

Temperance

The Outcasts on the City.

(Mary E. Johnson, in the 'Alliance News'.)

Two thousand homeless wanderers
In the streets of London each night;
In the midst of her power and her plenty—
What a pitiful, awful sight!

Two thousand wretched creatures,
The lowest of the low,
Sleeping in arches, on benches,
No shelter where they may go!

Or tramping the dreary pavements
The hours of darkness through;
Desperate, and cold, and hungry,
And many half-naked, too.

Oh! England, is this thy glory,
Or thy most crushing shame,
Thou first 'midst earth's great nations
Claiming the Christian name?

In the heart of this rich, free country
Lurks a terrible deadly foe:
'Tis the people's love of drink
That brings the people low!

From friends, from home, from comfort,
It drags each victim down,
Till they drift as human wreckage
'Thro' every English town.

And into the mighty city
These beaten creatures have come,
Living in lowest misery;
Starving, desperate, yet dumb.

Yet amongst these wretched wanderers,
Some did their puny best;
But life has been against them,
And want is a cruel test.

There is scanty help or pity
For those who become so poor.
It is only the sturdiest natures
That learn to strive and endure.

Two thousand without a shelter!
And how many more must be
Living in direct privation—
In utter poverty?

Help them, ye fortunate brethren,
These brothers and sisters of thine.
You may hardly realize it,
As in luxury you dine.

But that wretched outcast yonder,
With hunger faint and ill,
Is a son of the Great Father,
And a human being still!

Help them, ye stronger brethren,
Out of these depths of woe;
Help to make England sober—
To conquer her greatest foe.

For if drink could but be banished
For ever from our sight,
Two thousand homeless people
Would not be in London each night

A Drunken Giant.

Russia's net receipts from drink taxes are just about equal to her expenses of government, except the public debt, the Army and Navy. Of £170,000,000 required annually for all these, £75,000,000 or 45 percent comes from drink—the vodka monopoly and the Excise duties. M. Chelysheff, at an Octobrist convention in St. Petersburg made an extraordinary protest against the 'national vice,' of which the 'Standard' gives a lengthy report. 'The peasants,' he said, 'have always realized the dangers of drunkenness. Long ago thousands of villages all over the country began closing the public-houses. But there were persons in power who regarded the welfare of the people as unnecessary, or even dangerous. They pressed a button, and the Holy Synod sent out orders to the parish

priests not to preach against intemperance. . . . Then came the State monopoly, with its dispensaries in every settlement, often against the protests of the population. Dispensaries were opened where vodka had never been allowed before; for instance, all along the canals leading from the Neva to the Volga. The State conscientiously supplies forty percent of poison. The public-houses used to sell diluted liquor, which was not nearly so harmful or so seductive. The consumption has grown by leaps and bounds since the monopoly was introduced. During forty years the use of alcohol has increased tenfold. . . . If our laws had been made by our worst enemy they could not have been better devised for our undoing. Drink lost the war. A drunken giant cannot fight a sober and agile dwarf.'

Wise Words.

We find in 'La Clairiere' a short paragraph which we thus translate: 'The governments which push the consumption of alcohol, and favor new places for its sale, because of the revenue they bring, are as blind as they are blameworthy. How is it that they do not understand that they dispense more than they receive from these infamous resources in providing asylums for the insane, and prisons for the detention of those who have been made criminals by the poison? From the moral and social point of view the ravages of alcohol are frightful. Only to the extent to which the working classes can be withdrawn from the tavern can the social question be solved. And it is not possible to fight against the evil influences of the tavern except by the practice of Total Abstinence from all alcoholic drinks, and engaging others to do the same.'

After Your Boy.

One of the delegates to a State convention of Christian Endeavorers, a young business man, every movement alert and eager, and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red-faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Button-holing the delegate, the latter said:—

'What are you fellows trying to do down at the meetings? You are hot temperance, I see. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?'

'No,' replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot, with a keen glance, 'we evidently couldn't do much for you, but we are after your boy.'

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone, and said seriously: 'Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day.'—Exchange.

Mr. John Burns on Drinking and Gambling.

Speaking at Burnley recently in connection with the annual prize distribution of the local Technical School and School of Art, Mr. John Burns, after dealing with educational matters, turned to such questions as unemployment, unskilled workmen, and sport. In connection with the latter question, he quoted Professor Marshall as authority for the working classes, and £4,000,000,000 by the working classes, and £4,000,000,000 by the rest of the population in ways which do not add to the real happiness of life. 'If Germany does leave us behind, remember that we have a hundred race meetings in this country and a thousand golf courses. Germany has a dozen of either. What right have we to spend £164,000,000 in drink and £50,000,000 directly and indirectly in betting and gambling? And what right have we to cater too much for the enormous concourses which gather at displays of gladiatorial, professionalised football? Do not mistake me. I am not a melancholy kill-joy. I can walk and I can run, and I have been known to box. I have been taken to the hospital three times for playing football—not for looking on. You say, here is John Burns with a grant of £200,000 a year from the Treasury for the purposes of the unemployed. And you ask me to make a new heaven and a new

earth with that £200,000. Why don't you do it yourselves, with the £3,000,000 a week you waste on drinking, betting, and gambling?' Judging from newspaper comments and correspondence, Mr. Burns's words have made a deep and salutary impression.—'Alliance News.'

The Look of a Child.

'I remember that the greatest lesson I have ever learned in my life,' said the bystander, 'was pointed out to me by my little daughter. I had never been a drinking man; but sometimes after the theatre, I am ashamed to confess, that I came home many a night slightly the worse for wear and liquor. The habit grew on me, in spite of tearful entreaties from my wife. I took a bottle of whiskey home one afternoon. After dinner I made for the bottle, which I had left in my study, poured out a glass and raised it to my lips, when I caught a reflection in the polished woodwork of the wall. I turned quickly, and there was my little daughter standing in the doorway looking at me. I could never describe the expression on her face. If one might say it of a child, it was a commingling of reproach, pity and disgust. Probably she had overheard conversations between her mother and myself; perhaps the mother had instilled that feeling; perhaps it was instinct. I have not taken another drink from that day to this.'—'Home Herald.'

The Temperance Workers' Hymn.

(Common Metre.)

We look to Thee, O gracious Lord
Our Temperance work to bless,
For Thou wilt surely help afford,
Thou seest our land's distress.

And Thou dost hear the bitter cry
From homes both high and low,
In which the subtle enemy
Has wrought distress and woe.

Alas! for those who reap rich gain
In spreading far and wide
A traffic fraught with so much pain,
And with such sin allied.

We ask, O Lord, that they may see
This thing as in Thy sight,
And, boldly facing loss for Thee,
May triumph in the right.

And for ourselves we humbly pray
That Thou will lead us on
With Thine own guidance, day by day,
Until our work is done.

—C. Arnfield.

Dr. V. H. Rutherford, M.P., Says:—

Physiologically alcohol has been 'found out.' Up to fifty years ago empiricism stamped it as food and stimulant. Since then science has been quietly at work stripping off these labels and putting on correct conceptions—namely, Poison and Narcotic. Before chloroform was discovered the medical profession availed itself of the deadening influence of alcohol by using it in surgical operations. The difference, therefore, between our knowledge now and then is reduced to one of degree. In large doses alcohol has always been recognized as a narcotic poison like chloroform, ether, morphia, etc., while, in small doses, it was imagined to be food and stimulant. Definitions are disagreeable and often difficult. But under the ordinary acceptation of the word, alcohol cannot be classed as a food.

That is to say, it makes neither beef, bone, nor brain in the human anatomy. What little food there is in beer, wine, or spirits, is not due to alcohol, but to the small amount of malt, sugar, etc., and the large amount of water present. To be practical, we occasionally hear of an invalid living a week on champagne. To be accurate, the patient lived on the sugar and water in the champagne, and not on the alcohol it contained. Men of Aquarium notoriety have been known to live on water for thirty or forty days. Under ordinary circumstances, however, to talk of intoxicating beverages as food is sheer nonsense.—'Everybody's Monthly.'