

# Temperance

## How He Fell.

(S. R. Jarvis, in the "Temperance Leader.")

I would paint a lovely picture  
Of the boy that once I knew,  
As in fancy I can see him,  
Eyes as clear as heaven's own blue;  
Rounded limbs, so strong and sturdy,  
Merry face, all smiles and glee,  
Rosy lips that press'd fond kisses  
On his mother lovingly.

I would paint him when at evening  
He repeated boyhood's prayer—  
Asked his mother's God to bless him,  
And to keep him pure and fair;  
Seemed it then that noble manhood,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
Waited for the lovely laddie,  
Who was mother's pride and joy.

I would paint another picture  
Of the boy that now I know—  
Blood-shot eyes and limbs that totter,  
In the gutter lying low.  
Lips that utter oaths and curses,  
Long ago have ceased to pray,  
Yet the boy so sadly fallen  
Is but just eighteen to-day.

What has spoiled that lovely boyhood,  
What foul thing has laid him low?  
Crushed with grief, his once loved mother  
Now her eyes with tears o'erflow.  
I will tell you, boys of England,  
And I pray you stop and think,  
This sad change has come through tasting  
Of that awful curse, Strong Drink.

He, to please some young companions,  
Just began with one small glass,  
Dreaming not of pain and danger,  
Yet this change has come to pass.  
Boys of England, would you follow,  
Do you want like him to be?  
Nay, I hear your answer ringing,  
'We won't touch it, no, not we!'

## Rev. James Chalmers and the Drink Curse.

Reading the extremely interesting life of the martyred missionary, James Chalmers, by Richard Lovett, M.A., I came upon some passages which all Temperance workers must be thankful to read, as evincing how ardently he espoused, in his work among the heathen, the work they are called upon to do at home. I quote first from the autobiographical pages, descriptive of his work in Raratonga, where they (himself and wife) landed in 1867.

'In that paradise of the Pacific there was one fearful curse, strong drink, and that we tried to combat. I turned policeman and used to find out where the meetings for drink were held. My experience is that native chiefs and policemen are not fit in themselves to carry out laws. They put on a spurt for a fortnight and then things drift back and are left to become worse than before. During Makea Abela's time we succeeded in putting it down to a considerable extent, but he was a great hindrance, being himself much addicted to drink, both foreign and native. Thinking that if they were allowed to drink their orange beer openly at their meals, a stop would be put to the large gatherings where all got drunk, and the orgies can only be described as beastly, I proposed this to Makea. But he decidedly opposed it, saying it would never do, as there would be no rejoicing then at all. He would not give his consent to the plan. Many of the mataiapo (independent land-holders) were on our side, but without Makea and the

other chiefs they were useless. I remember once getting some of the inferior chiefs together and going on a deputation to Makea and Mauarangi, who was chief justice and had lapsed from church membership and from his social position through drink. They both received us well and listened to all we had to say. One of the mataiapos spoke very seriously to Abela, and Mauarangi pulled him up by asking in a bit of a song, "Whence is Makea?" and the old mataiapo replied in song, "From heaven he came," and then Mauarangi wound up with, "Who then can speak?" and we returned, forced thus to remember that Makea was beyond and above all law and all human beings. In the light of an incident like this one could understand how and why in heathen times any one who crossed even his shadow was instantly clubbed to death. Abela died very suddenly and was mourned greatly, for though he was a great drinker he was exceedingly kind to all, and especially to his missionary. . . . After Makea's death Takau, wife of Ugamaru Atiu, was sent for and they both were elected to the position of head chief. She is an excellent woman and has done much good, but has not succeeded in putting down the drink. All natives can be bought by the white man, and so they wink at grog being landed. A silk dress given as a present, a few bottles of grog or beer, or wine as medicine, given in the right quarter, well known to all traders, and the island may be swamped with drink. If the thieves wished to stop the curse they could have done so long ago, for the law passed in conjunction with the British Resident was that no native could get drink unless he had a permit signed by Makea or one of the chiefs. But this law led to the selling of permits, and thus the drink traffic became legalized, and the state of the island worse than ever.'

Again, from a long letter sent home after he had fairly settled down to work—'That curse of all curses has come to this island—strong drink. There is a law against its being brought ashore, but unprincipled foreigners manage to smuggle it and sell it to the natives. The effects are fearful and heartrending. I believe were thinking men at home to see the effects of drink among these natives, they would never taste another drop, but would rise up to a man, and cry shame upon those men who not only break the laws of a weak people, but also give them in exchange for their labor, money, or coffee, a poison which is destroying them fast. The churches have suffered fearfully from it. Our young men have given themselves up to intoxication and one after another falls a victim. All the people are scrofulous so that fire water takes effect sooner upon them.'

The letter then gives an interesting account of a meeting of chiefs called in regard to the license laws, wherein it was suggested that drink should be allowed to be landed under a heavy tax. Mr. Chalmers prayed to God and felt it was his duty to oppose this abolition or repeal of the old law. 'On the morning of the meeting,' he continues, 'a few of the old men who hold a strong position in the land, and who knew what Raratonga was in its heathen state, came to me, and asked what I meant to do. They advised me to oppose the abolition. This strengthened me. We prayed to God and asked His direction. I went to the meeting. There sat all the chiefs and great men with a number of foreigners. I felt that a trial of strength was at hand. All were assembled in the full expectation of the promulgation of a new law, and the foreigners were all ready to take out licenses. The parliament was opened by prayer. The chief judge of the Avarua district laid the matter before the neighboring chiefs, and only asked them for their assent. He sat down, and as he was addicted to drink himself he was pleased with the thought that he could now drink as much as he chose. At that time I myself did not know he was given to the evil habit. Next, one of the chiefs—a known and confirmed drunkard—was asked to speak. He declined, saying, "What does my missionary say?" I tried to avoid speaking at this stage, and wished that some other chiefs should speak first, but they all pressed me to give my views. At length I said that I had earnestly prayed to God that the law might not

be changed so long as I was in Raratonga. I added a few words to this, but my speech was short.

'It was sufficient, nothing more was said by the chiefs, but the chief judge of Avarua was enraged. The missionary holds great power in cases of this kind. May he hold it for Christ. I need not say that my countrymen love me none the more for the action I felt bound to take.

This was but the beginning of still more strenuous action to banish the curse, but space forbids the tempting quotation. I must confine myself to one more vivid extract.

'Many people seem to think there can be no harm in orange beer, and that the natives might be allowed to drink it. I read lately in a newspaper that the attempt to put it down was only a puritanical whim of the missionary's. If these flying visitors had seen one half of what I have seen of the evils arising from so-called harmless orange beer, they would soon bless the missionary and sober chiefs for trying to stop its use, unless they be visitors who delight in hellish scenes and think wife-beating a pleasant pastime. I have seen the natives in the bush in large and small companies in all stages of intoxication. I have seen them in the thirsty stage, the talkative stage, the singing stage, the loud talking, quarrelling stage, the native fighting stage, and the dead drunk stage. I have seen them fighting among themselves, I have seen them after returning to their homes, beating, kicking, and cutting their wives, and pitching their children out of doors. I have known them to set their houses on fire, or to tear up every stitch of clothing belonging to their wives and children. I have heard cursing and swearing in English (a native when drunk talks and swears in English more than native) in a manner that would make the hardened English swearer blush. God forbid that such days should ever again be known on Raratonga. I have attended many young men whose strength had gone from the free use of "harmless orange beer," and have buried not a few whose death was caused by this drink.'

How the plague of drink echoes and re-echoes round this poor old world of ours. 'O Lord, how long?'

## The Last List For This Season.

This week will be the very last offer of the Pansy Blossom Clubs, and the last list of workers we shall give. If you are working up a club act quickly and send in the names AT ONCE. Remember! You send us five NEW three months' subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at ten cents each for addresses in Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs), or for any of the countries on page 15); we send the papers as stated, giving you a pretty enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble, and sending also six handsome colored pictures (9 in. x 14 in.), entitled 'Pansy Blossoms.' You give your new subscribers each one picture for framing and keep one for yourself. These pictures have pleased many hundreds of 'Messenger' readers. They will surely please you and your friends. Don't miss the chance.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

The following have sent lists this week:—

Margaret Hamilton, K. E. Pelly, Ruth T. MacDonald, Everett A. Bates, Hazel Neil.

If you have a club partly ready, finish it up quickly and send it in, for we will honor it, but we want it to be distinctly understood that the club is now 'closed for the season.' It has been a source of great pleasure to our readers, and we hope that very many of those who have tried the 'Messenger' for the three months will remain permanent readers and subscribers.