



Temperance Department.

A TEMPERANCE FANATIC.

Kind friends, put your glass on the table
Untasted, and listen to me.
You say I'm a temperance fanatic—
Mayhap I have reason to be.
It is years since we parted at college,
Let us talk over times passed away,
And see, of companions and classmates,
Who's dead and who's living to-day.

There were ten of us came off together,
Here are two, now what of the eight?
But a few days ago I saw Williams
He who beat us all in debate.
He was rich, you know; and now he is needy
I asked where his fortune all went.
He tipped up a glass as he answered,
"I drank it down so, every cent."

Then Ralph, who bore the first honor,
He took to the bar as you know,
But another bar claimed his attention,
And business progressed rather slow.
He died of the tremens, poor fellow,
His talents would rank with the first,
And to think of his dying ere forty,
A prey to the demon of thirst.

Then Bob, irrepressible Robert,
Who always took lead in our fun,
The gayest and wildest of fellows,
Yet the kindest and best-hearted one.
Well, he went to prison, life-sentence,
He took too much liquor one day,
And a spree that began in good feeling,
Ended up with a stabbing affray.

Then there was that young prince of toppers,
That high-headed Archibald West,
He never was known to be tipsy,
Yet he drank more than all of the rest.
Ah! he is reaping the crop of his sowing,
His son loves the cup and has not
A stomach of steel like his father,
And already the boy is a sot.

I made Tom a visit last summer;
You remember Tom, quiet and mild,
Well, he makes the most fretful of husbands,
I pity his wife and his child.
He's pleasant enough in the evening,
As he sips his hot toddy and ale,
But all the forenoon he's a terror,
Cross, headachy, snappish and pale.

And George, who was called Claude Adonis,
Who turned women's heads with a smile,
That straight-limbed and graceful Apollo,
Who took a dram "once in a while."
Oh, Charles, you would scarcely believe it,
But the fellow's a sight to behold,
His nose is as red as a lobster,
He's bloated and blear-eyed and old.

Then Herbert, he's travelling somewhere,
But one more remains, Henry Lee,
And you know from the deck of a steamer
He fell, and was lost out at sea.
A friend who was with him since told me
That Hank was light-headed from drink,
And that's how he so lost his balance,
'Twas the general opinion, I think.

So Charles, when I name o'er our class-
mates,
Who all tipped the glass now and then,
I think what woes might have saved them
If they had been temperance men.
You, I own, seem untouched by drink's
dangers,
Yet your future we neither can scan,
And I really feel safer for being
A very fanatical man.
—Selected.

"SCUTTLE THE SHIP."—Cardinal Manning says: "It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means when the legislature facilitates the multiplication of the incitements to intemperance on every side. You might as well call upon me, as a captain of a sinking ship, and say, 'Why don't you pump the water out?' when you are scuttling the ship in every direction."

THERE ARE DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.

Rather more than a year ago, a lady was prevailed upon to sign the total abstinence pledge. She had been in the habit of regularly drinking a little wine daily, so little that she hardly thought that she could do any good by ceasing to take it. But to her surprise she found the influence of her example, as a pledged abstainer, powerful enough to induce more than a hundred persons to sign as she had done.

After a year of happy work as a total abstainer, she was taken ill, and she sent for her medical man. He found her weak and exhausted, and altogether out of sorts, and he asked her what she had been doing with herself to bring her down so low.

She confessed that during the last year she had taken no stimulant of any sort, she had become a teetotaler.

"Ha! I thought as much," exclaimed the doctor, "and I assure you that it will not do for you. You must give it up at once. You are just committing suicide. You absolutely require a gentle stimulant. There are constitutions which can do without it, but yours is not one of them. You have always been accustomed to a little, and you must take it, just a glass of bitter beer with your luncheon, and a little wine at dinner to assimilate your food. It is absolutely necessary to you."

The lady felt very sorrowful, very unwilling to do what would, she knew, more than nullify the effect of all her endeavors during the past year, and would put a complete stop to her excellent work among her poor neighbors.

After earnest, prayerful thought, she decided to take another opinion.

She went up to London to consult Sir Andrew Clarke. He examined into her case, and questioned her very carefully, and at last inquired, "Do you take stimulants at all?"

"No," she replied timidly, "I was in the habit of taking a little, but for the last year I have taken none at all—and—"

"I am glad to hear it. Never touch stimulant of any sort, it is the very worst thing you can take."

"Oh doctor!" she exclaimed eagerly, "will you write that down and put your name to it?"

"Very willingly," he replied.

Armed with her precious document she returned home, and when next she saw her own medical man she showed it to him. He took it up and read it and looked at the signature.

"Ha! Sir Andrew Clarke! H'm, yes, he is a great man, and can say these things. We country doctors can't afford it."—*Watch-Word.*

ANSWER TO "PERPLEXITY."

I would say to "Perplexity," who has conscientious scruples about using fermented wine at communion, that I think it would be very wrong for her to do so. I abstained for four years, and went to other churches where unfermented wine was used. But not feeling at home I absented myself entirely. Now our church has abandoned its use. Don't give up the effort to have unfermented wine used. I believe that the inconsistency of the Church in using adulterated fermented wine is just what has clogged the wheels of the temperance movement. I cannot believe it right for the churches to use body and soul destroying alcohol in their holiest act of worship. The good Book says judgment must begin at the house of God. Go to your minister and also to the deacons. We found the most trouble with them. One even resigned his position. Dear sister, let us hear from you again. We want this subject agitated. I hope I may see the day when the pure unfermented "fruit of the vine" alone may be used by God's people. My age is seventy-two years.
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Michigan.

Another correspondent also gives her experience to "Perplexity" as follows.

Editor of Home Department: May I say a few words to "Perplexity" with regard to partaking of fermented wine at the communion table? Six years ago I pledged myself, with many others, at the N. W. C. T. U., that I would never again knowingly partake of alcoholic wine at the sacrament, and since that time, on two occasions, I have passed along the cup without partaking of

it; the odor of the alcohol was so strong that I knew I should be breaking my pledge not to do so. I consider the question of vital importance to many, especially to the reformed, striving to lead a Christian life, and to those who have the habit of drinking upon them, but who are not too far gone to reform. Oh, when will church officers wake up to their responsibility in this matter? I know a lady who for one year declined to take the wine. One of the elders at last asked her reason for so doing. He was much impressed with her reply, and as a result unfermented wine has been used for three years past in the large church of which she is a member. The pastor of the church was opposed to the change, but the officers decided it must be done, and it was. Stand firm, my sister, for the right, and God will bless you, and through and by you many others.
SOPHIA.

P.S.—Miss Julia Colman, 76 Bible House, New York city, will furnish valuable readings on "Communion Wine" to those who apply for them.—*N. Y. Witness.*

MISS MACPHERSON IN LONDON.

Like other haunts of the East-end poor, Spitalfields has its poor wanderers, who patronize the common lodging-house. Among these Miss Macpherson and her band of helpers find a ready field for Christian effort. What good service these devoted servants of God, and soldiers of Christ, have done in diffusing the savour of the Gospel among the Spitalfields slums, can only be known to the recording angel. But last week our ingenious friends made a new departure. They invited nearly 200 of these nomad lodgers to a supper party at the Home of Industry. And they came: boys, scarcely in their teens, most of them in premature middle life, some getting near the foot of the hill; black skins and whiteskins, or skins that should have been white, but were not. We fear that soap and water and towels are not too plentiful in the "places of abode" from which they came. Perhaps they think that an excess of one kind of skin covering makes up for the defect in another. 'At any rate they came, dirt and all, tatters and all. And they received a right royal welcome. We have seen many an interesting assembly in the upper room of 60 Commercial-street. We never saw one that interested us more than this.

What did they get for coming? First of all they got supper; and no trumpery menu it was, but something substantial, toothsome and satisfying. Miss Macpherson "deals her bread to the hungry" in no niggard fashion.

What next! We must tell as briefly as we can. Miss Macpherson gave them a motto which we are fain to believe they will not forget in a hurry. The supper was almost over, and all were in good humor; so they were ready to receive her lesson in social economy. "Listen to me while I tell you something: 'Six gallons of beer have only as much nourishment in them as one penny loaf.' It has been tested and found to be correct. Will you remember that? Now, then, will you all repeat it after me. Who will stand up and say it alone?" Hands go up, and amid much serious merriment, several come forward, some to say it correctly, some to break down in the middle, and one, at least, to give a revised and improved edition, whether by accident or intent we do not know: "Six gallons of beer have no nourishment at all—" the rest of it drowned in laughter and applause. No, we do not think they will soon forget this economic axiom, especially after the very original and daring recipe that Miss Macpherson gave them, by which to remember it. But we will not reveal her secret.

What next—and best? A feast of Gospel song, with a stream of Gospel testimony and exhortation sandwiched in between. The last witness of all was a white haired man, who excited much interest as he described his struggles before he finally succeeded in giving up the drink, and how he surprised his wife one day when she discovered a drawerful of coppers,—so heavy he could hardly move it—representing the beer-money he had laid by.

Quite a number of them signed the pledge on the spot, and we are fain to believe that some pledged themselves also to receive into their heart of hearts the Gospel message they heard. They had many special difficulties,

no doubt, but Miss Macpherson told them with a plainness of speech that fairly startled them, that it was their abominable pride more than anything else, that kept them from following Christ. Pride of rags and poverty!—*The Christian.*

BRITISH WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A memorial from the annual conference of this association is being issued to the clergy, ministers, and church officers of all denominations. It says: "The officers and members of the British Women's Temperance Association in Annual Conference assembled in Exeter Hall, beg most respectfully to bring before your notice the question of the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper. We feel that it is a matter of deep concern to the ever increasing number of abstaining parents that their children on being received into church membership, should then for the first time, taste intoxicating wine. We have also ascertained with absolute certainty that many reformed inebriates have fallen away through temptation presented at the Lord's table, and that very many others necessarily absent themselves from Christian fellowship lest the dormant appetite should be revived, and they disgrace the holy name by which they are called. It is also a fact that many abstaining Christians refrain from attending the Communion from conscientious motives. We therefore most earnestly ask that you will take this matter into your immediate and prayerful consideration with a view to substituting unfermented for intoxicating wine at the Lord's Supper.—(Signed) Annie E. Atherton, President of the morning sitting; Emilie C. Servante, President of the afternoon sitting.—*Alliance News.*

INCREASING SAFETY ON RAILWAYS.—The Erie railway and the Chicago and Alton Road, have enacted a prohibitory law on their respective lines. They are teetotalers, too. They remove all employees who use intoxicants in moderation, as well as those who drink to excess, well knowing that he who drinks at all is always in danger of drinking too much. In other words they recognise the fact that any man who is addicted to the use of alcoholic spirits, all of which are brain poisons, is an unsafe man to be entrusted with human lives or valuable property. A. M. Richards, Division Superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Road, in an interview says:—A comparatively modern thing required in railwaying is total abstinence. In former times a little indulgence in the social bowl was winked at. But whiskey has been made a foe of railwaying. It has caused the loss of a great many lives and much money. Railway managers have learned that a man who drinks is dangerous. Hence, if a man indulged even off duty he is discarded. If he is on duty at night and stays up during the daytime he is likewise bounced for not going to bed. He may be warned once of his faults, but a repetition costs him his job. Railwayers must have not only clear brains, but well-rested bodies. They want every man at his best. Formerly the "hail fellow well-met" man was likely to rise in authority in railwaying. This is no longer true. Conviviality is frowned upon everywhere in the service. Urbanity is expected of all, but debauchery permitted in none.—*Alliance Record (Melbourne, Victoria.)*

NO.

Somebody asked me to take a drink.
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him—No.

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal; but I do not care;
I told him—No.

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath-day; 'twas of no avail;
I told him—No.

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
My Bible said; and so on the spot
I told him—No.
—*Band of Hope Review.*