



A Single Glass and Its Dangers.

Millions of men who have not feared temptation have found it to be much too strong for them in the long run, and on their deathbeds cursed the hour when they took their first glass of wine. The very first glass is a glass too much. Man does not, in his natural state, need stimulants of any kind any more than the dog or the horse, but when he has once begun to use them, the havoc which they play with his system makes him regard them as necessities of life. If it is no sin to do a thing which may have, and which, in myriads of cases, has had, the effect of destroying the souls and bodies of men and of ruining the happiness of who's families, then it may be true that it is not a sin to drink wine. Dr. Samuel Johnson said that he could practice abstinence but not temperance, and he, therefore, was a total abstainer, although his companions indulged freely in the use of liquor. Men who had formerly acquired the liquor habit have been known to abstain entirely for many years, and then, when persuaded to take a single glass of wine, have lost all self-control and died a drunkard's death. Mr. Fielden Thorp of York, England, in a paper read before the Fifth International Congress for the Prevention of the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors, held at Basle, Switzerland, in August, 1895, related the two following anecdotes, which bear upon this question:

A good many years ago, a young man who had yielded to the seductions of the society of drinking men, resolved to tear himself away from his danger by leaving the paternal mansion and taking the position of a clerk in a distant city. He thought that he could conquer his appetite if he did not have at the same time to resist the importunities and ridicule of his comrades. A short time after his arrival in the city of his adoption he was invited to dine with a gentleman who knew his family. He reflected a moment, and, knowing that this gentleman was a member of the temperance society, thought that he could accept without danger. However, on his arrival, he found that his hostess did not share her husband's views; she placed wine and beer on the table, begged him not to imitate her husband's abstinence, as she thought it too ascetic, and, at last, as he continued to decline, poured him out a glass of beer with her own hands. The poor young man, feeling that he could only resist by flight, rose from the table, abruptly, muttering a few words of excuse, and left the house. He afterwards wrote a note of apology to the lady, explaining the reason of his conduct; and this induced the good woman to follow her husband's example and to sign the pledge of total abstinence, precisely on the Christian principle of which we have just been speaking. Would she not have reproached herself bitterly if the young visitor had had less firmness, and if, yielding to her solicitations, he had relapsed into drunkenness? And yet, she had not the slightest idea that he was in any danger.

A young lady in society had signed the pledge under the influence of an excellent pastor. Some time afterwards she applied to him to release her from her pledge and to

accept her resignation. She declared that she did not care at all for the wine, but she found it extremely annoying to have to explain constantly why she drank none, and to be compelled to endure the ridicule of her acquaintances. 'And, besides,' she added, 'it does no good; no one refuses to drink on my account.' The worthy pastor entreated her to stand firm, assuring her that she could not estimate the effects of her example. One night, while she was in the midst of a numerous company, a gentleman approached her with the words: 'What wine may I have the honor to offer you?' 'Thank you,' she replied, 'I will take a glass of water.' Later in the evening, a young stranger said to her: 'Allow me to thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done for me.' In surprise, she asked him for an explanation, which he immediately gave her: 'You have saved me, soul and body, to-night; I have been a drinking man; I have been for a long time resisting the inclination, contending, at the same time, against the fatal appetite and the solicitations of my friends. The ordeal has been terrible; and I came here with the conviction that I must yield if I was asked to drink; that I could not refuse; but when I heard you say, "I will take a glass of water," I took courage; I gained strength to imitate you, and to say, "I will take a glass of water, too."—'Union Signal.'

Bonnie Prince Charlie's Drinking-Cup.

'Ah!' said Harry Rogers's father as he laid down his newspaper one morning after breakfast. 'Now, there is a thing I must get. Prince Charlie's drinking-cup is to be sold this afternoon; I'll bid for it if it is not too dear.'

Mr. Rogers was a rich man. His house was filled with fine pictures and interesting and valuable curiosities, and in the drawing-room there stood a large carved oak cabinet, which he sometimes opened when Harry had a party of his school-friends. In the drawers and shelves of this cabinet Mr. Rogers had arranged many rare objects connected with Scottish history, which he had gathered together with great trouble and expense. There were flint arrow-heads and stone axes of long past ages, and coins which the old Romans must have lost when they were marching or fighting in this country, or perhaps when they were building the great wall which stretched between the Forth and the Clyde. There were cruel-looking thumb-screws, too, which had been used to torture the poor Covenanters; but the most precious thing of all was a little bit of the cloth of gold which was found wrapped round the body of the hero king of Scotland, Robert the Bruce, when his grave was discovered in Dumfermline Abbey.

So Harry and his father went off to the sale-room, and in due course the auctioneer held up the cup, which, after a brisk competition, was knocked down to Mr. Rogers for the sum of six pounds. It was made of wooden staves, held together by silver hoops, and on the rim there was engraved these words:—

'Tho' sma' I be, tak' care o' me.'

When they returned home, Mr. Rogers proudly showed his new purchase to the boys who had come to Afton Lodge to play tennis.

'My lads,' he said, 'it would have been a very good thing for Bonnie Prince-Charlie if he had listened to the good advice of his drinking-cup. This motto should be on every wine and whiskey glass, for, believe me, boys, there is more mischief and danger

lurking in the first glass of wine or beer than in the sting of a viper or in the bite of a mad dog.—'Adviser.'

A Call to Arms.

At evening-roll-call in the late war a captain said to his company:

'Soldiers, I am ordered to detail ten men for a very dangerous service, but of the greatest importance to the army in the coming battle. I have not the heart to pick the men, for the chances are against their ever coming back. But if there are ten men in the company who will volunteer for this service they may step two paces to the front.' As the captain ceased speaking the whole line stepped two paces forward, and stood there with every man in his place, the ranks even as before. The captain's eyes were dim, and his voice faltered, as he said: 'Soldiers, I thank you; I am proud to be captain of such a company.' Fellow-workers, just such spirit should move the whole Prohibition line. We wage a war fiercer than that of bullet and bayonet, and far more vital to human good. It is a struggle whose echoes reach the stars and enlist the hosts in heaven. Step to the front and give yourself, your powers, and your means to stay the enemy of God and man.—Frances E. Willard.

Speak to Him.

Run, speak to that young man! What young man? That young man with unsteady step and bleary eyes. He has got hold of the wrong end of life, and is in the highway that leads down to a drunkard's grave. Talk to him in a straightforward, manly way; he will listen. Tell him of his peril and how sadly he is disappointing his sincerest friends. Show a personal interest in him, and win him from his evil course.

Run, speak to that young man! The young man that is wasting his money on the gaming-table. Gambling is the curse of the age. It enters every path of life. A prison chaplain once made the statement that the hardest criminal to convert was the gambler. The practice of gaming hardens the heart and blunts the sympathies. It destroys the man's capacity to feel for others. Many professional gamblers come from parlor card parties. Danger ever lurks in card-playing.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

A Helping Hand.

A cabman signed the pledge for the Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience-stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend, but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off.

One day he found the poor, miserable man, and, taking hold of his hand, he said:

'John, when the road is slippery, and your cab horse falls down, what do you do with him?'

'I help him up again?' replied John.

'Well, I have come to do the same,' said Mr. Garrett, affectionately; 'the road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell, but there's my hand to help you up again.'

The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vice-like grip, and said:

'God bless you, sir! You'll never have cause to regret this. I'll never fall again.'

And to his day he has kept his word.—'Christian Advocate.'

There is a plan to celebrate the Band of Hope Jubilee and the Queen's sixty years' reign next year by a magnificent temperance demonstration at the Crystal Palace.