

## Selected Articles.

## THE GOSPEL OF TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

What amazes and shocks me is to see the wine-bottle where it is as flagrantly out of place as a bonfire would be on the floor of a powder-mill. No intoxicant has any business to be on the table of a family which contains any boys, or on the table of any miscellaneous social party, or in the cupboard of any professional man, or anywhere else, in short, except possibly in the hands of a *very* discreet and careful physician. Every bottle that contains alcohol contains a *serpent*. The serpent in Eden was not a more perfect embodiment of deceit. A bottle of Bourbon or of Burgundy will deceive the very elect. I am constantly called to labor for the reformation of persons who began with the most honest resolution to drink *moderately*; but their glasses insensibly enlarged and deepened until they became literally a pit of damnation! Some of the hardest cases I encounter are of those whose names are enrolled on church registers. In yonder lecture-room I have heard a man pray most pathetically for deliverance from the tempter, and yet he has been tracked to a drinking-saloon on his way home from the prayer-meeting! More than once he has been the subject of most loving personal efforts (once or twice of necessary church discipline), and still does he cry out in agony from the bites of the serpent which he deliberately *put into his own bosom* when he was a young man. He never whines about being "a poor unfortunate victim," etc., etc.; he squarely admits that he is a heinous sinner against God and his own soul. But what shall be said of those Christian people who, from thoughtlessness or from the tyranny of fashion, will set wine-bottles where they will produce just such conflagrations? In my honest judgment, the grog-seller, will have no heavier account to answer for in the "great day" than will those reputable and professedly Christian people who place bottled serpents on their hospitable tables for the temptation and poisoning of their guests. Half the drunkards in the land had one or more *partners* at the outset. God's Word solemnly declares, "Be ye not *partakers* of other men's sins"; how much worse to be their tempters!

The one momentous truth that must be instilled into the minds and consciences of the young is, that *nobody* can safely tamper with an intoxicating beverage. On the bed-rock of entire abstinence alone are they safe. I am willing to confess on this public page that I would no more dare to tamper with a wine-bottle than I would dare to thrust a firebrand into one of the pews of my church edifice. The venerable president of my college told me how often in his student days he used to listen to the eloquent sermons of Dr. —; but those very sermons were delivered under the inspiration of the wine-cup! The excuse was, "I can preach better with the

## WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

How often this question is asked by men accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks! Suppose we put the question in a more practical way? Will you take ten cents' worth of poison? Will you take a pain in the head? Will you take a rush of blood to the heart? Will you take a stab at the lungs? Will you take a blister on the mucous membrane? Will you take a nauseating sickness of the stomach? Will you take a redness of eyes or black eyes? Will you take a tint of red for your nose? Will you take a rum-bud for your face? Will you take an offensive breath? Will you take a touch of *delirium tremens*? Suppose we change the question a little. Will you take something to drink when you are not dry? Will you take something to drink which will not quench your thirst when you are dry? Will you take something to drink which will make you more thirsty than you were before you drank it? There would be some sense in asking a man out at the elbows to take a coat, or in asking a bareheaded man to take a hat, or in asking a shoeless man to take a pair of boots, or in asking a hungry man to take something to eat; but it is a piece of insane absurdity to ask a man to take something to drink—that will not quench thirst. Why should he take something? Will it make him stronger, wiser, better? No; a thousand times no! It will make him weaker; it will

make him idiotic and base. What does he take if he accepts the invitation? He takes "an enemy into his mouth which steals away his brains." He takes a poison into his stomach which disturbs digestion. Could he make a telescope of the glass which he puts to his mouth, and look into the future, what would he see? He would see in the distance, not far away, a man clothed in rags, and covered with the blotches of drunkenness. He would see a man deserted by his friends, and distrusted by all his kindred. He would see a wife with a sad face and a broken heart, and children growing up in ignorance and vice. He would see the poor-house, the penitentiary, the gallows, and the grave-yard within easy approach. Take the pledge, and keep it.—*National Temperance Orator*.

## SIGNIFICANT.

"No sober persons were overcome by the heat in the city."

This statement appeared in one of the daily newspapers the other day at the foot of a report concerning several persons who had succumbed the day before to the combined effect of heat without and alcohol within. It is suggestive of the danger in hot weather even of drinking what might not be felt at all when lower temperatures prevail. We have no doubt that scores of persons lose their lives from sunstroke who would survive if they abstained from the use of alcoholic stimulants during the prevalence of the excessive heat.

In these days of innumerable mineral waters there is less occasion than ever before for resort to spirits to quench the thirst of summer. Ginger ale is also a comparatively new beverage of much virtue, which stimulates without intoxicating. Then city people always have soda water on hand, and lemonade readily procurable, while in the country what can be more refreshing than a draught of molasses-sweetened well-water from the earthen jug kept in a cool corner of the hay field?

Every worker out of doors at this season should remember that alcohol is a deadly ally of sunstroke.—*New York Leader*.

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

In speaking of the blessings of the beer jerking business in New York, the *Tribune* says: "There are 250,000 Germans in New York city who visit beer gardens in vast numbers on Sunday. Only one or two libraries are open on this day at which the attendance is 2,000. As for drunkenness and other crimes, there is less than upon week days, the average number of daily arrests is 192, on Sunday 182, on Monday 227. On Sunday evenings there are concert halls, and beer-and-song places open, visited by 10,000 people." These Monday arrests spoken of are for Sunday drunks. If the saloons of New York were closed on Sunday and the law enforced, these 182 Sunday arrests and fully 150 of the Monday arrests would not take place.—*Seven*.

A Sunday School teacher in Michigan, at the close of the lesson on a recent Sunday, handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" asking that each should take time to consider and answer on the following Sunday. Among the replies that were then given was the following pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had doubtless learned by the bitter process the painful truth it told: "I am thankful that there are no rumshops in heaven."

HE goes to school; but after all, he is learning more out of school hours than in them,—and, for that matter, far more in school than is written in the text-books. He has got beyond arithmetic, and is deep in problems like this:

"Isn't Mr. — a very rich man?"

"No, he would not be considered rich."

"I thought he was. He has such an anxious, careworn look."

The mouth of this babe had unconsciously proposed the same question in spiritual mathematics, which the Master put: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Consumption is a disease concentrated by a neglected cold; how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."