

The Temperance Worker

"INTEMPERANCE IS THE CAUSE OF MORE EVIL THAN WAR, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE COMBINED."—Right Hon. W. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister of Britain.

(Here we publish facts and comments on the Question of the Day; and we are glad to receive enquiries and suggestions from our readers.)

OHIO has one liquor-dealer for every thirty-eight voters. New York has one dealer to thirty-one voters. Ohio led every State during 1884 in the number of murders committed; in New York State there is the largest proportion of insane victims of drink.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, in his newly-published work, "Invention and Industry," incidentally remarks regarding manufacture in Dublin—"The only thriving manufacture now in Dublin is that of intoxicating drinks—beer, porter, stout and whiskey." Poor Dublin!

NEAL DOW announces that proposed amendments to the Maine temperance laws, "will make liquor selling unpleasant and uncomfortable to those engaged in it." It is proposed to make the convicted liquor-seller work out his fine by labor on the roads.

A HABITUAL drunkard at the Cape, on his third conviction within three months, is trotted round for a last look at the inside of all the drink-shops. After that he is, of course, recognized by the publicans, and they are forbidden to supply him with liquor under a penalty of £5.

DR. PARKER announces that he has made up his mind never to speak at any public meeting presided over by a brewer. "Think," he says, "of a brewer being worth upwards of half a million of money, and being patted and cheered because he has given fifty pounds to the fund of some ragged school! It is worse than ironical, it is positively iniquitous."

Mrs. P. D. BROWN, President of the Northern California W. C. T. U., stated in an address lately that in Sonoma County scholars were permitted by their parents to take wine to school with their lunches, and that in afternoons such scholars were too stupid to study or learn. The teacher got disgusted with an evil he was powerless to correct, and gave up his situation. The lady mentioned another instance near San Francisco where beer was used.

THE WOMEN of Garnett, Kansas, created quite a stir lately by taking the lists of prescriptions from the books of the druggists and publishing them with the names of the physicians attached. It was observable that many of the prescriptions called for a pint of intoxicating liquor. Henceforth must be unpopular in Kansas just now. In Washington, in the same State, on a circus day, one physician wrote over fifty prescriptions, varying in quantity from one pint to two quarts. These very efforts at evasion prove that prohibition does prohibit in Kansas.

THE OPEN, notorious, police-restrained intemperance round us, the intemperance that can be tabulated, is, after all, but a small half of the mischief against which we are contending. The secret, the respectable intemperance, that which is rarely known beyond the immediate circle, but of which the lawyer, the clergyman, or the doctor are cognisant; this is deadly and far-reaching in its subtle effects; this is laying unhalloved fingers on souls and bodies for whom Christ died; this even succeeds in binding an hereditary deposition to alcoholism on generations of children as yet unborn.—The Bishop of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.

OUR WINE-DRINKERS fondly imagine that the specimens of supposed grape juice which they receive from California have not been "doctored," but are the real thing. Dr. B. F. Crary, the able editor of the California Christian Advocate, who always knows what he is talking about, says, after inquiring of old and excellent citizens as to the practicability of obtaining pure wine in San Francisco, "not one has any confidence in it." He says their only hope of securing a pure article for sacramental purposes is to "get grapes and press out the juice for them-

selves!" He believes all the wine is adulterated beyond possible recognition before it reaches the retail dealer. He says if he should buy a few bottles of port wine, he would "get a little bad whiskey, some logwood, sugar of lead, and (their) hydrant water."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The statement has often been made that there is more liquor sold under the Scott Act than there was under the License System, and we take this opportunity of giving this story a most emphatic denial. Only a few years ago there were 30 licensed dram shops in the town, each paying a heavy license fee, and now there could not half that number exist, with no license to pay. Some of the liquor dealers continue to sell, being encouraged to do so by the Courier and others of that ilk, but they sell with fear and trembling, and their business under the Scott Act is getting more and more disreputable every day. There has been a large decrease in the sale of liquor since the adoption of the Scott Act, in the face of all the obstacles to its enforcement, and drunkenness and crime have decreased in proportion.—St. Stephen, N. B. Signal.

THE METHODIST bodies are now powerfully ranged on the side of Temperance. A great meeting has just been held in the Colston Hall, Bristol, under the presidency of Mr. Lewis Williams, the list of speakers including the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, and the Rev. Charles Garrett. Mr. Pearse told of the change that had come over the Wesleyan Church respecting the temperance question. Twenty years ago leading men amongst them were accustomed to shake their heads and prophesy that this was the rock upon which the denomination would split. All this was now changed. He maintained that John Wesley made the Methodist body a Temperance Society. Mr. Hughes, speaking as a Methodist, said they could not afford to be behind other Churches in this great enterprise. He rejoiced at what the Church of England had been doing of late years for the spread of total abstinence principles, and he was glad to witness the zeal of Cardinal Manning; but they could not afford to allow archbishops and cardinals to do more for the people of England in such an enterprise than was done by those who were called after the name of John Wesley.

GROCERS' LICENSES. It is an awful and terrible fact that it is amongst women that the evil is making rapid strides, and here I do not mean amongst women of the lowest classes. Ah, no; that mistaken piece of legislation, the Grocers' Licensing Act, has now placed the drink within easy reach of our women servants; of the wives and daughters of our mechanics, and of our tradesmen; and of ladies, whose feet would never cross the threshold of a public house or gin palace. We must strain every nerve, we must beseege heaven with our prayers, that this blighting, degrading Act may be repealed. What is to become of England if this awful curse of drunkenness is to be no uncommon fact amongst her daughters? This is a work which I pray God, each one of us may take up from this day, if we have not begun it before, with earnest prayer for His guidance; in a true spirit of self-sacrifice willing to deny ourselves; willing to be different, perhaps, to those around us; determined that no difficulties shall daunt us, no discouragements shall cause us to lose heart, but that we will go forward in the strength of the Lord, conquering and to conquer, until this terrible evil be driven from our land.—Mrs. Cyrus Wilson.

THE VIRTUES OF MILK AND BEEF TEA.

A young lad was knocked down by a van in a London street, and taken to a large hospital. One morning the doctor examined him, and said—"Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily and, looking kindly at the lad, he said, "You will get on very well, my boy." The young patient looked up, and replied—"Please, sir, don't order me the wine." "Why not, my boy?" "If you please sir, I belong to a Band of Hope." "Oh! answered he, "do you? Well, Nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef tea as he likes;" and, laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, "You will get on very well, my lad." And he got quite well without the wine.

A NOTABLE HOUSEKEEPER.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Norton was called a "notable house-keeper," and certainly she did spend much of her time in preparing for the present and future wants of the "inner man."

Since early in the season she had been busy putting up various fruits for the coming winter. Besides preserves and brandy-peaches, Mrs. Norton was considered an adept in making home-made wines—raspberry shrub, cherry-bounce, elderberry and black-berry wine, and now she was looking to her grapes. Of grape wine she had some bottles of her own making dating back several years, and was quite proud of her success when praised for it by those whom she considered judges of its merit. These productions of her own hands she used freely, not only in her own family, but among her friends and neighbors when she thought a little stimulant would strengthen and do them good.

"So different from the common adulterated stuff you get nowadays," she would say. "One is never quite sure what he has when he buys wine for the sick, and my mild home-made wines are so much better for them."

"How kind and generous Mrs. Norton is!" said her neighbor, Mrs. Cliff, one day when their sewing society met and she was not present. "She is indefatigable when sickness is in the family, and is ever present wherever she can do the least good."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Parker. "But don't you think she rather too freely uses and urges upon her friends her wines?" "What if she does?—they are of her own make. There is nothing adulterated about them. No arsenic, or logwood, or such stuff as does more harm than good."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Cliff," said another lady. "A bottle of her elderberry wine brought Susie right up after her fever. It was just what she needed to strengthen her."

"Would not some simple tonic have answered as well?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"Why, what could be more simple than Mrs. Norton's home-made wines?" "And yet they have in them alcoholic principles," replied Mrs. Parker, a staunch temperance woman. "They could not keep as they do if they were not slightly fermented before being bottled—her grape wine especially."

"And trouble may grow out of their use," added a timid, little woman, who had been bending over her work, taking no part heretofore in the conversation going on among the ladies, who had met to sew for some mission box.

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Cliff who had started the conversation in praise of her near neighbor, Mrs. Norton. "I'm sure the best friends of the temperance cause would not find harm in her simple wines, especially when used for the sick. 'This, you know, is admissible.'"

"Not to the invalid, possibly," replied Mrs. Burt, "but, as I have already said, trouble may come out of them." "The he, I was bent lower over the work before her, and those seated near heard a deep sigh and saw Mrs. Burt wipe a tear from her eyes.

"Her husband died from intemperance, you know," said a lady in an aside whisper, "and I presume everything in connection with wine is a painful subject to her."

"That is true, I believe she was very happily married, but is left quite poor now." Others seemed to recall this circumstance, and there was a moment's lull in the conversation. But some one was about to break it by changing the topic, when Mrs. Burt, straightening herself up and giving a little embarrassed cough, bravely said,—

"Ladies, I do not like to speak upon personal matters, and the past, as some of you already know, is a painful subject to me. But there are young wives and mothers here, and if my experience can do them the least bit of good, I'll give it to them and to you all, that you may see that home-made wines and jellies are not so innocent as they appear."

"I was married under as bright circumstances and with as fair prospects of happiness before me as any of you. Oh! what a bright, happy home was ours for four or five years! After the birth of my second child I did not readily regain my strength. Friends and neighbors were very kind, and brought me all sorts of delicacies to tempt my appetite and strengthen me. Among other

things, wine-jelly and 'home-made shrubs,' as they were called, were given to me. When I could not take anything, my husband would playfully say, 'I shall have to eat all these good things for you; you don't know what you are missing.' And I took pleasure in seeing him enjoy them. The jelly sometimes struck me as tasting rather strongly of wine or brandy, but I never dreamed that in such a form it could do harm, or that anything would result from merely finishing a small glass of home-made wine that I was obliged to refuse on account of my weak head and the pain I was so constantly suffering from it—and yet it was these very things, simple and innocent as some of you deem them, that awoke the slumbering demon in my husband, as I afterwards found to my sorrow.

"Oh! had I but known all I now know, such things should never, no never, have entered our peaceful, happy home. His mother—and from just such tamperings with the wily serpent, through brandy peaches, wine-jelly, mince pies strong with old Bourbon—became addicted to drink, though the family, of course, kept it secret. But my Will, born about this time, doubtless had a natural taste implanted in him for such things, and so it only needed time and opportunity to awaken the demon, as I have already said, slumbering in his heart. At all events, from that time he was a changed man. His home-comings were late, then watched for with fear and trembling. I cannot tell you the rest—my heart is too full."

Tears filled Mrs. Burt's eyes, and her voice was choked with sobs that with difficulty she had suppressed while telling her sad story. But after a few moments, she added,—

"Let me beg, dear ladies, that you will neither make nor use such things in your own homes, or persuade others to partake of them—for just as sure as you do, some one will have cause to lay it at your door that his first step downward was through this means. I can never forget how Will said to me one day: "It was those things that Mrs. Cleveland pressed upon you when not able to take them, that first set me to craving for liquor, as I had never done before, and now I go down to my grave a drunkard, or at least an dying through its effects. May God have mercy upon my soul!"

"We all prayed with him and for him, after that terrible accident, and I have hope in the mercy and forgiveness of our heavenly Father. But Will's words will ever haunt me, though I was an innocent cause of his taking to drinking—and now I make this effort to save you all against everything of an alcoholic nature. Don't tamper with such things yourself, or put them in the way of others. Remember what the Bible, our best guide, says on this subject."

More than one heart was touched by Mrs. Burt's thrilling story of personal experience. Mrs. Parker then arose and said:—

"Wives, mothers, sisters, I, too, have known of such instances, and they were in my mind when I first spoke against this practice of making such things as seem simple and not likely to harm. Alas! who can say what misery they may work in one with an inherited evil that is as easily aroused as a fierce lion that is ready to spring upon one unwares! Let us not only slay on the making and receiving such things in our homes, but do all we can to speak of their evil tendencies and suppress them. Our example may exert a great influence over others, and now when intemperance is so fearfully on the increase, is the time to help the weak ones to stand, and not to place stumbling-blocks in their way."

All listened to Mrs. Parker with deep attention, and ere the close of the sewing society, the ladies decided to unite with the "Woman's Temperance Union Band," and to exert their utmost influence to encourage and save those who were likely to be led astray in any way.—Church and Home.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—These make an especially good dish for supper with cold meat. Put a large lump of butter in a saucepan and let it melt; then add one small onion, chopped fine or sliced very thin; when it is browned nicely, but not scorched, put in slices of cold boiled potatoes; salt and pepper well; let the potatoes cook until they are also well browned; serve while hot. A little parsley chopped fine may be added if you like the flavor.

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