



Temperance Department.

JIM BLACK.

BY EDWARD WIGGIN, JR.

"Say, Jim, what's yer tittle? what 'nothin' for you? Wall I swear now, that's ourus, come now, that won't do. I m willin' ter swallow most anything queer, But don't tell me that Jim Black's gone oack on his beer. What, yer mean it? h—no! Don't play that, that's too thin; Come boye, name yer pizon! Jim, you used ter take gin. Yer won't wall I'm beat; got pious? or what? Dead broke? never mind, order up somethin' hot! Don't be blue, man. God bless yer! we haint met for years.—Wall I'm blowed: here's a go, Old Jim Black sheddin' tears." "Hold on, boys!" says Jun, as he wiped his rough cheek, "Don't fill 'em yit! give me time an' I'll speak. You all know I'm acuar, an' never showed white. I don't often quilt in a drink or a fight. But I've hed a dead set back, O God, boys! 'twas hard; Hold a bit, and I'll tell yer, set down thar old pard! I warnt allers rough, I was brought up ter pray I hed a good mother,—she s in heaven to-day. She taught me the Bible right down by her knee, An' kussed me, an' told me she hoped she might see Her boy grown a man, ter comfort and cheer Her journey through life for many a year. Do yer know how I paid her? what comfort I gave? Broke her heart for her kindness! she's now in her grave. She died blessin' me, an' prayin' that God Would save me when she was put under the sod. I don't say I'm a chicken' but these tears will come When I think of my mother, an' that dear old home.— There, boys, I'll go on now, an' tall yer the rest; For now I've begun it, I'll make a clean breast. I tried ter do better,—I married a wife An' settled, an' tried hard ter lead a squar life. I hed a good farm, an' I worked hard an' fair, An' boys, let me tell you a happier pair Than me an' my wife never lived on this earth. An' soon little strangers appeared at the hearth. We warnt rich by no means,—but then we warnt poor, An' no man went hungry away from our door. We had allers enough, an' a little ter spare; Ter be sure, 'twasnt the best, but 'twas good homely fare. An' the best of it was, 'twas carnt honest an' straight, Tho' we both had ter work hard,—worked early and late. But when it comes night, an' the day's work was done, We set down together, an' each little one Come an' climbed on my knee, an' then kissed me good-night, An' then went ter their beds, with hearts pure and light; An' said the same prayers that my mother taught me, I know 'em all yit, rough and hard as I be. An' when they were all snugly tucked in ter bed, My wife fixed their clothes up, an' I smoked an' read. An' we talked of how well we were gettin' along Since I set down tassin' of anything strong; An' I thought I was weaned from the staff, but yer know When the devil gits holt once he hates ter let go. An' the long and the short of it is, I begun Ter tittle agin, an' went down by the run. I neglected my farm, an' it went all ter rack. An' the debts commenced pillin' up thick on my back. My children went ragged, an' hungry, an' cold, An' one after one my cattle were sold, An' everyting else 'round the place that would sell, Till my once happy home was turned into a hall. An' the worst of it was my wife's heart was broke,

She jost took to grievin', not a hardy word she spoke; I never abused her, but boys don't yer know Some things hurts a woman far worse than a blow? An' night after night she jost laid thar an' cried, All the livin' night long, whas I laid by her side As drunk as a brute, an' when morain' would come, I'd get up an' leave her, an' go for more rum. She tried hard ter save me, she'd beg an' implore Me ter set down on drinkin', an' live straight once more. She'd bring me the children, an' plead in their name, That I wouldn't disgrace 'em and bring 'em ter shame; She'd speak of the time when, a happy young wife, I told her I loved her far better than life, An' promised ter shield her from trouble [an' harm, An' how happy she was when we went on the farm To a home of our own, an' how pleasant the years, Till I took ter drinkin' an' oh! then with tears In her pretty blue eyes, an' her arms 'round my neck. She'd beg that I wouldn't her happiness wrook. An' she'd say she'd forgive all the misery and pain I hed caused, if I'd stop then, an' start straight again. But 'twas all of no use,—I kept on the old route, An' it seemd that the light of her life all went out. She kept pinin' and wartin', with grief an' despair. An' the grey streaks kept thick'nin' all through her brown hair. An' the light left her eyes, an' still I couldn't see She was dyin' by inches, jost murdered by me! One night I'd been out with the boys at the store, An' I went reelin' home, an' opened the door: All was silent as death, the fire was all out. An' the house was all dark, but I fumbled about An' lighted a candle, an' went ter the bed, An' there lay my poor wife pale, cold, O God! dead!" Don't one of yer speak, boys!—these tears you may think— But my story's finished,—now you fellers drink!" Aug. 14. 1876.

MR. BEVAN ON THE ENGLISH TEMPERANCE REFORM.

At a recent parlor conference in New York, the Rev. L. D. Bevan, who has just been called from London to take charge of one of the prominent churches in that city, gave an address on temperance work in England, only part of which we can quote. He said—It will be found that during this year—the financial year ending in the spring-time—that during that year we shall have consumed in England an amount somewhere like a hundred and forty millions sterling—something like a hundred million dollars in strong drink. Now, at the time when all industries are depressed, when everywhere men are retrenching, when the highest and the lowest are feeling serious pressure in England, that still there should be this enormous waste of property and this serious expenditure of money, is a question that every Christian man at least, and I think every patriot, ought seriously to consider. Now, this fact roused very much attention, and I am not quite sure if the first person to take it up with energy were not the Roman Catholic priesthood. I have no affection at all for that body of men, I think the fewer of them any nation has the better for that nation's prosperity; but, at the same time, I must say that the work which Cardinal Manning is doing just now, in regard to the temperance reformation is one only second to that of Father Mathew's labors in former days in Ireland. Cardinal Manning has thrown himself with all the energy of his nature into the temperance work, and the Roman Catholic population are responding quite remarkably to the Cardinal's appeals. Though an agod man, he is holding meetings up and down through the country, and endeavoring to extend the principles and practice among the large population which recognize him as their head in England. I only wish that he would give himself entirely to that business, and leave all his other duties alone. There has also been a sort of revival of temperance principles and practices amongst the English clergy. The fact is, I suppose, that some of the bishops are rather afraid of the other bishops; and they think that if there is a waling up there, it is high time also for them to do something in the temperance cause. The Rev. Mr. Wilberforce, rector of Southampton,

and son of the famous Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Wilberforce, who died as Bishop of Winchester, has really roused the whole English Church, through its length and breadth, and they are showing great interest in this temperance reformation. The movement in the Catholic and English Church has stirred up the Nonconformist bodies, and we have special temperance associations formed. I myself have the honor of being the secretary of the association belonging to the Congregationalists, and we endeavor to secure the adhesion of the brethren connected with the Congregational Union and to stir up as much as possible attention to the great question of temperance. A similar movement is taking place amongst the Baptists and Methodists, and I think also that special societies have been commenced in the Presbyterian body in England; so that there is not to-day one single section of the Christian Church in England that is not roused on the temperance question, and is not seriously and earnestly engaging in it. There is also another remarkable feature of it, and that is a general interest manifested in society altogether away from the church which is now being taken in the question of total abstinence. Some little while ago, perhaps three or four years since, some articles appeared in the Saturday Review, calling attention to the practice of secret drinking on the part of women. I know no more serious phase of the peril of intemperance to-day in England. I do not know whether you have it here in America or not, but the advance of private drinking habits amongst women is lamentable to consider. It is bad enough to have a drunken man; it is fifty times worse to have a drunken woman, when we remember her as wife and mother, and think of the important position she occupies as a social factor. I know nothing so seriously imperilling the best interests of the state as to find intemperance growing amongst females. Thirty years ago the use of spirits amongst women was almost unknown; to-day this evil is exercising a very serious influence. The fact is the physicians of England have been thoroughly alarmed, and a great change has come over the practice of medical men in relation to the administration of alcohol. The articles to which I have referred called attention to this matter, and at once the whole society was aroused. A little while ago Dr. Richardson, who is somewhat famous for his articles on hygiene, published lectures on alcohol which probably are not unknown on this side of the waters. They created a great deal of interest and have been read very largely. Both in the medical profession and outside of it men are beginning to dispense with alcohol as a drug, and at the same time are disbelieving in it as an article of food. A very interesting movement is taking place, running parallel with the religious movement, and that is the establishment of a temperance hospital. It commenced on a very small scale some two years ago, but it is now rapidly increasing. There they have carried on the practice for the last two years without administering a drop of alcohol. They have refused to use alcohol as a solvent in medicine, and are using some other drugs in its place. Some of the results are astonishing. In something like two years' time there will be a very large hospital in the city given up entirely to dealing with disease without the use of alcohol. The site has been already secured and the building already commenced. Now, these facts, the religious and medical movement and the general social interest created by these various movements, have quite stirred up English society; and to-day you cannot go to a dinner party, if you happen to be a teetotaler, without being at once attacked upon all sides, not as in former days with sneering, not with a spirit of virulent hatred, but with earnest enquiry upon the subject of temperance.

DRINK IN AUSTRALIA.

"Now for a yarn about grog. I am more disgusted with it than ever, and I am very glad to say that the feeling is spreading very much amongst the miners and workmen at large; still they will drink, though full well they all know its damnable consequences. I have long yarns with most of the men, about 100, working in the quarry; they almost all agree on this point, and I am sure, if it were put to the vote, not a public-house would stand. The trade is damnable. If I go to town with fish or game to sell—'What do you want for that goose?' 'Three shillings.'—'Here's 2s. 6d.: you must take a glass' (for the rest). It is a damnable slavery! Not a bargain, no work—nothing to be done without grog; the very parson wants it (he thinks) to preach a good sermon!—It is a fact, I have seen it over and over again in this country. I long to see the Prohibitive Bill pass into law all over the British Empire. It would be a glorious day! To say 'Here is a hill; there is stone. We want so many thousand tons.' One hundred men are employed to get this stone, at from eight to ten shillings a day. The contractor puts his head to work with others to beg his men's wages. What is simpler? Put up a

public-house; Government gets the licensing money and the duty on alcohol: the publican, contractor, &c., beg the rest, and the poor working man is not only legally plundered by a licensed robber, but very likely 'gets the sack,' or in English, is discharged. The Government, in fact, is the captain of banditti, and such a Government wants overthrowing!

The above is extracted from a letter just received by Sir Walter O. Trevelyan from the neighborhood of Bookhampton, New South Wales, dated 22nd September, 1876. Sir Walter writes:—"I think this extract from a letter I have just received from an old settler and a hard worker in Australia will interest you. It is important as showing the strong feeling which is springing up among a large and powerful part of the population, on the iniquity and tyranny of a Government in partnership with the drink interest, robbing and ruining the people through the licensed liquor laws, which are formed and well calculated to protect their cursed monopoly, but not the community, whom it unscrupulously plunders and ruins in all its most vital interests."

A DRUNKEN FARM.—Often and often, while riding through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The deer yard fence had disappeared—burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking fashion on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like its owner; everything was dilapidated, deceiving, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that its owner traded too much at one shop—the rum-shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the home—all had gone down the farmer's throat. Outside matters were the same. The barnyards were wretched sties; the doors were off, the roofs leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink. The farm showed the hall of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone walls, the rickety fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-headed crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer-by, "Whiskey did it." Drink had given the place of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizers, sloth instead of labor, unthrift in the place of care, and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures for young farmers especially, in a good look at a drunken farm.—Golden Rule.

—The papers and people of England are much occupied in discussing the question whether the late Arctic Expedition was an absolute failure or not. Well, according to the London Spectator, one fact, having a bearing on the use of spirituous liquors, has been demonstrated, which will be interesting to temperance men. The records of the Expedition show that the total abstainers, at least those who had been in the habit of total abstinence for some time before the Arctic Expedition, were apparently much less liable to scurvy and able to do much more work under exposure to great cold, than those who took the ordinary proportion of alcohol. The total abstainers on the "Alert"—the ship whose crew suffered the greatest privations—surpassed the rest of the crew in the work they did. Ayles had been out 110 days and Malley ninety-eight, and neither of them was attacked by scurvy—indeed, both enjoyed good health. Yet Ayles (who is a teetotaler of many years' standing) was absent on one occasion eighty-four days from the ship in one expedition. Indeed, scurvy attacked every member of this ship's party except Ayles and Lieutenant Aldrich, and Lieutenant Aldrich, though not a total abstainer, was the next thing to it, so greatly did he dilute his grog. So, too, Henry Petty, of the Discovery, a total abstainer of some years' standing, actually escaped scurvy, in spite of great exertions.

—A committee has reported to the Established Church Presbytery of Edinburgh, recommending a vigorous and sustained warfare against drunkenness—suggesting that wherever a parish church exists, a temperance association should be formed as a moral auxiliary, and that associations should be founded for the establishment of temperance clubs, workmen's clubs, and places for recreation.

Deliver your treasure is, there will your heart be also. MATT. 6: 21.