



Temperance Department.

IN PERILS OF WATERS.

BY REV. WM. P. ALCOTT.

Those who have never crossed the Atlantic are not aware how great these are. Not the stormy ocean, but the fresh waters of Europe—even those of its lakes, fountains and wells are the danger. I can best illustrate my meaning by drawing upon my own experience.

Arriving in Paris, I soon observed that not only did its inhabitants use wine instead of water for their beverage, but so far as I could notice all English and Americans followed their example, partially at least. My own abstinence soon attracted attention, and I was informed that it was not safe to drink water in France unless wine were at least mixed with it. On this I was seriously and repeatedly warned by clergymen and Christian ladies. I was surprised, but I was not yet frightened out of facing the peril. However, in France I miraculously escaped all harm, but was warned that in Italy the water was not only injurious, but often very nauseous to the taste. Having practiced total abstinence all my life, and being a man of strong habits, for which I am thankful so far as they are good ones, I thought of nothing else but to go on in the good old way till I should begin to suffer quite unmistakably in consequence. By a most wonderful and special (?) providence I passed through nearly the entire length of Italy and spent, first and last, some time there, yet found no water that was particularly disagreeable to the taste or affected me injuriously in the slightest degree. Many of my acquaintances were so overcome by the warnings of resident missionaries, experienced travellers and other authorities that they waived the temperance practice of years or of their lives. So solitary seemed my experience that I began to wonder whether there was any water in Italy that was bad. Or had I alone made the happy discovery that the waters of this country had improved within a century or two?

Now, Egypt was to bring me to the dust, or rather to the wine. On being asked by a loved and honored friend if in that country I intended to drink nothing but Nile water, I assured him I should "fight it out on that line." His mournful reply was—for he wanted to save me from my fate—that "he admired my moral courage more than my prudence." But, really, the filtered water of the wonderful river of Egypt I found very sweet and harmless. I do not wonder that the Khedive, when in France, had it sent to him constantly, and would use no other. It is said that he who drinks of the Nile is never satisfied till he drinks of it again, and though this saying expresses but the fascination which ever draws him thither again who has once seen wonderful Egypt, yet sweeter water than that of the Nile I have never tasted. Singularly enough I have never heard of it hurting any one. Is it because so few foreigners take it "straight?" At any rate, like the natives, I took it thus and was unharmed. But when I set my face towards that "great and terrible wilderness" of the wanderings of the children of Israel without a drop of the "critter," my friends evidently thought they would see me no more. Some of my companions, I suspect, generously laid in an extra stock of brandy that when in the throes of approaching dissolution my stubbornness at last yielded, they might be prepared for the return of Reason to her throne. Alas! she never returned.

The water we took from the Nile and that we obtained from the sweet springs and brooks sometimes found even in this salt land tided us over the regions of nitre (carbonate of soda), and but rarely was I unable agreeably to quench my thirst. After crossing the Desert unscathed, Palestine, of course, had no terrors for me. But in my exhaustion from long horseback riding, I did drink too freely of the clear and sparkling streams which come down from Mount Lebanon, and I suffered briefly from the lime with which they are impregnated. But, by this time, the experience of my companions had been such that none of them were prepared to recommend wine as a preventive or a cure.

In short, I returned after seven months' incessant and exhausting travel unharmed except in this one instance by all the perils of water. Nor did I, save in Syria and the Desert, ever taste tea or coffee, though I used chocolate or milk when they were to be obtained. I find I am not the only one who has dared practice total abstinence in the face of all this warning and outcry. Rev. Newman Hall and a party of his friends traversed the Desert and

Palestine without the help (?) of wine and suffered no evil in consequence. Rev. Joseph Cook has journeyed much in the East with a similar experience. Compared with the multitudes who travel, such "fanatics" are, however, but few.

In all the Old World the "social pressure" to drink wine is exceeding great—utterly beyond anything conceived of by untravelled Americans. Here everybody uses this drink. It is pure, comparatively cheap and very mild. Often it is set by your plate and you are charged for it whether you use it or not. A few drops in a glass of water will shield you from remark! Sometimes the waiters look on you as mean if you thus detract from their perquisites. On your right, on your left and before you, the best men and women, honored in the churches, preachers of abstinence at home, mix wine with their water. Are you going to set yourself up as better than they? and, as already suggested, all unite in assuring you, with apparently no dissenting voice, that it is not safe to drink pure water in these lands. I was lately told of a boarding-school in Switzerland attended by American girls, at which they were forbidden to drink water with their meals, doubtless on professedly hygienic grounds.

The above statements will suggest one reason why so few of those who have travelled in Europe advocate total abstinence. Here is a cause of the general (happily not universal) apathy of cultivated people concerning temperance. The return of the multitudes who visit Europe this summer will not in this respect help the sentiment of our country. It is sad to think how many of these travellers will violate their own consciences. Many voices will be silent that once advocated abstinence. Much will be heard about the advantage of producing cheap and pure wines. These are not the worst fruits of such European experience. But the writer wishes every person who crosses the Atlantic might know that it is possible to travel and live in any part of the Old World without departing from the principles of total abstinence. I have heard true temperance men express their deep regret that they had been imposed on in this respect. Many doubtless secretly wish they had known when they went what they did on their return. There are sections in our own country where the water is saturated with lime, and caution is demanded in its use. But I believe from the experience of others and of myself that one no more needs to use wine in Europe than in America. How, indeed, does wine remove the danger against which it is professedly employed unless water is entirely discarded as a drink? The writer cannot see how its injurious qualities are destroyed by pouring in wine. From the experience of some of his friends and from their own suggestions he would rather judge them aggravated. To disguise a bad taste is no sanitary advantage. Impure water should have a nauseous taste that little or none of it may be drunk, while by boiling and by various methods of filtering such water may be much more thoroughly freed from evil properties than by any vinous treatment.—N. Y. Witness.

A HARD CASE.

In the House of Commons on July 3rd, Dr. Cameron, in an eloquent speech urged that the Habitual Drunkards' Bill be read a second time. In concluding he said he had not proposed to cure intemperance, neither had he endeavored to work upon the sympathies of the House, but amongst many letters he had received on the subject he had received one so touching that he should conclude by reading an extract from it. The writer was a pensioner, who for many years had served in a Scotch regiment. In 1868 he married, and in order that he might bring up his family more respectably became a teetotaler. "Unfortunately," he says, "for me and my children, my wife seems to have begun from that date, and it has gone on from month to month and from year to year, gradually becoming worse until she has almost killed herself, ruined me, and become an object of disgust to her own children. I have done all that lay in my power to cure her, but of no avail. I have knelt at her bedside with the children, and begged and prayed her to leave off taking the cursed stuff that was killing both body and soul. I have made her swear over the dead bodies of our children in succession—for we have lost five out of the nine—to abstain from taking the deadly poison, and at each death she has promised me to leave it alone, but at the first opportunity she begins again. Several times she has had narrow escapes of killing herself by falling into the fire or down stairs. It is very sad, and a sad thing for me to be forced to bear this life; for the law can do nothing for me. My firm belief, sir, is, that if there were places to put unfortunates like my wife in confinement, where it would be impossible for them to get liquor, and where they could reflect on the sin of the life they had been leading, thousands of starving fami-

lies might be saved from utter destruction. I do not say that all the unfortunate beings could be cured of their dreadful habit, but a great many could, and I firmly believe my wife could be one of the saved. She has struggled hard, I know, to overcome the evil, but it has got master of her, and nothing short of confinement will cure her. It has gone so far that she beats her children when I am not there if they will not go for drink. She has taken the clothes off their backs, and the shoes off their feet to take to the pawnshop for money to obtain drink with. She has forced the locks off the drawers and boxes and taken all that we had to pawn for drink. For eight long weary years this has been going on, and for my children's sake I've hid it from the world. I have written often to her people, and explained her conduct to them. They tell me to put her away from me, but where am I to put her? I must do something, for I begin to get frightened for myself. I fear that my passion may get beyond my control and injure her. Such was the case last night when I came home and found she had been beating the youngest child because the little thing, six years old, would not go for beer for her. I have desired the children never to go for it, and they are very glad, for they all belong to the Band of Hope school, and what will be their future with the terrible example their mother sets before them daily? She is now lying drunk in bed while her poor children clean the house. Is not this enough to make me commit a crime such as we read of in the newspapers? I am not an educated man. I have not said all I should have liked, but I could not bring my pride to ask some one more competent. I pray fervently that you will get your Bill passed." If he were to speak for another hour he could not add more to the touching pathos of that appeal.—League Journal.

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Ernest Gilmore, before he left home for a distant city where he was to enter into business with his uncle, made a parting call on good old Dr. Howitt. He found him, as usual, in his library, where Ernest had spent so many happy hours reading the books which the doctor had so kindly placed at his disposal.

Ernest and the doctor were strong friends, and this last talk Ernest always remembered. The doctor urged him to seek at once some good church, and also identify himself with Sabbath-school work, which Ernest readily promised to do. He also warned him against the bad habits so many young men form, of keeping late hours, drinking, and theatre-going.

"I know they will do me no good," said Ernest, "and I shall try to remember all your good advice; but I shall hardly expect to look as hale and hearty as you do if I live to be your age. Tell me the secret: is it because you have always been such a decided temperance man?"

Said the doctor: "I am a temperance man because I have seen and felt the need of it. If I had lived as many literary men do—kept late hours; passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms; sat over the bottle at late suppers; in short, had 'jollified,' as they call it, I should have been dead long ago. For my part, seeing the victims to 'fast life' daily falling around me, I willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, preferring the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, and the blessings of a quiet, domestic life.

"I am now nearly seventy years old, and cannot, indeed, say I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the aid of doctors. I have the constant attendance of these four famous ones: temperance, exercise, good air and good hours. Often in early years I have labored with my pen for sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weathers, and I work considerably in my garden. During my two years in Australia, when I was about sixty, I walked, under a burning sun, of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day, for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold in great heat, and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made any bridges—and let my clothes dry on my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread; slept occasionally under a forest tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided alcoholic liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors I saw there, from the drinking of spirits, were enough to make a man of the least sense an abstainer for the rest of his life.

"So you see I have a right to recommend total abstinence from all intoxicants, and their great co-partner, tobacco. They are all poisoners of the blood, they are all burnt-offerings to Death, they are all destroyers of the bottom of

the pocket, and, what is worse, destroyers of the peace of families and the constitutions of men. They strip those who take them of health, clothes, morals, and mind; they convert them into madmen. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the tap and the spigot."

"I believe you," said Ernest, "and I mean always to be just as decided on this point as you are."—Temperance Banner.

A GROWING EVIL.—There ought to be a pretty vigorous war commenced in the Sunday-school against tobacco. It is the filth that borders the stream of drunkenness. When once a boy has set his foot in that he is liable to be whirled away by the fiercer torrent just beyond. Although there is a growing sentiment against its use among professing Christians, there is an alarming increase in the habit itself. Boys, especially, are far more addicted to its use than formerly. There is one point that we have to pass nearly every day where a cigar manufactory keeps out upon the sidewalk in a box the stems and refuse of the leaves they use in their business. Invariably it is surrounded as thickly by boys as a sugar hogshead is by bees. They, it is true, are of the lower and rougher class, but in the suburban town where we live, a tobacco epidemic seized upon the boys so strong that there were few, even of the best families, that were not infected by it. And there are few homes, anywhere, so isolated or secure but that, sooner or later, the tobacco question has to be fought out. And, usually, it occurs after the boy secretly has acquired the habit, so that all the odds are in his favor. Teachers in the Sunday school should do all that they can to avert this conflict, or help the parent to a perfect and easily won victory. The cigar is the devil's cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, by which he is leading hosts of boys and young men away from the promised land instead of into it.—National Sunday-school Teacher for May.

THE TOBACCO SCOURGE is not only a great peril to the public health, but it is the source of an enormous waste of money and material substance. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Christian Advocate, who has made a careful computation from the best available sources of information, estimates that the smokers and chewers among the preachers and members of the Cincinnati Conference only, make an annual expenditure for tobacco of over \$180,000! The writer says: "There are numerous instances where five to ten members of a charge or circuit spend more jointly for tobacco than their whole charge or circuit gives for all the benevolent collections of the church combined." He adds that "there are instances in surprising number where single individuals (Methodists) spend more for cigars each year than any one of eighty out of the one hundred and twenty-four charges and circuits of the Cincinnati Conference gives for mission purposes." This astonishing tobacco waste is not peculiar to Methodists. Thousands, including many boys and young men, are spending their half dimes, dimes, and dollars for cigarettes and cigars, and laying the foundations for paralysis and cancerous and other diseases of the body, who have no money left for books or benevolent and religious purposes. It is quite time for a vigorous crusade against this great tobacco scourge.—National Temperance Advocate.

LIEBIG'S CURE FOR INTemperance.—The Scientific American contains an account of an experimental test of Liebig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed is farinaeous, and in the cases reported was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Liebig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants, after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein, which renders unnecessary and distasteful the carbon of the liquors.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, whose heart yearns for a revival in his Church in America, says:—"The people in my place cannot afford a revival. There are \$100,000 worth of liquor sold over the counter in our village annually. The very men whom we desire to reach with a revival are in one way or another concerned in the business and profits of the traffic. They cannot afford to have a revival—it would cost them too much."

TO MAKE AND SELL intoxicating liquors as a beverage is declared a Masonic offence by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, worthy of suspension or expulsion if persisted in after due admonition. Perhaps all churches will by and by reach as high a platform as this lodge has done.