



## Temperance Department.

### POTATOES.

In seeking an illustration of the working of the liquor traffic we can find no existing analogous case with which to compare it. We must therefore take an imaginary one. Let us then for the nonce picture to ourselves a country in which potatoes are taking the place of strong drink in the island of Great Britain.

Let us visit that country, keeping our eyes and ears open to learn all we can.

In passing along the street we hear the question asked at an open door, "How is your husband this morning?" and we are startled by the reply which the wife gives: "We've had a terrible night with him. I had to call in the neighbors to hold him, or he would have jumped out of the window. Oh, these potatoes, these potatoes, they're killing him! When he keeps from potatoes he's all right, but there are so many shops open he can't pass 'em by, and when he takes one potato he will have more, and they get to his brain and make him into a madman."

Further on we hear the noise of crying children. "What is the matter?" we ask on passing the house. "O, they're Mary Tomkins's children. A kind lady saw them in the street yesterday all in rags and asked them where they lived, and their mother told her a fine tale of poverty and destitution. So this morning the lady sent them some clothes, and the servant saw them put on. The children were wonderfully pleased, and Mary was all smiles and thanks. But as soon as the servant was well out of sight what did Mary do but strip them off the children, and put on their rags again; and now she's off with them to pledge for money to take to the potato shop. 'Is this the way with the mothers of this country?' we indignantly ask. 'O no,' our informant replies, 'it's only when they take to potatoes. Mary Tomkins was as good and kind a mother as ever lived until she got into the habit of going to the potato shop.'

We see men here and there staggering in the street, and we ask, "Are these men ill?" "No, they have been eating potatoes."

We go out after nightfall. We hear loud shrieks, and we hasten in the direction whence they proceed. We see a group of people in the light proceeding from an open door. We press forward, and behold a woman laid upon the floor. We hear her heavy and painful breathing until it ceases, and ceases finally. We observe a man leaning against the wall, the only person present who does not comprehend the meaning of the scene. He came from the potato shop not many minutes ago in a state of frenzy, which is now followed by stupefaction. He commenced beating his wife, as he was wont to do in his madness; but this time he felled her to the ground and then inflicted a violent kick in the stomach, which has resulted in death, and now the police have come to take him to prison.

We go next morning to the Town Hall, where he is to appear before the magistrates. But we have long to wait until his case takes its turn. One after another the bleary-eyed victims of potatoes stand in the dock. Some had been drunk and incapable, some drunk and disorderly, some were charged with crimes more or less serious, but all, with few exceptions, were brought to their disgraceful position through eating potatoes!

We visit the public cemetery, and on passing one of the memorial stones, we hear a bystander remark to his companions, "Poor fellow, I knew him intimately; he might have been alive and well now, but for the potatoes." We look at the lettering and read, "aged 23."

We begin to conclude that we have lighted upon a very unfortunate town. So we take our departure and make our observations in another part of the country. But here again we encounter scenes of the same character. And go where we will, we find a most fearful amount of crime, pauperism, lunacy, disease, and premature death chargeable upon potatoes!

"And what," we ask, "is your legislature doing to put an end to this terrible state of things?" And we find, to our amazement, that the sale of these destructive and injurious articles is carried on under Government sanction. It is not, indeed, every one who is permitted to sell them, but they are sold by license obtained from the Government, and there are no fewer than 150 thousands of those holders of licenses in the country. At every principal street corner in the towns the flaming potato palaces are so many centres for the spread of misery and ruin, and in the villages the sign post, swinging and creaking in the breeze,

bears prominently on its front the notice to all passers-by, "Licensed to sell potatoes." The very magistrates who inflict sentences upon the unfortunate members of humanity whom potatoes have bereft of all self-restraint and self-respect—they are the persons who inflict the sale of the potatoes upon the community, and the money paid for the licenses deafens the ears of the statesmen to the cries of parents more afflicted than those bereft of children, of wives more disconsolate than widows, and of children in a more pitiable condition than the fatherless.

There is in very deed a potato blight—not a blight suffered by the potato plant—but a blight inflicted thereby.

If we knew of a country where all this was done, and if we were made acquainted with the facts for the first time, would not our indignant exclamation be, surely the inhabitants of that country are mad to suffer the continuance of such a state of things from day to day, from year to year, and from age to age?—*Alliance News.*

### ENGLAND'S PLEVNA.

Canon Wilberforce, in a speech before the Church of England Temperance Society, says:—

I remember a leading medical man once telling me: "When I began in my profession I did not dare be a teetotaler. I was a poor man, and I very soon ascertained this, that if I found out that my patient was taking a little too much he made a discovery at the same time that I did not understand his case." But now that medical man is at the top of his profession—he is a teetotaler, and a leading platform supporter also. And then we must also congratulate each other on the spread of temperance literature in education. My lord, there was a time—I remember my schoolboy days at Eton—when it was said in the words of the old song—

"They sent me to the drawing school  
To learn to draw in chalk.  
But all the drawing I could learn  
Was how to draw a cork."

Thank God! all that is changed now. We have temperance literature saturating all the great schools of the land. We have the School Board of London being the first to adopt that admirable work of Dr. Richardson. If you want to leaven a nation, it's of no use going to work with the old dried up men like me; you must go to the boys and girls, and teach them the principles you want to see spreading throughout the land. But bear with me whilst I give you a little bit of a lecture. Whilst we congratulate ourselves upon our progress, let me say this to you;—Don't relax your energies, and don't forget your enemies. Now I want to tell you of four of the very worst of your enemies. "Plevna may have fallen," the Emperor of Russia said, "but the war is not over yet." The very worst enemy that we have got in the whole movement is the powerful liquor traffic which is ruling the country. Now, do not let there be any shrinking back from that. Let us clearly understand that if we are going to break down slavery shrines we must lose the friendship of Demetrius. I say that it is a scandal before high heaven that a nation like England, powerful, enlightened, civilized, should be ruled under the thumb of one single trade like the liquor traffic. The liquor traffic can send you to war. The liquor traffic can tax your pocket. The liquor traffic can do what it will with this nation; and I say that if we shut our eyes to that one fact we are shutting our eyes to the very greatest enemy that we have in the whole of this cause. Tell me whether there ever was a more flagrant case than, when it was necessary to raise a certain grant for Parliament, that the incomes of the hard-working clergy and clerks and others should be taxed, and the abominable, accursed drink allowed to go free? Why didn't they tax it? Because the brewers in Parliament would not let them—that is all. I say that if alcohol bore its fair share of the taxation of this country the income-tax might be abolished to-morrow. Did you note the election at Tamworth? The political papers made a great deal of it, but the late member hit the right nail on the head. He said:—"If you will put a jackass up for Tamworth and label it 'Bass' or 'Allsopp' it will be bound to come in." Now, I know it needs some courage to fight the battle against the trade. I know you will be told, "See the vast good they do. Look across the channel, and see the walls of that noble pile growing up to the sky, and see it the gift of a single individual." My lord, when I read that story in the *Times*, I thought me of that celebrated character upon the penny steamboat who picked the pocket of an old lady of everything she had, and then, when he had got it safe in his own pocket, went about and made a collection amongst the passengers to make it up to her. I don't believe in robbing a nation with one hand and giving it back with the other. I don't believe in spreading sin and misery, and desolation; and hell-fire amongst the people, and then paying God for it in that way.

### OUR LITTLE TO-DY.

She is a wee thing, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, with tiny hands and feet, only three years old.

Her parents came from the old country, and named their baby girl after the good queen of England, Victoria.

When our little girl was but little over a year old, she began to talk.

People asked her name, and she always answered, "To-dy!"

To-dy's father is a laborer, and like many another working-man, he used to smoke his pipe.

A year ago last New Year's eve, To-dy's father sat down after supper, lifted his little girl up into his lap, and took down his pipe from the mantel.

Down slipped the child from her father's lap, and away she ran into the pantry.

"To-dy!" called her father.

"What, sir?" sounded the piping little voice from the pantry in reply.

"Come here!"

"I don't want to."

"Why not, child?"

"I don't like your nassy pipe, papa."

The father is a godly man, and felt keenly the child's reproof.

"Well," said he, "come back, and I won't smoke any more."

Quick as the word, the little feet came pattering back. Up she clambered again upon her father's knee, kissed him, and in her most winning tones said,—

"Papa, I'll curl your hair if you won't smoke any more."

And from that day the father has never touched tobacco; for much as he loved his pipe, he loves his dear little child better.—*Zion's Herald.*

### TRY EXAMPLE.

Dr. Reid, of Glasgow, says: Permit me to give a single instance, showing what an advantage abstinence gives to a minister in dealing with intemperance. The Rev. John Griffith, M.A., Rector of Neath, tells us that a Quaker friend did much to enlighten and to instruct him. Meeting with this young philanthropist shortly after entering on his present charge, he was congratulated by him on his zeal in attacking the sin of drunkenness, which so generally prevailed in the parish and then asked,

"Wilt thou tell me how many converts thou hast had for drunkenness?"

"I fear none," was the reply.

"Well," said he, "thou hast tried what preaching will do, and thou hast tried what lecturing will do; suppose thou dost try what example will do!"

The appeal was irresistible. It may now be asked what have been the result of his professing teetotalism. Eight hundred persons in the course of eighteen months signed the pledge; seven hundred young people became members of the "Band of Hope." The whole moral aspect of the town became changed; sobriety was soon in the ascendancy, as frequenting public-houses ceased to be considered respectable. The stumbling block having been removed, the work of philanthropy and religion progressed. "I might fill columns," says Mr. Griffith, "with the mention of the fruits of those labours. I shall only mark out one for especial notice—viz., the increased influence the profession of total abstinence conferred on me, not as an individual citizen, but as a minister of the gospel. By avowing myself on the side of total abstinence, my influence increased tenfold."

ALCOHOL A POISON.—From the teachings of science and experience the great truth has now gone forth to the ends of the earth that wherever there is alcohol there is poison, poisoning in exact proportion to the quantity consumed and the physical capacity of the consumer to resist the poisonous influence. "Granted," say you, "but what a useful medicine alcohol is." Well, and if it be so, keep it in the medicine chest, in the same guarded compartment with prussic acid, opium, and other poisonous remedies. But the medicinal value of alcoholic beverages has been enormously exaggerated. I occasionally administer alcohol in minute doses, as I do aconite and chloroform, but I am free to confess that were we, by some freak of fortune, to be suddenly deprived of all fermented liquors to-morrow, not one human being would die from the bereavement, but many sick and afflicted would speedily recover. A celebrated London physician, a non-abstainer, told me, not many days ago, that when assistant at a great hospital he remarked that all the patients attacked by erysipelas died, an invariable tendency to death he could account for in no other way than as induced by the administration of alcohol; that from the day he was appointed physician no sufferer from erysipelas in his wards received a drop of alcohol, save one man, whose case was the only one which terminated fatally. I have always been struck with the fact that, though the poor have not the nursing, the comforts, and the

sanitary benefits of the rich, they recover from disease in a much greater ratio. Why is this? The only solution is that the latter are usually freely plied with stimulants, very often against the express injunctions of the medical adviser, while the former, as a rule, are not.—*Norman Kerr, M.D., London.*

THE CHINESE A TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.—The antagonism to the Chinese has risen from the fact that they compete successfully in the labor market with men of other nationalities. There are various reasons why they have this advantage, and it is well to have a clear understanding on this point. One of the chief reasons, and one that is patent to everybody, is, that while white laborers are addicted to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, the Chinese are not. It is a remarkable fact that a drunken Chinaman is a rare sight. During a long residence in one of the principal cities of the Empire, I have not seen, on an average, more than one a year. The white man spends his wages for liquor, unfits himself for work, and leaves his family in distress. This is the bane of our country and of our race. The multitudes of grogshops, supported almost entirely by workmen, and the millions of dollars worse than wasted every year, testify to the prevalence of the evil, and explain to a great extent why our own people have to give way to the sober, docile, patient Asiatic. The advantage here is overwhelmingly in favor of the latter, and it is greatly to his credit that it is so. If the Chinese were patrons of the corner groceries and innumerable rum-holes of the city, the hostility of a certain class would be very much moderated. When Congress undertakes to enact laws to exclude certain foreigners from our shores, it cannot discriminate in favor of the drunken and unreliable, as against the sober, industrious, and reliable.—*Dr. J. G. Kerr, in Illus. Christian Weekly.*

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The thirteenth annual meeting of this society was held in the Tabernacle, New York, May 7th, the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge presiding. Among the speakers were the Rev. Drs. T. L. Cuyler and J. P. Newman and Hon. Neal Dow. All the addresses were of a stirring character, and dealt with the evil of intemperance in a decided and uncompromising way. Mr. Dow's remarks were particularly emphatic. His allusions to the operation of the prohibitory law in Maine we quote as follows: "It is often said now that the law is a failure; that there is more liquor drunk in Maine than there ever was before. No single fact justifies that statement. Everywhere and always the law is a glorious success. Liquor is sold there, but murder is sometimes committed in New York, although the laws are stringent against it. The liquor is not yet all driven out, because the penalties are not severe enough. Now a rumrunner is only fined a thousand dollars and imprisoned one year for his offense. We will come to the halter finally if it shall be necessary. I assert without hesitation that no liquor is sold in villages, and only a little, and that among the foreign inhabitants, in the larger towns." Dr. Newman, in concluding his address, expressed the hope that he might live to see a World's Temperance Convention which should adopt at least three resolutions. "First, that it favors total abstinence; second, that it favors prohibition by law and that the citizens have a right to demand it; and, third, that the world will not rest until intemperance is totally destroyed."—*Christian Union.*

A CALIFORNIA clergyman writes to The Home Missionary in refutation of the statement that the temperance cause is strengthened by the production of light wines. He speaks from his own experience and says: "Even in this year of small production, there has been made hereabouts not far from 1,000,000 gallons of wine; and I fear that a visitor might add, 'there has been consumed an equal amount.' Whatever the connection, the fact is sadly patent that drunkenness is alarming by common. I cannot doubt that the occupation and the vice walk hand in hand. This conclusion has been forced upon me by careful observation during the summer; and bitterly do I deprecate the grasp which alcohol seems thus to have upon our people's throats. Its fatal effects are seen everywhere, and not least among those who listen unmoved to the gospel."

MORPHIOMANIA.—Morphiomania has become a great scourge in Berlin since the introduction of opium injections as a relief from bodily suffering and sleeplessness. Tradespeople, merchants, judges, barristers, soldiers, students, doctors and clergymen become the victims of the habit, and when the medical attendants are called in it is too late to counteract the evil. At first, these sub-cutaneous injections offer the quickest and easiest means to allay pain and bring rest to the sufferer. But to prove effectual in its cure, the treatment must be continued for a certain time; and during that period the patient becomes so accustomed to the skin injections that they become indispensable. Like drink, the appetite for them increases until chronic drunkenness ensues.