

# Temperance

## The Dirge of the Lost Vote.

(By Rev. George C. Wood.)

Drink, drink, drink,  
O drunkard, and go on the spree,  
For the people's voice makes a 'wet-tov'  
choice—  
Drink on now, who cares for thee!

Drink, drink, drink,  
Ye moderate drinkers, drink,  
Ye can take a glass and leave it now.  
Ah, will ye, in years, d'ye think!

Drink, drink, drink,  
They say 'twill make the land rich—  
Our boys will be bummers and bask in the  
bars—  
'Tis hon'rab'le, so we be rich!

Drink, drink, drink,  
E'en the church now says, drink on,  
For the church could block the bars if it  
would,  
But the bar blinds the church, and has  
won!

Drink, drink, drink,  
So the man in the bar may sell,  
The traffic must needs have the gain and the  
gold,  
Tho' it means the enlargement of hell!

Drink, drink, drink,  
Our rulers say, drink on,  
So long as ye fill our coffers with chink,  
Drink on, and have your fun!

Drink, drink, drink,  
Steam up in the old gin-mill,  
What odds of the curse in heaven or earth,  
And God's hand stretched out still!

Woe, woe, woe,  
For the town is built with blood,  
But what do we care! the revenue's fair,  
We care naught for man nor God!  
—Christian Guardian.

## Working or Idling.

We have all heard the story of the boy who, when asked if his father was a Christian, replied, 'Yes, but he is not working at it just now.' There are happily very many teetotalers, and their number is being added to every week. While foolish people speak of failure of the Temperance cause, that cause is really making giant strides, and the liquor traffickers are sorely put to it to devise a means of staying its advance. In the Church, in the Army, in the Navy, in the medical world, and in scientific circles, there is notable progress. Now and again a solitary pleader urges that drink is not so bad; that, if carefully taken, it may not do very much evil; that there are other evils beside drinking that should be suppressed, and the like. But the tide does not refuse to flow because here and there a Mr. or Mrs. Partington rushes forth with a broom to sweep it back! The steady work carried on by the League, for example, has told in many directions. The witness borne by its agents and other representatives in pulpit and on platform has served to lead many to think and to take their stand where the light and the wisdom and the worth are. When there was no flourish of trumpets heard, the good work was being persisted in, and the results are seen on every hand. It is not only that many have been rescued from the drunkenness that destroyed, but multitudes more have been preserved. And, in addition, information has been spread in every direction, with the result that the liquor traffic is not only suspect, but is denounced on all hands, and a widespread and earnest desire for its suppression has been created.

But we desiderate yet better things. And

the slowness in getting there is due to the fact that many teetotalers are idling instead of working at their business of Temperance. No doubt one is apt to grow weary. There are, too, especially at times, many things to discourage. And then there are always competitors for our time and energy and gifts. But, against all that we must keep in view, the vastness of our cause, and the tremendous issues involved in it. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of men who labor and sacrifice to counterwork some mere result of the drink system, while they do not lift their little fingers to aid that system itself. There is need of vision. But what is to be said of those whose vision is clear, who see that drink is the chief source of our social diseases and the great hindrance to the extension of Christ's Kingdom on the earth, and yet do nothing, or next to nothing, to bring it to an end? One might denounce, but little good would come of that. We would rather invite those growing weary or indifferent to reconsider that the old interest may burn anew. Every abstainer should let his abstinence be known. Each of us has many opportunities of saying a good word for the good cause. Even the most humble can encourage the most prominent in the work by a kindly word of cheer. The time for rest can only be when the work is done. Until then it is for us to sow beside all waters, and to pray on, and hope on, for the better time before us.

'Work though the world would defeat you;  
Heed not its slander and scorn;  
Nor weary till angels shall greet you  
With smiles through the gates of the morn.'  
—Temperance Leader.

## Sir James a Witness to This.

It is the property of alcohol to act primarily upon the highest nerve centres. In poisonous doses it paralyzes the nervous system from above downwards, and we are able to follow step by step its descent from level to level, until the driving centres of organic life are reached and death ensues.

It (alcohol) is a treacherous familiar that strengthens its hold on its victim, sedulously aggravating the exhaustion that it, in the first instance, alleviates, and setting up a state of pathological unrest that it is alone adequate to soothe. It is upon fine and susceptible natures that its hurtful influence is most strongly exerted, and thus it is that brain-workers often succumb to it.—(Form an address delivered at the opening of the Winter Session of the Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, 1906, by Sir J. Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S.)

## Chignik Island.

(By William A. Davis.)

A little north of the fifty-sixth parallel of north latitude and fifty-eighth meridian of west longitude is Chignik island, Alaska. It is small and rocky, of but a few acres in extent, and stands out in plain view of all who pass up or down Shelikof Strait along what is known as the 'inside passage.'

The natives for hundreds of miles regard this island as the abode of a malignant spirit who defies the charms and incantations of the most powerful Shaman (medicine-man) ever born.

A good many years ago a company of Aleut fishermen while fishing in the neighborhood of this island became thirsty; and, hauling their bidarkas (skin-boats) safely upon the beach, they soon found a stream of bright, sparkling water bubbling up from a cleft in the rocks and forming a pretty little pool of perhaps a rod in diameter.

Here the whole company knelt and drank copiously. Alas! that was their last drink. Not one of them lived to get away. Their bones are still to be seen scattered about the pool. There they will remain until they decay or white men give them a sepulchre.

In after years a chemical analysis of the water of the pool was made, and it was found to contain large quantities of arsenic in solution, sufficient to cause death shortly after partaking of it.

I suspect now, since you have read this brief account, you will do as I, and doubtless many, many others, have done—look upon Chignik

Island with horror. Yet in every community there are places where men resort to drink of a poison as deadly as those arsenical springs; and, though dead men's bones are whitening all about them and suffering indescribable is prevalent everywhere, they continue to imbibe this terrible liquid, even sacrificing everything that is near and dear to them to procure it, and finally sending their own souls to perdition.

The skeletons of twenty-eight natives are as nothing compared with the havoc, widespread and awful, caused by alcoholic drinks; yet the story may bring existing conditions to our mind more forcibly.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

## The Fence or the Ambulance\*

To many this is a familiar poem, but we repeat it as being one of the best recitations for any temperance meeting.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant,  
But over its terrible edge there had slipped  
A duke and full many a peasant:  
So the people said something would have to be done.  
Though their projects did not at all tally:  
Some, 'Put a stout fence round the edge of the cliff'—  
Some, 'An ambulance down in the valley.'

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,  
And it spread through the neighboring city.  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,  
But each heart became brimful of pity  
For those who slipped over the dangerous cliff;  
And the dwellers in highway and alley  
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence  
But an ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, 'Tis a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing results than to stopping the cause  
When they'd far better aim at prevention.  
Let us stop at its source all this mischief,' he cried,  
'Come neighbors and friends, let us rally:  
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley.'

'Oh, he's a fanatic!' the others rejoined.  
'Dispense with the ambulance? Never!  
He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could.

No! No! We'll support them for ever!  
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?

And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?  
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence

While the ambulance works in the valley?

But a sensible few who are practical too,  
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer:  
They believe that prevention is better than cure,

And their party will soon be the stronger.  
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice,  
and pen,

And (while other philanthropists dally)  
They will scorn all pretence and put up a stout fence

On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old.

For the voice of true wisdom is calling—  
'To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best  
To prevent other people from falling.  
Better close up the source of temptation and crime

Than deliver from dungeon or galley:  
Better put a stout fence round the top of the cliff

Than an ambulance down in the valley.'

\*Issued by the New England 'Watch and Ward Society,' Boston.