

Temperance

Watching the Holy Spirit at Work.

A BIT OF PASTORAL EXPERIENCE.

(By the Rev. Charles L. Hyde, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

I had learned the man was sick, and called to see him. His daughter announced me, and after a little hesitation I was admitted to the sick room. He was drunk, had been drinking steadily since Monday, but still was able to talk quite intelligently. He began: 'Well, you see the condition I'm in. What do you think of it?'

'I am very sorry to see it.'

'So am I, but I can't help it. Glad my wife is away. Perhaps I shouldn't have done it if she had been here.'

Then, after a pause: 'Why don't you go for me? Why don't you rip me up the back? My wife always said the minute I came into the room you were always tongue-tied. Now, why don't you give it to me? It makes no difference if I am an older man than you, I want you to just do your worst—I need it.'

Drunk as he was, he was in the agony of conviction of sin. I dare not write out his expressions of contempt for himself. I went home in shame that I had deserved such a rebuke, and resolved to be faithful to him from that time. Yet I distrusted the reality of the work evidently being done in him, because he was drunk.

In the afternoon he was dressed, but hardly more sober. His conviction not only remained but increased. He could not bear to be left alone a moment. Presently the step to which the Spirit was leading him was revealed. He burst forth: 'How can I ever humble myself before God and ask his forgiveness? I've broken my promises to him. I've lied to him. I've cursed him. What use can he have for a poor, miserable, wicked drunkard?'

I read from God's Word. I talked to him quietly. I watched the struggle till it came to the climax when, exclaiming, 'Well, it might as well come now as any time,' he threw himself on his knees—and such a prayer! I could not describe it, and would not if I could. It was an awful confession and cry for mercy. Calm came and great relief. But presently the Spirit began to lead toward another step. The struggle was renewed. Night came. The weather was intensely hot. The man seemed to be burning up with fever and the craving for drink. Not a moment could he be left alone all night, such was his terror of himself. Knives, scissors, even, were hidden from him lest he do something desperate.

The next morning he was informed that he had lost his job. That afternoon I learned that he had no money left, and had been refused credit at noon by a market to which he sent for a five-cent soup-bone. It was the first time he had felt that he could retain any food on his stomach. I saw that he was supplied with bone food and medicines, but he only gained about two hours' rest that night. The physical suffering had decreased greatly, but the Holy Spirit still was at work. Saturday morning, when I called, I found the next victory had been gained. He had restored the family altar that had been broken down for ten years. And this was the step to which the Spirit had been urging him for thirty-six hours. He was now completely sober.

But the Holy Spirit wanted still more. He had been a professing Christian years before, and felt that he ought to make a confession before God's people. I did not see him on Sunday till after the evening service had begun. Then he slipped in and took a seat to one side. I stepped down during the singing of a hymn and asked him if he would be ready to say a word after the sermon. He said he would.

I preached on the work of the Holy Spirit, but without referring to his experience. Then I turned to him for his testimony. He rose where he sat, and with bowed head and trembling voice made a confession that went through the audience like an electric shock. Mothers came up at the close of the service and begged for prayers for their boys, wives for their husbands, sons for their parents, sisters for their brothers; and all gathered about this redeemed soul with a word and often a tear of sympathy.

Other victories followed. Tobacco was given up. He must be a clean man for God. 'I would rather give up drinking ten times than chewing once,' he remarked to me afterwards. He soon united with the church, but did not wait for that to begin to preach Jesus Christ to his old associates and even strangers, as he had opportunity. Not one step did I suggest to him. The Holy Spirit was so evidently doing the work and doing it thoroughly, I dared not interfere. I wonder if my interference has hindered his work in any other hearts. At any rate, this is the gift God loves to grant us, more than parents love to give good gifts to their children.

Beer and Disease.

(By Andrew Baxter, Ph.D., Edinburgh.)

Fatty decay sets up in the organs of life morbid conditions which tend to develop into actual disease. The vessels of the beer drinker's liver become clogged, resulting in enlargement and structural alteration of the organ. The first symptoms are biliousness and a general sense of discomfort; and then the usual resource is to swallow a few boxes of some well-puffed patent pills whose purgative action gives temporary relief to the overburdened liver. The frequent repetitions of this cleansing process inflict an enormous amount of 'wear and tear' on the system, which alone must tend to shorten life. Truly, the follies of mankind have proved as rich as Klondike to more than one charlatan.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin says:—'I have seen no person afflicted with gout who has not drunk freely of fermented liquor, as wine and water, or small beer.' Dr. A. B. Garrod writes in his work on 'Gout':—'Stout and porter rank next to wine in predisposing to gout,' and Dr. Charles R. Drysdale said, before the Public Health Section of the British Medical Association:—'The drinking of beer is the greatest cause of gout among the population of London.'

Beer-drinking is responsible for some cases of heart disease. The 'Lancet,' of Aug. 29, 1891, contains the following:—'It is said that disease of the heart is very prevalent in Munich, where the consumption of beer amounts to 565 litres, equal to 124.3 gallons, per head annually; and in the same place the duration of life in the brewing trade is shorter than that of the general population.' Professor Forel, when a student at Munich, found kidney disease almost universally prevalent owing to the excessive consumption of beer. The following is the testimony of Danish doctors:—'Beer-drinking tends especially to injure the heart and kidneys.' From New-York, Dr. Montross Palen speaks thus:—

'The man who habitually drinks beer is sure to have Bright's disease. Beer in large quantities is one of the worst things a man can ruin his stomach and organs with.' The 'Scientific American' summarizes the results of beer-drinking thus:—'The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deceptive. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, perversion of function, local inflammations of both the liver and the kidneys are constantly present. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally. . . . Public sentiment and legislation should comprehend that all forms of alcohol are dangerous when used.'

The cigarette is made, in most cases, of drugged tobacco. Opium is the chief drug used, a fact testified to by all who have smoked. Cigarette smoking is another form of the opium habit.

Correspondence

Hartney, Man.

Dear Editor,—We are having some very cold weather just now. I enjoyed my Christmas this year very much. There are two railways in this town, the Canadian Pacific, and Northern Pacific, the latter coming to this town this fall. Wishing you the compliments of the season,
JOHN S.

Enderby, B.C.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like to read it very much. I have two sisters and four brothers. I have four miles to go to school and I think it is a long road.
JOHN D. (Aged 9.)

Forest, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. I have five sisters and two brothers. We like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. For pets we have two cats and a Jersey calf, which we ride. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school.
RALPH N.

Falkland Ridge, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' in my name and like to read it very much, especially the letters. My uncle keeps a post-office. I have one sister younger than myself and three brothers older. We have a little pet kitten named 'Dandy' and a cat named 'Pansy.' My birthday is on July 19.
LAURA T. (Aged 9.)

Agricola, North Alberta.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of a lady who is a stranger to me I have had the 'Messenger' for quite a while. My mamma reads it to me every week. I am a little cripple nine years old, who never has known the pleasure of walking yet. I often thank the kind lady who sends the 'Messenger,' as we are too poor to take it.
LITTLE LOTTIE T.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every week and like it very much. I have been interested in the correspondence. I have attended Taylor Street Sunday-school ever since I was two and a half years old.
IDA G. G. (Aged 9.)

Amigari.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have two sisters and a brother. The eldest sister's name is May, the youngest Jean. My brother's name is Arthur. I go to Sunday-school in Bridgeburg. I love to skate very much.
GEORGE A. H. (Aged 9.)

Bathurst Village.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year, and like it very much. Bathurst is about half a mile from the village of Bathurst. The town is on the south side of the harbor and the village on the north. There are four rivers flowing into the harbor, namely, the Nepisquit, the largest, which has two falls, one called Papineau, and the other the Grand Falls, 12 and 74 feet respectively. The other rivers are the Tetagouche, on which is a fall 35 feet high, and Little and Middle rivers. I wish to all the readers of the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' a happy and prosperous New Year.

I am yours sincerely,
HEDLEY V. HENDERSON

Sandwick, B. C.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a little letter, to ask you what it would cost to cut and paste the 'Northern Messenger' so that I could always keep them. I think it is the best and cheapest paper in the world.
B. C.

[We do not do any binding at this office, but you could get the work done at any binder's near you. We have, however, neat wire files on which you place each number of the 'Messenger' as you get it. They keep the numbers nicely together. The price of a file is 30 cents.]

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.