



## Mr. Silas K. Hocking on the Evergrowing Evil.

'Terrible as war is' (writes Mr. Silas K. Hocking in the 'Saturday Weekly Citizen,') 'I have been forcibly reminded, in reading a novel, only recently published, and entitled "Wine on the Lees," by Mr. J. A. Steuart, that there is in our midst even a more terrible scourge than war, an enemy more to be dreaded than pestilence; a foe more destructive to all that is best in English life and character than war, famine, and pestilence combined. I refer to the wide-spread and ever-growing evil of drink. Mr. Steuart approaches the question not as a Temperance advocate, but as a novelist pure and simple. He has no remedy that he believes is a cure for all diseases; his aim is evidently to give a faithful picture of things as they exist. He is not a social reformer. He mentions a number of remedies that are advocated by this man and that, but he does not pin his faith to any of them. . . . For twenty years we have practically done nothing to lessen the power of the drink traffic. Like a huge octopus, it has been spreading out its tendrils further and further, sucking the life, and virtue, and honor out of the nation. To say that we have passed through a period of unexampled prosperity is not to the point; to say that we can still hold our own with other nations does not mend matters at all. Relatively to other nations we do not occupy the position that we occupied twenty years ago. Commercially, other nations have outstripped us; I mean by that, that the proportion of their growth has been much more rapid than ours. There seems to be no Government in the country that is able to grapple with the evil. Like a huge despot, it is able to dictate terms, to command the vote, to control Parliament, to pollute at its will the very springs of our national life.'

## Notes for the Temperance Workers.

(The 'Christian Age.')

In one factory you will see men take the beautiful, golden grain and transform it into intoxicating liquor, sent forth to break hearts, destroy homes, and ruin bodies and souls. In another factory men take the disgusting tarry refuse of the gas-maker, and get from it our loveliest coloring dyes and sweetest perfumes. So some men turn into evil all the good influences God gives them, while other men are strong to derive good even from the worst fortunes and surroundings. Which will you be?

At a recent meeting of publicans in Ohio, one of them warned the others that their craft was in danger unless the army of drinking men could be constantly recruited. 'Men past thirty,' he said, 'seldom acquire a drinking habit. It is the boys who grow up to drink who will furnish our regular customers. Nickels judiciously expended in treating boys will yield us dollars in the future.' The same reasoning will explain why cigarette dealers are anxious to secure the custom of boys.

Every drunkard was once an innocent child. The whole army of drunkards has been made out of innocent children.

Sir Samuel Chisholm has written a paper for the Scottish National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations on 'The Claims of Temperance on Young Men.' 'It may be some cases,' says the writer, 'though I believe in far fewer than we imagine, be a genuine sacrifice to give up entirely the use of intoxicating drink, even in moderation, but all true life is based on sacrifice—sacrifice in act—or sacrifice in will, when the actual opportunity is not afforded, and the man who has never faced this is the merest worldling, and his life a moral farce.'

The excuses which Daniel and his companions might have made for yielding to temptation were essentially the same as those presenting

themselves to modern youths who are tempted to intemperance.

My natural appetite craves these good things, and why should I oppose nature?

But they wisely perceived that the higher life is to be won only by subordinating the lower desires, keeping the body under.

How can I get on in the world if I set myself up against common customs and the wish of influential men?

But they knew that it is safer and more prosperous to 'get on with God' than to 'get on in the world.'

Why should I make myself singular and unpopular?

They knew that one smile from God is worth more than all the applause of men, and counterbalances all men's sneers and ridicule.

How can I help yielding, any way? My livelihood, my very living, depends upon it.

These four youths had learned that he who finds his life loses it, if he finds it through compliance with evil; and that he who loses his life finds it, if he loses it in obeying God.

## Insurance Deserts Tipplers.

The latest news in life insurance circles is astonishing the tipplers. Prohibition argument against moderate drinking has been robbed of its thunder by the dispassionate figures of the actuary, and the daily press of the country has been flashing despatches from New York that the 'old line' companies are about to fall into step with the big transportation and industrial corporations and put a premium on abstinence. The facts of this latest advance come not from prohibitionists nor temperance advocates, but straight from the headquarters of the conservative 'old line' companies of the metropolis and are first announced in the indifferent and frequently hostile channels of the Associated Press. The despatches take special pains to emphasize the fact that the new conclusions of the life insurance experts are based on 'a voluminous mass of testimony on the question' which is 'free from the prejudice which stultifies most of the prohibition literature.' This gratuitous slur on the reliability of prohibition publications can be gracefully waived by the most strenuous champion of the reform, for the simple reason that the actuaries' figures and the conclusions that accompany this disparagement, are the strongest proofs of the correctness of the prohibitionist's argument that could possibly be asked for. These newly arrived-at conclusions of the insurance statistician are the most remarkable facts as to the relation of the moderate drinker to longevity and the expectation of life yet brought to light.—'New Voice,' Chicago.

## Bhuddist's Comment.

Amagārika Dharmapala, an Indian temperance missionary of the Bhuddist faith, said at a meeting in America: 'The temperance movement began in India five thousand or more years ago. If we discard the records Western people call mythology, we still have two thousand five hundred years as a certain period. Now, notwithstanding the corruptions which have grown up around the ancient religion, the Indian people never got very far wrong on the question of temperance—until India was subdued by Western people (Christians). I am trying to bring the people back to the common-sense teaching of the old religion (please note: not of Christ, but of Bhudda). That religion enjoins "abstinence" for the following reasons: 1st, by drunkenness you open the gates of Hell; 2nd, you lose your wealth, you introduce quarrelsomeness into the family, you breed disease in the organism, you lose all sense of shame, etc. The doctrine of incarnation taught that idiots and lunatics were people who drank in a previous state. Thus psychologically, physiologically, and ethically the danger of taking intoxicants was taught many years ago.' Contrast this with the following: At a recent meeting of some Indian Christians at which several Europeans were present a tableau was presented. The representation was a 'European drunkard.' A native, his face painted white, had donned European clothes. Another sat at a table covered with bottles pouring out liquor. The European came reeling in, purchased liquor and drank it. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, whose diploma he showed.

He had lost a good place as constructing engineer, after spending all his money. He removed his shoes to pay for more drink than his coat. At last he fell on the floor dead drunk.

Hindus, Mohammedans, Bhuddists, and native Christians despise the European for his drunkenness. All students should let this be a stimulus to consecrated effort and systematic study. Many educated and estimable people at home still have a lingering faith in the virtues of John Barleycorn. 'Temperance workers, wake up!'—The 'Temperance Leader.'

## A Startling Statement.

'Shut out the sale of liquor from Cleveland and you may strip the city prison of half its cells,' says parole officer H. D. Crane, 'and from the wrecks of manhood and womanhood that now crowd the workhouse I will rebuild homes of happiness and prosperity.'

'I will give back children to their parents, parents to their children, and sweethearts to their mates. To art I will restore more than one genius, to literature I will return real men of letters; I can add to those who rank in mechanics, the sciences, and in commerce. But so long as the liquor traffic grows in Cleveland, larger and larger yearly will grow the workhouse store of wrecked careers.'

It is a startling temperance sermon that is preached by the silent records of the city prison. Of the 1,785 men, women and children who have been inmates thus far in 1905, only 14 have not confessed that they are slaves to the whisky habit. By their own admissions, drink was directly or indirectly responsible for the imprisonment of more than 99 per cent. of them.

Among these is a mother, who has thrice passed down the corridor that leads to the women's quarters, stuffing her fingers in her ears that she might not hear the screams and curses of her children.

Recently, a man sent up for drunkenness found that both his wife and his former sweetheart were sharing adjacent cells, one because she was habitually intoxicated, and the other convicted of vagrancy, brought about by drink.

Of the 234 prisoners confined there since June began—more than one-fifth of whom are women—just one is not addicted to liquor drinking. He is a boy of 18 years of age. And of the five prisoners who have died there this year, three were victims of alcoholic delirium.

A week ago a gray-haired man sought death by suicide rather than endure slower tortures. When they found him in his cell he was clutching his throat, calling pitifully for just one drink. As the attendants reached him his body stiffened and his hands fell from his throat to his side. Upon the face that had been suffused with pain crept a slight smile. 'Thank God,' he said faintly, 'I am dying.' A moment later he was dead.

'But the greatest horror of all,' says the parole official, 'is, that one-sixth of these rum victims brought to us are women.'—'Cleveland Press.'

## Temperance in the Arctic Regions.

Dr. Nansen, who made a very successful voyage in the Arctic regions, returning in the winter of 1896, after a stay of three years, would not take with him any intoxicating drinks, not even for use as medicine. He believed that some of the former voyages failed because of the scurvy brought on by the use of alcohol.

On the other hand, during one of the voyages of Sir John Franklin, none were so healthy, or did so much work, as those who never took strong drink. Adams Ayles, one of the under officers, was a teetotaler; throughout the whole of the voyage he was never ill, and gained a prize for exceeding all the others of the crew in working the sledges.—'Temperance Leader.'

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