

Temperance Column.

C. E. T. S.

The *Orillia Packet* gives the following interesting account of a meeting held at Orillia, on the evening of the 22nd ult:

The C. E. T. S. meeting on Monday evening was very good. Notwithstanding a stormy evening, there was a fair attendance. The chair was occupied by the Rev. W. J. Armitage. Several members of the Band of Hope contributed songs, recitations, &c. Mr. Stapleton Caldecott, from Toronto, spoke for an hour, and held the undivided attention of all present. He described a C. E. T. S. meeting in Exeter Hall, London, with seven thousand people in the body of the hall, two thousand children uniformly dressed, and accompanied by bands of music, on the platform, while beside them were two Bishops and one hundred and fifty of the clergy. The Bishop of London was received with round after round of cheering—that hearty British cheer of which we are so often told, but even in Canada so seldom hear. The Bishops of London and Bedford had taken a noble stand against that great enemy of our race, which the late Duke of Albany truly said was "Drink, the only terrible enemy that England has to fear." Mr. Caldecott then described some of the misery and brutality caused by drink, which he had witnessed in London and Chicago. He did not believe Macaulay's *New Zealander*, or any other man, would ever look upon the ruins of Old London, (applause) unless the drinks should bring about that ruin.

At Exeter Hall he not only heard the Bishops and clergy raise their warning voice and by precept and example teach temperance, but an artizan came forward, a living example of the good the Church of England Temperance Society was effecting. Thirty years ago, that artizan was a "hopeless drunkard," and last summer he was addressing seven thousand of his countrymen in the cause of temperance. That artizan was a member of a crowded church in East London, a poverty-stricken district; but they had a flourishing Band of Hope, and a savings' bank in which the deposits in seven years had grown to seven thousand pounds sterling—a large sum which would but for that society have gone into the publicans' coffers. The socialistic questions would never trouble a sober people, nor threaten the overthrow of a sober nation. The United States, too, were face to face with some ugly questions of that character, which were not surprising when it was considered that the Republic spent \$900,000,000 a year for drink, and contributed only \$3,000,000 to Missions.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Mr. F. Evans, and seconded by Dr. Elliot.

Eleven pledges were taken, and the collection amounted to \$5.

One good feature of these meetings is the intermission for social converse.

A TERRIBLE CONFSSION.

A PHYSICIAN PRESENTS SOME START-FACTS.

Can it be that the Danger indicated is Universal.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the *Rochester, (N. Y.) Democrat*:

SIR,—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand!

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation, another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way

several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death! Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly! My water was filled with tube-casts and allumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practising physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfilment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's safe cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I, therefore, state deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe *more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys*. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other

common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and the other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease.

As one who has suffered and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all the personal and personal consequences.

J. B. HENTON, M.D.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 30,

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