



Temperance Department.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Two boys, both about fifteen years of age, were employed as clerks in a large grocery in an American city. Walter Hyde was the son of a widow, and his earnings were her only means of support. Andrew Strong was the oldest son of a poor mechanic.

Both the boys were capable and industrious, and were members of the "Temperance Union."

Walter and Andrew were good friends, and glad of a situation where they could work together. But they had not long been employed in the grocery before they learned that Mr. Bates, its proprietor, kept a bar in the store. The two boys talked together as to remaining at a place where liquors were sold.

"Let us talk with our folks at home," said Walter. "They will know best. I shall do what mother says."

"And I will ask my father and mother," said Andrew.

"Mother," said Walter Hyde, seating himself beside her easy-chair, and leaning his head on her shoulder, "did you know Mr. Bates sold liquor?"

"Why, no, my son!" said Mrs Hyde, with a start. "Does he?"

"Yes. I didn't know it until to-day. What do you think about my staying there? I haven't anything to do with the liquor department."

For a moment the mother did not answer. Poverty is a hard thing to battle with, and Mrs Hyde knew only too well what must follow the loss of her son's situation.

"My dear boy, let us pray," said this good mother.

And together they knelt in the cheerful fire-light.

"I can answer you now, Walter. I would rather starve than have you, for a single day, exposed to such temptations as beset a drinking-house. You may tell Mr. Bates in the morning that you cannot work for him longer. The bitterest poverty would be better than to have my boy in danger of becoming a drunkard."

In his home that evening Andrew Strong asked the same questions of his parents that Walter had asked of his mother.

"You say you haven't anything to do with liquor, eh?" questioned Mr. Strong.

"No; but I soon may have, if I stay there."

"If we were able to get along without your wages, I wouldn't have you remain there another day; but I have so many mouths to feed, and our rent is coming due, and if you leave there you may not get another situation for a long time. What do you think, Annie?" he asked of his wife; "had the boy better leave?"

"Let him stay a little while," said she, "until we can get the rent paid, and meanwhile we can be looking out for a new situation."

The next day Walter Hyde resigned his situation, and he and his widowed mother were left without support. But they put their trust in God, and He did not forsake them.

He soon found a far better position than the one he had before.

For a long time Andrew was careful to avoid the liquor department of the grocery as much as he could. But as day after day passed he grew accustomed to the sight and smell of liquor, and became familiar with the men who frequented the bar-room, and he would now and then be persuaded to taste of the drink. He no longer went to the meetings of the "Temperance Union."

Twenty years passed by.

In a large manufacturing town, as one of the wealthiest mill-owners was walking along the street one day, he saw a man lying drunk by the roadside. He stopped to see if he could not do something for the poor fellow.

"Do you know this man?" he inquired of a passer-by, who was the superintendent of one of the factories.

"No. He is a stranger in the place. He came to me yesterday morning to get work in the mill. I hired him, and paid him, and he spent it on liquor it seems."

"What did you tell me his name was?" inquired the factory owner.

"Andrew Strong," was the answer.

"Is it possible?" said the wealthy gentleman. "Yes, it must be he."

Then turning to the man he had been talking with, he said, "Mr. Horton, will you help me to carry this man to my house?"

When Andrew Strong awoke from his

drunken slumber he found himself in a rich apartment, and beside him sat a strange gentleman whom he never recollected to have seen.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" he asked, as his scattered senses returned. "What am I here for?"

"Andrew Strong," said the stranger, "do you remember me?"

"No, I never saw you before," was the answer.

"You are mistaken, you and I were once old friends. Don't you remember Walter Hyde, who used to work with you in the store of Mr. Bates?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer, "but you cannot be he."

"I am the same boy who talked with you about leaving the store because they sold liquor."

The poor drunkard looked with his bleared eyes into the face of his companion, and after a long pause, said—

"Then I suppose you are the Hyde that owns the factory, and is so rich?"

"Yes."

"Oh that my father and mother had laid me in my grave," said he, "rather than have let me remain in that liquor-house. This was the turnip when I went down and you went up."

"My poor friend do not despair," said Walter Hyde. "It is not yet too late for you to mend. I will help you and I am sure there is manhood enough left in you to bring you up again."

And he did help him. And the poor wretched drunkard became a man, respected by his fellows and a blessing to society.—*League Journal.*

ALCOHOL FOR DEBILITY.

The following is from a lecture on "practical abstinence," delivered by an F. R. S. in London recently:

There are many in the great alcoholic population who are faint to use alcohol in order to relieve debility arising from some drain or loss from the system. Mothers who are nursing their children are typical examples of this character. When such mothers are improperly fed, when they are underfed, when they are overfed, or when they are fed on sufficient quantity but indifferent quality of food, they are given frequently to feel low, as they correctly express it: to feel as if life would be intolerable and impossible unless it were relieved. In this emergency they fly to the ever-tempting ever-ready alcoholic position. The rich woman has at hand the luscious Madeira, or the misnamed "generous port," or the full-bodied sherry, or the sparkling champagne. The poor woman has the "nourishing stout," or rich brown ale, or the vilest of all those products, the nip of gin, rum, whisky or brandy. To these, one or other of them, the sinking woman flies, and in a few minutes the dullness, the heaviness, the faintness has passed away. She is as a drowning person who has come up to the surface, has caught a floating bundle, and holding by it, she breathes again. Alas! In a brief time the support begins to sink away, and the victim with it. She falls once more into the hopeless state to which she started; resorts once more to the promised relief; loses power again, resorts again to the treacherous aid; and in due course of time, —and, indeed, I may say in course of nature, —becomes a new organization altogether, an organization living on a different plan from that on which it was originally projected: coming under a new series of laws of life; passing through a new series of organic changes, and dying at a period different from that which was positively designed for its course; thousands of women annually fall into premature death from this mode of living under emergency. There is no cause for wonder at the fact. That fluid on which they relied had in it nothing at all on which their structural life could be sustained except a little sugar in some of the drinks and the water which formed the main body of the fluid. The action of the alcohol throughout was but an agent that for a moment relaxed the vessels, took off friction for a brief period, set the feeble heart for a short time free; seemed, by the flash of life that appeared on the surface, to communicate life; but really wore out every organ it influenced, and chiefly the heart, without supplying a figment of strength, health, or vitality.

I dare say some of you have seen in watching the course of that dread disease, consumption, the delusive flush to which we physicians give the name of hectic, or hectic fever. There is no word on the lips of the learned physician so ominous in this disease; no sign he is so anxious not to see. In nineteen cases out of twenty it is the sign of doom, written in vivid crimson lines that cannot be mistaken by those who know it. At the same time, it is a sign of the most delusive form to those who do not know it, and to none more delusive than to the sufferer himself. From the depths of exhaustion and death-like depression the sick man lights up into

life. His pulse becomes quick, his cool skin warm or glowing, his pale cheek bright, his features animated and his mind re-established and hopeful,—it may be, brilliant and light. It is all a dream. That very exaltation, that very fever, that very brilliancy, like the sudden glare of an expiring wick, is but the hastening flash of the final catastrophe that is at hand.

There is no more faithful representation in the range of nature than this is of the flush of alcohol. It is a presentation, measured in days, of facts and phenomena which under the influence of alcohol are extended over months. The alcoholic flush of the exhausted man or woman, raised up, as it seems, by the alcoholic draught is the hectic of alcohol—a prolonged hectic, but as sure a presage of what is to come as the hectic of consumption.

The hectic of alcohol! Let it be remembered as attacking the weary of life. Too often, alas! it attacks the strong also. Fetches down not the poor unfeebled mother giving up her life-blood to her young, but the man in his prime who has no such excuse for seeking his false aid, but who seeks it really to undermine the very strength on which he should depend, on which he should march to usefulness and reputation and virtue and honor. Him the poet Armstrong forcibly describes in truthful verse:—

"Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; elysium opens round,
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care
And what was difficult and what was dire
Yields to your prowess and superior stars,
The happiest you of all that e'er were made,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and as the thundering stream,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal pain;
You sleep, and waking, find yourself undone."

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON DRINK.

The Editor of the *Times* has published a letter received from the Duke of Westminster, president of the Coffee Public-house Association, and enclosing another addressed to His Grace by the illustrious Florence Nightingale. In this letter Miss Nightingale dwells with great emphasis on the ruinous results of the drink traffic. She says: "You were so good as to speak to me about the subject of your Committee on Intemperance once and to send me your Blue-book. 'God Speed' with all my heart to your 'Coffee Public-house Association,' with all the heart of an old nurse like me, appalled with the disease of hospitals, and especially of workhouse infirmaries where the young men patients—at least a very large proportion—come in from 'the drink,' and worse, come in again and again from 'the drink,' knowing that it will be the drink again which brings them there, and will bring them there as long as they live; helpless and hopeless to save themselves, knowing that they are caught and will be caught (like Hindoo ryots in the money-lender's clutch) in the same desperate trap, which, like the Indian money-lender, extorts a higher and a higher rate of usury every year—another pound of flesh—to their dying day.

"Almost all the unmarried men, and some of the married ones (away from their wives to be near their work) in these infirmaries tell the same story:—

I live in a miserable lodging, where I am not wanted and may not poke the fire (the definition of a comfortable lodging is to be allowed to poke the fire) or even sit by the fire. I have nowhere to go to but to the public-house, nowhere to sit down, often nowhere to take my meals. We young men lodgers often sleep in one room with two or even three generations of the same family, including young women and girls, unless, indeed, we can get into the model lodging-houses. Coffee houses might save us, model lodging-houses might make model men of us; nothing else would. As it is, here we are, and here we shall be in and out of the same sick ward, "every man Jack of us," till the last time, when we come to die in it.

"This is the story told with every shade of feeling, from tears to desperation or callousness, sometimes mixed up with a pitiful love story, sometimes with a theft story, or worse, of thousands.

"Yet these men are so far from 'all bad,' that if the nurse of the ward is a 'trained' nurse, which implies a character and education, to carry some weight and influence, they will scrupulously respect their nurse's property, and even her feelings, and will send her word if they have 'kept straight'—how seldom!—or when they have got work.

"The children of these men are as much born to the same lot as the children of English are born to be English.—*Alliance News.*

The *Times* has published a letter on the sudden disuse of stimulants:—"The Rev. T. H. Choze writes to us from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon: 'It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beve-

rages in a person—much more in an aged person—who has used them through life is prejudicial to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of 82 summers. Her usual drink through life has been gin, which she changed for beer previous to reaching her 80th year. She suffered from occasional attacks of gout in her left hand and also a running foot-sore. Upon her reaching the age of 80—that is, two years ago—she suddenly adopted the total abstaining principle, much to the surprise and consternation of her friends, who all prophesied a speedy and sudden termination of her life for the want of her accustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanished, and for two years she has been free from these harassing complaints, and is a living monument of the good effected by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic regimen. She is in her 83rd year, and frequently walks out into her son's garden or farmyard without any covering on her head. Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian."—We take the above from the *Times* of March 25.

LONGEVITY OF ABSTAINERS.—The comparative mortality of abstainers and moderate drinkers is the subject of a very interesting letter in the *Sanitary Record* by Dr. Edmunds the well-known teetotal physician. That teetotalism tends to longevity is shown by the fact that the Temperance and General Provident Institute has been one of the most successful of assurance societies, and after paying vast sums to the representatives of deceased members possesses £2,300,000 as the saving and property of its surviving members. The temperance section has been kept distinct from the general section, and the deaths among the total abstainers have been so much fewer than among the moderate drinkers that the former have had altogether 17 per cent more bonus to divide than the latter. Dr. Edmunds gives some full statistics, from which it appears that diseases of the nervous and excretory systems kill 172 abstainers for 186 moderate drinkers the excess for the latter being 66 per cent. On the other hand lung disease, heart disease, and zymotics kill 461 abstainers for 401 moderate drinkers, an excess of 15 per cent on the abstainers. Classing all diseases, the mortality among abstainers is about three-fourths of that among moderate drinkers.

THE CORK WORKHOUSE NURSES AND THE PORTER.—In November last it was decided to stop the porter given to the pauper nurses attending to orphan children, and to the able-bodied assistants, additional rations of meat and tea being substituted. In December the doctors reported that the nurses positively refused to nurse the children unless they got the porter; one guardian asked was it to be tolerated, that they should dictate to the board. At the following meeting, another guardian said dissatisfaction would result if porter was not given; it was decided to yield to the nurses and the assistants, and the porter drinking goes on as usual. The nurses gained the victory. During the month, 225 pints were consumed by the special male pauper assistants and 239 pints by the nurses. On the 27th December a labour master was to be elected. It was proposed to appoint a total abstinence, in order to set a good example; after some discussion, the proposition was rejected, so the Cork Poor House is a place for drink at the expense of the ratepayers.

—The *Dublin Daily Mail* (Jan. 26) remarks that—"It would be useful if some test could be fixed by which to determine when a man is drunk. An ingenious test was once suggested of asking a man who was supposed to be drunk to repeat three times the words 'truly rural.' If the words were debased into 'tooral rural,' or some thing of that sort, the man was to be regarded as drunk within the meaning of the act. The test would not be fair to the man who has even a slight vocal impediment, but that some test is needed is shown every day. For instance in a charge against a publican for permitting drunkenness, heard at Liverpool yesterday, one policeman was of the decided opinion that two men who were in the publican's house were drunk; the publican and the men themselves were as equally positive that they were sober; a second policeman said that they were 'so much' intoxicated, but not drunk; and a third policeman was of opinion that they were drunk, but 'not bad.' The magistrates took the middle course of dismissing the charge and cautioning the publican to be 'more careful' in future."

THE rapid increase of cigarette-smoking may be inferred from the fact that ten years ago there was but a single brand, while now there are 338. Prominent physicians pronounce it more injurious than cigar-smoking, as the smoke is generally inhaled and ejected through the nose, causing irritation of the mucous membrane of the nose. It also causes vertigo, dimness of vision and dyspepsia, bronchial and throat diseases.