



## Temperance Department.

### THE STREAM OF DRUNKENNESS.

There is a dark, wild stream that flows  
Earth's sunny landscapes far beneath.  
The broken-hearted mother knows  
How pitiless is its fatal tide,—  
How fierce its rage, how foul its breath,  
How dismal the wrecks on its waters wide,  
Helplessly drifting to endless death.

Oh tamper not with that dangerous stream  
That boils with misery, want and strife;  
Take warning, ye that ne'er have been  
Down to its murky depths, and left  
All the brightest prospects of life;  
Where darling hopes of youth are reft  
By its dark billow of sorrow and strife.

Well may men and angels weep  
Over the slain of its deadly wave;  
Many a smiling face we meet  
Will yet be bathed in tears which fall  
Sadly upon a drunkard's grave.  
O mourn for the gifted! mourn for all  
That sink in its merciless, treacherous wave.

C. M. B.

—Walton, Ont., Jan. 1877.

### DRINKING IN CAFFRARIA.

The Rev. R. Leslie, Somerville Station, Transkei, sends the following letter, dated 4th November, 1874, to the *United Presbyterian Record*, in regard to the dreadful effects of drinking in Caffraria, and the wise resolution of the chief Krel, in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors:—

In several of my letters to you I have made reference to the extensive sale of brandy by unprincipled Europeans to the people among whom I am laboring. This has caused me vexation, as there is no doubt of its hindering the spread and success of the Gospel. The first time I saw Krel after my arrival in his country, I told him that he was making a great mistake in allowing brandy to be sold, as it was sure ultimately to impoverish his people and make them physically weak. I then also desired him to banish it from his tribe. He made no reply; but on another occasion I spoke to him on the subject, and many times afterwards. One day, about two years ago, while he was with me in my study, I asked him if he was still willing that brandy should be sold his country. He replied: "I don't wish you to be always speaking about that matter. You must leave it alone." I said: "No, I shall not leave it. When I see you allowing your people to be destroyed, I must not remain quiet. As your missionary, and as your friend, I must speak out. I shall always speak to you about it till you do as you ought."

He seemed annoyed and I said no more then but never thought of giving up the subject, as he desired.

On one occasion, when Mr. Brownlie, secretary for native affairs, was here, I requested him to speak to Krel, which he did; and Krel made a kind of promise to put a stop to the traffic, but it was carried on as ever.

About the beginning of last year (1875), a message was brought to me that Krel was very sick. Mr. William Soga happened to be staying with me at the time, so he and another young man on the station rode over with me to see the chief. I find from my diary that this was on Tuesday, 16th February. When we arrived at the "great place," we were told to go into one of the huts, where we found Krel seated on a mat on the floor with several of his counsellors. On shaking hands with him, and, at his request, seating myself beside him on the mat, I enquired as to his health, and he told me that he felt very unwell. He had a severe cough, with a pain between his shoulders. After some conversation, he asked me to give him medicine, and I was to send it by one of the station people, as he did not wish one of his own messengers to go for it. I suppose being in rather low spirits, he was afraid of poison. I agreed, and then requested him to turn all the people out of the hut, as I had somewhat to say to him. He at once complied with my request, and all went out with the exception of two or three.

I had found that from former conversations mild speaking was of no avail, so I determined to

express myself strongly, as I believed I had found a fitting opportunity.

For a few moments I looked at him, and then said: "I'm sorry to see you so ill, but I must tell you that it is your own fault. You have of late been drinking a great deal of brandy, and that bad stuff is injuring your health. You do not get pure brandy; you get a kind of poison, which will by and by kill you if you continue to drink it. It is not long since I told you that Umzabele had been killed by that brandy; and now you are beginning to cough, just as he did two years ago, when I told him he was killing himself, and earnestly urged him to give up drinking." Krel said: "Stop, you mustn't say any more, that is enough; that brandy must be put out of the country." He had evidently got a fright, but I said to him: "You must wait till I have finished speaking, and then you can say what you please." I continued: "Your cough is bad, and it is brought on through brandy. Some of my countrymen have died because they drink it, and you may soon follow them. But this is not all. These men who sell or give you presents of brandy are not your friends. They are wicked men, with whom respectable white men do not associate; and if they saw you in your grave to-morrow, they would not be sorry, but glad. Why? Because they would like to have your country. I once heard a pretended friend of yours say that he would be glad when you were dead, as he wished to get a piece of ground for a farm in your country. Now, I have often spoken to you about this matter, but you have not yet listened to me. Listen to-day, and send the brandy out from among your people. If you do not, I can see that it will soon cut you off. Send a message to these men to leave the country, or give up selling brandy; but do not go near them yourself, as they will give you a few bottles, and influence you so that you will permit them to go on as formerly."

When I had finished, he called one of his counsellors, and said to him: "Go to Ayliff; tell him at once to write letters to so and so (mentioning their names), ordering them to sell no more brandy."

After further conversation, I shook hands with him and went out of the hut. We then mounted our horses and returned home. In the afternoon I sent him the medicine, which, I am glad to say, greatly relieved his cough and pain. The letters were written by Mr. Ayliff, the Government agent, and duly forwarded to the brandy traders. To one of these letters an answer was returned, to the effect that there was only a small quantity of brandy on hand, and when it was finished no more should be sold. Three or four weeks after, the writer again sent a letter to Mr. Ayliff, stating that the brandy was done, and that he should sell no more. A few days after that, that same man brought in several large baskets of brandy, and as large a trade as ever was carried on. This wretched soul-destroyer had proved himself false, and I took good care to let this be known as much as I could. Matters went on thus for several months, and I had almost despaired of success, when Krel, evidently again dipping deep, became unwell. He did not let me know till he had somewhat recovered; but his conscience had been at work, and he went to the Government office, and requested the acting agent Mr. West. W. Fynn, to advertise that hereafter no brandy was to be sold in his country. The following advertisement appeared in the *Cape Mercury* of 31st July:—

#### "NOTICE.

"I have been requested by the chief Krel, to give notice through the medium of this daper to all traders and hawkers of brandy, or any other intoxicating liquor, that he has prohibited the sale thereof in his country; and that any waggons found laden with liquor for this country after the 31 inst., the owners will be heavily fined, and the liquor confiscated.

"WEST. W. FYNN,  
Acting Govt. Agent."

When the paper arrived containing the announcement, I was speaking with one of Krel's counsellors, and he told me that the chief had been led to take this course through what I had said to him some time last year. Soon thereafter I went to Krel's "great place," and thanked him for what he had done. Then he led me to understand that I had forced him to take the step. When Mr. Brownlie arrived here in August, he stayed with us two days before meeting Krel, and I requested him to make reference to the matter as an encouragement to the chief to be steadfast in his purpose. On the day of the meeting, when there were several hundreds of Caffres present, Mr. Brownlie thanked Krel that he had acted thus wisely. I am heartily grateful that brandy is not now sold openly. We know now what may come after a time; but I hope the chief may not waver as I fear he may. The beer made of the Caffre corn and maize is certainly intoxicating, but it has not such an injurious effect upon the system as this abominable stuff, made of brandy, bluestone, and water. If this poison

had been allowed to be sold, the number of sellers would have increased very soon. And the three would become thirty.

I need not say that these men are most unprincipled. I often pray for their expulsion from the tribe; but God sometimes permits evils to work out His own plans and purposes. You will, no doubt, be glad to receive the tidings I have here given you; and now all we can do is to pray that God may bless to the salvation of many souls what has been done by Krel.—*United Presbyterian Record*, Jan. 1, 1877.

#### A SPECIALTY.

"The doctor said the baby must ride out. My husband was a good driver, and we had a fine horse and buggy. We rode out one afternoon, papa, baby and I; but the cigar went also, and somehow the smoke would come in baby's face. She turned away her little head and coughed every few moments.

"That baby can't have much of a muscular constitution," said the father, "if it can't stand a little tobacco smoke. We must ride out oftener, and it will get used to it."

"But we didn't ride out any more. I had found by experience that tobacco must have its way. I went out about two weeks after this, one evening, to call on some friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. N.; cultured, refined, charming people. Much to my surprise, William soon took out his cigar, asking, of course, the question: 'Is it offensive?' As I never heard of anybody answering yes, he smoked and smoked all the evening. Mrs. N. coughed every three minutes. I said: 'You have taken cold, Mrs. N.' 'No,' said my husband, 'it is my cigar.' Still smoking, he arose and opened the door, to let a little fresh air into the room, giving Mr. N., who sat near the door, the full benefit of a draught. Next day Mr. N. was home sick with cold and headache. Both people, I knew, never liked tobacco in their small parlor, which was always sweet as a rosebud, and bright as sunshine and flowers, and as neatly arranged as refinement and taste could make it. I never went out to call with William again in the evening. Mrs. N. lent me a book of choice poems, very elegantly bound. I laid it away in a drawer, but William found it. He has a rich, musical voice, and reads poems finely. He read in it every night for a week, smoking all the time; and when he had finished the book, one day as I turned the leaves, around the poems sweetest with the dew of thoughts and brightest with the glow of soul-light, lingered the odor of tobacco. He had laid the book, it seems, in his drawer at night—and that drawer I wish you could have bent over it. In the centre was always a cigar-case—never empty. On its outside cover were the words: 'Lottenbrug & Sons, Manufacturers of Fine Cigars, 240 Eighth avenue, bet. Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, New York. Imported Cigars and Virginia Tobacco a specialty.'

"Yes, always a specialty, I thought; and with every tobacco lover it is always a specialty, and everything has to generalize around it—handkerchiefs, cravats, gloves, papers, books, everything in that drawer had that intolerably ugly odor forever lingering about it. The book of poems, in blue and gold, with golden thoughts hidden between its snowy leaves, had, after being thoroughly smoked every evening, slept three nights in that drawer, poisoned by Lottenbrug & Sons; and sent back to my friend, Mrs. N., would be to her, in its choice place, in her drawer sweet with dried geranium and heliotrope, a new specialty.

"The book never went back. It was hard times for us pecuniarily; but I bought a new volume, that Lottenbrug & Sons had never seen, and sent it to Mrs. N. I use my own books as I like, but other people's must go back to them as they came.

"I wish I could have my darling husband back again; his breath was so pure and sweet, his temper so even and calm. I wish some angel would persuade him to leave it off, to break the tyrant's chain, and we could be as happy as we were once. We all can see how it harms him; strange he cannot see it himself, how even his hands begin to tremble."—*Herald of Health*.

#### TO EMPLOYERS OF LABOR.

LONDON, November, 1876.—The writer of the following is an employer of between 300 and 400 men, and having for many years noticed the increasing tendency to drunkenness among the working classes, has come to the conclusion that in order to stop this great evil, persons placed in authority or wielding any influence over others ought, for the sake of example, to adopt the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and thus follow out the maxim enunciated by St Paul, viz., "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother (i. e., neighbor) stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Being convinced of his own duty in the matter, the writer has for some time past personally carried out this idea, and now wishes earnestly to appeal to all his fellow-

manufacturers in Great Britain to think seriously on this question, and to consider whether the great responsibility attaching to their position does not demand that they should put to its utmost utility their influence over their employees and whether this end would not be promoted by their becoming total abstainers. It is a well established fact that the deaths directly caused by drink in this country have now reached the alarming figure of 60,000 annually, and this number is ever on the increase! Ought not the thought that for every ten minutes as they pass away one more drunkard is consigned to everlasting punishment make each of us put our shoulders to the wheel, and by all the means in our power, endeavor to spoil Satan of his prey? As to the plea put forward by many people that the moderate use of alcoholic drinks does no harm to themselves or to others, the answers are:—Firstly, that the returns made out by one of the largest life assurance companies in London during the last ten years prove that, taking an equal number of assured persons in both the temperance and general sections, the death rate has been 50 per cent. greater among the moderate drinkers than among the teetotalers! Secondly, those who are strictly moderate exercise a bad influence on others simply by this very moderation, as it induces persons of weaker resolution, or differently constituted in body, to imagine they can follow with safety the example thus set them; but the result too often is that the moderation of the latter class gradually leads on to excess, and finally these drinkers merge themselves in that vast host of misguided beings by whom most of the crime committed and misery now existing in Great Britain is produced. To conclude, it will be the constant aim of the undersigned to try and induce employers of labor, ministers of religion, and all other influential persons, to join together in a holy war against what is only too justly styled "the curse of Britain;" and that the blessing of the Almighty will rest on our efforts, especially if the great army of teetotalers is officered by the principals in business firms, and led on by Christ's chosen preachers of the Gospel, can not for one moment be doubted; at least such is the firm belief of A LONDON MANUFACTURER.—*Alliance News*.

—"One leading minister of religion after another (says the *Western Morning News*) is taking up the temperance cause and allowing a temperance sermon to be preached in his church once a year at least. Dean Stanley has done this for some years, being moved thereto by his late wife. Dr. Parker, of the City Tabernacle, has adopted the same course. On Sunday next the Rev. Alexander Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is going to preach a temperance sermon at the City Tabernacle. Another item of news which will interest this class of reformers is that Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, whose admirable books are well known, has a new work in the press which will shortly be published by Mr. Watson of the London School Board, known in the publishing trade as 'Nisbet and Co.' The title of the book is 'Arrest the Destroyer's March.' I may mention also that the new number of the *Medical Temperance Journal* contains articles on 'The Arctic Expedition and its Temperance Moral,' 'Dr. Magnan and Alcoholism,' and 'The late Dr. Parkes on Alcohol and Health.' Dr. Richardson contributes to the same periodical."—*Alliance News*.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO CRUSADE.—A largely-attended conference, under the auspices of the Anti-Tobacco Society, was held recently in Manchester, England, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted. "That this meeting considers that the recent expressions of opinion of medical officers under the Factory Acts, pointing to the increasing smoking and chewing of tobacco as one of the sources of the deterioration of our factory population, constitute a strong case for a Parliamentary enquiry into the national results of a practice which is condemned by all medical men; and into the practical operation of the law in Switzerland which prohibits the use of tobacco by boys." One of the speakers, Dr. C. J. Russell, a well-known physician, declared "that tobacco was destroying the very vitality of the nation"; that the hope of the country rested with the children; and urged, especially, says the *London Christianian*, "that Sunday-school teachers inculcate total abstinence from tobacco among their pupils." The "crusade" has not been begun too soon and should be vigorously inaugurated on this side of the Atlantic.—*Temperance Advocate*.

—Dr. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, strikes a key-note that is destined to sound in triumph through the land when he lays the blame of the crimes and pauperism caused by drink directly at the doors of those who support the municipal policy of licensing grog-shops. We believe the day to be coming fast when public sentiment will be forced to recognize prohibition as a national necessity.—*Irish World*.