

consul informing him that, as it would be dangerous for the ship to approach too near the beach, owing to the heavy surf, her captain had resolved to land the machines on a raft to be composed of the material for the sheds. While Leroux was reading this letter the ship came up and dropped anchor at about two-thirds of a mile from shore.

Although the labour of building the raft was begun at once, two days elapsed before the hoisting of the Peruvian colours aboard the vessel announced that all was ready for the landing. The process of transferring the machinery to the shore was simple enough, for while the ship's crew would "pay out" a line attached to their side of the raft, the people on shore were to pull the latter toward them by means of another. A fisherman went out to the ship on his *balsa*, or inflated sealskin raft, procured the end of the shore-line and brought it safely to the beach. As soon as he had landed, the hawser was seized by a hundred officious individuals, who hauled away vigorously at the raft, which by this time had been released from the vessel's side. Leroux, Marcoy, and the spectators watched the progress of the frail tossing platform with varying emotions. Suddenly a great shout arose from the volunteers who were pulling the rope. The hawser had parted! For an instant the raft swayed about helplessly in the great waves. Then a wave bore down on it, and in a few minutes all that remained was a mass of planks and beams tossing wildly against the beach. Leroux looked on at this ruin of his hopes like one thunderstruck, and for a little while Marcoy feared that his reason was about to leave him; but he recovered himself slowly, and, gazing with a despairing glance at the timber lying on the beach, he turned to Marcoy and said with a sigh, "Well, here is another fortune to make."

It is among these energetic people that bishop William Taylor has established very successful, self-supporting missions.

### Prohibition is the Word!

BY J. MCGONAGLE.

COULD we collect in one vast moor,  
Or sea, the rum, and kindred stuff  
That has run down the human throat,  
Since Adam's day, 'twould be enough  
To float a large, capacious barque,  
Or ship as large as Noah's ark!

If we could really gather up  
One-half of all the human race  
That have, thro' rum's delusive cup,  
Been brought to shame and deep disgrace;  
We could an army then enroll  
Would span the earth from pole to pole!

And, concentrating all the groans  
And lamentations caused by rum,  
The noise would drown the worst cyclone  
That ever on our earth has come;  
And, in the meantime, cause a shock  
Would make old earth and ocean rock!

Could the rum-slain be brought to life,  
And the rum-sellers made to face  
Each starving child and weeping wife,  
That ruin to their door could trace;  
The scene, like a dread avalanche,  
Would make saloon men's faces blanch!

Could half the rags and patches which  
Have been entailed upon mankind  
By rum, to make its vendors rich,  
Be heap'd together, no man's mind,  
Upon this earth, could realize  
The pile's enormous height and size!

The blood and tears that rum has shed,  
If in a mill-race caused to run,  
Would grind sufficient flour to bread  
One-half our race beneath the sun;  
Or saw enough of lumber to  
Fence up this hemisphere from view!

The revenue the tariff brings,  
Of which, of late, much has been said,  
Is one of the most trifling things,  
When a comparison is made  
With what which now is stolen from  
Community by beer and rum!

When men prohibit minor ills,  
And interdict what each man knows  
Is harmless, as compared stills,  
Or what from rum's alembic flows;  
Why is it that most all dispense,  
When treating rum, with common sense?

Why not at once, enact a law,  
Ignoring rum and all its brood,  
And make intoxicants withdraw  
To hades' deep, dark solitude?  
For, otherwise, we'll ne'er overcome  
The rude, despotic reign of rum!

### Early Temperance Reform in Canada.

WHEN one looks at the Canada of to-day, a leader in the work of temperance reform, setting the mother country an example she may well be proud to follow, it cannot be said that Canada has erred from ignorance of the pernicious consequences of strong drink. Originally, as we know, it was colonised from France, and at first the idea was to win the country for the Church of Rome. It is incredible almost the story of that mission. It is impossible to realize the ardor of the faith which led religious men and women, nuns and priests, to give up their pleasant life in France, to cross the stormy ocean, to plant themselves in Canadian forests, to yield up their lives for the glory of God, and, as they believed, the good of the people. The colonists were settled at Quebec, Montreal, and the Three Rivers, and between and around them was a wilderness filled with cruel savages ever thirsting for their blood.

But there were other things to trouble the priests than the cruelties of the savages. In 1662 we find the little colony torn by the temperance question. The inordinate passion of the Indians for brandy had long been the source of excessive disorders. They drank expressly to get drunk, and when drunk they were like wild beasts. Crime and violence of all sorts ensued; the priests saw their teachings despised and their flocks ruined. Bishop Laval, who belonged to one of the proudest families of Europe, whose name still adorns the Catholic University of Quebec, launched an excommunication against those engaged in the trade—for nothing less than total prohibition would content the clerical party; and besides the spiritual penalty, they demanded the punishment of death against the contumacious offender. Death, in fact, was decreed. On one occasion two men were shot, and one whipped, for selling brandy to Indians. As is usual, there was a reaction against such severity. At times the drinking of brandy flourished at a furious rate. For instance a great annual fair was established by the King at Montreal. Thither came down a host of Indians with their beaver skins to sell, while the merchants came with their goods from Quebec. We are told that the prohibition to sell brandy at such a time could rarely be enforced, and the fair often ended in a pandemonium of drunken frozzy. A similar fair was held on the Three Rivers, but these yearly markets did not fully answer the desired end. There was a constant tendency among the colonists to form settlements above Montreal to intercept the Indians on their way down and drench them with brandy. Again there

was another difficulty in the colony by reason of the brandy. Hundreds of young men would go into the woods hunting. After roving some months they would return to Montreal. As long as their beaver skins lasted they would set no bounds to their riot. Every house, we are told, in the place was turned into a drinking-shop. There was gambling and drinking night and day.

We now come to the first temperance meeting held, perhaps, anywhere—at any rate in Canada. It was held in the summer of 1648 at Sellery. The drum beat after mass, and the Indians gathered at the summons. Then an Algonquin chief, a zealous convert of the Jesuits, proclaimed to the crowd a late edict imposing penalties for drunkenness, and in his own name, and in that of the other chiefs, exhorted them to abstinence, declaring that all drunkards should be handed over to the French for punishment. After this it fared hard with the culprit caught in the act of selling brandy to the Indians. He was led to the door of the church, where, kneeling on the pavement, partially stripped, and bearing in his hand the penitential torch, he received a good whipping. The brandy-sellers appealed to the King, who referred it in his turn to the fathers of the Sorbonne, who, after solemn discussion, pronounced the selling of brandy to the Indians a mortal sin. It grieves us to learn how much was done by the Jesuit fathers to put down drinking and to feel that under English rule the good work had to be all done over again.—*Temperance Record.*

### A Plain Talk with Young Men.

A YOUNG man who had just lost an excellent situation by a two days' "spree," came into my study lately and said to me: "Doctor, I cannot understand how it is that I should have made such a fool of myself and thrown away my chance for a living. This is almost killing my wife." I replied to him: "There is no mystery about your case. You have been tampering with drink a long while, trying to jump half way down Niagara. You ought to have stopped before you began. It would not have cost you one-hundredth part as much effort to have signed a total abstinence pledge several years ago as it will now to break loose from this terrible habit." I entreated my friend to grapple his weakness to God's strength; he signed a pledge of entire abstinence, and went away with the desperate look of a man who is pulling for life in the rapids, in full sight of the cataract.

The Jews were commanded to build battlements around the flat roofs of their dwellings in order to prevent the children from falling over into the street. To put up the parapet cost but little; but the want of it might cost broken bones; and alas! what human power could recall a dead darling to life? I am always thankful that I took a pledge of entire abstinence in my boyhood. But for that battlement I might have been ruined by the drinking usages which were deplorably prevalent in my college.

Livingstone, the heroic explorer of Central Africa, was both a physician and a teetotaler. His testimony was: "I find that I can stand every hardship best by using water, and water only." I entreat you not to fall into the delusion that you can do any honest

work the better by firing up your nerves with alcohol. If you do you will have to increase the fuel constantly in order to increase the effect.

Therein lies a second reason for avoiding all intoxicants. They are deceitful. Not only the sting of the serpent, but the subtlety of the serpent is in them. The deception lies in the fact that the *habit* of drinking will become confirmed before you suspect it. That young man who came into my study so tortured with the adder's bite never dreamed at the outset that he was playing with a rattlesnake. A small glass creates a thirst for a larger; one draught only whets the appetite for a second. This is not the case with any wholesome food or beverage. Bread and beef do not exceed one excess; one glass of milk does not arouse a morbid thirst for two the next time. But this horse-leech quality in alcohol, which cries "give, give," and is never satisfied, is the very thing that makes them so dangerous. This it is which makes it so difficult to drink wine or brandy moderately and so easy to fall into drunkenness. A healthful beverage satisfies appetite; a hurtful one, like wine or brandy, stimulates appetite until it becomes an uncontrollable frenzy. This I regard as the Creator's law against alcohol; and when you take your first social glass, you begin to play with a deadly serpent. First glasses have peopled hell! With whatever "odds" in your favor, will you run the fearful hazard? Then stop before you begin!

A third reason why alcoholic drinks are dangerous is that it is the peculiar property of alcohol to strike directly to the brain. Some drugs have an affinity for the heart; others for the spine. You might as well put the pistol to your brain and make swift, sure work with it as to poison your brain by the slower and equally deadly process of the bottle. Ninety-nine hundredths of all the suicides in the land began with a thoughtless glass. Stop, my friend, before you begin!

All intoxicating drinks are more dangerous in this country than in almost any other, from the nervous temperament of our people. Our climate is stimulating, and life, in almost every direction, runs at a high rate of speed. One proof of the difficulty of stopping the drink-habit is found in the fact that so very few are actually reformed. Not one-tenth of those who enslave themselves to the bottle ever break loose, even though they cry out in their sober moments: "Would to God that I might never taste another drop!"

I might multiply arguments in favor of total abstinence as the only certain safeguard. The grace of God is powerless if you voluntarily yield to temptation. It is a defiance to the Almighty for you to leap into the rapids and expect him to save you from the cataract. No small part of my own life has been spent in bootless efforts to save those who were in the swift and treacherous current. The remainder of it shall be spent in endeavoring to prevent young men from embarking on the stream which is all music and mirth at the starting point and all death and damnation at the bottom. Tons of arguments and appeals have been printed on this vital question, "How to save young men from strong drink," but they may all be condensed into one line—STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN!—*Theodore J. Cuyler, D.D.*