

ward the accomplishment of the end in view. But my main objection lies in the fact that if it is carried through successfully it will be very largely at the expense of the standing ministry and the spirituality of the Church. When a minister of Christ takes to the stump the work of Christ is sure to suffer and his hands will be weakened in doing his own special work. I fear that the part many have taken in the Scott Act advocacy has been a mistake and the general adoption of political advocacy by the ministers of the country in connection with a Third Party movement would bring disaster. They that take the sword shall perish by sword. When we resort to worldly methods we degrade the sacred calling and manifest a lack of faith in Christ and His methods that underlines and destroys the faith of those who look to us for guidance and direction.

We note the above letter from a gentleman (whose good opinion we prize and whose differing from us we regret) for the purpose of calling attention to the fact of the serious mistake made, in imagining that ministers of the gospel would be personally lowered or have their influence lessened by their advocacy of moral reform, as soon as moral reform becomes a political question.

In the matter of state government, which is generally looked upon as an institution of divine origin, and ought to be considered a sacred trust for the welfare of the people, surely there can be nothing unclean or debasing. If government has got into the hands of men who are not interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of the masses, then it should be taken out of their hands by those who have such interest. The doctrine that politics should be left to bad men, and that good men should stand aloof from politics, is simply a fabrication of the bad men for the promotion of their own sordid ends.

A popular government of any kind not only expresses the character of the people governed, but largely influences and shapes that character; and the noblest, grandest, holiest men should give their attention to the public affairs, the management of which in many cases, tells for or against the highest and best interests of the people.

A government under liquor domination fosters the liquor traffic, which ruins bodies and destroys souls. Should ministers not do all in their power to secure a government of a different character? Are they true to the spiritual interests of their congregations if they fail to do all in their power to prevent the moral degradation of these congregations?

It will be well for us to recognize, that in politics there should be nothing unclean, and that the would-be good men, who refuse to have anything to do with public affairs because bad men take much interest in these affairs, are responsible for all the badness that is the result of a neglect on their part, which absolutely means encouragement of, and concivance at, all the wrong-doing they deplore.

"HUSTLERS."

The question is often asked why the fanatics who are seeking the destruction of the trade make such headway as they do when numerically so weak? The reason is that every one of them is a worker. Every prohibitionist we know is a hustler and goes about shouting his cause as if he were going to make a million dollars out of it. They are perpetually and unceasingly at work. The hustler.

The trouble is that our friends don't hustle quite enough, but they are improving and will keep on improving.

Correspondence.

Temperance Union.

Editor Canada Citizen:

I notice in your paper some suggestions in reference to the "union of all temperance societies" for the purpose of bringing our great object, prohibition, to a successful issue. I have no doubt that the temperance work might be managed easier, but that is not the point. We all know that any army is composed of different "arms of the service," who all do their respective work in a battle, under the control of one general, with division, brigade, and regimental commanders. For instance, the cavalry do work which artillery cannot do, the artillery perform in a manner impossible for infantry to attempt, and so on, not one "arm of the service" in a heavy battle can get along without the co-operation of another. The same can be said of the temperance army—we have different "arms of the service," in our army—and when a battle is to be fought, employing all the "arms of the service," the general command is taken by the Dominion Alliance, who have orders in absolute form to the different Orders.

It would be as possible for all Christian churches to unite under one head, as it would for the "Sons," the "I.O.G.T.," the "R. T. of T.," "Temperance Clubs," "Blue Ribbon Societies," "Father Mathew Societies," "W.C.T.U.s," "Church of England Temperance" and other minor branches of our temperance army to be under one government.

It is quite different to unite two branches or separate orders, of one order, both working the same, than to combine under one head, so many orders with entirely different modes of social work, which form a large part of the success of some of our temperance orders, we all agree on one thing, "Prohibition of the liquor traffic," but I fear, if a course such as that proposed, viz., the abolition of all the time-honored methods, etc., of different orders, were adopted many who are active now in the work would "stand aloof." I notice one thing, these suggestions do not come from senior orders—surely the men who have been at the wheel for years and years, before the existence of many of the new branches of our army, know that the only way the temperance work can be carried, successfully, is under different ways and means. What will suit one portion of the globe, will not do for another. We must bear in mind, that by the attempt to join all temperance orders under one head, etc., will affect the whole world, (not only Ontario) and that the expense would not be small. Who will furnish rules, etc., of the "New Order" in the different languages necessary to take the place of the Ritual, in use now, in different languages by the "Sons" and "I.O.G.T." Who will recoup these orders for their large outlay in all parts of the world in which they work. No, Mr. Editor, the old "Sons" and "I.O.G.T." have for years and years borne the brunt of the fight, shoulder to shoulder and I feel convinced that their "batteries" are "manned" yet, awaiting the order to "fire." The "Sons" and "I.O.G.T." have on their rolls from the start of their respective orders over 5,000,000 souls saved from the curse of intemperance, in North America alone, and are yet "gathering in" more from the evils of the ruin traffic.

The best plan I see, is to let "well enough" alone, don't force prohibition by a vote in the House of Commons.

I tell you candidly, and I know the feeling of our people, that we are not ready, as a population for that glorious time. Look at the N. W. T. The people there are disgusted with the "permit system" that they insist on licenses. I cannot blame them. Liquor is openly sold, the police seem to be unequal for the suppression of it. The prices charged are fearful, 50 cents per glass. Our order, reports a sad condition of affairs all through the country, although we are strong in the territories. The element, in the majority, seem to be "beer-drinking English," which you know, have no respect for anything but their "beer." Now sir, if we, by vote in the House of Commons, put prohibition on the law roll, how will it be respected in a new country, where there are so many different nationalities, just from home, who do not know the meaning of the word prohibition? It will take years to instruct our people, just as it has done in Ontario. How close was Ontario to prohibition ten years ago? This is the fair way to look at it. Let the people of Ontario keep the Scott Act in force, while we, and other portions of the Dominion instruct our people, then with one voice, equal from all parts of the Dominion, demand from Parliament the enforcement of a strict prohibitory liquor law.

New Brunswick some 38 years ago was put back in temperance work by placing a prohibitory law on record, ahead of the wishes of the people.

To be successful, we must have a good majority of our members from each Province, in favor of the law, unless we do, the law will be worse than any license act.

Let all our orders organize, agitate and work shoulder to shoulder, but do not make a habit of joining more than one order, keep to one order and throw all time and energy into it. Then success will follow the work, and the order to which the member belongs will have all his work undivided.

I find by experience that if a member is honest in his work he will have all he can do in his own order.

Don't join half a dozen orders, you can't do justice to any of them, and only set a bad example to others, choose one order and be honest and give your whole time to it.

I am ready to cast my vote when I see it won't be thrown away.

G. P. Bliss,
Office G. S., S. of T., Winnipeg, Man.

The Serpent and the Tiger.

We have lodging among us a Protean form of harm and temptation to which my ads succumb. It ruins our best parts; it blights our fairest hopes; it infects our rising colonies; it makes races detest our dominion; it makes empires loathe our name; it undoes the efforts of our schools; it paralyzes the influence of our churches; it is prolific of disaster, disease, and death, and that is the evil which we are now called upon to face. Well, we can look at this matter in two ways. It has two characteristics about it. Sometimes it takes men slowly and stealthily like a serpent, and sometimes it comes terribly and with tiger leaps. It has in it the nature of these two animals—the serpent and the tiger. Now let me illustrate for a moment by two anecdotes. I will bring testimony to show you that very often the cause of drink begins in the individual man by insinuating into his mind in the form of a necessity or in the form of a virtue. An American gentleman was once asked how it was that he never by any chance took a single glass of spirits, but always two or three or more, and his answer was that whenever he had

taken one glass of spirits he felt himself to be another man, and then he felt himself bound to treat that other man. If he had said that he not only felt himself another man, but also a very much inferior man; if he had felt himself much less under the control of reason, which ought to be the guide of every man's life, he would have been very much nearer the mark. A poor woman said the other day that she had two husbands in one man. One of them was a kindly, honest, and respectable person, who she loved, and that was her husband when sober. The other was a drunken, brutal fellow, who was constantly ill-treating and abusing her, and that was her husband when he was drunk.

Very rarely people stop with one glass any more than any one can stop with one sin in his life. Another story I may tell you is regarding a Scottish minister, who, very much to his own credit, was a total abstainer, and was so because he wished his people to be so too, and had been so for some time. Being ill, he went to the doctor, who gave him that very bad piece of advice which so many doctors have given, to the ruin of thousands of their patients, although I am glad to say every day our greatest physicians are less and less resorting to that advice. He said: "You must take a little spirit— a little whisky." The minister said: "I can not do that; I am a total abstainer. My people would hear of it." The doctor insidiously said: "You must not let that stand in your way. You are not at all well. You can take whisky, and you can have the hot water brought up to you when you have it." An elder going to the house some time after, asked the housekeeper how the minister was. The servant said: "Well, he is well enough, but there is something wrong. I don't know what it is." The elder said: "What is wrong with him?" "Well," said the servant, "he is clean daff, he is just shivering all day long, and always ringing for hot water." So that you see if you once begin indulgence you will go on, and always be ringing for hot water. That is what I call the serpent form of this temptation.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take the seed of evil, and the green lustre of the scales surfer, and with their forked tongues shall innocently slay.

But we are not in the millennial age, and if any one plays with this serpent as we do, and regard it as we do, a thing to be honored at public and social gatherings, if they secrete it in the heart, they will find at the end, as Scripture tells us, that it biteth as a serpent. The other form of particular temptation which alcohol assumes, the particular way in which it assails man is the tiger form. It comes crouching upon him, and then makes a sudden spring. How do we treat that wild beast? We give him splendid lairs, and make them glare in glass and gilding. The tiger lies constantly in wait at our street corners to spring unexpectedly on unwary travelers.—Canon F. W. Farrar.

Josh Billings on Lager Beer.

I MAY finally cum tew the conclusion that lager-beer as a beverage is not intoxicating. I have bin told so by a German who has said he had drunk it all nite long, just tew try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink sixteen glasses, and if he was drunk he was drunk in German and nobody could understand it. It is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager-beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believed him to the full extent of my ability. I never drunk but three glasses of lager in mi life, and that made mi head outwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it wuz owin to mi bin bein out of place; and I guess it was so, for I never biled over wuss than I did when I got hum that nite. Mi wife tho I was going to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it did seem as tho every-thing I had ever eaten in mi life wuz cummin tew the surface; and I du really believe that if mi wife hadn't pulled off mi booties just as she did, they wud have cum thundering up tu.

O! how sick I wuz! It wuz 14 years ago, and I can taste it now. I never had so much experience in so short a time. If anny man shud tell me that lager-beer wuz not intoxicating, I shud believe him; but if he shud tell me that I wuzn't drunk that nite, but that mi stomach wuz out of order, I shud ask him to state over a few words jest how a man felt and acted when he wuz well set up. If I wuzn't drunk that nite, I had some of the most natural simptoms that a man ever had and kep sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where I drunk the lager-beer to mi house, and I wuz then over 2 hours on the road, and had a hole bustid thru each one of mi pantalon neez, and did't hav enny hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull, and hickupped awfully, and saw every-thing in the room trying to get round on the back side of me, and in sitting down in a chair, I didn't wait long enuff for it to get exactly under me, when it wuz going round, and I set down a little tu soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and couldn't get up soon enuff tew take the next run that cum along; and that aint awl, mi wife said I wuz as drunk as a beet, and as I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating, it need me anny more, that I know. Still I hardly think lager-beer is intoxicating, for I hav bin told so; and I am probably the only living man who ever drunk anny when his liver was not plumb. I don't want tew say any-thing agin a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink anny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me and mi mouth pried open. I don't think lager-beer is intoxicating, but if I remember rite, I think it tastes like a glass of cognac that a pickle had been put to soak in.—Josh Billings.

Saved.

I ADDRESSD an audience in a Western city some years ago. At the close of the talk an old man, muddly, dirty, drunk, came and reached out his hand. His face was flushed and congested, from the use of alcoholic liquors; his eyes were bleared and watery, his tongue was thick, from indulence, he was a wretched, terrible specimen of what liquor, when drunk, does for men. He said: "S a-y, mister, am I bled-go -go -in ter—hic—sign that are pledge, an I am—hic—an I'll keep it, or I'll hic—bust."

As I looked at him, poor, benotted wretch, with just the faintest trace of his once glorious manhood shown by his determination to sign the pledge and make one more effort for the restoration of his lost character and honor, I pitied him. One could not help seeing his physical and intellectual condition, native pride gone, stomach almost destroyed by drink, feebleness in every part of his physical organism. I took his hand and told him I hoped he would keep the pledge; that I believed God will give him strength to stand. He signed and went away. The attention of some of the Good Templar friends was called to him. I went from that place and it was more than a year before I returned. The first night after my return I was speaking again. After the meeting an old lady came to me and said:

"I want to shake hands and ask you if you will come and take tea with us to-morrow?"

"I think I can come," I replied. She went away. I did not recognize her. Turning to a minister, who stood by, I asked:

"Who was the lady?"

"Why," said he, "you remember that old bummer who signed the pledge when you were here last year?"

"Yes," I answered, "did he keep it?"

"Yes, he did," was the reply: "the lady is his wife; he is now a member of my church."

The next day I went to their home. The man and his wife were both there, and greeted me most cordially. After a time the husband went to the business part of the city. When he had gone the wife said to me: "I wanted you to come so I could tell you how much my husband's reformation has done for me and my home, and to bid you God-speed in your work," then she told me the old story that every person who has ever worked to reform men has heard so often. A happy courtship and marriage, the sunlight of wifehood and joys of motherhood; a happy wife, busied with household cares, the pathway of life strewn with the flowers of hope and love. How the gentle voices of love, of happiness and thanksgiving had day after day thanked God for her husband, the best and bravest and noblest of men. How he had endeavored in the battle of life to shield and protect her from every discomfort and hardship. Then of the time when the husband had been enticed into a saloon and persuaded to drink his first glass; how he fell into the horrible habit of drunkenness, and how she, thinking she might reclaim him, and hardly realizing the terrible character of the loathsome serpent which had stolen into her paradise and robbed it of its purity and happiness, had followed, pleading, praying, hoping, and working; but said she, "Hope failed, my pleadings availed naught, and my prayers seemed offered to a god of brass. Oh, human heart can hardly imagine what sorrow, what grief, what bitterness of soul was mine. For fifteen years, fifteen years of a hell on earth, he drank almost incessantly; every nickel that he earned went to the saloon for drink, and he did not provide a thing for our home. I did washing to support myself until rheumatism attacked me and my hands became so I could not use them."

At last I could not work more, and then the poor-house door stood open to me. Perhaps you will think I was wicked, but Mr. Finch, I have often gone to bed at night praying God I might never wake in the morning. During my whole life I had tried to do my duty, at least to be respectable, and the thought of dying a pauper in the poor-house was enough to drive me mad. Kind women, God bless them, watched with and looked after me while I was sick, and at that time John signed the pledge. He came home from the meeting and went directly to bed. The next morning he arose early; it was his usual custom to rise early and go down town to get his drink, but that morning I heard him filling the tea-kettle, then he said to me:

"Mary, where is the hammer?"

I asked him why he wanted the hammer.

"I want to fix the door-steps out there."

The door-steps had been broken for a long time. He had tumbled over them, drunk, many a time and never thought of fixing them. As soon as he wanted to fix the steps it flashed into

my mind what he had done, and I asked, "John, have you signed the pledge?" and he said, "Yes, Mary, and with God helping me, as they say down to the meeting, I am going to keep it." Perhaps I am getting into my dotage, but the tears of joy came, and calling him to me I put my arms around his neck and kissed away the dark memories of the past. Since then the shadow of the pauper house has not darkened my home, and with my old time love I feel a girl again. The Good Templars have given me back my old lover, to stand up in his redeemed manhood by my shoulder to love me, sustain me, to go down to the grave and up into heaven with me, and I will ever thank and bless them.—Central Good Templar.

The Sunshine Overhead.

LITTLE ALICE lay curled up in a heap under the peach tree in the orchard, with her head buried in her sleeve.

"What are the clouds in my little girl's sky to-day?" asked Aunt Sue, coming up behind her, and stroking the curly head.

"I know I'm very foolish, Aunt Sue," sobbed Alice, but I never saw any peaches growing in my life before I came here, and I've been watching them all summer. There were only six on the tree, and grandpa said I might have half of them when they were ripe. I thought it would be such fun to pick them all myself; and I was going to have a doll's tea party this afternoon, and had asked some of the girls to come."

"Well, and what is there in all this to cry about?"

"Why, grandpa forgot he promised me half, and has gone and given them all to Cousin Maude. I met her just as I was coming in, and she had a big basketful, and was eating one of the peaches, and I heard her tell some one she got them in grandpa's orchard. I was so disappointed I just had to sit right down and cry. I wouldn't care so much, only Cousin Maude gets all the good things."

"Well, and what is Alice going to do about it—sit here and cry under her little cloud, or look up and see if she can't see some sunshine somewhere? How would some of those big rosy apples do for the tea-party?"

"They would be nice, wouldn't they?" And Alice dried her eyes. "And I could have lots of them."

"And what do you think Maude's little sick sister will say when she sees the basket of peaches?"

"Oh, she'll be delighted! I'm glad to have Louise have some, she has so little to make her happy. I didn't think of that."

"Now the sun is beginning to come out. Did you know, my dear, that young people often hide their faces in the shadows, and think it is raining, when there's plenty of sunshine overhead? Just look up and see."

Alice raised her eyes involuntarily, and there just over her head, hung three great glorious peaches.

"Why, Aunt Sue," she cried, "How did they get there?"

"They have been there all the time, my dear, only you wouldn't look up to see them. Grandpa told Maude to leave half of them for you; and her basket was filled with apples, not peaches. I didn't tell you before, because I wanted you to learn a little lesson. You'll remember it some time, when everything seems to be dark—that there may be some golden blessings hanging, like the three peaches, just over your head. But you never will see them until you look up into the sunshine."—Sunday School Times.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection: the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in London, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets": peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil: cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Mix together a spoonful of flour, a pint of milk, and one egg well beaten; add a spoonful of salt and a little ginger grated; put this mixture in a square pan, buttered, and when browned by baking under the meat, turn the other side upwards, to be browned also; serve it out in pieces, and arranged upon a dish. If you require a richer pudding, increase the number of eggs.—Temperance Caterer.