

Temperance

Success.

'With Comrade Duty, in the dark or day,
To follow Truth—wherever it may lead;
To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed;
To look for beauty under common clay;
Our brothers' burdens sharing, when they weep,
But, if we fail, to bear defeat alone;
To live in hearts that loved us, when we're gone
Beyond the twilight (till the morning break)
to sleep.
That is success.'

—Selected.

Signs of Progress.

Whilst we hear now and again from ill-informed friends, or from yet more ignorant opponents, that the temperance cause is not advancing we see the signs of progress on every side. It is not to be forgotten that our cause can advance and grow in strength only as the truth is known. The fatal misconception that alcoholic liquors were needful to the human body was deep-seated. It has been difficult to displace, and no doubt it lingers still in some. But as the result of experiment, investigation, and above all experience, it has become certified beyond all gainsaying that alcohol is the foe of health, and that total abstinence leads to longevity and to much else that is good. And the certified truth is being made known. Very wisely, greater care is being taken to instruct the youth in the truths of temperance. Take in illustration the Temperance Syllabus issued by the Board of Education for the guidance and use of teachers in the schools of England. Their Lordships have not told the teachers simply to teach temperance—they have defined the temperance to be taught. And the temperance defined is good. Granted that there is something about 'drinking too much,' as if there were a quantity that may be safely taken, still the counsels given are on the right side, and the facts supplied are bound to be helpful. How some of the early heroes of our movement would have rejoiced could they have seen such a syllabus issued by Governmental authority. Take such a lesson as this—'A gallon of beer contains not much more nourishment than a lump of sugar.' Fancy that being the authorized teaching of the day, and yet people speak of no progress! That lesson will go far to upset the delusion that beer is both food and drink. In England especially ignorant people drink beer because they think it is food. Their children are being better taught. Here is another approved lesson—'Beer, therefore, is very dangerous. Spirits, such as gin, whiskey, and brandy, are far more dangerous than beer.' Could 'extreme' temperance men go further than to say that beer is 'very dangerous,' and that spirits are far more dangerous? Here is another gem—'Beer and spirits are always bad for children.' Here is another, showing wherein much of the danger of alcohol lies—'There is another point that everyone ought to remember about beer and drinks of this kind. The more you drink the more you want to drink.' The teaching is sound. The history of every drunkard confirms it. But the Board of Education members do not content themselves with pointing out the dire personal effects of drink. They teach and they ask that it shall be taught everywhere in our schools, how through the drinking of some, others are hurt. Here, for example, is a paragraph that might have been reported from a speech of a temperance orator:—

'Everybody knows that apart from the risk of disease, people who drink too much beer and spirits are likely to become slovenly, to lose control of their good character, and to neglect their duty. Regular employment and wages are lost, so that many others who depend on those wages for their home and living, will suffer in addition to those who ac-

tually drink.' If we were disposed to be hypercritical we might discount the opening words of the paragraph. Everybody does not know the fact set forth, for there are some people who had never thought on the subject. They have really no knowledge at all, because they have no true thought.

But the number of such is speedily learning, and under such teaching in our schools the diminishing process will go still more rapidly on. And facts being what the paragraph sets forth, the conclusion of the Board of Education is as obviously sound as it is helpful.

'For all these reasons, beer, spirits, or wine are by far the most dangerous things that people are ever likely to drink.' It is well and truly said. The axe, verily, is being laid at the root of the upas tree that has supplied such deadly fruit for so long. Speed the spreading light—harbinger of the time when the words of the Master in relation to a better life shall be verified in relation to the evil of drinking:—'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'—The 'Temperance Leader.'

Why I Don't Drink.

(By T. H. Lawson.)

You ask me, friend, why I do not drink with you; why I do not quaff the sparkling beverage that leaps and dances from your cut-glass bottles into the shining crystal goblet upon your bar. Although in these few words I cannot give you all the reasons why I do not drink—for reason always says: 'Touch not the serpent of the still, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder'—but I will give you enough reasons to faithfully answer your question.

Know, then, that I am a drunkard's boy. Measure, if you can, the heartache and sorrow I have felt, and still feel, over this sad fact. The education and home comforts that I needed to get me for a useful life have been denied me by this same prolific cause of ignorance and poverty.

I have a mother—a good, kind, Christian mother, God bless her!—who was a drunkard's wife, and who, when the hand that should have guided our little home barque was unsteady from the effects of strong drink, has taken the helm herself, and through the storms, and rocks, and shoals, has kept a steady course for heaven. Measure, if you can, the heartache of that wife and mother, as she has watched the one who promised to love and protect her go downward, step by step, until he stepped into a drunkard's untimely grave, and she was left a drunkard's widow with seven fatherless children to care for. Measure, if you can, the feelings of that wife and family. Let me give you one incident.

In the State of Iowa, one cold, bleak winter's day mother was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Father was away a couple of miles at work. He was a brick mason and plasterer, and a good one, too. My eldest sister was then a child of twelve years of age, and there were four children younger than she in the family. Time came for father to return from his work, but he did not come. It grew dark, and still no signs of his coming. One of those Iowa blizzards began to blow, and soon the air was filled with blinding snow and sleet. Time flew on. Eight o'clock, and still he did not come. The storm grows more fierce, and mother tosses upon her bed, and wonders if in the morning some one kicking through the drifting snow will not find the frozen body of husband and father, a lifeless piece of clay. The hours rush by. Ten o'clock, and still he does not come. Finally Emily decides to face the storm, and see if she cannot find him in the saloons. She wraps a shawl over her head and shoulders, and starts out to face the blinding storm. She reaches the saloon and pushes open the door, and to the saloon-keeper says:

'Please, sir, is my papa here?'

'No, child, go home; your father is not here,' is the reply she receives from all. Wearily she plods her way home again, almost perishing with cold, and says: 'Mamma, I could not find him.' She then throws herself upon the floor near the fire and falls into a fitful sleep. About midnight father comes home drunk. He sees the little one

lying upon the floor, and, staggering to her, says:

'Why, Emily, darling, why are you lying here?'

'And in her sleep the little lips move, and this prayer goes up to God:

Oh, Jesus, don't let my papa drink any more.'

Ah, measure, if you can, the sorrow of that child that made her old before she was young, and ask me why I, her brother, do not drink!

This is not an extraordinary experience. They are all around us. Drink robs the home of happiness. It plucks the roses from the cheeks of wives, and paints the white lilies of death in their place. It robs childhood of its joys, youth of its virtue, manhood of its strength, and old age of its glory. It makes the good man bad, the rich man poor, and the wise man a fool. It blights everything it touches. The man who sells liquor sells that which causes crime, poverty, insanity and sickness. That is why I do not drink. Oh, man, why do you drink? There is help for you. The loving Saviour invites you to Himself. He is able to save you and give you back your lost manhood. He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to Him. Oh, hear His voice before liquor has blighted your prospects forever! Turn to Christ now, and He will help you.

Liquor sellers and drinkers, please take these words kindly. They are offered in honesty of purpose. Receive them honestly, and 'Escape for thy life.'

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—Isaiah lv., 1.

'That Sobered Me.'

A gentleman high in commercial circles in a western city was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends. 'I think,' said he, 'the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii. My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country; but when I was a young man—and a rather tough young man, too, I might say—I went back there once on a visit. The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have done. While I was in this condition, an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some strong coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

"Old man," I said, "what are you doing all this to me for?"

"Well," he answered me, "I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man and an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and, I hope, a Christian. All I am or ever hope to be I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition, I feel like doing all I can for him on account of what that man did for me."

This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it. "Who was it?" I asked.

"Mr. Blank, a missionary."

"God of mercy!" I said. "He was my father!"

'Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am to-day I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander.'—Selected.

The 'good man' with bad habits is far more dangerous to our growing youth than the bad man with bad habits.—J. V. Irish.

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