



Temperance Department.

TEMPTATION.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young, unwary feet.
"Little by little and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul away
Until the ruin is complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, day by day."

IN THE WAY OF A THRONE.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

"I can have no peace. It is not a word for me," said John Morgan, with an angry stamp of his foot, in reply to his wife, when, coming home in a surly, defiant mood, she had said, looking at the sleeping face of little Elsie taking her afternoon nap, "Do not disturb the peace of the house, John." The word "peace" made him angry.

"You can have it, I suppose, you and Elsie, when I'm out of sight, reading and sewing and sleeping away your time, and blaming me for disturbing it when I come to my own home, tired of life and tormented with debt, and the slight and scorn of men who once honored me. I say, don't talk of peace!"

Mary Morgan might easily have retorted in the same spirit, but she was wise enough to keep silent. A few days after, her husband, from a three days' carousal, was left weak and helpless in bed with partial delirium and burning fever. She waited on him with tenderness and watched eagerly for the time when he would be himself again. On the wall by his bedside she had hung a framed cross, with the motto, "Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ." Many a time he had looked at it without a thought of its meaning as it hung in the chamber above, but now, when on coming to himself his weary eyes rested on the words, they came with a new meaning. He called Elsie and bade her place it on his bed. She was almost frightened with the eager manner in which, weak as he was, he seized it, gazed at the words, and then lay back and closed his eyes with a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, father?"

"Peace, child, peace!" was his reply.

Elsie ran out of the room and called her mother.

"Peace!" he exclaimed, as his wife entered the room.

"Do you want it in the only way?" she asked in a low, earnest voice.

"Yes; and if it is a free gift, I will have it."

A thrill of joy went through his wife's heart. She knew well her husband's strength of resolution. If he "made up his mind" he was sure, she had often said. Never before had he "made up his mind" on the subject of wine. He could drink that, and no harm come. He had now resolved that the only way for him was to renounce all drink, in every shape, and with that resolution to seek forgiveness and peace, which would surely follow.

"I should think," he said, after a few moments' silence, "a man might have as much firmness as an Indian—a white man, I mean."

His wife started. Surely he is delirious again.

"What do you mean?" she said quietly.

He smiled—a playful smile, his old pleasant look.

"I was only thinking of an anecdote I read the other day. It's been in my mind ever since. There was a text to it."

"What was it?"

"The text was—'John, while you live, never tempt any man to break a good resolution.' The story was about an Indian, and it is a true one. He was a great drinker, and had been until fifty years old. At length, when many members of the royal family of his tribe had died and there was but one left between him and the throne, he said to himself, 'How can such a drunken wretch as I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more.' From that time he never did taste anything stronger than water. One day after he became chief he was dining at the house of the governor of Connecticut, when a lad, the governor's son, who had heard of his resolution, asked him to try him, if he would not taste the beer. It was home-brewed, he said, and excellent. Then the old Indian dropped his knife and fork, and

replied in what I have called the text of the story. 'I felt angry when I read it. I knew if I should resolve I could have as much force as an Indian, but I didn't wish to resolve. Since then his word Peace has haunted me. I have seen now I am a peace-disturber—to myself, to you, to all about me; and if there is a way to find this peace,' and he pointed to the cross, 'I shall have it, for I shall never drink another drop. It has stood between me and a throne long enough.'—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

TOO SATISFYING.

Tobacco is a narcotic, even though at first it seems to act as a stimulant. Its ultimate effect is rather to quiet than to stimulate the nerves. In doing this it tends to allay anxiety and discomfort. It makes its user measurably contented with his condition and attainments. This may, at first glance, seem to be an advantage, as preventing restlessness and worry. Indeed, the use of tobacco is advocated on this very ground, and the argument is made that the lower classes in the community who can never hope to better their condition are kept in contentment by their pipes and cigars. But the average American youth needs all the nerves and the brain-power he possesses to enable him to know his place and to fill it. He ought not to have his sensibilities deadened. He ought not to be satisfied with his present attainments. If he has failed in his day's work, or in his day's hunting for work, he ought not to take an opiate or a narcotic, and lull his sensibilities to rest over his failure. He ought to face the facts with unclouded vision and with tense nerves, and determine on better things for to-morrow. Put two young men of the same ability side by side in a struggle to find occupation, or to make progress in study or business, and if one deadens his nerves by tobacco while the other is never half asleep in waking hours, the wide-awake young man will soon be away ahead of the other. There are, in fact, many large business establishments where a young man who does not use tobacco is always chosen in preference to one who does, on the score of his increased ambition and quickness and practical efficiency through having all his nerves and sensibilities on the alert. The higher intellectual and moral plane of the young man, the greater the evil from this benumbing influence of tobacco, for the more he needs strong impellings to carry him forward to his best accomplishment. When others are satisfied with him, a young man has least right to be satisfied with himself. His ideal ought to be higher than theirs. When it does not seem necessary that he should work for a living, or work to keep ahead of his companions, he ought to be keenly alive to the necessity of working to do something worth living for, and to enable him to keep ahead of himself. Hence it is that tobacco using holds back so many young men of wealth and intellect and good moral character from doing as well as they can do—a great deal better and a great deal more than they do do. They sit and smoke, and think of how much they have done, and how much they intend to do, and how pleasant it is to live without doing all the time, and—they take another cigar, and are more than satisfied with doing nothing more. There is a deal of truth in the suggestion of old George Trask, that "a good cigar is the most satisfying thing in the world," that "a young man while he is smoking doesn't even want salvation." There are multitudes of boys and young men all about us who are sure to be kept permanently upon a lower plane of performance and attainment because of their lack of ambition and unrest and determined energy through the quieting and becalming influence of tobacco on their nerves and sensibilities, when they ought to be wide awake to their duty and to their lack, and be struggling for success as for their lives. If there were no other reason why a fond mother should train her boy never to touch tobacco, it is enough that by keeping him from its use she gives him a start before his companions who do use it, and helps him to have all his nerves and all his sensibilities and all his energies in their fullest and fairest play. Tobacco is the one thing which to-day keeps many a bright youth from the doing of his best work, and from the realization of his brightest possibilities.—*S. S. Times.*

DR. NORMAN KERR'S ADDRESS TO WOMEN.

Dr. Norman Kerr's address from the chair, at the remarkable meeting of the Christian Workers' Temperance Union (Women), in Langham Hall, reported by us last week, has excited so much interest that we have much pleasure in now giving a full report.

Dr. Kerr said: I feel it a high honor to be called on to preside over so interesting, so well attended, and so influential a meeting. The temperance movement has special claims on Christian workers, inasmuch as, on the one hand, intemperance stands in the way of all Christian effort, and, on the other, total abstinence and the adoption of the pledge are an immense

assistance to us in our religious warfare against the crying sin of drunkenness. This, too, is peculiarly a woman's question. The report of the Scotch Commission on grocers' licenses shows a terrible increase in drinking amongst the women of all ranks in Scotland; various official statements show a similar state of things in England, and my own practice as a medical man has revealed to me an appalling amount of both open and secret indulgence in drink by women in all classes of society. The undoubted decrease of drunkenness amongst men seems to have been more than counterbalanced by the increase of drunkenness amongst women. It seems to me that woman has a three-fold mission here. First, to the Legislature. No matter how active and successful our moral agencies may be, the super-abounding public temptations of the liquor traffic are more than a match for us. These must be removed if the plague is to be stayed. True, we have nothing to do with politics here; but I cannot refrain from expressing my strong conviction that if men had no votes at all, and all the legislative power were in the hands of Christian women, we should have Sunday closing in Ireland at once, Sunday closing in England in two years, and the Permissive Bill in five years, at the furthest. Woman has a great mission to the medical profession. The routine and somewhat reckless prescription of intoxicating liquors to patients, irrespective of their previous habits, has been known, in not a few instances, to be the destruction of reformed drunkards; and cases are known to me where not only thoughtless, but most cautious and conscientious injunction of liquor as a medicine has been the first step to most deplorable intemperance. Alcohol is a poison, and when used as a remedy is always attended with risk—physical, mental, and moral—and therefore ought to be prescribed, in the words of the great medical declaration, "with as much care as any powerful drug." Women, then, who are so earnestly devoting themselves to the rescue of the intemperate, can appeal with power to the physician and surgeon to order alcohol only when really needed; to order it in a medicinal preparation or mixture, and not in the form of a quack remedy, like sherry or brandy, unless in emergencies, and in precise doses, as "drops" or "teaspoonfuls." Attention has only to be directed to this matter to provide the remedy—

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart.

All conscientious medical practitioners admit that the indiscriminate prescription of strong drinks is productive of much harm. "I have no fear, therefore, that such an appeal from Christian women would meet with any other than an effectual response from the earnest and self-denying profession of medicine. But women have still greater work to do, and that is with the various religious bodies and their ministers. Very few of our Church festivals are at present safe for reformed inebriates. With a very few of those rescued from the slavery of drink there is no craving whatever; with more the craving gradually subsides, but with the great majority the craving is ever latent, and the old fire is ready to be relighted at any moment by the smallest sip of the weakest form of alcoholic drink. The sore of drunkenness generally leaves a scar which it needs but a slight application of the old stimulant to re-open afresh. Many victims saved by abstinence from vice and crime and sin have, after manfully resisting the temptations of the world for years, been tempted again to ruin by partaking of alcoholic wine at the Holy Communion, to which they had been with difficulty persuaded to come by unenlightened though earnest Christian ministers. Of such victims we may truly say, in the language of the poet—

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Then in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

Many churches use port or sherry at the Communion. Why not brandy and whiskey at once? The ports and sherries of commerce are simply brandied wines, and the ardent spirits, though stronger, are the purer article. But though most will admit that port and sherry are very inappropriate and ought not to be employed at the Sacrament, few seem to understand that most of the sacramental wines used in Britain contain spirit. I lately analyzed a bottle of "tent wine" and found as much alcohol (poison) in it as would kill a child four years old and half kill another. [The Doctor here exhibited the alcohol extracted from the tent, in the same phial labelled "poison" as he had shown to the bishop and clergy at Lixcoln.] On this matter I have no quarrel with the Roman Catholic body, for they do not administer the cup to the laity. I have little quarrel with the Jews, for they generally use freshly made unfermented raisin wine; but, even when a drinker myself, I have never allowed any reformed drunkard to go near a communion service where alcoholic wine was employed. I would as soon have thought of putting a loaded pistol in the

hands of a maniac, in a lucid interval, and telling him to take care not to shoot himself. As a physician and an expert, I am compelled to declare that to the reformed drunkard a religious service celebrated in intoxicating wine is dangerous and unsafe. Pray do not blame the clergy. We have all been culpable, and most of all we who, as men of science and learning, ought to have taught all along that which we are only beginning to teach now, the poisonous nature and influence of alcohol. Let us not accuse anyone, but let us in Christian love and charity point out the mischief arising from our present procedure, and let us all endeavor to undo the evil that has been done in the past. It is always with confidence that I appeal to women on behalf of any moral or social reform.

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she who quelled him with unhol' tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

Her clear and intuitive glance, piercing alike through the mist of superstition and the obscurity of sophistry, at once discerns the real merits, the right or the wrong, of any great question. Christian workers! in the name of ten thousand brands plucked from the burning, in imminent danger of destruction at the very gate of Heaven and on the very steps of the altar of the loving Saviour, who gave His life to redeem them, to you I most earnestly, most solemnly, and most affectionately appeal. Christian women, shall the appeal be in vain?—*Marylebone Mercury.*

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS CURED OF USING TOBACCO.

About forty years ago Mr. John Tappan, one of those genuine philanthropists for which Boston was noted a half-century since, lived in an elegant mansion on Summer street. He had retired from active business, but had fitted up an office in the house, where he received business calls. He was a scrupulously neat man, and had a particular abhorrence of the use of tobacco in any form. He was as strong in his antipathy to its use as he was to the use of ardent spirits. The surroundings of his office were to the minutest particular indicative of the individual man. One of the leading avenues through which went out his benevolence was that of aiding indigent churches and helping impecunious clergymen. On one occasion a well-known clergyman of Vermont came to Boston to obtain aid for his church. He called on good old Deacon Proctor, then a leading hardware merchant, and made known his wants. The good deacon took him at once to the residence of Mr. Tappan, introduced him, and left. On being invited to take a seat, the clergyman put into his mouth a huge quid of tobacco. Looking around to see where he should expectorate, he saw an open coal fire, but the bars of the grate were polished steel. This wouldn't do. Next his attention was directed to a copper coal-scuttle, the outside of which shone like burnished gold, and it was heaped with cinnabar coal. Here was his opportunity, and he discharged his stream of saliva, making a perfect cascade over the coal. Being relieved, he commenced to state his case, stopping frequently to discharge his tobacco juice. Meanwhile Mr. Tappan sat fidgeting in his seat, and finally interrupted the good clergyman by stating that he had made it a rule never to give anything to an intemperate man, and, rising, bowed the clergyman out.

Overwhelmed with grief and mortification, the good man sought Deacon Proctor and burst out with the exclamation: "I have never been so insulted in my life."

Deacon Proctor asked him to give an account of his interview with Mr. Tappan, which he did, not dreaming that the tobacco had anything to do with his sudden dismissal.

"Sit here," said the deacon; "I will go and see Mr. Tappan."

Arriving at the office he found the windows wide open and a girl scrubbing. "Mr. Tappan," said the deacon, "you have hurt the feelings of one of the best of men, a devoted Christian, and a faithful pastor. What does it mean?"

Mr. Tappan repeated what had happened, and pointed to the coal-scuttle. "Why, sir, it will take a week to get this room purified."

The deacon returned and smoothed over the matter as well as he could, and the clergyman took his leave.

In just one year from that day the clergyman again made his appearance at the store of Deacon Proctor, and asked him to accompany him to the house of Mr. Tappan. Arrived there, the clergyman, looking hale, hearty, and clean, extended his hand to Mr. Tappan, exclaiming: "My dear sir, you have been the means of breaking me of a vile habit, which I thought innocent, but which had got a hold on me I little dreamed of. From the day of my last interview with you I have never put tobacco in any form into my mouth, and, by the blessing and with the help of God, I never will again."—*National Temperance Advocate.*