



Temperance Department.

THE ONLY HOPE.

BY BEN ADAM.

Thrilling experiences in the temperance work have led us to settle down firmly into the conviction that the grace of God in the heart is the only hope for thorough, permanent cure of the confirmed inebriate. It is also the only hope for him who is walking in the charmed circles of social tipping and of so-called moderate drinking. I would not by any means ignore the glorious work done by the various temperance societies; the white light of the Judgment Day will show that to "a throng whom no man can number" these societies have been guardian angels indeed to keep steps that have never strayed in the path of purity—to temporarily check those, also, who would otherwise have rushed to "outer darkness" till bonds of divine strength could be tenderly drawn around them.

Those only who have been the actual sufferers from the malady of confirmed inebriety are capable of understanding how powerless such are to withstand temptation through any human power or any combination of human powers. When the demon of drink has once shattered that mysterious nerve system which is the only mortal agency to control the more mysterious will-force that determines human action, the victim is lost, save as the aid of the hand that hurls planets in their orbits is grasped and clung to. Only that charity which is so thoroughly the genuine article as to be synonymous with love can begin to comprehend the helplessness of the one whose nerve-power is thus paralyzed. The enemy then has him under a lever, the long end of which he holds, otherwise stand in comparison to his critic as a scion of the fairies or short of reform, it is shattered, and the sufferer is in very truth like Sampson among the Philistines with his locks shorn. Such are never safe till that fever of hell is cooled in the shadow of the Great Rock in this weary land. The temperance society may be the advance guard to arrest the march of the enemy; it no doubt very often is such: the only force, however, capable of routing, capturing, and destroying the Rum Fiend is commanded by the "still, small voice."

It is an accepted principle, demonstrated in practice, that, in projectiles and gunnery, doubling the diameter of the bore of a cannon quadruples the range of the piece. Every step in the downward track of the drinker more than quadruples the power of the enemy over him, and more than divides his power of resistance on a corresponding ratio. In battles between armies where the preponderance of cannon over other departments of service make these battles—as in modern times they often are—"artillery duels," the side which has the heaviest guns—other things being equal—will be the victor. In the battle between temptation and the inebriate, if he stands in his own strength alone, temptation has the heaviest guns and is sure to conquer. I have seen the victim rally grandly, over and over again, his friends rallying around him, the Division doors opening to welcome him back, no matter how many times or how disgracefully he may have fallen: unless, however, in some time of temporary victory he caught the rays of light streaming out through the gates of gold, I never knew one to be reformed who was so far gone as to continue breaking pledges of abstinence.

I have in memory one of the ablest judges who ever sat on the Supreme Bench; his learning was vast, and varied, and thorough. When he was himself he was one of the princes of the social circle; but he had learned to love the cup where the serpent nestles. At last he was persuaded to enter one of the great temperance fraternities. His friends clustered around him lovingly, earnestly, resolutely. He struggled terribly himself. He finally became the chief for the order in the State. At last he fell. For agonizing years thereafter his experience was the old story over again. He grappled with temptation with that energy of despair of which a giant mind is capable, till he and those who loved him would have hope again. Then would come another stunning fall. At times when the right had temporary mastery we wrestled with him. O! how hard to decide—as did Israel's veteran captain—"as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." We knew this was the only hope, and he sometimes admitted it; but still he waited for "a more convenient season." At

last this star of science and literature and jurisprudence went out in the blackness of darkness. He died drunk, stark naked, alone, in the hot hold of an Atlantic coasting steamer. But why multiply cases of this class, their story is one wild, prolonged wail in the sad minor key; they are a multitude numerous as the leaves of the forest, or as sparks in the infernal regions.

We turn with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure to the other side of the picture. We knew another, the intellectual peer of the judge whose story we have just told. He stood at the head of his profession as a mechanical engineer. His genius was of the order which has produced some of the marvels of invention and construction for which our country is so famous in the estimation of foreigners. Though he was my senior by more than a score of years, our mechanical tastes drew us together like brothers.

Intemperate habits, formed long before I knew him, gained power over him till he was literally the terror of his family—loving and lovely wife and daughters and a noble grey-haired mother eighty years of age trembled not only for him but for themselves, when the fires of the Devil of Drink were gleaming in his eyes. He would listen to the writer of this, even when writhing in *mania a potu*; and I grappled his case as I never did anything else on earth. I entered into it so entirely that it was part of my nature, sleeping or waking. It haunted me in dreams so that I would cry out in sleep so fearfully as to waken and frighten the inmates of the house. As often as he fell I would get him back into the Division, diving into horrid drinking holes and dragging him out and to the door of the Division, where the Sons of Temperance rallied around him. At last I met him one day when I saw in his eye that he was then thoroughly in one of his spells. He grasped my hand and assured me he had in his pocket a document in which he had just pledged himself under oath, before a magistrate, never to drink again. I held his proffered hand firmly, and looking him steadily but affectionately in the face, said to him—calling him by his Christian name—"It is no use for you to sign papers, or join societies. You will come to Christ, or a drunkard's grave will be the door of hell to your poor soul." He had a wild revel that night, though I did not know it. He also did what cursed us, and shook us off and rushed away in the darkness. But the words of warning continued to ring in his ears, and he soon accepted refuge on the Rock from which no temptation can tear him away.

Another case was that of a sea captain I had never seen till I found him at a meeting for sailors in Boston. He rose with others for prayer and at the close of the exercise, I singled him out for a few words of conversation. He was then so beastly drunk, however, that it was of no earthly use to say anything to him. I therefore wrote the warning verbally made in the other case on a card, and stuffed it in one of his pockets where he would find it when he became sober. That arrow too went home. He heeded the warning and became noted for his efficiency in Christian work among seafaring men.

As the years pass on we are more and more convinced this gospel is the only hope in hundreds of thousands of cases of which these here referred to are types. They are falling every day. Many of them are or have been in positions of vast importance in public and in private life. Their talents and attainments are such that as a question of political economy their value to the commercial and the industrial and the professional interests of the country is so great as to be almost beyond the reach of financial estimate. They often die suddenly, and too often it is called heart disease or congestion of the brain, or something else, when truth would call it intemperance. They, each of them, together with every other human soul, are going to meet One who has said in his word, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom." The "glad tidings," "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," proclaimed it may be by some gentle woman or some little child, is the only hope for them. We say to them, to all: "Come to Jesus just now," by deciding, in earnest, to serve Him, and daily and regularly to read the Bible, and pray for the wisdom and strength to carry out the decision.—*Christian Union*.

A YOUNG LADY'S INFLUENCE.

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would soon have been drunk, but the young lady asked: "Did you call upon me or upon papa?" Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have a lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added: "Remember, if you called upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case, I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents untasted.

After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed, "That is the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard."

Indeed, it was seed sown in good ground. It took root, sprang up, and is now bearing fruit. The young man, from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of all strong drink, and is now, as clergyman, preaching temperance and religion. As he related the circumstance to me tears came into his eyes. He sees now his former dangerous position, and holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully and still resolutely, gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

WATER OR WINE.—If the average traveller only feared wine or brandy as he does water, it would be a great gain to the cause of temperance. No matter what part of the world he is in, he seems to have an idea that the only really dangerous drink in that vicinity is the water. If an American travels in Europe, he is commonly told by his fellow-travellers that the water there is very bad; it is quite unsafe to drink it; he had better take wine or brandy as a beverage. If the European travels in America, he learns the same thing about the water here. A New Englander going west is warned against the water of the west. He must take strong drinks or die. Nothing in New England, on the other hand, so perils a western man's life as pure spring water. Green apples, wilted cucumbers, baked beans, are innocuous; but anything which will bring the "drunk" is the safest thing in the world, for the man or woman of delicate constitution. Even here in Philadelphia, a great many visitors to the Centennial understand that the water of the Schuylkill is not quite safe. They find it necessary to take freely of beer, or wine, or at least to put a little brandy into the water. Occasionally one of them has satisfactory evidence from his personal experience that this cautious warning on this point is not being an empty fiction, walking about in the hot sun for three or four hours looking at the Exhibition, drinking several glasses of lemonade, and making a lunch of fried chicken, he has a sense of faintness with twinges of pain, which he is satisfied are the result of his unwisely drinking a glass of this Philadelphia water. He "ought to have known better." He "won't try it again." He will stick to the trustworthy beer or claret. "If Solomon had only said, 'Look not upon cold water, when you can get anything stronger to drink,' how many followers he would have had.—*S. S. Times*.

UNFERMENTED WINE.—The elders of the Rev. Newman Hall's congregation have resolved to use unfermented wine entirely at their communion service. This is one of the largest and most influential churches in London, their new building, which was lately opened, costing \$59,000. Their example in this matter is well fitted to tell favorably on the practice of other churches.—*Exchange*.

Ten years ago this matter was spoken of only by the few. Here and there a church procured and used the fruit of the vine, but the great majority of churches in Great Britain and America bought and used the doctored whiskey styled "old Port," &c. How many church members have had their appetites roused time and time again by the alcohol in the Communion cup, time will never make known, but instances are not wanting where persons have gone out and become drunken after partaking of the cup at communion; and where others have had to stay away from the ordinance or omit the wine for fear of the Tempter in the cup. This last course was suggested by a good pastor in Halifax a short time ago in preference to doing away with the alcohol and adopting the fruit of the vine uncontaminated with decomposition and decay. We are glad the world is advancing, and that the Church is coming up so rapidly to the practical aid of temperance workers. When the churches of the Dominion put away the accursed beverage from their tables, we can expect Government to forbid its entrance to their warehouses, and the people to do without it on their side-boards and in their cellars. We are nearer to this than some people suppose.—*Alliance Journal*.

BEER IN GERMANY.—A correspondent of an American paper says:—At Hamburg we left the people (apparently all of them) drinking beer; at Hanover we stepped out on the platform, and the whole city seemed to be drinking beer at the station; and when we reached Göttingen, the very first sight that greeted our eyes was that of an immense crowd of men, women and children, every one of whom

seemed to have nothing to do but to sip from the omnipresent "schappen." Most of them, it is true, were apparently sober, industrious, and happy people; but it is equally true, that most of them were bloated, and had indelibly stamped on the features a look which reminded one more of beer than of brains. And they are not all sober, industrious and happy people; drunkenness is by no means uncommon here in Göttingen. I asked a German student if he knew of any suffering and misery *actually caused by drunkenness*. He laughed and said "yes, much." I have myself seen a German student so drunk that he could neither stand nor sit, so, of course, he lay on the ground, and that, too, in broad daylight, in the presence of almost all Göttingen. I mention these facts, because it has been frequently asserted that in Germany the liquor traffic, if not a blessing, is, at least, not a great evil.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR THE CHINESE.—A correspondent at Ningpo sends us the following: "The use of intoxicating liquors, among the Chinese is on the increase, and is endangering the life of the native churches. Many of the missionaries are beginning to notice this, and are taking means to check the evil. At Ningpo, Dr. S. P. Barbet, of the American Baptist Mission, has just published a tract in the Chinese language, called 'Ka-Tsiu-Leng,' an exhortation to total abstinence. The doctor, a medical man and a total abstainer, proves that the alcohol found in the native liquors is a poison, that it is not in any sense a food, that it injures digestion, gives no strength increases disease, and leads to poverty, crime, and death. Each point is illustrated and applied, and the tract closes with a powerful appeal to abstain altogether from alcoholic drinks. We trust that it will have a large circulation, and be the means of blessing to many."—*National Advocate*.

DYING INTOXICATED.—The *Temperance Advocate* says:—The too common practice of administering brandy and other alcoholic preparations in the sick-room, it is greatly to be feared, often sends patients thus treated into the next life in a condition of intoxication, if it does not hasten their departure. It is a marked incident of the prolonged illness of Commodore Vanderbilt, as given to the public through one of our daily journals, that he is said to have declined all alcoholic prescriptions from his physicians, on the ground that he did not want to die with his mind clouded. His example in this respect embodies an important lesson, by which both alcoholic physicians and their patients should profit.

INCREASE OF BRANDY IN SWITZERLAND.—*La Temperance*, under the head of "Switzerland," presents the following significant item, which shows that in a great wine-producing country the wine-panacea, so often recommended for this country, does not suffice to prevent an enormous increase in the manufacture and consumption of brandy: "Pastor Junod, whose name is intimately connected with the repression of drunkenness in Switzerland, makes the statement that in 1868 the canton of Berne used twenty-five times more brandy than it did in 1811, without reckoning the home-made product, which did not exist at that time."

UNFERMENTED WINE.—A number of missionaries in Turkey and Syria recently published a card stating that they had never "seen or heard of an unfermented wine." We take pleasure in publishing a statement made by Miss Maria A. West, missionary of the American Board in Turkey, who says in her recent book, entitled "Romance of Missions," that—"In the Syriac church, the oldest in the world, it seems that fermented wine is *not* used for the communion. When the fresh juice of the grape cannot be obtained, raisins are soaked and the juice expressed for the purpose."—*Temperance Advocate*.

Formal talks and lectures on duty do not make up the most impressive influence of a Sunday-school. Its general tone, appearing in prayer, singing, conversation, address, visitation, punctuality, and in patient continuance in well-doing is more impressive than any special appeal. An old statement has it that a man cannot live *skimmed milk* all the week, and then preach *cream* on Sunday. A teacher, too, can no more do this than can a preacher. Nor can a school waste nine-tenths of its session, and then make amends in the remainder.

