



Temperance Department.

GATHER THEM IN.

Gather them in, gather them in,
From the haunts of vice and dens of sin,
From the gilded saloon, the gambler's home,
From groggeries low, the drunkard's doom.

Gather them in, gather them in,
Each heart though steeped in rum and sin,
The image of his Maker bears,
Though furrowed deep with woes and cares.

Gather them in, gather them in,
Though wretched, they have souls to win:
Back to that life they've scorned to prize,
The path of the virtuous and the wise.

Gather them in, gather them in,
Pledged to the right they'll then begin,
Within the fold to ever strive,
To lead an honest life and thrive.

Gather them in, gather them in,
From scenes of revelry and din;
Too long we've turned our deafened ears,
To orphans' woes and widows' tears.
C. H. TAYLOR.

THE STREET OF HELL.

In 1870 there were in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing 20 feet to each saloon, they would make a street 265 miles long. Let us imagine them brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Go with me if you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end, and let us see what that street turns out in one year.

What army is this that comes marching down the street in solid column, five abreast, extending 570 miles? It is the army of 5,000,000 men and women who daily and constantly go to the saloons for intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Marching 20 miles a day, it will take them more than 28 days to go by.

Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army, marching five abreast, and 60 miles in length. In it there are 530,000 confirmed drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast, the army is 150 miles long. Soan them closely. There are grey-headed men and fair-haired boys. There are, alas! many women in that army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven days to go by.

It is a sad and sickening sight. But do not turn away yet, for here comes another army of 108,000 criminals—from jails, and prisons, and penitentiaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood; with ropes round their necks, they are on the way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while they were under the influence of drink.

But, hark! whence comes those yells, and who are those, bound with strong chains and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniacs, made such by drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights, and their ears ring with horrid sounds. Slimy reptiles crawl over their bodies, and fiends from hell torment them before their time. They are gone now, and we breathe more freely.

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what is that long line of black coming slowly down the street? It is the line of funeral processions. 10,000 who have died the drunkard's death are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we can put 30 of their funeral processions into a mile. We have thus a procession 3,333 miles long. It will take a good share of the year for them to pass, for funeral processions move slowly. Yes, most of them do, but every now and then an uncoffined corpse in a rough cart is driven by, and we hear the brutal driver sing,

"Quick, rattle his bones, rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

Look into the coffins as they go by. See the dead drunkards. Some died of *delirium tremens*, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked on their faces. Some froze to death by the roadside, too drunk to reach their homes. Some stumbled from the wharf and were

drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died, and rotted on the surface of the earth. Some blew their own brains out. Some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls. Some were roasted alive in burning buildings. Some were crushed to shapeless masses under the oars. They died in various ways; but strong drink killed them all; and on their tombstones, if they have any, may be fitly inscribed, "He died a drunkard's death."

Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions; we know not how many, but they are more numerously attended by mourning friends. They contain the remains of those who have met death through the carelessness and the cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts. Some were foully murdered. Some were burnt to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men. Some were horribly mangled on the railroad because of drunken engineers or flagmen. Some were blown up on a steamboat because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army—the children, innocent ones, upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? 200,000! Marching two abreast, they extend up the street 30 miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice.

Some of the children are moaning with hunger, and some are shivering with the cold, for they have not enough rags to keep them warm. A large number of them are idiots, made such before they were born by brutal drunken fathers. And, worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor, and are growing up to take the places and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the awful army of drunkards that moves in unbroken columns down to death.

It has taken nearly a year for the street to empty itself of its year's work. And close in the rear comes the vanguard of next year's supply. And if this is what liquor does in one year, what must be the results in all the world through the long centuries!

Thus far we have listened to the stories that the figures tell. But they cannot tell all; they give only the outline of the terrible tragedy that is going on around us. They cannot picture to us the wretched squalor of a drunkard's home. They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused otherwise kind and tender-hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their dear ones. They cannot tell us how many heavy blows have fallen from the drunkard's hand upon those whom it was his duty to love and cherish and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes, which the young fair bride had of the future, have been blasted and turned to bitterest gall. They cannot number the long weary hours of night during which she has anxiously awaited and yet fearfully dreaded, the heavy foot-fall at the door.

Figures cannot tell us how many scalding tears the wives of drunkards have shed, nor how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mothers have worn out body and soul in providing the necessities of life for children whom a drunken father has left destitute. They cannot tell us how many mothers' hearts have broken with grief as they saw a darling son become a drunkard. They cannot tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave, mourning ever drunken children. They cannot tell us how many hard fought battles the drunkard, in his sober moments, has fought with the terrible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide because he could not conquer the demon. And finally, we cannot search the records of the other world, and tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place where no drunkards enter, and banished to the regions of eternal despair, by the demon of drink.

What man, what woman, what child would not vote to have that whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition, and covered ten thousand fathoms deep under the curses of the universe?—Selected.

THE VICE PRESIDENT ON TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Ferry, Vice President of the United States, at a recent meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, is said by a Washington paper to have delivered an able lecture. In a forcible manner he depicted the evils of intemperance, arguing that the love of strong drink was not innate, but acquired. "Strong drink," said the eloquent speaker, "enters homes unbidden and mercilessly strikes down its victims. How can you best combat the monster, strong drink? By frowning upon every recognition that is given to the pernicious habit. Duty forces you to place your influence on the side of temperance. Behold the sad sight which is daily beheld in this and other American cities.

While thousands are crying for bread, millions of money are expended to decorate and beautify the shoddy bar-room and drinking-saloon. There are one thousand drinking hells in the city of Washington alone. But the men who ply their wretched avocations could not thrive for a day unless there was a demand for their death-dealing potatoes. I am sorry to know that in this beautiful city of Washington, the pride of the American nation, there are those at receptions and elsewhere who persist in violating the Scriptural command, which forbids us to put the bottle to our neighbor's mouth. Young men should spurn, as they would a pestilence, the festive board where the wine cup flows. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise." I know what it is to be tempted, to avoid looking upon the wine-cup when it is red; and all that I am or ever hope to be I attribute to utter and total abstinence from the tempter, drink." The speaker then referred to the statistics of the nation, showing that there were one hundred and fifty thousand grogshops in the country. "How much good the amount of money thus expended would accomplish were it only used in educating the masses, or feeding and clothing the multitude of widows and orphans of the Republic!" Mr. Ferry closed his address by admonishing his hearers, especially the ladies, to work untiringly to educate the youth of the country up to a higher degree of morality; to see to it that their homes are made attractive and inviting, so that young men will find in them all that the heart yearns after, when there will be no disposition to seek pastime and recreation at the soul-destroying bar-room of the gilded grog-shop.

BENJ. WHITWORTH, Esq., M. P., ON FOREIGN COMPETITION.—I am connected with concerns in this country employing forty-five thousand men, and paying something like £4,000,000 every year in wages. I will just give you the result of Sunday's drinking in one of those concerns. We pay £10,000 a week, and employ between seven and eight thousand. We never commence work on Monday because we find the men do not come in sufficient numbers to make it worth our while to get up the steam to turn the machinery. Now I have calculated very minutely what the cost of that is to that concern. It is £35,000 a year of a loss—equal to 4 per cent. on the capital employed. I want to know how long this country can stand such a drain as that? We are competing with the whole world, and I say that with a weight like that we should not long be able to compete with her. I happened to be travelling the other night in the underground railway from the House of Commons, when several members of Parliament were in the compartment, and this question of wages and short hours came up. Mr. Laing, the Chairman of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, said: "We have had tenders for fish-plates (of which a large number are used for railways), and we have had an offer from Belgium at 15s. a ton less than any English manufacturer could supply them at." I think that fact, at any rate, should turn the attention of commercial men to the cause of that very great difference in the production and cost of materials, and I say that if we can only do away with a considerable portion of the liquor traffic—not to say the whole of it—we shall add immensely to the prosperity of the country.—From a Speech delivered in Exeter Hall, June 17th, 1875.

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.—To many of our readers it may seem a strange fact, and it is a fact of much significance, that in upwards of 1,000 parishes within the province of Canterbury there is neither a beerhouse nor a public-house. Here, therefore, the question of the practical effects of the absence of temptation is tested upon a large scale. The result is interesting and conclusive. One clergyman, so situated, reports as follows:—"I am happy to say that there is no habitual drunkard. The absence of the temptation of a beer-shop most largely contributes to this state of things." Another says:—"There being no public-house or beer-shop in this parish it is a cause of unmitigated good, in so far as it removes temptation to some distance." A third says:—"There is no public-house or beer-shop, I am glad to be able to say, in this parish. Of this the good is great. The inconvenience, if any, in comparison exceedingly small. It promotes, almost ensures, sobriety and temperance. . . . The constable's office is a sinecure, and a drunken man a very rare sight." A fourth says:—"The public-house was done away with some eleven years ago, shortly before I became incumbent. I am assured that when there was a public-house it was the occasion of much intemperance, of much riot and disorder, and of much poverty and distress." These are only a few samples from two hundred and forty-three published in the report referred to, and given by the clergymen in whose parishes there are no beer-shops or public-houses, who all bear similar testimony. This ought surely, therefore, to form an excellent

ground and warrant for some decided legislation, in so far as the mere number of licensed houses is concerned.—Rock.

COME AND GET DRUNK.—The drunkard, though subject to everybody's scorn, and doomed to bear the inflictions of the law, can't do half the harm of those who are only about half-gone. It is when men are stimulated beyond nature's tension that they do the most evil; and there is so great a difference betwixt one man and another, that the same number of glasses that lays one in the gutter, another can carry and appear all right. But there is both inside drunkenness, and outside drunkenness, gross drunkenness, genteel drunkenness, and concealed drunkenness; and nearly all who boast of "never being drunk in their lives," have felt and disguised their inside inebriation many a time. And it is a question whether the moral evil arising from vulgar drunkenness is not less than from that condition known as being "worse for liquor." So far as example goes, there is no doubt of it. Nobody lies down in the place where the drunken man is found, but multitudes are ever trying to imitate the moderate calculating cunning drinkers—the men who simulate sobriety, and yet are internally intoxicated. Few indeed intend to get drunk, or will own to it; no one ever says to his companion, "Come, Jack, let us go to the Black Bear and get drunk." The advocates of moderate drinking should weigh these matters well, for in truth all the drunkenness we have is simply the natural, the unavoidable fruits of that system of drinking which they countenance and help to make respectable. At the door of the moderate drinkers, it is not uncharitable or exceeding the truth to lay the crime, misery, death, and destruction which the drinking system produces.

WHAT A JUDGE SAID.—At a meeting of the church temperance committee in Lowell, Mass., to protest against liquor licenses, Judge Crosby made the following pertinent remarks: "Thirty-five men could deluge our city with rum and misery and absorb the profits. Enforcing a license law by prosecutions is the veriest nonsense. A poor woman, who is not able to pay for a license, endeavors to support her children by selling a few glasses of liquor clandestinely. The city marshal gets proof and demands a warrant. She is tried, proved guilty, and I—against every natural instinct of justice—am obliged to condemn her, while the rich man close beside her, by the payment of a few paltry dollars which he never misses, is allowed to ride and riot amid the horrible ruins which he creates. Perhaps the aldermen think that by increasing the license fees, they shall diminish the number of licenses. Undoubtedly they will; but cutting down the number of sellers will not diminish the amount sold. It is perfectly vain to talk about licensing in the interest of temperance."—Fox Populi.

A HAPPY TOWN.—No liquor is sold at Vine-land, N. J., a town of 10,000 people, and the account stands thus: Almost nothing paid for relief of the poor; one indictment for a trifling case of battery during the year; one house burned in a year; yearly police expenses, \$75. There is a New England town, with 9,500 inhabitants, with 40 liquor shops, and it kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, and six policemen. It cost over \$3,000 a year for a fire department; support of poor, \$2,500; debt of the township, \$120,000." In one of our Canadian towns of similar size will be found nearly as many saloons, hotels, and liquor shops, with abundance of crime and a costly police department.

PROHIBITION IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The *Staffordshire Sentinel* states that the Rev. Charles Nicklin, of Berwick, Nova Scotia, writing home, says: "Berwick is in King's County, which is about forty miles in length by twenty in width, and in the whole of the district there is not one licensed house. There are those who sell liquors, but they are liable to a heavy fine. We have no police, no gaol or work-house, and I have not seen a drunken man since I came to the place."

—An old adage says that figures don't lie. Here are some facts, official statements, showing how, under different laws, the imprisonments have been. In the years 1869, 1873, 1875, under the city government elected by the rum power, and in the years 1870, 1871, 1872, 1874, under the city government elected by the temperance party:—

LICENSE.		PROHIBITION.	
1869	270	1870	141
1873	228	1871	130
1875	470	1872 (Beer Law)	249
		1874	207
	968		727
Average	322	Average	182

Without giving any more figures, this shows that license law has caused nearly twice as many imprisonments in three years of license to four years prohibition, including one year free beer.—Cor. Boston Temperance Album