



Temperance Department.

A BOY ABSTAINER.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

One hundred years ago our boy abstainer was four years old. His name was John, and, if you have read much of Arctic travel and adventure, you have doubtless heard of him as "Sir John Ross." You may never have thought of his being an abstainer, however. The narrators of Arctic travel do not always put that in, or if they do they say so little about it that you hardly notice it. But Sir John Ross has taken some pains to write about it himself; he thought it worth his while, and some day soon the world will be of the same opinion; that is if we do our part in talking about such matters.

He went as a sailor when he was only ten years old, and kept at it until he became an officer of some note, and then he was knighted for his faithful services—became "Sir John Ross." He does not tell us when he became an abstainer. They had no Bands of Hope in those days, and indeed no temperance societies such as we know. Possibly he was born an abstainer and always lived as such, and that is the way it should be. The children are nearly all on the right side at first, and if they use their powers of observation to as good purpose as John Ross did they will remain so. Hear what he says of himself when he started out at ten years:

"I went to Greenock, and was bound apprentice for four years, during which time I made three voyages to the West Indies and three to the Baltic. I had, therefore, a good opportunity of observing the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors in both climates. My first voyage was to Jamaica, where the captain and several of the crew died."

The West Indies have from the first been noted as very unhealthy. Strangers are often struck down with typhoid fever or yellow fever, and live but a short time. It was supposed to be owing to the climate, and strangers were warned that they must be very careful about exposure to the sun and to night air, about eating fruit and vegetables, and especially that they must take some kind of spirits very freely.

What did our young abstainer do? None of these things. He says: "Excepting that I never drank spirits, I took no care of myself. I was exposed to the burning sun, slept on deck in the dew, and ate fruit without feeling any bad effects. I soon lost my hat and shoes, and ran about bareheaded and barefooted; but I never tasted spirits, and to this alone do I attribute the extraordinary good health I enjoyed." He certainly was a tough boy; perhaps he had abstaining parents and so inherited a better constitution than many of us. We hardly know yet what we might be able to do if we inherited no effects of alcoholic poison from our ancestors. It might not be necessary to follow fully the example of the future Sir John, though, truth to tell, the free exposure to the open air of itself goes far to make one tough. After having spent the summer in hot Jamaica, he spent the winter in cold St. Petersburg, Russia, and with the same hardihood.

"I was running about bareheaded and barefooted on the ice, but I never tasted spirits." He cared no more about spirits for keeping out the cold than for keeping out the malaria of hot climates.

"My next voyages were to the Bay of Honduras and alternately to the Baltic. (Look these up on the map, please.) On the last voyage to Honduras all the common sailors, twelve in number, died, and I was the only person that went out in the ship who came home alive, which I attribute entirely to my abstaining from spirituous liquors."

Probably, then, it was the drinking of these liquors that killed the others. There was a fearful amount of drinking in those days, especially drinking for medicine. Almost everybody drank to keep themselves well, and when sick they drank to make themselves well. We scarcely ever hear of such a case now where an entire crew is taken off either by sickness or drink; but you see this happened twice to the ships in which John

Ross sailed while he was yet a boy. Let people who ask what we have gained by temperance think over such narratives as these. These were no mere boy's stories; they were written out when the boy had become an earnest Christian man, noted and respected, and who had gained much renown by his Arctic expeditions.

These notable expeditions occupied four years, from April, 1829, to October, 1833. He kept up his total-abstaining still on this trip, and found it as great an advantage as ever. He was the oldest person on the expedition by twenty years, and all but three were thirty years younger than himself, for he was now between sixty and seventy. Too old, some would say, for the commander of such an undertaking, and yet he stood the cold and endured the fatigue better than any of those younger persons. How was this? He himself gives the reason—they "all made use of tobacco and spirits," and he used neither. He was the only one of them all who did not have sore eyes.

It is a question that every young man who aims at endurance and achievement should ask himself: "Will he not do well to lay hold upon these simple and rational means to help his steps to fortune?"—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE CITY OF MANY SUCH.

I had but lately reached this large and flourishing city when one morning a friend came for me in his carriage to show me some of its beauties, and the signs of its prosperity. We drove slowly through the streets. Ships were loading and unloading at the wharves: long trains of cars were running to and fro, carrying all kinds of merchandise; waggons and trucks, so numerous as to seem at first glance in a hopeless tangle, threaded their way through the streets. Throngs of people passed continuously over the sidewalks, and the air was full of the cries of men vending their goods. The business houses were doing a great deal of work, judging from the number of people rushing into and out of them. A busier scene could scarcely be imagined. Most of the stores had plate-glass windows through which they displayed their wares; but here and there on each block I noticed a building which had its windows and doors screened. I had the usual reluctance of strangers in a city to ask questions, and trusted to time to satisfy my curiosity in regard to these places. The residence part of the city next claimed my attention. Everywhere handsome houses, beautiful yards and prosperous looking people. Occasionally we drove through neighborhoods not only uninviting but repulsive; dingy, tumble down buildings, no fences, no yards and not a spear of grass, but at every corner stood the mysterious room with the screened doors and windows. Leaving these squalid places it was good to get out on the main streets again. We passed a large stone building with high steps and grated windows.

"This," said my friend, "is the gaol."

"What is it for?" I enquired.

"For criminals—forgers, thieves, murderers, burglars, &c. There is a gallows in the gaol-yard on which to hang murderers."

"It scarcely seems possible that in so beautiful and prosperous a city you should need such instruments of punishment."

"It would not be possible except for one thing," replied my friend.

"And what is that?"

"You will learn presently."

Having now left the heart of the city, we passed several fine buildings, which my friend named as the reform school, the lunatic asylum, the workhouse, the inebriate asylum, &c. The uses of all these were mysteries to me, and I waited with impatience till he should be ready to explain. By and by we saw walking before us on the road two young men, swinging their canes and singing at the top of their voices, though their utterance was very thick and indistinct. They had full, red faces, and walked unsteadily.

"They have been drinking beer. That comes first," said my friend.

Later on we met a man, or a thing wearing the semblance of a man, who was beating unmercifully a little child that cried pitifully to us for help. We stopped, took the child in, and carried him some distance, letting him down near his home, a filthy hovel. He said his father had been drinking whiskey. Turning, we retraced our steps, and halted a moment in front of the inebriate asylum. A covered waggon was just driving into the gate. From it resounded the most frantic and heart-rending screams.

"What can be the matter?" I exclaimed.

"Some poor fellow has drunk himself into delirium tremens, and they are taking him here to be taken care of," was the answer.

"He fancies he sees snakes and wild beasts and devils coming after him, and it takes several men to hold him during these paroxysms."

"Is it a common case?" I enquired, horror-struck.

"Only too common," was the reply.

We drove through districts where my friend said it would be foolhardy to come unarmed even in daylight. I became used to seeing men leaning against lamp-posts talking incoherently, or on rickety fences fast asleep and in danger of falling, or stretched out on the edge of dirty sidewalks, the sun shining hot upon their bloated cheeks, red noses and bleared eyes, their dirty, shabby garments, and generally upon a black bottle protruding from their pockets.

"You see," said my friend, "this city may seem like a paradise, but like paradise, 'the trail of the serpent is over it all.'" There is a worm at the heart of our prosperity that will some time gnaw to the surface—that has gnawed to the surface in some places. Liquor is the bane of the people of this city. From beer and light wines to the strongest whiskey and gin, the progress is rapid and sure. It is these that fill the gaols, the reform schools, the lunatic asylums, the inebriate homes and the gallows."

"And where do the people get these dangerous spirits? I should think it would be made a crime to sell them."

"They get them on every corner, in all those rooms with screened doors, and the only thing that the city does to protect itself is to charge each man who keeps a saloon a fee small in proportion to his sales. The revenue derived from these places is one of the reasons urged for not closing them by law, and the city takes the revenues, and after adding to them a much larger sum from the pockets of her sober citizens, builds asylums, homes, gaols, &c., which had scarcely been required but for the work of these corner rooms. That is our idea of economy."

We drove back by the same streets; but now the city, under its surface of thrift and prosperity, was to me a great mill, in which the lives, energies, hopes and happiness of its people were being gradually ground to naught.—*Exchange.*

DR. TALMAGE AND TOBACCO.

Of his first pipe Dr. Talmage says: "My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. I sat down under the bridge, and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the worth of my money; but I was obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where I threw it, in case I felt better the next day. Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that I state what kept me so late, and what was the matter with me. Not feeling that I was called upon to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. I had mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar. Being naturally reticent, I have never mentioned it until this time. But how about my last cigar? It was three o'clock Sabbath morning in my Western home. I had smoked three or four cigars since tea. At that time I wrote my sermons, and took another cigar with each new head of discourse. I thought I was getting the inspiration from above, but was getting much of it from beneath. My hand trembled along the line, and, strung up to the last tension of nerves, I finished my work and started from the room. A book standing on the table fell over, and, although it was not a large book, its fall sounded to my excited system like the crack of a pistol. As I went down the stairs their creaking made

my hair stand on end. As I flung myself on a sleepless pillow, I resolved, God helping, that I had smoked my last cigar, and committed my last sin of night study. I kept my promise. . . . The first cigar made me desperately sick; the throwing away of my last made me gloriously well. For the croaking of the midnight owl had ceased, and the time of the singing birds had come."—*Good Templars' Watchword.*

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man say, 'It is not mine, give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins? That is the question; and the answer decides a child's character for this life and the life to come. Who wins? Stand up for duty; down with sin. Wrestle with temptation manfully. Never, never give up the war till you win.—*N. Y. Observer.*

HOMOEOPATHIC OR ALLOPATHIC.

BY T.

They say there is a poisonous serpent lurking in every glass of whiskey and that it will bite any who drink of it. It is claimed also that the best known cure for a snake bite is this same whiskey! If the quantity to be taken to effect a cure were not so large, it would seem to be a clear case of homoeopathic treatment, for "Like cures like." The inveterate drinker undoubtedly argues thus: "Every glass I drink contains a serpent that bites me. Every time I'm bitten, I must drink another glass to cure the previous bite. Having been so unfortunate as to drink the first glass, I cannot now stop, if I do it will be sure death!"

CHILDREN POISONED WITH TOBACCO.—

In one of the schools of Brooklyn a boy thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be growing dull and fitful. His face was pale and he had nervous twitchings. He was obliged to quit school. Enquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give it up, he shed tears and said that he had often tried, but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious, and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous system, the memory, the power of application, are all impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette" is, really, "It is nothing but poison." German and French physicians have protested against it, and a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was recently held in England to check it. It was presided over by an eminent surgeon of a Royal Eye Infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Teachers, save the children from this vice if possible! Do not allow them to be deceived. In future years they will rise up and bless you for it.—*Christian Magazine.*

I GROUP ALCOHOL, opium and tobacco together, as alike to be rejected, because they agree in being poisonous in their natures. In popular language alcohol is placed among the stimulants, and opium and tobacco among the narcotics, the ultimate effect of which upon the animal system is to produce stupor and insensibility. Tobacco excites nausea, vomiting, dizziness, indigestion, mental dejection, and, in short, the whole train of nervous complaints.—*Professor Hitchcock.*

A PROMINENT tobacco manufacturer is reported to have said: "Nothing ever goes into tobacco as deleterious or injurious to the human constitution as tobacco itself."