

TEMPERANCE.

WHY I AM A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

A Splendid Lecture Delivered by Rev. Walter Elliott, and Published by Temperance Truth Publication Bureau.

My pledge shows that I am in earnest. It is a practical protest before God, to my own soul, and to all my friends against the vice of intemperance.

What is so hateful as this vice? Drunkenness deprives a man of God's precious gift of Reason. Reason in man is a spark of God's intelligence. It establishes the bond of union between man as creature and God as his creator. Drunkenness dethrones the reason, and leaves man a prey to his vilest passions. God made man a little less than the angels; the drunkard makes himself a little less than the brutes.

Moreover, this horrid vice extends its blighting curse over man in his other relations. It is ruin in prosperity, and despair in adversity. Cowardice, hypocrisy, theft, cruelty, murder, contempt of God, and hatred of man go along with it and follow after it. Disease of body and imbecility of mind are notorious results of drunkenness. Whoever loves humanity hates drunkenness.

If you love religion you hate drunkenness, for drunken Catholics disgrace the Church, and if they die drunk, as too often happens, what other fate but eternal loss can await them? "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Whoever loves his fellow-man with a practical love will do something to stamp out that vice which deprives men of their highest natural good, destroys their happiness during life, and damns them to eternal perdition hereafter.

HATRED OF A VICE MEANS THE LOVE OF THE OPPOSITE VIRTUE.

The first step in practical opposition to any vice is the practice of the opposite virtue. If I hate drunkenness, I hate everything that leads to drunkenness. If I love a clean, sober life, I will cultivate every agency that makes for temperance, and thus induce the practice of that virtue in others. Total Abstinence has its heroic form. Every soldier has his flag; those who make war on drunkenness unfurl the banner of Total Abstinence. Every disease has its remedy; according to the very highest speaking authority in the Catholic Church, the "proper and truly efficacious remedy" for intemperance is the practice of Total Abstinence.

It was in this way that our Lord Jesus Christ saved the world. He not only practised the virtue contrary to the vice He attacked, but He carried the practice of it to a heroic degree.

He combated our avarice by His poverty; our impurity by being born of the Immaculate Virgin, and by leading a virgin life; our angry passions by His perfect meekness and forgiveness; our love of drink by His thirst upon the cross.

Not only Christ's life and doctrine, but the sound sense of mankind demand that sincere aversion for any vice shall be shown by the conspicuous practice of the contrary virtue.

Do you not see the need of thus making war on intemperance? Do you not know how widespread an evil it is?

What family is either without its drunkard or some one who is in danger of falling into drinking habits? What neighborhood is without its plague-spot—the saloon? What community without its steady stream of horror, crime, and misery due to drunkenness? The pathway which leads from the saloon to the poor-house, from the saloon to the jail, from the saloon to the insane asylum, is strewn with wrecks of humanity who are the accursed victims of alcohol. Therefore, every family should have its member, or members who are conspicuous for the practice of Total Abstinence. Every neighborhood should have its band of valiant men and women who protest publicly against the vice of drunkenness. Every community, civil and religious, should have its organized, permanent, and if need be costly, crusade against the saloon.

Courageous men and women are everywhere needed to protest against drunkenness, and to labor to suppress it. I have taken the pledge in order to be the better fitted to assist in this good work.

If you love a happy home, be a prac-

tical Total Abstainer, for it is the most efficacious means of showing your detestation of the family's deadliest foe.

If you love the people of God, take the pledge; for drunkenness is the worst enemy the true faith has this day to contend against.

If you have the good of society at heart, touch not the intoxicating glass; for most of the evils we have to deplore in our social and political life are the progeny of this prolific mother-vice—Intemperance.

I HAVE TAKEN THE PLEDGE BECAUSE TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS A HIGH FORM OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Every element of Christianity in me sharpens my anxiety for the welfare of my brethren. The drunkard is my brother; he needs good example to reform: I have made up my mind to give it to him. We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren (1 St. John iii. 14). I may be too poor to give money for the reform of drunkards, but I can give what is more precious—a good example.

The family that cannot profit by a Total Abstainer among its members is hard to find. The parish that is not greatly helped by a Total Abstinence Society is hard to find.

It is good to be a Total Abstainer. "It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or made weak" (Romans xvi. 21.)

It is not sinful for me to drink moderately, but for the drunkard to do so is a deadly peril. If he is going to be saved he must totally abstain, a task often as difficult as martyrdom. I will help him to do it by keeping him company. Even a saint dreads to stand alone.

Heavenly Wisdom says, "Woe to him that is alone" (Eccles. iv. 10). But when struggling with evil or contending with any overpowering passion, poor human nature looks for a comrade. The heart cries out in danger or in weakness, Help me! I am going to answer that cry. I am determined that no drunkard shall relapse for want of my help. If he is driven by necessity to take the pledge, I am driven by charity to keep him company. "The charity of Christ urges us" (2 Cor. v. 14).

Scorned and despised, the drunkard needs a friend to share his compulsory abstinence. Where is the friend who will extend the resistless hand to help him? I will do so by my total abstinence. I will pick him up from the slough of despond. I will cleanse him, and strengthen him; I will speak tender words of encouragement to him. I will be the drunkard's Good Samaritan. "But I do not need to abstain!" Yes; what my brother needs I need; and if any man needs help, then the help he needs is the help I need to give him.

MY PRIEST SHOULD HAVE TOTAL ABSTINENCE TO HELP HIM REFORM DRUNKARDS.

Unless the Catholic religion exhibits a practical morality superior to that of all other churches, she can never advance among the people. In practical everyday life a tree is only known by its fruits.

The church that earnestly and successfully makes for sobriety, the church that sets itself over against the saloon, need not argue much to convince one that it has a saving mission. We must exterminate drunkenness among Catholics.

When I take the pledge I do a Christ-like work. "Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: I THIRST. Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar. And they putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop, put it to his mouth." (St. John xix.)

A Total Abstainer joins with Christ Jesus in that agonizing cry. He will not permit the dying Saviour to be alone in that awful thirst. The sympathy which wells up from the bottom of a human heart compels him to unite his own self-denial with the agony his Lord suffered for poor drunkards.

For a man to say, I am strongly in favor of Total Abstinence for those who need it, is only saying, I am a Catholic.

For a man to say, I am strongly in favor of Total Abstinence for those who need it, and am willing to encourage and strengthen them by taking the pledge, is only saying, I am a sincere and earnest Catholic.

For a man to labor to create a public opinion against intemperance, and all leads to it, is only saying, I am a well-wisher of my race.

REFLECTIONS.

Suggested to the Writer by Different Circumstances.

SECRETS.

Can a woman keep a secret? This is a question which admits of an affirmative although it usually receives a negative reply, and it is the avowed conviction of many estimable persons that a woman cannot keep a secret. Through a desire for sympathy in our misfortunes we sometimes seem to forget that there is as much responsibility in imparting our own secrets as in keeping those of others, and were we a little more careful as to whom we unnecessarily confide what concerns ourselves most nearly, and would only exercise a little christian charity in discussing matters which we know the persons concerned would wish to have considered as secrets, and such circumstances as we are aware, will bring scandal upon another if told—which do not in any way concern us, and which it is not our duty to discuss, this odium would not be so generally applicable to women.

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" can be put to no better test than in an event of evil speaking. And a momentary reflection on the manner in which we would wish to be treated under similar circumstances will be found efficacious in such incidents, for who does not instinctively recoil at the thought of being spoken ill of in her absence.

To receive a friend's secret and guard it sacredly is the very perfection of friendship, and we believe there are many noble minded women capable of keeping their own and other people's secrets.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

'Tis in the woods that the glories of autumn are seen in all perfection, or on the mountain, where the varied hues are delightful harmonies, and from whence the surrounding country shows to almost better advantage than when clothed in summer verdure. Though changed from the fair scene of a few months past, when woods were green and fragrant flowers bloomed, and hushed is the caroling of birds and the hum of insect life, yet autumn hath an undefinable charm; how beautiful are the woods in their decay; the crimson ash, the silver beech and yellow maple shed their withered leaves, which fall solemnly and slowly with every fresh gust of wind, and all over the land has come a tinge of brown, with here and there a faint patch of lingering green, while the sky still retains some of its soft, summerlike blue, with the grey lines which betoken November.

Walking along briskly, unable to resist the current of thought stirred within the heart by the appearance of such decay—which bears so strong a resemblance to our destiny—we sternly realize our inevitable fate on approaching that "Silent City" which forcibly reminds us that earth with all its loveliness is but a temporary dwelling place, from whence the angel of death summons the toiler to his rest, restoring all his treasures. Nature seems to have designed the place specially as the abode of the vast multitudes who have there found their resting place; on either side stands the mountain, a huge sentinel, guarding alike the slumbers of those who are laid to rest in the first rosy dawn of life's brief day—in the bright morning sunshine, or in the noonday heat and the heyday of life and youth—in the advancing evening, and in the twilight grey—awaiting the dawn of perpetual day.

As we pause to read the inscriptions on the tombstones—those symbols of distinction between rich and poor, though death comes equally to all and makes all equal—or watch the fresh sods and lingering flowers—emblems of the resurrection—day wanes; the setting sun gilds the mountain with a ruddy ray, lengthening its shadow, while intense silence prevails, unbroken save by the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the dead leaves falling, like golden flakes, where soon, softly, silently, will descend the snow, wrapping the earth in its spotless mantle. But those trees shall bud again and flowers bloom, when winter and storms are past, so also shall those slumberers awake, in the eternal springtide, where perfect beauty reigns and knows no fading.

Daylight fades, and the trembling stars begin to shine as we wend our way city-wards, where all is life, and light, and warmth, and friendly greetings await us;

and our hearts are cheered by the ever recurring thought that the departed members of our once happy band shall advance to greet us as we draw nigh the Eternal City, and all be again united, where shines eternal day.

J. McL.

Montreal, Oct. 23rd, 1892.

IN A DAY.

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

Two friends meeting, the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor; and I had hard work to make him accept a little money." "You astonish me. Why?" "Because he wanted more."

To-Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's PILLS cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

Landlady to applicant for rooms: "Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?" Applicant: "I am a doctor of music." "Oh, then I am glad to have you with us, and I'm sure you'll do well here, for there's lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."

RACKED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Dear Sirs,—For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B. B. B. I have not suffered from it at all. I also suffered from the dyspepsia, which has not troubled me since using the B. B. B., and I therefore think it a splendid medicine. Mrs. Amelia Brenn, Hayesland, Ont.

A few years ago the native station-master of an out-of-the-way Indian railway station was suddenly attacked by a tiger, made bold through hunger. The startled assistant immediately rushed to the telegraph office, and wired to the European station-master at the next place on the line as follows: "Tiger on platform eating station-master; please wire instructions."

DOUBLY COMMENDED.

Sirs,—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. I cannot do without it. E. S. W. O. H. Perry, Sea Gull, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used. Miss F. Stephenson, Oakland, Ont.

Ministerial friend on a visit: I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day. She is singing all over the house. Little Nell: I guess she's thought of somefin' to scold papa about when he comes home.

INDIGESTION CURED.

Gentlemen,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady. Mrs. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man.

Husband: How much did you spend to-day? Wife: £2 18s. 6d. Husband ironically: Was that all? Wife with an injured air: That was all I had.

All those who have gray hair in the prime of life can remedy that unpleasantness and restore its natural color and beauty with Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer; wash the head clean, and, when perfectly dry, apply it as an ordinary dressing. It pleases every one who has occasion to use it. Sold by all chemists, only 50 cents a bottle.

When a holiday is most needed—On the day after a holiday.

Dr. A. T. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Difficulty of Breathing—Use It. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Why is necessity like some lawyers Because it knows no law.

"Satisfactory Results."

So says Dr. Carlett, an old and honored practitioner in Belleville, Ont., who writes:—"For Wasting Diseases and Beriberi I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."