

side the bounds of our own Church for evangelistic workers, and have this Church endangered, and some of our ministers placed in painful positions. I think I might assert very positively that there is no reason for such a step. There is plenty of material in our own Church for this work if it were only taken advantage of. I have myself carried on special services *alone* for three weeks at a time, but I shall not do so again, for I find there are plenty of our ministers ready to help in such work if they are only asked. Perhaps it would be better if the General Assembly would give its voice in the matter, and lay down some rules for future guidance in this work. If a central committee were appointed to whom gratuitous labours might be offered, then requests for such labours could be forwarded to this committee, and the necessary help obtained. Something should be done in the matter if our Church is to keep pace with others and also to save her from employing questionable agencies that are neither certified nor responsible. I think the peace and safety of our Church should be a reason for definite action in the matter.

JOHN R. BATTISBY.

Chatham, April 21st.

### TEMPERANCE NOTES

#### A DOCTOR'S OPINION OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is, like fire, a good servant, but a bad master, and it becomes us as the conservators of the public health to be on our guard lest, through our incautious prescription, it should gain the mastery of any of our patients. The fact that many practitioners have ceased to administer alcohol in their practice without any diminution in their success ought to be sufficient evidence that its wholesale administration must be very prejudicial. Alcohol is only one of the many drugs which we have at our disposal, and those of us who feel compelled to be careful in our prescription of it need not feel ourselves embarrassed for an efficient substitute in very many instances.—*Dr. James Muir Horne.*

#### ALCOHOL UNNECESSARY AND INJURIOUS.

Drunkenness is one of the diseases produced by the use of alcoholic drink, and it can only be cured by entire abstinence from the drink which causes it. This is now generally known. It is not, however, equally well known that all intoxicating drinks are not only unnecessary to persons in health, but positively injurious. But all who have studied the subject practically, by physiological research, by extended observation and personal abstinence, will endorse the opinion that strong drink is unnecessary and injurious. There is also a general opinion among persons who have studied the physiological action of alcohol, that the medical profession labour under error as to the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease—that it is used when unnecessary, and frequently with the most injurious results. The work of temperance reformers, then, is to obtain and diffuse correct information as to the nature and effects of alcoholic liquors, and the safety and advantages of abstinence. They are the true sanitary reformers; for temperance is a most important part of preventive medicine. Without saying a word in disparagement of other efforts for the promotion of the public health, we are convinced that nothing could conduce so much to the physical improvement and social elevation of the lower classes of our countrymen as total abstinence from strong drink.

#### A CHRISTIAN DRAMSELLER.

I was well acquainted with a sincere Christian man who thought he could conduct a public house on Christian principles. Accordingly, he took a well-known house of this kind. I was passing the place one day, and saw the name of my Christian friend being painted over the door. The name being an unusual one, I knew of no other who bore it. I passed in through the door, and to my surprise there stood my friend behind the bar. It so happened that there was no one else present, and I expressed my astonishment at finding him in such a position. He appeared to be equally astonished at my astonishment, and asked whether a Christian could not consistently keep a public house. I replied, "I certainly could not do so; and I don't think you can if you are the man I judge you to be." He said, "I cannot glorify God in it I will not remain in it." While we were talking, a man nearly drunk came in, and with the drawl of a sot said, "Gie us a pint o' drink, landlord." The

Christian looked at me and then to the man. I said, "Give him the water of life." "No use," he said, "it would be casting pearls before swine." So he drew the water of death from the brewers' pump. Presently the man said, in the usual drawl of the drunkard, "Gie us a song, landlord." I looked the landlord in the face, and said, "Glorify God, brother; sing him a song." He felt very uncomfortable, and doubtless wished me away; however, he sang a verse of the well-known hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

The drunkard stared and stood up, saying, "You sing that, and keep a public house! Why, I wouldn't do that." He left his cup and staggered out, saying, "I won't come here again." My friend was satisfied. He said, "I'll never sell another drop." Nor did he. The house was closed; and he thanked God for the deliverance.—*George Brealey.*

#### THE VIPER IN THE FIRST GLASS.

One of the latest contributions to the literature of the bottle which I have seen is the following note, written last week, and now lying before me: "My dear Sir,—I am sorry to inform you that I have again fallen, and am now held at Jefferson Police Court, Sixth avenue and Tenth street. Will you not, in God's name, come and pay my fine and deliver me? Please come at once. I will repay you. I am sick and almost beside myself." The author of the above distressing note is a young man of fine family fine education, and attractive manners. He was for a short time a student in a theological seminary. Twelve hours before he was locked up in "Jefferson Police Prison" as a street drunkard, he was at Dr. Bunting's "Christian Home for Inebriates," in Seventy-eighth street. For several weeks he had been an inmate of that excellent institution. Knowing how often the wretched youth had fallen before, Dr. Bunting secured a good situation for him to keep him from the temptation of idleness. Before sundown he had slipped away from his new place of employment, and was arrested for drunkenness in the open street. And all this, too, in a young man of gentle, refined manners, not yet out of his twenties. What are the lessons of this last text in the ever-enlarging chapter of damnation by the dram? Several lessons. The first one is that when a drunkard has "reformed" often, and fallen quite as often, he gets used to falling. His will grows weaker every time, like a rope that has been broken repeatedly, and is the worse for every mending. He becomes hardened in conscience by every blow given to conscience. His self-respect has been wounded so often that he grows reckless. He has broken so many good promises that he does not really believe himself when he signs the pledge for the twentieth time. 2. A second lesson from my fallen friend's case is that drunkenness becomes a horrible disease. It is as much a self-inflicted disease as a consumption would be which was brought on by sleeping on the wet ground. This young man tells me that when the appetite clutches hold of him he is powerless to resist. He is swept away like a chip on the rapids of Niagara. This utter impotence makes him the more desperate. Bitterly has he learned what God's word meaneth—"Whoso committeth sin is the slave of sin." What miracle the grace of God may yet work for my poor friend, no one can predict; but up to this time no efforts, prayers, or promises, have been of any avail. The demon of appetite still hurls them into the fires and into the flood; and when cast out he returns again with the seven other evil spirits, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. 3. But there was a time when my friend A— was a sober boy, untainted with the cup. When he let it alone, he was safe. He saw his father drink and began to tamper. His first glass opened perdition to him. Touching that first glass was like touching a victim of yellow fever; it was fatal. The last dram which sent him into a police cell was but the last drop of his first drink. Every day I see God's truth written up in more and more vivid lines of fire on the sky—"Look not on the wine when it is red; for at the last it biteh like an adder, and stingeth like a viper." Total abstinence is the only Gospel of salvation from the bottle. We have got to preach it from our pulpits, and teach it to our Sunday schools, and enforce it in our homes—that the viper lies coiled up in the first glass.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### HOW TO KEEP OUR CHILDREN FROM BAD BOOKS.

MR. HARCAP'S WAY.

You want me to tell you how to keep our children from readin' bad books? Why, stop 'em; that's all. That's my way. If I don't want my boy to do a thing I just tell him not to, and that's the end of it. He understands it. I'm master in my own household, and they all know that. I'm master. I believe that doctrine—Dr. Dullard calls it the headship of man. He preached last summer a capital sermon on Eli; he shewed us how God punished parents that don't make their children stan' round.

Just how should I go to work if I found that one of my boys was readin' a dime novel? Well, I will jest tell you how I did go to work. I came into the sittin' room the other night and found Robert with a copy of the "Ledger" in his hand. He had come into the house—that I found out afterwards—wrapped round a pair o' boots from the shoemaker's. He was a readin' of it. "What have you got there, Robert?" said I. And he shewed me. I picked it out of his hand sooner than a flash of lightning, and threw it into the fire. "Don't you never let me see you a readin' of any such stuff as that agin," said I, "or you'll hear from me. If I catch you a readin' of any sensational literature you'll get a sensation from me, I can tell you. And he knows what that means. Some people say they don't believe in the rod. I do; and my boys know it."

"But, father," says he, "Dr. Hall writes for the 'Ledger.'"

"Never you mind who writes for the 'Ledger,'" says I. "You ain't a goin' to read it, not if the angel Gabriel writes for it." And no more he ain't; and I'll warrant you that I sha'n't catch Robert with the "Ledger" in his hands agin in a hurry. And then I told my wife that I didn't want to see a copy of the "New York Ledger" in my house agin; and what's more—I wouldn't.

"It came wrapped around a bundle of shoes," said she.

"I don't care if it did," said I. "Don't you let any more of them papers come into this house; not if you never get another pair of shoes. What's feet to the mind! I'd rather my boys should go barefoot all their lives than that any of them sensational papers should ever come under my roof. I won't have it, and that's all there is about it." What did she say to that? Well, she didn't say nothin'. I reckon that Mrs. Harcap's too good a wife to say anything when her husband tells her what to do. Ain't I afraid that my boy will go off and read worse papers in secret? Well, I should jest like to see him do it, that's all. I guess he wouldn't do it more'n once. Don't I think that when he grows up he may take to worse books? That's what the Deacon says. But I tell the Deacon that's none of my business. If, when he gets to be of age, he chooses to take up with bad literature, that's his lookout, not mine. Besides, if you train up a child in the way he should go he won't depart from it. That's the promise, and I reckon it's safe to go on that. I won't have my children a readin' of any fiction. Walter Scott? No, not Walter Scott. Not a thing. Not a single thing. They shall read the truth and nothin' but the truth so long as they're under my roof. When they get out they can do what they please.

#### THE DEACON'S WAY.

How would I go to work to keep my children from reading sensational books? The best way to answer this question is by telling you what I have done.

The other evening, coming into the sitting room, I saw James reading a dime novel. At least, I thought it looked like a dime novel. Mother had her sewing; Jennie was working on an afghan; Tommy was making a set of jackstraws out of a piece of red cedar. "Let's have some reading aloud," said I. "James, you seem to have got hold of an interesting book there, suppose you read it aloud to us." James looked up with a flush on his face.

"I don't believe you would care for this," said he; "it isn't much of a book."

"You're mighty interested in it," said Tommy, "for a book that isn't much of a book."

"Yes I come," said Jennie, "let's have some reading aloud. Why not, James?"

"Mother wouldn't like this book," said he,