

# Temperance

## What We Have to Do.

(The Rev. John F. Hill, D.D., in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

The following extract from a sermon delivered before the students of Yale University by Dr. Lyman Abbott is heartily commended to the candid consideration of the readers of this column:

'What we have to do is to crush out vice completely. Simply to put it out of sight, to put a criminal in jail and then forget all about him is not the way to get rid of vice. We must not take the vice of a city, put it off in a ward by itself, and command it to remain there. It will not do so. The rest of the city will become tainted. You cannot put sin in one corner of the world and call that hell. You cannot have typhoid in these hills and not have it in the city.'

'There is no reform except as that reform makes it easy to abolish and destroy vice. At first everybody sold liquor and would make a man drunk for a penny and dead drunk for a sixpence. Then people thought that there should be some restraint put upon the sale and they began to seek out good and virtuous men to sell liquor. They followed this with the high license. But such a system only gets rid of a part of the evil. The only way to rid the land of the evil is to wipe it out.'

The young man to-day starts out with enthusiasm and is laughed at. He is told that drunkenness, licentiousness and lawlessness have come to stay. I say they lie. It is courage and virtue that have come to stay. No compromise must be made with wrong. What are we here for? First to get control of the world. That is civilization. Second, to overcome moral evil. That is Christianity. But the fight is a long one. My father used to say that if all the luke-warm Christians could be taken out of the churches and each one of them turned into 10 blatant infidels the Church could appoint a day of rejoicing. I agree with him.

'We have as good government in our cities as we deserve. If gambling is carried on there, if vice walks the streets and flourishes under police protection, it is so because the honest, reputable citizens do not care enough about honesty and rectitude in municipal affairs to get out and abolish the evil.'

## Teetotal Nurses and Doctors.

Sir Thomas Barlow, the King's physician, says:—'No half measures would do. . . . drugs, moreover, are useless. In some cases nurses, and even doctors, ask, "Why do you not give these people a little alcohol, just to stimulate them when they have this dreadful weakness, heart failure, and pain?" And it is just this damnable thing that you have to stop. If you have any cases of alcoholic disease among your friends, I beseech you to get doctors and nurses who are teetotalers. Don't let them fall into the hands of a doctor who orders stimulants for them.'

## Tea v. Alcohol.

At a Glasgow Parish Council meeting recently, a Mr. Stewart, one of the members of the Council, was reported to have said, during the course of a discussion on the supplying of alcoholic drink to patients in the parish hospital:—'They had it on the authority of one of the greatest mental specialists in the kingdom, Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, that inordinate tea-drinking was much more dangerous and insidious than alcoholic excess.' Mr. Stewart added—'The majority of nervous diseases, the same authority held, arose from the taking of such non-alcoholic stimulants.'

A correspondent who sent on the words to Dr. Clouston has got his reply, in which he says—'I certainly never talked or wrote such unscientific rubbish and pernicious nonsense as Mr. Stewart says I did.' Continuing, he says—'Tea is scientifically proved to

be the safest of all the nerve stimulants. Taken in reasonably moderate quantity, there is no proof whatever that it does any real harm in an ordinary constitution. Taken in immoderate quantity it certainly does harm, but its ill effects cannot be compared with those of alcohol for a moment. The whole medical profession will back me out in these opinions, and experience leaves no doubt whatever.'—Selected.

## Come All Ye Young Teetotalers.

Come, all ye young teetotalers—  
Come with us while we go  
To fight with old King Alcohol,  
A brave and mortal foe.

Then rouse, my lads, then rouse ye up;  
Come forward, every one;  
We'll banish far the poison cup,  
Nor stop till vict'ry's won.

A hard old enemy is he,  
And brave and bold in fight;  
But labor hard—we'll soon be free,  
For God defends the right.

But though he may be brave and bold,  
We'll show what we can do;  
We're not the temperance men of old—  
We go for something new.

'We touch not, taste not, handle not,'  
What can intoxicate;  
We'll live and die without a blot,  
And shun the drunkard's fate.

Grog men may laugh, and joke, and sneer,  
They laugh and tremble, too;  
For when the boys take hold, they fear  
There's something then to do.

And now, my boys, since we've begun,  
The cause must never fail;  
Let each man bring some other one,  
And soon we'll have them all.  
—Old Melodies.

## Is Moderation in Drink a Virtue?

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Blair; how much better you look since I last saw you,' was Mrs. Dunlap's remark as she met Mrs. Blair.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Since our little Willie, who belongs to the Band of Hope, persuaded his father and mother to sign the pledge, we have all been very well; never enjoyed better health.'

'Do you really approve of total abstinence, Mrs. Blair? I don't. I think it quite necessary to take a glass of the good creature our Heavenly Father has provided for us—every night, at least. I couldn't sleep without it, I'm sure.'

'Do you mean cold water, Mrs. Dunlap? because I do not know of any other good creature in the way of drink provided by Him.'

'Oh, no! I don't mean cold water. I've never taken more than a few drops at a time in my life, unmixed with wine or spirit, and they gave spasms and a choking sensation in my throat.'

'That's strange! I've never heard of drops of cold water giving people such complaints. They must be made of different stuff to our Father Adam, who hadn't anything else to drink.'

'Well, I have no sympathy for those who drink to excess. "Moderation" in strong drink I believe to be a virtue.'

Mrs. B.—'Moderation in the use of poison a virtue? Let me tell you a story from my own experience, then you will see whether moderation is a virtue. My mother and father were moderate. I never saw them the worse for liquor. There were four of us; we were allowed a small portion of beer at dinner, no more. David, my eldest brother, went to sea, a midshipman. After two years he came home a drunkard, robbed my father's desk and rifled my mother's pockets for money to supply his immoderate desire for strong drink.'

'Shocking! but of course he hadn't proper control of himself.'

'No, while he "touched" the liquor it controlled "him." William, the second son, went to Australia, and after a few years of immoderate drinking, died suddenly one Christmas morning on the floor of the bedroom he

occupied. My sister was wooed and won by a moderate Christian. One Sunday night after singing at church, as he always did—he had a lovely voice—he went to supper with a moderate member of the church. He went home late at night, for the first time frenzied with drink—and gave my sister her death blow—'

'Then he must have been a great brute!'

'A great brute! no, brutes never get drunk, they satisfy their thirst with cold water, and there's an end of it. A tiger will not turn his wife and cubs out of house and home because the cold water has got into his head. No, all the brute creation are water drinkers. When thirst is appeased they will not be tempted to take more.'

'Well! I certainly never heard of that before, and I am afraid that I have been advocating the drink I very much like, and—and—well I remember that my bill last year "doubled" the one of the year before,—but what became of your sister's husband—was he hung?'

'No, my sister died by slow degrees of a broken heart, and he a maniac in an asylum.'

'All this is very perplexing; it really frightens me. Do you think that I am in danger? I wonder what my next bill will be?'

'The probability is, that if it was doubled last year it may be quadrupled this, as there is no standing still in the moderate ranks. One hundred thousand drunkards die every year, and they were all moderate once. It is very sad, but quite true. I should say, flee for your life.'

'By signing the pledge you mean. Well, there is no time like the present, I suppose, so let me have the pledge; and now will you go with me and see that the brandy and whisky are destroyed.'—'Temperance Leader.'

## A Telling Lecture.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a younger one. The young one took off his apron and started for the door.

'Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?' asked the elder.

'Dat's what I'se gwan to do.'

'Go and get yo' drink. I used to do de same thing when I was young. When I was fus married dah wuz a gin mill next to the shop wha I wucked, an' I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah an' half I eahned. Well, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, an' who shood come in but de man what kep' de likker shop.

'"Gib me ten or twelbe pound po-terhouse steak," he said.

'He got it an' went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left.

'"What to you want?" said the butchah.

'"Gib me 10 cents wuf of libber," wuz my remark.

'It wuz all I could pay fur. Now you go an' git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man what sells you de stuff will hab his po-terhouse steak. De man behin' de ba' eats po-terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff for thirty years and I am eatin' po-terhouse myself.'—Selected.

John Ploughman says the ale-jug starves the wife and strips the children; it is a great house-breaker and health-breaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

## A Tribute From a Contemporary.

The Montreal 'Witness' has been ever since confederation and before that a national and thoroughly consistent advocate of temperance with regard to alcoholic liquors.—Brockville 'Times.'

A Metropolitan Newspaper taking such a stand as this, needs and surely deserves the support of all temperance people. Do you give it YOUR support? Remember, the 'Weekly Witness' with the 'Messenger' for only \$1.20, or if you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday School and do not now take the 'Witness,' you can get it for 80 cents for a year's trial, by cutting out this notice and enclosing with your order. For our special family club see .