



Temperance Department.

"I LIKE TO WEAR MY OWN CLOTHES FIRST."

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

"Hallo! Bill, I declare I thought it was the Squire coming," said a good-natured looking, but poorly-dressed workingman, as he met one of his shopmates coming from a place of worship one Sunday morning. "Has somebody died and left thee a fortune?"

"No, Jim," was the kindly reply, "I haven't many friends that can help me; but I have always tried to be my own friend, and to make the best of what God gives me."

"Well, but," said Jim, "I never had such a suit of clothes as that on my back since I was born, and I don't see how, with my wages, I can ever hope to get one; I've never had a chance of getting on."

"You are wrong," said Bill. "The fault is not in the wages, but in yourself; your wages are much the same as mine; indeed, if there is any difference, I think I could show that the advantage is on your side. The only difference between us is this—that I like to wear my own clothes first, while you pay the publican to wear yours for you, and then you wear them when he's done with them. The suit I have on now cost me four pounds, that is eighty shillings; now, you spend from half-a-crown to ten shillings every week end. Suppose we say four shillings; in twenty weeks, or about half a year, you will have spent enough to buy a suit like the one I have on. It all depends, you see, whether you go to the drink shop or to the tailor's shop; and what a difference it makes to your family! As I came by your house last week, I saw your Jane, looking very different from what she looked when you were courting her. I used to think when I met you on a Sunday that a smart-couple never trod the streets than you two. She has been a good and true wife to you, and has made the best of all you have given her. But I don't think she has had fair play, she has had to put up with anything she could get, and a woman can't keep her good looks when she is treated that way. You mustn't be vexed at me for what I am going to say, but I couldn't help thinking that the dress she had on when I saw her last week was very much like one that Mrs. Wilkins, the landlady of the Red Lion, wore two or three years ago."

Poor Jim, who, like many men that are slaves to drink, had a kindly heart, tried to speak, but a choking in his throat made it almost impossible; at last he said, "Bill, thou art right; I have been a great fool, and have behaved better to the landlady and her family than I have to my own wife and children. Jane has been all that a wife could be to me, and I have been a scoundrel to her. When I was laid up through the fight I had with Joe Tomkins she watched over me like an angel, and never said a wrong word to me about it. And when I was down in the fever, she never had her clothes off for nearly a fortnight, and the doctor said that, but for her nursing, I should never have got over it. She had no coming in, and was often sore put to get bread for herself and the children, and yet she always had something nourishing for me, and I had everything I wanted. And as to a dress, I haven't bought her a new one for many a year, and I daresay you are right about the one she wears; we bought it the other day at Skinem's, the pawn-shop, for four shillings, and I wouldn't wonder a bit if it were an old one of Mrs. Wilkins. It's a burning shame that my lass should have to wear her cast-off clothes; and yet how can I help it?" "Help it?" said Bill. "Why, easily; you have but to carry your four or ten shillings home every Saturday night, instead of carrying it to the Red Lion, and you will soon have a wonderful change. Give your Jane the money, and see if at the end of the year there doesn't turn out of your house a mother and children, dressed in such a way that you will be proud of them."

"That's right enough," said Jim, "but you see a fellow must have something to keep up his strength, and a glass of beer is both victuals and drink too. I don't see that I shall mend matters by committing suicide." "Suicide!" replied Bill, "that's the very thing you have been doing the last dozen years. I was downright sorry to see you as you came into the shop on Tuesday morning; you were fit for nothing, and you looked as if you were ready to finish your suicide by jumping into the canal. Drink keep your strength up, indeed! Why, it is bringing it down every day. There never was a greater impostor than strong drink. It says, I'll make men happy, and it plunges them in misery; it says, I'll

give them strength, and it makes them weak. A moment's thought will show you that it is so. You have not forgotten that fight with Joe Tomkins?" "Not likely," said Jim. "Well, when you were in training, and wanted to be at your strongest, did your trainer give you plenty of drink?" "Nay," said Jim, "he would scarcely let me have a sup." "And why?" continued Bill, "because he knew it would weaken you. If it would have given you strength, you would have had plenty. Everybody that has looked at the matter knows that drink is the enemy of strength, and that when a man has to fight, or run, or walk, or wrestle, he must keep away from the drink, and so it is with hard work. Jim, you are a good fellow, and I want to see you doing better. There is, however, but one way, and that is by becoming what I am, a staunch teetotaler. Drink has been your worst enemy. It has kept you poor, and made you miserable, and so it will do to the end if you continue to take it. Try teetotalism, and there will soon be a happy change. I have tried it now for nearly twelve years, and I can say it is good for both body and soul, for this life, and the life to come." Excited by his own words, Bill held out his hand to his shopmate, and said, "Come, old fellow, be a man and not a walking beer-barrel. Try teetotalism for one year, and if at the end of one year you are not better in every way, I'll buy Jane a new dress, so anyway she'll be the better for it." After a moment's hesitation, Jim put his hand into the outstretched hand of his friend, and said, "God helping me, I will."

That week, he had a hard struggle, for habit, appetite, and companions were all against him. Bill, however, cheered him on, and more than once, when he saw by his dejected look, that he was in danger of yielding, he whispered, "Don't forget that God will help us if we ask Him." In a few weeks everything brightened. His companions, seeing his fidelity, ceased to tease or tempt him; the habit which had bound him so long was broken, the appetite subdued. Not many weeks passed before Jane was gladdened by the sight of a new dress for herself, and another for the eldest girl. As the little one sprang on his knee, to thank him, Jim said, with deep feeling, "Jane, God being my helper from this day we'll wear our own clothes first."

Reader, have you made this resolution? If not, why not? We talk about trade being bad, but what makes it bad? The true answer is, because there are so many people who don't wear their own clothes first.

If every workingman, yes, half the working men of Great Britain, were to order a new suit of clothes for themselves and their families, there would be an end of the bad trade at once. We should then be nearly independent of foreign trade; every mill would then be running full time, and every man would be fully employed. If, however, the working men, instead of consuming the articles which they produce, take their earnings to the publican and spirit merchant, the bad times will not only continue, but will get worse. The whole matter is in their own hands. The workingmen can have good times whenever they choose, and no other class can. The rich and the middle class do all they can to make trade good; as a rule, they spend their money freely: they and their families have more garments than they can wear, and more furniture than they can use, but they are in the minority, they are the few, and the workingmen the many. There are at least a thousand working men to one rich one. Let the thousand come into the market and buy their own clothes first, they would at once create a brisk demand for goods, and our commercial clouds would all roll away.

The workingmen have to choose between the public-house, with poverty and bad times, and total abstinence, with full work and prosperity. There is no middle course—every man must decide for himself. Let the working men continue to support the public-house, and there is nothing before us but bad trade and national disaster; let them forsake the public-house, and resolve to wear their own clothes first, and there lies before us universal good trade and national prosperity.—*Monthly Pictorial Tracts.*

CURES FOR DRUNKENNESS.

(From N. Y. Witness.)

Three recipes, sent in answer to requests through the *Witness*, are published in the Home Department as cures for intemperance, being intended to allay the craving of the drunkard's appetite; or, in other words, to alleviate the physical diseases of stomach and brain, produced by the use of alcoholic drinks. They will also help that powerful agency of recovery the imagination, by inducing the patient to struggle hopefully against temptation. Two things are, however, always to be remembered in this connection. First, that faith in God's help, in answer to prayer, is the most powerful means of reformation; and second, that total abstinence from all that can intoxicate is an essential condition of cure.

No medicaments or prayers will avail if the inebriate continues to tamper with strong drink. We may add that this disease of stomach and brain, when once contracted, is never wholly cured; it is only latent, and ready to start into full activity again at any time through the slightest taste of intoxicating liquor. How very important then to avoid contracting this terrible disorder!

In perusing your excellent paper my eye fell upon "A remedy wanted as a cure for strong drink." I will try and help the individual in question if he or she will follow my advice:

REMEDY.

Thompson's Composition Powder.—Bayberry bark, 2 lbs.; hemlock bark, 1 lb.; cayenne pepper, 2 oz.; cloves, 2 oz.—all finely pulverized and well mixed. Dose, take one-half teaspoonful of this mixture and a teaspoonful of sugar; put them into a tea cup and pour it half full of boiling water; let it stand a few minutes and fill the cup with milk, and drink freely; if no milk is to be obtained fill up the cup with hot water. Let those who are accustomed to the excessive use of ardent spirits, and who wish to stop the practice, have a cup of this tea made, as above directed, and drink a part of it immediately on rising in the morning, and the balance just before meal time, keeping entirely away from the places of temptation. They will find a warm, healthy glow spreading from the stomach over the whole system, with a desire for food. Instead of "rot gut" follow this up faithfully two or three times daily, or whenever the craving begins for the accustomed stimulus, for a few days, or weeks, if necessary. SUBSCRIBER. CLEVELAND, O.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

DEAR SIR,—A few weeks since there was a request in the Home Department of your paper for a remedy for the desire or taste for liquors. I have known *rosa tomosia* to be effective. One drop of the tincture in a tumbler of water; stir thoroughly, and give one teaspoonful morning and evening. I also saw it stated on the authority of an English scientist, that a vegetable diet was a cure for drunkenness; that he had known of a man who had been a drunkard for many years being cured of his desire for liquor by avoiding animal food. K. Y.

PLAINFIELD CENTRE, Jan. 1, 1878.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

I saw in your last paper an article asking for a cure for strong drink. I have had a receipt for sometime, and, hoping it will be of some use, I send it to you. The receipt comes into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, father of the commander of the "Great Eastern" steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription, which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquor. The receipt is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 1 drachm. Take twice a day.

This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows from a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. E. F.

HORRID PICTURE.—The following startling statistics are copied from the *New York Medical Journal*. Read pause and think:—

For the last ten years the use of spirits has,

1. Imposed upon the nation a direct expense of six hundred millions.
2. Has caused an indirect expense of seven hundred millions.
3. Has destroyed three hundred thousand lives.
4. Has sent one hundred thousand children to the poor-house.
5. Has committed at least one hundred and fifty thousand people to prisons and work-houses.
6. Has determined at least one thousand suicides.
7. Has caused the loss by fire or by violence of at least ten millions worth of property.
8. Has made two hundred thousand widows and one million orphans.

ONE WAY TO COUNTERACT TEMPTATION.—A well-known literary lady of New York suggests as a practical charity the providing of a series of "Dime Concerts" by the best singers for the poorer classes. She says very truly, that they have no amusements which are not debasing, and often they go to the drinking-saloons and even worse places, to escape out of bleak and wretched homes that are unworthy the name. So long as they are at work, they are out of temptation. But when their work is done they are too weary to read, and want

to be entertained; and then they yield to the allurements of gin-shops. This is too painfully true of young men, of whom there are thousands who have no home influence to hold steadily up to duty. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, a lady well known for her philanthropic spirit and deeds, made virtually the same suggestion a few weeks since. She urged that more should be done to keep people from falling into vicious ways and becoming depraved. She suggested the giving of "popular lectures" on subjects directly connected with the art of life, and "illustrated lectures" which would interest young people and the uneducated; and she raised the question whether the churches could not do more for the unchurched masses by having services, sociables, lectures, and simple entertainments of different kinds, to interest them, and thus draw them away from questionable resorts and the vices which are so destructive to morals and manhood. The subject is worth thinking of. It is estimated that from one-third to one-half of our American people are outside of all direct Christian influence, and seldom, if ever, attend church services. It is from this class, which is growing with almost alarming rapidity, that most of the vicious, the depraved, the criminal people of the community come, especially in the large cities. How to save them is the most pressing question we have to consider. It is of unspeakable importance to keep them out of evil and give them a start in the right direction.—*Evangelist.*

A PAINFUL SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.—Charles F. Fredericks, night distribution clerk in the Newark, N. J., post-office, who was detected in stealing letters, was brought before Commissioner Whitehouse in Newark, on the 13th inst. The father of Fredericks, who is more than seventy years of age, came in and was led to the chair where the prisoner was seated. For a moment he stood trembling before him, and then resting his hands on the shoulders of his son, cried, "Oh, Charles, Charles! you have, you have. Your mother is gone, but before she died she said you would some time break my heart." When the wife and child of the accused man entered the room, the wife regardless of those present, threw herself into his arms and cried, "Charlie, have you done this? And have we been living upon those thefts?" "This was the first time," was the answer. The next moment his almost frenzied wife was on her knees before the Commissioner, and cried out in an agony of grief, "Kill me, murder me! do what you will, but let me have my Charlie." She was hardly conscious when taken from the room. Examination was waived, and Fredericks committed, in the default of \$5,000 bail, to the Essex County Jail. The prisoner has been employed in the Newark post-office for over seven years. He is connected with several Masonic organizations and has previously had an excellent reputation.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—If I were asked what or where is my solution of the Public Health problem, my cure for the degradation of civilized life which makes it needful to consider that problem, I too should say with others, nowhere but in education can it be found. But then I should propose to define education, not the teaching the little children of the poor to read and write imperfectly, combined in the case of a few clever ones with a "laborious inacquaintance" with geography and English grammar; nor even the technical teaching now so much in vogue, which is to teach men trades, make them better instruments of production, and enable us to hold our own in the European struggle for commercial existence; nor even that *creme de la creme* of university culture, the capacity for writing mediocre verses in a dead language. Of all these things I would speak with the varying measure of respect which belongs to them; but for the purpose before us, namely, the purpose of securing the healthful life of a nation, I would define education as the effort to place before children, men and women, whether rich or poor, the highest ideal that we can frame to ourselves of human life.—*J. H. Bridges, in Fortnightly Review.*

—Physicians are well agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations—especially in France—have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to look sallow and puny—I do not know any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain on your nervous system which will be sure to tell after awhile. Let us hope that if a thousand boys read this, some of them will be saved from forming a filthy habit which most men regret.

—The Commissioners of Excise of New York City state that over 2,000 liquor shops have been obliged to close their doors the past year, on account of hard times, and many more have "To Let" posted upon their premises.