

The Expediency of the Temperance Reformation.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

An eminent and excellent divine of New York has suggested that the prosecution of the temperance reform is a mere matter of expediency, and that every man is at liberty to judge for himself, simply as a question of expediency and not of duty, whether his personal influence shall be friendly to that movement or against it. I may put the point in a stronger way, and say that he has affirmed this to be so. I do not understand that he makes any exception of persons, as to temperament, circumstances in life, such as position and extent of influence upon others, and upon society generally; it is a question of expediency, and not at all of duty.

It is not a little singular, I think, that the eminent and devoted men by whom the temperance reform was originated and carried on earnestly for many years, and up to the time of their death, should have missed that view of it; and in all their pleadings with the churches and the people generally, should have insisted upon the duty of every one to help this cause; duty to God and to mankind. I remember well the first temperance lecture I ever heard; it was by the Rev. Dr. Edwards. As I write his mellow voice is ringing in my ears. I see him before me now, as he stood then, urging in most solemn tones, and with tremendous power, the duty of every one, by his voice, his example, and his influence in every way to help deliver his countrymen from the dreadful sin, and shame, and curse of intemperance. I was a boy then, but from that hour I gave myself up to this work, as many others did.

"Men and brethren, help," he said, "help! Many thousands of our countrymen, through a life of indescribable suffering and degradation, are passing on to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. Help! by your example and influence, help! You cannot innocently stand by indifferent, and see this ruin going on, of all things to these men, for time and eternity, when, by your hand, your example, you can help mightily to change it all." And there was a thrilling exposition of the doctrine, that when God shall make inquisition for blood, it will come out, whether through indifference, or the refusal to help by example and personal influence, ruin had overtaken any one. From beginning to end there was no suggestion of expediency, but on the contrary, the entire lecture was based on duty; duty was the warp and woof of it; and he held up before the audience, as a picture of the great day of accounts, when men must answer for opportunities neglected, and influence misapplied, as well as to positive deeds of aggravated evil.

At that time, rum selling was a lawful business, and many excellent and respectable men were engaged extensively in that trade. Several of these were present at Dr. Edwards' lecture; and from that day they abandoned the business, as a matter of duty, and not of expediency. Several years after, one of these persons told me his experience. He was a member of a firm, all of them members of an orthodox church, personally well known to me, and were on a large scale wholesale and retail dealers in groceries, in West India goods, and in all sorts of intoxicating liquors, and they were all present at the lecture. On going home, for some time not a word was spoken. At length he said:

"Wife, I'm thinking we ought to give up selling liquors, what do you think of it?"

"I wish you would," said the wife, "I think you ought."

"But it would ruin our whole business, we could not carry it on, I think, without the liquor part of it."

"No matter, give it up, and I will gladly go out washing for a living, if necessary, rather than you should continue in that dreadful trade."

"But I do not know what Mr. — and Mr. — will say about it."

"No matter what they say about it, I want you to get out of that dreadful business, and escape the curse that will certainly follow it; I've thought so for a good while."

"Well, wife, I will. I'll speak to them (partners) about it to-morrow."

And he did so. The partners had been impressed by Dr. Edwards' lecture precisely as he was; and had each come to the same conclusion about the rum trade. They were conscientious, Christian men, acting from a sense of duty; and as to expediency, they were confident that their business would be broken up and ruined. Duty to God, to their fellow men, to their own souls, to their Christian character, and their personal influence, demanded the abandonment of the trade in liquors; but expediency would urge them strongly to avoid that step, as certain ruin to their general business. From that day they abandoned the rum trade; they put their entire stock of liquors all out of the way, and sold no more. It was not easy for them to persevere, because many of their friends and business connections expostulated with them against a course which would certainly break up their business; but they persisted resolutely, and year by year afterwards, in taking account of stock, they could not see that their profits had diminished.

This serious step was taken by those men as an act of solemn duty to God and their fellow men; they thought by taking it they were sacrificing a very large and lucrative business, but in obedience to a sense of duty, they did not hesitate. Were these men mistaken? Were they at liberty, as Christian men to balance the matter of dollars and cents of loss and gain? As Christian men, were they at liberty to continue or not in the rum trade, according to their views upon the profit of it, as they might in the trade of salt, fish and sugar? Was it a mere question of expediency after all, and the act of these men a fanaticism, generated in their minds by the misdirected eloquence and the logic of Dr. Edwards? There are some questions, it seems to me, above argument, and this is one of them, whether it is the duty of Christian men and women to help, in every legitimate way, by voice,

example, and personal influence, in redeeming their countrymen from the awful curse and sin and shame of intemperance. It seems to me that every true man must feel it in his heart to be a duty; it isn't a mere matter of expediency; it can't be; if it were, then there's no God, no eternity, no accountability, on responsibility, and preaching is a sham.

Whence comes intemperance with its long train of infinite evils? From the drinking usages of society. Whence come these, and how are they sustained? Not from the denizens of Five Points, not from the Society of the "Sixth Ward," not from the Bowery boys—the roughs, rogues, and rascals of the country, but from the respectable portion of the people. The rowdies, roughs and ruffians of the streets, saloons, and taverns derive their early drinking habits from the better classes, the best classes of society, passed down to them through all the various shades and degrees of social life. In this work of establishing the custom, there is, and can be, no neutrality. Every man helps to do it by his example and his influence, or he does not. His example or influence must be on one side or the other. If it be true that intemperance comes from the customs of society and must ever do so—and that intemperance is a deadly sin against God—then it follows that to help or not to help in maintaining those usages; to help or not to help in overthrowing them, is not a question of mere expediency, but of the highest Christian morality and Christian duty. To any man who acknowledges accountability to God for the influence of his example of good or evil upon the society in which he lives, and who contributes by his practice to uphold the drinking customs of society, whence all the infinite evils of intemperance come, to him it is deadly sin, and expediency has or can have, no part nor lot in the matter.

Many years ago, a young preacher of uncommon talent, and great promise, for a few months supplied the pulpit of a distant church. The people were instructed and edified by his ministrations. He was earnest, eloquent and sincere. One day his text was, "He who knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." The doctrine of his sermon was that no man can know what will be the result and effect of the various movements going on in society, against slavery, intemperance, and other evils, therefore to help or not to help, is not a question of duty, but of expediency. It was known at once that something was wrong about him; what it was, no one ever suspected. He kept on the even tenor of his way for a year or two, then whispers were afloat about him; then people spoke above their breath; then freely; he was decidedly intemperate. He was at the time a settled pastor over a large and most influential orthodox church, but he resigned his position, and gave himself up entirely to drink. He had no thought or care or desire for anything but drink. A wreck more helpless and wretched never was cast upon the shores of time.

And this was the way of it. He went to spend a long college vacation at the elegant home of an uncle, who was a famous preacher. He was at that time a teetotaler; but on his uncle's table was always choice wine; and there was much of the old time ceremony in the taking of it; the elevation of the glass, the graceful bow all round the circle; and there was the pleasant, gracious, flattering practice—flattering to a young, aspiring man by a learned and famous preacher—of touching glasses and pledging each other. And so the days, the pleasant days went on and on; our young friend was no longer a teetotaler, but a lover of wine, and of the amenities of the famous preacher's table, and of all such tables. He feared no danger—why should he? His uncle, the famous preacher, led the way, what should he fear? And so step by step, he became a drunkard; all his bright hopes for time were blasted; and eternity—?

He had a well cultivated and brilliant mind; a devoted wife and charming family; he was capable of reaching and filling well the highest positions in his profession, and of great usefulness and honor among men; but all were sacrificed for the demon drink. This devil was lurking always at his uncle's table, and in his uncle's example and influence, that famous preacher, and so this demon seized him and had him for his own.

Say, oh! thou eminent divine and famous preacher, were thy practice and example simply a matter of expediency, whereby thy brother's son was led to barter body and soul to the devil in exchange for drink?—*Evangelist.*

Boiled Wheat.

Excellent dishes for breakfast, dinner, or supper can be made from unground wheat boiled. The freshest and clearest wheat, with the plumpest kernels should be selected. The white and the amber-colored wheats cook the most readily, and they are also preferable on account of having a thinner skin. Time is saved, in picking it over, to have it first run through a smut machine and then washed, though the cooking over is indispensable. Put it to boil with five or six parts water to one of wheat, by measure. Cover close, and after it begins to boil set it where it will barely simmer. Cook it four or five hours, or until the kernels mash readily between the thumb and finger. Hard wheat of any kind will require still more time, and some kinds may be cooked all day without softening.

When done it should be even full of water or juice, which thickens and becomes gelatinous on cooling. Salt and soda to the table warm, to eat with meats and vegetables at dinner. It can also be eaten by itself, trimmed with sugar or butter, or both, or syrup, or milk. It moulds nicely, and may be served cold at breakfast or supper, or it may be steamed up and served hot at breakfast. The long cooking it requires of course precludes its being served fresh at that meal. After it has once cooled, however, it cannot be made so soft and liquid as at first by any subsequent cooking. Like other starch, when it once sets it loses its liquidity.—*Science of Health.*

Strong Points for Total-Abstinence.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A great deal of time and strength have been wasted by some of our teetotalers in bootless controversies over a few doubtful texts of Scripture. The "six water-pots" of Cana would not hold half of the ink that has been squandered in the contest about the nature of the wine that filled those much belabored jars. Abstinensers themselves differ in the interpretation of this passage. Some have contended that we have no proof that there was any more wine manufactured than the simple draught offered to the "governor of the feast." Even scholars differ over this miracle; for it is idle to deny that Moses Stuart, Albert Barnes, and Dr. Frederic Lees were scholarly expositors.

But why wrangle over a few difficult texts? It is quite sufficient for all practical purposes that God's Word pronounces "wine a mocker" and strong drink a deceiver. It is quite sufficient that it closes the "Kingdom of God" against the drunkard. It is sufficient that it proclaims that beautiful law of self-denial: "It is good not to drink wine, whereby our brother stumbleth." One of these passages teaches the danger of tampering with that which at the last biteth like an adder. The second one pronounces the doom of drunkenness. The third one unfolds a noble Christian principle, on which all who love others as they love themselves should be willing to stand in solid phalanx. These three principles are enough to base our moral reform upon; and it is a noteworthy fact that not one of these three principles is contradicted or even remedied doubtful by any other portion of Holy Writ.

Starting out with these impregnable principles, we find constant accessions of arguments for the prudence and wisdom of entire abstinence. The first one of these is found in the treacherous nature, the serpent quality of alcoholic drinks. They deceive the very elect. They make a man a bond slave before he dreams of it. He may set out with ever so clear a purpose to drink only "in moderation"; but his glass deepens and enlarges before he is aware. The stealthy appetite trenches itself in every fiber of him. He is as one falling "asleep at the top of the mast," and only awakes to his awful peril when he finds himself hurled off into the devouring deep of drunkenness. Many years ago an eloquent clergyman at P— began to use wine before entering his pulpit. He said that he "could preach better for it." Some of his discourses on the love of the dying Redeemer were masterpieces of pathetic oratory. But they were delivered under the stimulation of the wine-cup. At length he reeled as he entered the pulpit. When his disgrace became public and he was cited for discipline, he confessed, with bitterness of anguish, that nobody was so astonished to find him an inebriate as he was himself. How preposterous to say that that good but self-deceived minister of Christ deserved to be locked up in the penitentiary like a common thief. He should have had the voice whispered in his ear: "Let it alone. It is a mocker; who is deceived thereby is not wise." After his reformation this eminent minister never touched a drop. The grace of God always helps those who try to help themselves; but I don't believe that God ever promises his restraining grace to those who wantonly tamper with a treacherous temptation. And this insidious nature of alcoholic beverages is one of the most powerful arguments in favor of total abstinence. The risk is too fearful. There is such a risk even in handling this subtle tempter that it has been demonstrated from careful statistics in Great Britain that the average life of liquor-sellers is three and a half years less than that of other men. I wish it were thirty-three years less, and then no man would dare to deal out death by the dram.

This deceptive quality of intoxicants is one argument for the prudence of entire abstinence. Another one is found in the prodigious difficulty in reforming the hard drinker. Not over one-tenth are ever saved. A majority of those who have been temporarily reformed in the inebriate asylums afterward go back to their wallowing in the mire. Poor "Dick" Yates, the brilliant Illinois senator, was only one of the million who, having thrust their hands into the anaconda's mouth, were never able to escape. My friend Gough assures me that, after thirty years of Christian living, he cannot trust himself near a bottle. There are men and women who cannot reform. I speak advisedly, after twenty-five years of constant dealing with cases of liquor-drinking—from the first "spruce" of the youthful beginner clear on the horrible finale of the delirium tremens. Men have confessed to me, with anguish of spirit: "This is incurable. I cannot stop!" The few inebriates who are saved are saved as by fire.

Two days ago I administered the total abstinence pledge to a business man, and then prayed with him that he might be kept by Almighty power from the demon of drink. Last night he came home to his heartsick family the "worse for liquor." He stated to me that while he was engaged in his business during the day an insatiable appetite would suddenly grasp him like a fiend, and under its clutch he became but a helpless child. He also admitted to me that his first fatal mistake was in taking the first glass. Total abstinence would have been sure; "moderation" proved to be a delusion; reformation is desperately difficult, perhaps may prove impossible. With such cases constantly before us, I am utterly astounded to hear worthy ministers of Christ talking about "safety in moderation" and about "drinking the right kind of liquor, at the right time, and in the right way." I know of but one right way to deal with a serpent, and that is to smash its head.

Still another reason for practicing abstinence may be drawn from the temperament of our American people, from the stimulating character of our climate, and by times when you will feel that all virtue has gone out of you, when you have taken up another and carried him over some dark flood. I have seen a whirl of boys at play, and on the outer edge a club-footed boy standing by and looking wist-

fully upon the pleasures of the rest. So there will be times when you will have to be idle and see the work go on without you. But when you have troubles, fly up! Don't stay down here where troubles rest! Don't whine! Don't even think complain: for God is preparing you, by sorrow, for better things. Those who are weak here may hold a sceptre there. Work by faith, work by hope, work by love, work by trust, work by truth, work by the sweet side of your nature, and so be like Christ until you dwell with him.

Etiquette of the Vatican.

No one who visits the Pope is allowed to wear gloves, and no lady is allowed to wear a bonnet. A black veil must be merely thrown over the head, and a black dress must be worn. There were three Dutch baronesses at my hotel who had a great desire to see the Pope, and who had three black silk dresses made expressly for the purpose, and bought three black veils. They received invitations, and were to be escorted by a High Church clergyman. When the day arrived for the visit, a lady was sent for to put them in order. The room they selected for this operation had a glass door looking out on the principal staircase of the hotel. Here they were from early morning to about mid-day, punning, brushing, and arranging, to the amusement of everybody who passed up and down. When they were ready they drove off to the Vatican, and after waiting a very long time, they found that the Pope had been taken ill, and they were obliged to return without seeing him; and so the new dresses, veils, and the half-day's turning twirling, and pomading, went for nothing.

Gentlemen who visit the Pope must wear full evening dress. The Roman Catholic clergy may go in their ordinary costume, but as the Pope, like many an English Episcopalian, does not regard any minister as a clergyman who does not belong to his own church, so all other ministers must dress as laymen. But if a gentleman be not provided with a dress coat, there is very little difficulty in getting one in Rome. There are shops where a suitable costume may be had for any lady or gentleman. Hotel proprietors are very obliging in this respect, and knowing a coat is needed, offer one immediately, if the *garcon* has not done so before; but then you must pay five francs for its use. Some hotel-keepers seem to keep a stock on hand ready for their visitors, and some of a rather greasy description. But then you may pass with the grease, but not without the tail. I had a clerical friend who was very desirous of seeing the Pope, and as he had not a coat with the orthodox cut, tried to make one out of his ordinary frock coat by punning up the tails. He entered the Vatican at the time appointed, passed on from one room to another without anything being discovered; but when he approached the last door, the pins resolutely refused to impose on the Pope, and came out; consequently the tails fell down, and my good friend was obliged to go back.

The general receptions take place in the long glass gallery, looking into the quadrangle of the Vatican, and close to the Pope's private apartments, as we had the honor to be. Along the gallery two rows of chairs are placed facing each other. Here the ladies and gentlemen promiscuously sit, awaiting the arrival of the Pope. Many bring articles to be blessed, such as rosaries, pictures, etc. When the Pope is announced, people stand or fall on their knees. The Pope generally enters at one end of the gallery and walks quietly through to the other end, accompanied by his attendants. Ever, one is presented to him in turn, and generally gets from him a kind word. Sometimes, although not very often, he asks questions which are somewhat embarrassing. He once asked a lady and gentleman whose daughter, much to their sorrow, had become a Catholic, whether they were not glad that their child had entered the true Church. The parents were much embarrassed, but did not reply, as the reply would have been a negative. Before the Pope leaves the gallery, he generally turns round and blesses everybody, and sometimes before the blessing makes a little speech, and not unfrequently a very liberal little speech. A lady at the hotel once heard the Pope say, "Here you are Catholics and Protestants. There is not as much difference between us as you think. We are all one in the main. I give you all my blessing"—or words to the same effect. When a rather large number of Protestants are present, knowing that this blessing as Pope would not be much esteemed, he frequently gives his blessing as that of an old man. "Receive," says he, "the blessing of an old man, which can never do anybody any harm."—*Rev. G. F. Newman, in English Independent.*

The One Caterpillar.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a fluttering. Now, that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an old elder-tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars!" "Why?" said a dozen altogether, for they were like some children who always say "why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those! The elder said: "If you don't, they'll gobble you up." So the flowers set themselves a shinking, till the caterpillars were shaken off. In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "Oh! that's a beauty! I'll keep that one." The elder overheard her, and called out: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you." "But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me." A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves. "Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me!" One sin has ruined many.

What Alcohol Will Do.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of the windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes, and the polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden as well as to the farmer; for, in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons.—*The Temperance Worker.*

Need of Carefulness in Old Age.

An old man is like an old wagon: with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and run it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty, sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies melted by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck. *Popular Science Monthly.*

Japanese Houses.

Each house is built of wood, without an atom of paint. It is a pleasure to see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supported by walls which are made, like the side-scenes in a theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which are pasted sheets of a cottony, transparent paper. In the evenings, when the lanterns dispense their soft light round the inside of these white buildings, the spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lantern. During the day time the sides of the houses are shipped out, as side-scenes are, and the house becomes only a roof resting on the four light corner posts, the whole interior being thus opened to the air. Every part of the house is exposed to view, and everything done in it can be seen, while behind it appear the charming verdure, the cascades, and the diminutive plantations of the little gardens situated in the rear.

The great luxury of the Japanese consists in their mats made of painted straw. They are perfectly rectangular in shape, about three inches thick, and soft to the touch. They are never stopped on with shoes, since the Japanese go about their houses always barefooted. Of furniture they have next to nothing: a small furnace in one corner, a closet made of side-scenes like the sides of the house, and intended to contain the mattresses, a small set of shelves, on which are arranged the lacquered plates for rice and fish—this is all the furnishing for these houses, in which they live, as it were, in the open air. In the middle of each house are two articles of general use among all classes—the "chutai" and the "tobacco-bon," that is, a brazier and a box for tobacco. Being great tea-drinkers, great smokers, and great talkers, the Japanese pass their days around the brazier; there they can be seen, in groups of seven or eight, seated on their heels around the table.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Baobab.

The baobab is a plant of monstrous size, the most colossal and the most ancient vegetable monument on earth, has round, woolly leaves, which consist of from three to seven leaflets radiating from a common centre, and giving them somewhat the appearance of a hand, and magnificent white flower. It is an enormous tree, holding among plants the place of that of the elephant holds among animals—a hoary witness of the last changes which the earth has undergone, and deluges that have buried beneath their waves the productions of early ages. Several baobabs that have been measured have been found to be from seventy to seven hundred feet in circumference. From its branches hang, at times, colossal nets, three feet in length, and resembling large oval baskets open at the bottom, and looking from the distance like so many signal flags.

It would take fifteen men, with their arms extended, to embrace the trunk of one of these great trees, which, in the countries through which the Senegal flows, are venerated as sacred monuments. Enormous branches are given off from the central stem a few feet from the ground and spread out horizontally, giving the tree a diameter of over one hundred feet. "Each of these branches," says Mr. Danton, "would be a monster tree elsewhere, and taken together, they seem to make up a forest rather than a tree."

It is only at the age of eight hundred years that the baobabs attain their full size, and then cease to grow.

The fruit of this tree is oblong; the color of the shell passes in ripening from green to yellow and brown. The fruit is called "monkey bread." It contains a spongy substance, paler than chocolate, and filled with abundant juice.

The bark is ashy gray in color, and almost an inch in thickness. The negroes of the Senegal grind it down to powder, and, in this state they use it to season their food, and to moderately free perspiration, which enables them the more easily to withstand the heat. It serves also as an antidote for certain fevers.—*The Wonders of Vegetation.*