



## The 'Prince of Gamblers' Converted.

(By Matthew Burnett, Evangelist.)

At one of my meetings in Ballarat, I saw, standing just within the door, a tall, spare-looking gentleman, with his coat buttoned up to his chin. I noticed his remarkable head and expression, and asked a lady near me who he was. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'that is Dr. Mitchell, the greatest gambler and drinker in Ballarat. He drinks two bottles of brandy every day, and his wife is often reduced to poverty by his gambling losses. Mr. Burnett, if you can make that man one of your temperance converts, you will deserve the thanks of the community, and you may thank God that you ever came to Ballarat.' I afterwards discovered that Dr. Mitchell had occupied a prominent position in the Old Country. He was the son of a goldsmith in the city of Birmingham, and had been educated for the medical profession. After taking his degree, he had gone to London, where he had attained eminence as an oculist, and was fast making a fortune, when he had to leave the country on account of the hold that drink had obtained upon him. He went to Melbourne, thinking that the change of scene, separation from his old gambling friends, and the impetus of a new start, might cure him; but in a short time he fell into his old ways. He made money, but he gambled it away quicker than he could make it. When I saw him he was six hundred pounds in debt for drink and losses at cards. I at once said that I should call upon him. 'What,' said the friend, to whom I spoke, 'do you mean to go and see old drunken Dr. Mitchell? His case is hopeless.'—'Well, I mean to try him at all events.'

I set out to visit the prince of gamblers of Ballarat. As I approached the door my courage failed me, but I rang the bell. 'Is the doctor in?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Would you tell him that Matthew Burnett, the Yorkshire evangelist, would like to see him?' A voice called out, 'I shall be in in a minute or two'; and soon he appeared, stiff and erect, with his coat buttoned up to the chin. I felt a choking sensation in my throat. I did not know what to say. It came to me like an inspiration: 'I called, doctor, to see if I could prevail upon you to take a platform ticket to support the chairman. If you could come this ticket will enable you to enter by the side door, and you will thus escape the crush.' I did not say anything about the brandy.—'Thank you. I have great pleasure in accepting your ticket. Will you come inside?' But I excused myself and left.

The meeting was on the Saturday night, and as soon as I was gone, the doctor went to his wife and told her of my visit. He said: 'Mr. Burnett never mentioned the brandy. It is evident he thinks there is some hope for me, though some people think my case hopeless. I will reduce my quantity from two bottles of brandy daily to one; and on Saturday I will commence my bottle early, and by twelve o'clock I will be as sober as a judge.' At eight o'clock on Saturday evening the doctor arrived. All the audience recognized him, and there were exclamations of surprise. 'Has the doctor taken the pledge?' 'Wonders will never cease.' Then someone shouted, 'Give the old doctor a cheer!' and a hearty cheer was

given. At the call of the chairman I rose, and I fully recognized the responsibility that was upon me. I told of J. B. Gough's fight and victory over drink, and when I had finished, I invited the audience to sign the pledge. For half a minute there was silence; no one moved. Then Dr. Mitchell rose to his feet. It was as if that had been the signal for an outburst of applause. The audience rose to its feet; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the men threw up their hats, as the prince of gamblers, and the greatest drinker in Ballarat, signed the temperance pledge. Many thought that the doctor's reformation would be but a thing of days. But it was not. He came again to the church where I had first met him, and there he found a Saviour and a Keeper in the Lord Jesus. He worked night and day till he had paid off his gambling debts; and for six years after that he lived a sober consistent Christian life, and then went home to be with his God. If God can save such a man, can he not save you? He can if you will but permit him — if you will but give yourself to his saving and his keeping. — London 'Christian Herald.'

## Substitutes For Alcohol.

As temperance men are continually asked by lovers of the cup what they are to use as substitutes for alcohol, we extract the following from a recent work by the late Professor Kirk, on 'Medicinal Drinking': 'Is there anything else that can give relief in fatal illness such as that given by alcohol? I would answer this by stating some little of what I have myself witnessed. Take two cases of fatal asthma. I have seen one person passing from this life through the sore ordeal of this disease, constantly relieved by potions of alcoholic liquor. I have seen another passing through the same, relieved by sips of hot water. The relief in the case in which the water was used, was not only as visible as in that of the alcohol, but with the water there was an entire absence of the deplorable restlessness that always follows the fiery drug so often used. No one carefully comparing the two cases could help preferring that in which "heat" was really

introduced in the water, to that in which the "feeling" of it was produced by the other liquor. I have seen another case — one of fatal consumption. The prescription of the medical man was "wine," given often, or "whiskey," if preferred. Small quantities of wine were used. The patient was miserable. By other advice the alcohol was discontinued, and the juice of an orange, mixed with a little sugar and water, given instead. The relief called forth blessings on the head of him who prescribed the change. We should think the best of all wines for the invalid would be that which God himself has given, the juice of the grape, before it has been destroyed by the process which produces alcohol. As it comes fresh from the vine, this liquor contains some thirty percent of nourishment for man, and is otherwise in every way fitted to support and refresh the body. In full preservation, though kept for years, with all its qualities of excellence, it can be obtained just as easily as fermented grape wine, and certainly ought to be used in preference to the fiery and mischievous compounds that pass under the name.'

## Startling Testimony.

One of the most successful ministers in the United States, is the Rev. J. M. Caldwell, D.D., pastor of the Park Avenue Church, Chicago.

In discussing methods of dealing with converts, he spoke recently of the peculiar temptations which come to them. Among other things, he made this remark:

'In all my ministry I have never known a man who has been an inebriate, but that, when he was converted, if he did not give up tobacco he slipped back into his sin.'

'For a long time this was a mystery to me, but when I learned that the cabbage and burdock and other ingredients used in making plug tobacco are moistened and bound together with Jamaica rum, I realized fully the danger threatening a reformed inebriate who indulges in tobacco.'

This is startling testimony. The devil will not worry much over the fact that some of his slaves have thrown off the whiskey fetters if he can only keep the tobacco irons on them.—'Epworth Herald.'

## Lesson Hymn.

For all Thy saints, who from their labor rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.  
Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light.  
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,  
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant, rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way.  
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.  
Alleluia.