

to be wrong if I state, *per contra*, that the invalids recovered *in spite of* the strong drink they were made to swallow?

Surely that which is capable of producing delirium tremens during the course of another illness should be rarely, if ever, resorted to, unless it can be proved to be absolutely essential for a cure, and known to be as infallible a remedy as anything can be, in a dispensation when death will enter into the homes of abstainers as well as into those of the intemperate and the moderate drinkers. It is absolutely cruel, as well as unscientific, to use habitually as a medicine that which may greatly aggregate the sufferings of an invalid, and cause increase of alarm and sorrow to the friends by its mental effects on the patient, unless there is positive proof that nothing else can avail.

I forbear to dwell on the after dangers of using a so-called remedy which may awaken a craving for it long after all excuse for its use has passed away. That is a moral part of the question which apparently has little weight with the doctors as a body.

We often heard it said, such and such a person would have died but for brandy. When do we hear it asserted that a patient was killed by the wine or spirits administered by the doctor's orders? If the suspicion crosses men's minds they crush it down. They do not want to think it. Alcohol is a pleasant remedy in the opinion, alas! of the many, and they wish to believe the doctors must be right when they prescribe it. When will the latter be faithful and true enough to refuse to order or to allow it to those who consult them; or be unprejudiced enough to believe that those of their profession who condemn its use now comparatively few in number, may be right after all?

A person of my acquaintance, having received a violent shock to the system, suffered from difficulty in breathing, through weakened action of the heart, had unhealthy depth of color in the face, &c., while under continuous medical treatment and alcoholic regimen. I ventured once to make a deprecatory remark on this latter point to the doctor, who replied, the patient "must be kept up." Did the treatment answer its purpose? I only know the invalid died before the end of a year of internal tumor. I do not say that alcohol killed in this case, I only remark that it neither prevented an evil nor cured it.

[Some of our readers may think that the preceding remarks press hardly on the medical profession; but we unhesitatingly assert that they are mildness itself when compared with statements recently made to us by eminent members of the profession who cannot be fairly charged with prejudice or fanaticism on this question.—ED.]—*Temperance Record*.

THE UNFINISHED WAR.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

Every visitor to the famous and decisive battle-field of the old "slaveholders' war" (Gettysburg) stops before the magnificent "national monument" which stands in the midst of the soldiers' cemetery, watching the graves of the patriotic dead, and reads the immortal words of President Lincoln, delivered here on November 19, 1863, on occasion of the dedication of these grounds, among which are these: "But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground..... It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us," etc.

As, from time to time, in my morning walks, I halt before this monument, whose grandeur and significance never fail of fresh impressions, and read these words of the great President, I am made to feel that the whole work for which these brave men died is not yet completed. It is true that negro slavery is abolished, the rebellion is crushed, the Union is preserved, and the very traces of the war on this battle-field are almost wholly effaced, save as few buildings, trees, and monuments preserve the memory of the mighty struggle. It is well that the hand of nature wipes out the blood-stains and smoothes down the horrible gashes of war. But if there remains among us still a spirit that is hostile to good government, "to law and order," which endangers our liberties and endeavors to overthrow our free institutions, and reduce men to slavery, then, in the language of

Lincoln, there is an "unfinished work," to which we ought to be dedicated, and "highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." That there is a spirit of anarchy and misrule abroad in our land—a spirit that seeks to corrupt our government, debauch our legislators, and win them into a vile subserviency to a low and dangerous monopoly—is evident to all who will see. The rum-power is a more dangerous evil to the best interests of a free people than chattel slavery. Negro slavery was *local*, and was confined by both statutory and natural law; rum is ubiquitous, and seems equally free and powerful over the whole land. The victim of slavery wore his chains upon his body; the victim of rum wears them upon his mind. The slave of the lash might still have a good name and "a good hope through grace," while the slave of the cup drowns his good name in an abyss of drink, and robs himself of all hope of that kingdom into which "no drunkard shall enter." The slavery of rum discriminates between no races, sex, or conditions, but lays waste with unsparing hand all that is pure, and tender, and beautiful, and good. How the land grows under this curse! With what gigantic and audacious advances the rum power is seeking to secure the control and protection of law! Very much as old slavery did, is it seeking to subsidize the government in its interest. It asks the government for special and favorable legislation. It wishes to be exempted from just and necessary restrictions, from the encumbrances of righteous taxation; and, while it cajoles and rewards its friends, it threatens its enemies with "political damnation." It refuses to render an account of its doings, and when those who are the least suspicious of its social, financial, and moral effects desire official and impartial investigation into the fruits of the liquor traffic the friends and abettors of that traffic resist and oppose such inquiry as a piece of political effrontery and impertinence. Thus, while this evil assaults us everywhere, imperils all our interests, and aspires to supreme control, it would peremptorily silence our complaints, and refuse us the poor satisfaction of knowing by what means it proposes to complete our ruin. With such a power in the land intruding into the hall of legislation, sitting beside our law-makers, and, like the evil-genius in the garden, whispering its evil counsels into the ears of our legislators, there is an "unfinished work," to which patriotic, loyal men need a new and complete dedication.

By God's help, the issue is not doubtful. As long as intelligence, virtue, and sobriety are true to those who work for the overthrow of "the works of the devil," so long there is certainty of safety and triumph in combat with sin. But God works through His servants. He calls and commissions them for the battle, and He Himself, "the God of hosts," will lead them to the conflict and through it to the victory. May His servants stand together as one man against this their common and most deadly foe. Let them seek to unite in council, tolerate and encourage every form and mode of "the good fight," and persevere, without abating one jot of heart or hope, till the victory is won and the land is rid of the curse of rum.—*Exchange*.

A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE.

Young men, why do you drink? Those that do drink stop for a moment and think; ask yourself the question, "Why do I drink?" and see if you can tell. Does it make you any better and happier or any more gentlemanly to drink? Does it make you any dearer to those that love you? Are you making your good old father and mother, sister, wife or sweetheart happier by so doing? Stop but long enough to think and your heart's answer will be, "No, no, no." Then reform at once and be gentlemen. You can never be one and drink to the dregs of that damning cup.

If you keep on you will bring gray hairs and sorrow to those that you love and to those that love you. What good do intoxicating liquors do? Some hold that a great many are good for medicine. They may be, but while they are curing one they are killing thousands; ruining men; causing them to do things that they would not do. Some men come home intoxicated, scold and curse their wife and little ones; when they themselves have sold everything saleable in the house for something to drink; they will curse and strike their wife because she can't prepare them something good to eat, and often, in striking, they kill the only one on God's earth that loves them, for the