

THE PICTURED ROCKS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

About seventy miles from the Sault Ste. Mary on Lake Superior, begins that remarkable line of cliffs, known as the "Pictured Rocks." These rocks, which extend along the shore of the lake for about fifteen miles, are of a yellow sandstone, and have been worn by the action of the ocean-like surf into fantastic shapes; while the percolation through their crevices, of water impregnated with iron and copper, has colored them in curious bands of brilliant hues.

Our illustration presents a picture of what is known as "The Grand Chapel." This remarkable resemblance to a piece of gothic architecture, is at the eastern end of the line of cliffs. It stands about fifty feet above the level of the lake. Its arched roof is supported by two huge and beautiful columns, which look like human handiwork. The roof, which rests in part upon the main cliffs, is crowned with a growth of fir-trees. These do not find the chapel a place of peace, but must struggle for their lives with the frequent storms to which they are exposed. Within the chapel a broken column suggests a pulpit.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.



Temperance Department.

HOW ONE DRUNKARD WAS MADE.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE BENEDICT.

It was done in the usual way with this difference (to me, at least), I saw it done. Had I known the end from the beginning I should have raised a warning cry. Who would not? Was not the drunkard's end, when the wine which "moveth itself aright" is biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder, what I had always looked at? But one day the beginning and the end of his course were set over against each other in such a way that I seemed to see the picture as in a vision. There was Satan, the great enemy of souls, spreading his first fatal snare; but it was not in a dram-shop, as one might suppose. And there, too, was his most carefully-chosen instrument, a fair, thoughtless woman, standing, I plainly saw, as much in the shadow of God's displeasure as the evil companions to whom the world gave all the blame.

It was a dark picture, but at that time and in that instance, the chief sorrow to me was not so much that here was another image of God defaced and brutalized by rum, but another and more startling thought: "Could I have hindered this? Need this have been here for angels to weep over and demons to mock at?"

To go back ten years and more that you may see it all as I did.

It was New-Year's day, 186—. A storm had been raging outside since early morning, but we who had gathered in Mrs. C.'s beautiful parlor knew nothing of the bitter wind and sleet except that we had fewer callers than usual. But those who came seemed to be all the merrier for having less of a crowd. The bright fire glowed in hospitable welcome on the hearth for winter cheer, while one might forget in the bloom and fragrance of the flowers that brightened the room everywhere that it was not summer time and summer weather.

I remember the scene so well. The happy young faces, the gay dresses, the songs with which we filled the intervals, the table so loaded with dainties, and the friends about it who came into the sunshine of that pleasant home with wishes for us all of a "Happy New Year."

Just at nightfall a group of young men entered, and among them Dr. Richard L., a particular friend of the C.'s, a young man of whom I knew very little beyond the very evident fact that he was handsome, intelligent, and wonderfully popular. He had been looked for all day, and now that he had come every one was all attention when his cheery voice was heard.

"You are as welcome as flowers in May," said Martha C., extending her hand with an old friend's greeting, "but how could you stay away so long?"

"So that the best should come last," he said gayly. "I think I'll crown my New-Year wishes with one for your health and happiness, Miss Martha."

"Not till you have pledged me in this," she answered, turning as she spoke to a decanter, that until then I had not seen among the flowers on the table, to fill a delicate bubble of glass to the brim with wine.

"Thank you, Miss Martha. Will you excuse me if I say that I have been out all day and have not come to that yet?"

There was something in his tone, some self-assertion in his manner, that seemed to rouse in Martha a desire to show the influence she had over this young man. Her little hand was still holding the glass toward him.

"Ah, indeed! then you are all the more ready to take it now, Richard."

"What if he never takes wine?" suggested a friend who stood by watching the young man in what he thought, and rightly too, was a dilemma.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Martha lightly. "You will take it for me. Just this once, Richard."

I shuddered at her persistency, for a thought of the serpent that might lie coiled within that cup flashed upon me. She was near enough to put my hand on hers. Would she bear a check from me? I thought she would, but while I stopped to parley with the doubt of it, and to balance friendship and duty, the time for action passed.

"Just this once," echoed Richard, flushing as he took the glass without a smile from her hand. "Here's wishing you many happy returns of the day."

I turned away chilled with disappointment over his lack of courage, and pained too with that question of my own duty in the case. But after-events that hinged on that night's doings have forever settled all such doubts for me.

A little over two years after this I sat, one summer day, by a friend's open window. We were talking of this and that as we bent over our sewing together, when a loud knocking across the street aroused us both. We saw a man standing at a door whereon a doctor's sign was conspicuously displayed.

"He need not wait there," said Alice gravely. "Doctor L. ought to put up a notice, 'No patients wanted here.' He has been lying there dead drunk for hours. My husband says he has been in that disgusting condition for two days, only waking to get more liquor, which he keeps on a stand by him. The poor fellow seems bent on killing himself."

"It is not possible," I exclaimed, "that this Dr. L. is Martha C.'s old friend?"

"The very same," said Alice.

"But," said I, still unwilling to believe it, "I heard it said that he never takes wine, at least, but seldom," for then the memory of his words, "Just this once," came back to me as they sounded that night.

"I cannot say how that is," said Alice. "I only know that two years ago last New-Year's night he was carried home drunk for the first time in his life. He has been going down, down ever since, has been turned out of home and church, and any day we may hear of a coroner's inquest over a man found dead in that office."

So I had seen one drunkard made. That glass I saw Richard L. put to his lips was said to be his first, and it ruined him. In sight of that closed door, and remembering the poor, debased victim inside, I resolved, God helping me, never again to stand by while the tempter snared another soul, even though the hand and voice of a friend were enlisted in his unholy service.—Christian Weekly.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

BY MRS. IRA A. EASTMAN.

That alcohol is largely used as a medicine is an undisputed fact, and the question which occupies the attention of the public is whether the benefit derived will overbalance the evil arising from its use. Will not an appetite for it be formed while using it as a strengthening cordial, or as a preventive of disease? Let me mention a few instances which have come under my personal observation.

A young man of great promise became ill. When convalescent he was strangely weak and feeble, and the physician ordered whiskey. He had never tasted it, and at first even the smell sickened him; but in a little time he learned to count the hours and look forward with great impatience for the time when he could again taste the fiery fluid. He left his sick-room strong and well, but a slave to his appetite for whiskey. The habit thus formed never left him, and his dissolute course soon weakened his intellect and wrought upon his brain in such a manner that to-day he is the inmate of an asylum in Vermont, "incurably insane, from the excessive use of alcohol."

A young mother held her infant son in her arms, and gazed upon the waxen features with tender, loving eyes. He was a feeble child, whose little life had thus far been made up of pain and weakness. As an experiment the doctor ordered brandy in small doses to be administered to him. The mother was a woman who believed in total abstinence; yet this was her only son. She gave him the brandy, and daily bathed the little limbs in the same. The child revived somewhat, yet still was very feeble, and the potatoes were increased until each day he partook of an incredi-

ble amount. He grew to love it. He would cry for it. The smell of an uncorked bottle, even, would almost drive him frantic. Alarmed at his extreme fondness for the poison, the mother withheld it from him. But he drooped like a flower deprived of sunshine; and she still held to his lips the cup which was to bring sorrow into her own life, and shame and woe to her son. As he grew older and stronger, she gradually reduced the portion, and finally withheld it entirely. The doctor assured her that brandy had saved the life of the child, who now grew and waxed strong and well. But did his fatal appetite diminish as strength increased? Nay. He is a confirmed drunkard, degraded and wretched. The gentle mother whose hand had unwittingly guided him upon the broad road of temptation, worn out by anxiety and sorrow, has laid down the burden of life, and the weary heart and brain are at rest. Yet even this blow did not arrest his downward career. Was the saving of his life worth the loss of his soul?

Is alcohol really a preventive of disease? A few years ago, when the diphtheria first appeared to startle the community by sometimes striking down with its relentless hand whole families, it made its appearance in a little country town in New Hampshire. One by one the neighborhood succumbed to its dreadful power, until there were hardly enough well ones to attend the sick and dead. Three lay dead in one house, and two of the neighbors were called to assist in preparing for the funeral. Before entering the room to take the measures for the coffins, one of them took a copious draught of whiskey, remarking that he "was not going to take the disease as long as whiskey would prevent it." He offered the bottle to his companion, who refused to drink, saying that he "didn't believe liquor would hinder it any." They rendered the necessary assistance and departed. Ten days afterward the man who had taken whiskey as a preventive of diphtheria died with the disease, and his companion, although he did not refrain from going amongst it whenever he could be of use, did not have it at all. I know a lady, a well born, well educated, high-principled woman, whose life is one great struggle. And why? The diphtheria was raging with unusual violence, and as her health was naturally delicate, the doctor ordered brandy as a preventive. It did not prevent it. She was ill for a long time, and was constantly supplied with alcoholic stimulants. She arose from her sick bed with a frame weakened by disease, and an appetite for brandy that is destined to render the remainder of her life a curse. The sight, the smell, the thought even of liquor, will send the blood hissing like a torrent of lava fire through all her veins. And yet her physician was a conscientious Christian.

I ask again, Does it pay to save life at the expense of the soul?—The Watchman.

REFORMED MEN.

(Correspondent National Temperance Advocate.)

The question is constantly asked me by letter and otherwise, "How is it to-day with the men converted from their cups last winter through the 'Gospel Temperance movement'? Do they still hold out?" To this question I might reply: It is with such men in Boston as it is with the same class in those cities where a similar work has been carried on. But this, you will say, is rather evading the question. Well, to be frank, it is with such men as any one who understands human nature—its weaknesses—and the nature of God's grace, and who is not carried away by a sentiment, would expect. With temptations tracking the steps of reformed inebriates on every hand, facilities pressing them on all sides, and drinking companions ready to drag them into the numerous bar-rooms, it is not to be wondered at that so many have fallen and gone back to their cups.

The record of some of those who a few months ago boasted that "God had taken away their appetite for strong drink, that they were now delivered from the slavery of rum, and a liquor-shop or a glass of rum was no temptation to them," are among the saddest chapters of the history of that movement.

Painful indeed are the experiences of some of the pastors in dealing with some of these men who joined our churches. Some of them, of whom great things were expected, have sunk lower than before; and while we still pray for them, and still keep friends laboring with them and for them, we are more than ever in earnest in our efforts to secure the entire prohibition of the liquor-traffic, and the removal of temptation from the way of reformed men.

Gospel temperance is a good thing; it is as good as it is old—for it is no new thing. It has done great good; yea, an incalculable amount of good it has accomplished during the last half-century. Apart from the many it has reclaimed and saved, and the multitude it has prevented from sharing the drunkard's fate, it has collected and promulgated facts, incul-

cated doctrines, which have to a great extent weakened or changed the public delusions about the nature and use of intoxicating drinks, and wrought a perfect revolution in the customs and habits of society. But all must admit that this gospel of moral suasion has its limits. It will neither preserve the child from danger nor the vicious from crime.

We entreat those laborers in this field of temperance, therefore, while they are prosecuting the work with the greatest energy, to remember that there are other fields of temperance work which, if they cannot enter, not to prevent others from entering, nor find fault with those who have been long laboring there. There is work for all.

Boston, October, 1877.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HABITS.

Horace B. Claffin, a prominent merchant of New York, is as quaint and humorous as he is keen-witted and rich. They tell the following good story about him:

On the 15th of February, about 5 o'clock, Claffin was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man, pale and care-worn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claffin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have \$10,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Claffin, "come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar, then?" "No—never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claffin; "you don't drink?" "No." "Nor smoke, nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?" "No sir! I am superintendent of the—Sunday-school."

"Well," said Claffin, with tears in his voice, and his eyes too, "you shall have it, and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have \$500 once, and asked me the same questions. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."—Comrade.

ANOTHER LIMITED TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

An organization is in process of formation in Chicago which will direct its energies to the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors and drunkards. The movement is supported by men who are in the habit themselves of drinking moderately and immoderately. While unwilling to forego their habitual stimulant, they are anxious that their children shall not contract the ruinous habit. In a discussion before the Ministers' Association on Monday last, the fact came out that concerns are running in this city, the only apparent object of which is to make drunkards of the boys. Liquor, and a lunch so liberal as to preclude the idea of profit, are furnished for five cents. A month or six weeks of daily drinking establishes the habit, after which time the young drunkard becomes a profitable customer of the saloons. In other factories the bait is fine instrumental and vocal music, to which the young man is enticed by buying a drink of liquor. In others, still, the "pretty waiter girl" is the attraction. The money made out of the business comes from young men after they have contracted the habit, and before they have become gutter drunkards. The time that elapses between the time when the youth is drawn into the saloon and the time when he is to be kicked out as no longer profitable is not very long. Hence it requires a constant and large supply of fresh material. The most stolid adult drinker does not wish to furnish his children to this mill of death.—Interior.

BIBLE AND BEER.—In a recent sermon by Rev. F. W. Harper, M. A., Canon of York, preached on Corporation Sunday from the text, "For the Son of Man came eating and drinking," there occurs this remarkable passage in defence of beer: "The spirit and the body were the Lord's, and the Bible and beer, taken rightly, were the Lord's too. The beer would not do without the Bible, and the Bible would not do fully and perfectly without the beer." In this country, though a small minority of ministers may still cling to the habit of drinking beer, few, if any, would, we presume, be willing to take the responsibility of preaching thus in its defence. It is a strange gospel indeed that the Bible will "not do fully and perfectly without beer!" Quite as remarkable a feature of the sermon was an appeal to publicans and liquor-sellers to "give public permission to the clergy of their several parishes to go as welcome visitors to their premises and to the entertainment of their smoke-rooms, and an appeal also to the clergy to accept the invitation, and 'to make themselves at home there.'" (1) National Temperance Advocate.