the drunkard is an absolute physical necessity if he would conquer his habit and be saved. If I wish to deliver and save him, I must endeavor to get him never to touch the accursed drink which has ruined him. But before I can have influence to persuade him, I must make abstinence an honorable thing. Low as he may seem to be, he will never become an abstainer if he imagines that, by his doing so, he bears any disgrace. He will rather die in his intemperance than become an abstainer to be pointed at by the drunkard and moderate drinker as a man that had to give up tasting strong drink to save himself from drunkenness. If we mean to save him, therefore, we must stand on the same platform with him, just as the Son of God stooped to our low condition, became a man among men; so we, as Christians, must put ourselves in and alongside of the victim of alcohol, though not guilty of his sin, in order to lift him. Teetotalers, as we are already, we must try to persuade and lift him up into the liberty we enjoy. Somewhere about fifteen years ago the Sailors' Home in Liverpool, in

England, was discovered to be on fire. It was past midnight; all the inmates had retired to rest, and were startled out of their slumber by the terrible alarm. The flames spread rapidly, until from every window and door the smoke and flame belched forth, so that when the fire brigade got on the ground they found their principal work for the present was to save the inmates. A dense crowd of onlookers had gathered round, and many a stout-hearted man came forth and volunteered his service in the perilous enterprise of saving those who were as yet within the walls of the burning pile. A company of mariners landed from a man-of-war at anchor in the Sloyan, and gave themselves to the same great work, until about ninety-seven had been snatched from the burning, and it seemed that all were saved. Now men breathed freely, and looked upon the gorgeous spectacle of that massive building wreathed in fire, but hark! a piercing shriek is heard high over the shouts of the multitude, and yonder, on one of the upper ledges of the building, five men are seen calling for help. As soon as possible the longest ladder is lifted to the spot against the wall, but it reaches only twenty feet below the parapet on which the men are standing. An agony of disappointment wrings the heart of every onlooker as hope of their deliverance fast sinks into despair. Stand back! cries a courageous man, and, resolute in his purpose of saving, with another ladder on his shoulder, he sets foot on the lowest round and prepares to ascend to their relief. On him all eyes are fixed. They

watch him until he has reached the top of the long ladder, and there he plants the ladder he has carried up with him, but ah! how bitter the disappointment again; it is found too short to reach them. What is now to be done? Quick as thought, no time to lose, he raises the short ladder upon his own shoulders. There, at nearly fifty feet high from the ground, he places his own length to the one he carried up; as he stands on the other ladder he calls to the men to come down over his body and be saved. The multitude below hold their breath lest the slightest sound should mar the self-possession of the men, but when one after another had safely passed over him to salvation, and he himself was safe, then there broke from that multitude cheer after cheer in deafening sound. Thus, my brethren, must we save the drunkard from the devouring fire. The ladder even of abstinence will be too short unless we add ourselves to it, and make over ourselves a pathway of safety for the lost. Our Leader in this enterprise is the Jehovah of the gospel, and as He leads success is sure. Then who is our God to lead, if not the hosts of Christians in the Church, with its ministers in the van of the Salvation Army. John Wesley's sons must be where they ought to be, in the van. One reason is, Methodism is the advanced guard of Jehovah's great army, and if they are worthy still to be known and acknowledged to be the exhibitors of "Christianity in earnest," then, in the name of the Master, let us go forward in this march to the promised land of victory and freedom.

I can tolerate indolence better anywhere than among Christians, and I say that the sons and daughters of John Wesley, in Canada, ought to respond to our appeal and stand up and rid themselves of all participation with this cursed evil, and then the blessing of God will come upon us and our country.

We are a law-abiding people, we are also judges of law and its benefits or evils. For the last four hundred years Legislatures have been licensing this abominable traffic in death and evil, and professedly for the purpose of restraint. But license has always proved a failure. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. And why? Because it is against the law of God to license evil. He always prohibits. Licensing this accursed traffic, is like casting out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils. It is an attempt to prevent men from learning to drink, by legally providing materials for the lust of the drunkard's appetite. It is to stop drunkenness by beginning it according to law. The license law says to every unprincipled money-grabber, "Pay us so much out of your profits and you may tempt the unwary and make drunkards out of the respectable citizens of this country, of which we are the legislators. You may stimulate the worst passions of the worst men. We will provide police and judges to take your manufactured articles, and pay them, and support prisons and penitentiaries, that you may light the fires of hell among us all, only for decency sake you must submit to a few restrictions, but we will not be very exact

with you, and in return we baptize your hellish traffic an honourable calling. We will make laws to punish the drunkards when you have made them according to law. The whole community shall fear and groan under the power of your vile business, but you shall be protected and enriched." Shall this continue to be the language of legislators? No! Let it be heard from one end of our country to the other irrespective of political parties. Let us by votes and the carrying of the provisions of the "Scott Act" in every municipality testify that we as a people, and especially as Christians, are not among those upon whom the law of God pronounces a just condemnation, who "do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just."

AN APPEAL TO VOTERS.

BY A. R. CARMAN, B.A., BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Reviewed by Bishop Carman.

IN 1856 the United States was writhing in the quickly-tightening folds of a hideous slavery. The officary, from President to pound-keeper, was Democratic, and did not scruple to sustain itself by bribery, force, ruffianism and, at times, murder. Abolition was confined to a few noble-hearted Northerners. One morning a discouraged anti-slavery orator might have been seen in Boston before a large audience of

New England abolitionists. He showed them the hopelessness of their case, painted the prospect in hues black as night, and clinched his arguments with the returns from a republican city, where a popular candidate had been ignominiously beaten, because he would not promise to support slavery. "Give up your hopes; it is all in vain," he cried. Then an old negro woman, whose hair was whitened, and form bowed by the sorrows and sufferings of slavery, standing up, asked in a tremulous voice, "Oh, sir! is God dead?" Look at the answer of the Great God. In 1860 the republicans, strong in their union with omnipotence, swept a corrupt democracy from their long-held supremacy, and with Lincoln at their head, carried the principle of abolition into the White House. Then ensued the rebellion, but the blood-bought victories of Grant and Sherman enforced the mandates of Jehovah.

In 1856 slavery was a part of the Constitution, a great factor in commerce, a mighty influence in the money market, a traffic in which a large proportion of American citizens were engaged. Human beings were sold as cattle, and many a wealthy aristocrat had every dollar invested in "niggers." Is the rum traffic any better intrenched, any mightier to-day?

In 1866 slavery was dragged from its towered fortress and crushed beneath the heel of a free and triumphant Christian people. A slaveholder was a criminal. Slave markets were all closed. How was it done? By work. By putting abolition before party.

By following preaching with practice in the form of influence and votes. The Canadian Prohibitionists to-day hold the balance of power in nearly every constituency. They are strong enough to have CARRIED the Scott Act in thirty constituencies. They have polled 1,661 votes out of a total 4,472 votes cast in a great liquor centre like Hamilton. If the temperance vote were "solid" it could turn any election in this Dominion. But so long as Prohibitionists are satisfied with social entertainment, Temperance Societies, pleasing addresses from paid lecturers, talking loudly about the "rum curse;" and then on voting days, sinking all their convictions and principles in the great seething whirlpool of party, mark their ballots for a drunken supporter of a Government pledged to the liquor interest, Canada will never wipe out the stain. No! You must sink party in principle, self in the salvation of your brother, and, trusting in an overruling Providence, do your duty. If the prospect looks black, if the viper of alcohol seems to have coiled itself around the vitals of your country, remember the old negress' question, and remember God's mighty answer.

You may ask, "How can we bring the temperance question into municipal and political relations?" History tells you, you must *force* it in. You must make the temperance vote a felt factor in the elections, and just as soon as its influence tells, just so soon will every ambitious politician, from ward alderman to cabinet minister, bid for that vote.

Listen to the advice of Horace Greeley, that mighty

champion of right, on this question just thirty years ago. "Now, we approve most heartily the nomination of *distinctive* Maine Law candidates, where we must have such or none. Where we can do nothing better, we should at least show that a part of us are in down-right earnest. Let us nominate special candidates, where that is necessary, to open the mouths of dumb politicians, anxious to ride on both sides of the sapling and pretty certain to cheat us if we blindly trust them. But wherever any political party has presented a Maine Law candidate, there we should take up that candidate and elect him, if possible, though this involve the dropping of our own better men. If *both* parties, or more than one, present Maine Law candidates, we should concentrate on whosoever is intrinsically strongest and elect him. But to run a special candidate against one who is with us, yet will receive votes outside of our own battalions, is madness—treason."

This is the principle upon which abolition was carried. You must force one or both parties to nail the plank of Prohibition in their platform, force them to nominate Temperance workers for candidates in *your own* constituency. If this is not feasible, nominate a good man yourselves on the Prohibition ticket, then work, *fight*, VOTE, and PRAY for him. Then linked with the Deity of Ages, united and firm among yourselves, with but one motto emblazoned on your banners, "Freedom from the Rum Power," you are sure to win. But you must act promptly. This is

the slavery of to-day—a slavery that fills our asylums, our prisons, our homes with desolation, our streets with starving children and debased women, our gallows with murderers, our graveyards with suicides, and hell with the Demon's victims.

The former was a slavery of the body, this is slavery of the immortal soul; that held in bondage only the sun-burnt descendants of Ham, this is no respecter of persons; it claims white and black, millionaire and pauper, prince and peasant. It plants its iron heel alike upon the neck of the powdered, padded, and perfumed aristocrat who reels to his carriage from the clubhouse-door drunk; and upon the poor, threadbare, penniless wretch who, staggering from his bed of rags and straw, can't hold his palzied hand steady until he has had his morning dram. How many dying wives and starving children to-day are crying against this curse?

You, perhaps, strong in resistance of the appetite, are begged to strike the glass of grog from the shaking hand of the poor reeling drunkard; starving families ask you, broken-hearted mothers ask you, the wards of ten thousand prisons cry to you, the poor wretch who can't pass the grog-shop pleads with you. Won't you do it? As you hope for a divine freedom hereafter strike for the liberty of your enslaved brother, strike with your voice, your influence and your vote.

“Strike till the last armed foe expires,
For God and your native land.”

It is no excuse that the temperance cause has met with many disastrous defeats in times past. Every reform has its reverses. The Papal Chair at Rome laid its foundations amidst the blood and ashes of thousands of martyred Christians. When you boast of religious freedom, remember the ashes of Savonarola, Huss, Jerome, Ridley and Latimer. When you enjoy civil liberty remember Edge Hill, the Cabal, and "Red Dunbar." When you thank high Heaven that all the horrors of slavery are past, think for a moment of the life energies of a Wilberforce, and a martyred Lincoln, then listen to the mournful wail from desolated hearthstones when the smoke cleared away from Gettysberg. Oh it is the *ceaseless* dropping of the water that wears away the granite.

You have a hard battle to fight. The breweries, the grogeries, the "high-toned" bars, the great army of drunkards, the unscrupulous politician, the church member who takes his beer, the aristocrat who dubs you "enthusiast," the devil and all hell are leagued against you. But you are sure to win. All heaven, with ensigns spread, is marching to your aid, angel choirs are ringing with your battle anthems, and the God, who controls the whirling worlds by His will, stands ready to crown you "Victors."

"Unfurl the Temperance Standard, lift it manfully on high,
And rally where its shining folds wave out against the sky,
Away with weak half-heartedness, with faithlessness and fear,
Unfurl the Temperance Standard, and follow with a cheer!"

CONFLICTING CORNERS.

BY JACOB SPENCE, ESQ., TORONTO.

THE church at the corner (country, city or town) during part of ONE day in the week, has in operation religious ordinances. The school house is to be seen over the way and there for part of FIVE days of the seven, children receive useful instruction. Then at the next corner stands the building where directly adverse training is CONSTANTLY imparted. The strong drink establishment carries on persistent "Protracted services," sternly and effectually counter-working both the church and the school.

Surely any one who thoroughly notices the tendency of religious and educational institutions and the distinctly adverse bearing of the drink-shops by law established at neighboring corners, can clearly enough discover that there unmistakably exist thus near to each other, active agencies engaged in direct conflict, exerting utterly antagonistic influences on society—

DOING AND UNDOING,

moralizing and demoralizing, elevating and degrading, purifying and polluting, blessing and cursing the community; leading to peace and plenty, creating distressing disturbance, and working destitution, disaster and fearful calamity; tending to utility, felicity and

life ; drawing to imbecility, misery and death. The edifices at the three corners in short might appropriately have sign-boards over entrance doors, TRULY designating the special distinct characteristics of the various services conducted in the several structures as,

EDUCATION—SALVATION—DAMNATION.

☞ Ought we really RETAIN the THREE in operation ?





YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—

The following pages are addressed to you. It is hoped you will find in them amusement, pleasure and *profit*. We expect a great deal from the young in this conflict against drink. The main thing is, to induce you to abstain from all intoxicants, by implanting in your youthful mind temperance principles, and a hatred to everything that can intoxicate ; everything that would mar and destroy your enjoyment here and rob you of heaven at last. Fifty years ago, Dr. Justin Edwards used this remark in many of his addresses : “The person who never drinks liquor can never become a drunkard,” and though many addresses have since been given, many books written, we have never been able to get an inch beyond that excellent precept. I would be very much pleased if all the little folk who read these lines would commit to memory that simple, plain and positive receipt to prevent drunkenness. It may be of great service to you in after life.

You will find here, too, many excellent pieces, some of rare worth, for use in your temperance or “Band of

Hope" meetings. Commit them to memory, and they will be useful to you in the future.

Fearing lest some of the little boys, in these days of pipes and cigars, might be induced to commence the injurious practice of using tobacco, I have thought it wise to furnish you with some articles bearing on the subject, that you may learn how injurious tobacco is to the health, and how, in many cases, it has led young men into the society of the drunkard, and given them a taste for that which ruins body and soul, and is to-day the cause of one-half of the world's poverty and crime.

Here is a verse I have frequently quoted when talking to children, and their answer in every case has been—"No good."

"What good can it do
To smoke and to chew,
To swear and to drink,
And never to think
What the *end* will be?"

"But will you forget to say a word to the girls and young women," says one. Oh, no. They have a place, and a work to do, in this great and good cause. Woman has suffered untold misery because of the drinking habits of their husbands. It may be that when he promised to "love, comfort, honor and keep her," he was only what many looked upon as harmless—"a moderate drinker—able to take a little

when he liked and able to let it alone when he liked,"—but he was on the road where every drunkard has travelled before him, and was in danger of reaching its *sad* terminus. I hope none will forget the line: "The person who never drinks liquor can never become a drunkard," and that the young women will adopt this couplet as their motto in relation to this important subject:—

"The lips that touch wine
Shall never touch mine."



TAKE THE PLEDGE, BOYS, AND KEEP IT.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

I HEREBY **Pledge** myself that, GOD BEING MY HELPER, I will abstain from the use of all INTOXICATING LIQUORS as a Beverage: from the use of TOBACCO in any form; and also from SWEARING and PROFANITY.

Signed.....

Date.....

MANY little boys and young men have taken the above pledge, and have kept it too. Some men were once working together, and a little boy seemed to be in the way, and they said to him, "Get out of the road, what good are such things as you?" The little fellow looked up and thoughtfully said, "They make men out of such things as me." Well said; and if you are good temperance boys, and keep your pledge, you will make good temperance *men* by-and-bye. A little boy had signed the pledge. A gentleman—if we can call him such—said, "I can get that boy to drink wine." So he filled a glass and offered it to him, but the noble boy refused it, saying, "I have signed the pledge."

"I will give you half-a-dollar if you will drink."

"No, sir, I will not."

"I will give you a dollar."

"No, sir."

"Will you drink if I give you a \$10 bill?"

He looked at him, and it seemed desirable, but no change in his answer.

The man then pulled out his silver watch and said, "I will give you this nice silver watch if you will drink."

That was the greatest temptation, for most boys, you know, like a watch, but instead of yielding he replied, "Sir, if I don't drink, I may some day have a *gold watch*." The boy was right, for many have spent all they made in drink. Instead of spending your money on this foolish indulgence, save it up for the missionary and other good causes, and God will bless you in your givings, and perhaps you may have the "gold some day." A man who once was addicted to drink gave it up, and afterward he was said to look the color of gold. The landlord said to him, "Why, Mr. Garner, you are beginning to look *yellow* since you gave up drinking!"

Garner (putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out five or six sovereigns), replied, "Ay, and my *pocket* is beginning to look yellow too!"

You may be assured, my young friends, that prosperity cannot attend the use of strong drink. Solomon said, "It clothes a man with rags." Some time ago a youth was put out as an apprentice and often had to go errands for the other and older apprentices.

Part of his work was to procure their ardent spirits. But the youth never drank any himself. The others laughed at him and said he was "not man enough to drink." Under their abuse he often cried. But *every one* of these apprentices, we are told, is now a drunkard, or in a drunkard's grave. The young teetotaler is now owner of a large estate, which he has acquired by his industry, and he exerts a highly salutary influence where he lives.

Did you ever hear of a dog taking the pledge? Poor Cesar followed his master one night to the tavern and they persuaded him to swallow some liquor. It made the poor brute tipsy, and he tumbled over, and played such queer antics that the toppers roared with laughter. The night after the man took him again to have some more fun, but they could not get him inside the door. They coaxed and drove, and the tavern-keeper offered some cake, but it was no use. Cesar had taken the pledge; one trial of the drink was enough for him. He was not to be caught in a rum-trap the second time. It proved to be as good as a temperance lecture to all those toppers. The dog's master was never known to enter a tavern again. He made up his mind that he ought to know as much as Cesar, and some of the other toppers followed his example.

Now, in regard to the second part of your pledge, it reads, "I will abstain from the use of Tobacco in any form." We have this as part of our pledge because we know it will be for your good to abstain from its use.

1. It will be good to abstain for *health's sake*. Some have become such slaves to it that they cannot even

sit down to think without a cigar or pipe in their mouth. If they undertake to think without it their hands tremble and their heads whirl. You will see, boys, it is better to let it alone and keep the head clear and the hand steady. It makes many who use it pale, puny, and nervous.

2. It will be good for the *pocket* to abstain. If a boy uses a cigar in a day, at five cents—that will be \$18.25 a year gone away in smoke. Would it not be better to buy a suit of clothes, put \$5.00 in the bank, and give the rest for the missions and the poor. What do you think of this old verse?

“Tobacco is a nauseous weed ;
It was the devil sowed the seed,
It drains the pocket, soils the clothes,
And makes a chimney of the nose.”

Then you are to abstain from swearing. A higher authority than man has said, “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,” and He will not hold you “guiltless” if you do. I have known some boys who seemed to think it was manly to swear, as well as to smoke and drink, but it is not.

The story is told of an errand boy in an office where there were four men. The boy was small of his age, and did not seem to grow much. One of the men said to him one day, “You’ll never amount to much, you are too small.”

“Well,” said the little fellow, after a moment’s hesitation, “as small as I am, I can do something which none of you gentlemen can do.”

"Ah, what is that?" they asked.

I don't know as I ought to tell you," he said.

But they were anxious to know, and they urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the boy. I tell you there were some blushes on four manly faces in that office then, and there was not another word on the subject.

God will certainly punish those who take His "name in vain" in the future world, and sometimes it is punished in this life, for He will not abide this sin. "There was a young man standing on the railroad track in New Brunswick, blaspheming. The cars passed, and he was found on the track with his tongue cut out. People could not understand how, with comparatively little bruising of the rest of the body, his tongue could have been cut out."

You will see that the pledge says, "God being my helper." And He will help you if you ask. With your Heavenly Father's assistance you will grow up a joy to your parents and an ornament in society.





WOODIE'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

SOME people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this temp'rance thunder
Roll all the big world through;
I'd have them look behind them,
When *they* were small, and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
And a temp'rance boy like me is bound
To make a *temp'rance man*!

—*Selected.*

TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE.

*An extract of an Address before the Band of Hope Union of
England, 1883.*

GENTLEMEN, the children of our country are in danger. Oh! would that I could say words that would make every man and every woman in this audience understand me. The children of our country are in danger! Do you doubt it? Then I ask you for a moment to look at those who were children with us—the children of the present generation. Where are they? Were they in no danger? Turn over the tablets of your memory. Ask for your old companions. Where are they? Go and look in the graveyard, turn over the green turf. Find the coffin lid, and there in hundreds, in thousands, aye, in tens of thousands of instances you will find out that those who were boys and girls when you were did not live out half their days. What do you read there? “Died, aged 22,” “Died, aged 23,” “Died, aged 24.” The days of our years are three score and ten; but they did not live so long, they are gone. Let us look for some more of them. Go to that workhouse. There is a surging crowd waiting for relief. They were boys and girls as bright as any of us. Look at their faces. Look at the dull and passionless look they bear, and at the rags they carry. They were once bright and promising little children, but there they are at the workhouse

door. And turn across to the prison. There is the revolving treadmill. Miserable work! Look at those men in their yellow striped dress. They were once bright, bonny boys. And go down your streets to-night, and there you will find the outcast, and you draw up your skirts lest the touch should be pollution. Yet even she was once the bonny girl. Once a mother blessed her, and a father prayed for her. They were all as bright as any of us, but now look at the surging mass. Picture their faces if you can, and then turn round and look at these children behind, and turning from the one to the other is like turning from hell to heaven. Do you see it, gentlemen? Look at that crowd at the workhouse, at the prison, at the treadmill, at the lunatic asylum, and down in the graveyard, and then look at these bright and bonny faces, and remember they were once like these; and now I go with trembling, and I ask what hellish potion has transmuted fair children into beings like that? Something has done it. God has not done it. Oh, no! God says, "It is not My will that any one of them should perish." Then I ask, what has been the cause of this terrible transmutation? I speak to them as they hustle at the workhouse door for a night's lodging. "How is it that you are here?" "Oh, it's the drink that has done it!" I go to the man as he comes off the treadmill—I did do so, and I said, "How came you here?" "Oh!" said he, "I was once a scholar in your school, but the drink has done it."

I speak to the poor outcast on the street—as I did

the other night—and ask, “How came you at this terrible work?” The tears stole down her young face, a bright, bonny face, as she said, “Oh! sir, the drink has done it.” And then came the sad story, a story that might be written in blood. She said, “My father is a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher and a class-leader. [She told me where he was.] I was brought up a teetotaler. I went out to a Sunday-school holiday and they took us into a public house.” Oh! gentlemen, when will you understand that where there is drink there is always danger. I wish every one here could have seen that tear-bathed face and that quivering lip as the child said to me, “We went into the public house and they gave me something to drink, I don’t know what, but,” she said, “I was insensible. I don’t know what happened; and then, in the morning, I went home and we had family prayer. I knelt down with the rest of the children, and while father was praying I felt I was staining them all. I said ‘I cannot tell them. I will leave them. They shall never hear of me again,’ and I fled from home. The drink has done it.” Dragging her down in her beauty, as well as the young man in his strength. And so the answer comes in horrible monotony, “The drink has done it,” “The drink has done it.” Nothing but the drink could have done it.

And now, brothers, I turn and say, “What! were those once like these? Then in God’s name shall these be like those?” Go, and look at that hustling crowd round the workhouse door; do you want them to be

like that? If somebody could do that before our eyes; if somebody could take that fair girl before our eye, and by the administration of some potion transmute her into what she is, would not the whole nation rise up in indignation against him? But it is done surely though slowly by strong drink. Then what is to be done? "Oh!" you say, "is it possible to save the children?" It is possible; yes, brother, it is possible. It is possible to save every one of them. You say, "Give me the remedy and I will pay any price for it." You have nothing to pay. It is like the Gospel, without money and without price. You want to know what it is? It is a remedy as certain as it is cheap. What is it? There is but one. You may search all through the world to find another, but there is none. I guarantee you, in the sight of God to-night, that if you will only apply one remedy not a child should perish from intemperance. What is it? Total abstinence. Keep the child from the drink, and drunkenness is impossible.



ONLY NOW AND THEN.

THINK it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong!

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets
Drinking from the beer-kegs,
Living in the streets,
Or at best in quarters
Worse than a pen,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking now and then!

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then!

—Selected.



POISON ! POISON !

BY A BOY OF THIRTEEN YEARS.

§ WAS going along the street one day when I met three little children coming out of a lot with their hands full of dandelions. They were little bits of children, two little girls not more than five years old, and a boy still younger. The little girls were carrying their flowers in their hands, but the little boy was putting his into his mouth. The little girls turned around and saw him doing this, and you should have seen how excited they became in a moment. They sprang at him and pulled the flowers away, crying out in little shrieks, both together : "O Benny ! It's poison it's poison ! Spit it out ! spit it out !" and then how frightened Benny was ! He threw every stalk away, and tried to clean off his tongue with his dirty little fingers, and I passed him still spitting and sputtering most resolutely. I was interested to see how quickly the warning cry, "Poison ! poison !" was understood and heeded. Now we tell you, children, the same about wine, beer, cider and all the strong drinks. "It's poison, poison ; don't touch it !" Will you mind ? do you feel afraid to take a drop inside your lips ? and when you see any one else drinking it, do you try to stop them with the cry, "It's poison ! it's poison ! Spit it out ?"



BOYS WANTED.

THERE are always boys enough in the market, but some of them are of little use. The kind that are always wanted are:—

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Honest. | 6. Obedient. |
| 2. Pure. | 7. Steady. |
| 3. Intelligent. | 8. Obliging. |
| 4. Active. | 9. Polite. |
| 5. Industrious. | 10. Neat. |

One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard.

Many of these places are trades, and are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points; but they will soon be vacant. One has an office, where the lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the drinking saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching, to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money-drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will soon be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways.—*Selected.*

WHICH JUG?

THERE I come, father, *temperance* in one hand and *intemperance* in the other," said a little boy as he trudged into the hay-field with a water jug in one hand and a cider jug in the other.

"Now who's for *intemperance*?" he asked, glancing at the faces of the workmen.

The question went home to the father's heart; he decided for *temperance*, slaked his thirst with pure cold water, and never sent cider into his field after that.

DO NOT SMOKE.

SMOKING boys, like smoking chimneys, are likely to be out of order. Smoking is an offensive and filthy habit. What right has the smoker to pollute and poison the air which I must breathe or die? What right has he to sicken others with the fumes of his tobacco or the stench of his breath? Touch it not, boys, and keep your brain clear and your breath pure.

TOBACCO "AS A MEDICINE."

A GREAT many bad habits are persisted in, under the plea of sickness. Now, if tobacco and liquor are medicines, they ought to cure the sick within a reasonable length of time; and it is customary, when people have used a medicine for years without being cured, to employ a new doctor or try a new remedy. It is said when Bishop Janes was once examining some candidates for admission to the Providence Conference, they were closely questioned as to whether they used tobacco.

All said they did not use it except one; he confessed he did use tobacco, but "only as a medicine."

"Well, brother, I hope it will *cure you quick*," said the Bishop; and the Conference said "Amen."

When will these things cure? In a week? In a year? In ten, twenty, or fifty years? Oh, no; persons have tried these medicines from childhood to gray hairs, and they were worse at the end than when they began to use them.

SAMMY HICKS AND HIS PIPE.

IT is said of that good man, Sammy Hicks, the Macclesfield blacksmith, that "as he understood the words of the Lord Jesus, it was quite enough for him to *see* the path of duty steadfastly to travel in it."

An instance of this feature of his character was exhibited in his sudden abandonment of tobacco. One day he gave sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him and could hardly find words enough with which to express her thanks.

He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence makes that poor creature so happy, Oh how many sixpences have I spent in filling my mouth with tobacco!"

He made a vow instantly never to let a pipe enter his lips again. Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hicks, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied.

"Then," said the doctor, "if you do not you will not live."

"Bless the Lord, then," said Sammy, "I shall go to

heaven. I have made a vow to the Lord that the pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and it never shall." Sammy Hicks kept his vow, and lived to be an *old man*.—*Rev. T. E. Thorsby.*

THE GIRLS' AND BOYS' TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

WE girls and boys
Do not think
It wise to taste
The drunkard's drink.

We therefore promise
To abstain
And firm to temperance
Will remain.

This pledge I take,
And hope that I
Shall sober live
And sober die.

—*Selected.*

GOOD ADVICE.

USE tobacco *only* in months that have a "z" in their names, and use strong drink *only* in the months that have a "k" in their names.

When you study this out you will laugh, and say, "He does not want me to use it at all."

A professional chemist says: "In men, small doses of tobacco-smoke excite the intellectual faculties;

repeated doses produce palpitations, disordered vision, and decrease of memory."

The railway engine is the greatest abstaining traveller. He can keep up for hours at the rate of forty or even sixty miles an hour—and whistles over his work all the while—and yet he never takes anything but water when he wants to wet his whistle.

JUVENILE SMOKING.

IT is evident to every observant person that the evil habit of smoking is not decreasing. The rising generation bids fair to be a generation of tobacco users. All will admit that this is most undesirable. Every parent, except it may be the degraded, would very much prefer that his boy should abstain from the weed, although he himself may be addicted to its use. Indeed, those who use tobacco are often more anxious about this matter than those do who not use it. They know the evil of it and would shake off the shackles of the habit that bind them if they could. Medical testimony is all against the use of tobacco in youth. The evidence is unanimous against it. It is the cause of many diseases. The seeds of weakness are sown for future years. The delicate, sallow appearance of many boys and young men is caused by tobacco. The clear ruddy skin and the bright sparkling eye have often been sacrificed on this selfish altar. More information is needed. The boys should be instructed in our schools concerning the physical and moral effects

of the tobacco habit. This would do much to stop its spread.

But the habit is perpetuated by the force of example. Parents, teachers, even preachers delight in their pipes, and of course their mouths are shut on this question. Even those who are without the habit are not free to speak, because prominent members of the Church, and perhaps the fathers of the children, are slaves to the habit and would be offended if much were said about it. But this is a serious matter. It is time more vigorous efforts were put forth. Many a lad who has gone to ruin was led astray through this habit. It led into evil company, and it created an unnatural thirst which induced drinking. There is no doubt that smoking does create a thirst for strong drink. Statistics show that the smoking teetotaller is five times as liable to break his pledge as the non-smoker. A crusade against smokers might do good; but, at all events, earnest efforts to save the children from the vice would be profitable labor.—*E. H. Dewart, D.D.*



A PLUCKY TEMPERANCE MAN.

(A RECITATION.)

ABOUT thirty years ago a young man went to Washington with a petition to Congress from the people of old Massachusetts. While in that city he was invited to dine with the celebrated John Quincy Adams.

Many great men sat at the table. The young man had been poor, and was then only a mechanic in moderate circumstances. During dinner Mr. Adams said, "Will you drink a glass of wine with me, sir?"

The young man was a temperance man. But the eyes of many greater than himself were upon him. They were all wine-drinkers, and it was no small matter to decline such a request from his venerable host. No wonder the young man was so embarrassed that he blushed and hesitated. It was a critical moment for him. But he was a true man. He had real manhood, and he said, "Sir, I *never* take wine."

Nobly said, young man. Massachusetts heard that answer and understood it. She saw in Henry Wilson a man that could be trusted, and she made him one of her senators. For many years he was known as Senator Wilson. May all who hear me this evening, and especially the young, follow his example, and, however or by whomsoever tempted, stick to their principles.

"Shun the strong cup whose poisonous tide
To ruin's dark abyss doth guide,
And with the sons of virtue stand
The bulwarks of your native land."

THE END.