



## Temperance Department.

### THE WINNING GAME.

"You've no one but yourself to thank, James, for being left without a shilling of old Grimstone's money. You choose to play a losing game, so don't complain of those that played a winning one."

"I do not complain, Tom. I shall do, I trust, by God's blessing, very well without any money but what I earn. I only hope you will do as well with old Grimstone's legacy as I shall do without it."

"You needn't preach to me. If I were you, James, I'd leave off all such prating against a drop of drink, as if it were poison, and ruination, and what not; that preaching to uncle, you see, has done you out of a neat five hundred pounds, that would have made a master-man of you."

"I shall leave off 'prating,' as you call it, about sobriety, when I leave off practising it, and that, I pray, may be never; and as to being 'a master-man,' the man that's free from the bondage of drink is by that and the blessing of God master over himself. That's the true masterdom."

Tom Neville turned off with a jeer from James Simpson, saying "Well, you've lost and I've won."

These young men were cousins. An old uncle had died lately and left the legacy named to Tom Neville, and not a fraction to James, because the latter had joined the ranks of abstainers. In his earnest desire to benefit the old man, whose asthma was sadly irritated by beer and spirits, James had kindly and respectfully advised Mr. Grimstone to give up the heating, feverish alcohol, and try Nature's simple safe plan of life—i.e., plain food and bland wholesome drinks, which build up and preserve, instead of heating, drying, and wasting the frame; to say nothing of the moral evil strong drinks do in inflaming or stupefying the brain and rousing the passions. Tom took a different course; he not only supplied his uncle with drink, but drank with him. I do not say he positively meant to do the old man harm, but he fed the craving which hastened his death; and had James been stung by Tom's jeers and the injustice of the old man's will into speaking harshly, he might have truly called the legacy "blood money."

The conversation recorded passed between the cousins a few days after the funeral, and then they went their several ways—Tom to spend the evening with some companions who came to congratulate him on his "slice of luck," swarming to him like flies to carrion. James went home to his young wife, for whose sake he might have been glad to have a legacy; but she met him with her sweet open smile and a brave look in her bright eyes, that spoke of a happy future, and so there was not a murmur.

Yet I am not describing young people who were indifferent to money. They knew as all prudent married folks do, that money rightly employed is a great means of comfort and usefulness. It will not buy love nor health, but it afforded the means of proving the sincerity and generosity of love, and the opportunities of conserving health and strength; so Kate Simpson said in her calm voice, "Well, dear, we shall have to be more careful, that is all."

"Yes, Kate, though I don't see how you can be that."

"We might have launched out a little if we had had such a legacy as comes to Tom; but now I think, James, I must try and earn something with my needle, for you have to work so hard."

James playfully put his hand over her lips and said, "Have faith, my girl, in the prosy old adage, 'A penny saved is as good as a penny earned.'"

"I have faith in it,—I call it a wife's motto. And though, James, we never became abstainers only for the motive of saving, yet I always think what a waste it is of time and money, and health and peace, to drink the drunkard's drink."

"Ah, Kate! this costly and deadly drink! Poor uncle Grimstone's asthma might never have fixed on him and racked him as it did, certainly, humanly speaking, would not have killed him before he quite reached old age, if it had not been for his yielding to the use of that which, at the last, biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"I bless God, dear, that we have been brought to know, by practice as well as precept, that we can be healthy and happy without it, and I think the longer we try it the better we like it."

"Now for a spell of work," said James.

Simpson was a cabinetmaker, living at Islington, London, and he was busy in evening hours making a very choice pair of tables inlaid with different colored woods, to send to a local Industrial Exhibition. As he worked his wife read aloud to him. When she grew tired of that she took her needlework, and they talked of what had been read, or those many pleasant themes that youthful love and hope and piety supply.

How soon the evening sped away! They sat a little later than usual, for James wanted to finish his tables all but the polishing; in a few nights after, that too was done, and without dwelling on all the hopes, fears, and delays which fall to the lot of deserving men as well as others, James was successful. He not only got a prize for his work, but sold his tables well. Better still, he had so many orders that he was quickly justified in giving up working as a journeyman and beginning in a small but sure way for himself. His elegant inlaid tables were not only scraps saved of different sorts of wood, but rightly considered they were scraps of saved time. While scores of his fellow-workmen were wasting their evenings at the public-house, or debasing pleasures that drink fosters, James was gathering up the fragments, and making his life happy and prosperous. Money is the least loss that a man suffers in a public-house; time, talent, reputation, who shall compute the extent of the loss of these?

Two years passed. James had not seen Tom; once he had from him a boasting letter saying he "was making a shortcut to fortune, and should win the game in that, as he had done in the legacy." But he gave no explanation and no address, so with a sigh, and not without a prayer for him, for they had been playfellows in their childhood, James feared they had parted forever.

One winter night, just as the Simpsons were gone to rest, there came a loud knocking at their door, and to James' surprise he found, on opening it, a police inspector—a man whom he knew and who lived in the same street. He put a torn scrap of paper into James' hand saying, "Do you know any one of that name? I found that in the pocket of a man who was brought into the station to-night mad drunk, and he keeps calling out for James Simpson, so being a neighbor I thought when I came off duty, I'd come and enquire of you."

While he spoke James was hastily examining the torn bit of paper, and then he saw that it was the remains of an envelope bearing the name of "Thomas Neville."

The shock was great. He had thought of Tom as a reckless, extravagant, boasting fellow, yet somehow disgrace and shame was not in his mind. Could it be the playmate of his childhood, the son of his pious Aunt Neville, at whose knee he himself had learned his earliest words of prayer and praise? Stung with the keenest apprehension, in a few minutes he made his way to the station, and found, prostrate in a cell, his arms strapped by his sides to prevent his doing himself mischief, a foaming, bleeding, yelling mass of humanity, his glazing eyes half staring out of his head, and his mouth an open sepulchre of foul areath and fouler words,—his clothes all dabbled with mud and mire and blood. Shocked at the spectacle, James knowing that very recently there had been cases of men dying in police cells, insisted that a surgeon must see his wretched cousin, and he ran off and fetched the aid required. A precaution very needful. The miserable drunkard kept on at intervals shouting, "James, James Simpson, I'm being burnt alive; come, Oh! come, I say—My head's a furnace—the flame scorches my eyes—pour water on it, water! You used to talk of water, why don't you bring it, James, I say—"

These cries, in all the variations of a shout that died away into a wail only to be renewed again, lasted for hours until he was taken to the district infirmary. For thirty-six hours James never left him; at the end of that time the raving ceased, and the miserable sufferer was exhausted. Much as James had read and seen, for, alas! intemperance is found everywhere, he had no idea of such horrible torments as the emaciated creature endured. He came to the conclusion that no inventions of cruelty could inflict greater pangs than strong drink does on its victims. His worst fears were confirmed by the doctor on his rounds saying, "He's sinking fast."

"Is there no hope? He is only twenty-seven, and naturally very strong."

"None, he hasn't a single vital organ that drink has not destroyed. It's a common case—the wonder is he has lasted so long."

"A Common Case." Yes, every hospital, every medical man can supply and cite such cases. Youth blighted, talents perverted, opportunities lost, ruin and death wrought by the victim's own hand. SELF-MURDER of the worst kind! We can but faintly trace the destruction in the world to come? Every gift of a merciful God perverted. The blood-bought ransom of a loving Saviour neglected and despised. A life of feverish wretchedness,

a death of maddening agony, an eternity of "the blackness of darkness forever,"—and all for what? For the excitement of the drunkard's drink.

Left alone at the bedside, James knelt and prayed in silence. In his sober home, by the side of his sweet wife, he had learned the worth of prayer. His attitude brought his ear close to the dying man, and he waited in the hope of some recognition, and not entirely in vain. After lying a long time panting and fighting for breath, Tom turned his glazing eyes, and slowly the look of recognition came into them. He made a great effort to speak, and struggled a moment to get up. James gently laid him back on the pillow, wiped the damp from his forehead and the froth from his lips, and heard the gasping words. "That—legacy—was—my—ruin. I spent it—in—killing—myself!"

"My poor lad, do try to pray. Jesus heard the prayer, 'Lord, remember me.'"

There was an eager gleam started into the eyes, then a gurgle in the throat, and all was still.

Ah! this is but a common tale. Is it not the most dreadful comment that it is "common?" Oh that the true spirit of Christian self-denial could be universally aroused in our land, that all could be impressed with the fact—proved in thousands of instances—that total abstinence from the drunkard's drink has "the blessing of the life that now is," and leads as well to "that of the life to come." It was a strange boast Tom's "winning game," yet multitudes still think they are "winning" when fortune seems to smile, forgetting that the gifts of fortune are only valuable if we know how to use them.

### ALCOHOL IN THE KITCHEN.

BY JAMES H. KELLOGG.

I am not sure but every crusade against strong drinks in the house should begin in the kitchen and end in the drawing-room. At any rate, when you consider the subject culinarily, you reach, by consent, a vital point in your treatment of the whole question. What men eat has a great deal to do with what they drink. More than this, their eating may be such as to directly create and cultivate the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. It is plain that if the fumes and taste of alcohol are regularly or even frequently, recognized in the food of the people, the desire to take it "straight," as the toppers have it, will be perfectly natural and unavoidable. Plain, simple, nutritious cookery will never create or foster an appetite for strong drink. Mixing puddings and pastry, and the variety of dishes which might be recounted, with alcoholic fluids certainly will.

Look at the vast array of fruit-cakes, pies, puddings, jellies, sauces, preserves, in their well-nigh interminable variety, and witness the insidious working of the alcoholic fiend under the guise of necessary nutriment! Why cannot the luscious fruits of the summer and the autumn time be preserved with their natural flavor and pleasantness, and the "devil's juice" of brandy left out of the process? Why must the most harmless and healthful of articles be contaminated with the poison of alcohol before they are placed upon our tables? Why must sweet cream, and snowy sugar, and choice fruits, and the variety of things, good and healthful in themselves, used in puddings and pastries and deserts, in jellies and confections, be "doctored" with alcohol? These are serious questions for the thoughtful Christian women to-day. If they are to be the leaders and saviours of the land in the war against intemperance, let them be careful that no blood of the inebriate be found at the doorways of their kitchens. Let them purge the culinary art of all that is bad and vicious, notably of every alcoholic preparation whatever.

In a collection of recipes before me, published under the auspices of a religious society of ladies, I find in the list of puddings and sauces such directions as these: "Wine to the taste," "eat with wine-sauce," "add a cup of wine," of "Eve's pudding," it is said that "Adam wouldn't eat it without wine;" "pour two table-spoonfuls of brandy over it;" "two table-spoonfuls of brandy," and all on a single page. In a cake list which I have inspected, also prepared by the hands of religious women, we have items like "brandy," "half tea-cup of brandy," "half a glass of brandy," &c.; of miscellaneous items, we have "hot wine-sauce," "brandy," "one pint of wine," &c. These samples are quite sufficient to show the range which the use of liquor takes in the cookery of many households; and this would be extremely mild, doubtless, in comparison with numerous cases in the ultra-fashionable ranks of society.

A physician, prominently connected with one of the life insurance companies of this State, made to me the following statement of facts: "Of 623 moderate and immoderate drinkers with whom I have conversed, 337 tell me they acquire the desire for wine and other alcoholic poisons by their use in

articles of diet and in the family and social circle, dealt out to them by their wives and sisters and female friends. Of this number, 161 cases (more than twenty-five per cent.) were from the use of liquors in articles of diet. Of the whole number referred to, 382 fill a drunkard's grave, 17 died from *mania a potu*, and 5 died by suicide."

A war, then, in the kitchen upon every brandy-flask, and demijohn, and decanter, and wine-bottle, upon every sight and smell of the hateful poison! A grand campaign, with mop, and broom-stick, and shovel, and poker, against old King Alcohol! Clear away the cider-cask from the cellar below, and baste the sides of the portly rum-jug till all the spirit is out of it! Hard at them all, mistress and maid, in a hand-to-hand fight, a home "crusade," until your queenly dominions are forever rid of the lusty giant! And sign a treaty, a solemn compact, a kitchen pledge to be true to the real friend of the housewife, the patron of helpers, and the crowning blessing of the well-ordered house—sweet, cleansing, healthful, and life-giving water.—*Temperance Union.*

INTEMPERANCE IN INDIA.—Mr. Burnell, of the Madura mission, states:—"Intemperance is a great and growing evil. Last evening the late renter of arrack and toddy at Mclur told me that the rent paid to government last year was about 12,000 rupees. This year it brought at auction double that sum. On the 3rd instant, I wrote thus: 'While I am sitting under a tamarind tree by the roadside, waiting for my breakfast, not less than a dozen men have passed by, each with a large earthen vessel to get toddy, or the sap of the socoa tree. When I remonstrate with them upon their iniquitous business, they blame the government. So does also my chief-caste cartman. While the English have done, and are doing, much for India, they have encouraged drinking habits and are fostering the curse of intemperance through the 'abkarry revenue,' or renting of arrack and toddy,—selling the rents to the highest bidders, and so making it the renter's interest to increase the number of habitual drinkers and drunkards. . . . It is a sad fact that the ungodly lives, and especially the drinking habits of many nominal Christians from Europe, are a great hindrance to the spread of Christianity among the Hindoos. But, notwithstanding all evils and obstructions, the work of God is going forward.'"—*Missionary Herald.*

BRANDY OR DEATH.—Mrs. Hind Smith is responsible for the following. A lady in London was told that if she was not administered alcoholic stimulants she would die. The doctor said to the husband, "Your wife is sinking very fast." The husband replied "I can see it." The doctor added, "I have tried my best and there is nothing more I can do. I know you are both abstainers, but now it is essential to administer alcohol. I can stake my medical reputation upon that prescription. If you don't give in, and let her have a little brandy, she will not be living to-morrow." The husband wished to tell his wife, but he could not bring out the words. At length he said, "The doctor says you will die if you don't take a little brandy." "Well," said she, "I will die." That is twenty years ago, and she is now bright and as well as anybody here. The lesson I would teach from this is, that you should commit your bodily as well as your soul's salvation into the hands of God, and not trust to brandy.

MOODY ON DISTILLERS.—The London *Alliance News*, describing one of Moody and Sankey's meetings in Scotland, says: "A few nights previous, when discoursing on Zacheus, he (Mr. Moody) produced a great sensation by coming out boldly against distillers. Be it kept in mind that he was in the pulpit of the distillers' kirk, and that a distiller was acting in the place of Mr. Sankey as leader of the singing. In the midst of an animated address Mr. Moody made a pause, and asked the question, 'Is there any rich distiller who has made his money by the ruin of the bodies and the souls of men? I say to him, If you expect or desire the favor of God, make restitution, and restore to the parties. Don't think to make peace by giving a thousand pounds to build a church. Go to the widows you have made, and to them restore as far as in your power.'"—*Ec.*

—Not once or twice alone in the world's history has God seemed to make his very best and gravest servants drink to the very dregs the cup of apparent failure—called them suddenly away by the sharp stroke of martyrdom, or down the long declivities of a lingering disease, before even a distant view of their work has been vouchsafed to them; flung them, as it were, aside like broken instruments, useless for their destined purpose, ere he crowned with an immortality of success and blessings the lives which fools regard as madness, and the end that has been without human honor. It is but a part of that merciful fire in which he is purging away the dross from the seven times refined gold of a spirit which shall be worthy of eternal bliss.—*Farrar.*