



### Items of Interest.

Danish physicians have formed a temperance society, and have issued a warning, setting forth the evils of alcohol on the human body, which is posted in all the railway stations of the country.

All the members of the Business Girls' Association, of Trenton, New Jersey, have signed the following pledge: 'I hereby promise not to associate with or to marry any man who is not a total abstainer from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and I promise to abstain from the same myself; and I will not marry a man to save him.'

### The Bar of Conscience.

(Happily, in our land the use of alcoholic beverages in the family is not so common as shown in this sketch of city life across the sea, but the temptations are great, so great as to make shipwreck of many a bright young life; so great that every true man and woman should rouse themselves for action and declare that 'something must and shall be done.')

(Concluded.)

'When I went to H— my temptations multiplied. Among the circle of my acquaintances not a single soul practised abstinence. Abstainers in Scotland occupy not only an easy, but an honorable position, compared with those in England. Every person in the office where I was not only used intoxicating drinks, but could not do without them, and both avowed this and gloried in it! My practice alienated me from some of them, and lowered me at first in the estimate of all. As I rose in the office, I was sometimes at my master's table. My practice there made me singular. It was noticed, and, as I believe, not to my advantage. At least this was the conclusion at which I arrived, and I was influenced by it accordingly. I became attached to a young lady, who herself and her relatives were very stern opponents to abstinence. No demand was made that I should surrender my practice, but I knew well that it would seriously interfere with my success. I came to know that nothing else would do so. Personally I had never experienced the misery of drunkenness, and could not fully estimate it. The cost of securing the advantages of Temperance I was inclined to exaggerate. I gladdened my friends by abandoning my abstinence practice! I never viewed my Temperance principles as wrong; but tried to convince myself that the world was not ready for their adoption, and that consequently it was about as vain a struggle for this as to expect a crop by sowing in winter. I knew all the while the weakness of my own reasoning; that the advance-guard of truth must ever expect to meet with an unprepared world, and that it was by the maintenance of what I was abandoning that other generations would find the world better prepared for the reception of these principles. Indeed, the reasons which I assigned were more for my justification in the sight of others than for pleading at the bar of conscience. Fearful have been the consequences to me of violating my convictions of right. But why should customs of this kind be allowed to continue to tempt individuals, some of whom are sure to be overcome by strong drink if they use it at all? For it I had no inclination, and would have vastly preferred to live and die without it, if this could have been done without lowering my position in the estimate of those around me. Why should Christian men allow the continuance of a state of society in which a man must appear singular and unsocial, and lose caste, or expose himself to habits which will ruin him for time and eternity?

'At every table where I sat intoxicating drinks in some shape were to be found. I could not use these in one place and not in another I drank everywhere! I knew that a given percentage of those that used these drinks

would be ruined by them, but supposed, as every one that uses them does, that I should prove an exception. I thought that my knowledge of the danger put me in a position of greater safety than those who were ignorant or sceptical about it. I thought as I knew the character of the stream that I should certainly keep out of the rapids. My work was often very exhausting. I had frequently late hours. When I got home I found myself much refreshed by wine. I used it—used it often; was often overcome by it before the public came to know anything about it. It became known at length, however, as drunkenness invariably does, and I lost my situation!

He paused, as if unable to proceed further, but after a little resumed his narrative. 'After I had lost my situation, doors that were always before open to me were shut; and those whom I had abandoned my principles to please, ceased to notice or know me. How low I sunk I need not tell; but in my lowest state I still felt my degradation, and desired to escape from it! I got engaged as under-steward in a temperance vessel bound to India. I reformed—returned—got employment from my old masters, and was advanced from one place to another, till I had nearly reached my old situation.'

'How, then, Walter, could you fall a second time?'

'Possibly I cannot tell you how. My resolutions were sincere, so far as a man can be a judge of his own sincerity; but I thought after a time that I might use a little without danger. I tried to do this and succeeded. I tried again and again, and found I could take a little and stop at the right point. I knew that my friends around would not give me credit for being reformed, unless they saw that I could take a little. It was sad ignorance on their part, but great guilt on mine! I drank more and more. Reason and conscience lost their supremacy, and appetite again occupied the vacated place. I had no more power to resist this tyrant than the paralysed arm to obey the will! The sight of drink—the smell of it—even conversation about it—made the desire for it a species of madness. And drink in some shape or other was everywhere! Had I lived where all were abstainers around me, and the occasions which excited the appetite withdrawn, I might possibly have been saved. The world in which I was was different. I fell, and sunk deeper and deeper. I became a profligate, a cheat, a beggar, a criminal; and never reformed till in the cell of a prison, from which I have only been released to die. It was thus I fell. You are a man who may exercise influence upon influential men to induce them to do something to remove temptations out of the way of the young—something to facilitate the reformation of the half million of miserable drunkards in our land, and to prevent them from being tempter again to return to their evil ways!'

He looked again at Mr. Ramsay, and said—'Surely something more could be done!'

These were his last words. He sunk down totally exhausted, and almost fainting. He never after recognized any of his relatives. His work was done. Death woke him next morning as the sun rose.

Reader! permit the writer to address the question to you which Walter put to his minister—'Can nothing more be done?'—'The Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

### A Quaint Imprompt Sermon.

(Some of us remember in our childhood being struck by an unusual but very forcible sermon, quoted as having been preached on the word 'Malt.' It is pleasant to see it reprinted in the 'Alliance News,' for its very oddity forces attention, and its lessons have lost little in aptness though seventy years have passed since first they were spoken.)

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived, 1830, a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom, meeting him on a journey, determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was by the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their own choosing.

In vain did he remonstrate on the unrea-

sonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; but they were determined to take no denial, and the word 'Malt' was given to him by way of text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:—

'Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a short sermon from a small subject in a unworthy pulpit to a slender congregation. Behold, my text is malt. I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one. I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find it to be these four: M-A-L-T. M, my beloved, is moral; A is allegorical; L, literal; T, theological. The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners. Then M, masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my text. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken is malt, the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you Cantabs make M your master; A your apparel, L your liberty, T your trust. The literal is according to the letter M much, A ale, L, little, T trust. The theological is according to the effects that it works, and these I find of two kinds: First, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are: In some M murders, in others A adultery, in all L looseness of life, and in some T treason. The effects that it works in the world to come are: M misery, A anguish, L lamentation, and T Torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this, first by way of exhortation. M Masters, A all of you, L leave off, T tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication—M masters, A all of you, L look for, T torments; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.'

He concluded in the usual form, and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited by his short and whimsical sermon.

### A Saloon Keeper's Responsibility.

An interesting and suggestive decision was rendered in the criminal court in Jersey City, N.J., two weeks ago. A customer became intoxicated in a saloon in that city on liquor furnished him by the proprietor, and then became unruly, breaking in a plate-glass window, and doing other damage such as a drunken man is likely to do. Displeased with the actions of his customer, the saloon keeper had him arrested for malicious mischief. When the case came before the court, the judge dismissed it with this statement: 'When a saloon keeper fills a man with intoxicants until he becomes crazy drunk and he does damage to the saloon while in that condition, the saloon keeper is responsible, and cannot expect to have the man punished for the damage he has wrought.'

This is sound sense. Why not push it to its legitimate conclusion? If the saloon keeper is responsible for the damage a man commits in the saloon after the saloon keeper has 'filled him with intoxicants until he becomes crazy drunk,' why is he not responsible for the damage the drunken man does anywhere else? Why not hold him responsible, and make him foot the bill? This is the logic of the judge's opinion, and it is right. We wish there was such a statute in every state. Then these miscreants might be held to account for their misdeeds.—Pittsburg, Pa., 'Advertiser.'

### Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.