

encouraged him with his music. I have often heard him say, "All I am I owe to that dear wife."

Now about that charge of his singing for money. The royalty on this little book has amounted to about \$60,000, which has been devoted to charitable purposes. I once asked Mr. Bliss to take \$5,000 for himself, telling him I thought he needed it; but he would not take one farthing. Chicago never had a truer man. He will be appreciated hundreds of years hence. Like Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts, he was raised up to sing in the Church of God. "God be praised for such a woman, God be praised for such a man!"

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Dr. Williamson especially in behalf of the mother of the deceased.

The twenty-second hymn was then sung—one of Mr. Bliss' own songs, with the words written by his wife.

Mr. Moody then appointed two committees, the first to raise money and erect a monument to the memory of the dead, and the other committee to draft resolutions and communicate them to the friends of the deceased.

A collection was then taken up for the former purpose, the only one ever taken in the tabernacle.



Temperance Department.

FROM BARLEY TO WHISKEY.

The Rev. Dr. Choever, who years ago made famous "Deacon Giles' Distillery," and was honored therefor by imprisonment, contributes to the New York Observer the following

THE PROGRESS OF SCOTCH ALE FROM BARLEY TO WHISKEY AND THENCE?

John Barleycorn, my Joe, John, When we were first acquaint, With ferns and daisies tangled wild Your bonny brow was bent. Bred was it with the sun, John, Ye grew by day and night, And every drop of water, John, Made rainbows to my sight.

A winsome field of barley, John, When ye were in the flower; We thought it was the gift of God, And Scotland's primal dower. A winsome field of barley, John— Oh! how we loved the sight! And barley bread, and parritch too, Our childhood's dear delight.

But now ye're like a serpent, John, And I'm the one that's bit, The deadly sting ye first did strike, It rankles in me yet. They passed you through the kiln, John, They scoured your bonny brow, Till you came malted from the field, The flames of hell to blow.

Ye led me to the ale-house, John, To drown my life with drink, And still a stronger draught ye brewed To help me not to think. Till in your train, John Barleycorn, The rage for spirits came, And I, beneath that dreadful thirst, Lost every thought of shame.

The fire is at my soul, John, The fire is in my heart, It courses through the nerves and veins, And burns at every part— A fever in the maddened brain, A sheet of flame without Loch Lomond's sweet and cooling wave Could never put it out.

The furnace flames within me, John, It kindles up despair, And water cannot quench, John, The fire that's in the air. A curse upon the moment when This thirst began to grow, A curse upon your malted brow, John Barleycorn my Joe!

Would the lords of Scotland, John, In mercy interpose To drive this demon from the land: Sweet Caledonia's rose Would shed its fragrant breath again, Instead of malt distilled, And hope come back to many a home With rage and misery filled

DR. RICHARDSON ON PROHIBITION.

To see that the nation has a pure supply of water is not more important than to ensure that supplies of fatal drinks shall in some measure be reduced and in the end abolished. For more than a hundred and fifty years this question has been before the legislature, and still I fear the Lords of the Privy Council might write by Her Majesty's command to the Custodes Rotulorum of the several counties, precisely as the Lords of the Privy Council wrote by His Majesty's command on March 31st, 1743, "That the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors has not been prevented by former Acts of Parliament, but still continues the same," and it is there complained of as "a custom destructive of the health, morals, and industry of His Majesty's subjects, and to the peace of his kingdom." There are few now who do not admit the evil that has to be legislated for, and the necessity of immediate legislation, none, except those who are directly or indirectly profiting, or thinking that they profit, by the sale of strong drink. Every legislator who speaks deprecates the evil, and would, he says, fain crush it. Every candid legislator knows that the nation is ready for the gradual abolition of the drink traffic. Yet only about one in seven dares to propose legislative action, and no Government dares to touch the question with a view to restrict the sale of the most useless article at its best, and the most fatal article at its worst, of all human beings buy and sell.

The future historian, watching the curious contest that is now in progress, and seeing its bearings with a distinctiveness we cannot realize, will have many speculations on the reason why such a contest was so long on hand, and why the greatest enemy of civilized man was allowed so long a reign. He will probably come to the conclusion that the chief reason was of a physiological character. He will say the generation did not see the evil because they were born to it, begotten in it, begotten upon it. The degeneracy of living the enemy had to be bred out before a majority could exercise it by the action of their free-will. The time, I think, approaches when the generation is sufficiently changed to begin the process of exorcism. It can only begin practically by legal enactment. I know it will be said that such moral extension of temperance as will give direction and power to political movement might be expected to move everything in due order, and with due effect, without the introduction of any one addition to the statute book. I would be second to none in supporting moral over coercive human law, in cultivating virtue, if I may so say, by fashion rather than by penalties and punishment. But in this drink question, the law as it stands is hopelessly involved. The law which should protect the nation from the folly and crime of drink, actually legalizes, and it is not saying a word too much to add, patronizes and sustains the evil. It exacts dues out of the iniquity, and doubles the injury which the enemy himself inflicts. It allows every temptation to drink to stand forth in the public thoroughfares, to catch the ignorant and unwary. It trains the ignorant, by these means, into drunkenness; robs the man it trains of money for what are called State purposes; punishes him if in his trained, legally trained, madness, he commits some offence against society; and finally leaves him unprotected from his own acts when his madness is fully confirmed. Can any system be worse than this, or more urgently require reformation?

It is not necessary to ask the legislature to adopt any process for reducing the power and efficiency of rational free-will in order to ask it to do something to help those who are struggling to put down the great crime of our age, and who fail to triumph because the legislative machinery stands across the way. It is only necessary to pray the legislature to remove its own acts by which it has given license to a large class of men to traffic in alcohol to the injury of the national health, if they will but pay a license for the privilege of inflicting the injury. The State here surely can say, We will not take part in the wholesale disposal of an article that is to be retailed for the life service of none who buy it, but for the fatal service of the many who buy. In this case, in fact, the State has merely to withdraw its protection, to place the drug alcohol in the same position as other chemical bodies of the same class, to recognize that death produced by alcohol is the same as death produced by any other poisonous agent; and, to leave the use of this agent in the hands of those who are learned enough to know how to use it, if it be at any time a warranted necessity. Presuming the State has not power to act altogether in this concern, it should at least give fair play to those advanced communities which in their own spheres are anxious to legislate for themselves, which beg for no more than that they, by their free-will, may exclude an evil they abhor, and which hope, by the example they would set, to extend their movement until the supreme will of the people should emancipate the legislator from all peril and responsibility

when the time comes for a prohibitory decree that shall transform the local into the imperial policy of the nation.—Good Words.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Miss Frances E. Willard contributes an excellent article on this subject to the Advance, from which we make the following extract. "The grog-shop is a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways at once. It is a rotating machine by the snaring of souls. It catches our young men and boys before they reach the church and Sabbath-school—while they are on their way—and they never reach its doors, or else it catches them as they return, and mars or neutralizes the blessed lessons there imparted. Between the two there is the old 'irrepressible conflict' over again. It is war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, and only one can win. And in the warfare of Christ's army are outnumbered. There are twelve saloons to every church, twelve bar-keepers to every minister. The church opens its blessed doors two or three days in the week. The saloon grinds on and on with its mill of destruction all the days of every week, all the months of every year. That we are outnumbered is not all. We are outgeneralled as well. The people of the rum-shop purpose their hearts not only to mar and neutralize, but to obliterate and replace the lessons of church and Sunday-school. They have their series of lessons with which our International Series can not at all compete. They have studied carefully the tastes, tendencies, and preference of boys and of young men, their natural and innocent taste for variety, fondness for amusement, preference for young company, and they pander to all of these in ways that take hold upon death. Whether we educate or not, they appropriate the value of line upon line, and precept upon precept. The rum-shop has its literature of which I would not write. It has its music and its object lessons fitted to go with its literature. Said a gentleman, who had reformed: "In the rum-shop, conscience is a superstition; virtue a jest; the religion of Christ a cunningly devised fable; Christ an exploded myth. The name of God is heard alone in curses there, and immortality is but the feverish fancy of a madman's dream. There is not a commandment of the decalogue, there is not a precept of the Sermon on the Mount; there is not a rule of life that ever fell from the lips of Christ—the violation of which is not hailed with plaudits in the saloon."

So much for the education of the rum-shop. When may we best offset it, where and how? We may do this best in childhood, in the home, in the public and the Sabbath-schools.

LAGER-BEER AND CRIME.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D.

The temperance cause seems likely to be greatly injured by the German population of our country, who favor and use largely lager beer. It is claimed by them that this drink is harmless, and not intoxicating, and even wholesome. I have just spent a month in one of the criminal courts of this city, and, while prepared to believe much crime came from the use of liquor, I was a little surprised to hear the judge who presided—an old and venerable man, whose active life had all been spent in the criminal courts—declare that nine-tenths of all our crime came from the use of intoxicating liquors. During the long session of the court I was pained to see that most of the criminals were young, and that in a majority of instances they had been drunk more or less when committing their depredations on society. We had some five or six murders on trial, and nearly all had been drinking before the murder what a German would call a moderate amount of lager-beer—say from one to two quarts—and sometimes with it ale. Perhaps the most painful murder case before the court was that of a boy seventeen years old, son of very respectable parents, who killed a comrade while entirely under the influence of lager-beer. The fight which occurred at the same time was between about a dozen boys from fifteen to twenty, and all had drunk lager-beer freely. Judging from my observation, lager-beer is quite as likely to generate murder and crime as stronger liquors; for while it blunts the senses and moral perceptions, it does not so thoroughly destroy that co-ordinating power which the cerebellum has over the muscles, causing them to act together, and loss of which is drunkenness, or inability of the brain to make the muscles act all alike; thus leaving the body largely normal, but the moral senses blunted. The one drunk on beer is really more dangerous than the one drunk on wine or whiskey. I should like to know the experience and observation of others on this point.

What is to be the cure of this stubbornness of a race to progress from the use of beer to water? The habit no doubt is inbred, and the belief that the waters of Germany are impure from the long saturation of the soil with

the filth of ages, and the cure, come only with time.

The cure lies in the slow but sure progress of the race. In Germany, even, there is a small but faithful class of hygienists who abjure beer, drinking many fruit juices. They are few in number, but determined, and will yet revolutionize Germany's beer-drinking habits.

So, too, the cure of intemperance lies mainly in human progress, and progress lies in giving thought to a subject. The temperance society is doing its best work in compelling attention to temperance. In time it will meet with its reward.—National Temperance Advocate.

Don't Sign—In most communities the applicant for a license for the sale of alcoholic liquors must have endorsers from among his neighbors who are freeholders, certifying to his "good moral character," and supporting his petition. The liquor-selling business is justly denounced as inimical to the welfare of the community. But the licensed liquor vendor is not alone responsible. His endorsers especially, whose signatures are indispensable to the procuring of his license, share, morally at least, his responsibility. It should be an objective point with friends of temperance everywhere, to make thoroughly odious the act of signing an application for liquor-selling licenses. To this end it would be good service to procure and publish in the newspapers, in handbills, circulars, and otherwise, the names of all licensed liquor-dealers, and with them the names of all the signers of their applications for licenses, and to keep them conspicuously before the public as axes for comment, exhortation, and admonition. This has been done substantially in sundry localities, and with a most wholesome restraining effect. A large measure of discretionary authority is vested also in license commissioners. They should be memorialized and urged to refuse altogether to grant licenses so far as they have any discretion. Every license granted in any community, as affirmed by a Massachusetts magistrate, "will be the means of carrying legalized misery into the homes of our citizens." For this misery the signers of petitions and boards of commissioners will be immediately and jointly responsible with the liquor-vendor.—Temperance Advocate.

The London correspondent of the South Wales Daily News says:—"I should imagine from the methods which they are adopting in advertising their wares that wine merchants were having a poor time of it in London. They are sending round Christmas cards to strangers, who receive them without any knowledge of the source from which the luscious liquor comes. The carrier has no information to impart. The case contains no message to show that the wine is not a present from a friend doing a kindness by stealth. But sad is the state of that man who drinks the wine with a heart grateful towards his hidden benefactor. The hidden benefactor is, if I may be allowed the term, a snake in the grass, and in the course of a few days shows his fangs very clearly. He presents his bill and demands payment if you keep the wine. As a rule, this method succeeds. Household-ers would rather 'stump up' than have a bother; and the wine merchant gets his money by a threat. The cruelty of this proceeding is almost unparalleled. Merely to drink the wine is punishment great enough, but to have to pay for it after drinking it is adding insult to injury."

An intelligent correspondent writes us from Zurich: "In this city of Lavater and Pestalozzi it is of the vine we hear during these warm October days. 'Fine weather for the grapes' is the authorized salutation. The public schools are closed for the vintage vacation, that the children may do their part in gathering the rich clusters that are sweetening on a thousand sunny slopes. Broad tubs have been taken into themselves two wheels for the occasion, and high narrow ones two legs, as they are borne on the back of man or boy or sturdy girl. As we return from our sunset walk to see the smoky mountains and bright lake, we are saddened by the sight of fathers reeling to their homes and young men boisterous with the last cup of pure wine. 'Surely' we exclaim, 'the culture of the grape is not the cure for intemperance.'"—N. P. Independent.

