



Temperance Department.

WOMAN DRUNKARDS.

In a lecture before the British National Temperance League, Dr. Norman Kerr, a well-known writer and practitioner, said: "In the practice of my profession I have had under my care large numbers of dipsomaniacs in every rank and condition of life. Intemperance seems to me to have slightly decreased amongst men, but this decrease has been more than equalized by a decided increase of drunkenness amongst women.

"Not many weeks since I was called to attend to a man of seventy, who had nearly bled to death from a wound of the temporal artery, caused by a blow from a boot hurled at him by his wife, a woman of sixty-five, in a fit of drunken frenzy. He survived the injury, but a few days thereafter she strangled herself in the police cell. The same day I was sent for to a lady of advanced years, the mother of a large family, for an illness brought on by secret intoxication.

"A little later a summons from a terrified family brought me to an elegant and accomplished lady of independent fortune, lying on her face on the floor of her room, not dead, as the terror-stricken children thought, but drunk! Then came the earnest request to hasten to the death-bed of another lady, whom I found surrounded by her disconsolate family, bidding them all adieu forever, who was not dying, but drunk, and is alive to this day. But why go through the sickening catalogue of a single day's professional experience of female intemperance?"

"Let me ask you to come with me on another occasion to the bedside of a missionary who was laid aside by a severe illness; and amongst the comforters there, behold a lady of position, who has been at once a Christian worker and a drunkard many years. In every public-house are to be seen women, old and young, treating each other to liquor, where ten years ago scarce a woman could be seen: and in how few families in the land are there not lamentation and mourning and woe for some loved female member of the domestic circle slain through drink!"

The clergy of Newark, N. J., have taken hold of the "law and order" question, and with the co-operation of the good citizens, an association is at work. The last report, made at a public meeting, stated the object to be "the promotion of law and order and the suppression of vice and immorality by the enforcement of the laws against the Sunday and other illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks." The report says that there are "1,020 licensed saloons in Newark, that the saloons are justly chargeable with eighty per cent. of the crime committed in the city and of the police and court expenses; that these amounted last year to \$180,000; that the money spent in saloons and the loss of wages amounted to about \$5,000,000 annually; and that no figures could present the extent of the social and moral evil entailed on the community by the rum traffic. Nearly every saloon was kept open on Sunday in bold defiance of the law. One hundred saloons were now in full blast without any license. The Sabbath was rapidly being turned into a day of lawlessness and dissipation. Fifteenball pool-playing was a snare and a trap for young men." Addresses were then made by Rev. Dr. McIlvaine and others. The cry of all was that the situation demanded that Christian ministers should lead the Christian public in an earnest crusade against the common evil; should organize and concentrate their power and force on the side of law and order and the observance of a Christian Sabbath. Some of the speakers spoke strongly in favor of bringing the matter boldly into politics, and making temperance and antagonism to the liquor traffic the central issues.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THAT WORD.

A TRUE STORY.

HE is by no means a saint now. Perhaps he never will be. He is only a common man, with the ugliest face ever wrought out by dissipation, with the most uncouth manners, the most illiterate speech, and a heart not yet baptized in the "living waters." Ah no! poor John isn't one bit of a saint. Still, this man is far other than the man he was but lately. And what was that? A drunkard of twenty-eight years' standing, a laughing scoffing inhabitant of ditches, a confirmed, hopeless, cast-away sot. For a long time his young wife endured her debauched, worthless companion, then she left him, and the twelve succeeding

years were but exaggerated echoes of the sixteen gone before. Poor John was harmless in his inebriation: many of the neighbors allowed his presence, some even enjoyed his ridiculous hilarious talk.

John was sitting one cold afternoon on the roadside path—his best parlor. He was not enjoying company, or music, or books, or even the accessible beauties of nature. He was simply sick, and cold, and wretched. By-and-by John sees, from under his torn slouched hat, a team approaching. They are a fine pair of horses, slim, graceful, high-stepping creatures, adorned with rich harness, and drawing an elegant barouche. In the carriage sit two men quite at their ease. And what has this to do with the beggared drunkard behind in the dust? Much! "I am a fool," he exclaimed, rising and staring after the gay vehicle. "There are two men, wealthy and happy, while I lie on the ground, thus. And these men sell me my liquor!" A resolve arose in the poor man's breast, and as he proceeded toward, he thought he would never drink another drop. Alas for our weak endeavors! The sight of the lighted saloons was too much for cold, lonely John. He entered—just to get warm and talk a bit—he entered, and he fell! Realizing his fault, he rushed from the room, never stopping until he dropped, weary and heartsore, upon the nearest doorsteps of the street. Here he sat, moody and despairing, with his head in his hands—lost!

"Brother!" What a sweet word! And how kind a voice that spoke it! "Brother, come in and be made comfortable." There was a gentle hand laid on his shoulder now. What wonder that sad John looked up astonished! "It has been years since any one called me brother," he said, and half-gladly, half-reluctantly yielded to the stranger, who was leading him into a crowded hall. It was only a temperance meeting—only that. John tried to listen to the strong words spoken, tried to regain his scattered wits: but that word, "Brother!" seemed the burden of every speech, and the voice of his unknown helper, the music of every song.

It was that word, too, which somehow led him up to the platform when the meeting was over, which placed the pen in his hand, which forced him to sign the pledge. It was that which awakened the long-dormant manhood in him, which touched his sense of honor, which made him firm in the resolution to keep that night's second vow. It is the same word, this and his written promise, which holds him true and sober to this day.

Did it pay, the use of that Christian word, "Brother!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

That a liberal distribution of temperance literature is indispensable in the temperance reform every advocate of temperance will concede. Too much importance cannot be attached to this branch of the work. A temperance book in a Sabbath-school library is a lecturer to the young, going from family to family, its mission lasting until it is worn out. It is the cheapest lecturer that can be employed. Costing one dollar, perhaps, in the outset, it enters upon its mission without additional expense, as it neither eats nor sleeps. There is no expense for lodging or rations. Nobody is asked to entertain it over Sunday with bed or board, so that little trouble is occasioned by its itinerancy. Twenty such volumes in one library, visiting many of the families, each one in its turn, create a large amount of interest in the temperance cause; and the flame of interest once kindled, the books add fuel to the fire of enthusiasm from week to week.

Now let the Women's Union put twenty-five temperance volumes into a Sabbath-school library; and if there are three or four Sabbath-schools in town, put the same number into each library; and they have done a greater work in making and educating public sentiment than would be done by the establishment of a reading-room. This is a practical work about which there cannot be much division of opinion. Add to this in the same community a monthly distribution of well-selected temperance tracts, both for children and adults, and they have adopted an agency of unquestionable utility and power at comparatively small expense. We do not believe that temperance women can do a better and nobler service than this in any town. The effect of it is lasting.

There can be no objection to this plan now on the ground that suitable temperance books cannot be found. That objection was pertinent a few years ago. But the National Temperance Publication Society has issued nearly one hundred temperance books of the highest order, together with several hundred tracts. We have read these books and tracts as they have appeared, and we have no hesitation in saying that a purer and higher class of works were never issued upon any subject whatever in this country. With Peter Carter as chair-

man of the Publication Committee, the imprint of whose publishing house has been the best recommendation of books for years, together with associates of kindred type, the highest class of books is assured.—*National Temperance Advocate (New York).*

SUCCESS OF PROHIBITION IN MADAGASCAR.

In the *Sunday at Home* there is an interesting article, apparently intended to be the first of a series, on "Social and Religious Progress in Madagascar," under the signature "James Sibree, jun." We have pleasure in extracting therefrom the following important testimony to the success which has followed the prohibition of spirituous liquor in the central province of the island:—

The native authorities also merit the commendation of every right-minded person for their persistent endeavors to keep temptations to drinking out of the way of the people. In almost every part of Madagascar, except Imerina, drunkenness is a fearful source of degradation to the people, threatening the very existence of some of the coast tribes; but owing to the very stringent laws against the manufacture or importation of ardent spirits into the central province, a drunken man is there very rarely seen in public, so that Imerina is one of the most temperate countries in the world. Most devoutly is it to be wished that the Government could enforce similar laws on the eastern coast, where, to their shame be it said, English and French traders yearly pour into the country thousands of gallons of rum, to the ruin of the weak and ignorant coast population. To these poor people, as yet unfortified against temptation by Christian teaching, civilization without religion means rum, and rifles, and the vices of Europeans, which often sweep them away before they have a chance of learning what true civilization means.

We earnestly commend the above testimony to all those who tell us they are as much alive to the evils of drunkenness as we are, and would hail any really "practical measure" for dealing with it, but who consider that prohibitory legislation would only make things worse. Let them point out a case in which prohibitory legislation has made things worse after being fairly tried. On the contrary, it has uniformly been attended with the best results, and this instance from Madagascar adds one more to the unanswerable arguments for its adoption in Great Britain.

But again, the prohibitory law is, unhappily, not universal in Madagascar, but is as yet confined to the central province. Had the Malagase Government followed the advice with which we are so abundantly favored by some of our friends, they would have waited until the entire island was ripe for the measure, and in the meantime the curse of drunkenness would have been rife in the central province where now the blessing of sobriety prevails.

It may, however, be objected, "You cannot say it is the Permissive Bill that is in force in Madagascar." No. The good has been effected by means of legislation of more imperious character—more "extreme" than that which Sir Wilfrid Lawson advocates; and if such legislation has been found practicable and has worked beneficially in Madagascar, with the people willing or nilling, why should not the people of England be empowered, under proper regulations, to secure for themselves an immunity from the pest of the same traffic?

We may add to Mr. Sibree's account of the ruin effected by the traffic in rum on the east coast of Madagascar, that a copy of the *Record*, a Church of England newspaper now lying before us, has the following timely remark in a leading article on the disaster which has befallen our troops in South Africa:—"Our treatment of the Kafirs has been in many respects very discreditable, and in nothing so much as in the connivance of the Colonial Government at the attempts to corrupt and demoralize them by alcoholic poison." Such is the liquor traffic—an unmitigated curse wherever it is allowed to exist. And yet our British people hug the destroyer to their bosom.—*Alliance News.*

TOBACCO AT THE CAPITOL.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer in her weekly letter from Washington to the *New York Independent* says: "Gazing upon the average American who crowds the corridors of the Capitol on the last day of the session, it is impossible to believe him the fraction of a civilized nation. Year after year the fact is patent that during the last week of the session the entire Capitol is given up to dirt and demoralization. Nothing in their way could be more exquisite than the staircases of tinted marble leading to the galleries of both Senate and House. Yet had they been tottering stairways, leading to dens of dissipation, instead of to the highest legislative chambers of the nation, they could not be more defiled than they are to-day. From base to summit they reek with tobacco. It drips from their edges and is piled in "quids"

in their corners, while the spittoons that line the way would disgrace a pot-house. This not perpetually thus. The corridors, always thronged, are mobbed but on "special occasions." Repeated yearly, the close of every session rivals an "Inauguration" in the multitudines that it brings together in this Penitential of the Nation's life. If they were but a little cleaner, one possibly might grow poetic, if not patriotic, at the sight. But with tobacco reeking under your feet; tobacco spurting diagonally on your pretty clothes; tobacco making the air blue with smoke and foul with smell, over acres of marble that should be stainless as your conscience, altogether it is quite sufficient to make you doubt the civilization of the people who claim to be the "mightiest" on the earth. To see the sight the Capitol presents to-day, one can only wonder that the fierce war that in periodic spasms attempts to blot out "intemperance" does not include tobacco intemperance. Why forget the tobacco inebriate? His nicotine beard and brain, his palsied nerves, his poisoned blood cry out for your pity, while his presence makes itself sure of your disgust. If liquor slays its tens of thousands, tobacco blurs, blunts, and destroys scarcely less of the most sensitive and finely-organized creatures of the human race. To behold this vice blossoming in mighty, yet loathsome aggregate, come to the Capitol of the United States the day Congress closes.

THOUGHTFUL physicians have frequently given testimony against beer-drinking, as tending to produce and aggravate serious disease, especially of the kidneys. Another striking illustration of the effects of beer-drinking is furnished by Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany. It will be remembered that in the columns of the *New York Tribune* and otherwise he has taken occasion to advocate beer-drinking, and that he has been conspicuous himself as a beer-drinker at German beer-festivals and on other occasions. Since taking up his official residence in Germany his health has become impaired, and it is announced that he has lately undergone a critical surgical operation for dropsy, "and it is found that his kidneys and liver are seriously affected." Though naturally strong, and with exceptional powers of endurance, even he has been unable to withstand the inevitably injurious effects of the beverage which he has so warmly commended and so freely used. To those who may have been influenced by his precept and example hitherto his case should prove a timely admonition to desist from beer-drinking, and thus to avoid its deleterious and dangerous consequences.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

IT is a common opinion that the habit of intemperance when once formed generates a sort of physical necessity for stimulants, so that even after sobriety has been attained a relapse is to be expected. The observation of the persons in charge of two Homes for intemperate men, one in Philadelphia, the other in this city, has led them to the conviction that this is not the case. The appetite is not absolutely uncontrollable. When men once recovered fall back into the degrading vice, it is a voluntary concession to old thought or taste or companionship. The plea of necessity is merely an attempt of self-justification. The disease is not in any bodily organ or function, but in the will. The honest, humble endeavor to resist temptation in the strength promised and given from above, is sure to be successful.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

AN Ohio man, who had been seen two successive days pacing up and down in front of his saloon, as if in deep thought, was asked by a friend if the crusaders had been after him. His reply was, "No; but I have received a postal, signed by three ladies. The husband of the first is one of my customers, and is rapidly becoming a drunkard. A son of the second, one of my customers, is just starting in the drunkard's course. The husband of the third was one of my customers, and died a drunkard. It cuts close, and I can't stand it."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HAS a Christian pastor the moral right so to steep his person and his clothes in the rank odors of tobacco that his presence in the sick-room or in the homes of his parishioners is offensive and unwholesome? Unfortunately this is not a question of casuistry. There are many pastors whose garments are so saturated with the fumes of the cigar or, what is worse, the pipe, as to make their presence disagreeable. Do not the teachings of the Bible, to say nothing of the dictates of propriety, require that those that minister at the altar be clean and pure?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The *London Telegraph* says: "It is not poverty, it is beer, that has robbed the children of knowledge, of liberty, morality, health, and long life. It is not poverty that fills our hospitals and jails; it is gin. By the time that a child can use its hands, and earn eighteen-pence a week, it is offered up on the altar of the great god Gin."