

JOSEPH COOK ON BIBLE WINES.

At the close of his lecture on "Constitutional Prohibition," delivered to an audience of upwards of 2,000 people in the Tremont Temple, on March 3rd, the following questions were put to the lecturer at the close:—

1. Were Bible wines fermented or unfermented?

Both. There are wines spoken of in the Scriptures that are denounced with the full vigor of the Biblical rhetoric. There is a wine spoken of in the Bible that our Lord himself used. In certain passages the excessive use of wine is condemned, in others, the fruit of the vine is spoken of as a blessing. I do not enter here and now into a discussion of the different Hebrew and Greek words used in these references; but they appear to me to justify the assertion that the Bible speaks of two kinds of wine, or of one kind of wine in two states, and not merely of two kinds of degrees of the use of one and the same kind of wine.

2. Do any facts known as to our Lord and Saviour's use of wine justify modern drinking customs as to wine?

There are those who believe it both falsehood and blasphemy to assert that our Lord and Master put the intoxicating bottle to his neighbor's lips. I make a distinction between strictly non-alcoholic wines and practically non-intoxicating wines. There is one school of temperance reformers which thinks it important to maintain that the wine used by our Lord had not the slightest alcoholic element in it. This may have been the case. I do not undertake to assert that it was not. Such a denial could hardly be established, because the unfermented juice of the grape was widely used in Palestine in ancient as it is in modern times. It is utterly futile to claim that the juice of the grape cannot be kept in an unfermented condition for years. It is un-scholarly to assert that the ancients did not understand the simple process of heating the juice of the grape to about 180 degrees, sealing it up so that the air could not have access to it, and so keeping it without fermentation. That is substantially the process in modern times, and we have reason to believe it was a process not unknown in ancient times. But what if I could not prove that there was absolutely no alcoholic element in the wine our Lord used? I should yet be able to affirm that the wine He used was proved beyond a peradventure. It may be proved on the basis of his character. You say his enemies called Him a wine-bibber. Yes; and a more blasphemous libel, perhaps, was never uttered, during the early life of Christ our Lord, concerning any of his personal habits. Now I will not maintain that, in no case, did the wine used by our Lord have the slightest conceivable alcoholic element. Nevertheless, I think it never has been proved that our Saviour used fermented wine. I will not make myself responsible for the assertion that all the wine He used was absolutely unfermented; but I will for the assertion that He never put the dangerously intoxicating bottle to his neighbors lips. When, therefore, gentlemen come forward and say that our Lord drank wine, and that, therefore, we may drink wine, I stand aghast at the frivolity of such a position, at its blasphemy, at its historic and logical heedlessness and mischievousness. I must assert this although very lofty authorities have held an opposite view. Distilled liquors were not known until many centuries after the founding of Christianity. Intemperance has poisoned our blood in modern times. If our Lord and Saviour were with us, can there be a doubt but that he would knot up the whip of small cords and purge our society of all drinking habits that are temptations to diseased blood?—*The League Journal.*

A TRUE TALE.

Would you like to hear the story? It is an uncommon one. Only a young life wrecked for time and for eternity through prescriptions of the doctor. This is how I became acquainted with it.

A respectable elderly man called on me one day, and besought me to try to save his son—to make him a Good Templar, if I could, and so keep him from drinking. Harry was his youngest son and his darling. Carefully and tenderly brought up, he had been a Band of Hope boy, Sunday-school teacher, and an abstainer up to the age of twenty three.

He was now dreadfully ill with an attack of delirium tremens, the second that he had suffered from, and his father said he had brought it on by his daily visits to a public house, where he was tempted to excess, and

bet on horse races. How came this Band of Hope boy, this Sunday-School teacher, this regular attendant at church, this total abstainer, to frequent the public house?

He shall tell his own tale.

A week after his father had sought my aid I met the young man in the street. His clothes hung in folds about his wasted form; his feverish eyes and burning face and dazed, despairing look marked him plainly out for one of alcohol's miserable victims. I stopped him and spoke to him, urging him kindly to give up his drink and warning him of what it would surely bring him to. He looked me in the face with a ghastly stare which I shall never forget, and drew out an empty brandy-bottle from under his coat. "Mr. Kidd," he said, "you know nothing about it. I am dying. I cannot eat. I cannot drink anything but brandy. I am now going to get this bottle filled. Brandy I must have. Brandy I began with, and brandy will end it. It is the doctor's doing. I was a total abstainer all my life until I had a severe illness. My doctor ordered me brandy. I refused to take it; but after a severe struggle I gave in. I took the brandy which he prescribed for me, and I soon learned to love it. By degrees I became what I am—a drunkard and hopeless. Let me alone; it is killing me, but I must have it."

When he had said this he hurried on, in spite of my most earnest pleadings, to fill his brandy-bottle at the public house. It was his last visit there. In three days he was dead. Very probably the medical man who, in his illness, had ordered him brandy, and by the force of his medical authority had overcome his reluctance to take it, never saw his own work. But the work was done, nevertheless. The father of this young man is still, as before, a moderate drinker, and he says it was the public house which ruined his son. He forgets what the poor lad himself remembered but to well, who it was that taught him to love what was sold in the public house. He saw death staring him in the face when he said, "Brandy I began with, and brandy will end it." Medical men who have studied the subject are careful to avoid the prescription of alcohol where their patient has too great a love for it. They seek some other remedy. But even they do not realize the danger of creating that fatal liking for stimulants; they refuse to believe in the facility with which it is often acquired. This poor lad was a total abstainer up to the age of manhood. If he were not safe, who is safe?

Yet he is not the only one who has cried in despairing anguish, "Brandy I began with, and brandy will end it!"—*Good Templar's Watchword.*

WAITING FOR PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

It is said that prohibitory laws are well enough where there is a public sentiment to back them up; but otherwise they are inoperative. There are a good many assumptions in that statement, and a good many things which are best are only half true. But granted that it be altogether so, and that it is in vain to look for any result without public sentiment to enforce the statute, why is there not this sentiment? It is just simply because so many men are saying "if," and "and," and "but," and all that, when they talk about the suppression of this evil of liquor selling by law. If only every man who says "I should be in favor of a prohibitory law if there was a public sentiment to sustain it," would just say "I am in favor of a prohibitory law, that would make public sentiment," there would be no division of ranks, and no doubt about the opinions and determination of the people.

But waiting for public sentiment! What kind of attitude is that for a true and earnest man to take in the presence of a needed moral reform? Paul did not wait for public sentiment to support him in preaching the gospel; He went to work and made public sentiment. Richard Cobden did not wait for public sentiment to be well defined and clamorous before he began his agitation for corn law repeal; he set out solitary and alone, and winning John Bright and a few other able men to his side, he traversed the land, planning, speaking, agitating; he created a public sentiment before which Sir Robert Peel and the whole Tory party were only as so much chaff before the wind. Bismarck did not wait for public sentiment to push him to the task of unifying and solidifying Germany. He pushed the people and brought them to his own mind. The heroic Garibaldi did not wait; he saw clearly what ought to be done to redeem Italy from clerical influence, and make it a nation among nations, and he threw himself into the breach and led the way to victory. The dead Gambetta did not wait; he took the people in the hour of despair and trained them into hope; when they were in confusion and organized them; when parties were plotting, and dethroned dynasties were scheming for reinstatement, and made France a republic. Neal Dow did not wait for public sentiment to support him in his demand for prohibition. Month after month, year after year, he and his faithful co-workers wrought at the business of making public sentiment, and they did it.

Public sentiment does not make itself. When there is a vigorous public sentiment on any question of morals, it is because somebody has taken an advanced position and educated and drawn the people up to it. If all who think and even say it would be a good thing to close liquor saloons, and to put out the fires in these distilleries and breweries, and to stay the vast waste of strength and thought and time and money, and homes and hopes and lives, would only say it without any "ifs," and "ands," and "buts," and having said it, would stand by it, public sentiment on this liq-