

would remember my words; they had given him a glimmer of hope; but he was ill in body and mind, and could not set about anything. He would think of what I had said; but, for the present, it would do him the most good to finish out his miserable tale before his poor wife overtook us. He therefore continued:—

"In Liverpool I sank to the lowest point I could reach. I was utterly reckless; I became a common thief, and herded with such. I was imprisoned frequently; and every visit to the House of Correction made me more a child of hell than ever. I have broken almost every law, human and Divine, and those crimes I am guiltless of are only such as have not come in my way. For the last three years I have been a wanderer and a vagabond, dragging my poor companion from town to town, and living upon charity which her piteous story and wretched looks have wrung from credulous people. It is a miserable way of life, but it is innocently compared to that which I previously followed. Then it takes one away from towns into the quiet country. I get the sight of the trees and the fields, the song of birds, and the smell of the flowers. God knows, I haven't much taste now for those things, but, somehow or other, in spite of myself, they do soothe me a little sometimes, and set me thinking of better things. The curse of my existence is the craving for drink. If I could only get where I could never see a public-house I might have a chance, perhaps. But I'm powerless to resist the temptation to drink. I've signed the pledge nine times. I've kept it as long as six months together, but I've always given way, and I always should, if I signed fifty times again. Only a night or two ago, in Thirsk, I listened to a man in the open air till I thought I would try again. I actually shuffled towards him at the end of the meeting wishing to sign, but my heart failed me. I thought 'What's the use? I can't keep it. I'm only making a fool of myself.' And so I turned away, and before an hour was gone over I was dead drunk in a beerhouse. If I had signed, it might have been just the same. It's quite certain I shouldn't have kept it long. But here comes my wife: I must be stirring, for it will take us all our time to reach Helmsley by sunset."

We got over into the road again. I walked on with the couple for a mile or so, and the stepped along rather more briskly, as I wanted to turn off to see the ruins of Rievaulx Abbey before it got dark. I spent an hour or more in exploring the ruins and admiring the beauties of the neighborhood, and it was nearly eight o'clock when I got into the town. One of the first objects that met my eye on entering it was the tramp's wife coming out of a public-house with a black bottle in her hand, with which I saw her enter a cottage across the street, over the door of which were the words "Lodgings for Travellers." I put up, myself, at the Black Swan, for I could not see any good to be done in that and very comfortable I was. I had a hearty supper, and then I sat in the cool of the summer night, for an hour or so, thinking among other things, of the drifting piece of humanity which had found a shelter for the night in the lodging house across the street. I'm not going to say all I thought, but the sum of it was something like this:—There doesn't seem to be an evil that Englishmen suffer under in our day but drink is mixed up with it, nor an effort towards good that it doesn't thwart. Can any good man delay to set himself heart and soul to banish it from the land?—*Alliance News.*

A LESSON FOR SMOKERS IN PUBLIC.

In a very able and interesting article on "The Manners of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon Races Considered as a Fine Art," contributed to the November number of the *Art Journal*, by Mr. Jackson Jarves, occurs the following passage, which we commend to the serious consideration of those who may need the lesson:—"An active agent in the decline of fine manners in Europe—one, indeed, which obstructs them everywhere—is the rapidly-spreading habit of smoking tobacco. I refer only to its anti-aesthetic influences. The supreme test of the virtue of the knight in the days of chivalry, which was the highest ideal of fine manners, was his self-denial and desire to succor the oppressed. The severest test of the modern gentleman is his willingness to forego his pipe for the comfort and health of another. It takes a thoroughly well-bred man to withstand this form of self-indulgence when it can only be practised to the annoyance of another. Whatever the benefit or harm the use of tobacco may do the consumer's body, its common tendency is to render the mind indifferent to the well-being of his neighbors. Smoking is fast becoming an uncontrollable habit, perhaps, to the majority of mankind, and certainly to the serious discomfort of the minority. Surely there is sufficient space and opportunity on this planet for the smoker to enjoy his weed without poisoning the atmosphere of the non-smoker. The spirit of humanity which arouses men to put an end to the wanton torture of

organic life in any form, equally strikes at this species of selfish indulgence when it assumes this shape. So long as the rules of good breeding swayed smokers, no gentleman would vex others in this way. In travelling, particular accommodations were provided for the use of pipes and cigars. For a brief period the rights of non-smokers were respected. But the wholesome restraint is fast disappearing. What was once the rule has now become the exception; smokers crowd into rooms or seats reserved for those who would escape their presence, and claim right to fumigate, sicken, and half-strangle those, be they delicate women and children, whose physical organizations are more sensitive than their own, and sometimes add insult to the contemptuous indifference with which they inflict positive distress on their victims. In the growth of bad manners, which has attended the spread of this habit, even some women have learned to imitate the rudeness of the other sex, and make themselves a nuisance to fellow-travellers, by insisting on smoking where it is forbidden. Germans are the worst examples of bad manners in this respect, for it never seems to enter into their comprehension, however courteous and willing to oblige in other matters, that what is a sensual happiness to them may be absolute misery to another. Frenchmen are rapidly losing their proverbial politeness also by this species of self-indulgence. Englishmen and Americans, to a certain extent, invoke the law to protect them, and with both peoples there is more consideration for the rights and welfare of others than obtains in general among civilized nations. But selfishness of this sort has taken less firm root in Italy than elsewhere, precisely because amenity of manners and consideration of others in public are still the social rule. Not only do Italians refrain from smoking where it is prohibited, but I have seen them voluntarily give it up when they noticed it incommode others, where by regulation they were entitled to smoke, and this not only by gentlemen but by peasants. On the other hand, I have known a German of rank with his daughter get into a ladies' compartment in a railway carriage and insist on using his pipe, despite the expostulations of the lady occupants, who finally were compelled to apply to the guard for protection, when he was made to go into the smoking carriage, the scene occurring in Italy. As he reluctantly went, his daughter angrily turned to the ladies, exclaiming, "See what you have done to my poor papa; you make him leave his place to smoke away from me." The tendency of an inordinate use of tobacco to develop boorish manners requires no better illustration, for it is one which is nowadays too common not to have been experienced by most persons who travel."—*Christian World.*

THE CURSE OF CURSES.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

These are strong words to apply to any evil. But the English vocabulary breaks down in the attempt to do adequate justice to such a curse as the following facts describe.

A missionary, appointed by our Sabbath-school, reports to us that he is laboring in a township which contains about one thousand inhabitants. He does not find a single Sabbath-school. But he does find six rum-selling taverns, two distilleries, and two cider mills! He reports a tremendous harvest of tares in the shape of drunken farmers' sons, worthless work-hands, Sabbath-breakers, and a general going-to-the-devil among the whole community. And this missionary field lies in our Empire State, and not nearly one hundred miles from the city of New York! In this "centennial" era of our history as a nation, and in one of our oldest settled regions, such a picture as this looms up. And ought not the one thing which can produce such a moral desolation, to be branded as the curse of curses?

"Very true," replies some city reader; "but you need not go into the rural districts to find what the drink-demon can do. We have here in New York 470 churches and chapels, and 8,440 dramshops! There is a house of worship for every two thousand persons—most of them open only one day in the week; there is a dramshop for every one hundred and twelve persons, and open every day—and all day—and sometimes all night! What do you propose to do about it?"

Good reader, whether in town or country, there are some things that can be done, and ought to be done, speedily. The very people to lay hold of these certain things are the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. God ordained his Church to fight sin, not merely to mourn over it. If there is one curse that is doing more to neutralize the Gospel and to wreck souls, than any other known among us, surely the Church of Jesus is not to ignore that curse and the havoc which it is making. Mere generalities in the shape of "Assembly's resolutions" and reports of ecclesiastical bodies, effect but little. This is a work for each individual church, nay, for each individual Christian. We have no

business to leave the effort for saving any class of sinners entirely to outside organizations, "orders," "lodges," or societies of any name or description. They are useful; but does Christ bid his followers turn over the hardest cases and the heaviest curses to the philanthropies of outsiders?

Each church then should directly labor, in its own way, and with its own moral machinery, against this monster of wickedness. Every church ought to have some systematic, organized method for resisting the bottle, for instilling habits of sobriety, for reforming the fallen, and for saving the young from this devouring curse. Good legislation is valuable; but civil enactments are not the peculiar province of Christ's Church.

Suppose that every pastor and every church and Sabbath-school would just lay hold of this monster and ask God for help and guidance to give battle to it. Suppose that every minister should squarely plant himself on the ground of entire exclusion of every intoxicant from his own house and his own lips; and should call on all his members to abandon it for the good of others and the glory of God. Suppose that every Sunday-school instilled the duty and the safety of abstinence into the young hearts of the children. Suppose that every church in the land should organize action against this curse of curses, and hold meetings, and spread abroad the truth, and lay earnest hold on men's consciences, and work with a will; who can doubt the prodigious results that would be achieved?

We have reached that time of the year most favorable for moral and spiritual labor. The precious words "revival" and "week of prayer," will soon be in the air. But what a topic for earnest beseeching prayer is this curse of curses! What a revival would that be which should save the mighty multitude trooping to hell through the doorway of drink! Men and brethren, is not the hour ripe for action?—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

WHAT KILLED HIM.

As I look out of my study window, I see in the village the late, cosy residence of a departed preacher. He was a fine-looking man, in the maturity of his manhood, and was, to all appearances, a noble specimen of our best New England clergymen. He was a pastor in Connecticut, and was probably much beloved and respected by his hearers. But his brain gave way; he found his nerves would not permit him to go on in his holy vocation, and he retired from his pulpit and came to Vineland for the benefit of his health; and he was here justly regarded as one of our best Christian citizens. He looked hale and hearty; it was the mind that was shattered.

One of our doctors remarked to him one day, "Mr. T.—, why do you not follow your vocation, and preach the Gospel? You look competent to the task."

"Oh," said he, "I cannot do it. I cannot think of a sermon. My power will not sustain continuous thought. This is what keeps me from the work."

In reply the doctor said, "Allow me to say, then, in all frankness, that this chaos of the mind is the result of your free use of tobacco; and you may expect, as the next result, paralysis, which will wholly use you up."

He admitted that this might be so, but could not and would not pledge himself to abstinence. The will-power of the mind was too far gone to cope with and break the binding chains of this slavery. He continued the use of the quid and pipe, and within a few months a paralytic shock was experienced; the body and mind at once both fell into ruin. He lingered for a year or more, and died.

Now, what destroyed this worthy, good man, drove him from the pulpit and hurried him to the grave in the zenith of his manhood and capabilities? Not too much brain or heart work; but that deadly poison, the oil of nicotine found in tobacco. After many years, observation, and some sad lessons of experience, I am satisfied more minds are shattered into chaos and nervous irritability by narcotics, opiates and dissipating stimulants, than by fasting, prayer and earnest work. The body and the mind are made for work; they will bear much hard, earnest and steady work; but the nervous system is delicate and complicated, and will bear but little abuse, and when goaded on to desperation by stimulation, will be sure to make reprisals.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

"FREE MEN."—The Democratic party of this State has pronounced for "Free men, a uniform Excise law; no sumptuary laws." There are half a million drunkards in the State of New York. These men are slaves—slaves to the most cruel and exacting master that ever tyrannized over humanity. Their bodies are his, and he pelts and stripes them as no Southern driver ever did, covering them with bruises and wounds and sores and horrible disfigurements. Their minds are his, and he piles them with burdens till they sink into helpless idiocy. Their souls are his, and he treats them worse than anything else, crushing

and cursing them till they are practically annihilated. Their property is his, and he takes it away, little by little, till their pockets are empty and their limbs are left to nakedness. Their families are his, and he turns their children into the streets, and sends their wives to the brothel and the mad-house. Their time is his, and from the hour they rise up in the morning, from the gutter, the muck-heap or the shelter of their own homes, they are kept at his miserable tasks till night finds them bleeding and powerless. The chains that bind them are stronger than iron. If they attempt to escape, there is sent after them a legion of appetites that are fiercer and swifter than any blood-hounds that ever chased the panting fugitive through the everglades of the Floridas. No other thralldom is half so terrible. These, and a million more who are serving an apprenticeship to the master's service, are the Democracy's "Free men."—*The Living Issue.*

TEMPERANCE IN GLASGOW.—The *League Journal* says: We are much pleased to notice here the efforts of the ladies in this city who lately organized meetings for prayer in reference to the abounding sin of intemperance. On the evening of Friday of last week an important and very influential assembly took place for the consideration of this great social question. One of our merchant princes, with his lady, resident in the West End Park, issued invitations to a large number of their neighbors and acquaintances to an evening party. After tea had been served, devotions were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Brown. The host, in a few pertinent remarks, introduced to the company Mr. Jonathan Grubb, a minister of the Society of Friends in England, who gave a most important address. He was succeeded by Dr. John Ker, Dr. Brown, and Bailie Collins, who all testified as to the necessity for masters and mistresses giving the weight of their example towards the abolition of the drinking customs in their respective families and circles of friends. After services of jellies, coffee, &c., had been carried round, the company united in singing a hymn, and the Rev. Dr. Ker led in prayer. We attach much importance to this effort on the part of the ladies in this city, to spread correct views on the temperance question, and from the position and influence of the parties present the most important results may be expected to flow in changing the manners and customs among the higher classes of society.

A WORKINGMEN'S CITY.—London capitalists and philanthropists have formed a stock company with a capital of about \$5,000,000 for the purpose of building a city to accommodate 16,000 workingmen on a plot of eighty acres they have purchased in the West End. It is to contain a park of four acres, streets and gardens tastefully laid out, and houses arranged for comfort, but with no beer or whiskey shops in the place.

—Total abstinence principles are making progress slowly among the English clergy; the recent Manchester Temperance Conference only going so far as not to question the conscientiousness of those who do not feel free to refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks, while it was convinced that such abstinence would do much good, "and that if ministers and members of churches generally could see their way to adopt it, the cause of temperance would be thereby greatly promoted." Bishop Eliott is working to bring about a temperance reformation in England, but it sounds strange to hear a leader in this cause say, as the bishop lately said, that he rejoiced to see the number of total abstinents increasing, although he was not one himself. To counteract excessive drinking, the English churchmen, unlike our own temperance advocates, appear to favor moderation, and not the extreme of teetotalism.—*Christian Union.*

—The law requiring drinking places in London to close at midnight is rigidly enforced. At some of the theatres the performances have usually lasted till later. So fixed is the habit there of quaffing after the play that confusion has been the result, a part of the audience leaving in the middle of the last act rather than miss their drink. The managers are abridging their pieces to meet the requirements of popular taste.

—A plan for curing drunkenness proposed by Mr. Gladstone has just gone into effect at Liverpool, and now a list of the public drunkards is published in the daily papers every Monday morning.

—The lady workers in Cleveland are sustaining very successfully, and with useful results, three or four coffee and lunch saloons, entirely on the temperance plan, and without financial difficulty.

—The Roman Catholic clergy in Chicago are reported to be making vigorous efforts to encourage total abstinence among their congregations.

—The "Ladies' Temperance Movement" in Liverpool and other large cities in Great Britain is doing a great work.