



[For the Northern Messenger.]

## THE CHIEF KHAMA AND PROHIBITION.

(By John Craig, Missionary.)

It will be remembered that about a year ago three chiefs from Bechuanaland, South Africa, visited England. Their object was to present a petition to the Queen praying that their territories should not be put under the rule of the Chartered Company, but remain under the direct rule of the sovereign. They feared that it would be difficult to exclude the liquor traffic if the Chartered Company held sway. Mr. Chamberlain was sagacious enough to grant their request. They were presented to the Queen and exchanged gifts, the sovereign's present to each chief being a handsomely-bound New Testament and an Indian shawl.



CHIEF KHAMA.

It is needless to say that they returned to South Africa highly delighted with the result of their mission.

The most notable of these three chiefs was Khama, who has been a determined Prohibitionist for many years. On one occasion in writing to the High Commissioner he expressed himself in these brave and pathetic words: 'I fought Lobengula and defeated him, and I can do it again, but I fear the drink.'

Out in India, too, missionaries and their converts see the ruin caused by drink, so last January in the annual gathering of the Godavari Association of Telugu Baptist churches a resolution was passed congratulating the Chief Khama on the success of his visit to England. His acknowledgment was received at Akidu, India, and forwarded to the writer, it was written with a typewriter, and signed by the chief. 'This Christian Prohibitionist chief is worthy of our sympathy and prayers, and we might well remember him and his people at this time, when they are suffering from famine and other troubles.'

(Copy of the Chief Khama's letter.)

Phalapye, Bechuanaland, S. Africa,  
May 22, 1896.

The Rev. John Craig, Akidu, Godavari Dist.,  
India:

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the very kind resolution that has reached me from the association over which you preside. I had never before received a message from the people of India, and I am glad to know that there are some people there who sympathize with me in the fight that we try to wage with strong drink. Those of us who fight the drink know how strong is the foe that we fight. He has many names. Sometimes he is called 'Money,' sometimes 'Rascality,' sometimes 'Pleasure,' and sometimes 'Politics,' but his right name is always 'Devil,' but our Chief Officer is stronger than this foe, and by his help we shall overcome. I desire to greet the people of Jesus Christ who live in your district, and I pray that they may make great progress in all good things.

In this country we are making progress, but our progress is not so fast as we should like. Just recently we have had great trouble here. Since my return from England 'Rinderpest' has broken out among our cattle and has killed from eighty to ninety percent. It came to us from the Zambesi country. Then this year our crops have failed on account of drought and locusts, so that we are afraid of seeing hunger. But we have seen troubles of this kind before, and yet we live.

I pray you greet the Christians of your association for me, and give them these my thanks for your kind words. I am, yours faithfully,  
Khama.

## THE MILL AGENT.

One day a loud-looking man called at the door of a farmhouse and accosting the farmer, said:—'You will excuse me, sir, but did I not see you in a conversation just now with the man who is driving away in yonder buggy?' 'You did, sir,' answered the farmer, 'what of it?' 'May I ask what his business was?' went on the stranger. 'He was bargaining with me for the purchase of my saw-logs for his mill, and I have agreed to let him have them.' 'I thought as much,' said the loud person, 'and my errand is much the same. I want to bargain with you for your boys.' 'My boys,' exclaimed the farmer; 'do you think I would sell my boys?' 'I guess so,' replied the man, coolly, and the farmer grew very hot and angry. 'Hold up, my friend,' he went on, 'you vote the license ticket, don't you? Then you give your approval to the business I am in. I also run a mill—whiskey mill—and I require boys to keep it going, just as that other man requires logs for his. Now, I don't ask you to deliver the goods just now. You sign this paper, and I will get the boys all in good time.' 'Sir,' began the farmer, indignantly. But the other stopped him. 'Oh,' said he, 'you want to know about the price? It will be the amount of the license fees, which will reduce your taxes, you know. Ah, I thought you were a man of business sense.' And the farmer forthwith signed the petition for the opening of another saloon in the neighborhood.

Moral—The gin-mill would stop if sordid parents were not willing to sell their boys to keep it going.—'American Paper.'

## IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

This question, as we learn from 'Le Bien Sociale' of Belgium, is thus answered by Dr. Laborde of the Paris Faculty of Medicine:—

'Yes, alcohol is a poison, because it produces those derangements or serious accidents, even mortal, which strike at once the body and the mind. It prevents the man walking straight and causes him to stagger and fall; it makes him tremble and gives him convulsive shocks; it makes him foolish and criminal, driving him on to murder his mates and even his nearest relations; it reduces him to the state of an imbecile, an idiot, and a brute—that is to say, to the level, and even below that, of an animal. And, beyond that, it condemns him to be the parent of unhealthy children—deformed, epileptic, imbecile, or idiots—disposed to murder their fellows and become criminals. Such is a short picture of alcoholic poisoning or alcoholism.'

## COUNTING FOR THOUSANDS.

'How I wish my signature could count for thousands?' said a young lady, when speaking of a petition for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drink.

She had good reason for her wish. The shadow of intemperance had fallen on her own heart and home—she knew what she spoke of, and had felt how much of wretchedness and sorrow and disgrace one drunkard can bring upon the innocent members of a family.

How little does the thoughtless world know of the bitterness of this awful curse which turns loving sons, tender husbands, and sober, honest citizens into drunken hoodlums, lying, thieving hypocrites, and ugly and unreasonable brutes. And this work is going on every hour of every day and night that passes over our heads. And men are licensed, permitted, and protected in doing this devilish work. And wives are weeping, and mothers are mourning, and children are suffering, while scheming politicians are calculating to see how many votes they can get by joining hands with foreign rum-sellers, and newspapers are publishing lies by the yard to deceive the people and are drawing on the distillers and brewers for their pay. 'How long, O Lord, how long?'—'Safeguard.'

## RIGHTEOUS INTOLERANCE.

Charles Sumner once replied to one who said on the slavery question, 'Hear the other side;' 'Hear the other side! There is no other side.'

Thus it is with the drink evil. There is, there can be, no other side for the Christian. Our position must ever be—not watchful neutrality, but active, deadly hostility—until we conquer.

## 'I CANNOT AFFORD IT.'

A young man was invited by a friend to enter a place of amusement which, though very popular and by many looked upon as moral, would not be an uplift to him in his Christian life, and his reply was: 'No, I cannot afford it.'

'Do not let that make any difference,' urged his companion, 'I will gladly buy your ticket.'

'You misunderstand me,' replied the more thoughtful of the two. 'I was not thinking of dollars and cents, but of precious time, and in how many more profitable ways I could spend my evening.'

'O well, perhaps you are right in the main, but it won't do for a young fellow to be prudish and narrow; he will make a laughing stock of himself. Go just this once to please me.'

But the other replied manfully and firmly: 'No, the last time I went there cost me too dear, and I made up my mind I could not run such a risk again.'

'Explain yourself,' urged his friend. 'Didn't get your pocket picked, did you?'

'It was a spiritual loss I suffered,' was the low reply. 'Perhaps you will think me weak, but the jokes and comic songs I listened to that night seemed to drive all good thoughts from my mind for many days, and when once I regained what I had lost I determined that nothing should tempt me to go where my King would not lead the way.'

What a noble answer, says a writer in 'Young People's Weekly.' How it would rejoice my heart to know that every King's son who reads this paper had the courage to meet temptations with such a refusal!

## DID NOT DREAM OF IT.

We were talking with a gentleman about the use of tobacco. He had just lighted his pipe and had settled himself for a comfortable smoke, and as we declined the proffered cigar, he said, 'You don't know what comfort is. You have no idea what a comfort and blessing it is for a man to have a good, solid, comfortable smoke.'

We answered that we were afraid to know on account of the danger to some one else. He looked up and said with surprise, 'Why, what do you mean? I am no hindrance to anybody else, I smoke my pipe or my cigar and enjoy it. I am happy. It is nobody else's business.'

We said, 'You have got boys?' 'Yes,' he said, 'three.' 'Do you want them to do the same?' 'Well,' he said, 'I hardly know. I have not permitted the boys to do it.' 'Then you do not think your boys use tobacco?' He said, 'No, sir, they do not. Have never touched it.' We replied, 'Are you sure about Albert?' 'Albert was in the Sunday-school class, 'Sure? Why, of course I'm sure. He never touched it in the world.' We said, 'Your boy does use cigarettes, and only last Sunday was seen smoking a cigar. When cautioned and talked to about it, he said "Father does. My father is a good man, and I will do what father does."'

The man jumped from his seat in great excitement. 'Why, you don't mean to tell me that my boys are using tobacco?' We said, 'Your boys are.' 'What, my boys use tobacco when I have forbidden them! I will thrash them. I will—'

After further talk and conference over the matter, he was led to see that he was a stumbling block to his own boys, and not only to them, but also to other boys, other young men and other men.

Any one and every one who is doing anything which is hindering others is injuring the public morals. This can not fail to be the case.

We talked with a prosperous man of the world, but he said, 'That is none of your business whether I smoke or not.' We admitted that it was not, but upon asking him about his office boy, who was the son of a particular friend of his, he said, 'Well, that boy is good, straight and true as can be. He never touches it.'

We had to beg his pardon and say to him, 'Have you noticed him lately? Do you know what he does behind your back? How he quotes you and how he is smoking his cigars and cigarettes?'

He was dumfounded and said, 'I never smoked in his presence in the world. I never knew he had seen me smoke or use tobacco.'—'Gospel News.'