



Temperance Department.

TEMPERANCE.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

The following is contributed to the columns of the *Congregationalist* by Hon. Neal Dow:

"Mother," said a little boy in Edinburgh, one Saturday night at the supper-table, "mother, why does not father go to the communion with you?"

"Ask him, my son, when he comes in." Presently the father took his seat at the table, and the little fellow said, "Father, why do you not go to communion with mother?"

"I'll tell you next Saturday night, my son."

"But, father, why not tell me now?"

"I'll tell you next Saturday night, my son; not before."

The father was a working man, away from home at his employment all the week, and when the supper-time came on the next Saturday night, the little fellow said: "Now, father, please tell me why you do not go to communion with mother?"

"I'll tell you after supper, my son, not now;" and so the subject dropped for the moment.

After the supper was finished the father said: "Now, sonnie, come with me, and I'll tell you why I do not go to communion with mother."

And so, hand in hand, they emerged from one of those dark and narrow closes in the Cow Gate, of which there are so many in that part of Edinburgh, and they walked up the hill in that famous old street, by the heart of Midlothian, with no thought of Davy Deans and Jessie Deans and Effy Deans, whose names have been associated with that prison by the "Great Wizard of the North."

And so they walked on, among hundreds of working people crowding the side-walks on the Saturday night, the women sitting upon the curb with their bare feet in the gutters, and the "Publics," as they call the grog-shops, all ablaze with gas, cut glass and polished brass. And they walked on until they emerged from the low part of the town into the business streets, and by and by came to the great shoe shop of Baillie Lewis, which they entered.

"Jimmie, how fares it with you?" said the Baillie.

"Weel, I thank you; and how fares it with you, Baillie?" replied Jimmie.

This working man had been a sot some years before, and through the indefatigable efforts of Baillie Lewis, who knew him as an excellent workman and a good fellow but for the drink, he was turned from the evil of his ways, and the evil way, and became a sober man and a humble Christian man. But for some weeks he had ceased to go to communion with his wife, which had attracted the attention of his little son, who sought an explanation of the change, which puzzled and alarmed him.

"And now, father, are you going to tell me here what I asked you?"

"No, my son, not here. I'll tell you by and by."

"And what's that, Jemmie, that the boy asks, may I know?"

"Aye, you may know, Baillie. He wants to find out why I don't go to communion with mother; and I've promised to tell him to-night, I'm waiting here for the right moment to do so."

All the while Jimmie was looking across the street; he did not take his eyes off the opposite side-walk, and from a low door leading down a few steps into a brilliantly lighted shop in the basement of one of the lofty Edinburgh buildings. "Now let's go," said Jimmie, quickly, as he saw a group of miserable wretches, men and women, creeping down the steps leading to the shop, and taking the little boy by the hand, he went across the street, and standing aside from the stream of gas light coming from the shop out into the night, they looked. An old, gray-haired man was behind the counter, with shirt-sleeves rolled up and with a white apron on, and all manner of glasses standing upon many shelves behind him. There were many inverted tumblers, upon the top of each one a lemon, alternated with empty decanters with stoppers out, upon the top of each a lemon, with many other decanters containing all sorts of fiery liquors.

"Now look, my son," said Jimmie, as a miserable wretch and wreck of a man, dressed in rags and tatters, with palsied feet and trembling hands and inflamed eyes, stepped up to the counter and said, "Tup'orth o' the same,

Elder." And so the rumseller poured him out a glass of gin, which the poor wretch had difficulty in conveying to his mouth, so great was the shaking of his hand. A woman came up with a shawl thrown over her head and asked for half a pint of whiskey, at the same time taking from under her shawl, a new pair of children's shoes which she gave for the liquor, saying:

"Now, Elder, how many half pints can I have for them?"

"Four."

"Only four! that's dreadful little for a new pair of shoes."

"That's all I can give; now go and make room."

And so the tide of misery and wretchedness flowed on in a steady stream to the bar, at which the elder stood, dealing out death and damnation to these miserable wretches in exchange for their paltry pennies, and for any other thing, however pitiful, that could be changed for a penny.

"Now, my son, do you see why I do not go to communion with mother?"

"No, father, I don't see. That's Elder Jones; but what has he to do with you and mother?"

"Why, to-morrow he will distribute to your mother, and to many others, the emblems of the blood and body of our blessed Saviour; but now, as you see, he is distributing the elements of death, for time and eternity, to everybody who will receive them from his hand, and pay for them?"

And so Jimmie and his son came back to Baillie Lewis's shop, where I happened to be, and Jimmie explained to the Baillie and to me how and why it was that he had given his boy an opportunity to look into that shop. He wished to inspire him with a horror of that devilish trade, and to impress it upon his mind that, more than all other influences, that traffic takes hold on hell.

I expressed great astonishment that rum-shop keepers could be admitted in Edinburgh to Christian churches, and much more that they could be office-bearers. And so it was explained to me that in Scotland the keeping of a rum-shop, however low or vile, was no bar to entrance into any church; provided the rumseller was all right in creed and doctrine, the drunkard-making business would not be objected to. This Elder Jones's shop was a common drunkery, restored to by the lowest people and the most abject drunkards; and he is an elder of one of the most respectable churches in the city. "Come, let us walk a little," said the Baillie, "and I'll show you some of our Christian rum-shops."

"There," said the Baillie, pointing to a large shop all alight with gas, with two doors, and three or four great plate-glass windows, "there is one of the worst shops in the city. It is kept by the chief elder of our leading Presbyterian church. A few weeks ago he was up before the Police court for knowingly and habitually harboring thieves and prostitutes; but that has not in the least affected his Christian character nor his standing in the church. Shortly after that occurrence, he presented a splendid Bible and Psalm Book to the pulpit, where they are now. To-night you see him here doing his best to swell the tide of temporal and eternal death to all comers, spreading misery, wretchedness and ruin all about us widely as he possibly can; and to-morrow you may see him taking up the collection of the Lord's pence, and officiating at the communion. He makes his rum-shop as attractive as he can, and sometimes offers bounties to people who buy his whiskey, as newspaper proprietors sometimes offer bounties for new subscribers. A little while ago he offered a nice, new quart jug to every one who would buy a quart of whiskey, and placards with his announcement were posted all over the city. This pious, rumselling elder!

"And there," said the Baillie, "is a rum-shop on a large scale; it is kept by a Mr. Blank, a young man recently gone into trade. This trade was chosen because it is very profitable, and requires no previous training to master its details. His father advised this business, and furnished the capital with which to conduct it; the father being one of the most eminent of our Scottish divines, whose praise is in all the churches on your side of the Atlantic as well as on this. I show you all this that you may see how thoroughly in the dark our people are as to many things that you and I consider essential to the Christian character. These churches will not admit the keeper of a gambling shop or of a brothel, but these rum-shops are vastly worse, and yet our people do not see it. They will see it by and by. Our churches are generally implicated in this devilish rum trade, as many of your churches were in the slave trade and in slavery. With you, all that is gone now; and all this will pass away from us by and by; if not, Christianity itself will pass away from amongst us."

"All classes of our people drink; from the pit to the pulpit; they drink, and they can not understand why a minister may not take

whiskey as properly as milk. We have a great many teetotalers among the ministers as well as among the laymen; but yet the numbers are few compared with the entire body of the church. Somehow, our people seem to think that alcohol is as necessary to lubricate the gearing of the Establishment as oil is to the smooth working of machinery. We have recently had a great blow-up about a proposition to exclude alcohol from the Lord's Table. We think the table can not be kept up without alcohol, and so we have cut off from the church the heretic—though he is an active, earnest Christian man—who wanted to cut off alcohol; but we cherish, as a brother beloved, the keeper of a low drunkery who habitually harbors thieves and prostitutes."

HOW BERTIE LEARNED TO SAY NO.

BY AUNT JULIA.

We were all at a strange hotel to dinner. We were a little late at table, so that we could not all sit together. Bertie sat a little apart from us between strangers, but so near me that I could see that he was well served; and, besides, he could be trusted not to ask for what he ought not to have.

Near him at the table was a man who had a bottle of wine; for, though it was a temperance hotel, they could not prevent his bringing what he liked to the table. This was something new to Bertie, and I could see that he looked with wonder at the man, and I thought he looked as if he would like to know how that bright-colored drink tasted. The man saw it too, and soon he began to talk to Bertie about it. "Don't you think this looks nice, my little man?" said he; and Bertie said, "Yes, sir." Then the man went on: "Suppose you try the experiment of tasting it?"

Bertie did not quite understand what he said; but when some of it was poured into a little glass and set down before him, he understood that he was to drink it. Now, the man had not called it wine, and Bertie did not know what it was; so I leaned forward to catch his eye, and spoke up promptly and pleasantly. "Tell the gentleman, 'No, I thank you; I don't take wine.'"

"No, I thank you," he repeated, a little shyly; for when I said "wine," it quite took him by surprise. There was no more said, for the man was ashamed of himself, as he ought to be, for tempting a child in that way. As soon as Bertie finished his dinner he came and stood by me until I was ready to go.

When we were in our room he said: "Why, auntie, I did not know that was wine, and if you had not told me I should have drunk it, and then I should have been sorry. How could I tell?"

"You could ask," I replied; "but the safest way is never to drink anything but water or milk—they are the best drinks for you; and then if anybody asks you to take anything else, learn to say 'No' politely. I must give you some lessons on that."

So I poured some red ink into a tumbler of water to make it look like wine, and said: "Now, when I ask you to take a glass of wine, I want you to make your prettiest bow, and say, just as gracefully as possible, 'No, thank you, I never take wine.' This we practised until he did it to perfection. Then I varied the invitation, and asked him to take home-made wine, some that I had made myself, saying: "Just take a little—it will not hurt you." Then he laughingly replied: "Excuse me, please; it certainly will not hurt me if I don't take it."

We practised often after that in various ways, until I was quite satisfied with the pleasant and graceful manner in which he could say, "No, I thank you," whenever it might be necessary.

One day when we were talking about it, he said: "Why, auntie, I used to think it was not polite to refuse to do what an older person asked me to do; but since you taught me to say, 'No, I thank you,' I don't mind it at all; and people seem just as well pleased as if I did what they asked me."

"Well, Bertie, you should always be obliging, and do what you are asked when it is right to do it; but when it is right to say 'No,' it is worth a great deal to know how to say it pleasantly, and stick to it."—*Temperance Banner*.

WARNING AGAINST WINE.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

To the many young people who will be studying the advice given by the wise king, I would like to give my most earnest pleadings that they abstain altogether from intoxicating drinks.

Solomon never said a truer word than what he says about those who tarry long at the wine. The questions asked by him, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of the eyes?" are not only answered by Solomon himself, but we find his answers verified every

day that we look into the news of the daily papers; while around us, on every side, in the street, we may see living witnesses to the truth of what Solomon says.

Many whom I meet with, who have become slaves to strong drink, say, "Oh that I had never commenced to drink; but now I have no power; and drink is stronger than my own will; stronger than my love for my wife and children; stronger even than my wish for heaven."

May the dear children be kept from ever touching wine, or any drink that will intoxicate, so that they will be in no danger of the terrible consequences that follow those who "tarry long at the wine."

Remember, that those who are drunkards did not intend to become so; they only thought of drinking just a little; but the little kept increasing, and the love for drink kept growing stronger, until the eyes grew red, and the face grew bloated, and the step grew unsteady, until the one who might have been a blessing to the world and a help to those around him, has become a loathsome object, and a terror to his friends. It is not safe to take even a little strong drink; because the love for it soon becomes a strong and a cruel master.

War is terrible, and many of our best men have gone to their graves through war; but strong drink has carried more victims to the grave, in America, than has war.

Again, I beg of the young to touch not and taste not any strong drink.—*S. S. Times*.

TEMPERANCE REMINISCENCES.

The Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sydney writes:—"The Rev. Edward Robinson is one of our oldest total abstinence advocates, I found him active in the temperance cause when I came to Sydney in 1854, and I find him active still, although three-score years and ten rest on his energies. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, of lexicographical and other fame, once said, we are informed, of the celebrated Wesley, that there was one thing he did not like about him, and that was, that when they met Mr. Wesley had always some engagement near him, so that 'they could never have their chat out.' Occasionally I and the Rev. Edward Robinson do have our chat out, and would he consent, I think he would be just the man to write a capital and copious volume of interesting temperance reminiscences, with which a long and useful life has furnished him.

We were conversing the other day on the altered hold which total abstinence now has upon the public heart and mind, compared with its position thirty or forty years ago.

"Well," said he, "now, if you will allow me, I will relate an anecdote to the point which transpired under my own immediate observation. Of course you knew by fame, if not by familiar personal acquaintance, that great leader of Congregationalism, the late Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool." I assented. "Well," continued my friend, "I remember meeting the Doctor on two occasions, and those two occasions were twenty years apart. The first occasion was an annual meeting in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales, Dr. Raffles in the chair. The toast of the Queen was of course the first toast, and in proposing it the Doctor said, with many sparkles of his often exuberant wit, 'I believe there are a few weak brethren present who do not take wine, so let them, if they please, respond to the toast by charging their glasses with cold water.' Twenty years afterwards I attended a great Congregational College meeting. Dr. Raffles again in the chair. The same loyal toast was proposed, but how completely had twenty years turned the tables; the Doctor said, 'Most of the brethren present are total abstinents, who will of course respond to the toast in their favorite beverage, water; I must confess to a lingering weakness for a little wine.' The weak brethren in the Doctor's estimation twenty years before were the total abstinents; now, the tables are turned indeed, and the censor himself apologises for taking a little wine on the score of lingering weakness. Dear Dr. Raffles, used a right, although not a full designation; for, however eminent the man, the clinging to a little wine was what he described it to be. But, alas, it was more than a lingering weakness, it was also a lingering impediment to the Doctor's usefulness. This lingering impediment still hangs on the skirts of some who minister in holy things; and God, for Christ's sake, by the Holy Spirit grant that they may speedily shake off this grievous emasculator of their services to the church and to the world."—*Victorian Temperance Year-Book*, 1876.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING FOR THE YOUNG.—To show the business-like methods of working pursued in the old country, in teaching the evils of the use of intoxicants, we give a tract prepared by the Glasgow Band of Hope Union, on which members between twelve and fifteen years of age are to be examined in writing for a prize scheme.