



## The Wonderful Work of a Song.

The following letter, to the editor of the 'National Advocate,' organ of the National Temperance Society, tells a story of thrilling interest:

The passing away from labor to reward of the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of London, recalled to the writer a story that he heard from the lips of the late George Charlton, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, the apostle of temperance of the north of England.

Nearly sixty years ago, Mr. Charlton was going to lecture in Alnwick, Northumberland, some thirty miles or so from Newcastle-on-Tyne. In the train was a drunken man, his wife, and a boy just entering his teens. The drunken man was quarrelsome, and was making himself a nuisance to everybody in the car. His poor wife tried her best to keep him quiet, but without avail.

Mr. Charlton came to the assistance of the poor woman, and offered to sing for the man if he would only be still. To this the fellow readily agreed. So, after giving the boy some money, Mr. Charlton sang a temperance song; then, when that was finished, the drunkard called for one more song. Mr. Charlton this time sang an old, well-known hymn, which seemed to have a wonderful effect on the drunkard. By this time the train reached its destination. Both Mr. Charlton and the man and his wife and son got off at the same station. The wife thanked Mr. Charlton very heartily for his kindness, and bade him good-bye. Many years afterward, Mr. Charlton was invited to lecture once more in Alnwick, and he was met at the station by a fine-looking gentleman, who escorted him to the place where he was to lecture. It has long been a custom in the north of England to have "tea parties," as they call them, in their chapels, and an address or lecture to follow. Mr. Charlton was invited to the tea on this occasion. A typical English matron was very attentive to Mr. Charlton, loading his plate with all the good things that had been provided. Mr. Charlton also noticed that this gentleman who had met him at the train was paying much attention to Mr. Charlton's wants; this naturally aroused his curiosity. Calling the lady to his side, he asked, "Who is that fine-looking gentleman?" "Well, Mr. Charlton," said the lady, "that gentleman is my husband; he is one of the elders of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Charlton, do you remember, many years ago, singing for a drunken man to keep him quiet?" "Why, yes," said Mr. Charlton, "I do." "Well, sir, that is the man, and I am the poor woman who thanked you for singing for him that temperance song, and the old hymn led him to see the error of his ways. He signed the pledge, he gave his heart to God, and so did I, sir, and we have now the happiest home in the north of England, and we owe it all, under God, to you, sir." "Well," said Mr. Charlton, "what about that boy? Where is he?" "Well, sir, when my husband quit drinking, we soon had a nice little home of our own, and Joe, our Joe, was anxious to get an education, and so we sent him to school, and to-day, sir, he is the Rev. Joseph Parker, pastor of the Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester." At this point, she called her husband; the rest, Mr. Editor, can be imagined. Mr. Charlton, after the lecture, was entertained by the Presbyterian elder and his good wife.

It goes without saying that they were warm friends of temperance, and as for "Joe," his forty years' championship of the cause speaks for itself. This was the man, the minister, who dared to reprove the King of England for brewing beer at Burton's brewery recently.

'May the God of Old England raise up one thousand Joseph Parkers, to lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show England and her King the danger lurking in the intoxicating cup. This article is too long already, but I cannot close without pointing to the fact that the church of Christ is indebted to the cause of temperance and to temperance workers for some of its ablest and brightest ministers, as well as noble laymen. God bless the cause.'

HERVEY WOOD.

## The Medicinal Use of Alcohol.

Throughout the greater part of medical literature alcoholic drinks are represented as stimulating and restorative, capable of increasing the force and efficiency of the circulation and of conserving the normal living tissues by diminishing their waste, and hence they are first to be resorted to in all cases of sudden exhaustion, faintness, or shock, the last to be given to the dying and the most constant remedies through the most important and protracted acute general diseases. It is this position and practice of the profession that constitutes the strongest influence in support of all the popular but destructive drinking customs of to-day. The same anaesthetic properties of alcohol that render the laboring man less conscious of the cold, or heat, or weariness, also render the sick man less conscious of suffering, either mental or physical, and deceive both him and his physician by the temporary appearance of more comfort. But if administered during the progress of fevers or acute general diseases, whilst it thus quiets the patient's restlessness and lessens his consciousness of suffering, it also directly diminishes the vaso-motor and excito-motor nerve force with slight reduction of temperature, and steadily diminishes both the tissue and excretory products, thereby favoring the retention in the system of both the specific causes of disease and the natural excretory materials that should have been eliminated. The continued dulling or anaesthetic effect on the nerve centres, the diminished oxygenation of the blood and the continued retention of morbid and excretory products, all serve to protract the disease, increase degeneration, and add to the number of fatal results.—'Temperance Record.'

## General Bidwell of California

General Bidwell lived an active and useful life, one of service to his fellow-men, but that act which is grandest, which involved the most self-sacrifice, and which appeals especially to every temperance man, woman and child, is told as follows:

General Bidwell loved the land of his adoption, in a literal sense that impelled him to develop its resources in many directions only apparent to men as thoughtful as he. Seeing the ravages of strong drink in the new State, he hoped to check it by the substitution of something better; so with the belief that the use of light wines would be antidotal to the whiskey habit, he spent large sums of money investigating soils and the culture of vines, importing the best from Europe, and introducing the best methods of making wine. The success of his manufacture was beyond all question, and his wine carried off medals and prizes above all competitors. About this time he went to Washington as a Member of Congress. Returning after an absence of two years, he was interested in the changes that had taken place during that time. Sitting in his office daily, he noted the passers by, and the coincidence that visitors to his foreman were very frequent about the hour that the wine was racked off, when everyone was welcome to drink of it. He noted also the changed appearance of these visitors, and an evident deterioration. He began to reflect, and his conclusion was that he was making drunkards just as fast as he was making wine. He called in the foreman and instructed him to take a pair of horses, hitch to the first vine at the corner of the vineyard and pull it up; then go on until they were all pulled up, saying that

he would make no more wine. The foreman remonstrated; they were fine vines; why not cut them down and graft with table grapes? 'No,' said General Bidwell. 'I do not expect to live always, and some one after me might cut them below the grafts. Pull them up and burn them.' And it was done.—'Pacific Ensign.'

## The Saloon a Nuisance

The average American saloon is so bad that even whiskey organs are becoming ashamed of it.

'Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular' says:

'The average saloon is out of line with public sentiment.

'The average saloon ought not to be defended by our trade, but it ought to be condemned. In small towns the average saloon is a nuisance. It is a resort for all tough characters, and in the south for all idle negroes.

'It is generally on a prominent street, and it is usually run by a sport who cares only for the almighty dollar. From this resort the drunken man starts reeling to his home; at this resort the local fights are indulged in. It is a stench in the nostrils of society and a disgrace to the wine and spirit trade.

'How, then, shall we defend the average saloon? We answer, Don't defend it, but condemn it. We must stand abreast of the most advanced public sentiment; we must oppose prohibition, but favor only a decent trade; we must offer society a substitute for the average saloon; we must ask society to join with us in securing model license laws; we must demand character qualifications and get men in the retail liquor business who will conduct their places as drug stores, for instance, are conducted. We must help to clean the Augean stables; we must lift the business out of the rut into which it has run for so long a time; we must prove that we are the friends of law, order, decency, temperance.'

Notwithstanding the above condemnation of the saloon by a liquor organ, the people of the state of Michigan keep upon their statute books a tax law which fosters the saloon business, so that it is going from bad to worse every year, the 'Augean stables' being piled high with filth and crime, and 'the average saloon a nuisance' everywhere.—'Michigan Advocate.'

## What a Traveller Says

One of the highest salaried travelling men making Kansas was talking with a Wichita reporter the other day of the prohibition law of Kansas, and said: 'I make all the towns of Eastern Kansas and Western Missouri, and I want to say that all this talk about prohibition hurting business is all a farce. I sell more goods and of a better quality in Kansas towns than I do in Missouri, and my patrons are better pay. They need not tell me that the people of a town have to guzzle beer in order to have prosperous business. When the people of a town spend their money for beer, they don't have so much to spend in my line. I don't mind a glass of beer occasionally, but I prefer to sell goods to a man that doesn't use it. I find he is a good deal more apt to have the money when pay day comes.'—Kansas 'City Star.'

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