

(Levit. 10, 9.) total abstainers, who with the priesthood were typical of the Christian Church, when all believers are required to be a royal priesthood, abstaining from everything that can defile them or unfit them for the service of God. 1 Pet. 2, 5 9. When the Bible speaks of intoxicating wine it everywhere speaks with disapproval and when it speaks with approval of the use of wine, they are not intoxicating. That acute and profound scholar, Professor Moses Stewart, of Andover, writes on this subject:—"My final conclusion is, that whenever the Scriptures speaks of wines as a comfort, a blessing, or a libation to God, they can mean only such drink as contain no alcohol, but in those passages in which they denounce wine and prohibit it and connect it with drunkenness, they can mean only the alcoholic intoxicant." This is quoted with approval by Rev. Dr. Cuyley, of Brooklyn, and many other great scholars and able writers hold the same view. Observe in some cases wine is spoken of as a blessing, in others as a crime. It will not do to say that it is the abuse that it is disapproved of for it is the wine itself that in some passages is described as a blessing, in others as a curse. Can any candid Christian believe that the wine by which Noah was dishonored and defiled, which caused prophets to err, and priests to stumble, (Is. 28, 7 8) which is "a mocker," and causes "wounds without cause," is the same as that which the Divine Word says, "makes glad the heart of man," which the Divine Mercy mingled and which the Jews were enjoined to drink freely before the Lord as an act of worship? That it is the same thing that is a symbol of the mercies of salvation and of the outpourings of the wrath of God,—that is an emblem of the pleasures of piety and the pleasures of sin? Would God call a thing a mocker, and then press that mocker to men's lips? Such a supposition is an insult to Jehovah and a mockery of human reason. Would God exclude men from the Kingdom of Heaven for a vice, without being opposed to that vice and every temptation to it? The conclusion to which we are irresistibly led is that there was difference of character in the wines, and that those which God's Word commends were innocent and unintoxicating, while those that it condemns were injurious *because intoxicating*. When we read in one place: "Can there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it?" and in another place, "He is of purer eyes than to behold evil," we conclude that the term "evil" in these places applies to different things. So it is in the opposite statement of the Word of God in regard to wine.

(To be Continued.)

## Tales and Sketches.

### PLUM PUDDING.

John B. Gough tells us a story, which we venture to reproduce here, with the object of adding to the suasion which we ourselves urge.

"We know well what men will do to gratify this appetite, what they will sacrifice, what they will suffer. And when the pinch comes—oh, the battle! I love to see a man fight, don't you? It is a grand thing to see a man struggle. I like to whisper in his ear, 'Courage, my brother.' I like to lay my hand on his shoulder, if by laying it there I can give him sympathy—can give him strength of arm to fight. It is a grand thing to see a man fight; and I tell you my heart's sympathy goes out to the drunkard when he makes up his mind that he will fight. He will have to fight. Ah, yes! I want to go to that man, and say to him, 'You *must* fight. It is not as easy a thing for you to give up the drink as it is to turn your hand round. You *must* fight!'—and some men are fighting all the days of their lives.

"A minister of the Gospel said to me, 'I was once a sad drunkard, and I signed the pledge. Many times I had been in the ditch. When I became converted, I made up my mind I would study for the ministry. I was a student. I had no desire for the drink. I had an idea that my religion had driven all that out of me. The grace of God had taken away the appetite for, and the love of Jesus had taken away the love of drink. I thought myself perfectly safe. I was invited out to dinner. If the gentleman had asked me to take a glass of wine, it would have been 'No,' or a glass of ale, 'No;' but he gave me some rich English plum pudding, pretty well saturated with brandy, and with brandy-sauce over it. I thought nothing of it. I liked it. I ate freely. I sent up my plate for a second helping. On returning to my study I began to want drink. I wanted it. The want began to sting and burn me. My mouth got dry. I wanted it. 'Well, surely, if I go now and have some—I have not had any for six years—certainly if I take just one glass now, it will allay this sort of feeling, and I shall be able to attend to my studies. No! I thought of what I had been, I thought of what I expected to be, 'and now,' I said, 'I will

fight it.' I locked the door, and threw away the key. Then commenced the fight. What I did that night I do not know, I know I was on my knees a good deal of the time, but what I did I do not know. Some one came in the morning about eight o'clock, and knocked at the door. 'Come in.' 'The door is locked.' I hunted about, found the key, and opened the door. Two of my fellow students entered. 'Why,' said one, 'what is the matter with you?' 'What do you mean?' 'Why, look at your face!' They took me to the glass, and my face, I saw, was covered with blood. In my agony, I had with my nails torn the skin from my forehead—look at the scars now!—in my agony of wrestling against the desire for drink that cried through every nerve and fibre of my system. Thank God, I fought it, but it was forty-eight hours before I dared to go into the street.

"You say, 'That is a rare case; such cases are very rare.' I wish they were. See to-day what men are sacrificing for the drink. See what they are giving up—home, friends, reputation, ay, even life itself; and that which is better than life, hopes of heaven,—dissolving the Pearl of great price in the cup, and drinking away their very hopes of heaven at a draught. Oh, it is awful when we go among them, and see them! What will they not do? What will they not sacrifice? What will they not give up? Do you say it is because they are weak-minded? No; it depends more on the temperament, constitution, and nervous organization of a man whether, if he tries to follow your example, Mr. Moderate Drinker, he becomes intemperate or not—more than it does on what we call his strength of mind."—*Public Coffee-House News*.

## Our Casket.

### BITS OF TINSEL.

A provident Irishman had his life insured so that when he died he could have something to live on and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was.

Jones said, "My wife's hair is so long, that when she lets it down it falls in wavy tresses to her waist." "That's nothing," said Lee. "When my wife lets hers down it falls to the floor."

"My dear uncle, I hear that you have made your will; permit to ask if you have remembered me in it?" "Of course I have, knowing you to be a spendthrift I have left \$200, payable after your death, in order to insure you a decent burial."

He had an auburn haired girl and proposed to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed, "Halloa! ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now.

"Po, what is poetic license?" "Well, my boy, as near as I can learn, poetic license is something which enables a man to say things in verse which would incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off in a political meeting."

An Irishman who wanted a divorce from his wife, who had deserted him on account of his poverty, was asked by his lawyer if it was a case of incompatibility. "No," said Pat; "it was a case of want of income-Pat-ability."

"No, sir—no, sir," he said, as he buttoned his overcoat and prepared to leave the car, "there should be no such word as 'can't' with a young man like you." "Of course not," growled a man in the corner, neither with an old or a young man the proper word is 'cannot.'"

A youngster while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go away from the stove, the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up demurely at his stern parent, replied: "I ain't heatin' the weather, I am warming my hands."

"Truth" of London advertised for an original proverb. Many hundreds were sent in. Here are some of the best. A white lie often makes a black story. It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet. He who would eat the egg must first break the shell. Every back has its park. Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach. Look after your wife, never mind yourself, she'll look after you. The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future. The want of money is the root of much evil. Egotism is an alphabet with one letter. If you'd know a man's character follow him home. Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense. The surest road to honor is to deserve it. Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all. It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best. Sighs are poor things to fly with. Home is the rainbow of life. Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a worry invite death by hurry.