



Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—(Concluded.)

19. Q.—Give five statements in regard to Bible wines.

A.—Among the certain facts the following may be affirmed:

1. That the Bible nowhere associates God's blessing with the use of strong drink.

2. That the Bible in many places emphatically commands abstinence from strong drink.

3. That the Bible in various and emphatic methods exhibits the manifold evils of strong drink.

4. That the Bible is the first book that proclaimed abstinence to be the cure for drunkenness.

5. That the great principle of the Bible—philanthropy—enforces the practice of abstinence.

20. Q.—What eminent authority gives us the above facts?

A.—Dr. F. R. Lee.

21. Q.—Describe as given in the Bible the difference between the bad or alcoholic wine and the good or non-alcoholic wine.

A.—The bad wine is always condemned; while in all the passages of the Bible where good wine is named, there is no lisp of warning, no intimations of danger, no hint of disapprobation, but always a decided approval.

How bold and strongly marked is the contrast between the bad or alcoholic wine, and the good or non-alcoholic wine.

The bad, the cause of intoxication, of violence and of woes.

The good, the occasion of comfort and peace.

The bad, the cause of irreligion and self-destruction.

The good, the devout offering of piety on the altar of God.

The bad, the symbol of divine wrath.

The good, the symbol of spiritual blessing.

The bad, the emblem of eternal damnation.

The good, the emblem of eternal salvation.

22. Q.—What did Seneca, a grand Roman philosopher, say about wine?

A.—He taught that to suppose 'It possible for a man to taste much wine and retain a right frame of mine is as bad as to argue that he might take poison and not die, or the juice of black poppy and not sleep.'

A Story With Two Sides.

A woman stood at the bar of justice, and by her side two stalwart policemen. Her name was called and she answered. Then the judge asked the clerk to read the charge against her.

'Disorderly conduct on the street and disturbing the peace,' read the clerk.

'Who are witnesses against the woman?' asked the judge; and the two policemen stepped forward to be sworn.

'Now, tell the story,' said the judge, and one of them began:

'I arrested the woman in front of a saloon on Broadway on Saturday night. She had raised a great disturbance, was fighting and brawling with the men in the saloon, and the saloon keeper put her out. She used the foulest language, and with an awful threat struck at the keeper with all her force. I then arrested her and took her to the detention house and locked her up.'

'The next witness will take the stand,' said the judge, and the other policeman stepped up.

'I saw the arrest, and know it to be just as stated. I saw the woman fighting as the saloon-keeper put her out on the street. I heard the vile language she used in the presence of the crowd that gathered in the street.'

'Call the saloon keeper. What do you know of this case?'

'I know dis vomans was makin' disturbance by my saloon. She comes there und she makes troubles und she fight mit me, und I puts her the door oud. I know her all along. She was pad vomans.'

Turning to the trembling woman, the judge said, 'This is a pretty clear case, madam; have you anything to say in your defence?'

'Yes, judge,' she answered in a strangely calm, though trembling voice.

'I am not guilty of the charge, and those men standing before you have perjured their souls to prevent me from telling the truth. It was they and not I who violated the law. I was in the saloon last Saturday night, but I'll tell you how it happened.'

'My husband did not come home from work that evening and I feared he had gone to the saloon. I knew he must have drawn his week's wages, and we needed it so badly. I put the little ones to bed, and then waited all alone through the weary hours until after the city clock struck twelve. Then I thought the saloons will be closed, and he will be put out on the street. Probably he will not be able to get home, and the police will arrest him and lock him up. I must go and find him and bring him home. I wrapped a shawl around me and started out, leaving the little ones asleep in bed; and, judge, I have not seen them since.'

Here the tears came to the woman's eyes, and she almost broke down, but restraining herself she went on:

'I went to the saloon where I thought most likely he would be. It was about twenty minutes after twelve, but the saloon, that man's saloon'—pointing to the saloon-keeper who seemed to want to crouch out of her sight—'it was still open, and my husband and these two policemen,' pointing to those who had so lately sworn against her, 'were standing at the bar with their lips still wet with drink, and the flecks of foam not yet settled in the empty glasses before them.'

'I stepped up to my husband and asked him to go home with me, but the men laughed at him, and the saloon-keeper ordered me out. I said, "No, I want my husband to go with me." Then I tried to tell him how badly we needed the money he was spending, and again the keeper cursed me and ordered me to leave. Then I confess I could stand no more, and I said, "You ought to be prosecuted for violating the midnight closing law."

'At this the saloon-keeper and policemen rushed upon me and put me out into the street, and one of the policemen, grasping my arm like a vice, hissed in my ear, "I'll get you a thirty day's sentence in the workhouse, and then see what you think about suing people. He called a patrol waggon, pushed me in, and drove to the house of detention, and, judge, you know the rest. All day yesterday I was locked up, my children at home alone, with no fire, no food, no mother.'

It was well that the story was finished, for a great sob choked her utterance and she could say no more.

'Dismissed,' said the judge in a husky voice, and the guilty woman who had so disturbed the peace passed out of the courtroom.

But what of the saloon-keeper who had violated the law by keeping open after twelve o'clock at night? And what of the policemen who violated their obligation by drinking while on duty, and who threatened an honest woman with a sentence in the workhouse if she dared to tell the truth? Oh, nothing at all. They were too guilty to be prosecuted.—Cincinnati 'Living Issue.'

Regulating Evil.

There are those who while speaking of the drink traffic as an abomination of cruelty, shadowing homes with darkness that cannot be penetrated, and bringing upon its victims wretchedness that cannot be mitigated, yet in the same breath say: 'You cannot prohibit the drink traffic, you had better regulate and control it by high license.' They forget that the power that can license can prohibit, and it is easier to prohibit than to regulate by license, as you cannot license crime without taking it under your protection, and whatever protects crime is wrong.

By no system of license can you protect an evil. Crime can never be suppressed by toleration. No more can you reform an evil.

The only way to regulate evil is, to suppress it. The only way to control evil is to destroy it. All methods and forms of regulating or attempting to control the traffic have been but subterfuges. The story is told that after a great battle, a surgeon who had amputated a limb was asked what was the chance of the patient's recovery, to which answer came, 'None whatever, but we had to do something.'

If the truth were told it would appear that much of the legislation about the liquor traffic never gave any real promise of any actual gain for reform, but was exacted without intent other than to pacify the people without offending those controllers of many votes, the liquor sellers.—National Advocate.

The Meanest Business on Earth.

In one of our large cities there is a man who keeps a first-class restaurant, and his two children, one of them, an interesting boy of about ten years of age, waits on the table. A friend who was much attracted by the manliness and gentleness of the lad, said: 'You have a splendid waiter.' 'Yes,' said the proprietor, 'he is my son. I used to sell liquor. The boy came home one day and said: "Papa, we fellows at school had a discussion to-day about the business in which our parents were engaged, and the question was asked: "What does your father do?" One of them said, "My father works." Another boy said, "My father is a merchant." Another said, "My father is a lawyer." I said, "My father sells liquor." And then one of the boys spoke up and said, "That is the meanest business on earth." And then he looked around and asked, "Father, is that so?" And I said, "Yes, John, it is, and I am going to get out of it. God helping me I will get out of it."—National Advocate.'

Keeping Out of Danger,

Concerted Piece for Four Boys.

First Boy.

When you see the notice
'Danger' written high,
Then, if you are skating,
Don't you venture nigh.
Don't you be too daring
On the ice that's thin.
Or, perchance, right quickly
You'll go plunging in.

Second Boy.

When your wheel you've mounted,
And away you go,
Don't you be too reckless,
Striving speed to show;
Mind the friendly warning
From the hill that's steep—
Those that prove too headstrong
Woe and trouble reap.

Third Boy.

When you see around you
Warnings day by day,
That the drink is deadly,
Causing fear for aye;
When you see its victims
All life's road along—
Won't you keep from danger,
Won't you shun the wrong?

Fourth Boy.

When upon life's journey
Gaily we set out,
We must heed the perils
Lurking all about;
Drink is snare of danger,
Cruel trap of pain;
Now, in joyful boyhood,
One and all, abstain!

All.

Danger! danger! danger!
Echo out the call;
Alcohol hath peril,
Traps and snares for all;
Safety! safety! safety!
Sound it day by day:
'There is safety ever
In the temperance way.'
—Temperance record.'