THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE.

1866.

LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.
PREFACE.

It is with much real pleasure and thankfulness of heart that the promoters of the Church of England Temperance Magazine find themselves called by the lapse of time to send forth another Annual Volume of their periodical. To those who have been engaged in its conduct and compilation it has been a labour of love, their one great and only desire being to advance the best interests of the Temperance Cause among the Clergy, in behalf of their people, and among the community, in behalf of society generally.

The Committee of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society rejoice in being able to report that the issue of the Magazine has during the past year, as in the preceding years, been working for the good of the cause generally; and that very many have through its advocacy been induced to contribute their name, and influence, and example, to the encouragement of those who have been bearing the burden and heat of the day. It is felt by many that one of the very best means for bringing the subject before intelligent but still antagonistic minds, is through the pages of our Magazine; as containing arguments, and principles, and reasons, and results that are well calculated to convince those that oppose themselves to our useful efforts.

We trust that this further contribution to the literature of the movement may be deemed worthy of a place in the library of every earnest man who has taken in hand the great lever of the Temperance Reformation cause, for the lifting up of the downtrodden and degraded among the people.
We would be glad to know that our volume were deemed worthy of a place in Parochial Libraries and Reading Rooms generally. We believe that our friends, the Clergy, would find in our pages many good advices and suggestions, such as they would gladly see acted upon among their parishioners. May we therefore ask that they will at least give their people the opportunity of reading the volume at their leisure, leaving it to God to direct the issue.

To the various Temperance Societies throughout the country we would also address a word. The Temperance Literature is not as well supported from within as it ought to be. We would ask each Society to provide itself with a copy of our volume for circulation among their members and others. Many will be strengthened and encouraged thereby.

We feel convinced that the spirit and tone of our advocacy will tend to carry our cause into the hearts and understandings of many who have hitherto stood aloof from us in this the great social struggle of the age. We send forth our book with a humble prayer for great success upon its future mission.

Offices of the Society,
9, Paternoster Row, E.C.
# ALPHABETICAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alcohol, Use of, in Hospitals</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>——— Danger in Habitual Use of</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appeal for Funds</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Meeting, Our</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Autumn Holiday</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amsterdam, Proposed Congress at</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archbishop of Canterbury, Deputation to</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asylums for the Intemperate</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, Melbourne</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beerseller’s Looking-glass, the</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beershop System, the</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cholera, Alarm of</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Congress, York</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Missionary College</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clergy, Co-operation of, by Rev. W. Allan</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clerical Pic-nic, a</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Correspondence... 26, 61, 95, 123, 283</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decay of English Race</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dioecesan Associations:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durham</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lichfield</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>141, 375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dream, John Hayward’s</td>
<td>41, 81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drink and its Doings... 23, 52, 116, 147, 218, 243, 273, 311, 341</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ecce Iterum</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Facts from my Note Book. 50, 103, 200, 296</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends, The Society of</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy Home Club, the</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvest Homes, Teetotal</td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helpmeet for him, a</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Vaughan, by K. E. T... 104, 151, 183, 211, 245, 275, 313, 345</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopes and Fears, by Rev. E. Templeman</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houses of Voluntary Restraint, by</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. E. P. Hathaway</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inconsistency</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>India, Our Soldiers in</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>——— Voices from</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>——— Teetotal Experience in, by</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. E. Templeman</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>——— Fresh Tidings from</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inebriates, Asylum for, Melbourne</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juvenile Temperance Associations, Rev. R. H. Hammond... 305, 338, 361</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEADING ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preliminaries</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sequel</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul at Philippi</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruitless Seed-sowing</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By-path Meadow</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Another’s Burdens</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking Back</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life-Boat Service</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fire Escape</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Light-House</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Prairie Fire</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Root Downward and Fruit Upward</td>
<td>353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library Table, Our</td>
<td>181, 282, 317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool Licensing System, by Rev. W. Caine</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical Experience, our, by F. Collier, Esq.</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

Monthly Letter, 31, 64, 96, 128, 160, 192, 224, 255, 288, 320, 352
New Zealand, Governor of, a Total Abstainer .................................................. 262
Notes and Queries, 28, 62, 126, 158, 189, 221, 253, 286, 318, 349, 373
“One of my Comrades” .................. 303
Oxford, Bishop of, on Drunkenness. 157
—— Temperance Festival .................. 37
Parochial Associations:
    Windsor .................................. 110
    Fulham .................................. 110
    Paper on, by Rev. T. Rooke .............. 204
POETRY:
    Victimae Vini .......................... 6
    The Old Year and the New.
    By Rev. W. T. Holden .................. 15
    The Stripling and the Giant ............ 51
    The Swallow. By Rev. J. Stedman .......... 79
    Saturday Night and Sunday Morning; By Rev. T. Holme 113
    The Good Samaritan, by the Rev. R. Maguire ....... 145
    A Mother’s Love and a Mother’s Hate .......... 175
    The Two Debtors ........................ 197
    More Labourers ................................ 203
    Summer Festival Hymn ................... 231
    A Self-denying Heart .................... 265
    The Eddystone at Night .................. 292
    The Shepherd’s Sabbath Hymn.
    By Rev. R. Maguire ...................... 297

POETRY (continued):
“Lead us not into Temptation.” 310
“While Men Slept.” .............. 337
The True Legion of Honour ........... 357
Prayer Union, Our ..................... 336
Prohibition, Pleas for, 149, 177, 201, 271, 301, 367
Red Defaulter’s Sheet .................. 166
Rough Sketches of London Life, 38, 101, 135, 172, 198, 232, 266, 298, 327, 358
Sanitary Aspect of the Temperance
    Question ............................... 138
    Saturday Review, the, and our
    Magazine .................................. 19
— and the Paffery of Virtue .............. 146
Seeing one’s Friends Home ............. 319
Self-denial, Practical ................... 48
Sermon, A Visitation .................... 304
Shrewsbury, Results in. By Mrs.
    Wightman ................................ 17
Social Meetings and Drinking of
    Healths ................................... 112
Strike, an uncommonly Good .......... 229
Teetotal Harvest Homes .................. 351
Temperance Fête ........................ 230
Travelling Secretary’s Mission, our 22
Village Concerts ......................... 370
Voice from the Ranks, another ........ 285
What Drink can do ....................... 332
“You know you have some Influence.” .......... 122
REFERENCES TO SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gen. i. 28 .................................. 99</td>
<td>Matt. v. 28 .................................. 325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gen. xxvii. 28, 37 ............................ 28</td>
<td>Matt. vi. 16—18 .............................. 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gen. xl. 9—11 ................................. 126, 158, 189</td>
<td>Matt. ix. 17 .................................. 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gen. xlii. 21 ................................ 318</td>
<td>Matt. xiii. 3 ................................ 98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gen. xliii. 34 ................................. 349</td>
<td>Matt. xiii. 25 ............................... 337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Numb. vi. 3 .................................. 63</td>
<td>Matt. xvii. 21 ............................... 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deut. ii. 12 .................................. 221</td>
<td>Mark iv. 19 .................................. 100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judges ix. 13 ................................. 190</td>
<td>Luke vii. 41—43 ............................. 197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Sam. xvii. 50 ............................... 51</td>
<td>Luke ix. 62 .................................. 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. iv. 15 .................................. 129</td>
<td>John ii. 10 .................................. 349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. ix. 2, 5 ................................ 30</td>
<td>John vi. 66 .................................. 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. xxiii. 30 ............................... 30</td>
<td>John xi. 39 .................................. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. xxviii. 31 .............................. 287</td>
<td>John xi. 44 .................................. 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. xxix. 32 ................................. 23</td>
<td>Acts ii. 13 ................................. 189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. xxx. 11, 12 ............................. 319</td>
<td>Acts xiii. 27 ............................... 286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prov. xxxi. 6 ................................ 9</td>
<td>Acts xvi. 28, 31 ............................. 13, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isa. v. 2 ..................................... 189</td>
<td>Rom. xiv. 21 ................................ 286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isa. xxviii. 23—26 ........................... 99</td>
<td>1 Cor. viii. 13 .............................. 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isa. lxi. 14 .................................. 175</td>
<td>1 Cor. ix. 25 ............................... 287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isa. lxv. 8 .................................. 28, 222</td>
<td>1 Cor. xi. 21 ............................... 350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jer. ii. 21 .................................. 189</td>
<td>Gal. vi. 2 .................................. 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jer. iv. 3 ................................... 97</td>
<td>1 Tim. iv. 4 ................................ 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hos. iv. 11 .................................. 28, 222</td>
<td>1 Tim. v. 23 .............................. 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hos. xiii. 6 .................................. 222</td>
<td>1 John iii. 15 ............................. 325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amos vi. 6 .................................. 318</td>
<td>Jude, 23 .................................. 257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggai i. 6 .................................. 349</td>
<td>Clergyman’s Wife, a ....................... 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
List of Contributors, continued—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hammond, Rev. R. H.</td>
<td>305, 338, 361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hathaway, Rev. E. P.</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holden, Rev. W. T.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holme, Rev. T.</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. K. T., 104, 151, 183, 211, 245, 275, 313, 345</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keer, Rev. W. B.</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lett, Rev. H. W.</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laverack, Quartermaster-Serjeant</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maguire, Rev. Robert, M.A.</td>
<td>145, 297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mudge, Henry, Esq.</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Munroe, Henry, Esq., M.D.</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicolls, Dr.</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phillips, Rev. G.</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooke, Rev. T.</td>
<td>22, 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. G., 38, 101, 135, 172, 198, 232, 266, 293, 327, 358</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewell, Mrs.</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone, Rev. S. J.</td>
<td>5, 337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stedman, Rev. J.</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surgeon, an Old Abstaining</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Templeman, Rev. E.</td>
<td>169, 263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wightman, Mrs. C. E. L.</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood, Mr. David</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wynne, Rev. G. R.</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"Take ye away the stone."

PRELIMINARIES.

There is the spirit of order in all things—things first, things last; beginnings and endings; and through the process is the way to perfection. The Divine Teacher began with earthly illustrations, and thence...
proceeded to the inculcation of heavenly truths. There is an earthly aspect in which every spiritual work may be viewed, and a human process through which God vouchsafes to accomplish the great work of soul-saving. It is for the glory of God and for the good of man that both God and man should join hands in work. One of the privileges of Christians is this, to be “workers together with Christ Jesus.”

The engraving that stands at the head of this article is suggestive of this train of thought. It is the first of a series of original illustrations, selected from Scripture subjects, with which we propose to embellish our Magazine during the present year. We have gathered to ourselves a body of readers; we exercise an influence now within a large circle of friends, who have adopted, or are disposed to promote, the practical effort we have ourselves been enabled to put forth. This influence we desire to maintain; this sphere of labour we are still disposed to occupy; it is our constant care and study to fulfil this work of ours in a spirit of meekness and humility, commending to others what we ourselves have tried and tested, and in doing so have proved it to be not only possible to ourselves, but also useful to our fellowman, and to the interests of the Church of God. Our earnest desire is to help the cause, and not to retard it; to convince some minds, not to prejudice any. The subject is a large one; the emergency is great; the interests at stake are, one way or other, all-important; souls are, as it were, trembling in the balance; and the salvation of these souls may be, humanly speaking, entrusted to our hands.

In this respect we regard our Temperance Reformation movement as being both preventive and preliminary. It is preventive of evil; it is preliminary to good. It is one of those efforts placed in the power of man whereby hindrances may be removed, and stumbling-blocks rolled out of the way. We desire to see dead souls raised up to spiritual life; but we find that, in thousands of cases, the Drink is the stone that seals their sepulchre, and we seem to hear the voice of Jesus as though He were saying to us to-day—“Take ye away the stone!” Man can do this; and what man can do, man must do; for God will work no miracle where human hands suffice to do the deed.

Our Church and country have not been idle in the matter of Christian enterprise; both at home and abroad an incalculable amount of effort has been put forth for the social and religious welfare of the people. And yet we cannot but observe a lack of true economy in Christian labour, a waste of Christian talents, by reason of the large room and encouragement given to this “enemy,” who comes, by day and night, to sow tares amid the good seed. It is not done stealthily or unawares, but openly, in the sight of men and before the sun. Among the rich and poor, in Christian circles and among the ungodly,
among all ages and with both sexes, this enemy of our land finds a welcome, this spoiler of the Church is entertained, this foul tempter is allowed a free and unfettered scope of influence and action. Christian workers admit that it is the great hindrance to their Christian work. The Sunday school teacher finds that the early seed he has sown has proved unproductive of good by reason of the drinking associations, which have led away the once hopeful youth into the paths of the destroyer; the District Visitor finds the tract unread, the good advice unheeded, the family sores unhealed, the family wrongs unmended, by reason of the strong drink; the minister finds that the Word he has preached and read, and that once promised a hopeful return, has been rendered unremunerative of any good result in so many hearts, because the drink has drowned the Word, so that it becomes unprofitable. Here is, at least, one definite cause of ill success fully known, recognised, and acknowledged, and yet no hand is put forth, save in an exceptional way, to remove the evil, and so to give the seed deepness of earth and other opportunities of growth and increase. Can this be called economy of Christian labour? Is not this but as the pouring of water into a sieve? It is the planting of the good seed amid the stones of the stony ground, amid the thorns of the thorny ground, amid the barren sands of the desert, or on the beaten track of the highway. What result can be expected from such an unforeseeing seed-time, but a famine-crop of social want and spiritual destitution?

Many of the ministers of our Church deplore the inefficacy of their ministry among the people committed to their charge, and are agreed with us that the great external influence against them is the drink of the country. They testify that the Word does not convince, the Bible does not instruct, the Gospel does not transform, grace does not convert, and the Spirit does not sanctify, because the drink is there. Is not this, then, the ascertainment of a definite cause; and ought not that very cause and the power of it to suggest the remedy, or, at least, to commend the course of action we have ourselves adopted? In our efforts to reform the fallen we strive to withdraw them as much, and as far, and for as long a time as possible, from the temptation that besets them; and thus a platform is provided and an opportunity given for laying the foundation of better things. It is not at full-tide, while the waters are in their strength, that the stones and beams are laid in the river-bed, to be the buttresses of future piles of solid masonry; rather is it at the ebb, when the tide is out, and the strength of the waters abated, that these efforts are made, and the foundation successfully and permanently laid; and even so is it with this great work of social and spiritual elevation. It cannot be successfully done in the face of rising waters, and swollen tides, and eddying currents, whose tendency is ever
to undermine and weaken the results of men's patient toil and labour. Men wait until the waters have been drained off by the receding tide, and then they seize the favoured opportunity to bring up all hands to the work, and so to consolidate and strengthen it against the next inrush of the waters; and as they build, their work grows in consistency and strength, and, by-and-by, overtops the danger, and ere long looks down upon the waters—once the dreaded foe, but now washing at its base in its harmless flood.

Our illustration may be pushed many degrees further than this, in proportion as we realize the dangerous power and tendency of strong drink. The waters of the stream may be permitted to return in their strength, and to ebb and flow in harmless tides, while the massive masonry stands secure from danger. But the wine-cup, at times, overcomes even the strongest men; aye, it is able to over-reach men that are strong in principle, strong in moral consistency, strong in their power of resistance. Besides, in this great cause we are always building, always strengthening, always engaged in the interest of some weak brother or sister, in whose behalf we do well to embank the tide and to resist the incoming flood. This moral work of ours is continuous and never-ending. Day after day, age after age, we find some victim to be delivered, some captive to be freed, some incipient stage of the disease to be dealt with, some desperate case to be resolutely handled; it is, therefore, of the last importance that we should ever stave off the tide of drink, so as to deliver our brethren that are, or are likely to be, ensnared by it.

Let no man say that we ignore the power of Divine grace, while we thus lay stress upon the external remedy which we here suggest. In a material world like this, charged with material mischief, and with palpable roots of evil, we cannot afford to despise or dispense with material aids to the accomplishment of good. Penitentiaries are but bricks and mortar, mere material erections; yet are they useful means for good. Missionary and Bible Societies are but human institutions, and none of them perfect in their working apparatus; yet are they means that God vouchsafes to use for His own glory, and for man's eternal good. And even so we honour this Temperance Reformation movement, whose object is to take away hindrances and stumbling-blocks from the path of social and religious progress; to drain the moral and social soil of this thing that offends; to pluck this worm from the root; to gather out these stones from the stony ground; to eradicate these thorns from the thorny ground; and, so far, to make ready and prepare the way of the Lord. Whatever may be the Lord's work, for the Divine hand to accomplish, we know that this is man's work, for human hands to do—"Take ye away the stone!"
THE NEW AND THE OLD.

A CONTRAST.

The old, world-story! shine and shade together,
The rainbow gleam amid the murky weather:
Regret's sad look upon One Year's decay,
Hope's welcome of Another's natal day,
As upon either hand
Fresh Life and haggard Death confront the land!

A Voice sepulchral as from gates of gloom,
A solemn utterance of rebuke and warning
As from the depths of night:
A Voice most musical reversing doom,
As uttered on the mountain-tops of morning!
And bidding all the shadows take to flight,
Saying to Death and Darkness, "Make ye room
For Life and Light!"

A hoary, pale Old Man,
With still and stiffened feet and fallen hands,
Upon a snowdrift lies,
With frozen death-dews on his features wan,
A film upon his eyes:
And lo! beside him stands,
Eager, as if his life had just began,
A gloriously fair and radiant Youth!

Who strains his gaze afar across the lands,
And cries,
"Ho! for the Joy, the Beauty, and the Truth!"
But for that still form not one look of ruth,
And not one wasted breath
Gives he to lamentation over death!

And who is He upon the wintry bier?—
The dead Old Year!
And if thou weep that he has passed away,
That Other will reproach thee, crying, "Nay!
Am I not here?
Come thou with me, and let the dead man lie,
And let thy sorrow and remorse go by!
Is this a time for anguish or for fear?"
And yet methinks that there is somewhat due
To him the Old as unto him the New:
O Christian! give their own to both the Years!
Zeal to the Present, to the Past thy tears:
Tears to the Past of penitential pain
For all the gracious gifts he gave in vain,
For all the good to others left undone,
For all the evil triumph Self has won:
Zeal to the Present, that his strength may be
More surely thine by this humility:
Zeal to record upon his unwrit page
A holier chapter of thy pilgrimage:
Zeal against Ill to make a nobler stand,
To give all good occasion readier hand,
In word, thought, deed, his wisdom to display
Who sees To-morrow in his work To-day,
Who blends with things of earth the things sublime,
And stamps his soul’s Eternity on Time!

Windsor.

S. J. STONE,
Author of “Lyra Fidelium.”

VICTIMA VINI.

“True it is, and pity ’tis ’tis true!”

[A Saturday Reviewer, thinking it scandalous that there should be any pretence to scholarship among Teetotallers, has seen fit, at the close of a very indifferent satire on the Temperance Magazine, to sneer at the Latin verses which appeared in our last number. Unable to particularise any incorrectness, he has been obliged to abuse them in vague generalities. He begs, however, for solution of the “dark mystery” of one of the lines, which he is unable to translate. The Author appends a plain rendering of the whole, and trusts with all his heart that the critic may never have the misery of seeing or knowing an instance of the Ruin caused by Drink, such as suggested these verses—the spectacle of a man well-born, well-bred, well-endowed both as regards intellect and disposition, after having ruined himself, his family, and his friends, on his death-bed filling up the pauses between his demands for drink with curses on God and man.]

“I was Drink’s Victim, yet I loved my bane.
His cursed lust in utter overthrow
Whelmèd body, heart, and mind, and to the depths
Of the eternal darkness hurled my soul.
Yet, though he mulcted me of earth and heaven,
I deemed him lovely ever to the end!
O thou who passest by, if thou wouldest save
Others in need, I pray thee of thy pity
Grave deep this lamentation on my tomb,
‘Ah! Victim of the Drink thou lovedst too well.’”—S. J. S.
HOW FAR IS IT EXPEDIENT THAT THE CLERGY
SHOULD CO-OPERATE IN THE TOTAL
ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT?

A Paper read before the London Clerical Conference, held in the Vestry
of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ALLAN, M.A.

LONDON has been forcibly described, and I fear with truth, as the largest
heathen city in the world. Though the metropolis of a Christian nation,
the very focus of all schemes for evangelising this country, and foreign
nations as well; though the indefatigable parochial minister labours here
from year to year, spending and being spent in his Master’s service,
pREching, teaching, visiting, lecturing; though he attaches to himself a
host of fellow-labourers of every class and age, and of both sexes; though
he plants machinery of almost every kind, establishing schools—national,
ragged, night, and Sunday schools—arranging cottage lectures, mothers’
and fathers’ meetings, Bible classes, and weekly services; though he pays
curates, Scripture readers, and mission women; yet, if he is called upon to
labour in the dark places, which form the larger part of this metropolis, he
will still have to look around him, and, after years of labour, find the bulk
of the women of his parish still almost heathens, and the bulk of the men
entirely so. And though the intelligence and interest in good things mani-
fested by the young of his flock lead him to hope that the rising generation,
being, as far as his efforts can avail, trained up in the nurture and admoni-
tion of the Lord, will continue to attend the house of God, and remain
under the reach of religious instruction, yet alas! he finds that they too in
turn, with a few bright exceptions, follow their fathers and mothers to do
evil, forsake the right way, forget what they have been taught, and all
appears nearly as dead, as ignorant, and heathenish, as it was in years that
are past. And how comes this to pass? It is no lack of labour, no lack of
prayer, that thwarts and hinders every effort, but it is, I verily believe—and
I think that most of those present will agree with me in believing—it is an
open, unblushing enemy that thus checks his labours and mars every
scheme for elevating his people, and benefiting them spiritually and
temporarily; it is the successful result of Satan’s most powerful ally
amongst the gross and sensual, THE LOVE OF STRONG DRINK. The
husbands prefer the gin-shop to the places where better things are provided
for them—they prefer poison for the body to food for the soul; the wives per-
haps have the same degraded tastes as their husbands, or learn them from
them; the children acquire their habits from their parents, example proves
more potent than precept; they lose all good impressions, and probably
perish for ever. All the labours of Churchmen and Dissenters—all the
schemes for leavening the masses—are crippled by the baleful, all-pervading
influence of the love of strong drink.

And I omit here all reference to the murders and crimes of every kind
caused by this one besetting sin. I speak not of prisons filled, through
drink, to overflowing; of lunatic asylums and poor-houses teeming with
inmates from the same fatal cause. I do not allude to the misery and ruin
caused by this terrible evil, excepting only as far as they are obstacles in
the minister's way when seeking to ameliorate the condition of his flock,
and striving to induce them to lay hold of the higher blessings set before
them in the Gospel. I have been speaking of the lowest classes, of whom
our population chiefly consists; but is it not likewise true to a frightful
extent of the classes next above them, that the love of drink chokes the
Word, and renders it unfruitful? Too many of them also make a god of
their belly, and so turn a deaf ear to the sound of the Gospel; and the
patient minister, waiting and watching for souls, is grieved and disappoiinted,
and finds his labours rendered null and void by the presence of the
same destroying foe. And though we hear in the present day much of the
diminution of drinking among the middle and higher classes of society, yet
I fear that this has been somewhat exaggerated. It is doubtless true that
in families and at the general dinner table there is much less drunkenness
than was the case in the last generation, yet amongst our young men this
vice still lamentably prevails. In the Universities; in the army, amongst
the officers as amongst the men; amongst our naval officers, and among
medical students, drunkenness is still a prevailing and prominent vice, and
the effects of it frightful. Parents' hearts are broken, their money squandered,
and their hoary hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave, through
the same influence which ruins their children's health, and, perhaps not
often enough, blasts their children's characters. And can nothing be done
in such a crisis as this? Shall the enemy still be permitted to undermine
our fortifications, and shall we be still, and allow them to take all that is
most precious out of our hand? Happily it is not the Englishman's habit
—still less the habit of the English minister—to fold his arms and bewail
an existing and acknowledged evil, without bestirring himself to find a
remedy. Has not such a remedy been found? Has not Total Abstinence
been found, at Shrewsbury, in Nottingham, and amongst the navvies, and
wherever it has been judiciously, prayerfully, and instrumentally tested, to have
been blest of God in a manner which seems absolutely incredible to those
who have never tried the power of Total Abstinence, not as an abstract thing,
but with all its accompanying advantages, as a countercheck to the ravages
of drink? I do not speak of what is merely asserted in books, however
excellent or interesting; I speak of what I have myself witnessed and
investigated, and feel truly assured that the results described are no mere
superficial and transitory work of a day, but that the Total Abstinence
system has been the means of producing an external reformation among
hundreds, if not thousands; and in the case of scores, if not hundreds, this
has been the beginning of a new state of things, of an attendance at the
house of God, where He has met them, strengthened and blessed them,
giving them His Holy Spirit in all His awakening, converting, and sanctifying
influences, and revealing Jesus unto them as the Way, the Truth, and
the Life. But this happy result would never have been attained if those
in a higher position, refined in tastes, and free from all suspicion of over indulgence, had not voluntarily denied themselves what was to them a legitimate, though unnecessary, article of food; had they not, “being strong,” bowed themselves to assist in bearing the “infirmities of the weak,” seeking to “please, not themselves, but their neighbour, for his good unto edification.” They saw their brother stumbling through wine, and being made weak, and they determined to avail themselves of Paul’s encouraging statement that in such a case it was good that they should not drink wine. They, like Paul himself, to the weak became as weak, and, at the risk of their conduct being misinterpreted, and of having to bear uncharitable insinuations as to the cause of their abstinence, determined to forego that which they could use without abusing, for the sake of him to whom the only safe motto was, Touch not, taste not, handle not. But before they could do so, or hope that others might be induced to follow their example, it was necessary clearly to ascertain whether they had a right for any purpose, however exemplary, to renounce, whether for a time or altogether, that which may perhaps be allowed to be in some sense a good creature of God. It seems perhaps hardly necessary to prove the lawfulness of Total Abstinence, the question before us is as to the expediency of the minister of Christ joining in the movement; but as nothing can be expedient which is not lawful, and as there are possibly one or two present, who regard Abstainers as necessarily intemperate men, and enthusiasts, I would just refer to our Lord’s teaching on the subject of Fasting, as having a material bearing upon the subject. Our Saviour laid down no rules as to when men should fast, how often they should fast, nor from what they should fast; but most assuredly He not only permitted fasting among His disciples, but assumed that it would exist, and encouraged them in it, leaving it as a personal and individual question for them to settle according to their health, strength, and other circumstances, what the nature of their fasting should be. Paul evidently acknowledged the same principle, for he declared in the passage referred to above that it was good entirely and for ever to abstain from those good creatures of God, bread and wine, rather than that he should, however innocently, cause his brother to stumble. Will it not be allowed by those even who would discourage the progress of Teetotalism by quoting the text, “Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving,” that every creature of God is not good to be eaten or drunk. Some of God’s good creatures are made to be worn upon our backs; some to make us houses to cover us; some to be used for food; some for one purpose, some for another; so that first it must be demonstrated that alcohol was made, or permitted to be made, to be drunk; and next, which I submit is far more difficult to prove, that it was made for food, and not for medicine, and even then the argument from the lawfulness of fasting remains untouched.

And here I may observe that I do not consider it needful to dwell upon that class of passages from Holy Scripture, so frequently urged against Total Abstainers, such as, “Give strong drink to him that is ready to
perish," and "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often
infirmities," inasmuch as there are scarcely half a dozen educated indi-
viduals in the United Kingdom who will venture to deny, what I think
the Word of God plainly asserts, that alcoholic liquors, like opium, or any
other poison, are useful medicinally. On this point all that Abstainers
urge and have urged is what the medical journals, and all persons of
thought, are discovering and allowing more and more every day, that their
medical qualities have been exaggerated with the most lamentable and
calamitous results, and that for persons in a normal state of health, they
are utterly and entirely unnecessary. I would only mention two arguments
in passing in proof of this:—

The first is that upwards of 2000 medical men have subscribed the
following document,—a document containing facts which might be abun-
dantly demonstrated from Holy Scripture; they give as their opinion—

"1. That a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease,
and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as
beverages.

"2. That the most perfect health is compatible with Total Abstinence from
all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as
wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c.

"3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may with perfect safety dis-
continue them entirely, either at once, or gradually, after a short time.

"4. That Total and Universal Abstinence from alcoholic liquors, and in-
toxicating beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the
prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

The second fact is this, that the United Kingdom Temperance Provident
Office, like all other offices, rejects the lives of drunkards, but unlike other
offices, it has two classes of lives—strictly moderate men, and total abstainers,
—and after eight years of experience it was found that only six in the 1000
had died amongst the abstaining class; whilst among the moderate men
about thirteen had died in 1000, which was also the average in other In-
urance Offices. When the quinquennial bonus is distributed, it is there-
fore found that the abstainers have a claim to about 20 per cent. larger
bonus than the moderate drinkers in the very same office. To those there-
fore who have fairly and sufficiently tested the question whether their state
of health is sufficiently abnormal to render it impossible for them safely to
abstain, the abstainer has not a word to utter; he sympathizes with them
in their infirmities, and only desires to see them restored to health by the
use of any medicine whatsoever. I have myself carried bottles of wine to
the bedsides of those whom I knew to need such support, when sinking in
decline; I have begged wine from others for those who were not suffering
from, but recovering from fever, and when I was assured it would be
properly used; I have done so in the past, and will do so again in the future.
But at the same time, I cannot but add, how often when visiting the sick
and dying, I have found them so stupified through drink, so stupidly
apathetic from this sole physical cause, that my ministrations have been
in vain, the sound of heaven and hell fell alike unheeded on their ears,
and, insensible of their state, they have sunk into eternity in a state of partial intoxication, caused by the doses of gin and brandy, given, according to the statements of surrounding friends, by order of the medical man. Oh, how I long that in all such cases medical men, finding alcoholic stimulants necessary, would themselves supply them, mingled with some unpalatable drug, suitable for the particular case, to prevent the danger of such sad results from their careless prescriptions. And I would also observe how desirable it would be that clergymen, who are so often applied to, especially in the country, to give port wine, &c., as tonics, should mix it with a small quantity of quinine, rendering it at the same time more beneficial, and less likely to be misapplied. This, I may observe, is no suggestion of my own, but a plan which has been successfully adopted by others. But I will not dwell upon the medical part of the subject, but I would desire to make a suggestion with reference to one objection very commonly brought against any attempt to enlist moderate men into the ranks of abstainers. It is this, the abuse of an article is no argument against the use of it. And here I would speak very humbly, lest any should think I am pressing Scripture too far. I have sometimes thought that the evident approbation given to Hezekiah in the Bible, and which I am sure we shall all be ready to concede to him, in utterly destroying the brazen serpent which the children of Israel were guilty of worshipping, was an argument against the opinion of these objectors. The brazen serpent had been made by God’s command, as we will concede that alcohol was made by His permission; the serpent was of great public utility, as a testimony against the sin of rebellion, and as a striking memorial of the love and power of their God, and yet it was so generally abused that the good king had it entirely destroyed and broken to pieces. Now, though I would not strain the analogy between the two cases, I think it is worthy of serious consideration whether, in a case where the abuses are so immeasurably greater than the use to be derived from the alcohol, as a beverage, for I do not now speak of it medicinally, it may not be desirable as well as lawful that we should deprive ourselves of what we are partaking of lawfully, if by so doing we can benefit, even indirectly, one suffering from the abuse of it. But it is said the moderate drinker is setting the intemperate man a higher example than he would be by abstaining, inasmuch as it is so much easier to abstain altogether than to use with moderation. The latter part of this objection is indeed but too true; it is so much easier to do the one than the other, that while the one, moderation, is simply impracticable for the drunkard, the other is found to be attainable by him. Even Dr. Johnson could not drink with moderation, though he could abstain altogether. Both classes would of course equally repudiate the idea of there being anything meritorious, either on the part of one who denies himself, and gives up that which in most cases is agreeable to him, or on the part of one who resists every temptation to excess, and keeps himself within proper limits. But since the drunkard cannot possibly—I cannot speak too strongly on this point—follow your example, and rise at a jump to your high level, shall we not encourage him to mount just out of the miry clay on to the platform of entire abstinence? And surely you will not seek
to hinder us, perhaps even you will consent to follow us in this position, which I think I have shown to be a legitimate one for the Christian to occupy, and which I am willing to allow to be, in a philosophical sense, a less dignified and honourable position, if we can by so doing raise even a single step the man who before was so entirely besotted by drink, that he could not even understand intellectually any spiritual advice given to him. We feel that we are justified in following the example of our Saviour, who descended to man’s level in everything but his sin. The Total Abstainer’s view is that to descend to the level of another in his infirmity and weakness is Christlike, irrespective of the cause of such infirmity, although, of course, to descend to the level of another in his wickedness and sin must be a suggestion of the devil. And to this lower platform, if you will have it so, 600 of the clergymen of our Church have already descended, headed by several of its dignitaries. They found themselves powerless in dealing with this evil; there was no bond of sympathy, no fellow-feeling to which they could successfully appeal, they had no means to bring to bear upon the drunkard, they could not get him under the sound of the Gospel, or if, by some happy accident, he was found present at some means of grace, his mind was so clouded with drink, his understanding so confused, that he was unable to comprehend what was uttered in his ears. And after years of labour, ten, twenty, or thirty years, or even longer, they found that as regards this class they had preached in vain, and laboured in vain, they had not been used as the instrument in the conversion probably of a single confirmed drunkard; and therefore, after observing the happy result which had followed those who had sought outwardly to reform the drunkard by inducing him to join a voluntary association of abstainers, they too felt themselves conscientiously compelled to adopt the same plan; and they soon found clustering around them a band of repentant drunkards, weak and helpless as children, needing every conceivable support to strengthen them in their resolves, but yet generally, nay almost always, thirsting for something more, for something higher and better, eager to receive instruction in spiritual things, and, in a large proportion of cases, receiving the truths heard in the love of them, and embracing them to the salvation of their souls.

And here it is well that I should speak of that difficulty which arises in the minds of many of those whose help we would especially desire to obtain, and which prevents them from adopting this mode of effecting the reformation, and indirectly promoting the conversion of the wretched drunkard—a dread of substituting a scheme of man’s invention for the simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Nothing, I am convinced, has more hindered the progress of the Temperance Reformation than this assertion which may in individual instances be true, but which for the most part is so contrary to fact; for nothing can be a more cruel calumny upon those whose fondest desire is to exalt their Saviour’s name, and promote His glory, and to make known to the drunkard that only Name whereby he can be saved. Few perhaps have attended more Working-men’s Temperance Meetings than I have myself, and seldom have I found any of these ever falling into this fatal
error; and if in the haste and excitement of their earnest appeals they have for a moment given utterance to an idea verging upon this error, they have either hastened to correct themselves, or I have found, by conversing with them afterwards, that their theology was orthodox, though their mode of expressing themselves may have been incorrect. I do not think that I shall be going too far in illustrating the work of the Temperance Reformer by the conduct of John the Baptist, who prepared the way of the Lord, and made His paths straight, by calling upon the publicans, soldiers, and others to forsake their besetting sins, and then afterwards pointing them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. But if it be still urged that we should take no preliminary step, but preach the Gospel to them at once, as we may be told Paul did to the sinful gaoler at Philippi, saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," we may reply, This was not what Paul did first. The gaoler, like the drunkard, was in the act of committing self-murder, he had his sword drawn, and was about to kill himself, but Paul interposed and said, "Do thyself no harm." It was no use to preach the Gospel to him at the moment he was destroying himself; Paul, so to speak, struck down the sword from his breast, and then preached Jesus unto him. We, too, would do likewise: we would get the man into a state in which he is capable of understanding the Word, and then, having rescued his body from destruction, and assisted in clearing his mind, we trust that God will bless the Word we go on to preach to the saving of his soul. If we find a poor man, deaf and dumb, unable to understand what is said to him, we recognise a specific physical obstacle in the way of his receiving spiritual benefit, and we do not therefore begin by preaching to him the glorious Gospel of God, which would be only like beating the air, but we make use of a scheme of man's invention: we teach him the alphabet of the deaf and dumb, we teach him the language of signs, until, having conquered this physical impediment, we are able to appeal to his understanding, and if God bless our further efforts, we are made use of as the instruments in the conversion of his soul. And this is all we think we have effected in converting a drunkard into a Total Abstainer. We have placed him in a position in which he is at all events more capable of being taught and instructed, better able to understand, remember, and act upon the spiritual lessons we desire to give him; and surely this is a grand step gained, and one for which he may have cause to bless God throughout eternity. But I fear I must confess that there is one very weak point which has given occasion to many to make use of this unfair aspersion of Total Abstainers, viz., the so-called Temperance melodies; the majority of which are certainly unworthy of the name. But how could it be otherwise? what else could we reasonably expect? The whole movement in this country is only about thirty years old; for very many years it was left to the poor wretched creatures to shift for themselves, with very little external help, and that perhaps of a somewhat doubtful character. It is only within the last few years that bishops and deans, that dukes and earls, that the clergy and members of the universities have stretched out their hands, yea, have descended from their enjoyment of lawful luxuries, to help those poor,
wretched, sinful outcasts, who were either perishing in the mire, or struggling to extricate themselves from it. It is to the future, then, that we must look for Christian Temperance poetry; we must not be surprised at not finding much in what now exists, or at discovering exaggerated ideas, sometimes almost equally devoid of sense and rhythm.

But whatever views may be entertained by those present on the expediency or inexpediency of the Clergy co-operating in the Total Abstinence Movement, I cannot help urging with more earnestness than anything which I have yet said, the extreme importance of children being brought up by their parents as Total Abstainers. I say nothing whatever about their being pledged. I simply say, as children are born Teetotallers, so let them remain; let us not create that taste which we cannot restrain, and which may possibly end in eternal misery. If children, as they grow up, acquire the taste, which is hardly probable, we at least shall not be responsible for the consequences. What a safeguard surrounds a man, or even a woman, in seasons of temptation, who hates the very taste of that which might possibly destroy his body and soul. At the University of Oxford, the Rev. James Bardsley has had four or five sons at the same college as myself, who, born Total Abstainers, educated as Total Abstainers, have passed, or are passing, through the ordeal of a College life, without tasting the intoxicating cup. In my own family three sons, similarly trained, even though my parents were moderate drinkers, in like manner passed through their University career, free from the snares attendant upon wines, suppers, &c.

And here I would only introduce a few words on the subject of the pledge, about which there is so much misunderstanding. I have positively shuddered when I have heard ignorant persons speaking of the Temperance "Oath." The pledge is merely a mutual agreement between certain persons that either for a specified time, or, far more commonly, as long as they continue to retain their names upon the list, they will abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. A man may sign the pledge one day and the day following have his name removed, and then take his glass of wine, and such a one even will not have broken his pledge. He takes no oath; he makes no vow; but merely agrees to abstain as long as his name continues on the roll. And many Total Abstainers have never signed the pledge at all. It may be necessary, and probably will, for a parochial minister who throws himself actively into the work, to sign the pledge which to the weak members of his flock is a necessity, but that is a secondary point, with respect to which he will be guided by his own feelings and by circumstances. Though a member of the Committee of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, I have myself never signed any pledge, and yet, being a known and avowed abstainer, I have been the means of inducing the helpless drunkard to sign the pledge which was to him a necessity.
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Hush! 'tis near midnight, and the year fails fast,
Yet lingers heavily, as loth to go
So soon, and join the years already past.
Hark how the pendulum's pulsations slow
Count its expiring moments as they flow,
Whilst every beat proclaims its end more nigh.
And sad the chilly winter winds do blow,
I hear them at the casement piteous sigh,
Wailing a mournful dirge for the year about to die.

Dim burns the lamp, and on the hearthstone dark
The fire, that gleamed so joyously before,
'Mid the grey ashes scarce retains a spark,
Nor have I heart to fan them, and restore
The dying embers into life once more,
Seem they so like this swift revolving ring
Of fleeting days, another circuit o'er
Which with its exit thus seems whispering,
"Such is thy life, O man, a transitory thing."

Slow tolls the church bell, and its doleful tone,
Borne by the night-winds through the darkness drear,
And heard betimes above the plaintive moan,
Falls sad and solemnly upon the ear.
The earth is shrouded over, far and near,
With a white sheet of undefiled snow.
A few pale stars in heaven's black vault appear,
Like tapers hung to break the gloom below;
And that the old year dies all nature seems to know.

Its traversed path ere this last hour be o'er
Let me review: What changes manifold!
Friends have sprung up who were unknown before;
Others beloved, with eyelids closed, and cold,
Sleep their last sleep in damp, remorseless mould
(Yet these with welcomes did thy advent greet);
Some in life's winter, silver-hair'd and old,
Some in life's sunny spring, like flowerets sweet
Plucked 'midst the clustering dews, their short day incomplete.

Sweet scenes connected with thy moments frail,
By which my heart is wedded unto thee,
Stir up sad sighs that Time so swift doth steal,
That thy thread spun by Fate must severed be,
And thou, released, wing to eternity
Thy flight, and with the years beyond the flood
Lie in the dark, illimitable sea,
Where all the present gives the past is stowed,
Of seconds the retreat, of centuries the abode.

Time, though thy course be winged when joy abounds,
In watchings, or in sorrows, oh, how slow!
How dull the echo of thy footstep sounds,
Moments strained out, how woeily they go!
Thus tedious oft thy tide appeared to flow,
In sickness, pain, and sadness lingering sore,
Till health and happiness again did glow,
Then sped it forward rapid as before,—
But, hark! the clock strikes twelve—the old year is no more.

Farewell, farewell!—Hail, happy new year, hail!
Stir up the fire, let fuel be supplied;
Trim the dull lamp that with the year would fail,
All former gloominess be flung aside.
Now the wild night-winds that so piteous cried
Ere its departure, softer seem to sigh;
Old Time, with easy foot again, doth glide,
The little moments slip unnoticed by,
And, hark! the slow tolled bell now chimeth merrily.
RESULTS IN SHREWSBURY.

Now the fire blazes and the lamp burns bright, 
Joy thrills my heart, enlivened by their gleam, 
Its pulse outstrips the pulse of Time in flight, 
And prompts my lip to raise its gladsome theme: 
“All praise to Thee who safely down the stream
Of transient years hast steered my fragile bark;
The retrospect reveals the steady beam
Of Thy fair guiding-star through light and dark,
In every smile and tear I see Thy finger-mark.

“Another leaf of time Thy hand hath turned;
Gild with Thy blessing the new-opened page,
And let its contents cheerfully be learned
As each eventful hour flits o’er life’s stage.
My vows I here renew. Help me to wage
War with the evil, and the good hold fast;
In deeds of self-denying love engage;
Buy up each precious moment ere ’tis past;
And live the new-born year as though it were my last.”

Clerkenwell. W. T. Holden, B.A.

RESULTS IN SHREWSBURY.

We have nearly come to the close of our eighth year as a Total Abstinence Society, and indeed the work seems as fresh and attractive as ever to me, in spite of all the weariness it brings, the constant house-to-house visiting, incessant heart and head work, &c. This evening I called on some new members in one of our suburban districts, and gained some recruits for our night-school, as well as two new teachers. You would laugh to see me with my little lantern, lighting it just as I enter into some of our funny “shuts” (passages, once, probably, enclosed with a door). I went to a railway worker to-night (Tom Jackson), who apologized for his unwashed face. He had only signed a few days, and had just come in from work, and, not expecting a lady visitor, was indulging in a good roasting at his fire before he “cleaned himself” ready for supper. His wife had a fine baby in her arms, as bright and clean as could be. She looked enchanted when her husband promised to join our night-school. He said, “I mean to come to everything you’ve got for us;” and I felt so glad to hear him say so, for we always find that the men who attend our meetings keep the pledge well; and not only so, they come to Christ also.

A young butcher, on whom I called next, promised to come and teach at our night-school; and as we conversed together I remembered that his uncle, who was a heavy drinker, and who once signed the pledge and pro-
mised well for a while, eventually died in a drunken fit at a public-house. What a mercy young Robert has joined us before any such evil habit has taken possession of him!

In another passage lives honest James Jones, an old member, who has been with us seven years. His wife was as merry as a lark, finishing up her work (she takes in washing), with her young children around her. "It's different times now to what it was when you first came inside our doors!" Yes, indeed, I felt very thankful to think of the contrast; but James was not in, so I did not stop, lest I should hinder her. The children were as frolicsome as kittens; seven were present, counting baby.

I am writing this under difficulties, being at our night-school. My class is busy with their copy-books. Now and then I am interrupted. "Look, missus," says a new member who signed last night, "read this off to me, please;" and I have to read a letter from his wife at Leeds, written by one of his children, in the close of which occur these words:—"Think of me and the children, and keep steady and good hours at nights, or it'll be bad days for us." I pointed to the words and said, "You must write her a letter one of these nights here, and tell her you are a total abstainer, and have got among good companions." "I have told her, and I got the letter here to post after school" (holding it up to show me). "But you did not write that letter?" "No, I paid for its being wrote." He quite chuckled at the thought of writing a letter himself.

Another disturbance, and a pleasant one. Dear W. R., a platelayer, with a wife and eight children at home, says in a low whisper, "I have laid by all this year two shillings a week for the Lord. What shall I give it to? I have about ten shillings in hand." And then he accounted for the rest being spent in collections and charity, and added, "In visiting in my district when there's sickness and a big family, it's comfortable to have a shilling to give, and it is just as if God sent it by me, not as if it was not mine at all. I gave it Him at the beginning of the year, and He shows me ways and means of spending it for Him." I thought, "We must get a little of this for the Church of England Temperance Society, for I am sure it will bring a blessing with it;" and he added, "I should like to give some of it regularly to the Church Missionary Society," to which also I agreed heartily.

Moses M., a black man, attends our night-school. But perhaps the brightest sight is the class from our Sunday Ragged School. These dear boys, the children of drunken husbands, have been four years in our Ragged School, and now they are working industriously on week days, and come as orderly as possible of their own accord at nights. It does our hearts good to see them now, and to remember what a "ruffian lot" they were considered then. They behave so well, and are very anxious to learn. I remember the Sunday afternoon, a year ago, when one of them (Bryan) hid his face in his ragged coat-sleeve, and wept aloud, "Father's gone and drowned himself!" The poor man was a poacher and a drunkard. What a mercy to rescue the dear lads, for there are more than one of them in our school. But now our time is up, and I must conclude my narrative.

Julia B. Wightman.
THE SATURDAY REVIEW AND OUR MAGAZINE.

Under the delightful heading, "The Puffery of Virtue," the Saturday Review has favoured us with a not very flattering notice in one of its leading articles of December 16th. We have generally regarded the Saturday Review as being justly entitled to the character it has been credited with for ability and vigour in the treatment of its topics; and we rather enjoy than otherwise the salt and vinegar that render its articles so spicy, and sometimes so palatable. As teetotallers, however, we feel sorely disappointed in the matter of the strength and power of the article referred to. We had expected, if anything at all, something very slashing, something very racy, something very tremendous; but we again confess ourselves disappointed.

We can bear very strong language, and have borne even the salt and vinegar of sarcasm, in the maintenance of our Temperance Reformation movement. We have, however, by this time breasted all those breakers, and can smile in our turn at the folly and frivolity of those who think they can turn away earnest men from doing good by either ridicule or contempt. Sarcasm has long since spent its last arrow from its quiver on this matter; and he is but a weak warrior indeed who would allow a spent arrow to affright his soul. Besides, we are ourselves rather comically inclined at times, and never more so than when we have a chance of reading such an article as that on "The Puffery of Virtue;" for, after we had taken breath, and recovered from the sensation of alarm we felt on the first touch of the cold steel upon our flesh, we almost instantly exclaimed—

"Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!"

The Saturday Review ironically regards Total Abstinence from wine as a virtue—only ironically; and so far we are ourselves disposed to regard it, if its only object be to parade itself as a virtue. We confess there are higher virtues than Abstinence from wine; for ourselves, we do not consider it a virtue at all. But as an agency for good, as a power of example, as an encouragement to the weak, as a rallying point for men who need a friend to help them against a foe—we regard Abstinence from strong drink as a very excellent instrumentality which has already borne many and abundant fruits. Our published List of Abstaining Clergy is not intended as a pretentious parade of names, nor as an ostentatious show of virtue; but simply as a witness to a fact that so many have adopted a certain rule for the sake of doing good thereby to others. Thus we often observe a list of names issued as interested in some plan or proposition of a moral or social or political character. The
names of committee-members are published; and the names of contributors are issued in the published reports of societies. Then, why object to the publication of the names of those who give themselves to a cause? Subscription lists show what men give, and our Abstainers' list shows what men give up, for the sake of doing good. Both are lists of donors, giving their contributions either of money, or of influence, or of example; and we know of no rule that limits the publication of names only to the money-giving class. There are many names recorded in the Bible, but few of them for giving money, almost all for giving influence and example to the helping forward of the Gospel.

The criticisms of the Saturday Review degenerate as the writer proceeds. For example, we are careful, in compiling the Abstaining List, to be at least correct in our names and designations; and this is laid hold of for reprobation. We can well afford to endure such criticisms, when it is very plain no graver accusation can be urged against our movement. Let the Saturday Review speak for itself—

"The list is carefully made up to the end of each month, and it is earnestly requested that 'any changes, removals, or promotions of clergy, or new names, may be communicated.' The matter is so hugely momentous that we cannot wonder at this urgency and precision. Suppose a teetotal parson were to appear in the list with a wrong address, or to figure as a curate when, in truth, he was a rector; or, more terrible still, not to have his name in the Directory at all, who could fathom the mischief that might ensue? Disgusted at the error or the omission, the abstaining divine might cease from his abstinence. Such an error might seriously damage his speculative prospects, from some abstaining patron, for instance."

Now, even in joke, what is there in this little note of ours to quarrel with? Is it not plainly a proper thing to aim at being correct, especially in a matter affecting the places in which clergymen may be located? The style adopted here by the Saturday Review is scarcely worthy of the character of that paper. It is low, and poor, and paltry; it is mother wit impoverished during the cold Christmas time, and gone begging for small scraps; and no one can with any reason give to such criticisms a moment's serious consideration. If the Saturday Review has nothing better, nothing stronger, nothing more worthy to object against us, then better for its own sake bid this writer to hold his peace, than thus subject the columns of an otherwise ably-written paper to a well-merited contempt!

But the reviewer waxes weaker and yet weaker when he descends into the puérilities of criticism as to names and localities. If there is ever any one form of criticism that is more despicable than another, it is that which builds arguments and objections on the mere sound of peculiar names. Now, here is a writer in a respectable periodical who plays off a few sorry jokes against our Abstaining List because of certain local designations. We would like to see this contributor to
the Saturday Review attend the meetings of the Royal Geographical Society. What a pleasant individual to introduce as a friend, and be on thorns all the time lest he should compromise you by his ill-timed laughter at the strange names of places embodied in the papers read! But the writer shall tell his own story:

"What a thrill goes through the reader of the December number of the Magazine when he finds, among the list of abstainers, the 'Military Chaplain, Futtygurth,' the chaplain at Foo Choo, a missionary at Palamecottah, and the incumbent of Barrabool Hills. It is very lucky, we fancy, that the editor bethought him to add whereabouts in the universe Barrabool Hills are. Then, there is another gentleman at Mombas who sends word to the same effect, and we learn with awe and reverence, and a conviction that we have improved our minds, that Mombas is in East Africa. Perhaps teetotalism is not the same thing in Africa as in England, because if Europeans are not teetotal in Africa they are pretty certain to die. And this is not the case in England, as the Dean of Carlisle himself is able to prove, for he had been incumbent of Cheltenham a great many years before he discovered the sinfulness of port. It is deplorable, however, to find the fathers of the Church so sunk in a figuratively vinous sleep, that the Dean of Carlisle and the Bishop of Columbia are the only two dignitaries who figure in the teetotal directory. Still, let us cling firmly to the fact that the good cause is being sustained by humbler instruments all over the globe, from Wiggenhall in Norfolk, and Pocklington in Yorkshire, to Mombas and to Barabool Hills."

Well, and if so, what of it? Is not a military chaplain at Futtygurth as much a man as a military chaplain at Aldershot? And is the chaplain at Foo Choo to be ignored because the place of his ministry is called Foo Choo, and not Clifton or Leamington? Is Palamecottah to be blotted out of the map of India because the word offends the ears polite of the Saturday Review? And is it to be allowed as a piece of good manners to laugh at "the incumbent of Barrabool Hills," not because his conduct is ridiculous, or his influence unworthily exercised, but because the Hills, which constitute his parish, are not the Cotswolds or the Malvern Link? Come! the Saturday Review dubs us as fools; then let its wisdom stand rebuked by us, in our folly, for its more egregious foolishness!

But, best of all, this sapient reviewer pleads his inability to translate the fourth line of the Latin verse "Victima Vini," of our number of last month! We cannot undertake to teach the Saturday Review lessons in Latin at this time of day; we would despair of success in making any attempt of the kind with such a pupil, who would only laugh at all the very curious words and names that would turn up. We can only reproduce the line that constitutes the "crux" of the Saturday Review’s Latinity—

"Et tamen hoc tantum mihi semper amabile damnum."

An ordinary Latin dictionary, or any small boy now at home for the holidays, will suffice to turn this line into good and intelligible English for the enlightenment of the reviewer!
OUR TRAVELLING SECRETARY'S MISSION.

We have received the following encouraging communication from the
Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., Travelling Secretary of the Church of
England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society:—

I am thankful to say that much encouragement exists for our pressing on the great
work of our Society. Openings are occurring on all sides. Our clergy are beginning
to understand more clearly the character, nature, and place of the pledge—that it is
not an oath, nor a vow, nor even an irrevocable promise, but a ground and basis of
association amongst those who feel that there is a need be for a special remedy for
the special and fearful evil of drunkenness.

I do not wish to trespass on the province of your "own correspondent" in his
monthly letter, but I may state that I feel all we want to advance our cause is the
thorough efficiency of our organization, and the means to extend our operations.

It is the wish of our Committee that I should help in the formation of Parochial
Associations, and assist those already formed wherever I can; and that I should look
to the local treasurer for the travelling expenses involved in my various visits. In several
instances these expenses have been most willingly defrayed. But you can easily
understand how our Committee must in many cases help those who cannot as yet help
themselves; and how they must carefully tend and nurse some associations until they
can depend on their own resources.

Clergymen, again, often write to me for instruction and advice as to the formation
of a Parochial Association. In such cases all I can give, and that at the expense of a
long letter, is some general sketch of operations, while in half-an-hour's conversation
I could thoroughly explain details, and perhaps meet some difficulties arising from local
circumstances, and smooth down some prejudices.

The case of our Society is very different from that of Missionary or Curates' Aid or
other such societies. They only involve an organization for the raising of funds to be
transmitted to the central Society; but ours involves the details of parochial adminis-
tration, with regard to a subject, comparatively at least, new to many of those who
take it up. Men, and clergymen perhaps specially, are timid in commencing a work
which has much of prejudice against it, fearing lest, by some mistake at starting, they
may mar their own designs, and bring, by failure, some discredit on the cause they
have at heart; and they are naturally anxious to have some information upon details
as worked out in other places—how difficulties have been met; how meetings have
been conducted; how the staff of associations has been constructed; and how the
various hindrances which tend to defeat have been overcome.

This you will at once see involves much more than the founding and support of any
missionary or similar society; and from the applications and letters I have had from
various clergymen it is clear they feel what I have tried above to express.

For our present and immediate operations it is plain that we want more funds
than by and bye, when each parish is independent of such external help. I am sure I
need only make this known to awaken a response among the friends of our cause, such
as will enable our Society to take a foremost place in the great work, and to help and
foster each local effort which struggles against the evils, which, in consequence of the
drinking customs of our people, now surge over the land.
"TRADE-MARKS" are sacred and inviolable things, protected by Act of Parliament; and therefore not at all pleasant matters to poach upon or interfere with. We have often looked with longing eyes on a certain trade-mark that is impressed upon the papers, circulars, and labels of a London wine merchant, who often favours us with his compliments, and solicits our custom (albeit we are total abstainers)—we mean Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey, of Oxford Street (this firm will surely be for ever indebted to us for giving them publicity in the columns of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE!) The Trade-mark we refer to represents a dragon in a wine-press, with a fiery forked tongue, and an awfully venomous tail, with a sting at both ends—tongue and tail. We would, if we dared do so, furnish a fac-simile of this trade-mark, but we have no desire to lay ourselves open to a prosecution for felony; and therefore, in order to give our readers some idea of the thing, we sail as near the wind as we can, and give herewith the dragon without the wine-vat—the noisome thing released, as indeed it is, for its deadly work. We leave it to our intelligent readers to fill up the picture for themselves, and to judge between us and the drink, as to which of us has right and truth and conscience on his side.

This may perhaps constitute a reason for continuing this series of papers on the "Drink and its Doings," calling public attention to that element of popular use, which is so eloquently symbolized by the trade-mark of the trafficker in strong drink, and so truthfully but terribly illustrates the saying of the wise man—"At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," Prov. xxiii. 32.

"The doings of drink" still, alas! present their lengthy catalogue of evil. Month after month; aye, day by day, there are given in our public journals sad and fearful evidences of the wide-wasting ruin caused by "the Drink Fiend." In the Divorce Court, in the Police Court, in the ordinary and Quarter Sessions, before judges, recorders, mayors, aldermen, magistrates, and coroners, the ever-recurring cause of crime is still "the drink."

Is conjugal infidelity brought under notice? Intemperate habits are sure to be mentioned in evidence on the one side or the other, if not on both. Are crimes of violence recorded in our daily press? "Overcome by or under the influence of drink" are words sure to be used in the vast majority of instances as accounting for the dreadful deed.

Sometimes the friends of some most respectable individual are astounded by the appearance of his name in the charges tried by the police magistrates. They cannot conceive what they read to be true. It must be some one else of the same name—but no, the residence is the same—the identity proven; but read on, we soon find that which explains all, "he had been indulging too freely." In proof we ask attention to the following account of a "SINGULAR ASSAULT ON AN ALDERMAN AND HIS WIFE."—On Saturday, at the Leeds Town Hall, Mr. G. Smith, an architect of the town, was charged with a violent assault upon Mr.
Alderman Carter and his wife. The complainants were passing defendant's house late on Wednesday night, when he rushed at them and beat them both with his umbrella in a violent manner. Mr. Carter eventually got him down and overcame him. From the defence it would appear that Mr. Smith had been out to a dinner and had indulged rather too freely in champagne. On returning to his house he could not readily obtain admission, and it suddenly occurred to him that Mrs. Carter must be his tardy housekeeper. He thereupon fell upon her with great fury and attacked Mr. Carter when he interfered. He took an early opportunity of expressing his regret for what had occurred, and offered to make an apology. By the consent of the alderman Mr. Smith was fined £10, to go to the funds of the infirmary, and allowed to depart.

Now, as that gentleman, who when he recovered his senses was so properly ready to apologize, was standing before the magistrate's bench, must we not think that he would have given much that he had never even tasted that insinuating spirit even in the genteel shape of champagne, which led him to act as he did, and robbed him of his self-control, of his reason, and at least of his unsotted name? Would it not have been better for him if he had, no matter what it cost him, never allowed the cup to touch his lips?

This assault was not committed (as far as the newspaper statement informs us) by a drunkard, it was only an after dinner indulgence. What if the alderman had been an elderly man, or Mrs. Carter in delicate health, and that the gentleman had stood charged with manslaughter if not murder? Would it not have been better for himself and his friends that they had all been total abstainers, rather than that such ruin and disgrace should befall them?

Listen to the words of the assistant judge at the Middlesex sessions the other day, as he points to a case. A woman, aged 48, who had a young child in her arms, was charged with stealing a pig's head. The prisoner said she had been drinking, or she would not have done it. She was not drunk, or stealing would have been impossible, but she had drunk enough to make her reckless—she had drunk to stealing-point. Police-constable 60 H said the prisoner was a very hard-working woman, but had lately taken to drink.” Mr. Bodkin, the assistant-judge, said: "Ah! there is the secret—drink.” She had been in prison since October 23, but was sentenced for another month, the assistant-judge prefacing his sentence by the remark—“It is a great pity that the prisoner, who would be a very respectable hardworking woman if it was not for drink, should commit this offence. I wish I could persuade the lower classes to abstain from drink.”

Mark here how the judge gives utterance to a wish for abstinence from drink on the part of the lower classes. He is compelled to the conclusion that for them, amid all their temptations, “abstinence” is their only human safeguard. It seems as though he thought that to speak to them of “moderation” or not “drinking to excess” were a very mockery; and is it not so?

The following is from the Newry Telegraph:—“A Revenue Officer Found Dead.—Mr. John McCarthy, aged 35, an officer of excise, stationed at Armagh, was found dead on Friday morning last in the Nursery House, where he lived. The floor of the room in which he was found was covered with blood, and it was stated that deceased had been struck on the head with a loaded whip on the previous day by one of his associates. The blow, it was alleged, contributed to his death. The inquest was formally opened on Friday, but was adjourned till Wednesday, in order that the result of a post-mortem examination should be known. Mr. Harris and Mr. Archer, solicitors, appeared for different parties interested.
DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

The post-mortem examination was made by Surgeons Leslie and Savage, and revealed the fact that, though a healthy looking man, deceased was a mass of disease. The liver was small, unusually hard, and had no appearance of a liver except that it was in the place where the liver is. The spleen was congested. The stomach contained three pints of clotted blood. There was no trace of food in the intestines. The lungs were congested, and the heart was small and flabby. The vessels of the brain were highly congested. The diseased state of the liver was attributed to excessive drinking. Syncope, from loss of blood, was the cause of death. External violence had nothing to do with it, and the jury found accordingly. The deceased has left a widow and five young children.” Alas! this is but the same sad tale oft told, and likely to be oft told again, of orphanage and want and woe—the fruits of intoxicating drink.

Not long since the death of an infant ten weeks old was the subject of an inquest at Limehouse. The coroner upon hearing the evidence called it a “Saturday night case.” Isabella Caswell, the mother of the child, stated that on Saturday night she went and met her husband, and after having some beer at a public-house, they took some beer home and had a hot supper. They sat up talking until past twelve o’clock, and then went to bed. She suckled the child, and in the morning when she woke she found it dead by her side. It was proved by the medical evidence that the child died by suffocation, and the woman appeared quite shocked when told by the coroner that she had suffocated the infant by falling asleep while sucking it. The coroner said he had a great number of those cases, and they only occurred on Saturday night, when some classes indulge more freely than on other nights.

Does not this case, extracted from the Times, multiplied, as we know it may be, by many cases that never find their way into the channel of that or any other journal show the deep and just necessity that exists for such a measure as the Saturday night and Sunday closing bill?

We believe it is a fact that in London the mortality of infants from the drunken habits of their mothers is something fearful; and from what Mr. Humphreys, the coroner in the case just referred to, said, it is plain that Saturday night is the night of these special hecatombs at the shrine of the drink fiend. When will the eyes of our legislature be opened to these facts? When will it make some inquiry into these evils? When will it protect those who are unable and conscious that they are unable to protect themselves? If they care not for the crimes of drunkenness, will they not at least interfere to save the lives of some thousands of infants every year, to say nothing of other miseries committed through the influence of drink!

But while the legislature tarries, let Christian men and women be found earnestly striving against the giant evil that is stalking through the land; for indeed and in truth, socially, morally, physically, and nationally, “it stingeth like an adder!”
CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed by our Correspondents.]

To the Editor of the "Church of England Temperance Magazine."

SIR,—I was not surprised at the reception you gave my letter in the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE for this month, as I fully expected something of the kind.

But I have just cause of complaint against you for setting me down as opposed to the cause of temperance, merely because I ventured to quote a text of the Bible which I thought contradicted an article in your Magazine. So far from being opposed to it, I constantly advocate the adoption of not only Temperance, but Total Abstinence principles by some of my parishioners; therefore I think it a great pity to mar and make ridiculous, by forced constructions of sacred Scripture, what I believe to be a good cause.

As regards myself personally, I consider the principles of Abstinence to be founded upon 1 Cor. viii. 13, when it is for the sake of example, and upon Matt. vi. 16—18, when it is for the bringing of my body into subjection; and, consequently, in obedience to our blessed Lord’s words, I should be very sorry to permit my name to be paraded month after month before the public.

It has always been a puzzle to me why the agents of a professed Church Temperance Society should, when going about the country, fraternize with Dissenters, and slap the parochial clergyman in the face, by coming uninvited into his parish, and working for those who are trying to overthrow the Church. For instance, here I am struggling alone among a large Church population, with the sin and vice around me, not to speak of the Nonconformists, who, like roaring lions, are ever seeking to make proselytes, and twice, during these last eighteen months, have clergymen, whose names I see in your list, intruded themselves here, and helped the Church’s foe, through a Dissenting Total Abstinence Society. I am not personally acquainted with either of them, nor did they afford me the opportunity of making their acquaintance, neither of them having had the common courtesy to call upon a brother clergyman, and ask if he was favourable to the Temperance cause.

Grievous as these things are, it would take a great deal more to change my opinion as to the use and need of Abstinence.

I am, etc.,

Henry William Lett, A.B.
Incumbent of Meigh.

Newry, Ireland;

9th December, 1865.
sibly be a "close concern," and indulged in the verbal pun "from which all intruders are to be 'caned' away." Respecting Mr. Lett, we said no more, and expressed no opinion as to whether he was opposed or not to the Temperance cause. Indeed, if we were aware that Mr. Lett had been opposed to our movement, we would try with all affection to win him over. It would be quite inconsistent with the spirit of our Magazine to do otherwise.

2. Mr. Lett acknowledges that our system is based upon a Scriptural foundation; and yet he would object to have his name "paraded month after month before the public." We beg to inform Mr. Lett that the List of Abstaining Clergy is not published for the sake of mere "parade;" we rather show our paucity of numbers than any plenty of names thereby. Our object is to bear witness to the fact, and for the information of the public. Mr. Lett feels, for instance, the Scriptural duty of giving; but does he object to see his name published in the Reports of Societies as a contributor? We publish from month to month the names of those who contribute money; and why not also the names of those who give themselves to this cause. For a more detailed answer to this objection, we would refer our readers to our article in this number of our Magazine, in reply to the recent strictures of the Saturday Review.

3. Mr. Lett objects to Abstaining Clergymen entering his parish without his permission. We regret his difficulty, and would obviate the fault if we could. But Mr. Lett must know as well as we do, that the matter of meetings, apart from the performance of Divine Service, is held by some to be open and free. And if there were any force in the objection it would affect higher and greater matters than the Temperance movement. How many clergymen would have to give up preaching the Gospel if they were to allow Mr. Lett's argument to weigh with them. We know a good many clergymen who object to Special Services in their parishes, held by clergymen other than the parochial clergy. The same objection would turn many away from Missionary work, and Bible distribution, &c., for many meetings for the advocacy of such measures are constantly held without the sanction of the clergyman of the parish.

For ourselves, the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society never encroaches upon any parish without the full consent and permission of the incumbent. Our Clerical Secretary, Mr. Rokee, never appears as our representative at any meeting without obtaining the permission of the parochial clergyman. We feel that by so doing he only acts in good spirit and in good taste, and there have been not a few instances already of sympathies awakened in our cause on the part of some of the parochial clergy who either knew little or cared little for our cause before.

We would be glad to be able to persuade our friend Mr. Lett that we try to do all things "decently and in order." We only ask that in his future communications he will refrain from charging us with saying what we never said, and help us to maintain our pages as they have ever been—free from hostile or unduly personal remarks, for we have no desire to quarrel with any man.—Ed. C. E.T. M.]
NOTES AND QUERIES.

This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.

Corn and wine, Gen. xxvii. 28, 37.

In my little note on the Hebrew word tirōsh in these two verses, I did not say that it always means the fruit of the vine in its natural state. I may be permitted to quote a sentence from my paper in the November number of our Magazine, which Mr. Lett could not have read with any attention. I said, “What is the meaning of the Hebrew word tirōsh? It is used about thirty-eight times in the Hebrew Bible, and almost always appears to mean the fruit of the vine in its natural state.” It was on account of the peculiar use of the word tirōsh in Hosea iv. 11, that I said, “it almost always appears to mean the fruit of the vine in its natural state.” Gesenius in his lexicon says that tirōsh means the “harmless, unintoxicating product of the vine,” “the juice of the grape” in Isaiah lxv. 8: “As the tirōsh is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.” Will your correspondent kindly tell me why tirōsh should not have the meaning which Gesenius assigns to it in Isaiah lxv. 8, namely, “The juice of the grape,” in many of the other passages also in which it occurs? From a careful examination of the various places in which tirōsh occurs, I am myself of opinion that it always means the fruit of the vine in its natural condition, and that it has this meaning even in Hosea iv. 11. The word tirōsh appears in that verse to have a general signification, just as we often use words denoting things in themselves innocent, to signify the abuse made of those things. The word “women” is often thus used by us. Of this I need not give illustrations. The tirōsh, though itself innocent, could be perverted into intoxicating wine. But, as I have often said before, the critical examination of the various passages in which “wine” and “strong drink” are spoken of in our Authorized Version, is a matter merely of interest and curiosity to Total Abstainers from poisoning drinks in England. The permitted use [If permitted?] of intoxicating drinks to the Jews, no more affects Total Abstinence from them in England, than the permitted use of polygamy or slavery amongst the Jews in ancient times affects the prohibition of both polygamy and slavery by the laws of England at the present time. Christianity, as revealed in the Bible, as Archdeacon Paley well says, furnishes us with motives of action, and not with particular rules. There is a beautiful passage in Archbishop Whately’s Dissertation prefixed to the “Encyclopedia Britannica,” which I may be allowed to quote here. “Christians,” says Archbishop Whately, “acknowledge that the Mosaic dispensation came from God and that that, and also the Christian dispensation, are contained in the volume we call the Bible. Hence any one who regards the Bible, as many Christians do, as one book, containing Divine instructions, without having formed very clear notions of what does and does not belong to each dispensation, will, of course, fall into the greatest confusion of thought. He will be like a man who should have received from his father, at various times, a great number of letters, containing directions as to his conduct, from the time when he was a little child, just able to read, till he was a grown man, and who should lay by these letters with care and reverence, but in a confused heap, and should take up any one of them at random, and read it without reference to its date [and I may add without reference to the countries in which he lived at different times], whenever he needed his father’s instructions how to act.”
I do not know whether Mr. Lett is a Teetotaller or not. I am replying to his letter as if he were not. If he is not I hope he will soon join us. So long as I shall be permitted to write for the Church Temperance Magazine, I shall always be glad to see any criticism whatever on anything I say, and I shall not be offended at any kind of tone or spirit in which the criticism may be written, provided the cause of truth be served. Your correspondent accuses me of trying to deceive your readers. It is evident that he has not read many of my little papers in the Magazine. All the explanations of passages which I have given have been taken from the lexicons and commentaries of learned men, who were not themselves, so far as I know, Total Abstainers from poisoning drinks.

Manchester.

William Caine, M.A.

---

Substitute for Stimulants.

Sir,—If your correspondent, "A Non-abstaining Clergyman," who writes in the last number of your Magazine, would try 20 drops of the Tincture of Sesquichloride of Iron in a little cold water, after dinner daily, as a substitute for his glass of claret, perhaps it would prove as useful to him as it has been to many others, and especially to your sincere friend,

I enclose my card.

An Old Abstaining Surgeon.

December 18th, 1865.

---

The following interesting letter has been addressed to the Hon. Secretary, enclosing an order for £30, the personal contribution (in addition to £5 contributed two months ago) of the writer, a regimental schoolmaster. We insert the letter in our "Notes and Queries" for the sake of the "queries" contained in it.

2nd Batt. 13th Light Infantry,
Mahebourg, Mauritius;
2nd November, 1865.

Sir,—When I wrote to you two months ago, I did not think I should so soon take occasion to write again. You will see by the enclosure of a draft for £30 the main cause of my doing so. Having a considerable (for a person in my position) sum by me, I was induced to send this contribution to the funds of your Temperance Society by the thought that the need of supporting such a cause is urgent, and that the present time is the most favourable, according to the old maxim, "Who gives quickly gives twice." Its distribution I leave to you.

I was glad to see by the last published list of clergymen that we have one of your members on this island. From what I have seen or heard of Mr. Richard, I believe he is an earnest servant of God, and one likely to do honour to the cause. Besides which it is encouraging to us to hope that when we return to Port Louis, probably about next June, he may be the means of strengthening our regimental society. Since our arrival here from the Cape, about two and a half years, we have had to depend on our own efforts, so that the raising up in our immediate neighbourhood such a worker in this cause is a good deal in our favour. Our regimental society still goes on its way steadily, and I believe usefully; doing some good and gaining ground.
I hope you will not think me presuming in asking the following questions. I put them partly for my own information, and partly thinking they may suggest something to yourself or other contributors to your Magazine that may be useful to the readers of it.

1. I would ask, can it be possible that the wine which Solomon calls “a mocker,” and cautions “not to look upon” can be the same which our Saviour commands us to drink as an emblem of His own most precious blood? I must say I cannot possibly believe it.

2. Proverbs ix. 2, 5; and xxii. 30. From a comparison of these passages a similar question to the last arises. In the former chapter Wisdom “mingles the wine” and invites to drink; in the latter the “mixed wine” is said to result in “woe, sorrow,” etc. If, as given in the treatise on this subject in Reid’s “Temperance Cyclopaedia,” the word commonly translated wine in our Scriptures is a generic term, and may mean either unfermented wine or intoxicating wine, I can understand it, but not otherwise.

3. “New wine is put into new bottles,” has raised a question which I think, rightly answered, will show that unfermented wine was in common use in the time of our Saviour. One commentator says that “the bursting arose from the weaker and less elastic material of the old bottle, acted upon by the results of the fermentation within. The stronger and more elastic new skin bottle would be able to resist this action. But here comes a question. Having considered the point, I have found that in the case of the fermentation of such grape juice as would produce wine like claret (15 per cent. of alcohol), the quantity of gas evolved in the fermentation would be at least of seventy times the volume of the original quantity of grape juice. Now would any skin stand this? I am uncertain on this point, but perhaps some idea may be formed by ascertaining what volume of carbonic acid gas is compressed in the common kind of drinks, such as soda water. I know that in England fermenting elder juice will break stone bottles. If the new skin bottle be strong enough to resist the gas evolved in fermentation the idea I have of the matter must be incorrect. But I scarcely think it is, for wine fermented under pressure as this, would be effervescing, of which I don’t remember to have read in Scripture; and yet this peculiarity would no doubt have been noticed in the many references we have to wine, if it had been so. But if the wine did not ferment in the bottle, how could the bursting arise? An old bottle will leak, letting water or wine out, or the air in (in a late paper by Miss Whately on “Life in Egypt,” she speaks of old water bottles being leaky). Suppose, then, two bottles, one new, the other old, filled with grape juice fresh from the press, or in which the process of fermentation had not commenced. The new bottle, kept in a cool place below 65°, air being excluded, remains as it was first put in, unintoxicating wine. The old bottle in the meanwhile allows the air in, which quickly causes fermentation to set in, and the gas evolved not having means of escape, or at least, as quickly as necessary, bursts the bottles. I have put cool place and exclusion of air together, but of course only one of these conditions is necessary to preserve the grape juice in an unfermented state. I don’t think I have made my statement quite so lucid as it might have been, but perhaps, if you think it advisable you will find some one who will.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH BERRESFORD,

Schoolmaster 13th Light Infantry.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(from our own correspondent.)

The subject of the Temperance question was the topic selected for consideration and discussion at the December meeting of the monthly clerical conference accustomed to assemble in the vestry of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The subject was opened by an able paper prepared by the Rev. Wm. Allan, M.A., Travelling Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society. The paper was well received by a body of about fifty of the metropolitan clergy, many of whom expressed their interest in the Movement. Only one might be said to have spoken against the cause.

The Rev. Thomas Rooke has recently attended meetings at Margate (Nov. 14th); Frome, Somerset (Nov. 29th); and Tunbridge Wells (Nov. 30th).

On Wednesday evening, December 6th, a meeting was held in the Parish of Oadby, near Leicester. The Vicar, the Rev. Lewis Gregory, presided. Mr. Rooke spoke at considerable length on the objects and constitution of the "Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society," and the necessity there is for some such special means to combat the evils resulting from drinking habits. The Rev. J. Drummond, Rector of Galby, also addressed the meeting.

On Thursday evening, December 7th, Mr. Rooke lectured at Cheshunt on the abuses of alcoholic drinks; in the absence of the Vicar, the Rev. G. Faithfull, the Rev. Mr. Cockayne, Curate of the parish, presided.

On Monday evening, Dec. 11th, there was a large meeting in the Institute Hall at Ventnor. Rev. J. G. Gregory, Rector of Bonchurch, President of the Local Society, took the chair. Mr. Rooke here again spoke of the evils of the drinking customs and the value of total abstinence as a means of cure for the drunkard, of prevention for those more peculiarly exposed to temptation, and an opportunity to those who may not need such abstinence for themselves, of so using their Christian liberty as to remove a stumbling-block and an occasion of falling out of their brother's way.

On Wednesday evening, December 13, there was a very well-attended and interesting meeting at the school-house of the Parish of St. John's, Walham Green, Fulham. The Incumbent, the Rev. W. E. Battey, in taking the chair, said he had called the meeting together for the purpose of forming a parochial association in connection with the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, and having stated the plans he hoped to carry out, and his views as to the necessity for some such movement, he concluded by expressing his intention on that occasion of himself signing the pledge. The Rev. T. Rooke next addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mr. F. S. Rains.

I am glad thus to record the formation of another Parochial Society in the neighbourhood of London, and that under such favourable auspices. I may mention that a second Parochial Association is about to be formed in Dover; and that steps are being taken also to the same end in a parish near Newmarket, Suffolk.

The exchange of the Rev. G. S. Fitzgerald from his late rectory, near Southampton, to the rectory of Wanstead, in the diocese of London, has opened that parish to the Temperance cause. A meeting was held in the schoolroom of the parish on Friday, December 15th, presided over by the rector, and addressed by the Rev. Robert Maguire. Mr. Fitzgerald announced, after the address, a subsequent meeting for the establishment of a parochial association.
The following extract from *The Shields Gazette* will show that our northern friends are up and stirring, and that in such a way as to win respect and sympathy even from those who may not altogether agree with us as to the pledge of total abstinence:

"The soirée of the Deptford Parochial Total Abstinence Association at Sunderland on Tuesday evening was a remarkable gathering in its way. No fewer than eight clergymen were present, and amongst them the Rev. W. Cockin, Rector of Bishopwearmouth Parish. The attention of many of the zealous ministers of the Church of England is being more and more given to the temperance movement; and it is a significant sign of the importance which they attach to it, and of the magnitude of the difficulties which they find placed in their way by drunkenness, when so many of them are sacrificing their glass of wine for the sake of their parishioners. All of us, whether we be teetotters or moderate drinkers, must honour this species of self-denial, and respect the men who act upon the principle that in all such matters example ought to go hand-in-hand with precept."

There is much encouragement on every hand, and may I ask your readers to help in any way by themselves taking collecting cards, or inducing their friends to do so, to place the Central Society in such a position with regard to funds as to enable the committee to take advantage of the openings which are continually occurring throughout the country.

I may mention also that on Thursday evening, December 14th, the Rev. T. Rookes attended and addressed the usual meeting of the St. Clement Danes Christian Temperance Association. President, Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, Home Missionary for the District.

On Sunday evening, December 17th, the Rev. Thomas Rookes preached on the subject of Temperance to an overflowing congregation in the church of St. Peter's, St. Albans; and on Monday evening following addressed a large meeting in the Town Hall. The Rev. T. N. Dudding, vicar of St. Peter's, St. Albans, presided. Much interest seemed excited on both these occasions.

The Rev. Robert Maguire visited Liverpool on Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, for the purpose of preaching a sermon and delivering a lecture in connection with the parochial association formed in the parish of St. Clement's, Toxteth Park, under the presidency of the incumbent, the Rev. H. Woodward, so ably assisted as he is by his zealous brother, D. T. Woodward, Esq., whose name appears as a liberal contributor to our funds on our subscription list. The large church of St. Clement's was well filled on the occasion by an audience who listened with deep interest to the discourse delivered. After Divine Service an adjournment was made to the adjoining schools; but the school-house was found quite filled by another audience, who showed a very earnest interest in the cause.

Mr. Maguire has also, in addition to his other labours, contrived recently to visit Taunton, Bridgwater, and Plymouth, in advocacy of the Temperance cause. He has also visited Leicester, in which town a very large and influential meeting is reported to have been held, on Thursday evening December 7th, presided over by the Rev. E. N. Pochin, vicar of Sileby, Leicestershire. The Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, vicar of Exton, Rutlandshire, was also present, and moved a vote of thanks to the speaker.

At Wandsworth, on December the 11th, Mr. Maguire addressed a very crowded meeting in the Assembly Rooms, presided over by Dr. Ellis, of Sudbrook Park. The Society in Wandsworth is mainly indebted for its rise and progress to the efforts of a lady, Mrs. Gass, who has been the means of reclaiming many from drunkenness, and leading them into a better way.
"Loose him, and let him go."

THE SEQUEL.

The great Divine work of soul-saving is rendered partly human by the honour laid upon man in being called, as it were, into co-operation with God. Thus, in our number of last month, we found how great stress is laid upon human work, as a preliminary to the soul-reviving...
work of grace, as symbolized in the circumstances attending the Raising of Lazarus. He who is “the Resurrection and the Life” approached the tomb of the dead man, and there He found an obstacle interposed—“It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.” Now, this could have been no real hindrance to the Divine power of Jesus. Humanly speaking, it would have been much more easy for Christ to remove away that stone than to raise the dead body; but yet, because the removal of that hindrance was in the power of man, it was required that man should remove it. And when man has done his part, and taken away all removable hindrances from the way, then the power of Christ will do the rest; and thus the quickening voice of Jesus spake the word of resurrection power, and bade the dead arise and come forth. This was God’s part of the great transaction.

And yet again, even after the dead soul is raised from death and quickened into life, there is work for man to do, in co-operation with the work of God. For, after Lazarus was raised from the dead, he was still fast bound with the trappings of the tomb—the grave clothes; and therefore Jesus bids the bystanders—“Loose him, and let him go!” Now, surely, the same power that loosed the bands of death could (even more easily) have loosed the swathing bands of the body; but man could do this; and what man can do, man must do. Therefore, as the preliminary to the raising of the dead was human effort in taking away the stone, so the sequel also was committed to the hand of man, in loosing the external bands of the body, and thus carrying out into practical effect the quickening work of Jesus.

Thus is it that the great lesson is taught us, that we can not only, as forerunners, prepare and make ready the way of the Lord, for the doing of the Lord’s great work, but that we can also, as a retinue, follow up the work of God by removing the associations of the once spiritual death from the church and people of God, lest any of the flock be tempted of the tempter, and destroyed of the destroyer. It is upon the resurrected soul that temptation works with its greatest subtlety and power. It is the new-born children of God that are the weakest, and who stand most in need of spiritual sympathy and help from their fellow Christians. Satan is active and busy with those that are the striplings of the army; and it behoves the strong man to loose them, and disentangle them as much as possible from the meshes of the net.

And may not drink be a great temptation in the path even of Christian men? Have not men, religious men, and men of grace, been overcome of this strong tempter? Do we not know of many, yea, even of some who might be counted as “disciples,” respecting whom it might be said that, stumbled by this stumbling-block, “they went back, and walked no more with Jesus?” (John vi. 66.) How many fair beginnings have
been prematurely cut short by such an end! How many buds of promise have been nipped in a night by these desolating influences! We call not in question here the doctrines of grace, nor do we mean to touch upon the theories of perseverance and final salvation; we simply give expression to the melancholy fact that confronts us in our everyday experience, that some, of whom we had expected better things, and who seemed to be on the fair way to heaven, have stopped midway, have broken down in their course, and have missed the mark, simply because they were not “loosed” from this association of their former spiritual death. In a word, many have relapsed into a state of death, though lifted out of their spiritual grave; and this because man has not heeded the voice of Jesus—“Loose him, and let him go!”

It is one thing to plant the seed; it is another thing to tend it. And in the preparation, and keeping, and tilling of the soil, has man no part to fulfil, no duty to discharge? Are there no circumstances and surroundings of the work of Christ in which the one man is set in the midst of many and great dangers, and another is called to help him, and thus to be a worker together with Christ Jesus? Is not the Church of Christ largely characterized by the employment of many ways and means, externally devised, for the spread of true religion, for the protection of virtue, for the prevention of vice, for the uplifting of the fallen, and for the reformation of the lost?

And we, too, would be busied about our Great Father’s business, in all efforts, positive and negative, protective, preventive, and reformatory. The inward and spiritual good is antagonized by the outward and external evil. The worm at the root is external to the tree, but, if not removed, it will baffle all the best efforts of the gardener’s skill. The drainage of the soil is not the seed-sowing, nor is it the harvest, but, as an external and preliminary measure, it is helpful to both the seed-growth and the harvest home. We may toil and labour never so faithfully, and yet be disappointed of our hope, if we persist in sowing among thorns, and permit the waster and the spoiler to intervene to the injury of our work. God has ever honoured man by permitting him to do all that it is within the power and opportunity of man to accomplish, in helping on God’s work on the earth.

What, then, are we doing in the matter of this after-influence on the soul? Some few of us have banded ourselves together in the bond of abstinence—the strong and the weak holding each other’s hands and bearing each other’s burdens; and God has not allowed this brotherly act of sympathy to go unrewarded, for in the practical results that we are daily witnessing we have abundant evidence that God is with us of a truth. In the fact of our abstinence a definite protest is made against the drinking usages of society, which too often, under the
hallowed name of hospitality, prove a snare and a stumbling-block to many, and are at best a doubtful example to most. In our abstinence the drunkard recognises a rallying point at which he may take his stand, and reckon upon a brotherly sympathy and support in his attempt to do likewise. In our abstinence we lay our hand upon the key that closes the sluice-gate of a corrupt and impure tributary of the social and religious current, and, so far, we strive to do our part to preserve the stream from this foul pollution. Our only regret is that we are so few, and that, being but a few, our influence cannot accomplish anything approaching to that which is so urgently needed. We grieve to find that there are so many who look coldly and with indifference upon our movement; yea, we cannot but grievously deplore the actual hostility with which our efforts are met by some. Yet we would fain hope that we are beginning to be better understood; and that this is so, may be gathered from the fact that already as many as six hundred of our clergy have given in their adhesion to our principles and practice, and that our motives and objects and ways and means are now generally received with a more respectful deference in social and religious circles.

Let us, then, learn what is the privilege of man, and the part he is permitted to perform—before the quickening work of Jesus "Take ye away the stone;" and, after the quickening work of Jesus, "Loose him, and let him go." Man is permitted to go before, and prepare the way for Christ, in the removal of the stone that shuts in the dead; and after the Life-giving word is spoken by the Life-Giver, man has yet a work to do for his fellow man—to remove the hindrances from his way, and things that bind him, the belongings of the tomb that still cleave to his flesh, the grave clothes of corruption that still externally impede his free action as a living soul. Awake, ye men and women of Christ. Take away the stone from the sepulchre; gather out the stones from the stony ground; and thus prepare ye the way of the Lord to approach your dead brother, and quicken him to life. Is it evil company that shuts him in the grave of spiritual death? Then, take it away! Is it the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life? Then, take it away! Is it strong drink that seals the stone upon the spiritual death of thousands? Then take it away! While these remain, Christ's power indeed remains all powerful, but ye have not done your duty, and your brother is not raised. And, after the quickening of a once dead sinner, still have you charge and custody of his soul—"Loose him." Whatever bands of earthly association still remain, whatsoever stumbling-blocks lie in his way, whatsoever things may interfere with his healthy working power and increasing growth in grace—Loose them off; take them away; and "let him go!"
OXFORD TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

The fourth Annual Festival of the Friends of Temperance in Oxford was held on Tuesday, the 2nd of January. The proceedings of the Anniversary commenced with Divine Service at St. Aldate's Church, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. The prayers were read by the Rev. T. A. Nash, M.A., Curate of the parish, and President of the St. Aldate's Society, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., Chaplain to the Earl of Donoughmore, and Travelling Secretary to the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

At five o'clock a meeting was held, by the kind permission of the Mayor, in the Corn Exchange, when nearly 600 members and friends sat down to tea; during which there was at intervals a performance of vocal and instrumental music by members of the Band of Hope. At seven o'clock the chair was taken by the Rev. T. A. Nash, who was supported by the Rev. A. M. Christopher, Rector of St. Aldate's, Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, Vicar of Long Wittenham, Rev. T. Rooke, Rev. G. Tonge, Mr. Harris, Sergeant Rae, &c., &c.

The Chairman, in a brief but effective speech, congratulated the members on the progress this good cause was making, not only in Oxford, but all through the country, and urged them all to continued perseverance in the work they had undertaken. The Rev. Thomas Rooke addressed the meeting in a speech which was listened to with deep interest and attention; he placed the cause of Total Abstinence before the audience in several points of view—social, medical, and religious,—sustaining and supporting each argument with interesting and illustrious anecdotes. The Rev. J. Clutterbuck next addressed the meeting, and showed the audience how much good might be effected by the association.

Sergeant Rae then recounted some of the details with which his experience supplied him in reference to this question. His earnest, manly, and soldierly, as well as Christian address, was most warmly received and applauded by the meeting. Twenty-seven persons came forward and enrolled themselves as new members. Mr. Nash announced that on the evening before, at the usual weekly meeting of the St. Aldate's Society, sixteen new members had been entered on the book.

A vote of thanks was passed to the Mayor of Oxford for his kindness in allowing the meeting the use of the large room in the Corn Exchange in which they were assembled. The Rev. A. M. Christopher read and expounded a portion of Scripture, and offered prayer. After singing the hymn, "Abide with Me," the meeting separated. It is a pleasurable duty that devolves upon us thus from time to time to chronicle the progress of the Temperance Cause in Oxford. We trust that it may prove a powerful protest in the midst of the University against the too prevalent indulgence in intoxicating drinks.
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.

No. I.—OUR ALLEY.

Our alley is a low dirty place; there is no denying it. It is very long and very narrow, and not very straight. It has a low archway at each end, which is generally filled with a group of idlers, whom you must request to move out of the way if you wish to enter. Then, if you are in the slightest degree fastidious in the matters of seeing and hearing and smelling, you are certain to be woefully annoyed before you reach the other end. There is a legend that somebody once felt the wind blow there, but it must have been a very thin, prying, sharp-nosed gust indeed, which could have found its way into Draughtboard Alley.

It was not only a poor and dirty locality, but it was the hiding-place of a festering mass of vice and profligacy, which, shameless as it might be, had at least decency enough to retire from the wider streets. Nothing seemed to be welcome there which did not bear the mark of self-abandonment. It was dangerous for a decent-looking person to attempt to tread it. If the thieves who made it their refuge were engaged elsewhere, yet the children playing in the gutter would look upon the apparition of a good coat or shawl as an insult to themselves; and, from an innate dislike to whatever appeared respectable, would endeavour to reduce it to their own level by pelting it with mud.

Of course, drunkenness was rife; not a family was free from that curse. Filthy language was the ordinary medium of conversation; so much so, that one was continually reminded of the worthy Irishman's complaint, "the children who can neither walk nor talk, run about cursing and swearing." Soap was nearly an unknown commodity, but its scarcity was to some extent compensated for by the waste water from a steam engine belonging to a factory, which abutted upon the alley. The water was hot, and ran out in a constant stream while the engine was working; and a hole being made in the ground, by removing the pebble pavement, it answered as a sort of general washtub. Foul rags had a partial cleansing there; there the basket-maker softened his twigs, and many a piece of barrelled pork was freed from some of its salt. A host of juveniles found great delight in dabbling in the stream; but they had a higher pleasure when the spent dye-baths belonging to the same factory were discharged into the alley. Then they would daub themselves with black, blue, or red, and whoop and yell like the Indians whose characters they seemed to assume, though it is probable their notions of an Indian were all confined to a white-headed old negro, who lived in a two-pair back, and whose stock-in-trade consisted of two boxes of lucifer matches—his mask of begging.

There were very few shops in the alley, but there was a good deal of Sunday trading. Several of the inhabitants had stalls of onions and red herrings, half-penny blacking squares, and carrots and turnips, in an adjoining street. These being driven from their stations on the Sunday, set out their goods in the alley, and a small market was carried on until the stocks were exhausted. There was a public-house, too, in the middle of the alley, and a fearful den it was. The licence was renewed yearly, probably from the convenience it afforded to the police, who knew where to find one whom they wanted, better, with such a gathering spot, than they could have known without it. All legal hours for closing on Sundays or other days were entirely disregarded at the Finger and Fillip, where drunken misery and miser-
able drunkenness revelled, with very brief cessation, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, and began again next morning. There was, likewise, a small coalseamed, whose keeper sold far more lots of seven pounds each than of a hundred and twelve; but whose coals and faggots were a blind for a far more profitable business carried on in the back room—illegal pawnng. The coalseamed was, indeed, a "dolly-shop," a place where an infamous advantage was taken of the improvidence and necessities of the very poor, by nominally buying anything they chose to bring in the way of clothing or furniture, and selling it again to the same person—very likely on the same day—at from twenty to forty per cent. profit. Many a poor woman has sold her shawl on the Friday for sixpence at the "dolly-shop," to help buy "half a sieve" of apples, and repurchased it on the Saturday night for ninepence. From another class of customers, mostly juvenile, articles of every description were bought "out and out" for a twentieth of their value, and no questions asked. And another profitable business was carried on by a few persons in the alley, which, could it have been driven through the week, instead of being confined to a few hours of the Sunday, would have realized fortunes for its pursuers—selling spirits when the public-houses were closed. A quart of the worst gin was purchased on Saturday night; by an easy but not reputable piece of chemical skill its bulk was increased to half a gallon, while its pungency was retained; and one tippler after another all Sunday morning would drop in, and pay double with the greatest cheerfulness, for the gratification of breaking the law, in addition to that of drinking poison.

As regarded any restraining influence of a moral kind, our alley was left entirely to itself. The problem of how a large mass of the poorest part of the community would advance in learning and morality, uninterfered with by minis-

ters or the humbler teachers of religious truths, was here satisfactorily solved. There were places of worship in the neighbourhood, but no denizen of the alley ever attended them; there were schools, but no child from the alley ever learned his ABC there; savings banks and provident societies paid no interest to depositors from thence. But the workhouse, the hospital, and the prison had their quota—disproportionately large—from our alley. No minister of religion entered it, district visitors avoided it, City missionaries and Scripture-readers entered it not in their rounds; but policemen paraded it in couples, nor coveted the beat even upon that condition. "Our alley" was given over to drink, and vice, and reckless living; and in the face of these things what was to be done?

Tract-distribution was attempted, by including our alley with a district previously formed. Our distributor has been at work for a month. Let us accompany her this afternoon, and mark the reception which she meets.—

1.—A nest of profligates of the lowest grade. Women who, as Dickens says, have all their humanity stamped out of them. Five young and one old; with as many thieves, as low in the social scale as themselves. Uproarious laughter and oaths greet the appearance of the tract; but a man kindly offers the distributor a glass of gin as a welcome.

2.—A bricklayer's labourer, a bigoted Romanist from the force of early prejudice for he has not been to mass these ten years. His wife more bigoted than himself. The door is shut with a slam, accompanied with the charitable wish that all heretics were burning—a long way off.

At 3 is a merry good-humoured shoemaker, all jests and laughter and dirt. He is hammering away at his lapstone, and singing anything but a psalm. He turns off his visitor's remarks by saying he is no Sabbath-breaker, "'cos Sunday goes by the end of the alley, and don't
come down it; he's ashamed to show himself among such as us."

4.—A dirty woman with a baby in her arms. She whines about her old man being out of work, "the baby's got the whooping-cough, and little Joey fell into the fire last week and burnt dreadful," winding up with stating that nobody knows what a relief sixpence would be to her, and "perhaps, ma'am, you don't know nobody what has got a coal-ticket to give away."

The door at 5 is opened—it is the first-floor back—by a man with two footless stockings on his arms, in lieu of a coat. He calls himself a scholar and a philosopher, has heard Owen lecture, and once tried to make a speech himself in Smithfield. He has read the Bible through and all through, and can prove it to be a pack of lies by the multiplication table!

6.—Ground-floor, occupied by a chimney-sweep. His one room is parlour, kitchen, bedroom, and soot store. He is asleep on some sacks in a corner; and his wife, as black as himself, refuses the tract because she cannot read. The visitor offers to read it to her, but the offer is declined on the ground that the place is not fit for a lady to come into.

There is a fearful sight at 7.—Ignorance, vice, starvation, disease, and death are found all at once in a room twelve feet by nine. A child is dead, the father is dying, and the woe-struck helpless mother sits without the energy to apply for parish assistance. The visitor's words fall upon a heedless ear; but not many hours elapse ere she despatches to the place the agents of a charitable society, with food and medicine.

At 8 the room is occupied by an old slaughterman. He is quiet and civil when sober, which happens to be this afternoon; but it is a hopeless task to try to get a new idea into his mind. Any truth of Revelation—almost of the simplest science—is above his grasp. The perceptions of eternity, of redemption, of a future state, are as foreign to him as the objects of a sixth sense would be. His talk is of bullocks.

Not much more gratifying is the prospect at 9.—A woman who says "Yes, ma'am," "To be sure, ma'am," to everything which is said—her ready assent proving that she understands nothing of what she hears. Very different to her is the wrinkled old crone smoking a short pipe by the fire, who goes about the suburbs with a basket garnished with tapes and laces, but who has the credit of being a fortune-teller. She can't see, that she can't, what people want to go gadding about for, praying here, there, and everywhere; supposes they are all well paid for it, or they would not do it; better fit they'd stop at home and mind their own business.

The colloquy at 10 is broken short by the sudden entrance of the eldest son, a bareheaded ragged boy of some twelve years old. He comes in crying that some bigger boys have upset his basket in the street, and stolen his oranges; a misfortune which is speedily punished with cuffs and curses.

Enough. Some fifty families are called on, not one of which has more than a single room. The cases vary in their details, but they have a wearsome sameness in their principal feature—the hostility of the heart to the claims of religion. What entrance could be obtained for the light, when every way of access was closed against its reception? And this is but a specimen of similar places without number that abound in all parts of "the million-peopled city." The drink hardens the heart, blunts the conscience, promotes evil companionships, and these "evil communications corrupt good manners." Thus, for this and other reasons, the clergyman and his coadjutors too often give up as practically hopeless many of these crowded localities which would be reclaimable by an honest, faithful effort to remove the corrupt influences that stand in the way of social and religious advancement.
JOHN HAYWARD’S DREAM.
A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.
THE PORTION OF GOODS.

"Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."—LUKE xv. 12.

It was a snow-clad Christmas Eve, cold, bright, and frosty. The daylight was just beginning to fade into darkness, when William Hayward laid his hand upon the latch of his garden-gate, having just dismissed his apprentices for the holidays, and closed and left the workshop where he and his brother carried on their business as wheelwrights and coachbuilders, which
stood at a short distance from his pretty cottage home, and about a mile from the town of Chelmsford.

He stood still for a moment surveying his garden, now ornamented only by a few chrysanthemums, in place of its late summer abundance of flowers, and the leafless trees and shrubs, all covered with snow, that gave them a cheerless, dreary aspect. So William thought as he walked up the narrow leading to the house.

"It does look wintry now, indeed," he said, half aloud. "But that does not matter so far as I'm concerned, for when it is most dreary and comfortless outside home is the time for pleasure and comfort in it. It isn't every one that can say so, though, I wish they could;" and as he spoke he glanced at the next house, which was his brother's, and wondered where he was that he did not come home to his tea, but left his wife there alone on Christmas Eve, waiting and watching for him anxiously, and as it seemed vainly enough. William had not seen him since the morning, and he was thinking whether he would not go and see where he was, when the door was opened and out came three rosy, laughing children, who all rushed up to him, chattering merrily, wishing him "A merry Christmas," and then informing him in whispers that "mother had a cake for tea, but father mustn't know it till he got in." Just then steps were heard in the road outside, the gate was opened, and some one entered.

"Ah! good evening, John," exclaimed William, as he looked up and recognised his brother, who came in with a short pipe in his mouth, the strong rank odour of which was anything but agreeable to his eldest brother, who had a great dislike to tobacco, and looking, as William thought, rather more gloomy than usual; so he asked kindly, "What's the matter, Jack? Anything wrong with Farmer Morrison's new waggon?"

"Oh, hang the waggon! no, I should hope not," answered John, impatiently. "But I've got something more important to talk about just now. The fact is, Will, I'm going to London, at least I'm thinking of it. I was talking to Mercy about it this morning, and"—

"Going to London?" interrupted William, looking at his brother in no little surprise. "Why, you don't mean to live there, surely?"

"Yes; I do mean just that," answered John "I'm tired of my very life in this dull, humdrum place, and I want a change: so if you will let me have a fair share of the money, you are welcome to all the business, and I'll go and try my luck in London. I shan't start in business for myself at first, I shall get work somewhere for a little while, until I get used to the place."

"Well, I never heard of such a mad whim in all my life," exclaimed William, hastily, and almost angrily. "What can you want to go to London for? To leave a half-share in a good thriving trade, a nice house, all your own with no rent to pay, and all your friends, to go and live stived up in two or three rooms in a great, crowded city like London, where you don't know a soul except just in the way of business, and where I'm sure that Mercy, at all events, would soon be dying from want of fresh country air."

"Not she, the change would rather do her good, and I'm sure I should
like it; and as for having no one we know there, Harry Gilson and Fred Powers are only waiting for me to say I'll go, and they're going too, and Fred's wife. So you see we shall not be alone."

"You'd far better go alone than in the company of two such drinking card-playing fellows, as Fred Powers and Harry Gilson, who don't know what it is to go into a public-house and come out sober, and who never think of such a thing as spending a quiet, pleasant evening at home, and are always quarrelling with somebody else in their drunken fits. A pretty life they'll lead you, and themselves too, in London. Besides, 'birds of a feather flock together,' as poor father used to say, and 'you may always tell what a man is by the company he keeps.' I don't mean any offence to you, Jack," added William as John looked at him indignantly, "but I'm sure you would be quite satisfied to remain here if it were not for them, and don't you think such companions as they are would be more harm than good to you in London?"

"No, indeed," answered John; "they are both good-hearted, jolly fellows, and if they are rather fond of a glass, what of it? So is every true-born Englishman, and no one likes them any the less for that. But there, since you have been fool enough to sign the teetotal pledge, you think nobody else has a right to drink if they please, and you would like to make everybody give up their beer if you could; but I'll be hanged if I think you'll ever succeed."

"Well, never mind, we'll try at all events," said William; "and if we only reclaim one drunkard in a year, it will be a triumph worthy of all our efforts. But temperance, like charity, 'begins at home,' and I shall not despair of winning my obstinate brother Jack over to the right side yet. But do let me persuade you to think no more of this ridiculous scheme, for from all I've heard or seen of London life, it's the very worst thing you can do, and if you will take such a step you will bitterly repent it when it is too late."

"Nonsense; one would think we were indeed a parcel of miserable drunkards, to hear you preach," was John's scoffing answer. "But, however, I've made up my mind to go, and go I will, and all the teetotal sermons in the world won't stop me."

"Well, you and Mercy come in and have some tea with us, and then we'll talk it over afterwards," said William, still hoping by some means to make him relinquish his plan. But John, with a hasty refusal, bade his brother "good night," and went off, ostensibly to attend to some business, but in reality to "talk it over" with Fred and Harry in the bar-parlour of the King's Head—a public-house situated about midway between his home and Chelmsford, this being a proceeding much more congenial to his taste than a quiet, sensible consultation between himself, his wife, and his brother and sister, would have been. When William went into the house he repeated the conversation with his brother, ending with—"I am so vexed that John should have taken up such a crazy idea. I know well enough that it's not because he thinks to get on better in London, but he fancies that, away from me and all the rest of his friends here he'll be able to drink and go on just as he pleases, with no restraint whatever upon him. And it will just be his ruin,
for, from what I know of London, as I told him, it's the very last place I would wish him to go to; at almost every corner you come to, there's a great flaring public-house, with a large room in some of them where they call a music-hall, all ablaze with light and glitter, and goodness only knows how he'll go on there, when the drink is such a temptation to him here that he can't pass a dingy place like the King's Head without going in, if it's half a dozen times in one day. I do hope he'll give up the mad whim."

"Well, we must both try what we can do to persuade him to give it up," said Elizabeth. "Poor Mercy! she is not to be envied now; but she would be ten times worse off in London. Fred's wife is no friend to her, either. But, as you say John has not gone home, she must be miserable all alone in there. I will send one of the children to ask her to come in and have tea with us."

Mercy was very glad of the kind invitation, which was carried in noisily but affectionately by William's three children, and immediately accepted; although the sight of that happy home, its pleasant tea-table set in the cozy little parlour, where a bright fire was burning in the grate, and a pretty lamp, William's gift to his wife on her last birthday, on the table, all speaking of the peace and comfort enjoyed by its inmates, made her own life seem more wretched by the contrast; and she earnestly wished that her husband would have been persuaded by his brother to sign the pledge of Total Abstinence, so that his evenings, like William's, might have been passed at home, in the society of his wife and friends, instead of being, with a large proportion of his earnings, wasted at the public-house. Never were two brothers more unlike each other than John and William Hayward. Their father had begun life as a poor friendless errand-boy; and by his untiring industry and perseverance had left them at his death, a few months before, a good flourishing business, a sum of money in the bank, and several cottages, two of which they occupied themselves.

Mr. Hayward's honesty, punctuality, and upright dealing in all business matters, and the well-known piety and sobriety of his private character, had made him loved and respected by all around him; and he had striven hard to instil into the minds of his sons those principles which, under God's blessing, had been the cause of his own success in life; and with the eldest he succeeded, for William, in very truth, "walked in all the steps of his father;" his life was passed in obedience to that Word which commands us to "use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away." His highest aim in life—and he could have had no higher or nobler one—was to serve God, and do as much good as possible in the position in which God had placed him; while his own home was a pleasing testimony to the manner in which he acted out the rule of his life.

He spent no evenings at the public-house, he valued them too much so to waste even one of them. No, his evenings were all passed in the right place, at home, in the society of his wife and little ones, who looked forward to the close of the day, when "dear father" would leave the workshop and be with them as the happiest time of their lives. And William himself
often thought, as they gathered lovingly about him, that he could wish for
no greater happiness than to be amongst them when his day’s work was
over.

And lately, as another way of doing good, having for a long time seen
and thought seriously of the misery caused by the use of strong drink, he
had given up even the very moderate use he once made of it, and, with a
few more earnest-minded men like himself, headed by the clergyman of the
parish, had signed the pledge of Total Abstinence, in the hope that by their
example they might win others whose love of drink threatened to be their
ruin, to a life of peace and temperance, such as no drunkard can possibly
enjoy. He was working with all his heart and soul in the glorious cause of
Temperance, while his brother John hated and despised it, and William
for being connected with it.

But John was fond of the drink, a great deal too fond of it, to give it up for
any consideration, although he would not have acknowledged it; but when
a man goes off and leaves his wife alone night after night, while he sits
drinking amid the society to be found in a public-house, is it not because
he is fond of the drink, and even loves it more than he does his wife? John
had also, since his acquaintance with his beer-shop friends (?), played
many a game at cards and skittles, wasting in this manner, as many others
do, the money that should have been spent on his home, or laid by for
future need.

William knew all this, and well he might dislike and grieve over the
“drink and its doings” when he had such an example of its effects in his
own brother.

It was old Mr. Hayward’s wish that the money in the bank should be left
there for their children, as, in case they were left orphans at an early age,
they might otherwise be unprovided for, and so far his wish had been re-
spected; but now John had determined to have what he called his share of
it, and William heartily wished that their father had by some means
rendered this impossible, instead of trusting to the honour and natural
feeling of his two sons; for he knew that in London, with his two vicious
associates, John would soon squander it away in drink and gambling, for,
when under the influence of the one, he was sure to be drawn into the other,
and, with plenty of money for the time, and no one near to prevent him
doing as he pleased with it, surrounded by evil influences and companions,
what dreadful crime might he not fall into? What a bitter curse to indi-
viduals, as well as to England as a nation, is this fiery demon, drink! The
propensity for it indulged in by one member of a family, not unfrequently
proves a lifelong misery and trouble to all the rest. Drink seldom drags one
down into the depths of poverty and crime without causing some portion
of its evil consequences to fall upon almost every one connected with
that one.

As John walked along after parting from his brother in the direction of
Chelmsford, he met the clergyman of the parish, whom he would have
gladly avoided; but it was impossible, for, coming straight up to John, and
wishing him good evening, he said in a grave but kind tone—
"John, I think I can guess where you are going now. I am sure you might be in a better place; I have not seen you at church for some time: is it not because constantly going to the public-house unfits you for God's house—makes you careless whether you go or stay away?"

As John did not answer, the minister continued, "I have just seen Henry Gilson's mother, and learnt from her that you and her son are going to London. That he should go and leave his poor old mother to starve upon the little she can earn by her own hard labour, does not surprise me in the least, for it is of a piece with all his selfish conduct ever since he was old enough, if he chose, to keep her and himself in comfort, as he might well do with the money he is wasting in drinking and gambling; but that you are thinking of breaking up your home, and leaving all your friends, I can scarcely believe. What possible advantage do you hope to gain by it, John?"

"I think I shall get on better there, sir," stammered John.

Mr. Rennie shook his head: "That is not the true reason, John," he said firmly. "How could you possibly do better in London, where you are quite unknown, than here, where every one knows you, and your business is the most prosperous one for miles around? I fear it is that you think by going away you will enjoy more freedom and less restraint in worldly pleasure than here, where those who loved and respected your good father, cannot see his son walking in the road to destruction and death without warning him back from it. I for one cannot, and I wish you would let me persuade you now to go home, and think no more of leaving it for such a change."

But John was as obstinate with the clergyman as he had been with his brother; and although Mr. Rennie tried by describing the disappointment he would meet with in his estimate of the pleasures of life in a large city, and his miserable position, friendless, and, perhaps, often out of work, or unsuccessful in business, to induce him to change his mind, John still held out in his opposition, and would not be persuaded; so Mr. Rennie, with a few parting words of such solemn import that John was startled, left him, intending to call upon him in his own home another day; while John walked on, very much annoyed at finding his plan so strenuously opposed, but trying to persuade himself that it was done in a meddling dictatorial spirit, which, as he was a man, with a man's right to think and act for himself, he should be justified in resenting and disregarding; and this he decided he would do, forgetting that, although he would not be " meddling with," as he termed it, by those who his conscience told him were his real friends, desiring only his happiness and welfare, he was suffering himself to be led and guided easily enough by those who sought to indulge their own wickedness and folly at his expense, not caring in the least that they were aiming at and accomplishing his ruin as well as their own in so doing.

(To be continued.)
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A new periodical has been sent us, giving great promise of usefulness, and with a goodly heading of names well known as true and faithful ministers of our Church.

The British Bulwark, a Quarterly Magazine, is especially devoted to the work of grace among the soldiers and sailors of our land; conveying also to those more particularly interested in the circulation of Gospel truth quarterly information of the progress of their work. With the Bible, crown, and sceptre poured on its frontispiece, and its many sound words of Gospel truth, we should have been disposed to give it our unqualified recommendation, had we not discovered in one of its articles a sly hit at our work. There is a somewhat curious article on Noah's drunkenness, and a pregnant peroration, not actually denouncing total abstinence, nor the pledge, but intimating pretty plainly what the writer thinks of it. He says, "We know that Jesus cast out devils. He can cast out this filthy demon (drunkenness), and set the victim free. Satan laughs at all attempts to cure drunkenness but that which includes the blood of the Cross."

This writer must be grievously mistaken if he supposes that any advocate of Total Abstinence wishes to "exclude the blood of the Cross" but he is equally mistaken if he is ignorant that humbler and preliminary means have destroyed and cast out this demon, and so been the instruments of bringing hundreds of reclaimed drunkards to hear that Gospel by which alone they can be saved. The drink is a great physical hindrance to the moral and spiritual conflict, incapacitating the man for "fighting the good fight of faith."

Does this writer believe that Christ now casts out devils in the same sense as He did in the days of His flesh? Was the possession by devils in that day a moral, or a physical calamity? Was it not to be placed in exactly the same category, morally, as lunacy? Did the possession by seven devils imply special wickedness? Was the poor girl who followed Paul and Silas at Philippi, and brought gain to her employers, to be condemned as a wicked sinner, or to be pitied as the victim of a special calamity?

The clerical promoters of this good work among soldiers and sailors must be censurably ignorant if they do not know that men of all ranks in the army and navy are now welcoming the Temperance movement as the handmaid of the Gospel. The best and most influential Christians in these professions know and acknowledge its value, and it is a pity that so good a work as that which the British Bulwark sets before itself should be marred by a prejudice which is fast passing away from the most spiritual and enlightened of the clergy, from among whom we are receiving almost daily accessions. We will cordially join this writer in protesting against anything as a substitute for the Gospel and its proper work, while we hope he will see his mistake in refusing to take up the stumbling-block out of the way of the drunkard's conversion.
PRACTICAL SELF-DENIAL:

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE IN THE CASUAL WARD.

The "Romance of Real Life" has been strangely and instructively exemplified in certain papers recently published in the Pall Mall Gazette, describing the results and experiences of a night spent in the Casual Ward of the Lambeth Workhouse. The adventure of that remarkable night perfectly commends itself to our mind, as one of those practical deeds of self-denying zeal exercised in behalf of others—an example we would be glad to see imitated and reproduced a thousand-fold, and on a wider sphere of action, and in defence of tens of thousands of sufferers; say, in the matter of the great drink question of the present day.

Here is the personal narrative of a gentleman who, for the good he may do by the act, lays aside his home comforts, and betakes himself for a night to the lot of his meaner and poorer fellow-men. He descends to their level, takes part of their suffering, and endures their hardships—not for the purpose of falling with them into like degradation, but for the purpose of lifting them up, and helping to do them good. We had all heard of the wrongs inflicted on the poor, the miserable provision appointed for the "casuals" of London, and the evils likely to result therefrom. The poor complained; the press exposed the wrong; all good men desired to see the evil remedied; but, as long as the matter was left to mere writing and talking, no amendment was experienced. One practical example has told with greater effect than all the principles propounded by philanthropy and the press; and that midnight visit of the contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette has brought about an immediate attention on the part of the chief authorities, such as would never have resulted from any other means.

A gentleman undertakes a philanthropic mission; and at once puts himself in circumstances of sympathy with the lot of those he desires to serve. He divests himself of the outward appearance of a "gentleman," and takes some trouble in elaborating a "poor man's dress." Like the Gibeonites of old, with "old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them," this gentleman presented himself at the Lambeth casual ward, and was admitted. So far, all would be romance, with a good deal of the excitement of such an adventure; but once within the door the reality begins. Those old and tattered garments were of his own design, and would at all events be clean; but now he must put off these, and put on the under-clothing that had been worn by others, and lie on a wisp of straw, and put up with hard fare, and consort with the vilest of the vile. All this, or nearly so, he had counted upon, and his feeling of sympathy, which prompted the act, was satisfied to endure it.
all. He had come there, not for any necessity of his own, but for the
sake of others. He had descended to their hard lot, not because the
discipline was needed for himself, but that strengthened by actual ex-
erience, and having seen their actual need, he might help the poor to
better treatment and consideration. The durance of that one night has
well earned for the sufferer the character of a true philanthropist, and
er a another night-fall he had the pleasure and satisfaction of knowing
that his practical example had commanded the notice of the authorities,
and had remedied the evils so long complained of.

Is there in this eloquent and touching narrative of the *Pall Mall
Gazette* no voice to our fellow-men in other contexts of human suffering,
in other channels of human woe and wretchedness? Is not the power
of personal example and of practical sympathy here expressed in vivid
characters? Is not this the same sort of self-denial that we desire to
promote in behalf of the drunkards of our land? Not indeed in a
"casual" ward, but in the habitual state of drunkenness, with all its
dread and horrible results—these men are sunk to a degree of degrada-
tion that passes all description. The evil is talked about, and written
against, and legislated for, and yet it is nothing the better, but rather
the worse. The fact is, one self-denying example is worth a thousand
precepts; it descends to the level of the outcast, it tarries there for a
time, it makes their cause its own, it learns their sorrows by practical
experience, and then goes forth to tell the tale of woe, and to compass
measures for reformation and recovery.

We would speak humbly of ourselves, and of what we do, or attempt
to do. But this at least we have done—we have divested ourselves of
the luxury of wine, and in the humble garb of a self-denying spirit we
have gone down to the level of the degraded and the lost, if haply we
may save them. We have heard their cry, and are come to deliver them.
Not for a single night, but for a whole lifetime, we mean to prolong
this effort, because this spoiler is ever out upon the path, and is always
seeking whom he may devour. We see the misery of our fellow-men;
we hear their awful oaths and execrations; we trace the trail of drink
in all the social and domestic woes of the people; we share their lot,
and prove ourselves their friends; we hold their hands and help them
to rise and stand upon their feet; and we go forth to stir up other
minds by the experience we ourselves have learned. Our protest has
not been unproductive of good; we have called attention to the subject
of drink; we have helped men out of their misery; and have directed
them in the way to happiness, prosperity, and peace. Just as the
wretched paupers of Lambeth are to-day better cared for, better housed,
and better treated, because one of their superiors in station had been to
visit them as a brother, sharing their wants, and a partaker of their
miseries, so we believe that the poor woe-begone, ragged, wretched victims of drink are all the better for our brotherly help, when we give up our wine-cup for their sakes, and thus qualify ourselves to come and stand among them, and elevate them to the higher grade of self-respect and independence, by abjuring, as we ourselves have abjured, that which has been the cause of their downfall and degradation. So let us continue still to help, so long as the necessity demands; and God will surely bless the earnest effort of our hands.

FACTS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

No. 1.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman, named Martha B,—once in a respectable position in life, but who had long been a reckless irreclaimable drunkard, lived with her daughter, a girl of nineteen, who was in a lingering consumption, and three children under twelve, in a small room in one of the most miserable courts to be found in Smithfield and its immediate neighbourhood. The girl must have been a heroine worthy of far higher praise than any words of ours could bestow upon her, for although she was wasted to a skeleton herself by anxiety, want, and disease, yet she worked hard whenever she could get any kind of needlework, that her little brothers and sisters might have food to eat. The youngest boy was ill and weak, more from want of proper nourishment than from any other cause, and he was lying on the floor one bright summer morning watching his sister who was finishing some work, and cheering him with promises of "something nice for dinner" as soon as the work could be taken home, and she had the money for it.

The work finished she went out, and when she returned, found at home intoxicated as usual her mother, who demanded of her the money she had just received, which the girl, however, firmly refused to part with, well knowing that the public-house-keeper would soon have it, and she had determined that the children should have some food with it. A struggle ensued, the girl in her weak state of health was utterly unable to cope with the furious drunkard, who soon wrested the money—only eighteenpence—from her grasp, and struck her violently to the ground. But, not content with this brutality, and scarcely knowing what she was doing, threw a wooden chair at her daughter, which, however, missed its aim, and only broke a window in the room. Then taking up a quart pewter pot which stood on the shelf, she flung it at the girl's head with all her force; it struck her on the temple, and she fell down flat on the ground—dead.

An inquest was held; the mother was found guilty of manslaughter, but in consideration of her own drunkenness and her daughter's ill health at the time, was sentenced only to two years' imprisonment, her daughter buried by the parish, and her other children taken to the workhouse, where the youngest through the shock and fright died next day. Such was the ruin brought upon these children by their own mother through her passion for Strong Drink.
THE STRIPLING AND THE GIANT.

“So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone.”

1 SAM. xvii. 50.

He comes in all his vaunted might,
With weapons burnished for the fight;
The worshipper at Dagon’s shrine,
The man of war—the Philistine!

And one from Israel’s camp draws near,
A stripling, yet devoid of fear;
No weapon save a sling and stone,
No trust but in his God alone.

But He who guides that pebble’s aim
Doth ever thus His power proclaim;
Giving His weak ones strength to stand—
The champions of their native land.

Earth has her tyrants still to slay;
And David’s God is our’s to-day;
And in His strength we would lay low
Intemperance,—our giant foe!

He has his captives,—we would bring,
To rescue them, our stone and sling;
He has his legion host,—but we
Look to our God for Victory! 

E. M. R.
DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

The wife of one of our bishops writes to us the following incident, communicated by a clergyman, illustrative of the nature of the drink supplied to drinkers:

"I was some time ago visiting a parishioner of mine, the name of Banks, who seemed to be in great trouble of mind because of a draught of whisky he had taken that morning, which was so strongly impregnated with vitriol that a drop of it falling on his shirt-front burnt a hole right through. The poor fellow expressed a fear lest he should die soon. His fears were only too true; for within a very short time he died from the effects of that glass of whisky, of spitting of blood. There was a large quantity of bluestone and vitriol in the so-called whisky."

Under the "Doings of Drink" I may mention a circumstance that was told me by a non-abstaining clergyman as having occurred in his own parish—The chief village of the parish, containing about 300 or 400 inhabitants, is situated at the bottom of a very steep hill, and was noted for the sobriety of its denizens. There was no public-house in the village; the only one near was at the top of the hill referred to, at about a mile from the village. Some two or three years ago, at the Agricultural and Allotment Prize Distri-
police courts to which Mr. Vaughan's observation is too evident, indeed, apply? How many an anxious mother—and how many an anxious young wife—has, during this last holiday season, gone and with a trembling hand opened the door for son or husband on their return from some friendly and social party! How earnestly have they looked into those eyes of the loved one, to read there the answer to the question their fond hearts have asked over and over again during the weary hours of waiting for his coming home; and how have their hearts sunk when those eyes told so plainly that the social habit of the company have wrought their ill effects. Surely we must place among the “Doings of Drink” the deep and bitter agony caused in such a moment to that loving mother, or that fond young wife—the sharp arrow shot home to rankle in many a future hour of sad waiting and uncertainty, while the watcher longs for, yet dreads the return of the waited for, and starts with wishes and with fears at every footfall that breaks the silence of the midnight hour!

And yet how often does the injured wife endeavour to screen and cover over the faults of the wretched husband! Read the following, and say was not the worthy magistrate warranted in the penalty he imposed?—

“A FORGIVING WIFE.—Charles John Martin, a master plumber and glazier, of 33A, Dean Street, Soho, was brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt on a warrant by O'Shaungnessy, one of the warrant officers, charged with assaulting his wife, Louisa Martin, a certified accoucheuse.

“Mr. Lewis appeared for the complainant, and said that the parties had been married for some years, but for some time past the defendant had given way to habits of dissipation, and had frequently assaulted the complainant. On the previous night he came home in a state of intoxication, and as soon as he had entered the house, he seized the complainant by the hair, scratched her throat, struck her in the face, the result of the blows being apparent, she having a pair of black eyes, and also kicked her in the lower part of the person. He should call the complainant, and, after hearing her evidence, should ask his worship to deal with the case as one coming under the Aggravated Assaults Act.

“The complainant, whose countenance was much disfigured by a pair of black eyes, then gave evidence fully bearing out Mr. Lewis’s statement, and said that, in consequence of the scenes of violence which took place, she had a daughter about fourteen years of age lying very ill. She wanted nothing from her husband, as she was able to maintain herself by her profession, but peace. The defendant said his wife first assaulted him.

“Mr. Tyrwhitt committed the defendant for twenty-one days, at the same time remarking that the defendant’s conduct was very cruel. The complainant appealed to the magistrate to impose a fine, offering at the same time to pay it. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he had no doubt, if he imposed a fine, the complainant would distress herself to pay it, and he therefore would not alter his decision.”

How soon was the New Year stained with blood through the drink! Witness the murder in Glasgow. Is not “strong drink raging”?—

“On New Year’s night, about eleven o'clock, a fatal assault was committed in a house in Saltmarket, occupied by a labourer named Patrick Greenan. Greenan, who styles himself a dealer in barrels, and when trade in that way is dull works as a labourer, occupies a house of two apartments, situated at 68, Saltmarket, where his wife, two sons (nine and ten years of age respectively), and two lodgers reside. The lodgers, who came to his house about eight or ten days ago, are a labourer named Michael Robertson or Kelly, and a woman named Mary Ann Macfarlane, who is said to be his wife. On New Year’s day the Gree-
and in the evening Kelly and his wife left the house and proceeded to a public-house, where they had more drink. After leaving the shop they missed each other in the street, and Kelly proceeded home, reaching his lodgings between ten and eleven o’clock. Being by this time the worse for liquor, he commenced to quarrel with the man Greenan, and struck him. A scuffle ensued, in the course of which the men fell. Whisky was then produced, for the purpose, doubtless, of setting matters right, and immediately afterwards Mary Ann Macfarlane came home, and found fault with Kelly for having left her in the street, at the same time giving him a slap on the cheek. Kelly resented this, and laid hold of Macfarlane. Mrs. Greenan then interfered, and told Kelly that he should not strike his wife. Kelly became furious, and pushed Mrs. Greenan into a corner. Thereupon Greenan said he could manage Kelly, and went forward when a second scuffle took place between the men. A sister of Mrs. Greenan’s and a neighbour woman, who were present, left the house at this stage of the business, leaving Greenan and his wife, their two sons, and their lodgers, in the dwelling. It would appear that Kelly had become wroth at Mrs. Greenan’s interference between himself and Macfarlane, and while the former woman was sitting on a bed, Kelly approached her, pushed her on the floor, and kicked her on the side. The woman, who, it seems, was rather delicate, rose up and seated herself on the bed, while Kelly again went forward, pushed her off, and while she was lying on the floor gave her a severe kick on the breast. The poor woman never spoke afterwards. One of her sons, on seeing his mother lying motionless, called out ‘Murder—my mother is killed!’ The neighbour woman and the deceased’s sister, who had been absent from the house for about ten minutes, rushed in on hearing the cry, and discovered Kelly in the act of withdrawing his foot from the side of the prostrate woman. The neighbour woman exclaimed, ‘You have done it now, Mickey; if I had been in, you would not have done it.’ Kelly struck the woman on the mouth, and knocked one of her teeth out, and, lifting an iron hammer, was in the act of aiming a blow at her head, when his hand was caught, and the dangerous weapon wrenched from his grasp. Meanwhile the man Greenan seems to have become almost helpless from drink, and yesterday he was unable to throw the slightest light on the sad affair.”

We were glad, indeed, to observe the following report of New Year’s day in London:—

“New Year’s Day in the East.—There were only ten drunken charges from the K or Stepney division, and four from the H or Whitechapel division this day. Inspector Honey, of the A reserve, attached to the K division, and Inspector Dendy, of the H division, said the last night of the old year and the morning of the new year were remarkably quiet, and that there was a great improvement in the conduct of the working classes of the district. Seven of the ten drunkards, who were simply ‘drunk and incapable,’ were discharged; three others, who were drunk and disorderly, were fined 5s. each.”
TEA.

BY THE REV. G. ROBERT WYNNE, M.A.,
INCAPMENT OF WHITECHURCH, DUBLIN.

"While the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each;
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in."

In deference to custom we begin our remarks on Tea, for the edification of our Teetotal readers, with the lines which have made the tea-cup classic, and which have given a place among the "urns" of antiquity to the modern and more useful article of the name whose pleasant fizzing is praised in Cowper's text. We have to thank Professor J. F. W. Johnston for the substance of the following remarks:—

The artificial drinks of men are to be divided into the two classes of the infused and the fermented. We have nothing to say for the latter class of beverages, knowing that their few useful qualities are, in the judgment of reasonable men who attend to the subject, counterbalanced by their many deleterious and poisonous properties.

The infused beverages are, for the most part, partaken of while hot, and they are thus distinguished by the mode of their use from most fermented liquors. The law of warm drinks prevails almost universally. In frozen Labrador and snowy Russia the climate might account for this predilection, but the meaning is really deeper-seated. The practice prevails alike in tropical and in polar regions. Tea is as much a Chinese as a British favourite. Each European race has chosen one special beverage of this class: Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany, Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; while Russia, Holland, and England drink tea.

Most persons have some notion of the process by which tea is grown and made ready for the market. The plants, which are raised from seed, are not used till four or five years after their sowing, and are dug up and renewed after about ten or twelve years. The season for getting the leaves is May and June. The work is done chiefly by women, and the young leaves are laid separately, as providing the best tea. The freshly plucked leaves possess few of the qualities for which we prize it; these are mostly developed in the process of drying. Either green or black tea may be prepared from the same leaves, gathered at the same time. The process of drying develops the variety of quality; the principal difference in the mode of treatment being that the green tea is the result of a more rapid and hurried process. The black tea is left alone for some time after being gathered, and is roasted slowly over charcoal fires.

It was about the year 600 that the use of tea became frequent in China, and 200 years later in Japan. It was not brought to Europe till the 17th century. Dried sage-leaves used to be infused for tea previous to that time in England. In the year 1664 the East India Company considered it a rare gift to present to the Queen of England two pounds of tea! The
growth and consumption of tea are now enormous. Mr. Ingham Travers computes the total produce of the dried leaf in China at 1,000,000 tons, or 2,240,000 lbs. To this is to be added the tea of Japan, Corea, Assam, and Java. The consumption of tea in Great Britain and Ireland in 1853 amounted to 25,000 tons. This is at the rate 2 lbs. per head of the population; and with reduced duties the consumption is increasing vastly. Great Britain consumed in 1852, 55,000,000 pounds of tea; whilst France in 1851 consumed but 500,000 lbs.; the proportion of coffee in the two countries being, at the same time as 42,000 to 35,000,000. In China, sugar is seldom or never used with tea.

The effects of tea, as obtained among us, are too well known to need description. It exhilarates without intoxicating—"cheers but not inebriates." It excites the brain to increased activity without producing depression, as narcotics do. It soothes and stills the vascular system, and hence its use in inflammatory diseases, and as a cure for headache. Green tea, when taken strong, may produce paralysis. Its exciting action on the nerves makes it useful as an antidote to the narcotic effects of opium, and even of intoxicants.

In manufactured tea the following chemical substances are found, by the conjoined influence of which these effects are produced:

I. **Volatile Oil.**—This may be distilled from tea by the usual process of distilling; this oil possesses the aroma of tea in a high degree, and is present in proportion of about one ounce to 100 lbs. of tea. This volatile oil is not found in the natural leaf, but is induced by drying. It is of a deleterious character, and if it existed in very large quantities in tea would produce paralysis—a disease to which tea-tasters, and those constantly employed in packing tea, are liable. This volatile oil decreases in quantity when the leaf is long kept.

II. The **Theine.**—This is a crystalline substance which may be obtained from tea leaves, either by heating them in a watch-glass under a cone of paper, or by evaporating a concentrated infusion of tea. These crystals are known as theine or caffeine. Tea (of commerce) contains about two per cent. of this. In some green teas the proportion is much larger, reaching sometimes six per cent. Theine has no smell, and a slightly bitter taste. It has, therefore, little to do with the flavouring of tea. It is remarkable—

1st. By containing a large amount of nitrogen, an element which forms an important part of the fleshy or muscular part of the body, as opposed to the fat, from which it is nearly altogether absent. Nearly three tenths of the weight of theine is nitrogen, a proportion which is found in scarcely any other substance.

2nd. This substance is found not only in tea, but in coffee, in Paraquay tea, and in guarana—a substance prepared and used in Brazil. Each nation has selected a plant for infusion, which, though apparently unlike, is like in containing this peculiar crystalline substance. This is somewhat remarkable, and would tend to show us that theine has some peculiar and salutary, or, at least, gratifying effect on the appetite and digestion, which causes the substances containing it, to be chosen as national favourites.
3rd. The observed effects of this substance, when taken into the system, justify the above conclusion. It is known that the human body suffers decay and renovation all the while it lives. The labours of life decay it, food renovates it. Now, a very small amount, three or four grains of theine, per diem, taken into the constitution, is found to have a sensible effect in impeding this process of waste, the phosphatic matter which is given off in an excrementitious form is diminished by its presence; and therefore the amount of phosphoric acid removed from the bones, blood, and muscle in one who does not use tea, is greater than that given off by one who does, and in that proportion waste is diminished. And if the waste be lessened, the necessity for food to repair that waste will be lessened too. Hence a hard-working person, a labourer, or a household servant, by taking tea, will be able to do with a smaller amount of food. Tea, therefore, to a certain extent, saves food; while, at the same time, it soothes the body and enlivens the mind, and this without that undue stimulus (to be followed by reaction) which is the effect of intoxicating liquors.

Moreover, when the powers of the body begin to fail, tea acts as a sort of medicine to arrest waste, and enables the enfeebled powers of digestion to still supply enough to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. No wonder, therefore, that instinct should drive the aged and the poor to drink a considerable amount of tea.

An ounce of good tea contains about ten grains of theine. Hence, if somewhat less than half an ounce of tea daily be taken, the requisite or desirable amount of theine will be introduced into the system; but, if more than this quantity be used, the pulse becomes too frequent, the heart beats too strongly, trembling comes on, and other ill effects follow. At the same time the imagination becomes excited, the thoughts wander, visions are seen, and a species of intoxication supervenes. Hence, while Teetotallers enjoy their tea, their own principle should lead them to use it in moderation.

III. The third substance in tea is the Tannin or tannic acid, the same which is found in oak bark, (tan.) If tea, in solution, be mixed with a solution of common copperas, (sulphate of iron, or green vitriol,) the mixture will become black. This is ink. This test shows the presence of tannic acid. To this tannin tea owes its astringent taste, its constipating effects on the bowels, and its property of blackening a solution of iron. It forms from 13 to 18 per cent. of the weight of dried tea leaf, and is more completely extracted the longer the tea is infused. It is not known what are the full effects of the tannin on the system. It probably aids in the exhilarating or tonic effect of tea.

IV. The Gluten.—This is a highly nutritious substance, most necessary for forming muscular tissue, and is in abundance in bread, being one of the principal constituents (with starch) of corn flour. It is not, however, extracted by ordinary infusion from the tea leaf. Hence it is commonly lost. But soda extracts it, and for this reason the addition of a little common baking soda to the water with which tea is "made," gives it the property of extracting more of the nutritious property of the leaf. The
alkaline extract of the tea has a twofold good effect, namely, in extracting more fully both the theine, which prevents the decay of animal tissue, and the gluten, which is in itself nutritious. Mixed with a little milk and meal, the alkaline extract of tea forms a staple food of the Mongol tribes; but they drink as much as from twenty to forty cups daily.

The above are the principal ingredients of the tea leaf which pass into solution. It contains also some starch and gum, both of which are nutritious. The best test for tea is an accurate measurement of the amount dissolved by boiling water. Good green teas should give up in solution from 40 to 48 per cent., and black teas from 31 to 41 per cent.; that is, the dried tea leaves, after extraction, should weigh from 52 to 60 grains, (in the case of green tea,) and from 59 to 69 grains (in that of black) for every 100 grains infused.

Professor Johnston, to whom we are indebted for the substance of these remarks,* declares that alcoholic drinks have a similar effect on the waste of the body which theine exercises, namely, that they reduce the waste of tissue; but he very properly confines the benefits to a great extent to the infirm and the aged, to whom they may be useful for this purpose. And he adds that, in order that in age any such medicinal benefit should be derived from the use of a fermented liquid, a temperate youth and manhood are necessary. He does not attempt to deny the conclusion of many eminent modern physicians and physiologists, that alcohol itself is wasted, that is, that it passes off from the system for the most part unaltered, showing that it is in no sense an article of food, does not give any of its substance to the nutrition of the body, but gives a glow and momentary tone to the stomach, flying thence to the brain, where it instantly and surely produces functional disturbance, which is more or less severe and permanent, as the quantity taken is large and frequent.

Professor Johnston confines the nutritive property of beer and ale to the glutinous and extractive matters they contain, not to their alcoholic part. "Good" ale contains about 4 or 5 per cent. of this nutritive matter. Wine contains scarce any, often none. Milk, the model food, contains 12 per cent. of nutritive matter. Beer, therefore, is scarcely a food at all, and yet stands first in the list of all intoxicants as a nutritive agent. Surely it is not worth while, for the sake of that small amount of food, 4 per cent., to risk all the evil which is produced by the other element of beer—the *alcoholic*, which in strong ales ranges as high as 10 per cent. Surely it is better to look to the *infused* than to the *fermented* beverages, when we know that, regarded in the most favourable light, the latter is only *as* nutritious, *as* waste-preventing, as the former; that while from the infused no evil results follow, from the fermented more than half our catalogue of crimes proceed.

* See Chemistry of Common Life, vol. i.
THE MEDICAL QUESTION.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY HENRY MUNROE, Esq., M.D., F.L.S.,
LECTURER ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE AND HISTOLOGY AT THE EAST-RIDING SCHOOL OF
MEDICINE, HULL.

"Dr. Munroe, of Hull, has published a lecture lately delivered by him at the Royal Institution of that
town, 'On the Physiological Action of Alcohol;' and has adopted the uncompromising side of the anti-
alcoholic question. He goes in for the teetotal system; and we feel bound to say, as the conclusion of the
very long discussion which was published in this journal on the subject some time ago, that, on the face of
it, teetotalers have, from a scientific point of view, the best of the argument."—The British Medical
Journal.

THE most important question to be answered is—WHAT IS ALCOHOL? or, specially, Is it food, or poison, or medicine, or a luxury?—Under the term ALCOHOL, I include all intoxicating drinks, because it is on account of the alcohol chiefly, if not wholly, that such drinks are used. The principal intoxicating beverages of this country are brandy, whisky, rum, gin, wines, ale, porter, perry, and cider, which are more or less intoxicating according to the amount of alcohol they contain. It may not be uninteresting to know the per centage of alcohol contained in liquors which it is so fashionable for adult persons of all ages to indulge in. According to Professor Brande, and others, the proportion of alcohol is as follows:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Drink</th>
<th>Percentage of Alcohol</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pale Ale</td>
<td>5 to 9 per cent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ale</td>
<td>6½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cider</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Wine</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>51·60 per cent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brandy</td>
<td>53·39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rum</td>
<td>53·69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whisky</td>
<td>53·90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ALCOHOL, in chemical language, is a hydrated oxide of Ethyle. It is nowhere to be found in any product of nature,—was never itself created by God,—but is essentially an artificial thing, prepared by man through the destructive process of fermentation. It will be my aim to show that perfect health can only be obtained by total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; because alcohol deranges the natural functions of the body, and produces a morbid condition of the tissues with which it comes in contact.

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?—Every writer on toxicology has classified alcohol as a narcotic or a narcotic-acid poison. For proof, I refer you to the works of Professor Orfila, Dr. Pereira, Professor Christison, Dr. Taylor, and other eminent authorities. Alcohol is a very powerful narcotic poison; and if a large dose be taken, no antidote is known to its effects. But you may inquire—

WHAT IS A POISON?—The most comprehensive definition which has been suggested is this:—"A poison is a substance which, when taken internally, is capable of destroying life, without acting mechanically on the system." It may be said that no one drinks pure alcohol. Quite true: you might as well try to drink a glass-full of sulphuric acid. It would instantly burn the mouth and tongue, and destroy the tissues. So, you will understand, when we speak of the action of alcohol, we mean alcohol as it is taken, largely diluted with water, or mixed with other ingredients. According to the amount of alcohol contained in the liquor, in the same
proportion will be its degree of action on the body—other conditions remaining the same.

A small quantity of pure alcohol injected into the veins of man or an animal would cause immediate death, showing alcohol to be a dangerous and deadly poison. Cases are on record of persons who, drinking off at a draught from a quarter of a pint to a quart of ardent spirit, have died immediately afterwards. The poison having been absorbed at once from the stomach, mixed with the blood, carried to the heart and propelled to the brain, the nervous centres have become at once paralyzed, the heart has ceased to beat, and life has become extinct.

Some of my readers may be led to exclaim—"What! Alcohol a poison? Is a man who has been out at a convivial party, and performs, on returning home, certain wonderful gyrations with his legs, poisoned? Is a gentleman who has partaken of a few glasses of wine after an excellent dinner, and sung the praises of the 'Good Rhine Wine! and its deep—deep draught,' in a state of incipient poisoning? Can alcohol in its various forms, when moderately taken, be anything but a blessing to man; affording him such comfort when he is unhappy, or worn out with the cares of business? Does it not strengthen him when he is weak; cheer him when he is cast down; encourage him when his spirits fail; warm him when he is cold; and sustain him under all his trials and sufferings when broken-hearted with worldly troubles? Is not alcohol the 'rosy God' to whom all do honour at almost every epoch of man's existence? When Man is born into the world a little chubby, ruddy, struggling young squeaker, is not his health drunk by the doctor, nurse, and half-wondering, half-palpitating papa; lest, if this particular part of the ceremony be omitted, the nurse should hint that the young infant's hair would never grow? When he is christened, do not the godfathers and godmothers drink the health of the babe, and pledge themselves to everything? When he is married, is not the greatest honour done to the bride and groom by drinking to their health and happiness? When he is buried, is not the same drinking ceremony gone through, only with silent tongues and longer faces; and are not even the very coachmen treated with a little drop just to drink to the happiness of the deceased? Can any one in his senses make me believe, that the universal custom of drinking alcoholic liquors is an universal evil, when everybody takes them, and at every place and on every occasion? Is everybody in the world, more or less, shortening his existence by taking into his system one of the most delightful and bewitching of drinks? It is all nonsense to call alcohol a poison, I won't believe it—as here's your health!"

Yet modern science, with a voice of deep, sepulchral tone, still persists: "It is a poison," and many a breaking heart, on leaving this world, has sobbed out his last farewell, re-echoing these words!
CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed by our Correspondents.

SUBSTITUTES FOR ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

To the Editor of the "Church of England Temperance Magazine."

SIR,—In reply to the inquiry on the above subject in your number for December, signed "A Non-Abstaining Clergyman," I beg to suggest that he should try a little extra vegetable stimulant in the way of pepper or mustard with his dinner, and eat rather less at that meal than he has been accustomed to do. There are perhaps few persons "well to do" who do not eat a little more at dinner time than is good or necessary for them, as has been freely admitted by the witty Sidney Smith, and also by many eminent physicians.

Those who dislike pepper and mustard, or find them not sufficient, will find dried Chinese ginger, which is sold at 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb.—not the candied or crystallized sort—a very pleasant vegetable stimulant after dinner. For myself, I have used the above for some time, and I always carry a supply of strong ginger lozenges so as to be prepared with a remedy at or from home, and I find that they afford a much more satisfactory relief than I formerly obtained from alcoholic stimulants.

To aid digestion it is very evident we need not apply a stimulant that acts as alcohol does on the brain. A vegetable stimulant acts where required without travelling through the nerves to the brain. As I believe the value of vegetable stimulants is but little generally understood and not sufficiently considered by the medical world, I am pleased to have this opportunity of turning the attention of your readers to the subject.

AN ABSTAINER OF FIVE YEARS, AND OF DELICATE HEALTH.

To the Editor of the "Church of England Temperance Magazine."

SIR,—If you will grant me space, I will offer a few remarks in reply to "A Non-abstaining Clergyman," who, in your issue for December, asks to be informed of a substitute for wine or beer, "to be used by those whose weak digestive powers render something of the kind absolutely necessary."

Simple as the requirement may seem on first sight, it is not easily complied with, and an answer necessitates some questioning in elucidation. Thus, must the substitute please the palate, as the wine and the beer do, in case the drinker is habituated to their use? If it must, of course time (it may be years) will be wanted to bring the palate to relish the substitute. Again, is it desired that the use of the substitute should be followed by the same pleasurable bodily sensations as follow on the use of alcohol? If this be indispensable, then a substitute non-alcoholic will be looked for in vain; unless a teaspoonful of ether taken in a glass of sugared water were to produce somewhat of a similar feeling.

Again, is your correspondent sure that alcohol is beneficial to his digestion? Does it not seem to him to be so in virtue of his taking either wine or beer as a confirmed habit, for the indulgence of a habit (though it may be a bad one) is always pleasurable. Let this point be cleared up. A tablespoonful of tincture of orange-peel in a tumbler of water will do as well for digestion, if the beer be not liked (and it ought not to be, for it is not good to put bitter for sweet); and the same, or a smaller quantity of tincture of cardamoms, or of cinnamon, in a tumbler of camphor water,
will do more for digestion than claret, if the palate has not to be pleased, and if alcohol can help in that way at all.

But the clergyman's medical man tells him he must on no account become an abstainer [from wine and beer]. This medical practitioner can have but small wisdom if he means that he has not knowledge enough to treat his patient successfully, through the scores of alcoholic preparations directed in his guide-book, *The British Pharmacopoeia*, without sending him for his physic to either the vintner or the brewer!

Once more I have to ask a question: How does your correspondent spend his time before dinner? It may be in a way destructive of healthful digestion; or, not at all improbable, his diet is not suitable to his occupation. If this guess be correct, his medical adviser might find the way to perform the part of a much truer friend than he can possibly be while he gives countenance to the stupid and cruel dogma of alcoholic drinks being absolutely necessary for those whose digestive powers are weak.

Let your correspondent take courage, use aright the natural tonics of air, water, exercise, sleep, &c., and he will soon find himself independent of the alcoholic crutch, which so often breaks to the mortal injury of the user.

If the cry after all is, *But I must have some drink*, let it be some slightly bitter toast-water, into which are put a knob or two of sugar and twenty grains of either powdered cinnamon or ginger.

Yours, &c.,

HENRY MUDGE,
Surgeon, &c.

BODMIN, December 14th, 1865.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]

**Thomas Fuller on Drinking and Drunkenness.**

I have lately been reading, with great interest, "The Holy State" of the quaint old writer, Thomas Fuller. He makes frequent allusions to drinking and drunkenness. I send you some of his quaint and pithy remarks. They may be interesting and profitable to some of your readers.

In his short account of Monica, the mother of the illustrious Saint Augustine, Fuller, in his own peculiar manner, thus describes this good woman in her early years: "Monica is better known by the branch of her issue, than root of her parentage, and was born in or nigh Tagasta in Africk. Her parents, whose names we find not, were Christians, and careful of her education, committing her to the breeding of an old maid in the house, who, though herself crooked with age, was excellent to straighten the manners of youth. She instructed her with holy severity, never allowing her to drink wine, or between meals. Having outgrown her tuition, she began by degrees to sip, and drink wine, lesser draughts like wedges widening her throat for greater, till at last (ill customes being not knockt, but insensibly screw'd into our souls) she could fetch off her whole ones. Now it happened that a young maid (formerly her partner in potting) fell at variance with her, and (as malice when she
shoots draws her arrow to the head) called her Tos-pot, and drunkard; whereupon Monica reformed herself, and turned temperate. Thus bitter taunts sometimes make wholesome physic, when God sanctifies unto us the malice of our enemies to perform the office of good will."

Fuller's description of Monica as a wife and mother is admirable: would that all women imitated her! He gives "an instance of her signall piety." "There was," says Fuller, "a custome in Africk to bring pulse bread and wine to the monuments of dead saints, wherein Monica was as forward as any. But being better instructed that this custome was of heathenish parentage, and that religion was not so poor as to borrow rites from pagans, she instantly left off that ceremony: and as for pietie's sake she had done it thus long, so for pietie's sake she would do it no longer. How many old folks now-a-days, whose best argument is use, would have flown in their faces, who should stop them in the full career of an ancient custome?" Moderate drinkers who drink because it is the fashion might learn a valuable lesson from Monica's piety. Her death is thus described: "She dyed at Ostia, in Italy, in the fiftie-sixth year of her age, Augustine closing her eyes, when, through grief, he had scarce any himself."

In his chapter on "Company," in the third book of "The Holy State," Fuller makes a beautiful allusion to the vow of the Nazarites. He says: "A desert is better than a debauched companion. For the wildnesse of the place is but uncheerful, whilst the wildnesse of bad persons is also infectious. Better therefore ride alone than have a thief's company. And such is a wicked man, who will rob thee of precious time, if he doth no more mischief. The Nazarites who might drink no wine were also forbidden (Numbers vi. 3) to eat grapes, whereof wine is made. We must not only avoid sinne itself, but also the causes and occasions thereof: amongst which bad company (the limetwigs of the devil) is the chiefest, especially to catch those natures which like the good-fellow planet Mercurie are most swayed by others."

Fuller, speaking of "Recreations," thus refers to wine: "Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation; add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first haint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chieflie intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to spare God's lamb." Alas! that in England the Lord's day, "God's lamb," should be so cruelly shorn by the traffic in poisoning drinks!

With your permission I will return, on a future occasion, to Thomas Fuller's "Holy State," which is full of wit and wisdom.

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

---

_A "Note" and a "Query._

The best "Note" of the kind I ever have seen,
And I hope you may never have worse,
Is the Thirty pound "Note" in your last MAGAZINE
From Schoolmaster Berresford's purse!
The "Light Infantry" soldier in heavy black-mail
Charges home with a check on the foe:
So, a "Query" I ask—As the "Notes" never fail,
Are not these the best things to bestow? M.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On December 21st the Rev. T. Rooke attended a meeting of the Society at St. Mark's schoolroom, Lower Easton, under the presidency of the Rev. W. Heywood, incumbent, one of our Diocesan Secretaries. The meeting was well attended.

On December 22nd Mr. Rooke addressed a meeting at Walthamstowe. The Rev. Mr. Parry, vicar of the parish, presided. This is a place of much interest, because of the work that is being done among the navvies. There is a meeting every Saturday evening, which is so successful in preventing persons from frequenting the public-houses, that "the landlords" are complaining.

On the 26th the parish of St. George, Birmingham, had its Annual Temperance festival. Tea was served at five o'clock to a very numerous company in the parochial schoolrooms, which were most tastefully decorated for the occasion. At seven o'clock the rector, the Rev. S. Thornton, took the chair. After singing and prayer, the report was read by the indefatigable secretary, Mr. R. Hedges. It gave a most satisfactory statement of the Society's progress. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, the Rev. H. G. Thwaites, the Rev. T. Rooke, and others. On the 27th Mr. Rooke preached on the Temperance Reformation movement in the parish church of St. George's, Birmingham, and afterwards attended and addressed a meeting at which a new Adult Branch Association was inaugurated.

January 1st found our Travelling Secretary in Shropshire attending the Lilleshall Annual Parochial Temperance gathering. Tea was served in the large parochial schoolroom at half-past four o'clock. At six o'clock the whole company adjourned to the parish church for service. The vicar, the Rev. H. de Bunsen, read prayers, Mr. Rooke the lessons. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, the curate of the parish. A little after seven o'clock the meeting re-assembled, the vicar took the chair, and Mr. Rooke spoke for some time, and seemed to awaken much interest. An excellent lady, a relative of the vicar's, is the earnest conductor of this thriving association.

On January 2nd Mr. Rooke attended the Oxford meeting, of which a detailed account is given elsewhere.

January 4th Mr. Rooke gave a short address at the meeting of St. Clement Danes Association.

January 5th there was a very largely attended meeting at Wickhambrooke, near Newmarket, for the formation of a Parochial Association. The vicar of the parish, the Rev. J. D. Hall, took the chair, and after prayer and singing Mr. Rooke delivered a lecture on the evils of drunkenness, and the means of combating them by the Total Abstinence movement. At the close several pledges were taken, including the family of the excellent vicar, and the next meeting of the infant society was announced.

On the 15th and 16th Mr. Rooke attended and spoke at two meetings, one at Evercreech, the other at Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, at both which the Hon. and Rev. E. P. A. Talbot, vicar of Evercreech, presided. Both meetings were well attended, and after each several came forward to join the respective associations.

The Committee have forwarded copies of the volume of the Magazine for 1865 to each of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church; and replies have been received from the Archbishops of York and Armagh, and the Bishops of Worcester, Durham, Lichfield, Llandaff, St. David's, Ripon, Peterborough, Winchester, Salisbury, Lincoln, Carlisle, Manchester, and Norwich.
"Do thyself no harm!"

PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

"It may be before the Gospel, but it never can be instead of the Gospel."—Such were the words we heard a short time ago addressed in reply to one who had been laying upon our Temperance Movement the charge of supplanting the Gospel of Jesus Christ by the substitu-

NEW SERIES.—Vol. III., No. 27.
tion of external habits for internal principles. We are thus reminded of the challenge we have at times received from some, who say—"Yes, the drunkard needs to be reformed; and so do we all. Then, why not go straightforward to the drunkard with the words of the Apostle addressed to the Philippian jailor—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'?" And, surely, this is the message to every poor sinner that comes within the scope and hearing of the Christian Ministry. We have to plead neither faltering nor failure in the delivery of this message.

And yet, it is the suggestion of this very circumstance that calls forth the illustration that stands at the head of this article. We would follow the order of the apostle's process as nearly as we possibly may; and in our great movement we do follow the order of his dealing with the souls of men. The narrative (Acts xvi. 28) assures us that Paul's first words to the Philippian jailor were not those words that bade him to "believe," but the prompt and quick command—"Do thyself no harm!" And this external requirement was first needed in order to ensure the practical effect of the spiritual doctrine which was subsequently delivered. The keeper of the prison, awaking out of his unlawful sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, drew his sword to kill himself. Now, if this suicidal act had succeeded, the man had thereby placed himself beyond the reach of the apostle's ministry, and beyond the power of that saving faith that it was in the apostle's mind to preach to him; and so long as the man's hand is armed against himself, he can be in no fitting temper to benefit by the apostle's counsel and advice. Accordingly, Paul's first effort is to stay the suicidal hand, so that the man be kept in life, and in a frame of mind capable of appreciating the blessed tidings of salvation.

Now, every drunkard is a suicide, lifting his desperate hand of self-destruction against himself; he is "doing himself harm." Experience tells us, only too truly, how he shortens his life, so that he does not live out half his days. Experience also tells us that, while the drunkard is in drink, he is in no proper frame of mind to receive, or to understand, or to benefit by the message of the Gospel, even though it be delivered to him by never so earnest a ministry. We therefore do no wrong if we seek to "teetotalize" him of physical hindrances, before we attempt to "evangelize" him by the spiritual doctrine of the Gospel. We know there is such a thing as casting pearls before swine; and even such must be the delivery of the Gospel to the drunkard, as such. Indeed, this is the principle upon which we proceed in dealing with other phases of vice and evil. Do we not withdraw our fallen sisters utterly from the temptations that beset them, that we may have a fair opportunity for preaching to them the offers of the Gospel?
We fear the proper stress is not generally laid upon the external power of drink as a physical hindrance to the Gospel—as well nationally as individually. It is ever proving itself to be a physical and external obstacle to the reception of the Gospel. And by reason of its very nature—physical and external—it is all the greater reproach to the Christian Church that it has not long since been removed and utterly put out of the way. It is not some inward character of the man; nor yet some second nature that has come to be ingrained into the soul; nor is it some spiritual foe that needs to be dislodged. It is an external element, over which we have power, and yet we have not exercised our power to remove it! Men see the instrument of self-destruction in their brother’s hand, and yet they cry not to him to put it away, and to “do himself no harm.” Surely, then, this is not following the apostle’s example.

And yet, it is even so: the physical hindrance stands between the drunkard and the Gospel. The drunkard is as a man who has fallen into a deep pit of destruction, and we all desire to rescue him. Ordinary means are used; lights are lowered, and ropes let down within his reach. But the very deepness of the pit causes noxious gases and exhalations which extinguish the lights as they are descending, so that the man cannot see or grasp the rope of safety. The circumstances and surroundings of the drunkard are as these noxious gases; they extinguish the light of the Gospel, and quench the movings of the Spirit, and leave the man in his darkness and his danger. We would, therefore, seek first of all to prevent or to remove those noxious exhalations and those unfriendly vapours that are engendered by Strong Drink, and then we may address ourselves hopefully to the rescue. All experience testifies that the circumstances of the drunkard are altogether unfriendly to the reception of the Gospel; that strong drink is a physical hindrance that stands between his heart and the power of renewing grace.

Now, in any other case of physical hindrance, an effort would be made to remove it, or to overcome it. Suppose, for example, a congregation to be an assembly of deaf persons, a congregation wholly bereaved of the sense of hearing. We might preach that Gospel which is “the power of God unto salvation;” but it is very plain that, unless the physical obstacle be somehow overcome, that Gospel cannot become “the power of God,” to them that cannot hear it; for “faith cometh by hearing.” It would therefore be necessary to speak by gesture, or through an interpreter, and thus the physical hindrance would be removed, and they would become “hearers of the Word.” And even so, we have learned to look upon the great mass of the drunkards of the land, and that large class of persons who are continually and habitually verging on the border-land of drunkenness, as a vast outlying element
of society which is shut out, by this physical hindrance, from hearing the Word with profit to their souls. It is not only the drink in itself, but it is the drinking-places, and the drinking companionships, and the other associations of drink, that altogether unfit the man for any service of God, either public or private. We feel that we possess the lever that can overcome this hindrance, by removing it utterly out of the way.

And this, too, will be our apology for laying so much preliminary stress upon this system of Total Abstinence, as a preparatory step towards conducting the man into the higher and holier region of religion. The one is a precinct of the outer court, where the drunkard makes the sacrifice of a certain sin; the other is the inner shrine, within which he meets the Lord, and learns the higher duties and privileges of a Christian man. Thus each element of our progress would be placed in its proper and scriptural position—first the forerunner, and then the King: first the pioneer, with axe and hammer, to hew down the hindrances that stand in the way, and then the onward march of the triumphant host! Yes, "Gilgal" first, the rolling away of hindrance and reproach; and thence, across this threshold, may be the highway to the full possession of the land! Oh, that this reproach were rolled away from our Church and nation! What social conquests would then be achieved, and what triumphs of the Gospel would be accomplished!

We feel, indeed, that this reproach, this inveterate wrong, this unclosed wound, this dark blot, cannot be for our country's honour. The blemish must involve blame somewhere; and must reflect discredit chiefly on the religion of the land. Accordingly, in the persons of some of her ministers and other members, our Church has risen to the rescue, and in common with kindred efforts in the same direction is addressing herself in good earnest to the healing of the wrong. We cannot but confess that with all our Christian organization, and effort, and enterprise; with all the many manifestations of God's presence and favour amongst us, we have hitherto failed to cast out this evil spirit. It seems to remind us of the Transfiguration scene, in which Christ was manifestly set forth in His glory; and yet at that very moment, at the base of the mount of vision, what a contrast was being enacted—the lunatic child is being rent and torn by the spirit of evil, and the father of the child complains, as we, our country, complain this day: "I spake to Thy disciples that they should cast him out, and they could not." And what was the answer of Jesus as to this misadventure of His professed disciples?—"This kind (of evil spirit) can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting." Aye, that is the double cure—"prayer," that is, the religion of the thing; and "fasting," that is, our abstinence. There are some evil spirits that must be starved into a surrender, and this is one of them!
THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

We have been favoured with a presentation copy of a small work entitled, "An Address, by Samuel Bowly, to the Friends' Temperance Union, Fifth month, 31st, 1865." We have no need to offer any apology for noticing this little book, for we are all well aware of the fact that amongst the earliest pioneers of the Temperance movement, as now amongst the staunchest adherents of the cause, we reckon the foremost members of the Society of Friends. And among these Mr. Samuel Bowly, of Gloucester, stands pre-eminent. Mr. Bowly is a warm admirer and helper of the Temperance movement within the Church of England. Indeed in the very first paragraph of his "Address," he notices the encouragement he has received from our sympathy, when he says—"My labours latterly have extended rather more among the educated classes, and have obtained much support and sympathy from the ministers and members of various denominations, and especially from the clergy of the Church of England."

In our reading of this little book, however, we have been particularly impressed with a letter from Mrs. Sewell, which our excellent friend Mr. Bowly has incorporated into his Address. This letter, which we subjoin to these opening remarks, is a challenge to that self-denying and devoted body of philanthropists, who have played so active a part in many other philanthropic enterprises for the amelioration of the condition of their fellow-men. It is a challenge to them to add to this great movement to the past efforts of their community, so as to release the tens of thousands of their human brothers and sisters from the bondage and slavery of drink.

We quite agree with Mrs. Sewell, the gifted authoress of the well-known "Homely Ballads," when she offers her mead of congratulation to "The Friends," as a body, for many noble purposes and successful undertakings in the cause of humanity. As a class, these persons are possessed of a very high order of philanthropic spirit; their moral education is largely developed; their boldness in the discharge of known duty is their peculiar characteristic; so that it may almost be said that the word "impossible" is blotted out of their vocabulary, and they know only to dare and do.

We would, however, feel very jealous if this trumpet-call were not to awake some echoes in our own hearts also. Have the members of our beloved Church no history to look back upon, no successful enterprises to remember, no conquests to inspire their faith? We feel that, changing the names, the following letter applies to all the prominent earnest Christian men of our own communion, and, indeed, to all good men throughout our highly-favoured land.

Mrs. Sewell writes as follows:

"I reverence the Friends so highly that I could not presume to teach, or suggest to them, that they are giving up their old grand inheritance as helpers of the helpless and succourers of the ignorant, degraded, and down-trodden. But I do not understand the lukewarmness of Friends on this subject. One would beforehand have concluded that this ponderous evil, with its incalculable results of misery, and temporal and
USE OF ALCOHOL IN HOSPITALS.

We have great pleasure in reproducing for the benefit of our readers the subjoined extracts from a letter recently addressed to the Medical Board of the Liverpool Northern Hospital, by Henry Clark, Esq., of Liverpool, who is a member of the hospital committee. We are at all times glad when we observe public attention thus called to the details of the great drink question. The substance of Mr. Clark’s letter is as follows:—

"Some weeks ago a statement was laid before the Committee of this hospital showing the enormous consumption of alcoholic drink going on therein, which has cost the institution (whose expenditure is so greatly in excess of income), on the average of the last three years, £593 per annum. The question, however, was deemed a medical one, and the request was therefore made that it should be laid before the medical board.

"Economy in expenditure and the recovery of the patients are of course the grand desiderata in the minds both of the committee and the medical staff (as trustees and managers of a great public charity), and if evidence of a trustworthy character is adduced in favour of a saving in the one, and a more rapid recovery of the other, it will, I am sure, receive a most careful consideration at your hands.

"The weight of testimony against the general use of intoxicating liquid is very strong. After stating that disease and crime are induced by the use of alcoholic
USE OF ALCOHOL IN HOSPITALS.

Liquors as beverages, and that the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence therefrom, 179 MEDICAL MEN in Liverpool proceed to affirm 'that persons accustomed to such drinks may with perfect safety discontinue them entirely, and at once, and that such total abstinence would contribute to the health, morality, and happiness of the human race.'

"Turning to the published return of various hospitals in various parts of the country, we find the cost of intoxicating drinks consumed in one year as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In-patients</th>
<th>Cost of Beer, Wine, Spirits, in One Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Newcastle-on-Tyne&quot;</td>
<td>1720</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Stafford</td>
<td>922</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salisbury</td>
<td>904</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lincoln</td>
<td>748</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedford</td>
<td>669</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Hants</td>
<td>642</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adenbrook</td>
<td>638</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kent and Canterbury</td>
<td>625</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cumberland</td>
<td>457</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>______________</td>
<td>______________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7819</td>
<td>£1532 2 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Liverpool Northern Hospital (1864) 1735 540 4 2 £73

"A comparison of the above returns shows that the expenditure of the Liverpool Northern Hospital is largely in excess of other hospitals, being 6s. 2d. per patient against 3s. 11d. elsewhere, or about £200 per annum greater on the average than that of many other institutions.

The London Hospital.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ounces Wine</th>
<th>Average number of Patients</th>
<th>Deaths.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From 1854 to 1858 each physician employed annually</td>
<td>12,803</td>
<td>391</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; 1860 to 1864 &quot;</td>
<td>48,136</td>
<td>413</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854 to 1858 each surgeon employed annually</td>
<td>38,016</td>
<td>1036</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; 1860 to 1864 &quot;</td>
<td>142,951</td>
<td>1065</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In 1862 the consumption of wine, brandy, and gin, was ...</td>
<td>1,481</td>
<td>4519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; 1864 &quot;</td>
<td>1,979</td>
<td>4619</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"It is not here desired to connect this increase of deaths with the increase of stimulants consumed; such startling and simultaneous increase of mortality must be explained by those concerned, on whom a heavy responsibility rests. All that I seek to establish is, that an increased use of stimulants does not in these figures appear to contribute to the recovery of the patient, and that the inference may be drawn, supported as the inference is by strong medical testimony, that the consumption of ardent drink is of very doubtful advantage, and may be highly prejudicial.

"The grounds, then, upon which I would earnestly entreat you to relinquish en-
tirely this alcoholic treatment in our hospital, or at any rate to test its supposed advantages by practical experiment, if only in one ward, are—

"Because the sober man acquires a taste previously foreign to him, and for the first time learns a habit, the indulgence of which is fraught with evil to himself and the whole community.

"Because the total abstaining patient, on recovery, may feel that, having broken through a good rule, he is no longer pledged to continue an abstainer.

"Because the reclaimed drunkard, being reintroduced to his former passion, is tempted to break out again into his old practices on leaving the hospital.

"Because every discouragement should be imposed on the use of an article to which nine-tenths of the crime of this country is traceable.

"Because the amount of present good derived by the patient from this strong drink is, according to facts and figures, as well as medical testimony, at least questionable, whilst the amount of future harm is, humanly speaking, certain.

"Because the quantity of strong drink consumed in this hospital is out of all proportion to that consumed in many other hospitals.

"Because the funds of the hospital are inadequate to the expenditure now going on, and that therefore a retrenchment of outlay is a positive duty.

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY CLARK,

"One of the Committee of the Liverpool Northern Hospital.

"Liverpool, 26th January, 1866."

The writer of the above letter has received the following communication on the subject of his Appeal, from Dr. Nicolls, of Longford, Ireland:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of some copies of your address to the Medical Board of the Liverpool Northern Hospital, for which I thank you.

"In your note to me of the 1st ult., you mention that the Committee of the Northern Hospital stated that theirs being a surgical hospital there was no parity. You might have observed that in my report of last year, and also for the year 1864, that, in addition to the Fever Hospital, I have charge of an Infirmary or General Hospital in which I have to treat medical, midwifery, and surgical cases, the latter frequently including serious cases requiring amputations and other serious operations, yet I do not use alcoholic stimulants, except in very extreme and rare cases, when I administer medicated spirits with my own hands. When, for sixteen years, not one bottle of wine or pint of whisky has been used, you may see how rarely it is ordered for my patients.

"In my twenty-five years' hospital practice I have found that, in proportion as I discontinued the use of alcoholic stimulants, the mortality decreased and the morality of the attendants improved, so that, after seven or eight years' experience, I discontinued it, and with the most satisfactory results. I may mention that, when attending hospital practice in Dublin, some thirty years since, it was always remarked that distillers' and brewers' men were most unfavourable patients.

"In my report to the guardians of this union, on the 13th inst., I mentioned that, from the 29th of September to this date, there were twenty-five cases of fever, twenty-four recovered, and one died (a man of intemperate habits). This speaks well for the non-alcoholic treatment."
DIOCESAN ASSOCIATIONS.

DURHAM.

A somewhat extended series of sermons and meetings has been held in a portion of this important Diocese during the past month, where there are several very warm friends of our Church Temperance cause, which is earnestly worked by our able Honorary Diocesan Secretary, the Rev. R. E. Hooppell, Head Master of the Marine School, South Shields. By his arrangement with the clergymen of the various parishes, most of whom are abstainers, meetings have been held and sermons preached as follows:

On Sunday, January 21st, there was a special afternoon service held in St. Stephen’s church, South Shields, at which a goodly congregation assembled. The Rev. Thomas Rooke preached, setting forth the distinctive Scriptural grounds on which the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society was based. The Rector, the Rev. S. B. Brasher, read the service.

On Monday, January 22nd, there was a meeting held at Tynemouth, under the presidency of the incumbent.

On Tuesday, January 23rd, the Mayor of South Shields presided at a meeting in the Central Hall, when a good deal of interest was excited in the cause. The present mayor, we may observe in passing, is the second abstaining mayor South Shields has had in two successive years, and in opening the meeting he remarked that his present position was a most anomalous one, inasmuch as one day he had to issue licences for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the next he had to punish those who bought them and used them to excess.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 24th, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached to a large congregation in the parish church of Bishopwearmouth, and on the following evening there was a meeting in the Athenaeum, Sunderland, under the presidency of the Rev. W. Cockin, the excellent Rector of Bishopwearmouth, who addressed the meeting at some length, giving his reasons for being himself an abstainer, and for helping forward the great movement in the Church of England.

On Sunday, January 28th, the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached in the morning at Southwick, and in the evening at Deptford, setting forth the principles and claims of the Society. There were large congregations in both churches, and there were meetings held in these two parishes on Monday and Tuesday in the succeeding week; that at Deptford under the presidency of the Rev. W. Bulmer, incumbent of Deptford, who has a most flourishing association and also a Band of Hope (part of which Mr. Rooke addressed at the Deptford Sunday School on the afternoon of Sunday, the 28th). This meeting was crowded, and in addition to the admirable opening address of the chairman, Mr. Mark Littlefair showed his analysis of ginger wine, and Messrs. Douglass and Laythorpe spoke.

At Southwick, in the absence of the Rev. E. S. Collingwood (who was unexpectedly summoned from home), the Rev. S. B. Brasher presided, and the proceedings of the meeting were enlivened by the performance of some temperance melodies vocally and instrumentally by the members.

On Wednesday evening, January 31st, there was a most interesting meeting at Monkwearmouth, where an excellent lady is doing a work similar to that of Mrs. Wightman and others.

In this Association there have been no less than 1200 signatures to the pledge book, and about £500 have been secured for provident purposes. No less than
850 persons had attended during the week preceding the meeting of the 31st of January. There are Mothers' Meetings every Monday, General Meetings every Wednesday, and fortnightly, on Saturday evenings, an entertainment of readings and music, which is most effectual as a counter-attraction to the public-houses and beer-shops.

The series of meetings was closed by one in the Assembly Rooms, North Shields, on Friday evening February 2nd.

At all these meetings the Society's Travelling Secretary attended, and spoke so as to excite a good deal of interest, and many came forward to sign the Society's declaration of abstinence.

The following clergymen and others also spoke and took part in the various meetings:—Rev. W. C. Cockin, Bishopwearmouth, Rev. S. B. Brasher, St. Stephen's, South Shields, Rev. J. H. Bulmer, Deptford, Rev. E. S. Collingwood, Southwick, Rev. W. Irwin, Newcastle, Dr. Pyle, Rev. W. T. McCormick, Sunderland, Rev. W. Lilley, Monkwearmouth, Rev. R. E. Hooprell, South Shields, &c., &c., &c.

---

**LICHFIELD.**

The Annual Sermon, Conference, and Public Meeting in connection with the association in this diocese, took place on Feb. 12th and 13th, in Stafford. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, on Monday evening, Feb. 12th, in Christ's Church. The Conference was held next day in the Christ Church school-room, when the Rev. Thomas Harrison, incumbent of the parish, occupied the chair, and several most interesting topics were discussed and practically dealt with by the members, clerical and lay, who attended.

After the conference the members were most kindly and hospitably entertained by the Rev. Thos. Harrison at tea, and at 7 o'clock the annual public meeting was held.

The Rev. Canon Jenkins presided; and after prayers had been offered by the Rev. Thos. Harrison, the chairman delivered a most effective address.

The Rev. J. N. Worsfold, the indefatigable Honorary Diocesan Secretary, read the report and financial statement, the adoption of which was moved by the Rev. L. Panting, vicar of Cefnsey, and seconded by the Rev. Thomas Rooke. The second resolution, affirming the importance of the Movement for closing the houses for sale of liquors on Sunday, and the great necessity for repealing "the Beershop Act," was moved by Rev. A. A. Issac and seconded by Rev. J. N. Worsfold.

The chairman on returning thanks said that though the meeting had been detained so much longer than usual (over 3 hours), he yet saw that they felt as he did the deepest interest in, and had listened with unfailing attention to a series of able and telling addresses.

We understand that a request has been made of our valued friend, the Rev. H. J. Ellison, as a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, to accept the office of President of the Diocesan Association, and that the request has been acceded to.

We would be glad to hear of similar efforts being made in all the dioceses of the country. Our Travelling Secretary is willing, on sufficient notice, to place himself for a space of time at the disposal of the Honorary Diocesan Secretaries of our Society, for the purpose of delivering sermons or lectures, and holding meetings, similar to those in Durham and Lichfield, as narrated above.
A HELP MEET FOR HIM.*

BY A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

As a reader of your Magazine, I hail with delight the ever increasing list of those faithful ones amongst the Clergy of the Church of England who, true to their Master's cause, and in the exercise of their Christian liberty, are refusing a lawful indulgence for their brother's sake, and are seeking, by personal example, to rescue the drunkard, and to guide him into the path of sobriety, godliness, and peace.

But I confess I am not without a longing desire to know what the wives, or daughters, or sisters of the clergy may be doing to hold up the hands of those who are too often ready to faint, when engaged in the crusade against the drinking habits of our people; and whether they are seeking in any way to influence the women who have become the victims of this sin, even whilst the clergyman himself, perhaps, may have had his attention chiefly directed to those of his own sex.

Living, as I do, in a town, the necessity for some such special agency on the part of women becomes daily more apparent, and must be so to all the visitors of the poor in the more populous parts of our land. Here this vice prevails almost as much amongst the women as the men. The bare and wretched condition of many a home, the utterly neglected and ragged condition of the children, and their absence from school, are the outward signs to the visitor of that which she soon discovers to be at the root of all, the drunken habits of both parents. She finds the "two" whom God had joined together for the "mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other" joined together only in this—the determination to get that drink which will destroy all comfort in the home, and to get it at any cost.

And now if I turn from what I have myself seen in our own town, to the experience of other visitors in other towns, it is that I may be able to quote at some length some passages that have come under my notice in that remarkable pamphlet written by Mr. Jones, of Liverpool, entitled, "The Slain in Liverpool by Drink, during 1864." It is an awful picture of the state of heathenism in which some are living and dying, within the sound of church bells, and within reach of the means of grace! We read under the head of "Home Scenes" (page 35) of a home where neither father nor mother are to be seen—the abode only, as it seems, of little children. The mother was there, we are told, a few weeks ago. She drank and drank till reason gave way, and she was transported to an asylum, there, in all probability, to end her days! We are taken on to another abode, the home of a woman, once a church-goer, now in abject wretchedness, wandering about without shoes and stockings, frequently exchanging that home for a prison, and for many years the most wretched of all women in that neighbourhood. Mr. Jones would have us enter with him into a third home,

* The above heading, as a title to this very excellent paper, has been prefixed by the Editor, and not by the writer herself.
where he finds a drunken father, four motherless ones in a state of seminudity and universal filth. The mother's history he sums up thus: She was of superior education, of inveterate drunkenness, and died almost without time to cry "God be merciful to me a sinner." One more such visit. We are conducted this time to a cellar, where abode, says Mr. Jones, a fortnight ago, four or five little children, having a drunken father and a drunken mother, wages to the extent of thirty shillings a week coming in. A fortnight ago, he tells us, the drunken pair and the sober little ones were here: to-day the house is not so full. The father is gone, the mother is gone—a little one gone—another little one gone—and yet another! Out of that cellar in fourteen days had five passed out to be "dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

I said at the commencement of my letter that the "drink must be had at any cost." Yes, even at the cost of that brightest jewel, the chastity of the grown-up daughters. He instances two cases, one of which only, for want of space, I can include here. It is a picture which, in the blackness of its colouring, makes one shudder. He tells us of a mother, once the wife of a well-to-do tradesman, who, agreeing with her husband, that some means must be adopted to keep up the supply of the bottle, determines upon a plan. They send their daughters upon the street, and even go so far as to appropriate a part of their dwelling for the necessary carrying out of the scheme; this, too, at a time when the mother herself is fast dying of consumption! "The plan brings in money," says Mr. Jones, "and does not money bring alcohol?"

One more startling revelation from the same source, and I will then commend this little work to the reading of all who have not yet become acquainted with it. We learn that in Liverpool, in the year 1864, 143 children were suffocated! no less than three-fourths of this number being suffocated between the Saturday and Monday." I read a short time ago of a circumstance that occurred in London, which will prove to the uninitiated how deadening the effect of this drink is to all the best feelings of our nature. A man died there (I think I am right in saying from the effects of drink, but I write from memory), at his death his wife was fetched from an adjoining public-house, in a state of intoxication. The widow's first act was to rifte her husband's pocket of the few remaining pence, and to start again to spend it, where the rest had all been spent before! Turn we for one moment to the poor unfortunates that frequent our streets. They have told my husband, when in course of recovery from their sin, that they could not have "carried it on so but for the drink."

But let me not be understood to be speaking of the poorer classes only as being the victims of this sin. True, they are the chief victims, but not the only ones. I learn that the artificial strength required for the artificial life of a lady's London season is now frequently maintained by strong stimulants. I would point to a clergyman's family—a large household into which an old servant of my own sought admission, when the servants were leaving altogether, because the mistress of the house, the clergyman's wife, "drank?" I have the testimony of a lady, the sister of a
personal friend, who relates as her experience of life (she was a governess) that she had left three situations out of four because the lady mother was given to habits of intoxication!

And now I must conclude this part of my letter, which might be continued to an indefinite length, with the earnest inquiry of my sisters in Christ, “Is there not a cause? Is there not a cause that we, women who have for the most part been removed by our position from the temptation to which our poorer neighbours are exposed, should go forth in the spirit which is animating many other Christian women who are engaged in the work of rescuing the victims of another kindred sin, and stretching forth the sister’s hand, and opening the sister’s heart to them, should reason with them of ‘righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come?’”* And here, on the very threshold of our inquiry as to the effectual remedy for all these evils, we are met by the startling fact, apparent to all those who have been engaged in the work of reclaiming the men, that a woman who has once acquired the taste for intoxicating liquors in any shape is ordinarily far more infuriate than the man when under their influence, and far more difficult to wean from them when the effort is made. I believe I am right in stating that those who have been most successful in their treatment of the men, have sorrowfully to confess their utter inability to influence a drunken woman. In her the nervous powers give way more quickly, the terrible dipsomania becomes established, and her course is henceforth a constantly downward one. For women, then, it seems that we must have some remedial agency, antecedent even to the pledge and the religious instruction which should ever accompany it. We find what is wanted in the homes for the inebriate, with which every visitor to America is familiar, and which are filled with the victims of this sin, gathered from every class and grade of society. Here these poor creatures might be received, and, under proper medical treatment, be cured of their physical inability to abstain; and so being weaned from the source of their sin, might, under the guidance and oversight of those who have given themselves to the work, and with the assistance of God’s grace, “recover themselves out of the snare of the devil.”

I think, were these asylums established about our country, in (or better in the neighbourhood of) every large town, that many of those who now pass on to our infirmaries, our gaols, our penitentiaries, our unions, and lunatic asylums, would stop short here. The funds for an asylum of this kind would be forthcoming, I cannot doubt, from every one who is feeling the magnitude of the evil to be encountered. What is wanted would be the women to carry it on. I commend the subject to the single and widowed unoccupied women amongst us, who feel they have a work for God to do.

And now, if for a short time I speak of myself (under the shelter of my incognito), it is to tell my sisters that they need not be afraid to do as I have

* It was not till after writing the above that I read how earnestly my words are re-echoed by Mr. Jones. He says (page 50), “Will not women come to the rescue of women? Who so natural a helper in these circumstances? If all the ladies of Liverpool, and all the ladies of England, were to enlist their indomitable energies in this work, they would revolutionize the wives and daughters of the working classes.”
done—abstain altogether from wines, beer, and all alcoholic liquors whatever; and to say that without the personal example, words will not accomplish much, though they may do some amount of good. I am not in my "première jeunesse," having had seven children, and looking round upon as flourishing a set of young teetotallers as any mother might wish to see; but for all this, I say unhesitatingly that I have not suffered by my Total Abstinence (of rather more than one year’s duration); that I am, on the contrary, better and stronger, more capable of bearing great fatigue, my spirits more equable, and, let me add, with my husband’s grateful acquiescence, my temper (under the daily little vexations of a housekeeper’s life) much improved. If any ladies on reading my letter feel inclined to make trial of this abstinence for themselves, what more blessed season could they have than this present Lent for practising the small amount of self-denial that it involves, and beginning a work for Him who for our sakes at this time fasted forty days and nights, and through this very mortification of His human nature taught us how we were to destroy every work of the devil.

"The daily round, the common task,
May furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

It is in this spirit that one (whose name has a place among the peeresses of this land) told me she was abstaining altogether for the sake of one of her own servants. "I could not," she said, "ask him to give up his beer, whilst his daily occupation was to pour out my wine." And so the wine was abolished! It is in this spirit that two other ladies belonging to the aristocracy (one a personal friend of my own), are seeking by individual effort and example to win their poor sisters and brothers from a life of sin! Blessed be they in their deed! "The cup of cold water" that they have participated in, no less than that which they have held out to others, "shall in no wise lose its reward." Much may be done in the way of individual effort to help on this good cause. Mothers may train their children in consistent habits of water-drinking (the taste for any other drink is a created one).* Mistresses may, as their rule, give beer money to their servants instead of beer. This plan has been adopted in my own family, and resulted, a few months ago, in three of the servants voluntarily coming forward to sign the pledge, and, as we hoped, consigning the "beer money" to the savings’ bank for better use in the future. But it is by joint action that all great works must be accomplished; and if the little I have been able to state concerning the evil which we have to confront should call out the energies of some ladies far more fitted than myself to write on this subject, it will not have been written in vain.

* I would here observe, that if there is a positive distaste to water (as is sometimes the case in the early days of Abstinence), I partook the other day, at my sister’s (herself an Abstainer), of some delicious fruit essence, to mix with soda water, which she told me was prepared by Mr. Sainsbury, 176, Strand, London. I can recommend it to my sister housewives, as well as some of the summer beverages to be had of Mr. Charles Codd, 112, High Holborn.
THE SWALLOW.

BY THE REV. J. STEDMAN, B.A.

A BALLAD WRITTEN FOR A VILLAGE RECITATION.

ET others enlarge on the eagle or sparrow,
The wren or the robin—each one to his marrow;
There are birds, there are beasts, for each fancy
to follow;
I sing bird and beast in one—I sing the swallow.
I mean not the swallow, so welcome a comer,
But an ill-omened swallow that never brings
summer:
I mean not the swallow that catches at flies,
But the swallow that swallows strong drink till
he dies.
I say not such birds in this room can be seen,
But you know the description of swallow I mean.

You hear him come home when good folks should be snoring,
Mumbling, or stumbling, or whimpering, or roaring:
"They've stolen the key-hole!" he appeals to your pity;
We've swallows in hamlet, and village, and city!
Let us call him before us, and let him disclaim,
If he can, poor biped, the swallow's name.
You're sixty, come Michaelmas, goose and all—
And have called for your glass ever since you could call,
And you've drunk, say, two gallons a week, strong beer,
A hundred and four in the course of a year;
And now, at the close of a forty years' brew,
Firkins four hundred and sixty and two
Stand empty, with many, alas, to follow—
Are you, or are you not, then, a fine swallow?
I said they were empty—ah, no; I fear
You have gulped down much along with your beer.
Many a thing can we summon up,
As from conjuror's hat, from the toper's cup.
What's here?—with quillings and ribbons upon it?
Vain fellow, you've swallowed your wife's Sunday bonnet!
And I see why your young ones are never at school—
Their clothing's sucked into the same whirlpool.
As you drained off those heel-taps you trembled to lose,
Did you think you were swallowing your children's shoes?
Nay, by garments so shabby, and tatters to mend,
I know you have swallowed your own coat, my friend.
THE SWALLOW.

You've swallowed your character: no one now
Cares to employ you to garden or plough.
Whatever the day, you must have your charm,
If hot, to cool; if chilly, to warm.
Busy or idle, the same your cheer,
Money or rags are all turned to beer.
I've heard that a boa constrictor, once kept in
A beast-show, swallowed the blanket he slept in,
Mistaking in darkness, the ravenous snapper,
For a rabbit or hare, a railway wrapper.
And you, in a beast-show more worthy to rank it,
Have gulped, no mistake, your warm bedding and blanket!
Is this, then, the life that a man ought to follow?—
A man with a soul transformed to a "swallow."
I won't say a drunkard's as low as a beast,
For it drinks what it needs, and enough is a feast;
He's worse than a pig, or a colt, or a cub,
He's a bottle, a hogshead, a barrel, a tub!
And the best you can do, if his mouth grows wider,
Is to cork him up tight, like a bottle of cider;
Take him down to the wine vaults, suitable hole,
By the "bottle entrance," and leave him to roll:
'Mid casks assign him—a fitting lot—
He'll become a fine old crusted sot!

Box, Wilts.

HAPPY HOME CLUB.

In these days of invention and setting forth of old things under new names,
we rejoice in being able to reproduce the following expedient recently
adopted by the Rev. J. H. Iles, M.A., Rector of Wolverhampton, who has
himself become an Abstainer, and has made Total Abstinence one of the
rules of membership of his society. The idea is worth copying elsewhere.

St. Peter's Happy Home Club, Wolverhampton.—The Principles of the
Happy Home Club are as follows:—

1.—Since Strong Drink breaks up many a happy home, we resolve, by God's help,
not to use it at all, except at the Holy Communion, or when we are really sick. We
do without it, not because it is a sin to use it aright, but because it is a waste of
money, and there is danger lest we fall into a fearful sin that ruins thousands.

2.—Since the Sileur Shilling, rightly used, can do much to make a happy home, we
resolve to spend as little as we can on ourselves, and to save it to make our homes
bright and cheerful.

3.—Since there can be no really happy home where God is not honoured, we resolve,
by His help, to serve Him ourselves, and to do all we can to lead others to do the same.
JOHN HAYWARD'S DREAM.
A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE RECALL.

"Being warned in a dream."—Matt. ii. 12.

No thought of this had John Hayward as he walked angrily along until he arrived within sight of the King's Head, when he heard loud screams from a miserable tumble-down little cottage not far from the road. He was hastening towards it, when he remembered that it was the abode of a desperate drunkard (once a well-to-do miller, and a respectable man) and his wife, who were constantly quarrelling and fighting; and he was turning away thinking it of no use to interfere where neither party would return aught but abuse and insult for his good intentions, when the door was sud-
denly flung open, and a woman rushed out, her face and arms terribly bruised and bleeding, and her hair all cropped off short, except a few jagged ends hanging down here and there. Seeing John, she cried out, "Take care! that madman will be on you in a minute! He's cut my hair off, and swears he will cut my throat or some one else's before he sleeps. For heaven's sake take care; get away!" and the caution was uttered barely in time, for at this moment a tall powerful man, with a swollen bloated face and wild bloodshot eyes came out also, and looking first at his miserable wife, as she stood trembling and ready to fly at a short distance off, and then at John, with an idiotic laugh, he rushed upon the latter, his drunken madness taking a new turn and changing from demoniac fury to senseless mirth. He held an old razor in his hand, with which he would doubtless have inflicted severe injury upon John, had he not caught his hand and wrenched it from his grasp. Then seizing him firmly he forced him back into the cottage and down upon a chair, and there held him fast, disregarding his furious struggles to free himself, and the screams and shrieks of several little children, who in their nightclothes stood terrified and trembling on the stairs which led out of the room to the one above, while his wife ran with all her speed to the next house.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the drunkard, rolling his head about, "wasn't she doing her hair up fine; and will I see her wasting her time in that manner when she ought to be earning money for me. I've cut it off: Ha! Ha! Next time I'll cut her throat, too."

"Whatever has he been doing?" asked John of the wife, who now came in with some neighbours, for she feared to be left again alone with him.

"What's he been doing? the hateful, drunken wretch!" exclaimed the woman, in a tone of bitter indignation. "Why, I'd just put the children to bed, and was combing my hair, before I took my work home, when he came in in a furious temper, as he always is when he's been drinking, and began swearing and going on, and then because he had nothing else to go on at he said I shouldn't waste my time decking my hair if he knew it, but he'd save me the trouble; and he took his razor and came behind me, and before I could get away from him, he cut and jagged my hair as you see. Hateful brute! there's nothing too bad for him to do when he's got the drink in him, that there isn't; he'd as soon murder any one as look at them."

"I wish I had murdered you," said the miller. His wife retorted fiercely; and as John had now released him, he sprang upon her again, and another fight and scuffle ensued between them, and it was some time before the neighbours succeeded in separating them, and when they did, John, heartily sick of the scene, left the cottage and walked on.

"A pretty Christmas day they'll have to-morrow!" he thought. "Do Mr. Rennie and William think I could ever come to this? I suppose they do. Very complimentary of them, certainly. As if a man who takes a glass or two of beer or spirits would ever drink like a beast as that man does! Pshaw. I've no patience with them!"

It was quite dark when he entered the King's Head, which as it was Christmas Eve, was more full of customers than usual. He found Fred
and Harry in the parlour, already half intoxicated. They greeted him noisily. Fred informed him that they had been “waiting hours” for him, and promised to tell him “all about London;” and Harry invited him to take a seat, a glass, and a pipe. John complied, and under the stupefying influence of drink and smoke forgot his vexation at his brother and the minister, and soon succeeded also in driving away all thoughts of Mercy and his forsaken home. And there they all sat until late at night, drinking, smoking, and talking noisily and excitedly of the gay life they should lead in London, where they could spend every evening if they chose at the music halls, concert, billiard, and dancing rooms, with which the great city abounds, and no one would interfere with them. And as this brought his brother’s opposition back to John’s mind he told his companions of it, upon which Fred brought his hand down with a heavy thump—

“T’ll tell you what it is, John,” he said, “we’re going to London, that’s plain, so just tell ’em so; and let ’em know at the same time that we’ve made up our minds to go, and go we will in spite of everything and everybody; that’ll settle ’em. And a jolly life we shall have, I can tell you. Why, when I was in London for a week once, I went somewhere every night (I’ll tell you what it’s like presently), and I shall again when I live there. It’s hard if a man can’t enjoy himself after working hard all day.”

“I should think so, indeed,” said Harry; “what’s the use of life but to enjoy ourselves and have as much pleasure as we can get? That’s my creed, and I mean to stick to it.”

Did John Hayward echo his words? No, for as if in answer to his companion’s sinful question he seemed to hear again the minister’s solemn earnest one, “How will such a life appear to you when you are dying, and expecting soon to stand in the presence of the God whom you have thus despised and neglected?” That he would not listen to the voice of conscience, he turned, as thousands do, to drown it in the burning, poisonous, soul-destroying drink, the curse of his life, and the cause of trouble and anxiety to all who loved and cared for him. Catching up a glass of spirits, he exclaimed, “Here’s to our health, and prosperity, and pleasure in merry London. May we spend our next Christmas there!”

The toast was drank by the other two, and then Fred was called upon for an account of his music-hall experience, and continually interrupted during his recital, while the drinking and toasting went on harder than ever, until they were all three as drunk as they could possibly be to stand or speak at all. They then bade farewell to the landlord and to each other, and each took his own way and went home.

It was past eleven when John arrived at his home, and how he got there at all, he could never remember. Late as it was, Mercy stood at the gate waiting for him, her heart sinking as she thought of the future. How different was this Christmas Eve to others she had passed, for this was the first since her marriage, and she felt indeed lonely and miserable. Was the life of a drunkard’s wife to be henceforth her lot? She could look forward to nothing better if they went to London; for well she knew her husband’s yielding nature, and the evil influence his companions would so easily exert
over him. Yet she had tried to win him from the beer-shop to his own home, and could not; his wife’s patient love, his brother’s good example, and all gave way before the mighty power of drink.

When John went in he found a hot supper and bright fire in the cheerful tidy kitchen ready for him, had been waiting more than two hours, but he was too completely intoxicated to notice or care for either, and muttering some indistinct reply in answer to Mercy’s inquiry whether he would not go to bed, he threw himself into a large armchair by the fireplace and was soon fast asleep.

* * * * *

“John, once more I ask you, for our dead father’s sake as well as for your own and Mercy’s, to change your mind—even now it is not too late—and stay here.”

Christmas Day was past and gone. John Hayward had turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of his wife, and the counsel of his brother, the clergyman, and the many other sincere friends who had advised him for his own welfare not to leave them and his home. But they might as well have spoken to a post; for John, with his chosen companions, were only the more eager to exchange their sober warnings and good advice for the many pleasures a life in London seemed to promise them. Now he stood for the last time at his garden gate, and William coming up to him as he stood there, had spoken to him earnestly, and every word seemed to sink into John’s heart and make him feel strangely nervous and uncomfortable, as William reminded him of the utter disregard he was showing to his father’s last wishes, and the life of certain misery he was preparing for himself and Mercy.

“You have the choice of all your future life before you now, John, and if you will choose a life of sin and self-indulgence in opposition to God’s Word and man’s wishes, believe me that the time will come when you will bitterly regret it!”

But William’s earnestness was entirely thrown away. John was determined to go, and, in a short time afterwards he was being whirled away towards London at a furious speed, which he enjoyed because it did not give him time or opportunity for quiet thought or regret for the pretty home and kind friends he was leaving, and causing Mercy to leave also.

“Don’t go out to-night, John dear; stay at home, you promised me you would, and I have a nice book for you to read while I work. Oh, do stay in for this one night, it will be so pleasant to have you with me again in the evening as you used to be in our dear old home at Chelmsford.” Poor Mercy could scarcely keep back her tears as she pleaded for one night of her husband’s company. It was not long after their arrival in London, and as yet John had spent scarcely one evening at home with his wife, for in accordance with the agreement between them, Fred and Henry lived very near, and if John wished to stay at home, they were sure to come and fetch him out to go “somewhere;” “somewhere,” of course, meaning the public-house, and though backed by his wife’s entreaties, even in their presence, he had not strength of mind enough to refuse. But on this evening he had
arranged to go with them, to "try his hand at cards at a first-rate new concert-room," and with a hasty promise, to Mercy of spending all his evenings at home as soon as he was settled—and much had Mercy wondered when that oft-talked of time would come,—he bade her good-bye and went out.

The "concert-room" was a spacious lofty room on the first floor of a large public-house, and to this the three young men repaired and sat down at one of the tables which were placed all over the room with chairs and forms beside them, and were already pretty well filled; the room was dim with clouds of tobacco-smoke, for everyone smoked as much as they pleased, and drank according to the same rule. They did not sit long hearing the low ribald "comic" songs, which was the principal music sang for the edification of the auditory, and then Harry suggested that they should go down into the parlour and "look after the game." Down they went, and were soon all three deeply engaged with others in playing. John, excited and restless, losing and winning alternately, until at last growing desperate, he staked a large sum and—lost it. With a furious oath he sprang up and accused them all of cheating him. A quarrel ensued, which was only prevented coming to a serious end by Fred and Harry hurrying John away, and saying, as they walked home with him, trying to smooth it over and entice him to come again, that if he had lost to-night, he would win to-morrow, so there was no occasion for putting himself out about it. But nothing could rouse John from his ill-temper, and when he got home, Mercy had to endure her husband's abuse as well as his neglect.

Next day he was very sorry and thoroughly ashamed of himself, made all sorts of promises to Mercy, and firmly determined never to go to a gaming-table again. But, as William had warned him, the passion for play once excited, it was impossible for him to withstand temptation, and the drink was sure to make him forget all his good resolutions. If he had never entered a public-house at all he would have had no desire for gambling of any kind; but Fred and Henry were taking care that he should have no chance of becoming sober and steady, by bringing the drink into his way, and the vice of gambling easily followed.

So he went on week after week and month after month, until all his money was spent. He was a good workman, and had procured a situation as foreman in a coach-builder's factory; but though he earned good wages, he spent so much in the evenings, that Mercy's allowance for housekeeping was very small indeed, and she was growing pale and thin and careworn, a contrast to the bright healthy girl he had married, indeed, as many of the wives of working men in London and other large towns are, while the husbands wear out their health and strength by wasting at the public-house what should make them all happy and comfortable.

Months and years were passing away, but they brought only bitter sorrow and constant disappointment to poor Mercy, for John came home almost every night the worse for drink, his money wasted at the gaming-table, and himself growing so wan and haggard that she often feared he would go out of his mind; and John himself felt at times sure that such would be his end,
yet he had no power to stay himself, he felt as if some unseen hand were dragging him down—down into the depths of drunkenness, degradation, and sorrow. He had little children too, now, not rosy happy little things like William’s on that memorable Christmas Eve, but pale, sickly, delicate children, frightened at the sound of their father’s voice, and quarrelsome and ill-tempered from constantly witnessing the uproar and even fighting between their parents. For William and Elizabeth, pitying Mercy in her poverty and wretchedness, often sent her money, that she might not want bread to eat, and so far had John gone on in the drunkard’s course, that if he could only get drink, he cared not by what means, and when he knew William had sent money to Mercy, he would instantly demand it of her; harsh words and, too often, cruel blows were the consequence if she refused it to him, and when he had forced it from her he would go out to the nearest public-house, leaving his children crying for bread, and their mother, more wretched even than they were, overcome with grief and despair. So they went on, from bad to worse, sinking lower and lower, until at last John’s drunkenness and Mercy’s misery seemed to have reached their climax.

It was Christmas Eve again. Years had passed away since John Hayward left his country home to live in London, and what a change had taken place in him; he was utterly ruined, and he felt and knew it. Ruined in health, strength, home, and friends, and every blessing he had once possessed. Not he and his family alone had suffered through his love of drink and foolish pleasures, for, in order to be near him and make a last endeavour to win him from the drink, William had left Chelmsford, and now lived at a short distance from them in London, but unused to the close atmosphere, the noise and turmoil of a large city, his health had failed, and his business also suffered in proportion. In a small barely furnished room, without food or fire on this bitter winter day, was John Hayward and his wife. Their last penny had been spent by him in drink, and now they were almost starving. Worse than that, Mercy was very ill, dying John feared, as he tottered feebly to the bed to look at her, and then, frightened by the ghastly face and sunken eyes, he bade one of the children “stay by her mother” while he went for the parish doctor, and to his brother to get some money from him.

He went out intending to go straight on to his brother’s house, but could not pass the public-house without a longing wish to enter. However, he had no money, and was too well known to be trusted, so he was passing on, when he was accosted by one of his old companions, who invited him into the nearest public-house. For a wonder John refused, and told his errand and the haste it required.

“Out of work and wife ill!” was the exclamation; “well, I’m sure you want a drop of something to cheer you up a bit: come along now, you are trembling like a baby this cold day, and a glass will help to get your strength up.” John yielded, they went in together, and three hours afterwards, John came out and began now to stagger towards his brother’s house. It was soon reached; but to his horror John perceived that it was
closed up, and the knocker tied with black crape. The stranger who answered the door told him that his brother had died that day, and his sister was too ill to see any one. And when, in the very depths of despairing sorrow and remorse, John went back to his miserable home, his worst fears were realised; Mercy was dead, and the children sobbing in terror and sorrow round her. The cold dark room seemed to grow suddenly light for a moment, then dark again—he was shivering with the intense cold, yet his hands and feet were burning, he felt that he was falling and tried to call for help, but could not speak, and he felt that the drunkard’s worst enemy had seized him, he was suffering from delirium tremens; strange and terrible noises sounded in his ears, yet constantly mingling with them was the tune and words of a Christmas carol which he remembered some of the cottagers’ children at Chelmsford used to sing on Christmas morning before daybreak. It brought back to him all the memory of those happy days, and with unspeakable anguish he groaned—

“Oh, that I could have them back again! If I could only live my life over again!” He tried to find the door to call out that he was dying, but he could not, and, utterly helpless and hopeless, he sank down into a state of insensibility.

* * * * *

He awoke, shaking with terror, and overcome by dread and remorse, to find himself sitting in the arm-chair by the kitchen fire in his old home at Chelmsford. The fire was almost out, only a few bright cinders remained in the grate, beside which Mercy was standing. Elizabeth had also come in, and a neighbouring friend; and, hark, outside the cottage, clear and sweet on the sharp frosty air, he heard the voices of the children, singing the Christmas carol.

He sat up, and looked about in bewilderment for a moment, and then he remembered all the events of the Christmas Eve just past, and he knew that he had been dreaming—that his excitement about going to London, his brother’s persuasions, the minister’s solemn warning, the drunk miller and his wife, and, above all, the large quantity of drink he had taken, and the conversation with Fred and Harry, had become all mixed up together, a confused jumble of ideas, in his naturally excitable brain, and had caused him to live, in uneasy slumbers, the life which he now felt might have been lived in reality had he carried out his purpose.

Oh, what a blessed feeling of relief he experienced, when he fully comprehended that he was not the ruined hopeless drunkard he had been in his dream! How he thanked God for thus making the drink which had threatened to be his ruin one of the instruments of his salvation, for saved he surely felt he was, not only from leaving home and friends to launch out into a career of folly and drunkenness, but, for the future, from the drinking itself, the great cause of his evil thoughts and actions, which he now firmly resolved, by God’s help, should cease to exert its baneful degrading influence over him from that very hour. Surely, it is true that “all things work together for good to those who love Him.”

E. A. W.
A CLERICAL PIC-NIC.

BY A LADY OF THE PARTY.

It occurs to me to send you the subjoined narrative, which might be placed, not inaptly, under the head of "Recreations of Teetotal Parsons!" We are sometimes invited to join the pic-nics of a clerical party in our neighbourhood; and the following little adventure recently occurred at one of these:

On a pleasant morning last summer I had the happiness of joining a party composed principally of clerical gentlemen and their lady friends, who set out from a large northern city for a day's "recreation" among the peaks and caves of D——shire. I should say, *en passant*, to justify the title of this article, that three-fourths of our *compagnons de voyage* were Total Abstainers. After a railway ride to the long, straggling town of C——, we found omnibuses waiting to convey us to our destination, some eight or ten miles distant. The drive there was highly picturesque and interesting, through wood and valley, moorland and mountain, until we arrived at the summit of a steep descent, the zigzags of which were to be attempted by the carriages alone. We took a shorter and more rugged path through a mountain-gorge of really Alpine pretensions and remarkable geological arrangement, called the Wynyates (wind-gates, from the fierce howling and eddying of the winds, when blowing from certain points of the compass). Exclamations of delight were elicited from all who traversed this bit of fine scenery; every one seemed to enter into the spirit of the scene and the hour, "and all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Immediately on reaching the level of the lovely valley, which had gradually been disclosing its beauties as we descended the gorge, we were requested to stop at a kind of grotto under the hill-side, containing inside a door, which forbade further ingress. At this point of our day's pleasure one of our most reverend and highly esteemed pioneers gave us a description of what was to be seen on the other side of this suspicious-looking door, he having three times before ventured beyond its dark portals. He concluded by saying that "the most timid lady need not hesitate, for though appearances might be against it, there was no danger whatever." After this comforting harangue no one dared turn coward, and all but a young lady, who just began to complain of a headache, prepared for the attempt. Then appeared on the scene an individual with candles of about a finger's length, and the company pairing off, each gentleman carried a light for himself and partner. When the door was opened we entered, and began to descend a stone stair to the depth of a hundred feet or so; and on arriving at its damp, dark, slippery termination, found awaiting us a large boat moored to the steps, and lying on water, but of what length, breadth, or depth, our glimmering tapers did not suffice to show.

Now, as we had determined to *dare*, asking no questions, the only point was, Could all be seated at once? Boatman said "No;" and on his rule, that half the party should first be taken, the foremost stepped into the boat, and seated themselves at its farthest end. To their astonishment, they found that the boatman had been overruled, and all came pouring in, packing as closely as herring in a barrel! Concluding that, on further consideration, one voyage only was needed, we sat perfectly cool and contented, daring all, asking no questions.

Soon we were started off, on certainly a dismal and ominous-looking expedition, our unaccustomed eyes seeing nothing but the dim light of the tapers and two rows of solemn countenances. Little by little we perceived we were launched on
a canal or a sewer of water as black as Erebus, of two feet broad on each side of the boat, and a low arch of dripping rock overhead, sides ditto, with clay. On we slowly moved, and as we all seemed right, gradually our countenances changed; voices in their usual tones were heard, then little snatches of laughter, and so on; till, everything still seeming right, two ladies were requested to sing a duet, which sounded strange, but pleasing, with its echo along the water. Next a glee was proposed—the "Canadian Boat-song:"

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

"The daylight's past" was a truism—a fait accompli—but did we imagine how near were the "rapids"? The reverend gentleman who had guaranteed our safety then proposed the 100th Psalm. All joined lustily in the solemn yet joyful measure; but its last echo had not died away before a strange rushing sound was heard, and lo! the poor heavily laden boat was fast filling with water, sinking us lower and lower each second of time, how deep we knew not! What was to be done? at first, was a hubbub of many voices, each trying to make more noise than another; but soon above all a stentorian voice cried out, "Listen to the boatman!" Silence at once ensued. Says the boatman, "Four get out immediately." "Where to?" cried each. "There," said the boatman, pointing to a cranny in the side of the rock. Two ladies and two gentlemen nearest this harbour of refuge, with two tapers in hands, stepped over and squeezed themselves in, thus lightening our fast-foundering boat! We were now about half a mile from the foot of the stair; but, leaving the four who sprang out cramped up in a hole of wet clay, we pursued our watery way to the large cavern we had come to explore, our lives for the present safe, but, with the exception of three or four at the highest end of the boat, in the most forlorn, cloggy, sodden, saturated condition. Most of us had been submerged to the waist, some higher, and all plastered more or less with clay from head to foot.

Had our disaster here ended, it would have been bearable; but the worst was, here we had to stay, with no guide, no light but the fast-falling tapers, in an icy-cold cavern, with not a dry inch to stand on, nor a dry foot to put on it. There was no vessel to bale the boat, so it was sent off to the stair, the boatman being assisted by some volunteers—young clergy of our party. In the mean time there were we, shivering, shaking, icy-clergy, nothing to light up the cave, and the horrid sound of rushing water from somewhere. At last some profound thinker proposed gymnastics, another dancing, "everything, anything under the sun," to keep us from our deaths of cold. A "potent, grave, and reverend signior" took the hint, another ditto followed, and each, gracefully holding a taper in hand, footed an elegant measure in the centre of the platform! Then a circle was formed round the two central figures, each person jumping up and down perpendicularly as high as he or she could. The few who did not join the mystic dance were so convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the scene, that it answered the purpose of warmth and light, for none of them came to grief after.

After all, it was no laughing matter. Here we were—old and young, delicate women in silks and summer muslins, elderly gentlemen, whom the thought of sitting in a draught would frighten—cut off from the outer world, dripping waist downwards with mud and water, and in a dank, frigid atmosphere, standing on the platform of a cavern, of which we could neither see top nor bottom! If any person could have suddenly come upon us, they would most assuredly have thought we were performing an incantation scene—the only appliance wanting was the "bubble bubble" of the witches' cauldron! Time advanced, how slowly
PROPOSED "CONGRESS" AT AMSTERDAM.

A RELIGIOUS Congress is announced to be held in the city of Amsterdam during the ensuing autumn season, commencing 26th August. The announcements made inform us that the "Fourth Section" will be occupied with the consideration and discussion of the subject of "Christian Philanthropy;" and the papers and conversations will include—"The Gospel and the Poor, Governmental care of the Poor, the Charity of Churches, and Individual Assistance;" also, "The Call of Christianity to combine the peculiar good in each of the following institutions:—Total Abstinence, Young Men's Associations, &c., as means for preventing or healing social evils." Among the detailed subjects for discussion are the following:—"How ought the feeling of the Church of Christ to manifest itself in the strife against the drinking usages which still exist in the army, navy, and civil society?" "Are institutions such as the German Vereins-hauser, and the English Home Mission houses, worthy of recommendation as suited for the Netherlands?"

We are glad to observe that our friends in the north of Europe are disposed to incorporate these important elements in the work of their "Congress."
ASYLUMS FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

BY W. DEAN FAIRLESS, ESQ., M.D., LATE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE OLD ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM, MONROE.

HAVING, for several years past, been much interested in the establishment of an Asylum or a Reformatory for the Intemperate, to which the poor victim might be sent for a suitable period, in order to escape from the fascination and power of the intoxicating draught, and its degrading and deadly associations, and so, by God’s blessing, to be won back to the paths of peace and happiness, I venture, through your pages, to bring under the notice of the abstaining clergy, and your readers generally, the claims of these institutions, believing them to be very pressing, and second to none of the great wants of the day. I do so, not because I have lost faith in the ordinary agencies of the Temperance movement, but because I believe the establishment of such an asylum would be a most important auxiliary, and one which would aim at accomplishing what the others are often manifestly unable to effect in very many cases of confirmed inebriation or dipsomania.

In the absence of more suitable places, such cases are often at present received as boarders in the houses of medical men or clergymen, or are sent to the lunatic asylum. Neither place is suitable; of the two the latter is perhaps most so; but it is wrong in principle and injurious in practice to shut up an “inebriate” with insane associates, even though the asylum possesses many amenities and suitabilities, the only excuse being the necessities of the case. The private house has many disadvantages—first, because the interest of the proprietor is frequently nothing more than money-making, the cure of the inmate being a minor consideration; and secondly, because it is essentially unsuitable for the purpose, as it is next to impossible in a small establishment to exercise the necessary control, or to provide the requisite employment and recreation; besides, if the benefits are to be extended to cases from the humbler ranks, by low rates of board, it can only be done by the reception of larger numbers of inmates than a private house could provide for. It is manifestly undesirable that such an institution should depend for its success and good management upon the character of the speculator, who may be a most unsuitable person to be entrusted with a charge so delicate and important; it is undeniably preferable that the home should be under the control of a public committee, whose actuating principle would be the desire to promote the great object of the institution.

The only satisfactory way in which provision could be made to meet this great want is by the opening of a public asylum for the intemperate, on a scale sufficiently extended to receive all grades of applicants. I do not advocate the slavish copy of a lunatic asylum, but a kind of aggregation of buildings arranged and furnished so as to provide for all ranks; these buildings may have covered communications so as to unite them together, and with the common kitchen, laundry, stoves, &c.; besides, there
should be a chapel, lecture room, and workshops of all kinds, with a farm and garden. At one time I would have advocated great remoteness from public-houses, but now I do not consider this a sine qua non, because, unless strictly watched, the more ardent inmates would walk ten, or even twenty miles for drink, and it is needless, on this account, to forego the many advantages accruing from proximity to a town or village; indeed, it would be next to impossible to secure isolation from places where drink may be procured. Of course, I desiderate the country, and a region where fresh air, cheerful scenery, and comparative removal from temptation can be obtained. The only safety for the inmates would lie in strict overlooking; attendants, such as we find in asylums, would be required not only to guard, but to guide and win them from evil habits. Would not many of our staunch and tried “teetotallers,” and other individuals of known principle, undertake such a work as a promising field of Christian usefulness?

I require to say little to enforce the necessity for such an institution. This is lamentably too obvious, for the evil, in one or other of its multiform shapes, causes “lamentation and mourning and woe” in almost every home in the land; rich and poor, young and old, men and women, are alike its victims. Opinions and practice may differ widely as to the best modes of promoting general temperance, but there is almost perfect oneness of opinion—that in thousands of cases the only hope of cure is to be found in surrounding the poor victim by an atmosphere such as I have tried to sketch. But where is it to be found? The city and the village are alike pestilential, and the home, alas! is often too. Entreaty and promise, trial and failure, have followed each other for many long years, till the hope of amendment has almost fled. Why, then, should our philanthropy pause here? Hospitals and homes, and retreats for almost every other form of social evil and suffering, abound in every corner of the land. Why have we none for intemperance, the great parent of so many of these evils? We labour by sanitary and other efforts to ward off disease and accident, yet we build infirmaries; we try by the preaching of the Gospel of purity to prevent the innocent from entering on the path of shame and vice, yet we require and provide our Magdalen asylums; and I fear, though we multiply our Temperance Societies and Permissive Bill Associations, still we shall find multitudes whom these agencies will never reach, and for whom we must build asylums if we mean to do everything within the range of Christian benevolence for their rescue. As to the possibility of curing such cases, I may remark that it is the decided opinion of many of the leaders of the medical profession, and of others, whose opinion is of great weight, that the drink disease can be cured, and that the only way is by the removal of the cause, the cutting off the inebriate from all access to intoxicants for a lengthened period, it may be of one or more years, and the effort during that time, by physical and moral training, combined when required with suitable medical treatment, to re-establish and make strong the habits of self-control.

It will be said that we have no legal power to enforce the residence of a
dipsomaniac in an asylum for the intemperate. Most true; but I opine this would be no real barrier to the success of the scheme; no doubt it might in many cases be a great blessing if some poor wretch could by legal power be summarily restrained from headlong ruin; but in other respects the want of this power would be rather beneficial than otherwise, for it would only be those individuals who wished to reform that would be placed in the asylum, and this voluntary co-operation would be invaluable, and make the prospect of cure more hopeful. There are few inebriates who have not, at some period or other of their career, had an overwhelming sense of their shame and degradation, and have yearned for delivery from their bitter yoke; and I believe that at these times they would hail with joy the friendly aid of such an asylum as the hand of a loving friend stretched out to help them; and, alas! such cases are neither “few nor far between;” there is every reason to believe that such applicants would be sadly too numerous. This has been the experience of our American cousins. The large Inebriate Asylum at Ringhampton, for the State of New York, was designed for 400 patients, and was opened about two years ago, and so great was the necessity for it felt, that before it was roofed in applications were received for 4281 inebriates, or more than ten times the number it could contain! And this, be it borne in mind, without any compulsory enactment. This asylum possesses 252 acres of land, the gift of the State, which are laid out in farms, gardens, and pleasure grounds. Quite lately it has been enlarged to meet the growing demand for its privileges. An earlier institution, though not so large as the “Washingtonian Home,” exists at Boston; it is only for men, but the great good it has effected has lately induced the philanthropists of Boston to establish a kindred institution, “where will be afforded to a limited number of self-indulgent women, whether addicted to opiates or stimulants, the necessary elements for their cure, namely, voluntary seclusion from temptation, the strictest privacy, if desired, a location in the immediate vicinity of the city, and yet unrivalled for purity of atmosphere and beauty of scenery.” In this country, the only place approaching the character of a public institution for the intemperate is the “Queensbury Lodgings” of the House of Refuge in Edinburgh, now in course of erection at the back of the Cannongate; it is for females only. I am very sorry that the Directors have not listened to the advice tendered, that they should erect the building (which is to cost £5000) in the country, away from the dingy precincts and myriad temptations of the Cannongate of Edinburgh. The applications for reception in this new house are already numerous, and from places as distant as London and Dublin. The Directors seem to contemplate at some future time a retreat for males, and, I am glad to say, in a rural locality.

What, then, is the practical lesson of this subject? It is, I humbly think, a call to the leaders of the great Temperance associations, such as the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, the National Temperance League, the Scottish Temperance League, the United Kingdom Alliance, &c., to give this subject a place in their deliberations; and who can predict the issue? It may be, and I pray God it may be, that they
resolve to attempt to add to each of their associations an Asylum for the Intemperate, as one of their ordinary agencies for the carrying on of the Temperance warfare, or, failing their power to do this as individual societies, that they should combine to erect at least one such institution. The work is peculiarly fitting for Temperance reformers, and by no other body of men and women could it be carried out so consistently, and with such directness of purpose; and in none would more confidence be reposed that they would do all that an enlightened philanthropy suggested to accomplish the great end.

It is not charity that is required. A considerable sum would be needed to buy a small farm, and erect and furnish a building to contain from 100 to 150 inmates at first, but after this is done the asylum would be self-supporting; the fees of the inmates would pay the expenses of management, and also assist to provide a fund for the future extension of the institution, and, in order to open the doors to every grade of society, the profits accruing from the handicraft of the inmates might be applied to reduce the rate of board paid. As the great object of the undertaking is the recovery of the fallen, and not the making of money, it would be the steady aim of the promoters to fix the lowest rates of board compatible with the efficiency of the place. What sum would probably be required? My experience of buildings is limited to asylums for the insane, and I know that an asylum fully equipped with every modern appliance can be provided for £100 a head, exclusive of the land; and as the expensive peculiarities of a lunatic asylum would not be required for the intemperate, I feel tolerably certain that a suitable building and farm could be provided for the sum I have named, with perhaps £10 or £15 a head more for furniture, so that an Asylum for the Intemperate to contain 100 patients could be provided for £12,000, more or less. But as the same staff and arrangements would suffice for double the number of inmates, it would be more economical to build for 200, so that a sum of £25,000 would be required for the purpose. This may seem a startling proposal, too wild for realization, but I need only point to our noble array of public and charitable institutions in reply. Permit me to say that if the 500 abstaining clergymen of the Church of England would agree to raise, on an average, £50 each, the thing would be done, the £25,000 provided! And it is in the power of the other associations, by means of their extensive ramifications, to raise similar sums; the spirited effort of the United Kingdom Alliance to raise its £50,000 fund is a case in point. It should ever be borne in mind that after the sum is once raised no annual subsidy is required, for the institution, when once started, would be self-supporting in an eminent degree.

It is with great diffidence that I have brought forward this most important subject, which I now commend to the prayerful consideration of the friends of Temperance, and of those especially who may have suffered from this wide-spread evil we all deplore; praying that God "may mercifully receive the prayers of His people who call upon Him; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord."
C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed by our Correspondents.]

(To the Editor of the “Kentish Gazette.”)

SIR,—You are no doubt aware that the Board of Management of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital has been requested by the governors at their last general meeting to take at once active measures to free the Hospital from its present debt, amounting to £387 11s. 1d., and that a special appeal has been made for donations, and additional annual subscriptions. Mr. Southee, the Secretary, informs us that “the greatest economy has been exercised in the Hospital expenditure.”

Confining my remarks to one branch of expenditure, namely, the sum expended on alcoholic drinks, a gradual decrease may be seen by the following figures:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Years</th>
<th>No. of In-patients</th>
<th>Consumption of Alcoholic Drinks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td>685</td>
<td>£215 8 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>625</td>
<td>193 2 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>643</td>
<td>167 6 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

As, however, the consumption for patients is still much above the average of many other Hospitals, and about three times the amount spent at one of them—South Hants—let us hope that Mr. Southee’s superlative “greatest” may prove indefinitely elastic.

May I suggest an easy method by which well-wishers to the Hospital, not being yet contributors, might aid in this good work, without injury to their health, or loss of money, namely, by making trial of abstinence from alcoholic drinks from this time until Easter; making over to the Hospital the sum thus gained.

Yours faithfully,

W. CLARKE,
Incumbent of Wingham, and one of the Hon. Diocesan Secretaries of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

To the Editor of the “Church of England Temperance Magazine.”

SIR,—Although I am not at present a member of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, I venture to take the liberty of requesting a few Tracts on the subject of Temperance or Total Abstinence, from which I could compile a small tract in Welsh for distribution among my parishioners, previous to my attempting to establish a parochial Temperance Association in my parishes. It is my intention to become a member of your Society, and to sign the pledge, should it be the wish of my parishioners that I should do so. One of your members—the Rev. R. Killin, now vicar of Clydach, in this county—is a neighbour of mine, and I intend to invite him to deliver a sermon on Temperance in my churches as soon as I see him. I have long felt a strong inclination to become a Total Abstainer, as an example to others; and the perusal of your excellent and interesting Magazine has confirmed my inclination, and that of my family. I shall be very happy to pay for any tracts you may be kind enough to send me.

With a fervent prayer that it may please God to prosper your efforts to promote the cause of Temperance,

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,

GEO. PHILLIPS.

RECTORY, DOLGENMAEN, TREMADOC, CAERNARVON;
January 22nd, 1866.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

On January 24th a very successful meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Richmond, Surrey, when the chair was taken by the Rev. H. Dupuis, the Vicar, who opened the meeting with prayer and a short address, in which he stated that, although he was not himself a total abstainer, yet he was prepared to say that he was engaged in no good work which was not hindered by drink. The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. Thomas Richardson, Hon. Secretary of our Society; also by the Rev. T. Pyne, Vicar of Hook, near Kingston, after which the chairman said he would do his utmost to help the cause with money, and would consider its principles carefully.

The doings in the Dioceses of Durham and Lichfield respectively being more fully given elsewhere, prevents the necessity of recurring to them here, but these have not been the only places where the work has been pressed since our last issue.

On the 19th of January our Travelling Secretary, the Rev. Thomas Rooke, addressed a meeting of St. Aidan’s Association, Birkenhead, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Baylee.

On February 7th Mr. Rooke attended and addressed a meeting at Wolverhampton, the Rev. J. H. Iles, Rector of Wolverhampton, in the chair. Professor Beckett read a paper on the “Sunday Closing Question.” This was the first public meeting of the “St. Peter’s Happy Home Union,” which name most truly describes the great end our Temperance reformation has in view.

On February 8th there was a large meeting at Reading Town Hall, when Lieutenant-Colonel Bazett presided, and which was addressed by the Rev. G. I. Tubbs, the Rev. Thomas Rooke, Lieut.-Col. Bazett, and Mr. Palmer. At the conclusion of Mr. Rooke’s speech, a stranger who had occupied a front seat requested leave to make a few observations, which being granted he came on the platform, and having wasted a good deal of time in very unnecessary preamble, during which there were various cries of “question,” “question,” he stated that he had tried Total Abstinence and found it had failed, and from the single instance of his own case proceeded at once, in spite of the old logic, argumentum a particulari ad universalem non valet, to assert that it would never do for any one who was accustomed to stimulants. As the testimony of 600 clergy had just been quoted on the other side, and as there were probably some hundred or more people in the room whose own experience contradicted the assertion of the speaker, the meeting declined to hear any more, especially as the hour was getting late, and other speakers were expected to address the meeting. It was, however, a pity that the anti-teetotaller could not be heard out, as Mr. Rooke and others were only waiting to answer the advocate of strong drink. If he, however, had wasted less time in his preamble, and condensed his account of himself, there might have been time for a discussion. Mr. Palmer, however, asked him to visit the Reading Association, and there they would have ample time to go into his reasons.

There have been two very interesting meetings held in Fulham and Windsor, to which I cannot do justice at present, so will hold the account over till next month.

I would venture, on behalf of the Committee of our Society, to urge upon intending contributors to our funds the importance of forwarding their subscriptions during the present month, as the financial year closes on 31st inst. The Committee look to all true friends of the Temperance movement to aid them in their effort thus to advance the cause generally.
FRUITLESS SEED-SOWING.

Dean Ramsay, of Edinburgh, has recently made a curious calculation by which he proves that something like four millions of sermons are annually preached from the pulpits of Great Britain. This enormous estimate of the numerical power of sermons actually preached has
called forth the strictures of not a few of the newspapers and other periodicals of the day. Some do no more than to state the bare announcement of the figures; others express their utter amazement at the fact; while many are bold enough to question the “Cui bono?” of this expenditure of time, and voice, and talent. We must confess to having felt a sensation of disappointment when we measured this vast array of sermons with the sin and sorrow, the woe and misery, the vice and crime, the degradation and drunkenness that so mightily prevail in this “land of sermons.” And the more we weighed the mass of existent evil over against this broad-casting of the seed of the Word, the more were we impressed with the admonitory truth contained in the motto of this paper—“Sow not among thorns.”

There is, no doubt, much of the seed of the Word sown in “good ground,” in the ordinary ministrations of the Church. When we take into account the large number of pious and devoted Christians who statedly repair to the House of God, and are refreshed by the ministry of the Word, we would fain hope that much of the good seed falls on good ground. But after these, what can be said for the result of Gospel preaching in the matter of the masses? What are the millioned people the better for the millioned sermons? We are convinced that the majority of our populations are beyond the reach of the preachers’ efforts, and beyond the power of their influence; and that even if they had the opportunity of hearing, they would still be without edification, because that so much of the seed of the Word is practically thrown away, seeing it is deliberately “sown among thorns.”

The initial parable of our Lord (Matt. iii. 3, &c.) answers in some measure to the earnest admonition of the Prophet—“Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns,” Jer. iv. 3. There are many points of striking resemblance and analogy between nature and grace; and oftentimes earthly things are made to serve as emblems of heavenly things. Thus, the sowing of the seed in the soil is like to the sowing of the spiritual seed in the heart. The seed is one; the soil is diverse; and by reason of the diversity of the soil is the diversity of the results. The nature of the soil consists of external circumstances, friendly or otherwise to the implanted seed. The husbandman therefore takes account of these external circumstances. If the soil is good he sows plentifully, and then strives to maintain the goodness of the soil, by preventing possible injury, by plucking up the incipient weeds, by careful watch and ward lest some “enemy” should come, and sow tares amid the pure grain. Or, if the soil be indifferent or bad, he observes the circumstances that contribute to, or cause, this character, and if they are removeable they are sure to be removed. He digs, he ploughs, he harrows and breaks up the fallow ground, he makes
deepness of earth, he eradicates the thorns, and does all that human power and skill can do, so as to warrant him in looking for and expecting a goodly harvest by and bye.

Here it is that nature teaches lessons that are too oftentimes overlooked in the workings of grace. The husbandman knows very well that natural causes produce their natural effects, and therefore he does not neglect the external characteristics of the ground; he does not trust the living seed to a dead soil, and demand a fruitful harvest; he does not overlook the existing evils; in a word, he does not sow among thorns. He knows better, and acts accordingly. Hence the words of the Prophet re-echoing the voice of nature—"Give ye ear, and hear my voice: hearken, and hear my speech. Doth the ploughman plow all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat and the appointed barley and the rye in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him," Isa. xxviii. 23—26.

Does God in nature thus instruct man to discretion, and are the children of grace so slow to learn the same great lesson of forethought and carefulness in spiritual things? We fear there is not that regard to the effect of external circumstances as there ought to be in the matter of the spiritual seed-sowing. In this respect it is indeed true that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." We are, all of us, day by day sowing "among thorns"—and so far our seed-sowing is a profitless toil, and our harvest a famine-crop of scant measure and an empty market. And this, in the face of causes that are acknowledged on all hands to be causes, directly and indirectly, of the failure and miscarriage of spiritual work. The natural thorns would be sure to be rooted out, all things that offend would certainly be removed, from the natural soil; but moral and social thorns and briars of the wilderness are permitted to remain, are allowed to take root, are suffered to ripen into a prolific harvest of their own, and to shed their seed from season to season over the wide field of society in which they are permitted to grow. Thus it is with the curse, instead of the blessing, that man fulfils his great commission—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth;" and therefore it is that he fails, and has hitherto failed, to "subdue it." Gen. i. 28.

The strong drink of this land is acknowledged to be one of the most prolific causes of the misadventure and failure of the Gospel in this country and its dependencies. "Four millions of sermons" and untold millions of other spiritual agencies are from year to year sown broadcast over the moral and social field, and, alas, much of this seed brings forth no fruit to perfection. And why? because the sowers of the
seed will persist in "sowing among thorns." And then—"The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful!" Mark iv. 19. Depend upon it, consequences are not without their antecedent causes; and while we know how many evils of our day may be included in the expression "lusts of other things," and in our measure as earnest men do what we can to prevent or remove them; yet would we here lay stress on the lust of Drink, the parent of many other lusts, and a sin that intensifies all other sins. It is this lust of Drink that, to so very large a degree, fills our gaols, replenishes our penitentiaries, gluts our hospitals, creates the people's poverty by absorbing the people's wealth; it is this that empties our Churches, and indisposes the mind of the masses of the people to the claims of religion; it is this that antagonizes the Church's work at every point; it is this that, more than any other such agency for evil, "chokes the Word"—this, the lust of strong Drink!

Then, if this be so, what is the manifest duty of Christian men? Is it to go on, as heretofore, with this labour in vain, this profitless seed-time, this unremunerative toil and effort of their hands? If so, it must be to go on, as hitherto, to reap as we have sown. We advocate the plucking up and the casting out of those thorns of the social and spiritual soil. "Sow not among thorns" is our plea for this expedient. There is quite enough in the human heart, beyond our power and beyond our reach, to resist the influence of the living seed; let us, then, deal at least with those evils that are within our power, and thus tend to make the hearts of our fellow-men in proportion better prepared for the reception of the good seed of the Divine Word. But know this, the great lesson of the Prophet's admonition, and of the Saviour's parable, is that the seed planted among the thorns not only will not, but cannot, bring forth fruit to perfection. Then, for the better reception of the seed, for the greater advantage of the seed, for the larger growth and increase of the seed, for the more plentiful fruits of the seed—"Sow not among thorns!"

"My mind is now in a wonderful condition of quiet and content, more than ever in all my life, since my minding the business of my office, which I have done most constantly. I find it to be the very effect of my late oaths [promises] against wine and plays, which, if God please, I will keep constant in; for now my business is a delight to me, and brings me great credit, and my purse increases too."—Pepys's Diary, vol. i. p. 377.
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.
No. II.—THE BRILL.

Not long ago we stood on the platform of the North-Western Railway Terminus, in company with a young curate, fresh from the quiet studies of the University, and the peaceful amenities of a distant home, and who looked amidst the hurly-burly of active London life, as bewildered as though he had dropped from the clouds. Our way lay through Somers Town, and halting at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, in the midst of the Chapel Street market, we asked our clerical friend what he thought of the busy scene around him. He thought it was rather pleasing than otherwise. “What would you say if you saw it at this time to-morrow, with its bustle, its crowd, and its noise just double what it is now?” “Never! impossible?” “True, nevertheless, impossible or not. Will you come and see?”

Between ten and eleven next morning we stand in the open space fronting the Brill public-house. Nearly the whole of Skinner Street, Brewer Street, Brill Row, and Chapel Street, and quite the whole of Weston Street, have their shops open, and crowded with purchasers. In very few cases, in the open shops, is there to be seen that inconsistent recognition of the claims of the day—a shutter or two left up. No, there is no half-and-half proceeding in the matter. The open fronts of the butcher, the fishmonger, and the greengrocer have no impediments in the way of the display of their goods. Scores of pairs of ankle-jacks dangle from iron brackets in front of the shoemaker’s. A row of crinoline skirts shades the pavement in front of the draper’s. Shutters resting on barrels, and loaded with pieces of salt pork, make a supplementary shop for the provision dealer. And the vegetable dealer seems to have found a double supply of baskets for the same purpose.

But the trading in the shops is but a fraction of the business done in the Brill market. Everywhere the street is filled with the heaped-up barrows of the costermongers; fruit, vegetables, and fish being the chief commodities. But other goods are there as well. There is one barrow filled with sea-shells, from twelve a penny to twopence each; another is filled with cheaply framed prints and looking-glasses, tin mugs, children’s rattles, and nutmeg graters; on a third, we are vociferously reminded by the proprietor, “every article is a penny,” and a hundred different kinds of small wares must be there. Here we dodge to avoid an unkempt barefooted girl with a bunch of onions in each hand, inquiring in her loud treble, “Who’ll buy the last two?” and here we are stopped by an ancient dame with a paper box of haberdashery, who tells us in a cracked whisper that she has the best shirt buttons and Whitechapel needles in London. This man, with a shallow box slung in front of him, invites attention to a dozen sheets of writing paper for a penny; and that one, with an old tea-tray in the same position, has chairs, tables, and bedsteads, all of his own make, at a penny each.

The din of voices is tremendous. Before turning out of the Euston Road we could hear the bells of a dozen churches calling worshippers to prayer. We cannot hear them here. “Three ‘apence a quart—Fresh and fine, fine and fresh—Best in London, marm—Sold again, who’s the next?—a penny, a penny only—Buy, buy—Seven and a half, that—Quarl-er-tee, quarl-er-tee, this way—All ware,” &c., &c., resounds on every side. Here a talkative man descants in something like eloquence on the merits of his halfpenny skins of blacking; and here is another in front of a stall, whose contents
we cannot see for the crowd, who is holding above his head two large phials, one with a preserved frog, and the other containing something like a mouse, and who is directing attention to some paintings on his stall, "That one, gentlemen, is a di-gram of the human body in all its cucerbosity, and that other one, gentlemen, is a 'larged di-gram of the adomable viscerations. Now, gentlemen," &c.—we know the request will be to buy pills and corn plasters at a penny a box.

But there is no drunkenness, no quarrelling. All is pure business—the intensity of buying and selling. This man is fluttering all over, in a strange manner, with the leaves of children's halfpenny books, of the largest and coarsest kind; and that one shines from head to waist with dogs' chains and collars. An indescribable smell pervades the market. It is a compound of fish, fresh and salt; of potatoes and greens; of "block ornaments" at 6d. and 6d. a pound; of fistian, and of fusitnes; united and fused into one odour by tobacco smoke, for ten per cent. of the whole assembly are smoking.

Who are the customers? Mainly of three kinds. We meet careworn women at every shop, whose everyday battle with poverty has left unpleasant marks upon them. Some carry baskets, but more improvise their aprons into bags, in which to take home the materials of a Sunday dinner. Many of these poor strugglers have come a mile to save a penny. We meet dustyard men and brickmakers; some in their ordinary soiled garb, and some in clean white frocks. These—or a majority of them—have first gone to the halfpenny barber—who requires an assistant on Sunday mornings—and are now crowding the shops of the shoemaker and slop clothier. And we meet a third class, dissipated in appearance, favouring frock coats, caps, and mustachios.—Sunday despisers from principle, who have come here for a little mild excitement, or to pick up something cheap, and who will clean themselves after dinner, and go to hear the bands in the parks. Two girls, bareheaded and untidy, have just stepped from the draper's door; one carries a bonnet shape, the other some yards of split cane and a little parcel in white-brown paper. They will go home and sit hard at work for some hours for the evening's adornment.

A brisk trade is doing in Weston Street in bird-cages, birds, and dogs. We meet a man here, the centre of an interested group, who wears a broad-skirted coat full of pockets, from each of which protrude the heads of various diminutive specimens of the canine family; he holds by strings a Skye terrier and a most unprepossessing small white bull-dog, "worth his weight in gold, if ye did but know it." Twenty yards further on, the centre of another group, stands his double, all but the bull-dog. And a little further is a third dealer of the same class, but his fancy seems more to incline to the black-and-tan kind.

In this street, mounted on a chair, his back against a lamp-post, stands a young man energetically advocating the claims of temperance. A large number of the idlers surround him, but buyers and sellers are too busy to give any heed. During the few minutes we listen we notice an occasional sign of dissent or derision, but no one interrupts. A policeman waits just long enough to ascertain the speaker's subject, and passes on; feeling it would be but an absurdity to tell him to dismount, on the plea of obstructing the thoroughfare. In the centre of the costers' barrows, facing the front doors of the Brill, stands an older man, chair-mounted, addressing the busy crowd on a graver subject. Three or four like-minded men surround him, who distribute handbills among the bystanders, and speak personally when they can get opportunity. Here again is no interruption. The costers wheel their barrows clear of their chair—they seem to have a perception that the man has come there for their good, and is entitled to civility.
at least. May success attend his efforts.
If any one is ungenerous enough to comment on his want of logic, or misplaced "h's" or his missing "g's" in present participles, we would answer,—show one half of his moral courage, and use it half as well, and you will be a much better man than you are.

And now the question is forced upon us—How came this huge scandal to the Christian metropolis of a Christian land? There is no man living who can remember the building of all the above-named streets. The Brill market has no charter of antiquity to sustain it. This question, however, is minor to another—What to do with it? It is admitted on all hands to be a sad disgrace to London; more so than the Petticoat Lane market, because that being located in the centre of the Jewish quarter, may plead on its behalf the Jewish national view of the Christian Sabbath; Petticoat Lane is quiet and decent enough on Saturdays. Vestries have talked about it; clergymen have preached about it; philanthropists have deplored it, and sent donations to the London City Missions about it; believers in the omnipotence of the Times have written to that paper about it; some feeble attempts have been made to legislate about it; but there it is, as busy and as brazen as ever, and this morning, with only a journeyman tailor and an ironmonger's shopman to bear a testimony against it, and make an effort to mitigate its enormity. Parochial legislation is too conscious of its own inefficiency to move in the matter. State legislation is too ponderous, clumsy, and blundering to be of use. What appears to be the real remedy is an improved state of public opinion on the duties and privileges of the Sabbath.

FACTS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.—No. II.

A Short time ago, in one of the Eastern Counties, lived George L,—a farrier, with his wife and six children. He had been always a sober, steady man, until after the birth of his youngest child, when he began drinking to excess, and would continue indulging in it for weeks at a time, neglecting his business, losing his customers, and ill-using his wife and children. Then, when money and credit were alike exhausted, he would suddenly return to his business, work hard night and day, taking little if any rest, and insisting upon his wife staying up all night with him to make chocolate or coffee for him while he worked, although she was in bad health, and was of course rendered worse by constant anxiety and want of rest. She tried her utmost to fulfill every wish of his to keep him from the drink, but in vain, she might as well have spared her own health and strength; his drunken fits became more and more frequent, until in his thirty-seventh year they drove him mad, and he became so frantic in his terrible fits of violence, cursing, swearing, and struggling, that it was with great difficulty three or four men contrived to hold him down on his bed; and so he died, shouting and entreaty to the last for more of the drink that had bereft him of all, even his reason and his life, and which had caused his wife and little ones to be left homeless and destitute, for Mrs. L—could not carry on the business herself; and but for the kindness of friends, she and her children would now have no refuge but the workhouse, because her husband had loved Strong Drink.
HAROLD VAUGHAN.
A T A L E.
By K. E. T.

CHAPTER I.

"Raise me higher, raise me higher, will you? Why don't you hear, Annie?" exclaimed an elderly woman, in a querulous tone of voice, to a girl of about twenty-one, who was busily engaged with her needle. The speaker was lying on a couch in the little front parlour of an exceedingly small house, situated in one of the narrow streets of a large town. Her features were naturally unpleasing, but with a more genial expression would have looked very different. As it was, it would have been hard in a twelvemonth to have found another face as soured by affliction, or distorted by discontent. Her will had not been brought into harmony with the will of God, in the dispensations of His providence towards her, and so she had felt all the bitterness of her trials without participating in the spiritual blessings designed to flow from them into her soul. The effect of unsanctified sorrow is always to harden; but where such a result is produced, it is the fault of the sufferer, for grace to profit by affliction is unfaillingly given to those who seek.

The girl rose hastily in obedience to her aunt's summons, but had not time to reach the couch-side, before the invalid again vented her ill-humour.

"One would think you were stone deaf, if your ears were not sharp enough sometimes, when it pleases you." Often and often had poor Annie Morgan wished that she could be deaf to her aunt's hard words. Sometimes she would answer her again, but she did not now; for once her spirits had left her.

"There, shake the pillows again, will you? They're not right yet. Some people say you have clever fingers: I wish I could find it out," said the poor fretful woman, after Annie had done her best to arrange everything for her comfort.

This taunt was too much to bear, and spiritless though she felt, the colour mounted up to the very roots of the girl's hair.

"If my fingers were not of some use, aunt, I wonder where we should be all now," replied Annie.

"Well, well, girl, think the best you can of yourself," was the only response made. Annie made no further reply, and sat down again to her work, but her heart seemed failing her at last, and the gathering tears almost blinded her. She never wept before others, and hastily rose to leave the room. "Don't go away, Annie," said the sick woman. "But I must, aunt," was the only answer that she received. The girl rushed to her little attic, and threw herself on her knees. "I must be patient," she murmured.
"God help me!" and the swollen veins in her forehead seemed to throb, as
if they would burst their bounds, but only a few scalding tears came; and soon she rose, and waited for flushed cheeks and burning brow to cool, before she returned to her needlework. "If possible, I must get that dress done to-night," she thought; "I have only about two hours' more work before it will be finished, and then I will take it home, and call at mother's as I come back; but no more tears, for they must not see I have been weeping there. God help me!" she again murmured, and feeling her own weakness knelt down for the second time, and said again and again that one short prayer. Then descending to the parlour, she was glad to find that her aunt had fallen into a sound sleep. She did not awake until the children, Jessie and Sarah, came in for their supper, when she exclaimed with a sudden start,

"Surely it isn't yet seven o'clock?"

"Yes it is, aunt," replied Annie quietly. "Would you like soon to go to bed?"

"Not I; you want to get rid of me, I suppose, but I shan't go until ten o'clock," was the fretful rejoinder.

"I have to take this work home, aunt," replied Annie, simply; "but if you are going to sit up, Jessie will do what you want whilst I am away."

"How long will you be?"

"I can't quite say, but an hour and a half, may be."

"It wouldn't take you a quarter of that time if you walked quickly."

"Perhaps not, but I have another errand as well, and cannot be back before,"

"Where are you going to?"

But Annie would not put up with further questioning, and telling Jessie to get her supper at once, and take good care of aunt, put on her bonnet and left the house. It was with a sigh of relief that she passed into the evening air, though it could not be said to be a pure atmosphere; but it was cool to her burning cheeks, and she felt happy at the thought that for more than an hour at least she would not be within sound of those fretful tones which she had no heart to bear then. "I can do better most days than I have to-night, thank God!" she thought to herself; "but what will become of me if Harold continues as bad as they say he is? Well, I have been in trouble before, and I haven't been left alone, and surely my Heavenly Father won't leave me now;" and the blessed words of Jesus came to her mind, "The hairs of your head are all numbered." Entering into the fulness of the thought, almost for the first time in her life, for, familiar though the words were, she had never seemed to feel their power before then, the tears came into Annie's eyes, and she paused at the corner of a quiet little street leading into a broad thoroughfare, and raising her eyes to heaven, murmured the brief prayer, "Father, my sorrows are not little in Thy sight, and his life is precious, oh, spare him!" Then, with a quickened step she entered the broad way, but the jostling crowd sadly hindered her. At last, however, the shop door, the brass plate upon which announced that Mrs. Woodhall, milliner and dressmaker, was owner of the establishment. An elderly woman, the embodiment of neatness, and with her grey hair parted
upon a well-shaped brow, from beneath which a pair of clear dark eyes looked kindly out, addressed Annie with a smile as she entered.

"Well, you have been quick, if you've finished that dress yet, but I don't think you have, Annie; that trimming has puzzled you."

"I thought I understood how you wanted it done, Mrs. Woodsall, and so I have ventured to do it all," replied Annie, as she unfolded her work, and exhibited it to the scrutinizing eyes of the milliner.

"And you have done it right too," replied the latter, carefully examining the dress for a moment, adding, "I will pay you for it now, and perhaps you would like to take more work home with you. There's a piece I want finished in two days, for I've promised it, and I would rather give it to you than to any one, for I know you would do it well; but it's too much for one pair of hands in so short a time, so I must give it to the girls upstairs."

"Will you let me see it, if you please, Mrs. Woodsall?" replied Annie, "perhaps I can do it; and I shall be very glad to undertake more work than I have lately, if you will be so good as to give me more."

Mrs. Woodsall raised her eyes to Annie's face with a searching glance, which was quickly succeeded by an expression of tender kindliness.

"You are not very well, Annie, your cheeks are flushed, and you have an anxious look; tell me what is the matter. Why do you want more work? you are doing too much, I think, now, dear child."

The kind words brought the tears into Annie's eyes, and she paused a moment, feeling that she could not command her voice.

"I can do more, Mrs. Woodsall," she answered; "I am not working too hard, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me take this dress home, you shall have it back in good time."

"Yes, I can trust you; but you shall only take it conditionally. Tell me first, Annie, if you have any fresh cause for care?"

Again the poor girl paused, for when she tried to speak her voice forsook her, but calmness came at last.

"Harold is ill, Mrs. Woodsall, very ill; his mother has sent down a message to tell me so, and I am going there now, for he has come home. You are so kind to me," she added gratefully, "that I am glad you should know of it, for you will not pity me, but will feel with me, and will help me to bear up. And now I will take the work and will go, please. Good night, dear Mrs. Woodsall."

"Good night, and God bless you, child."

Again Annie passed into the crowded street, and threaded her way through its busy throng, longing, yet dreading to reach the spot whither her steps were bound, not knowing the tidings she might receive.

CHAPTER II.

ANNE had knocked, and was listening anxiously for an approaching footfall. It was a neat little house in a respectable neighbourhood, at the door of which she was waiting to enter; but a drizzling rain had set in, and the
poor girl almost shuddered at the dismal foreboding look of everything, as she cast her eyes up and down the street. Her anxiety increased with every moment's delay, and she knocked again gently. A second more and the door was opened by a plainly dressed woman of about fifty years of age, in a widow's cap, with a careworn though kind face.

"Thankful to see you, Annie," she said as she kissed the girl. "I thought you would come to-night."

"I was sure to come, mother dear!" Annie said, and looked into the woman's face for answers to the questions she dared not put; and she read some of them there, for it was a truth-telling countenance.

"He is very ill—never likely to be any better; it is a good thing that you have come."

"He is sleeping now," added Mrs. Vaughan, for such was the woman's name, "and heavily too, from the doctor's medicine, so you will not disturb him by going in; and it will be better for him to see you by his bedides when he awakes, and excite him less, than to hear you are in the house, dear, and watch for you to come in. He knows that I sent for you. Ah, Annie, this is a sad coming home; but thank God, he is here at last. It was thought he would scarcely live through the journey; but God is good to us, even when He afflicts us most, and it is not for His pleasure, but 'for our profit,' that He thus deals with us. We know that He doth not willingly grieve us."

"Let me go to Harold at once, mother, please. Where is he?"

"In my own room, my child, for should he not have the best?"

Mrs. Vaughan went upstairs, and Annie stole gently after her, and entered the sleeper's room. Alas! how changed since she saw him last. She turned away, and hid her face in her hands.

"Mother dear, I must stay with him to-night."

"Aye, aye, child, it is like enough you must stop."

The words might have sounded cold and hard to a stranger's ears, but they did not seem so to Annie. Mrs. Vaughan was one of those persons whose resolution of character prompts them to hide their own feeling, and check the undesirable outburst of grief in others, by a manner which those who know them not often pronounce to be utterly heartless. Ah, how many of her neighbours wronged Mrs. Vaughan thus, for she was always suffering most keenly when, bracing herself to the endurance of grief, she appeared most calm. Her heart ached for Annie, and the "cold hard way" so many talked about showed it then to the poor girl. "I must go home first, mother; I shall not be long away. God help us all!" and the tears gathered fast in the sad eyes, and rolled heavily down the hot cheeks.

"Have you all you want for him, mother? can I get anything?"

"No, no, child—not you indeed."

"Mother, you must let me, or it will break my heart. I have money to spend with me, and if I am his surely all that I have belongs to him; he shall have it, and nobody else. Tell me what I may get for him?"

No further resistance was possible, and fairly overcome, Mrs. Vaughan
wiped her eyes, and answered, "Well, well then, dear, please yourself." A few short directions were given to Annie, and she hastily left the house.

We will leave her, threading her way again through the crowded streets, and turn to some of the previous years of her life.

Annie Morgan was an orphan. Her father had been an artist of great talent, but of rather extravagant habits and naturally feeble health. These circumstances (added to the necessarily precarious nature of his profession), had kept his family in great poverty, and had seemed to render it desirable for Annie, who was the eldest, to contribute something towards her own support, and she was therefore apprenticed to a milliner. Her mother died shortly after, leaving four children, between the ages of seven and sixteen; and the only son who was at that time about fourteen, survived her only a few months, sinking under a spinal complaint from which he had suffered many years. Mr. Morgan felt the loss of his wife and son deeply, and it may be that some self-reproach mingled itself with his regret; for though his money had never been wasted in those habits of sinful indulgence, those "lusts," respecting which the solemn language of Scripture is, that "they drowned men in destruction and perdition," conscience whispered to him that he had expended in the gratification of refined tastes, many a five-pound note which should have provided almost necessary comforts for his family; and it was not until after his wife's death that he discovered the amount of self-denial that she had practised to cover his self-indulgence.

His own long-shattered constitution gradually gave way, and he survived his wife only three years. But about two years before his death, in the hope that it might be for the good of his children, as well as in the kindness of his heart, he had offered the shelter of his roof to a widowed sister of his late wife: suddenly deprived of her husband, she had been left with the small provision of only twenty-five pounds a year for her sole support; but this enabling her to keep herself in clothing and pay a small sum towards her board, Mr. Morgan had not felt that it would be an unjustifiable increase of expenditure to receive her into his family. Annie's apprenticeship had not then expired, and as she was under Mrs. Woodsall's roof, Mrs. Halton took the head of the little establishment, and for a time all seemed to prosper; but upon Annie's return home she was regarded and treated as an interloper, and though she never complained, Mr. Morgan soon perceived that he had taken a false step. But his sister-in-law had never been very strong, and being seized with an attack of paralysis, was deprived of the partial use of her limbs. Mr. Morgan felt it to be impossible now to request her to seek another home, as he had intended, and his own death following soon afterwards, Annie was left in the most painful and responsible situation, attempting to supply the place of father and mother to her young sisters, and the post of nurse to her aunt, whilst by her industry the daily bread must be earned. All that remained to her of her father's profits and savings was husbanded carefully for the rent, and her busy needle must of necessity find the rest; but it was hard work, and, conscious though she was of the value of education, her sisters would have had to go untaught,
had it not been for the kindness of the clergyman, in sending them to the parochial school.

Annie Morgan had a brave heart, and she worked on unceasingly, believing that her heavenly Father would fulfil the blessed promise of Scripture, which she felt belonged to herself, and her orphaned sisters, and that He would not permit them really to be in need. But there were times when her spirits flagged, and when the consciousness that there was a limit to her physical powers of exertion would force itself on her mind. But though the root of her calm endurance and untried effort was to be found in her faith in God, she was cheered by the hope that she would not always have so much to do and bear, and that a day would come, perhaps, when it would be the happiness of another to work for her.

Yes, Harold Vaughan loved her; she knew that, and, though for many years they might have to toil on apart before he could provide for her the bright little home she pictured, it was happiness enough for the present to know that in heart they were given to each other; and she could wait, and not only wait, but bear patiently the cross looks and snappish words of her poor aunt, and give back to them kind, bright answers, because of the sunshine within her breast.

It was true Harold Vaughan was in London, and, as clerk in a business house, could rarely afford the money or get the time to come so far north to see her, especially as he was an only son, and his mother was dependent upon him; but then he often wrote to her, and his letters were full of affection, and one was enough to make her happy for many a weary hour and long day. But a shadow had fallen upon her bright hope of the future during the last few months, and Annie had struggled hard to keep up beneath its gloom. She would scarcely believe it at first, and looked out for the sunshine still, but his letters had troubled her, though she scarcely knew why, sometimes. Then she heard of a hard dry cough and of medicines. The climax had come at last, and on the day on which we have introduced Annie to our readers, a message had been sent by Mrs. Vaughan to tell her that Harold had come home, ill. "Poor mother!" murmured Annie, for such she always called her, saying, "Why should I not, for she will be mine?" "Poor mother!" she murmured to herself, as she retraced her steps rapidly from her own home; but she went no further—she dared not go, and shuddered at the sad thought suggested by the brief sentence that she had sighed forth.

(To be continued.)
DIOCESAN ASSOCIATIONS.

WINDSOR.

The Fifth Anniversary of the Windsor Working Men's Temperance Association occurring on Sunday, February 11th, a sermon explanatory of the objects and principles of the association was preached by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, vicar of Windsor, and on Monday the usual tea and public meeting was held in the Royal Free and Industrial Schools. About 200 members and their friends partook of tea, after which they adjourned to the Upper School-room; the number then assembled being about 300. The chair was taken by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, President of the Association, supported by the Rev. S. J. Stone, Vice-President, the Rev. — Paull, and several ladies who take a deep interest in the welfare of the association.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. H. W. Ellis, read the Report, which stated that during the past year 429 have signed the pledge, of whom 135 are soldiers belonging to the two regiments which were stationed at Windsor in the spring, and who have all left the town since that time. Of the remaining 294, 90 are known to have broken the pledge; thus (as far as can be ascertained) the result of last year's work is the addition of 339 names to the list of Total Abstainers. Your Committee cannot but feel that many of those who have broken the pledge would have remained true if they had availed themselves of the opportunities and assistance which are offered to all those who join the association.

"Reviewing the whole of the circumstances connected with the association, we think we have great cause to be thankful, and to encourage us in the good work in which we are engaged; many victims of intemperance have been reclaimed, and are now steadily treading the paths of sobriety, realizing in their own persons, and also in their families, the benefits resulting from entire abstinence from those drinks which were the cause of their poverty and wretchedness."

The Report further says—"We have to record with great pleasure that the weekly meetings have been well attended, the numbers varying from 80 to 200; we look upon these meetings as the means of binding us together in Christian brotherhood; and of bringing us under the influence of higher principles, being as they are the special agency for Scriptural instruction, for prayer and exhortation."

There is now a ladies' committee formed for the special purpose of visiting the female members of the association.

The President, after the reading of the Report, briefly addressed the meeting. He said that the prosperity of the Society depended entirely upon its being blessed by the Holy Spirit, and he thought we have reason to believe that that blessing has hitherto rested upon our efforts, inasmuch as, looking at the records of the reformation of many amongst us, it is evident that the work is prospering; that being the case, he thought we might safely invite the Christian people of our land to join us in the effort to reclaim the drunkard, and also upon those who are indulging too freely in drink, to join us and save themselves, reminding them that neither as a precautionary measure, nor as a work of necessity, would the pledge be of any use except those who adopt our principles go one step further and seek after the only way by which we can be saved here and hereafter, viz., Faith in, and union with, Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, Vicar of Long Wittenham, Oxon, expressed the great pleasure he felt at visiting and witnessing the growing prosperity of an association which he had visited when it
was in its infancy. He then recapitulated some of the effects of the excessive use of alcoholic drinks which had come under his own notice.

Mr. D. Kilpatrick, in the course of a long and interesting address, refuted the charge which is often made against Total Abstainers, viz., "That it is not manly," expressing it as his opinion that it is more manly to exercise self-denial than to indulge in self-gratification, because self-denial is the root of all that is manly.

The Rev. S. J. Stone then read "Eliab," a poem which has been published in the CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE.

The Rev. H. J. Ellison moved a vote of thanks to the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck and Mr. D. Kilpatrick for their kindness in coming to address the meeting, which was carried by acclamation.

Fourteen signatures were taken after the meeting. The band of the Association performed during the evening.

FULHAM.

The first quarterly tea-meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday, the 24th ult., in the school-room, St. John's, Walham Green: the Rev. W. E. Batty, incumbent of St. John's, in the chair, president of the Association. Tea and bread and butter, followed by a plentiful supply of cake, was provided at 6d. per head, which 130 persons discussed amid much good humour and pleasant conversation. About 7 o'clock the tables were cleared, and some amateurs, who had kindly offered their services, proceeded to interest the audience with music. A piece for four hands on the piano was performed by two ladies; followed by some lively glees, which were listened to with great attention, and now again called forth a hearty encore. At 8 o'clock the doors were thrown open, and a public meeting held; the room was well filled, some 300 persons or more being present.

The chairman commenced by stating that he could have wished to have been able to announce to the meeting that the number of converts already gained to the association were larger, but that "the day of small things" was not to be despised. The fire which sent up the greatest and brightest flame did not always last the longest; the boat's crew which started with the greatest spirit and the greatest splash was not the most likely to win the race; and the building which sprang up the most rapidly was not, probably, the best founded or the best built. Instead of scanning the slow or rapid upgrowth of the building, it was wiser to look to the foundation, and make sure that the basis of the institution had been rightly laid. That basis was the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only remedy for the sin of man. We recognise in the Temperance movement no such remedy in itself, but only a help towards it, only a stepping-stone towards the shore of safety from the wreck and ruin of sin. He expressed a hope that the good wishes and prayers of his parishioners would help forward their new institution; and that the quarterly tea parties would be conducive to this end. A good deal of brotherly kindness was apt to circulate among cups and saucers; a good deal of warm feeling to be generated by the steam of a tea-pot; and he hoped that pleasure and profit would be derived from their future meetings. The chairman concluded by calling on the Rev. H. J. Ellison, vicar of Windsor, to address the meeting.

The Rev. H. J. Ellison instanced several cases to show the futility of the pledge when unaccompanied by religious habits, and concluded by inviting the gentry, for their example and influence sake, and the members of the working-classes for their own, to become members of the Society, adding that he trusted that the words of his brother-in-law (the President) would
be fulfilled, and that the "little one," of which this was the first quarterly meeting, would become a thousand.

Mr. Kilpatrick, a member of the working-classes, in a speech delivered with much energy and some humour, next addressed them in an accent which proclaimed the land of his birth. He began by saying that Scotland was the best country in the world "to live out of;" that he came South to better his condition, but finding his income not sufficient determined to try teetotalism, simply as a means of increasing his income; his wife at first disapproved, but changed her mind on finding that she gained her money and her husband too. He had found difficulty and opposition in keeping his pledge at first, but he had found greater invigoration in spending his 2d. in a cold bath, instead of beer; he had been enabled to insure his life, and had made himself more valuable as a workman. The speaker concluded by saying that as his former companionship had a tendency to lower him in the social scale, the contrary was now the case; that he had already formed a library, and could enjoy converse with such men as Hugh Miller, Burns, &c. He warmly endorsed the sentiments of the preceding speakers as to the uselessness of the pledge when it is rested in, and not made a means to, an end.

An appropriate hymn was then sung, and the meeting closed by a vote of thanks to the chairman and speakers, which was carried unanimously. Twenty-two persons signed the pledge after the meeting.

SOCIAl MEETINGS AND DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

The following is an incident in the early life of Sir Matthew Hale, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England:—Mr. Hale, with some other young students, being invited to be merry out of town, one of the company called for so much wine that, notwithstanding all that Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, he went on in his excess, till he fell down as dead before them; so that all that were present were not a little affrighted at it, who did what they could to bring him to himself again. This did particularly affect Mr. Hale, who, thereupon, went into another room, and shutting the door, fell on his knees and prayed earnestly to God, both for his friend, that he might be restored to life again, and that he himself might be forgiven for giving so much countenance to so much excess; and he vowed to God that he would never again keep company in that manner, nor drink a health while he lived. His friend recovered, and he most religiously observed his vow till his dying day. And, though he was afterwards pressed to drink healths, particularly the king’s, which was set up by too many as a distinguishing mark of loyalty, and drew many into great excess after his Majesty’s happy restoration, he would never dispense with his vow, though he was sometimes roughly treated for this, which some hot and indiscreet men called obstinacy. This wrought an entire change upon him; now he forsook all vain company, and divided himself between the duties of religion and the studies of his profession; in the former he was so regular that, for six and thirty years’ time he never once failed going to church on the Lord’s Day. This observation he made when an age first interrupted that constant course, and he reflected on it, as an acknowledgment of God’s great goodness to him, in so long a continuance of his health. He took a strict account of his time, of which the reader will best judge by the scheme he drew for a diary.—

Matthew Hale, by Dr. Gilbert Burnet.
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

A SKETCH FROM COMMON LIFE.

BY THE REV. T. HOLME, M.A.

The week days' work was done,
A happy wife was she,
Her bright-eyed boys in night-gowns white
Had prayed beside her knee:
She kissed their ruby lips, and said,
"God bless you both, and guard your bed."

She sat before the fire,
The well-stored table near;
The kettle singing on the hob,
Gave note of coming cheer.
The empty, cosy elbow chair,
Stood waiting for her husband there.
A favoured house it was;
    Comfort in every nook;
The richest lord in all the land
    For more in vain might look.
Alas! that drink, ere morning light,
Should mar that scene with withering blight!

Hears she the step which used
    Her heart with joy to fill?
Not that, nor many more besides.
    Now all is hush’d and still,
Except the tickling clock, whose sound
Mock’d hope, as moved the pointer round.

As pealed the midnight hour,
    Her fears could wait no more;
She threw a kerchief round her head,
    And paced before the door.
It was a stilly, moonshine night,
And almost clear as midday light.

Up from the Angel Inn,
    Far off, she starts to hear
The shouts and oaths of angry men,
    Her heart grows chill with fear;
Comfort she draws from one blest thought,
  He ne’er got drunk—He never fought!

Louder the voices rise,
    And then a fearful pause
On gentle breeze is borne along,
    The sound of hollow blows.
A heavy fall! fierce words of men
Burst on her tortured ear again.

Heart-sick, she rushed within
    That room where peace had dwelt,
For strength to bear her spirit up
    In humble prayer she knelt,
But most she prayed for each poor wife
Of those engaged in drunken strife.

She rose relieved; but moved
    With sad, foreboding fear,
She threw herself upon the bed
  Where slept her children dear:
Of harm unconscious there they rest,
Their very smiles her soul distrest.
Faintly at first, and then
Distinct along the street,
Mixed with low murmur"ring words, she hears
The heavy tread of feet.
A gentle rap upon the door
Announced the mournful load they bore.

She would have shrieked, but "Hush!"
So spoke a gentle voice,
"Your husband's life hangs on a thread,
Nor bears exciting noise."
Stretch'd out on that once hallowed bed,
Half dead the bleeding man was laid.

His strong, athletic limbs,
And open, manly face,
Bruised and disfigured lay—so bruised,
His features none might trace.
Unhappy man! woe worth the hour
He fell subdued by drink's vile power!

She kissed his swollen lips;
His clammy hand she pressed;
No tongue could tell the cruel grief
Pent up within that breast:
She breathed an agonizing prayer
That God, in love, his soul would spare.

He heard, and grasped her hand,
And said, "Amen, Amen!"
The hand relaxed its grasp—death struck,
Nor ever stirred again.
Thus quenched the light of these poor three;
Dark, dark their future now will be.

Oh! sisters—mothers—wives,
Of high and low degree!
Such scenes as these, the fruits of drink,
Your sex are doomed to see.
How can you scorn those friends who strive
From Britain's shores your curse to drive?

Ye sisters—mothers—wives!
Oh! will you not unite,
And join our self-denying band,
Your sex's cause to fight?
With woman's smile to light our way,
Our watchword "Love," we'll win the day!

The Vicarage, East Cowton.
DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

The doings of drink, although without their usual place in our last number, in consequence of the great press of other matter, were not, alas! without their place in the criminal records of our country.

It is impossible for any one who gives even a cursory glance at our every day newspapers, not some time or other to have convictions flashed on his mind as to the curse this drink fiend is to our countrymen. But yet it is not until after a constant attention to the frequent recurrence of crime from this cause alone that he can at all approach to a realization of this curse in all its dreadful bearings.

Look at the following extract from one of the northern papers:

"Dreadful End of a Carlisle Tradesman.—It is our painful duty to record the death of Mr. John Nanson, butcher, of Fisher Street, his body having been found in the Caldew on Wednesday morning. It is a question whether suicide or accident resulted in his drowning; and the jury, taking a lenient view, returned an open verdict; but there can be no question that unlicensed indulgence in drink was the primary cause. He had been in a chronic state of intoxication for two years, both before and after the death of his wife, and it was given in evidence that during the whole of that period he had perhaps not been six weeks sober. He was sometimes the victim of delirium tremens, in which state he saw hideous creatures in vacancy; and when out by the river side, he imagined living things skinned about on the surface of the water. It is on the latter fact that the supposition is based which attributes his death to accident. He seems to have been sober since Sunday, and in consequence delirium tremens had possession of him in a fearful manner. On Tuesday night he went to bed between eleven and twelve o'clock, but could not sleep. He got up several times, and was very excited. He imagined he saw people about the room, and his senses seem to have deserted him. He was attended by Mr. Rowell, publican, Irishgate Brow, with whom he stayed; and though deceased appeared to understand what his attendant said, he peevishly contradicted him in everything. He made several attempts to get out of the house, in which the landlord opposed him; but he managed to throw Mr. Rowell down, and eventually got out, about half-past three on Wednesday morning. He was afterwards seen in the street between five and six, but about a quarter past eight his body was found in the Caldew, 150 yards below the Caledonian Railway.
DOINGS OF DRINK.

Bridge. The depth of water where he lay was about half a foot, and his coat was turned up over his head. He was lying face downward, his right hand being under his breast, and the left stretched out. The inquest was held before John Carrick, Esq., deputy coroner. The facts recited above having been given in evidence, Mr. Carrick pointed out their bearing upon the supposition of suicide; but the jury preferred the open verdict of ‘Found Drowned.’”

And at these:—

A FATHER ATTEMPTING TO ROAST HIS CHILD ALIVE.—A pitman named Dudley, living at Castle Eden Colliery, had been drinking with some of his comrades the other day, and had gone home drunk and in a very excited state. His wife began to scold him, and the result of some angry words was a fight between them, the wife having cut his face. The husband became so enraged that he seized hold of his child, about six years old, and threatened to throw it behind the fire. On his attempting to carry his threat into execution, the wife ran out of the house and called in some neighbours. On their arrival they found the fellow had, in attempting to burn the child, upset a teapot which was on the hob, and the contents were scattered over the body and legs of the child, scalding it in a serious manner. The brutal and unnatural father has absconded.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH OF A WOMAN AT PENRITH.—An inquest was held on the body of a middle-aged woman named Jane Vipond, who was found dead at the foot of the stairs in her own house on the previous day. The woman, it appears, was in the habit of partaking freely of intoxicating drinks, and on the day of her death her two daughters threatened to leave her if she did not reform her habits. Mrs. Vipond then sent for her son, who visited her about noon. His mother appeared to be under the influence of drink, and he put her to bed, and left the house shortly afterwards to return to his employment. Shortly after the old lady had gone to sleep, her daughters left their parental roof with the intention of proceeding at once to Liverpool. They barred the door after them, and farther on in the afternoon the neighbours on each side of the house, which is situated in Graham Street, Penrith, conjectured that something was wrong, and a consultation was held among them. While they were standing outside the house they heard a rumbling sound, and Mrs. Russell’s husband at once opened the back window, entered the house, and discovered the lifeless body of deceased, who, in a state of helpless intoxication, had fallen down stairs. The legs were upon the stairs, and the head, which was lying in a pool of blood, appeared to have struck the stone floor beneath. There was a large wound on the right temple, and another above the ear, one of which was sufficient to cause death. A medical man was immediately sent for, and the body of the unfortunate woman was at once lifted up. The deceased belongs to a most respectable family, and was well connected. The jury returned a verdict of “Accidental death.”

“Accidental death!” Oh! how does this fiend immerse the life of body and soul, break up families, and desolate our English homes! If such “accidents” happened under any other circumstance, how many M.P.’s would be starting up to ask in their places in the House of Commons, What is government intending to do to stay or prevent these evils?

Here, indeed, we have need of reform; how many thousands would a Temperance reformation add to the list of voters! how many restored to respectability and competence would thus raise themselves to the enjoyment of the franchise, and, we need hardly add, that those thus recovered and raised, would soon press upon their parliamentary representatives the necessity for reducing the amount of temptation to drunkenness at present legalized by the statute-book.
A MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.

BY F. COLLIER, ESQ., SURGEON, LEAMINGTON.

Great complaints are often made, and certainly not without reason, that medical men are in general great hindrances to the Temperance cause. We have, indeed, the confession of 2000 medical men who have subscribed to the safety and advantage of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating beverages. But while we rejoice in this confession, we cannot but deplore the absence of this principle in medical practice, and not only its absence, but as a general rule the aversion apparently to anything approaching to it. Let but a medical man be known as an absolute abstainer from such drinks, and that he carries his principle fully out in his practice, and he will require much faith, much courage, and much independence of mind, for in all probability he will become at once a marked man; he will be said to be eccentric, which is often a polite way of intimating a little weakness of intellect. And though his former medical associates may in discussion allow the truth of many of his arguments, yet they do not conceal their dislike or distrust of the results of the practice, and not seldom take an opportunity of shewing that all confidence in him is gone. Now why is all this? Is there any danger to the public from Total Abstinence, or is the danger to the profession?

A young lad came to me some time ago, requesting me to give him a certificate of health to enable him to become a pupil teacher in a school. As he had never been a patient of mine, and only known to me as being a member of the Band of Hope, I asked him why he applied to me. In reply, he said that he came to me because they had no doctor in his father's family, for which he very naively gave me this reason, "for they were all teetotallers." Now, if this lad's reasoning be correct, we may well tremble for our profits should your Temperance principles prevail; and no doubt our most onerous duties, if not our most lucrative profits, arise from the consequences of intoxicating drinks.

After nearly half a century spent in the active duties of professional life, partly in an agricultural district, and afterwards in this town, one may form a tolerably accurate opinion of the value of alcohol as a medicine. Formerly I confess I was biassed to the advantage of stimulants as medicines, in moderation, and perhaps scarcely aware of the very great evils of drunkenness. About thirty years ago I had the honor of attending an old gentleman ninety-five years of age. He had been tolerably hale till within a few weeks of his death, and besides other stimulating drinks which he partook of freely, his constant companion was the gin bottle, from which he was very frequently partaking,
so that during his waking hours he was scarcely free from its influence, yet never exhibited any symptoms of intoxication. This had been his practice for several years. This case seemed to me at that time a strong proof that such stimulants, when the system was gradually accustomed to them, did not shorten life.

Cases did occasionally occur in practice (of great exhaustion for instance) in which the stimulus of alcohol was decidedly useful, and I thought at that time they were absolutely necessary, but I am convinced now that other stimulants would have done the same amount of good without the danger of subsequent evil. I once gave a patient who was entirely unused to such stimulants, but was then in a state of great exhaustion from loss of blood, nearly a pint of brandy in the course of two or three hours, without producing the least intoxicating effect, and I believe it was the means of saving her life. I think now that some other remedy would have answered the purpose quite as well as the brandy, without its danger. It is a curious fact, that on giving the same patient, a few hours after, a little more stimulant, but now diluted with water, she complained of its being too strong, and requested to have some such as she had taken in the night, which in fact had been pure brandy.

Within the last twenty years I have had the pleasure of attending another patient who had attained the age of ninety-five. This old lady, unlike my former old patient, had been for many years an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, as well as from animal food. Although thus spare in habits, as well as spare in her person, she had, I believe, enjoyed a very fair share of good health for many years. Hence if life may, with God's blessing, be preserved for nearly a century with total abstinence from all intoxicants, what immense dangers, both to body and soul, to family and friends, are avoided by it.

I have alluded above to the difficulty an abstaining practitioner of medicine has in carrying out his principles with his patients; perhaps to one of this class it is rather a fortunate circumstance that in this country at least, almost all the common intoxicating drinks are so adulterated, so compounded with vile drugs, acids, and poisons, that without pressing closely his point about total abstinence at once, he may, by his word, remove from his patient any particular drink, pointing out the evils which may arise from it, and appealing to his good sense to refrain from it. We must do that which is practicable, for few persons are aware of the obstacles thrown in our way by the prejudices of patients themselves, the urgent wishes of relatives and friends, and the recommendation of non-abstaining medical practitioners.

My principal reason for writing this paper is to state my own personal experience in the matter, and, however unpleasant it may be to write
about self, yet if it should prove at all useful to others I shall be thankful for it. Perhaps there is no class of disorders more general, and none more maltreated by alcoholic drinks, than those which arise from indigestion. Most of us have known something of its pains, and many are martyrs to it for life.

Always a very moderate drinker of stimulants, I was afflicted with some of the severest symptoms arising from the above disorder when I was about fifty-one years old, now nearly sixteen years ago. After the failure of all the means which I and some kind professional friends could devise (and among the rest wine and porter to recover lost strength), I was at length determined to discontinue entirely, and at once, the use of all stimulating drinks as well as animal food, and confine myself entirely to a farinaceous diet; by this means pain soon ceased to torment me, and strength gradually returned. Seven years after I resumed a moderate meat diet, but the alcoholic drinks I hope I have dismissed for ever. I have never taken any pledge, though I see no objection to it, if necessary or useful; and I confess my teetotalism is a somewhat selfish practice; but I should be glad to encourage other similar sufferers to the like selfish act, and I desire thankfully to acknowledge that by it I have enjoyed many years of comfort, and better health and more strength than is allotted to most men of my age.

More than this, a father's example is not without influence, either for good or evil. “I'll take what father takes,” said a lad at a public dinner, not knowing what else to reply to the waiter, who asked him what he would take to drink. The reply struck the father forcibly, who remembered the sad effects of drink with several very promising young men around him, and therefore, although always accustomed to drink ale—he called out, to the surprise of all his neighbours around, “I'll drink water;” of course his son followed his example, and more than that, such an effect did it have upon the father, that, from that day, all intoxicating drinks were banished entirely from his house.

The change in my own family was not so sudden as this, but gradually one after another discontinued the very moderate quantity of stimulants which they had been accustomed to take, and certainly the change has not occasioned any deterioration of health, but rather the contrary; and I am happy to say that now we are all a band of firm abstainers, and earnest though not eloquent advocates of the Temperance cause. One of my sons, in passing through his college studies, was, while still very young, exposed to a severe trial of his Abstinence principles, being the only abstainer at a large dinner party of the professors and his fellow students, but I am pleased to say he stood firm, and continues still with arduous duties both of body and mind to follow his father's example and drink water.
OUR SOLDIERS IN INDIA.

We have received a small pamphlet from India, containing certain matters of interest connected with the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association. The pamphlet includes a "New Year's Prayer," by the Rev. E. Templeman, B.A., chaplain, and a "New Year's Address," by the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson. We quote the following from the "Prayer:"

"We beseech Thee, O thou Fountain of all wisdom, goodness, and strength, to continue to us Thy gracious and ready help, in carrying on the work in which we are engaged during the year. May Thy blessing rest upon us. Without Thy succour we can indeed do no good thing; without Thy blessing our handiwork will never prosper. Oh do Thou then for Jesus' sake be with us, by Thy Spirit; in these and all our undertakings for the promotion of Thy honour and glory, and the present and eternal good of our fellow-creatures, may Thy Holy Spirit direct, sanctify, and govern both our hearts and minds; and do Thou teach us by that wisdom which is from above, how best to promote the cause which lies so near our hearts. We know it is beset with many difficulties, but Thou canst make clear our way. May we be kind and charitable towards those who differ from us; gentle and long-suffering with all those who misunderstand our principles or misconstrue our motives; and in endeavouring, with Thy help, to bring others to cast in their lot with us, may we be influenced by such an unselfish spirit that they may understand that the good of their souls and bodies, both now and for ever, is the chief object we have set before us."

We subjoin the following paragraphs from the "New Year's Address," as they seem to us to be worthy of quotation:

"Let us enter upon the new year with a prayerful determination to cultivate more diligently the loving spirit of our Divine Master. His work was that of self-renunciation; no sacrifice was too great, no denial too severe, no cross too heavy for Him to endure and bear, that a sinner might be reclaimed and redeemed. We must have the Spirit of our Lord, if we are to be engaged in His work—the greatest and noblest of all work, that of winning souls to Him.

In our Abstinence work we aim at nothing short of this. Ever remember, that this is our object; this our great desire, the burden of every prayer, the motive of every action, that Abstinence may be the means of bringing many thoughtless drunkards to a saving knowledge of the truth in Jesus Christ our Lord. Can we be too earnest in this work of rescuing immortal souls from eternal destruction? Can any sacrifice be too great, when a fellow-creature is tottering to an unblest eternity? To carry on this work we need the self-denying spirit of our Divine Master, and to accomplish this end we need His Holy Spirit, to give us grace to deny ourselves the luxury of intoxicating liquors, which cause thousands of our fellow-countrymen to stumble and perish."

In conclusion, we entreat you to enter upon your work with these motives; in their possession you secure your own fidelity to the cause, and guarantee a love for it, which no adverse circumstances can either overturn or depress. Your work will have a greater charm, as it will have a greater claim upon your energies. It will be the
love of Christ that constrains you to be active, earnest, and diligent in the cause to which you have pledged yourselves—the work of saving immortal souls from habits of drunkenness, which end in eternal destruction.

Believers in Christ! you that indeed love the Lord Jesus Christ, look at the inspired Apostle of the Gentiles; look at Christ, the self-denying suffering Saviour; and see what they say upon the subject. To you I need say no more. Once convinced of your duty, I am certain you would cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, rather than be, ever so remotely, instrumental in the ruin of your brother, or partakers in your country's sin.

Fellow-Abstainers! we earnestly beseech you not to rest satisfied with merely abstaining from intoxicating liquors: the mere fact of abstaining will not secure you against the temptations by which you are surrounded. You may keep the pledge for months, or even years, but you can have little inducement to keep it faithful unto death, unless you have a higher purpose than the selfish enjoyment of greater temporal prosperity. We, therefore, invite you to abstain, not so much for the earthly good which Abstinence secures, as for the richer blessing, and nobler purpose, of realising your true position in the sight of God, and walking righteously and soberly all the days of your life.” “For godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

“You know you have some influence.”

“I cannot see what on earth a young lady has to do with Teetotalism—you don't tipple, and are not afraid, I presume, of being taken care of by the police.” Such was the remark which I overheard a young officer make to a lady who declined taking wine at a supper party. Such is the idea of many who have not troubled themselves to think of the subject or of their individual responsibility. Teetotalism, as it is called, has in the eyes of many a cast of vulgarity; it is counted a good thing for the lower class who frequent pothouses, and swill beer, and an excellent plan for drunkards of any class; but it is associated with processions and flags and brass bands, and coarse speeches and all sorts of vulgarities. Like many other things, it suits the lower orders, but the upper, practically, especially ladies, can have nothing to do with it. All praise to those humble persons who amid reproach, and contempt, and at great personal self-denial, commenced the enterprise, and until of late have carried it onward almost alone. The working class first laboured, and now the clergy and the gentry have entered into their labours. There are many ladies—witness Mrs. Wightman, Mrs. Lumb, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Balfour, &c.—who take an active interest in the cause of Temperance, and have had thereby the blessing of many; but surely every lady has an influence, and, indeed, a peculiar influence; no man can manage a refractory class of boys as a lady can.

Many a lady sighs in secret about some one more or less near and dear, whose fault is drink. Many a lady has a brother or acquaintance going out as a cadet or an ensign, or into a mercantile house. Now, if, on principle, she abstains from the very little which of course she ever takes, if she examines the claims of Total Abstinence and accepts them, she may haply find her Teetotalism has been the means of either reclaiming some fallen friend, or, what is better, preserving some one from becoming entangled.
CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed by our Correspondents.]

To the Editor of the "Church of England Temperance Magazine."

SIR,—It is very difficult to realise in one's mind, and still more difficult to convey to the minds of others, any adequate conception of the personal suffering and domestic misery which arise out of habits of intemperance. The mere recital of these terrible facts of real life may fail to produce the impression we could desire, and yet it seems a duty we owe to the poor unhappy sufferers to tell their tales of sorrow, in the hope that some may be induced, not only to pity, but to help them by the influence of their example, in abstaining from the use of all those alcoholic liquors which so often lead to these scenes of brutal violence and bitter suffering.

One of these sad cases, occurring within a mile or two of my own residence, was mentioned to me a few days ago by a clergyman, who is my near and valued neighbour, and who came to the knowledge of it in the course of his parochial duties.

A poor woman, one of his parishioners, who was suffering from distress of mind and body, sent for him in the hope that he might be able to speak some word of comfort to her, in the sad circumstances in which she is placed. My friend, the clergyman, who, I am happy to say, is a Total Abstainer, found the poor woman in a sadly weak and nervous condition, from the treatment she had received at the hands of her husband, who has long been a confirmed drunkard. The poor woman had had to partake of the bitter fruits of her husband's intemperance almost from the time of their marriage, but she now seemed to live in almost constant fear of her life,—which may be readily conceived from the account she gave the clergyman of what she had passed through very lately, and from the effects of which she was still sadly suffering.

It appeared that one night recently, after she and her daughter, a girl of seventeen, were gone to bed, the husband and father came home in a state of intoxication, no doubt, bordering on madness, and threatened their lives with such brutal violence, that the poor mother and daughter flew in terror from the house, with nothing on but their night clothes, and ran through the wet fields to seek the protection of a son, who lived about half a mile distant. And where was the son of this drunken father, whose protection the poor shivering women thus imploringly sought? Why, drinking at the public-house, and thus following in the footsteps of his drunken father. He, however, consented to go home with his poor mother and sister, but had no sooner entered the house, than his father sprang on him like a tiger, and grasping his neck, would probably have destroyed his life but for the help of the terrified daughter.

The clergyman after listening to this sad recital of one night's suffering out of the many she had endured, was anxious to do something to alleviate if possible the trials of her bitter life; but alas! what could he do? When he asked her if he should speak to her husband as to his habits and conduct towards her, she said she feared it would be worse for her if he did, as her husband would be sure to suspect her of having told of him. The poor woman has not the courage to leave her husband, and if she had she would be unable to support herself, and the parish would grant her no relief, as they live in a miserable cottage of their own. The daughter was out in service, and ought to be now, but that the poor mother is afraid to live alone in the house with her husband. Now this is a very pitiable case, yet it is only one of the thousands of a somewhat similar character of drunken brutality on the one hand, and helpless suffering on the
other, for which there seems little or no alleviation, till the hand of death comes to close the melancholy scene.

In reflecting on these numerous and deplorable cases of human suffering, the query naturally arises—How long are these sad scenes to continue? Is there no remedy that can be applied? The only reply that long experience enables us to give to the first inquiry is, that they will continue just so long as we maintain the customs of drinking, from which they constantly and almost inevitably flow. But the reply to the second inquiry is this, a remedy, simple, safe, and certain does exist in the disuse of intoxicating liquors. For if we trace this wretched man back to his childhood, we should find there was a time when he neither knew the taste, nor the want of these liquors, and in all probability, never would have known either one or the other, but for the ignorant prejudice prevailing as to the necessity for such drinks as an article of diet, or the almost universal custom of using them as essential to social enjoyment and common hospitality. And surely it is unreasonable to suppose that these prejudices can be removed, or our national customs in this respect altered, except by the combined influence and example of those who give the tone to society, and whose position and character give them the power of changing the social customs of our country, if they are to be changed at all. For so long as the upper classes continue the use of intoxicating liquors, so long will their use be continued by the masses of the people; and so long as they are used, so long will they be manufactured and sold to the fearful temptation and grievous injury of the people. May we not hope that the time is fast approaching when at least the benevolent and Christian part of the community will feel bound for the sake of suffering humanity, to enter their protest against this needless and very dangerous custom, which in spite of every preventive influence of precept, example, or legal enactment, is always producing in our midst an amount of misery and degradation at which our common humanity shudders?

Yours, etc.,

The Horsepool, Stroud.

SAMUEL BOWLY.

To the Editor of the “Church of England Temperance Magazine.”

Sir,—I am anxious to correct some errors in my paper of last month, concerning the American Inebriate Asylum at Binghampton, and also to communicate some further information respecting it I met with a day or two ago, in a letter from the Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D., to the ‘New York Independent,’ from which letter I proceed to make a few extracts.

“This was the first institution of the kind in the world, but since its inception others have been started in Switzerland and elsewhere abroad. The suggestion of treating the intemperate drinker in an Hospital excited great attention in Europe when it was first promulgated, and is worthy of a careful experiment. It originated with Dr. I. Edwards Turner, the superintendent of the institution which I shall proceed to speak of, and which is situated in the outskirts of the beautiful village of Binghampton, Broome County. Dr. Turner says that it is now about twenty years since his labours commenced in the investigation of the morbid anatomy and pathology of inebriety; and thirty-five years since the idea was suggested to his mind of the importance of controlling and medically treating the inebriate.

“1n pursuing his labours he has visited the most prominent hospitals and asylums in Europe and America, and studied the effects of alcoholic poison on different races. He claims to have dissected 342 subjects who have died from the disease of inebriety;
made 460 post-mortem examinations; attended 1406 cases of delirium tremens, and visited 410 cases of opium eating."

"The first application to the State legislature for a charter was made in 1852, and it was rejected, as were also similar ones in 1853, and at the extra session in that year. But in 1854 a charter was granted, with very inadequate powers, which, however, were enlarged subsequently, and are now ample. The petition in behalf of the institution presented to the legislature was signed by 1500 physicians, including Dr. V. Mott and others of the most celebrated in New York city. The State medical society fully indorsed the plan in 1857, as have also the leading medical journals."

"The funds thus far have all been raised by personal solicitation from individuals on the part of Dr. Turner, and by an appropriation of one tenth of the excise money received by the State. This last ought to furnish an annual sum of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars; but various expedients are resorted to and absorb all but 12,000 dollars. The citizens of Binghamton gave the site, about 250 acres, at a cost of 13,000 dollars, to which 150 acres more have been added by purchase.

"The building, in castellated gothic style, of white limestone, consists of a central edifice, with two extensive wings, in which last are the wards for patients. The central building contains a spacious entrance hall, parlours, offices, etc., and in the upper story an elegant chapel eighty feet long, with stained windows, etc. Behind the edifice, and occupying three sides of the extensive parallelogram, are glass-covered halls, designed for a winter garden. In front are to be several fountains of cold water, drawn from the neighbouring hills. And what shall I say of the site of the institution? Words fail to describe its beauty. It is on a beautiful plateau about two miles east of the village, and elevated about 250 feet above the Susquehanna River, which meanders through rich meadows, skirted by the loveliest of hills, many of them cultivated to the top. The view from the institution cannot be surpassed. The eye sweeps over a variegated landscape that includes meadows, hills, the village, and the Susquehanna and Chenango Rivers, and takes in a distance of twelve miles. The Erie railroad runs under the hill on which the asylum stands, and at the village forms a junction with the one from Syracuse. The Chenango canal also terminates at this point.

"Dr. Mott, of New York city, was the president of the board of trustees, but since his death Dr. Willard Parker, of the same city has been elected. * * * The Rev. Mr. Bush, an excellent congregational minister, is the chaplain, and holds public services in the institution every Sabbath."

"Patients are received for not less than one year, and may be committed by the courts, or voluntarily commit themselves, signing a contract to be governed by the rules. The charter gives power to receive, and retain, and control patients of both classes [sexes?]. The patients are watched, controlled, and medically treated as in a thoroughly organized hospital. Some require two or three years to effect a cure, and some prove, of course, incurable. The expectation is that at least seventy per cent, will be radically cured. Among the patients are men of the first standing as merchants, and in the various professions, even including some clergymen. Up to 1864 there had been 7,245 applications for places from every state in the Union, and from Europe, Mexico, the British provinces, etc. Of these 520 were opium eaters. Of the whole number 39 were clergymen, 8 judges, 197 lawyers, 226 physicians, 340 merchants, 680 mechanics, 466 farmers, 240 gentlemen, and 805 women." * * *

"The experiment of treating inebriates in such an institution, and in such a manner as is adopted, is one of great importance, and should excite the deepest interest in every philanthropist. Let us hope and pray for its success, as it aims at a remedy for the greatest evils that afflict society."
Such is Dr. Holbrook's account of this great institution, which I feel sure will be interesting to your readers, and may tend to incite and encourage them in attempting similar efforts in this country.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours faithfully,
WM. DEAN FAIRLESS, M.D.

Coupar-Angus, March 13th, 1866.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]

Genesis xi. 9—11.

"And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, In my dream, behold, a vine [gephi] was before me;

"And in the vine [gephi] were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and the blossoms shot forth; and the clusters [esekol] brought forth ripe grapes [enabh]:

"And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes [enabh], [and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

This is a most interesting passage for various reasons. It shows us how in Eastern countries grapes are used as a refreshing beverage, before their precious juice has been converted into fermented drink, and it throws light upon the domestic habits of that most interesting people, the ancient Egyptians. In the article on "cup-bearer," in "Kitto's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," now being published under the editorial care of the Rev. W. L. Alexander, D.D., the writer, the Rev. F. W. Farrar, says—"It may be worth observing that when Pharaoh's butler or cup-bearer speaks of pressing grapes into Pharaoh's cup, this may merely belong to the imagery of his dream; but, at the same time, it is not impossible that the king, under the control of a scrupulous hierarchy, may, at some period, have been forbidden to drink the juice of the grape except in its unfermented state." As to the remark in the first clause of this sentence, it is only necessary to say that dreams for the most part agree with, and are suggested by, the realities of waking life. It is not at all probable that the butler would have dreamed of pressing or squeezing the grapes into the king's cup if he had not been in the habit of doing this before his imprisonment. As to the kings of Egypt being under strict control, Rollin remarks: "The kings of Egypt freely permitted not only the quality and proportion of what they ate and drank to be prescribed them (a thing customary in Egypt, the inhabitants of which were all sober, and whose air inspired frugality); but even that all their hours, and almost every action, should be under the regulation of the laws."

In the new translation of the book of Genesis, by the Rev. D. A. De Sola, there is the following note:—"I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand. Who, therefore, drank the unfermented juice, or mixed with water, forming a kind of grape sherbet, such as is still used in the East. It is wrong, however, hence to infer that Pharaoh never drank wine, or that none was made in Egypt at that time." The writer of the note
refers, in support of this statement, to Diodorus, Strabo, and Herodotus. I will return to the passage referred to in Herodotus next month.

On the temperate habits of the Egyptians, Mr. Morewood makes some interesting remarks in his "History of Inebriating Liquors." "The Egyptians," he says, "from temperate motives, would not allow their priests to indulge in wine; but this abstinence was not always observed. Their dislike to this liquor is said by some to have arisen from the circumstance of Noah's inebriety, the recollection of which still excites great abhorrence among them, and this is supposed to have been the real origin of the antipathy to wine, shown by many eastern nations." It is very strange that Noah's drunkenness [or his supposed drunkenness, for some learned men, as for instance, Parkhurst, deny that Noah was drunk] should have such different effects on the minds of Eastern and Western people. In England, Noah's drunkenness is one of the principal arguments used by moderate drinkers in defence of their use of poisoning liquors! Amongst unsophisticated simple-minded nations in the East, Noah's drunkenness excites such abhorrence that many of them have absolutely forbidden the use of the injurious drink which caused that good man's temporary degradation! Alas! the inconsistency of so-called Christian England!!

Mr. Morewood goes on to say—"That an antipathy to wine, founded either on policy, delusion, or superstition, has influenced certain portions of mankind from the earliest ages, is evident, and traces of it are found in the writings of Moses even so early as the time of Joseph." When Mr. Morewood speaks of "delusion" or "superstition" being the cause of the antipathy to intoxicating wine amongst Eastern nations, we must remember that he was, as he says in the title-page of his interesting work, "A Collector of Excise" in Dublin, and therefore not altogether an unprejudiced writer on the subject of Eastern teetotalism. Then, after speaking of "delusion" and "superstition," he somewhat inconsistently attributes to the malignant Eastern teetotallers such wisdom and prudence as would confer the highest honour even on the most distinguished, and most patriotic, and most benevolent of our English statesmen!

"But," says Mr. Morewood, "the prohibition of this drink does not appear to have originated through anxiety for the preservation of health, or purity of morals, but rather from an economical prudence, or to promote the interests and secure the policy of nations or individuals." Very good reasons these for the prohibition of the use of intoxicating drinks even in our so-called Christian country—"to promote the interests and secure the policy of the nation and its individual members," and "from economical prudence," considering the awful destruction of life and property caused by the traffic in these pernicious articles!

Would that our legislators joined sincerely in the prayer for the High Court of Parliament in our Book of Common Prayer: "That Thou wouldest be pleased to prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavours upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations." Nothing external to the human heart in our country is such an obstacle in the way of the fulfilment of this prayer which expresses so beautifully the heartfelt desires of every Christian patriot, as the pernicious traffic in intoxicating drinks! Oh that our English statesmen would imitate the rulers of Eastern nations and suppress this traffic!

Manchester.

William Caine, M.A.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Elsewhere will be found by your readers, Mr. Editor, the accounts of meetings in Fulham and Windsor, which were promised last month.

The Travelling Secretary has been during the past month more engaged in the internal organization of the Society than in attending meetings. Every day almost opens up new work. If some of your readers see as I do occasionally the letters on the subject of the Association and its objects, from clergymen and others, I am sure that funds would flow in in a copious stream to meet the demands for help that are made on all hands.

One clergymen writes thus, "I am sorry that I must, for this year at least, forego the pleasure of a visit from you (the Travelling Secretary) on account of the expense," i.e., travelling expenses.

This is one instance out of many where earnest men are boldly battling with the great vice of their parishes, and would gladly have aid in the formation of or sustaining of Parochial Temperance Associations from your Travelling Secretary, and meanwhile not only is our Church losing members through the fatal habits of drink, but even her children are led away where the necessity for temperance societies exist, but is ignored by the clergyman, or though acknowledged, he finds himself, from straitened means, unable to form and carry on a parochial organization.

The clergyman above mentioned says, again alluding to his having founded a parochial society, "Before I came the Dissenters here had a very flourishing society, consequently theirs is much more numerous than ours. They have the credit of having begun the work; and though we seem to work without interfering or having anything to do with each other, I cannot but feel that our society is but a secondary thing compared with theirs, and must continue so unless we receive some very unexpected impulse to help us forward. By means of this temperance association many have been drawn away from our Church whom it would be perhaps impossible to draw back again; and I feel convinced that if there had been a temperance association in connection with our Church a few years ago, the Church would have retained many members who are now lost to us."

Would that our clergy could see how great an instrument for good they are inclined to think too lightly of, and at least try the experiment honestly and fairly, and with the influence of this example!

There have been meetings held in Keswick, Ambleside, Hockliffe, and Leighton Buzzard, each presided over by the respective incumbents, Rev. Canon Battersby, Rev. C. D. Bell, and Rev. J. Neumann, at all of which Mr. Rooke attended and spoke. A series of meetings is projected in Keswick and its neighbourhood at an early period.

A list of parochial auxiliaries is being prepared.

The Society's new cards of membership and books of declaration of abstinence are now prepared; and a larger and handsomer card, suitable for framing, is in the draughtsman's hands.

The annual sermon of the Society is arranged to be preached (by kind permission of Rev. Canon Conway) in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Thursday evening, May 3; and the annual conference and meeting to be held on next day, Friday, May 4, in Willis's Rooms.

At the Conference papers are to be read on "Parochial Associations," and on "Temperance Literature."
“Turn from it, and pass away.”

BY-PATH MEADOW.

Most of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the scene in Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress,” in which the Dreamer represents the point at which his pilgrims parted from the highway by a slight divergence from the beaten track. This gentle divergence led, over a stile, to By-path
Meadow, and this to Doubting Castle and the dungeon-keep of Giant Despair. Between this gentle and easy departure from the right way and the terrible issue of the deed, there seems to be no comparison. The one was not foreseen from the other; nor could so disastrous an end have been even guessed from such a beginning. Yet so it is, alas! too oft. The beginning of temptation is as the letting-out of water; who can stay it? It begins with the meadow-land, the violet and the primrose; but it ends in darkness and despair, and even in death itself. Some departure from the beaten track, some yielding to temptation, some seductive by-path, has at first imperceptibly, and at last but too surely, conducted the heedless steps of men into irrevocable ruin, so that they must say, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth."

There are many points of analogy between this scene of Bunyan's immortal work, and the tendency of many to transgress in the matter of Drink, to their own great discomfort, and sometimes to their inevitable ruin. Read in this light, the allegory holds good in almost every particular:—"Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence."

In adventuring this unhappy departure from the right way, the pilgrims followed the footsteps of one whose name was Vain-confidence, and by his leadership they were encouraged to proceed. By his fall they are first admonished of their own danger; but now it seems to be a difficult thing to return. Yet even here a voice speaks to them in words of hope and promise—"Let thine heart be toward the highway; even the way that thou wentest turn again." It is not, however, so easy to obey the voice of admonition after the first advices have been despised; and the waters had by this time risen so fast that the pilgrims could not retrace their steps, and they now found to their cost, and by sad experience, that "it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out." This is a great truth, that, like a tale oft told, has almost lost its power by our very familiarity with it. And does it not teach us a great lesson, too, when we read of these pilgrims, that under these adverse circumstances and experiences, and in the midst of such a woe, "they fell asleep?" Surely, when we are thus enabled to see the end from the beginning, we may well say of By-path Meadow, "Turn from it, and pass away!"

Many a useful and timely lesson may be learned from this scene in the work of the Dreamer, and in connection with the temptations and tendencies associated with intoxicating drinks in this country. We
may learn how difficult, how almost impossible it is to foresee the end from the beginning; how the onward stages of degeneracy and decline grow upon us; how we become habituated to our condition, and at last can afford to sleep and rest in it. We may learn yet further lessons besides—how it is that little leads to much, and much to more; that the progress is a downward one—from good to bad, from bad to worse; how great is the danger of a too close inspection of evil—the pilgrims only "went to see;" how false is our idea of seeming parallels; how perilous a venture it is to follow vain-confidence; how difficult is the way of escape; and how great the danger of settling down at ease, while storms and tempests and perils and dangers are so near. All these thoughts may be suggested to our minds by this episode of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in connection with the craving for drink, the whetting of the appetite for drink, and the ultimate confirmation of the invertebrate habit and thirst and longing so often associated with drink. We would advise all to beware in time. All may not fall, but some assuredly will. And we know that none would fall victims to this destroyer, if each and all would but heed our admonition—"Turn from it, and pass away."

The danger of Temptation in the matter of the fascinating wine-cup may be learned from the wise king, when in the Book of Proverbs he represents the "foolish woman" enticing passengers to their ruin. He describes her as being neither mild nor gentle, but very clamorous. She sits at the door of her house, in the high places of the city. Her design is to call passengers who would go right on their way. Those who have neither desire nor inclination to turn aside, she invites and allures—"Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither!" It is thus that the wine-cup attracts attention; with its winning ways wooing the young and simple. This "foolish woman" loves to deal with the young and inexperienced, and those without understanding; they are ignorant of her devices, and are therefore unprepared to resist her. They are thus caught by her allurements, are beguiled, then fall into her snares, and are easily entrapped. She draws them closer and closer with the cords of wickedness, and gently wraps the mantle of her iniquity round and round. Meanwhile, she folds them in her embrace, amusing them with toys, and vanities, and foibles; and still continues weaving her web stronger and stronger, until she has netted her spoil, and they become her peculiar property. She entices them by blandishments, and by promise of sweets, and pleasures, and sensual delights. She sets before them deceptive prospects, as Satan tempted our first parents with the forbidden fruit, which seemed to be "good for food, pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise!"

Strange declaration this! Miserable comfort, and deceptive promise!
It bears upon its very face the mark of its own untruth, the evidence of its own absurdity. The promise would be its own best refutation, were it not that it is accompanied by enticements and inducements of an attractive character, that blind the eye to its real nature. What multitudes are thus caught! How many simple ones submit themselves to the instructions of the deadly cup! They are wooed by the smiles, enchanted by the fatal breath, fascinated by the charms of the enchanter; just as the gipsy child-stealer holds out her trinkets, and baubles, and pictures, and sings her song, which is the death-song of her victim!

Such are the wily temptations and tendencies of Strong Drink. Cautious and cunning is the plot of this tempter; leading on by degrees, but never permitting the victim to see before him to the end of the career, to which he is committed at the first stage of the temptation. The spirit that lurks in the goblet transacts its wiles as our great poet describes the enchanter in the woods, with his charming rod—on the watch for some one to entangle in the meshes of his net. By-and-by he hears a footstep, and faineis it is "some virgin, sure, benighted in the woods." And true, innocency is approaching, and is in danger. Instantly he plies his magic—"Now to my charms and to my wily trains!" and therewith he lifts his blue-lights to deceive; and pours forth a cloud of incense to obscure:

"Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment:
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares." *

Meanwhile, the whole scene has changed; an enchanted view arises; songs blend with the air of the midnight, and attract the ear of the stranger, who has already strayed too far. The enchanter holds her in conversation, and proffers his suit and service of safe protection "till further quest." Credulous innocence yields; but soon does she repent that she has lent a listening ear to the wiles of the enchanter. She is now enchained within a bondage she had little reckoned on; and danger threatens both soul and body. It is By-path Meadow into which the soul has strayed. We would lift our voice to-day in timely warning and admonition—"Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away!"

Prov. iv. 15.

* Milton's "Comus."
DEPUTATION TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

At the March meeting of the Committee of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, it was resolved to take action upon a matter of deep importance, which has long occupied the attention of the Committee, namely, the present state of the law in relation to beershops. The Committee felt that if there were some proper restriction placed on these houses there would be a great diminution in the amount of temptation which at present seems almost hopelessly to involve and ensnare the working classes.

As the representatives of a Church Society and of a number of clergy in that Church, who feel that these drinking habits so much interfere with and mar all that they can do for the spiritual improvement and enlightenment of the people committed to their charge, the Committee conceived that they would be acting in accordance with the wishes of all earnest and good men, who, though not seeing their way to personal abstinence, yet would gladly hail any effort to stay the torrent of intemperance.

Under these circumstances they naturally would look for the countenance and support of the heads of the Church, and accordingly resolved to request that His Grace the Primate would receive a deputation from their body to lay a statement of their proposed plan before him.

His Grace most kindly acceded to this request, and on March 17th the deputation were most graciously received, and the chairman, Rev. H. J. Ellison, vicar of Windsor, as spokesman, explained the past and present state of the law, the evils resulting in every parish from the present system of beershops, the condemnation already passed upon the act of 1830 by the Committee of the House of Commons in 1854, the evidence accumulating ever since that Committee had sat relative to and supporting their conclusions, and the consequent necessity that now existed for some amendment of the laws.

Mr. Ellison informed His Grace that the Committee proposed to issue a circular, of which a copy is subjoined, to the clergy, magistrates, chaplains of gaols, &c., as a preliminary step to a movement for the repeal of the Beershop Act; and that the deputation had waited on His Grace to obtain his sanction and support before they issued the document. They also stated the intention of the Committee to lay it before each diocesan, and endeavour also to obtain his approval of this movement.

His Grace stated in reply that he had long been convinced of the evils resulting from the Beershops, and that the evidence adduced by the deputation and so forcibly laid before him, had only strengthened that conviction. He was surprised the report of the House of Commons of 1854 had never been acted upon, and he was sure the time was come for a combined movement to obtain some change in the law. He gave the deputation his full sanction in issuing their proposed circular to his rural deans and the clergy of his diocese, and to make any use they pleased of the sentiments
he had expressed with respect to the present working of the laws on the beershop question, and the necessity which existed for such amendment or repeal as the deputation were anxious to obtain.

Since the interview above detailed the subjoined circular has been submitted to the Archbishop of York and the other bishops:

(CIRCULAR.)

To the Clergy, Magistrates, Chaplains of Gaols, &c.

The Committee of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society beg respectfully to call your attention to the following statement of facts:

1. In the year 1830 an Act of Parliament was passed called the Beershop Act. By its provisions any person producing a certificate as to the rating of his house (the rating qualification being £15 in places having a population exceeding 10,000; £11 where the population exceeds 2500; and for all other places £8): having a further certificate, if the beer is to be drunk on the premises, of character from six resident ratepayers; and on payment of three guineas (in places of fewer than 5000 inhabitants) is entitled to claim a Beershop Licence from the Collector of Excise.

2. Under the operation of the Act the number of places for the sale of Intoxicating Liquors has risen from 88,930 to 133,930.

3. In the year 1850 a Committee of the House of Lords reported, that “the Beershops are notorious for the sale of an inferior article; that the consumption of ardent spirits has, from whatever cause, far from diminished; and that the comforts and morals of the poor have been seriously impaired.”

4. In 1854 a Committee of the House of Commons further reported:—“The Beershop system has proved a failure. It was established under the belief that it would give the public their beer cheap and pure, would dissociate beer drinking from drunkenness, and lead to the establishment throughout the country, of a class of houses of refreshment altogether free from the disorders supposed to attend exclusively on the sale of spirits.” They recommended that “the distinction between Beershop and Public-house Licences shall be discontinued;” or virtually, that the Beershop Act shall be repealed.

5. Since that time evidence has been accumulating from different quarters—from Chairmen of Sessions, Magistrates, Clergy, Heads of Police and Constabulary—to show that the evils connected with these houses have greatly increased, both in extent and character.

6. The Committee of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, in their endeavours to deal with the causes of the National Intemperance, have long been convinced that the Beershops have been among the most prolific of those causes; and they believe that if a basis of common action were provided, the great majority of persons interested in the spiritual and moral welfare of the people, would be ready to co-operate in a movement for the repeal of the Act in question.

7. As a preliminary step, they are anxious to obtain some expression of opinion from the Clergy, Magistrates, and others, whose opportunities of observation will render their testimony on the subject of great importance. They respectfully invite your opinion, therefore, on the three following points:—

I. Has the Beershop Act been prejudicial, in its operation, to the efforts made for the spiritual and moral advancement of the people?

II. Would a repeal (or modification) of it be desirable?

III. Would you be prepared to assist in a movement for that purpose, by promoting Petitions to Parliament in your parish or neighbourhood?
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.
No. III.—LOW LODGING HOUSES.

A LODGING-HOUSE for thieves and beggars, whether at Islington turnpike or in Kent Street, Borough, whether in Whitechapel or at Chelsea, always presents the same features, and is always the same social ulcer. An evil undoubtedly, but in our present imperfect state of civilisation a necessary one. And no good is done to ourselves or others by indulging in the false view that because we ignore the knowledge of such places they do not exist; or by a practical asking of Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or by a self-indulgent complacency which says it has nothing to do with such places, and it will take care that such places shall have nothing to do with it.

We are told that in our immense London a hundred thousand people rise every morning without knowing where their first meal is to come from. A hundred thousand people who have nothing in the world but the rags which cover them! A hundred thousand people who have no homes, or social ties, or aught in common with the rest of the community but the air, and rain, and sun which God gives to all His creatures alike! It seems an incredible number, but, unhappily, we have abundant reason to believe that it is under rather than over the truth.

Gentle lady, sitting amidst the perfume of flowers, and surrounded with elegant luxuries, in your drawing-room in that West-end square, vacate your easy chair and luxury, and borrow your kitchenmaid's worst bonnet and shawl, and walk with me to Flower and Dean Street, Spitalfields.

We have reached, in the middle of the afternoon, that massive but not particularly elegant monument of Queen Anne's piety, Spitalfields Church, and we see at a glance indications of the peculiar neigh-
of paint was expended on the outsides? It is a region of closeness, and ill smells, and typhus; of fried fish and stale vegetables, of second-hand clothes worth little at first hand, of utter recklessness and self-abandonment.

Do you mark the continual recurrence in the windows of the dingy blind, once white, with its inscription in green letters, "Lodgings for Travellers?" In Flower and Dean Street this occurs, with scarce an exception, on both sides of the way, from one end to the other. There cannot be less than fifty of these establishments in this one street alone, and in the other streets and in the intersecting courts they are nearly as numerous.

Sitting on the pavement singly, and in groups of three or four, are some of the most unlovely specimens of humanity to be met with anywhere. The intensity of laziness is sunning itself there, in utter indifference of all things. Looking in at the open doors we catch indistinct glances of large rooms with large fires, and dingy figures flitting about. But we will come again in a few hours when evening has fallen, and the inmates have gathered, and the gas has lighted, and the life of the lodging-house is in full activity.

Of the mysteries of those upper floors we have nothing to say. We are aware of the sixpenny, fourpenny, and threepenny beds crowded together as close as may be; and the twopenny shake-downs on the floor. We are aware, that unhealthy and insect-haunted as they are, they are infinitely better than they were before the Regulation Act was passed. At present we look only at the common lower room or kitchen.

We stand in a room occupying what was once the ground floor of two houses. A large beam in the ceiling, supported by an iron pillar, marks the place where the party wall stood; the partitions of front and back are likewise removed, and one of the doorways bricked up. Four large deal tables, foul and greasy, surrounded by benches, are the only furniture. The back windows look out on a very narrow slip of a yard. At one end of the room runs a series of small cupboards, not unlike the covered pigeon-holes of a solicitor's office; at the other end is a large fireplace with a glowing coke fire. Two gas pendants throw a flood of light round the place. The ceiling is white, and the walls papered.

Round the fire is a group of men and women cooking, the principal instrument in which operation is a gigantic frying pan with a handle four or five feet long. The hostess, a stout, coarse woman, her greasy gown turned up and drawn through the slits for the pockets, and the pockets, large and strong, and heavy with halfpence, swing on each side, stands by the fire, to prevent reckless poking, and points out a place where a piece of bread may be toasted, or a herring grilled. At all the tables men and women are eating and drinking, and the air of the place is heavy with odours of bacon, herrings, ready-dressed beef, cheese, raw onions, coffee, and beer, and tobacco. Knives and plates are carefully looked over by the hostess.

Who and what are the company? These two young men nearest to us, who are strongly shod, and whose clothes are whole, though most odoriferously dirty, are improvident costermongers. As soon as they have supped they will adjourn to the public-house at the corner, where they will repay the landlord the sovereign he lent them this morning. They will drink away their profits; and tomorrow morning they will borrow another ten shillings each for stock, and repay it in the evening. This they have done for years. Do you ask where are their barrows? They have none. The stock in trade of a man in the next street consists of costers' barrows; he has at least fifty, which he lets out at sixpence a day.

The cadaverous-looking man next, in rusty black, with two children by his side, has been singing hymns in the street all day. He is, morally speaking, one of
the worst and most contemptible of street beggars. According to the agreement with the children's mother, he is giving them some supper before sending them home.

The next group are unmistakeable tramps, inveterate wanderers, who can settle nowhere—two men and a woman, bronzed and weather-beaten. They wander from town to town, "out of work," and beg and steal their way along. They will be at Gravesend haply, or at Barnet, this time to-morrow. No doubt there is a charm in this free life, but they suffer sadly in the cold winter-time.

There are three young women side by side at the next table, one of whom has the remains of good looks; she is mending the hoops of her crinoline, for the trio are bocrinolined, and gay and tawdry, far different in their appearance to the majority round them. How lost to all sense of shame they seem—how brutalized their features! In half an hour they will be prowling in the Whitechapel Road, seeking whom they may rob with impunity. What a life, you say—what a present and what a future! Yet, lady, they are our sisters, all lost and abandoned as they are, and have souls bought by the Redeemer, whose name they know not save as a senseless and blasphemous expletive.

And what a future looms before that baby of some three years old who is chasing the cat across the room with infantine glee! The woman with a widow's cap, whom she calls "mammy," has been nursing her all day upon doorsteps round Hackney. It is a grim prayer, but a sincere one, that she may be taken in her innocent babyhood from the horrid course of life which under all circumstances inevitably awaits her.

Yes, inevitable, so far as human judgment can go. See the proof in those two boys across the room, at the other table—one about ten and the other about twelve years old. Small of their age, but preternaturally cunning, they have already commenced a war against society on their own account. The younger one, who is smoking a short pipe, blasphemes fearfully; the elder, whose short evenly cut hair proclaims him but recently out of gaol, is moody and sullen. He is fingering, suspiciously, that black flageolet by his side, which is bound up with bits of string and wax-ends much in the same way as the clothing of its owner, that old and half-blind man, who shrugs his shoulders so uneasily every few seconds. If he does not take care, his music-pipe will change hands before to-morrow morning.

Enough. There are about forty persons here, all much of the same kind. This is their only home, from which they must turn out about nine in the morning, or earlier, not to return till seven in the evening. We are in the centre of a nest of such places, all within a good stonethrow, containing in the aggregate not less than four to five thousand similar waifs and strays of society! And what is being done, and what can be done for their moral benefit? The police have powers to prevent the houses becoming hotbeds of typhus, but no police can prevent the moral typhus which rages and intensifies here, and spreads abroad to the infection of others. The one or two City Missionaries who visit the district, the well-meaning but untrained young men who brave insult and outrage here on Sunday evenings, are noble witnesses for God; but "what are they among so many?" Truly it is a knotty question for both statesman and Christian. Every Christian hand, every Christian voice, must needs be uplifted in so great a struggle between good and evil, between God and Satan.
THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN ITS SANITARY ASPECTS.

We commend the following extract from *The Working Man* to our readers' perusal, and we are glad to see so important a question so well brought before working men by a non-abstaining journalist. The italics are our own.

From the Latin *sanitas* comes our "sanitary," signifying "that which pertains to the health or soundness of the body." Health is so great a blessing, that we are not surprised to learn that the Greeks, who were addicted to deifying things visible and invisible, should have worshipped it as a divinity. To all classes and to all men health is a boon exceedingly precious, though not sufficiently prized by many, as the proverb tells us, till it is lost. But to working men, beyond the enjoyment it yields to all, it has an especial value, as the physical condition on which their labour, and the pecuniary reward of that labour, depend. A mechanic or artisan cannot afford to do his work by proxy. Weakened health means to the manual toiler weakened capacity of support; and want of health, when long continued, is but another name for want of those comforts, and even necessaries, which help to make sickness more endurable. Provident habits will enable the workman to provide for a rainy day, but they will never enable him to dispense with the health and strength, whose industrial application brings to him and his family the earnings that are partly consumed and partly stored.

If, as was before shown, distilled and fermented liquors contain scarcely the smallest alimentary substance, any sanitary quality they may possess must be related to the alcohol which gives them their intoxicating power. Experiments, however, have demonstrated that in large doses alcohol acts characteristically as a poison; and every test hitherto applied has made it appear that some of the effects of poisonous doses attach to quantities very commonly consumed as daily potations of alcoholic liquor. Small doses often repeated exert, it is found, though more slowly, some of the worst effects of large doses; and where any effect at all can be traced on the composition of the blood, as viewed under the microscope, it is injurious rather than beneficial. Alcohol is never assimilated—that is, it never becomes a part of the body; and a course of most interesting experiments entered upon by eminent French chemists, and confirmed by English experimenters, has made it clear that as soon as alcohol enters the system the excretory organs are set in motion to expel it. This fact is a strong presumption against the sanitary influence of alcoholic drinks; and the amount of extra labour thus thrown upon the excretory organs cannot be without some disadvantage to them when the amount of such labour, extending through many years, is taken into account.

Drunkenness is admittedly an anti-sanitary condition; but drunkenness is a very indefinite state, and is generally identified with marked intoxication; yet the truth is that very much of convivial drinking is responsible for consequences injurious to health that are popularly restricted to glaring inebriation. Every medical practitioner knows that the multitudes who are not drunkards, in the popular sense, use strong drink so as to injure themselves and abridge their lives. The great risk to health that attends drinking as a social practice and as a sign of good fellowship, is not to be lightly regarded.
When the Temperance advocate urges that entire absence from all alcoholic beverages would cause a sanitary no less than a sober reformation, he is entitled to be heard with respect. So many lives are destroyed and so many constitutions broken up through drinking, that the philanthropist cannot be prejudiced against a system that would, at all events, save thousands from premature decay and death every year. What excessive drinking can bring men to—many of them workmen of no mean abilities—the infirmaries, and hospitals, and cemeteries of the country too fearfully attest. That total abstinence, if universally practised, could entail an equal loss of life, is utterly incredible. But, as compared with a moderate use of intoxicating drinks, is total abstinence a sanitary regulation.

Besides the scientific argument already noted, other facts may be adduced.

1. The experiences of prison-life are of unquestionable importance. In prisons where men of all characters—some moderate drinkers, others very immoderate—are brought together, sudden abstinence becomes the rule binding upon all. The results are, with the rarest exceptions, in favour of the prisoners’ health; and one governor of a prison for twenty years has stated that out of 20,000 persons confined, he never knew a single instance of suffering from this cause.

As voluntary abstinence cannot be more prejudicial than compulsory abstinence, this test cannot be accused of unfairness, and it is not open to the charge of partiality in numerical limitation.

2. It is demonstrable that in extreme temperatures of heat or cold, abstinence is preferable to any use of alcoholic drinks. In Arctic regions alcohol cannot be used with impunity; and in hot climates its worst effects are rapidly displayed. An official statistical return in relation to British soldiers in India, showed that the mortality among drunkards was twice that of moderate drinkers, and among moderate drinkers twice that of total abstainers. Failing in extreme temperatures, can it be supposed that in more temperate climates alcoholic liquors are capable of imparting energy to the frame?

3. Long before the Temperance movement commenced, it had been proved that the hardest labour could be better sustained without intoxicating liquors than with them. Even among non-abstainers, many who are engaged in the most exhausting callings—such as working before blazing furnaces, and in deep mines—never drink strong liquor till after their daily toil. It may be stated as incontrovertible, that the most laborious manual labour in Great Britain is now performed by abstainers with less fatigue than by others. The sanitary indications of this fact are too plain to be mistaken.

4. The statistics of sick and benefit clubs—whether the comparison is made between abstainers and others in the same clubs, or between clubs of abstainers and other clubs—generally, if not uniformly, sustain the Temperance position. Insurance offices admit as much by their anxiety to secure teetotallers as members, some of them grouping such insures in a separate section. But the most important evidence yet furnished of a statistical nature is derived from the experience of the General Temperance Provident Institution. During its first ten years (1840—50) this office insured abstainers only, and the rate of mortality was considerably below the average of other offices. Subsequently, non-abstainers were insured in a separate section, and this arrangement has allowed of a close comparison, extending over fifteen years, of both classes, every care being taken, in the case of non-abstainers, to accept only those who were of strictly sober habits. Two bonuses have been declared during the terms of comparison, and we learn that the abstainers obtained bonuses ranging from 35 to 75 per cent., and from 35 to 86 per cent., while the bonuses realized by the non-
abstaining section ranged from 23 to 50 per cent., and from 24 to 59 per cent. The
actuary who certified to these differences was himself a non-abstainer, the late
Mr. Peter Hardy.

All these considerations, separate and collective, are entitled to great weight; but
they do not stand alone. It would be incorrect to represent the sanitary case of the
Temperance reformer as confined to the bare issue, whether any use of intoxicating
liquor is better for the body than none. The friends of Temperance associations are,
as a rule, fully alive to the importance of all the sanitary appliances and aids involved
in good lodging, good food, and good clothing. They acknowledge that incalculable
sanitary benefits would flow from successful efforts to multiply the improved arrange-
ments just described; but they also insist upon it, and with great force, that were their
recommendation adopted, all these means of promoting sanitary reform would be
powerfully reinforced. They urge that, if the working classes would cease to drink,
this single act of abstention would speed the cause of sanitary improvement as nothing
else can do.

DANGER IN THE HABITUAL USE OF ALCOHOLICS.

One very especial danger in the use of alcoholic beverages does not seem to have
received the thought and attention that it deserves. It has now been clearly
established that alcohol is not a true food, i.e., that it can never be assimilated and
formed into nervous or muscular tissue. Yet it does appear to support a weary man,
and thus enable him to get through more work than he could otherwise do. Now, as
all muscular and mental exertion involves the destruction of the tissues of the body,
if alcoholics do not supply that tissue and thus give strength, this extra labour which
they render possible must be performed at the expense of the already exhausted
system; they must simply enable us to take strength out of ourselves. Now we live
in an age of extreme activity. The brain will accept no denial from the body, the
world refuses any rest to the brain. The brain will allow the body no rest, the world
will allow the brain no rest. Under ordinary circumstances when either body or brain
has worked as long as it ought to do, a sense of weariness may be said to be the
danger signal,—the warning that we ought to give in, so that by rest or sleep the frame
may be invigorated, and thus fitted for renewed exertion. But the effect of alcoholics
is to prevent one’s seeing the danger signal, because it removes for the time the
feeling of fatigue. Now when an express train is rushing on at full speed, who
would deem it wise for the driver to tie a handkerchief over his eyes that he might
not see the signal of danger? The fact that he did not see it would not add to his
safety, he would simply rush on to danger or to death. Now it appears that the
habitual use of alcoholic stimulants is very much like the handkerchief. It renders us
unconscious of danger. We know not when we pass the limits of safety. We work
on, and on, and on; hand and brain cease not one waking moment. We, as it were
consume ourselves. There is a collapse at last. There is in our day danger of this to
all of us, and that danger is, we believe, especially aggravated by the use of alcoholic
beverages; inasmuch as they prevent our receiving that warning of danger which
we should otherwise receive from what Professor Miller has termed “nature’s wise
and salutary checks against excess of labour,” pain and fatigue. The softening of
the brain may be said to be a disease of our day. May not the business pressure
of the age, aided by the delusion of alcoholic beverages, be in no small measure
its cause?—T. F.
DIOCESE OF MANCHESTER.

We are glad to record a movement that has been made in this important diocese during the past month in connection with The Church of England Temperance Reformation Society. The Executive Committee have issued the following circular, which we give in its entirety, as it may form a guide to other and, we hope, many dioceses, both in England and Ireland, the clergy of which may be inclined to "go and do likewise."

"Manchester Diocesan Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

"No. 1, Mount Street, Manchester.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—It will be well known to you that an Association was formed in London during May, 1862, entitled The Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

"It has long been felt that such an important Diocese as Manchester should not be behind other Dioceses in co-operating with an Association which has so great a social and religious purpose in view.

"You will agree with us, whose names are undersigned, and who form a part of the Manchester Diocesan Society, that Intemperance is the chief external obstacle to the success of the ministrations of the Gospel of Christ. We hope it will be in accordance with your sentiments, on a subject which we consider of such vital consequence to our Church and Nation, to give in your adhesion to our Manchester Diocesan Society, and to assist us in carrying out its momentous object. If you are disposed to form a Parochial Association for promoting amongst your people personal abstinence from intoxicating liquors as beverages, the Manchester Executive will be glad to render you every assistance in their power.

"On behalf of the Executive,

"We are, reverend and dear sir,
"Faithfully yours,

"Thomas Clegg, President, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.
Robert Whitworth, Treasurer, 50, Nelson Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

James Hardsley, M.A., Rector of St. Ann's, Manchester.
William Caine, M.A., 73, Ducie Grove, Manchester.
A. B. Clarke, B.A., Rector of St. Oswald, Collyhurst, Manchester.
Andrew Doria, B.A., Curate of Lindow, Alderley Edge, Manchester.
Joseph R. Ellison, Rector of Albert Memorial Church, Harpurhey.
John Garrett, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Moss Side, Manchester.
John Goodwin, Curate of German Street District, St. Peter's, Oldham Road, Manchester.
Abraham Haworth, Rector of St. Catherine's, Manchester.
Alfred Hewlett, D.D., Incumbent of Astley, Manchester.
William Hodgson, Incumbent of Christ Church, Colne.
T. C. Humphrey, Incumbent of Trawden, Lancashire.
WILLIAM HUTTON, B.A., Incumbent of St. Philip's, Manchester.
NEVILLE JONES, B.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Bolton.
W. R. KEELING, B.A., Rector of Blackley, Manchester.
GEO. NIGHTINGALE, M.A., Incumbent of Holcombe, Manchester.
GEORGE Y. OSBORNE, M.A., Incumbent of Fleetwood, Lancashire.
GEORGE W. PETHERICK, B.A., Minister of St. Saviour's New District, Manchester.
JOSEPH N. POCKINGTON, B.A., Rector of St. Michael's, Hulme, Manchester.
ALFRED SALTS, LL.B., Curate of Rochdale.
WILLIAM WHITWORTH, M.A., Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Bacup.
THOMAS WOLSTENHOLT, Curate of Holcombe, Bury.

G. W. BARDSLEY,
Curate of St. Ann's, Manchester,
GEORGE EDWARDS, B.A.,
Curate of Blackley,

Honorary Secretaries.

"N.B.—An immediate reply will oblige.
"Answers may be addressed to the President, THOMAS CLEGG, Esq., Cheetham Hill, Manchester, or to the Honorary Secretaries.

"We respectfully invite your careful and candid consideration of the subjoined statements and facts:—

"A bill was introduced to Parliament, February, 1743, to lower the license for vending spirituous liquors from £50 to £1, and to lower the duty on them from 20s. per gallon to from 1d. to 6d. per gallon on the still head.

"So important did this step appear in the eyes of the Bishops of that day, as it affected the Church and the nation, that all the Bishops present, ten, voted against the third reading, and with five lay lords they entered their dissent from the result of the division. A protest, signed by ten peers, was also entered on the journals.

"A Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed February, 1834, to inquire into the extent, causes, and consequences of the prevailing vice of intoxication, among other things reported as the consequences of the drinking habits of the people—

"'Destruction of health: disease in every form and shape.
"'Destruction of mental capacity.
"'Irritation of all the worst passions of the heart.
"'Extinction of all moral and religious principle.
"'The highest medical authorities, examined in great numbers by your Committee, were uniform in the testimony that ardent spirits are absolutely poisonous to the human constitution; that in no case whatever are they necessary, or even useful to persons in health; that they are always, in every case and to the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive, according to the proportions in which they may be taken into the system.

"'The loss of productive labour to the extent of one day in six.
"'The injury to national reputation abroad.
"'The increase of pauperism in its most fearful shape.
"'The spread of crime in every shape and form.
"'The prohibition of the practice of paying wages at public-houses.
"'The prohibition of the meetings of all Friendly Societies, Sick Clubs, Money Clubs, and Masonic Lodges ... at public-houses, or places where intoxicating drinks are sold.'
These statements have since been confirmed by those that administer the law.
“Almost every crime has its origin more or less in drinking.”—Judge Gurney.
“Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are caused by drinking.”—Judge Erskine.
“If it were not for drinking, you and I would have nothing to do.”—Judge Pattison’s Address to the Grand Jury.
“If all men could be persuaded from the use of intoxicating drinks, the office of Judge would be a sinecure.”—Judge Alderson.
“Three-fourths of the cases of crimes have their origin in public-houses and beer-shops.”—Judge Wightman.
“More mischief is done by drunkenness than by any vice in this country—murders, manslaughters, cuttings and wounding, all sorts of brutalities.”—Judge Platt.
“But for the offences brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, the courts of justice might nearly be shut up.”—Judge Coleridge.
“All the crime which has filled the Castle (York) is to be traced in some way or other to the habit of drunkenness.”—Judge Williams.

Presentment of Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court.
The Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, London, November, 1862, made the following presentment:

“The grand Jury cannot withhold from the court the amazement and horror which they have felt during their investigations, at the systematic countenance and encouragement to vicious habits by the facilities afforded by the numberless places of resort for drinking and profanity, thereby providing nurseries for crime and destitution; and they earnestly hope that some effectual steps may be taken, either by the withholding of licences, or curtailing the hours for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and thus grapple with a system of demoralisation as antagonistic to the interests of religion, and as injurious to the social well-being of all classes of the community, as it is degrading to us as an enlightened nation.”

In the Crown Court at the Durham Spring Assizes, on Monday, March 5th, 1866, Mr. Justice Mellor, on summing up, observed that he had recently read an account in the local papers of a great meeting in favour of Church extension, at which munificent sums were subscribed for extending the teaching and practice of religious, sober, and moral habits, and he had no doubt that other religious denominations had not been behind hand in a similar course; but, said the learned judge emphatically, the amount of mischief and crime arising from this mode of paying wages in this county is far greater than all the churches and chapels that can be built will remedy. I have had seven cases to try of crimes of violence imputed to men apparently of good character when sober, who have all been tried on serious charges of felonious wounding, and all under the influence of drink. His lordship concluded with expressing a hope that employers would alter this practice of having men paid their wages at public-houses. Decent men began calling for a glass or a pint of ale, not intending to drink more, and they went on drinking until they became intoxicated, and frequently lamentable acts of violence were the consequence.

We must not withhold the following statement from Charles Buxton, Esq., M.P., Brewer:

“It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of
reason and will—soaking their brains with beer, or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the church, all united, against the beerhouse and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. Well may we say with Shakespeare, 'O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.' The alarming amount of madness in the United Kingdom is well known to be in a great part owing to the abuse of fermented liquors. Lord Shaftesbury states that having been for sixteen years chairman of the Lunacy Commission, he has ascertained that no less than three-fifths of the cases of insanity, both here and in America, are from this cause. It is, in short, intoxication that fills our jails. It is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums; and it is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England.—From Mr. Buxton's Article in North British Review, February, 1855.

THE DECAY OF THE ENGLISH RACE.

Our attention has been called, through the Pall Mall Gazette (April 17th), to a work published on the above topic by Dr. Morgan, a Manchester physician. It is worth while inquiring into a subject of such deep importance as this must surely be, involving the question of the advancement or degeneracy of 'the good old British blood.' Dr. Morgan regards the alleged "decay" as a too patent fact; and proceeds to account for it by setting forth certain principles and observations. Besides the "vitiating air" of large cities, and certain moral and physical evils, Dr. Morgan speaks of another cause of national decay, respecting which the Pall Mall Gazette writes as follows:

"To these two causes add the results of excessive spirit drinking, and we are no longer at a loss to account for the innumerable early deaths and the childless marriages of the artisan class. Drinking, too, in the country is more exclusively the vice of the men than it is in cities. There are drunken women enough, indeed, in our villages and smaller towns; but they bear no proportion to the gin-drinking women and girls of London, Liverpool, and every city in Great Britain. Drinking, too, tells more fatally on the woman than on the man. Her more susceptible temperament is more easily excited, and the depression that follows and calls for renewed excitement is proportionately more complete. A very small acquaintance with police offices, or any places where drunken women are to be found, is amply sufficient to show that the gin that turns a man into a beast, turns a woman into something almost devilish. Such are the deadly influences at work upon the millions who are congregated in cities, and ever recruited by so large an immigration from the country districts, that the purely agricultural population of the kingdom actually remains stationary. The condition of the farm labourer is bad enough. He, too, often lives in a hovel, is perfectly free and easy in his morals, and gets drunk on beer. It is a satisfaction to remember that the fresh air of heaven supplies him with some compensation for what he loses by not following those of his companions who flock to the gigantic money-making centres of manufacture and trade."
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

Wounded and sore I bleeding lay,
Upon the dark and dangerous way,
While priest and Levite passed me by,
And gave no neighbour's heed.

A stranger passed, and saw my state;
He came the last, but not too late;
Nor did He longer make me wait,
But did the neighbour's deed.

He bound my wounds, and stanch'd the blood,
The issue of my life that flow'd,
And gave me medicine and food;
He was a friend in need.

I saw that He had wounds like mine,
And thence outpoured the oil and wine;
And all He had, He said, "'Tis thine!"
'Twas Christ, the Friend indeed.

When I go forth to help the weak,
By deeds I do, by words I speak,
The wounded, lost, and stray'd to seek;
I do it in Christ's stead.
SATURDAY REVIEW ON THE PUFFERY OF VIRTUE.

FROM Bermuda we have received the following, which is intended for our contemporary who indited the attack on our List of Abstaining Clergy some time since. The paper from which the following extract is taken is the Bermuda Royal Gazette; and though we have no doubt that he who now despises the self-denying work of God’s ministers merely because their sphere of duty is “Palamcottah,” or the “Barrabool Hills,” will look down with infinite scorn on a letter in a colonial newspaper, yet the plain common sense of the following will be felt to be wiser than the flippant criticism of even the Saturday Review.

To the Editor of the Royal Gazette.

“DEAR SIR,—You will confer a favour on an old friend if you will be so kind as to allow a little space for the following remarks on the article styled “The Puffery of Virtue,” which appeared in the Saturday Review of the 16th of December, in your valuable columns.
Yours respectfully,
February 7th, 1866.

Observer.

“The article referred to is, in my opinion, to say the least of it, a very silly attempt to bring the total abstinence cause into contempt. The writer introduces his remarks by inferring that trumpeted fame is the real motive which actuates those who, by their publicly standing forth before the world to advocate this cause, do not shrink from the pitiful criticism of even this anonymous writer, who says:—‘What on earth is the use of his doing good at all if he does not find it fame?’ His attack is intended to show up a noble band of abstaining clergymen of the Church of England, whose names and places of abode are appended to each number of the Church of England Temperance Magazine, who thus openly declare their principles to the world, as fearless of its censure as they are bold to thus declare their hatred to that which undoubtedly causes a great deal of the miseries which afflict the most miserable of all the human family, namely, alcoholic drinks. I quote the following to prove the position which I have assumed, and will then proceed to sift the only argument which he produces in his lengthy article.—‘It is deplorable, however, to find the fathers of the Church so sunk in a figuratively vinous sleep that the Dean of Carlisle and the Bishop of Columbia are the only two dignitaries who figure in the Teetotal directory. The fact that the curate of Little Pedlington does not drink wine is not a bit more interesting than the fact that pork never agrees with him, or that he takes his bath with the chill off.’ Whatever the writer may say, or think, I feel confident that the only safe ground on which a reclaimed drunkard can walk safely is, on no account whatever to touch anything that can intoxicate, and I am sure that the experience of thousands of those who have fallen backward has been produced by the same cause, viz., by the advice of their medical attendant, as the individual whose painful position plainly stated in the Temperance Magazine clearly proves. I am far from thinking that any medical gentleman ever advised a patient to take any wine, brandy, or other stimulant to get up his natural strength, and intended his patient should become a sot again by his advice—from it. But in the face of so much experience that such a painful result has flowed from such advice I really conceive that doctors would do well if they never advised reformed drunkards to take anything at all
DOINGS OF DRINK.

which was likely to revive their craving for that which is so powerful for evil, in their case at least, and whether or not there can be found in Europe a body of people who propagate principles so diametrically opposed to common sense, according to this writer, still those who do propagate such principles have abundant instances of the most painful character to stimulate them in their philanthropic efforts to overthrow the direst evil that can afflict any land. They do indeed try to save tens of thousands of human beings from that which annually consigns them to the drunkard’s grave. Common sense, experience, and total abstainers, hold that the army of inebriates is recruited from the ranks of the moderate drinkers; and as no one ever became a sot at once, they argue that if they can induce moderate drinkers to abandon their moderation, this army will in time be broken up, and it will take uncommon sense, with an immense host of ‘Saturday Reviewers,’ aided by the Arch-enemy of our race himself, to overthrow their position, which common sense declares to be impregnable. May they go on then in their godlike work till their saving principles are effectual in producing sobriety in its most extended sense all over the world, then earth will be somewhat like heaven itself.”—Royal Gazette.

DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

Dark, and gloomy, and awe-inspiring is this chamber! Sad and heart-rending are the facts which are filling up every niche! There is in it no distinction of age or sex. The victims which the drink fiend drags to immolation on his altar embraces every class. This Moloch enfolds in his brazen arms the youngest and the eldest, and the cry of the slain sweeps like moans of November wind through a charnel house.

In the following lines we have an account which will verify part of this statement, though we can hardly, perhaps, agree with the editor of the paper, from which our extract is taken, by calling the little girl “a culprit”—a victim she surely was; and we hope that what she seems to have suffered on this occasion may warn her for ever away from the foul cup.

A most singular charge of drunkenness was heard at Bow Street. The culprit was a little girl named Elizabeth Roberts, aged thirteen, who was accused by the policeman who had her in custody, of being so drunk that it was necessary to send for a surgeon to administer to her an emetic. On being asked as to where she had obtained the drink, she replied that some boys had taken her out and had given her gin. The father of the girl, on being called, said that she was very good generally, and when Mr. Vaughan discharged the prisoner, he inquired whether, if he could find the boys who treated her, they would be punished. Mr. Vaughan replied they would not, but added that if the publican could be found who served the liquor, he was to be sent to the court.

Turn from this scene of juvenile depravity to another scene of atrocious cruelty, one where wife and child, and even the lower animals, became the victims of the infuriate drunkard.

At the Thames court, Thomas Joseph Underwood, a costermonger, was charged with assaulting his wife, a poor squallid, careworn woman, who carried a half-starved child in her arms. The prisoner was intoxicated at dinner time yesterday, when he abused his wife and used foul language and threats towards her. He
threw a fork at her head and it lodged in it. He then kicked her and beat her, and on her escaping from the house she was in to the dwelling of a neighbour, he followed her and seized her by the hair of her head, and beat her until she was senseless. He returned to his room, and threw a parrot with its cage and a dog on the fire. The bird and dog were both burnt, and the remains of the parrot were produced. A constable who came in said there was a smell of burning feathers; the parrot was dead, and partially consumed, but the dog could not be found. On the policeman asking the prisoner why he threw the dog and parrot on the fire, he said they were his own property, and he had a right to do what he liked with them. His child was also burnt on the neck, by what means the mother could not state, as she was insensible for some time afterwards. Mr. Paget remanded the prisoner for a week.

The next group in our chamber is indeed a terrible one—"A School for Drunkenness!"

At the Derby police-court, on Thursday, a man named William Rodgers, landlord of the "Derby Armes," was summoned for permitting drunkenness in his house on the 11th inst. The facts of this case were of a shocking character, it being sworn that three mere children, varying in age from ten to eleven years each, and whose heads scarcely reached above the witness box, went to the house of defendant in Curzon Street, last Sunday night, and called for a quart of ale, long pipes, and tobacco, which were, it was alleged, unhesitatingly supplied. In the tap-room there were not fewer than twenty other children—not one above thirteen years of age—drinking and smoking. The three boys in question joined their company, and after having more drink, and sitting for nearly two hours, they became intoxicated and had to be removed home. The Mayor, addressing Mrs. Rodgers: Are we to understand that you went in the tap-room and saw all these youngsters drinking? Mrs. Rodgers: Yes, but when I went in they were all sitting as though in a school. (Laughter.) The defendant was fined £5 and costs.

Another aspect of the evils of drink has presented itself.

We all know the value and importance of that network of telegraphic communication which is now spread over our world. We know how many anxious merchants wait the announcement of the arrival of ships that are freighted with merchandise of untold value. We know how the fate of nations in these days, the rise and fall of the funds, that national pulse, is influenced by the news transmitted by the electric spark. We know, too, how many friends and relatives wait a message which may tell them of the life or death of some loved one. Even this sphere has been invaded by the drink fiend, viz.:—

One often hears of the telegraph being stopped, the communication cut by storm, by gales carrying away the wires, by rain or snow snapping the posts; but on Tuesday it was stopped in Merthyr by a novel process, namely, by the superintendent of police locking up the telegraph clerk for being found drunk and disorderly.

Surely there is a cause for some movement to arrest all this evil! Let each one of our readers ask himself and herself: What am I doing to help the great work of the national reformation of our drinking habits and customs?
PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.—No. I.

THE DRINK IS BAD.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE, from the first, has given a cordial recognition of that important and increasing phalanx of the Temperance army banded together for the overthrow of the LIQUOR TRAFFIC. Whilst not committed to the full endorsement of the various organizations that are so vigorously at work in the various departments of the Temperance Reformation, we look upon them with deep sympathy, and hail with grateful appreciation these special movements, whether operating upon the young through BANDS OF HOPE, appealing to adults through the ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATIONS, or calling upon the parliament and people by the UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE; each and all of these efforts are needed, and are mutually helpful. No thoughtful and right-minded Temperance reformer can desire to limit his sympathies and support to any one branch of the movement; and there can be no ground for jealousy or unholy rivalry betwixt the leaders of the respective phalanxes: all have the same ultimate aim—the emancipation of their country and the world from the thraldom of strong drink, and the social and moral wretchedness and degradation flowing therefrom.

All true Temperance reformers start from the same fundamental point—the badness of drink. Why does the “Band of Hope” seek to save the young from ever tasting or touching alcoholic liquor? Because it is pernicious, seductive, and demoralizing, leading into all kinds of evil, and producing every kind of misery. How can a “Band of Hope” be formed and held together, unless the children be informed and convinced that strong drink is a bad thing, and not one of God’s good gifts, designed for man’s use as a rational, moral, accountable being. On no other basis could Bands of Hope succeed. The young must be told and taught that strong drink is evil and pernicious, and that Abstinence is, therefore, not only a duty, but safety and a blessing.

This, also, is the fundamental doctrine of adult Temperance Societies. They all teach that intoxicating wine—strong drink of every kind—is a mocker and a bane. Other foundations for a Temperance movement have been imagined and dreamed of, and others tried; but they have always failed, and must always fail. The drink being bad, physiologically and essentially bad, as an article of diet or luxury, no theory, or opinion, or solemn conviction, even if entertained by otherwise sensible and good men, can change the nature, action, and results of the use of alcohol. Can a man touch pitch, and not be defiled? or can he take fire into his bosom, and not be burned? He may possibly do these things; but never can he take alcohol into his system as a part of his diet or daily drink without having his brain injured; his faculties of mind, and energies of body more or less impaired, perverted, and destroyed. Alcohol has no natural relation to any
single organ; supplies no normal need of either body or mind. It does not
nourish a single fibre or tissue of the entire frame; but its whole tendency
is to retard assimilation and prevent nutrition. It does not add strength,
but diminishes it, all other things being equal. It gives no clearness to
mental vision; no force or grip to the logical faculty; no sustained
buoyancy to "imagination's airy wing;" no depth of emotion to human
sympathy; no sacred touch of holy fire to Christian faith, hope, or charity!
But its action and influence are all in the opposite direction. It feeds an
artificial appetite that grows with what it feeds upon; it nourishes the base
passions, and influences the brutal instincts of man; it fans the fires of lust,
but quenches the spiritual aspirations; it nurses and fosters the demoniacal
principles, but stifles and extirpates every Divine and heavenward tendency.
The love of alcohol is pre-eminently a flesh lust that wars against the
soul, and, therefore, against God, the Father of spirits. The prohibitionist,
like the Abstainer, recognises the badness of intoxicating liquors;
and this is a fundamental point in his creed. But inasmuch as the
prohibitionist has undertaken a distinct branch of Temperance operations
within the legislative sphere of action against the liquor traffic, he does not
need so much to preserve the physiological and moral branches of the
argument as the social and political. The Alliance formed its plea for
prohibition on the social results of the liquor traffic, rather than on the
physiological effect of alcohol on the individual. Law—statute-law—has
regard more directly and immediately to social security and just arrange-
ments between man and man. The individual man is left as free as possible
in respect to his domestic arrangements and his personal habits; his house
is his castle, and no officer of the law can cross the threshold against his
will, so long as he has broken no social law, and has not abused his liberty
by fraud or violence toward others. Drinking, like gambling and lewdness,
may be very wrong in its physiological and moral aspects; but so long as
it is merely a vice indulged in by the individual or the family, the law can-
not well be brought to bear upon it for suppression. It might be right,
but it would not be politic nor safe, perhaps, to put such a law into opera-
tion. The Alliance, therefore, wisely confirms its action to the public and
common sale of intoxicating liquors. It does not ask the law to stop drinking,
except in places of public resort; it only asks that the liquor traffic shall
be prohibited, on the ground that it is at present an open traffic in a
pernicious, dangerous, seductive article.

B.
CHAPTER III.

It was a small room, and but poorly furnished. An iron bedstead, with faded hangings, a chest of drawers, a little table, a large box, a mattrass on the floor in the corner, and one chair, completed the sum of the articles it contained; but though everything was worn, everything was spotlessly clean and white. On the one chair, by the bedside, sat Annie Morgan, her eyes fixed on the slumberer, and on the mattrass lay Mrs. Vaughan, who had yielded at last to the entreaty that she would take some rest after all the fatigue and anxiety that she had passed through. Tired nature had asserted its supremacy, and she slept.

"The same face! oh, can it be the same?" thought Annie, as she gazed earnestly, as if to assure herself of the fact. Ah! it was the brow, the same high, white brow, with the dark wavy hair thrown back from it; but those sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks, and then the sharpened outline of feature! She covered her face with her hands, feeling as if she could not bear the sight, but for a second only, and her eyes again sought his face. It was a death-like slumber, and she shuddered at the foreboding it carried to her heart, and dreaded lest he never should wake again.

The clock struck twelve in the old church tower close by, and as its last note was chimed forth, giving its solemn proclamation of finished time, twelve hours for ever gone, Annie looked at him with a trembling anxiety, fearing almost lest his life might be finished too; but at that moment his
lips opened, and his face seemed to re-assume more of the expression of former days, as he murmured a few words, but too indistinctly for his anxious watch to be able to make them out. And he slept again, but it was not such a death-like slumber, and his features had lost some of their rigid expression. He had turned a little also, so that the light fell differently on his face, and gave it a less ghastly appearance. And Annie wept as she looked at him; they were not passionate tears, but the large drops fell calmly and heavily down her cheeks, and once more she hoped for the future; and then her thoughts turned again to a past, which was yet veiled in mystery. What had wrought the change of the last twelve months? Was it the hand of the Almighty that had laid Harold low, or was there another cause? God had indeed permitted all this to come to pass; but was it His permission only, or His will? With the deepest anxiety Annie had sought to read in Mrs. Vaughan’s transparent countenance an answer to these queries, but none was there; and this had fora time stilled within her breast fears that she had never breathed to a human ear, though they had been poured forth to God, and He had strengthened her to endure their sting. But in that silent chamber they re-awakened, and would be heard. What was the true solution of those vague words of self-accusation which had crept into Harold’s letters as if by stealth, but which he had always explained away, as having their origin in some trifling circumstance, when she wrote to him, inquiring what they meant? And what was the cause of that restless uneasiness which many expressions he used betrayed, and responding view of the future, which was so foreign to his hopeful temperament? A fearful answer presented itself to these questions, but she tried to put it away from her as she often had done before. But everything around her suggested the same thought. How well she remembered all the little articles in that room, when Harold first left his home eighteen months ago! It was so prettily though humbly furnished then, and for many a month after that time; but how empty and dreary it looked now! and then it occurred to Annie how anxious the good old lady had often seemed to prevent her from going up into that room; so that six months had really elapsed since she had entered it, though frequently she had offered and longed to save Mrs. Vaughan the trouble of fetching things from the upper rooms, and had had her request to do this almost peremptorily declined. Harold’s income had been the same during the whole time until lately, when it had been increased. Why then was the house so poverty-stricken, that she had instinctively felt, on entering the upper room, that money was needed there, and had therefore insisted upon Mrs. Vaughan’s reluctant acceptance of some needed articles? then the things required were such as the good woman, with her clever management, would have generally had in store. One haunting thought seemed the only solution of all these mysteries, but she refused to believe it still. “He will tell me all when he can talk to me,” Annie sighed, “and so this suspense will not last long; but, oh, if he should sleep away his life thus, and never speak to me any more! I do not think it. I do not believe God will let him die. Have mercy upon him, and upon me also, O gracious Father!”
The wind was rising, and moaned wildly around the house, shaking the windows, against which the rain pattered heavily, as the old church clock struck again. Another day had commenced, and Annie shuddered to think of the utter desolation that might overtake her before its close, and anxiously gazing upon the slumberer saw him move. Another moment, and his eyes opened, and a faint smile played around his lips, but it was succeeded by a look of deep anguish, and a groan. He put out his hand to her, and she took it, and then gently kissed his brow, but he was silent, and she did not dare to speak. Following Mrs. Vaughan's instructions, she gave him some medicine that was waiting on the little table beside her, and sat down again by his side, with his hand within her own. His hand, yes, she knew that it was his, and it was comfort enough for the present to hold it, changed though it was and shrunk. She touched it tenderly, feeling almost as if the transparemt-looking texture between the bones might yield to the gentlest pressure, and separate; and with eyes fixed upon him, waited for him to speak. Many times his lips parted, but no words came, and there was a look of mingled tenderness and anguish in his face that troubled and awed her. At last she ventured gently to kiss his hand.

"No, no, Annie," he murmured, "you are not to love me; you must not. God will bless you; but He hates me."

Annie shuddered at his words, and the tears started to her eyes. "Annie," he continued, "I do not know how long I may have to live; not many hours, perhaps, and there is much I must say to you. I do not know how to do it, but I will try now."

"Are you not too weak yet, Harold dear?"

"Shall I ever be stronger?" he answered. "And if I survive telling you, it may be that I shall live, for my heart is burdened sorely; this anguish is consuming me; it is a fire burning within my veins. God help me! but how can I dare to ask it? Ruined?" He turned his head away from her with clenched teeth and closed hand.

Silently praying for him, and feeling it was the only thing she could do, Annie stood by his bedside, and waited, but several minutes passed, and still his face was resolutely hidden from her view. At last she ventured to say, in almost a whisper, in her clear, calm voice, "God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; and it is to the vile that He says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall become as wool.' 'Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost, and His blood cleanseth from all sin.'"

He turned suddenly towards her. "It is like an angel's voice! but you think I am vile, Annie, you believe that I am lost; thank God that I have not to tell you this, darling!" he continued, as he again put out his hand to her. "I am not the man that you parted from twelve months ago. Oh, I was happy then. I had little money, but it was sufficient for my wants, and I could provide my mother with many comforts, which she, alas! needs now;" and he glanced round the scanty room with almost a bitter look.

"Ah! this is too good for me; a bundle of straw in a cellar corner is rather
what I deserve, but, my mother, it should not be so for her. Annie, with the eighty pounds a year with which I went to London, I was a rich man, and with a hundred and twenty I am a beggar now, for I have wants which no money can satisfy, and the more that I spend upon them the more do they crave still. It was little by little this came to pass; men do not fall at once, though it was more rapid with me than with many; but as the hairs of your head, Annie, so one by one were the threads of sin woven together to form the strong rope that binds me now. It was a glass now, and a glass again, and so was the evil done; but I am bound—how tightly, God only knows; and now I am dying, love. Oh, if there were no hereafter, it would be better to die than spend my days in the living death I have lately done, with my conscience gnawing on one side, and the unnatural thirst driving me on on the other; but there is an eternity, and how shall I enter it? pray for me, pray for me!"

Annie stood by his bedside, strong and calm; calmed through the very agitation she witnessed, because she felt how much hung upon the precious moments that were flying, and, that to use them, she must be calm.

"Harold," she answered, "I have prayed for you, and I will indeed pray; but mine is not the only voice that will plead your cause. Jesus has shed His precious blood for you, and is now at the right hand of God, and intercedes for you."

"Not for me; He does not love me; He hates sin."

"But not the sinner, dear Harold. Oh, there is hope—hope for the vilest that ever lived—hope for you, dear; 'Jesus came to deliver those who through all their lifetime were subject to bondage,' and He can deliver you both from the guilt and the slavery of your sins. Blessed Jesus," she continued, raising her eyes to heaven, "Thou hast loved Harold, and died for him; save him in Thy infinite compassion; oh, save him! snatch him from Satan's grasp, and wash away all his sins in Thine own blood."

"God hear your prayer, my Annie. God bless you," murmured Harold, "but she is not mine now," he added to himself with a pained look. "Darling," he continued, "forgive me all the cruel past which has robbed us of each other, through my guilt. You know little indeed, as yet, and I cannot tell you more now; but for all unknown as well as known wrongs you have love enough in your heart to forgive me, though I do not deserve it; but I may die, and never have strength to say more to you; let your last word to me to-night be forgiveness."

"Not my poor forgiveness only, but God's, Harold. Oh, may He grant you His! ask Him for it; say these words after me, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake.'" Very solemnly and slowly did Annie repeat them; and earnestly though feebly, did the poor sufferer follow her.

"And now, dear," she said, as she re-arranged his pillow, and saw his exhausted look, "we will not speak again, and you must try and sleep."

He obeyed her, though it was long ere the slumber came, and the pale cheek grew paler still, now that the exertion of conversation was over; but Annie was thankful to see his face more quiet and peaceful in expression than it had been at first. She watched by him until the grey light of early
morning had brightened into the sunrise glow, and then taking a last look at the invalid who had fallen into a light doze, left him to his mother’s care, and bent her steps homeward.

CHAPTER IV.

“I don’t see why one sick person must needs have two nurses, though another be left without. ‘Charity begins at home,’ I used to be taught in my young days. It isn’t fit that I should be left alone in the house of a night, with only those two chits. But people must have their own way, I suppose, and care only for themselves.”

Such was poor Annie’s breakfast greeting, when, with weary throbbing head and flushed cheeks, she sat down to the morning meal, which immediately on her return home, she had busied herself in preparing.

“Did you want anything in the night, aunt?” inquired Annie, in reply, “for it is several months now since I have had to get up to fetch anything for you. Though you are helpless, it is rarely you have pain.”

“If you were helpless you’d think it enough, my girl, and Jessie has no strength to move me.”

Annie could not resist glancing at the robust figure and stout red arms of her sister, and drawing the contrast between her own slender form and thin hands, as she answered, “I do not think I am very strong, aunt.”

“Are you likely to be, I wonder, sitting up all night to nurse people who are sick, and have plenty of relations to do for them.”

“Aunt Halton,” replied Annie, for her indignation was thoroughly roused now, but in a calm firm voice, “you shall never be neglected, and Jesss is able to do for you all you need, and she pleases you better than I do, for you have always been fond of her, but as long as Harold Vaughan lives I shall help his mother to nurse him, God sparing me; and you could not speak to me as you do if you saw him, aunt,” she continued, and the large tears came into her eyes; “oh, you would feel that he is dying—dying—though all things are possible with God,” and He may yet raise him up.”

For once Mrs. Halton was silenced, and she cleared her voice, as if conscious of a little emotion, before telling Jessie to put some more coal on; and Annie gladly escaped from the breakfast table, almost before the meal was concluded. One resolution she had determinedly formed in her own mind, and that was that at present Jessie should not attend school, but remain at home and devote her time entirely to her aunt, so that she might pursue her needlework either at Mrs. Vaughan’s or in her own room. Suffering, as she then was, in mind, she felt that she should entirely give way if she attempted to work in the little sitting-room with Mrs. Halton, as usual, subject to the perpetual irritations that she must endure there; and as Jessie had always been a favourite with her aunt, she was kinder to her than to any one in the house. “For I must work,” said Annie to herself. “It has been almost more than I could accomplish to earn what we have ourselves needed; and now that Harold is so ill and his income gone, what
will become of him and of his mother unless I can help them? But I can get more work to do, and I will do it, for God will strengthen me." And the blessed promise came with power to the remembrance of her sad heart, 'God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation, make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'

"With the temptation," she thought; "I must remember that; the daily grace will only be in proportion to my daily need, and I must not expect to see 'the way of escape' too soon; it will be God's time, not mine. I must not think of to-morrow's troubles, for Jesus will carry me through them when to-morrow comes. As a little child does, hour by hour, just what its father bids it, so, as God's child, must I obey Him with an unquestioning trust, knowing He loves me. And I may 'cast my care upon Him' —my care about Harold—this crushing weight—because 'He careth' for me, and has invited me to 'make my requests known unto Him.' I will pray for Harold's life if it may be, but if not, I do not think God will deny me the salvation of his soul, for 'He willeth not the death of a sinner,' and we know that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us; and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.'"

Harold continued much the same, as the poor girl found by repeated messages, during the almost endless day, as it seemed to her, through which she plied her busy needle; but she was determined again to share Mrs. Vaughan's night watch by the side of the sufferer, and at about eight o'clock in the evening she re-entered the sick room. Harold was awake, and held his hand out to her with a smile that seemed to illumine her whole soul.

"I have had a blessed sleep, Annie, and it has calmed me, and made me feel as if everything was not hopeless in this world; and to know that you are no longer deceived in me, and that I have not broken your heart by what I told you, is comfort; a comfort, alas! I do not deserve. And now read to me, dear, for I need to be taught, and then you have work to do, I know, and I must not hinder you. Oh, work to do!" he repeated, almost bitterly. "It ought not to be so: I promised to work for you."

"And if God spares you, dear Harold, you will yet," she answered, with confidence.

"Ah, Annie! you do not know what you are saying; how should you? We must wear chains, to feel their weight. If I live, I will indeed work for you if I can; but my will is a captive, and seems to dash itself hopelessly against the bars that surround it, and who shall burst these bars? Feebler far than this feeble body, which truly is weak enough, is my moral power to resist the evil and choose the good."

"'The Lord looseth the prisoners,' and 'to them that have no might He increaseth strength,'" replied Annie earnestly.

"'No might,'" repeated the sick man, "'no might.' Ah, Annie, those words are true of me. I have hated the course I was pursuing, and yet I have 'no might,' no power to rise above the degradation into which I was
sinking, though wretched to be its slave. It was not the taste that I cared for; do not wrong me by thinking this. It was the exhilaration of feeling caused by the wine; it was the state of brain it produced; it was the un easiness it satisfied for a time, and the perfect happiness and freedom from care that it seemed to give. Oh, it was an unnatural fascination that it exercised over me, and though I knew how wretched it would leave me, it seemed to bind me hand and foot, and carry me where it would. Oh, Annie! is the mystery known yet? Will it ever be known this side the grave? Surely it is Satan that mingles this death-cup, and holds it to the lips of his victims."

"But it is written, 'Resist the Devil, and he shall fly from you,' Harold; and since this is God's command to us, He will enable us to obey it if only we seek His help. But when we have wandered away from God, the first thing we are to try and do is to return to Him. I will read to you the parable of the Prodigal Son, and you know God is willing to receive and to welcome us all thus, and therefore to welcome you."

He listened, with closed eyes, as Annie read; but when she came to the 21st verse, his lips moved as if he were making the profligate's confession indeed his own.

(To be continued.)

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ON DRUNKENNESS.

We are enabled to quote the following extract from the Charge of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, delivered at his Sixth Visitation held November, 1863. This is but one out of many testimonies of a similar character, and may be regarded as the expression of the great drawback experienced by most of the clergy throughout the parishes of England. The Bishop writes—

"I have studied, my Reverend Brethren, with careful attention your statements of 'the hindrances' which have impeded your ministry; and as to one or two of the chiepest of them I would give you a few words of counsel.

"The 'hindrances' named by you most frequently are the evil working of beershops, and the unfitness of cottages for the family life of the labouring poor.

"These are, no doubt, grievous hindrances. Drunkenness as the effect of the one, and impurity as the effect of the other, stand sorely in our way; and every effort we can make to awaken the Legislature to reform the one, and the owners of the soil to abate the other, will be well bestowed."
NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]

Herodotus and Plutarch on the use of Wine amongst the Egyptians.

“And Pharaoh’s cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh’s cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh’s hand.”—Gen. xl. 11.

This verse is referred to in an interesting note by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in the Rev. George Rawlinson’s Herodotus, vol. ii. p. 66. Herodotus, in lib. ii. cap. 37, tells us that every day “a portion of wine made from the grape” was given to the Egyptian priests. On this Sir G. Wilkinson remarks: “Herodotus is quite right in saying they [the priests] were allowed to drink wine, and the assertion of Plutarch that the kings (who were also of the priestly caste) were not permitted to drink it before the reign of Psammetichus is contradicted by the authority of the Bible (Genesis xl.) and the Scriptures; and if on some occasion it really was not admitted into the temple of Heliopolis, it was not excluded from other temples, and wine was among the usual offerings to the gods. Herodotus tells us that they began their sacrifices by a libation of wine; and it is evident from the sculptures that it was also admitted into the temples of the Sun, or at least at his altar in other temples. And though Hecateus asserts that the kings were allowed a stated quantity, according to the regulations in the sacred books (Plut. de. Is. s. 6), they were reported by the Egyptians to have exceeded those limits, as in the case of Mycerinus and Amsias.”

I do not see any contradiction between Herodotus and Plutarch. Plutarch may mean that the kings and priests were not permitted to drink fermented wine. Some of the readers of our CHURCH TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE may be pleased to see the celebrated passage in Plutarch which has caused so much discussion amongst those who take an interest, from any motive, in the antiquity of our Total Abstinence movement. Plutarch, in his treatise “De Iside et Osiride,” says, “The priests of Heliopolis never carry wine into the temple of the god, deeming it indecorous to drink in the day time under the eyes of their lord and king. Other persons drank it in moderation; but they abstained from it at those times when they observed their law of continency, and that was frequently. They then gave themselves up entirely to study, and to the meditation and teaching of those things which concerned the Divine nature. As the kings were themselves priests, they took, according to Hecateus, but a certain portion prescribed in the sacred books; nor was this custom introduced till after the reign of Psammetichus; for before the time of that prince they drank no wine; and if they ever made libations of that liquor to the gods, it was not in the persuasion that it was in itself agreeable to them, but because they considered it to represent the blood of those enemies of the gods who had formerly fought against them.” Not having Plutarch’s “De Iside et Osiride” in the original at hand, I give the translation of the important passage from W. D. Cooley’s edition of Larcher’s “Notes on Herodotus.” Larcher remarks on this passage in Plutarch, “Wine, we may therefore conclude, was exceedingly scarce before the time of Psammetichus; but became much less so under this prince and under the Ptolemies. That of Mareotis, or Alexandria, obtained a high reputation. That of Anthyllus, a town at a short distance from Alexandria, was, however, preferred to it, according to Athenæus, who may be consulted as to the
different wines of Egypt. That of Coptos was so light and easy of digestion that sick people took it without any inconvenience."

To make Plutarch’s account of the use of wine in Egypt more clear, I ought to mention the time when Psammethichus lived. He was king of Egypt fifty-four years, according to Herodotus, from B.c. 671 to 617, and was the founder of the Saitic dynasty. His reign forms an important epoch in Egyptian history. It was during his time that the Greeks were first introduced into Egypt. Vide Smith’s “Biographical Dictionary.” It was, doubtless, owing to these Greeks that a change took place in the habits of the Egyptians with respect to wine in the time of Psammethichus.

This note is already so long, that I must reserve further remarks on Genesis xl. 11, for another number of the Church Temperance Magazine.

Manchester. William Caine, M.A.

---

The word oivcō.

Sir,—I find Liddell and Scott give the following meanings for the word oivcō:

“The fermented juice of the grape, the fermented juice of apples, pears, &c., a fermented liquor made from barley or wheat, palm wine, lotus wine, &c., &c.”

Can those who hold that the wine our Saviour made unintoxicating produce classical authority to show that the word oivcō undoubtedly was used of such liquor? If any of your readers can establish this suggestion, it would place the argument, founded on this idea, on a much firmer basis. Of course the Total Abstinence question does not depend upon the solution of this difficulty; but it would be far more advantageous to know whether the position is tenable or not. Nothing more tends to weaken our influence than the use of an argument which really will not stand criticism.

Blackley, Manchester.

George Edwards.

---

Old Laws for the Discouragement of Drunkenness.

The Gentleman’s Magazine (Jan. 1866) observes:—“The Danes and all other people in England,” says Holinshed, “used the vice of great drinking. The king, therefore, (Edgar, A.D. 970,) by counsel of Dunstan, put down many alehouses and would suffer but one in a village or town, except it were in a great borough. He ordered certain cups with pins or nails, and made a law that whosoever drank past that mark at one draught, should forfeit a certain sum. By a statute of the seventh and last year of Edward VI. it is enacted none shall keep a tavern for retailing wines unless licensed; and that only in cities, towns corporate, boroughs, post towns, or market towns; or in the towns of Gravesend, Sittingbourne, Tuxford, and Bagshot, on the forfeiture of ten pounds. And there shall be only two taverns for retailing of wine in every city or town except in London, which may have 4 taverns, in York, 8 taverns, in Norwich, 4; in Westminster, 3; in Gloucester, 4; in Bristol, 6; in Lincoln, 3; in Hull, 4; in Shrewsbury, 3; in West Chester (Chester), 4; in Hereford, 3; in Worcester, 3; in Southampton, 3; in Canterbury, 4; in Ipswich, 3; in Winchester, 3; in Oxford, 3; in Cambridge, 4; in Colchester, 3; in Newcastle upon Tyne, 4.”
MONTHLY LETTER.
(From our own Correspondent.)

I am afraid I have not very much to record in the way of meetings this month, though surely the season of Lent would seem a most appropriate time for pressing the subject of Abstinence in the special form with which we deal with it on the notice of the members of our Church; yet the extra special services and the preparation for the Easter Confirmations have so occupied our Clergy as not to leave much time for our meetings.

Your Travelling Secretary has, however, attended meetings in Harrow, Windsor, and Southend, and preached the Anniversay Sermon of the Clerkenwell Association in the Parish Church.

In Ireland the cause is, I have reason to believe, advancing, though it may be slowly. Our movement has several scattered friends, but there has not been any satisfactory organization in connection with the central society as yet.

From the East—from Mr. Templeman, Chaplain at Mirabad, Rohilkund (tell it not to the Saturday Review)—"I have seen most interesting accounts of the work among the soldiers;" and from the west, from Sullivan, Canada West, Mr. Keys bears testimony to the value of our society's principles. "He (Mr. Keys) speaks of a man, the father of four children, whom he met in a state of drunkenness in the early part of the year; indeed he presented himself in that state one Sunday. Mr. Keys called on the man in the course of the week and reasoned with him. His visit was blessed. The man, who commenced the year as a drunkard, is now a communicant, has family prayer, and privately instructs about a dozen little ones on Sunday. He tells the missionary he never tastes any intoxicating drinks."

I believe returns have been received from nearly all the Honorary Diocesan Secretaries, giving lists of Parochial Associations in their respective dioceses, but as I know there are local associations in several places which have not come under the secretaries' notice, I may mention that Mr. Rooke would be glad if the presidents or secretaries of such would kindly send him in the names of their association, stating the diocese in which they are.

Your readers will be glad to learn that there are one or two new tracts almost ready, in continuation of the series of "The Church of England Temperance Tracts," one of them a tale of much interest, founded on fact, and written by a lady who has contributed to your Magazine.

A new association has been formed at Hanford, Staffordshire, after a lecture by Rev. A. A. Isaacs on the subject of total abstinence, and within a fortnight, forty-six persons enrolled themselves as members.

The usual Easter meeting of the Windsor Working Men's Temperance Association took place on Monday, April 2, 1866. About 130 partook of tea, and the public meeting was attended by about 250 or 300. The Rev. H. J. Ellison, M.A., Vicar of Windsor, President of the Association, presided, and (in the absence of the Rev. J. A. Nash, of Oxford, who had been announced as one of the speakers) introduced the Rev. T. Rooke, who remarked on the influence which the Temperance movement is gaining among all classes of society, and the many encouragements which the promoters of the movement are receiving at the present time. Mr. W. Scott, of the National Temperance League, also addressed the meeting in an effective speech.
"Bear ye one another's burdens."

ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

There has been much said against the Temperance movement, against Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks, against what is commonly called Teetotalism. Objection has been taken to the mode of advocacy adopted by some, and to the temper and spirit displayed by others; but we have never heard a valid argument urged against the central principle of the movement, which is nought else than this, "Bearing one another's burdens." The law of sympathy is designed to knit man
to man in mutual love and in brotherly agreement. Man was never made to stand alone, much less to stand alone in the time of danger and temptation. The good of the individual is conducive to the good of the community; and the good that is self-done, or that is mutually rendered, is a contribution towards the general welfare. Therefore personal duty—to one’s own self, and sympathetic duty—to one’s fellow-man, are the right and left hand, the main executive of the commonweal. We are all members of the one body; and if one member suffers, the thrill of sympathy with that suffering member would go through the body to the remotest extremity. It is well for that heart whose strings of affection are so finely sensitive and so delicately tuned as to be able to “rejoice with them that do rejoice, or to weep with them that weep.” One harp string does not itself alone sustain the full burden of the song, but it takes its place, performs its part, and contributes its proportion to the full melody of sound. And even so ought it to be between man and man in the mutual office of “bearing one another’s burdens.”

“Who framed the world, the world to bless,  
On mutual wants built mutual happiness.  
Thus from the first eternal order ran,  
And creature linked to creature, man to man.”

We claim and plead no more than this, by way of reason or apology for our movement—The limited liability of mutual burden-bearing!

This suggests to us the “Panic” we have lately been reading of—the monetary crisis which came upon the city of London and its banking and commercial circles during the past month. In the “suspension” of a great house, the violence of the fall is considerably broken by being distributed over a large constituency of burden-bearers. It is not a loss for one man to bear alone, a crushing fall and ruin irretrievable; but it is a loss distributed, borne in proportions by many, and shared by all. It is not a loss that pursues a man through life, and follows him to death, and absorbs his all for present and for future in a ruthless satisfaction of an awful justice; but it is a loss, for the bearing of which, or for its mitigation, all may take counsel who are interested in it; and by bearing one another’s burden they lighten its weight to each and all; and it becomes at least tolerable, but certainly is not ruinous.

We are informed that some good and deserving “companies” in London have suffered considerable injury of late, owing to the inability or reluctance of the shareholders to answer the “calls” made upon them. They had paid so much of their promised capital, but more was required for the emergency of occasion; this further demand they were not able or willing to supply; they sought to relieve themselves of their responsibility by selling their shares; and where many wish to sell, the
wares become a glut in the market, and become depreciated and cheap. This brought about a shaking of public confidence, and thus through stress of weather many a wreck was cast upon the shore.

Now, there is one great Company in which we all hold shares, and in connection with which we all have responsibilities. This is the great company of Man, for the promotion of his peace and happiness and welfare, both here and hereafter. A noble scheme is that which is aimed at; but it cannot be achieved unless each plays his part, and contributes his proportion with a liberal hand and with a ready mind. Great and incalculable will be the profits, if the scheme should prosper; and every man that does his duty would be a sharer of the benefit. Great and incalculable also will the losses be if the scheme should fail; and all will be involved more or less in the disaster—even those that are saved would be saved "so as by fire." There is the "call" of patience, and the "call" of philanthropy, and the "call" of benevolence, and the "call" of self-denial, and the "call" of sympathy, and the "call" of co-operation—all these are duly paid up. Then comes the "call" of the Total Abstinence Movement, not to pay up, but to give up a something for the further promotion of the scheme. This demand requires the giving up of a fondled thing, the surrender of one of the luxuries of life; and the investment, if thrown into the general scheme, will produce immense profits, for each and all to share and share alike. Yet at this "call" men take alarm; they are loth to comply, and are reluctant to yield the point; they shrink from this part of their responsibility; the consequence is that the expected profits are not as great by half as they might have been; yea, a fearful loss is incurred; and the great company of Man fails to effect one tithe of the good it was intended to accomplish; and this all through a failure in performing the manly duty of "bearing one another's burdens."

We would here indicate certain features in which this mutual burden-bearing may be exemplified—

1. In bearing another's burden of Temptation. Each man has his own weak point; by this the temptation enters, and the soul is taken captive. It needs some strong comrade, who is himself strengthened at that point, to stand shoulder to shoulder with his weak tempted brother, and help him to bear, and to break, the assault of the tempter. Thus it is that the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. There is many a man who is weak by himself and alone, but who may be very strong in company. Apostles were sent forth "two and two," not only for the union of their common testimony, but also for the sharing of their common danger. If theft or lust or any other evil-doing is to be reformed, the attempt is made by those who have no temptations of the kind, to deliver those who are enslaved by the wiles of the tempter. And thus
it is that, in the matter of the drunkard, we induce him to make a final break with his tempter; and we seek, if possible, to remove the force of the temptation, and to ease him of his heavy burden, by bearing it with him, and by our counsel, and advice, and experience, backed by the example of our own abstinence, we lend him of our strength to supplement his weakness. He sees that we are not dealing in mere words and counsels, but in practical deeds of sympathy; he feels he is not alone, that another is bearing his burden; and he thus becomes himself more courageous and more strong.

2. In bearing another's burden of Resistance. It is the hill Difficulty; it is a steep ascent, and "against collar" all the way. He toils and travails and chafes beneath the load, for he desires to reach his destination, and not to turn back. How welcome the helpful aid of a brother under such circumstances! It is as life from the dead. The temptation of drink needs a strong resistance, if it is to be resisted well. It is a cunning, crafty foe; fair and plausible without, but "a mocker" from within. It is a stealthy and insidious foe—insidious to the taste, and stealthy in its progress, until it has gained the final mastery, and then it stingeth as an adder at the last. Whoso fights against this tempter must wrestle too; and whoso wrestles "wrestles not against flesh and blood." If any man toiling under the pressure of temptation ever needed one to bear the burden with him, it is the drinker under the ever-increasing influence of the wine-cup, in its pleasant taste and in its insidious power. A helping hand and a practically sympathizing heart make all the difference in "bearing one another's burdens."

3. In bearing another's burden of Reproach.—The strongest of us are made to feel every day that the reproach of our movement has not yet ceased; then what must our weaker brethren feel? Many of us are strong in our circumstances of life, in our social advantages, in our educational discipline; and the reproach of "water-drinking" sits lightly enough upon us. But there are many of our comrades in arms fighting a desperate encounter down there in the valley—shall we not help them? In their work-shops, in their clubs, in their trades-unions, in their social intercourse, in their business customs and callings, they are exposed to the scoff and the jeer and the laugh of their fellows; and they cannot but feel that this "reproach" is their great stumbling-block, and that if they break down for anything, it will surely be for this. Now, we are standing by, stronger by reason of circumstances to bear the brunt of scoff and sarcasm; shall we not esteem it great riches to bear the reproach with these men, to mingle in their midst, to identify ourselves with them, and thus to resist the arrows of a vexatious opposition, and to put to shame the tongues of unruly talkers, who by their ill-timed jests and ill-advised interference would
seek to turn away those heroic men from their goodly purpose. By our presence and support we keep these good men in countenance in their excellent object; and by bearing with them the burden of reproach we lighten the load upon their shoulder, and render it more easy to be borne. A few strong men may breast the flood and stem the torrent, and so protect their weaker brethren, until at length they too are strong to bear the impetuous current of the adverse stream.

Have you never helped a fallen brother to rise again? Have you never borne the dead weight of a fainting sister in those strong arms of yours? Have you never aided a little child against the unequal conflict of a strong man? Have you never helped a companion up the hill, by sharing his burden with him? Have you never heard of the strong men that brought their palsied brother on a bed to Jesus? Have you never read what Jesus Himself has done, in bearing the burden of our sin, and, as the Great Burden-bearer, conducting us to heaven? Then go thou, and learn what this meaneth—“Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ!” (Gal. vi. 2.)

SPECIAL APPEAL FOR FUNDS.

The following paragraphs appear in the Annual Report of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society:

“This brings your Committee to the general question of Funds and Finances for conducting their work in the future. Of the past year they would speak thankfully; but they would be glad if they could speak more hopefully for the coming year. Your Society is now recognised as an important association of Church Clergy and Laity combined for a very important work. The friends of the Temperance cause have everywhere welcomed us as true yoke-fellows in this service. We have our Monthly Periodical, our Tract Series, our Clerical Secretary, our Diocesan and Parochial Associations, and a great many other agents and agencies at our disposal. We only ask that we may be duly supported in carrying out the great object of our movement.

“Your Committee have made their calculations for the coming year, and they feel that nothing short of an annual income of £1000 will suffice to enable them, with advantage to the cause, and with credit to themselves and the honoured name they bear, to transact the work before them. Of this sum £250 will be required for the Magazine Publication and Circulation Fund; £250 for the Clerical Travelling Secretary Fund; and £500 for the General Purposes of the Society. Surely there must be friends enough of the cause who will help in accomplishing so desirable a result.

“Your Committee feel more earnestly than ever the importance of their undertaking, and the responsibility that devolves upon them. They would therefore very earnestly press this matter of finance, and invite all that can help to render aid in the promotion of the work in hand.”
I was born in South Cave, Yorkshire. My father was a farmer, but through adverse circumstances he was obliged to remove to Leeds, where at an early age I got into bad company, which led me to the public-house and the card-table, and to neglect my employment, and from dear friends who had been too kind. Where?—to a land of strangers with none to care for me. When in poverty I thought of all the comforts of home, but my proud heart would not submit, and rather than "return" as the prodigal, I enlisted at Liverpool for H.M.'s 98th Regiment, on the 25th May, 1845, and "wandered" further and further into a "far country." I joined the Depot at Chatham, and fell into vice and intemperance. Embarked for East Indies in June, and landed in Calcutta on 16th October, 1846, where I was compelled to drink. Yes, actually forced to drink arrack, which I was not accustomed to, and, because I declined taking such large potations as my comrades, was knocked down by the man whom I had selected as my comrade to put me in the way of doing my duty. He happened to be a fighting man. I was not backward in the same science, and in course of time was able to drink deeper, fight harder, and curse more loudly and dreadfully than he or any of his comrades could. In those days of almost universal drunkenness it was hard, very hard, to keep sober; although at times I strove to do so. And it is no wonder to think I was swept down the fearful tide. The cholera visited us in Dinapore in 1847, which carried off hundreds, and to stop its virulence the canteen was thrown open, and the result was a vast amount of drunkenness: everybody flew to the drink, yes, and many died through drink. Great numbers of men were put in the guard-room for being drunk; and it was not an unnatural thing for the sergeant of the guard to find some of them dead, when he went in the morning to waken them up to be arraigned before the commanding officer. Yes, many were killed by drink; drink transported seven others, and hung one for shooting the canteen writer. Drink was to be obtained in any quantities, as long as money was forthcoming; drams were nearly out of the question, pints and quarts were generally called for, and sometimes as much as four or five gallons were called for at once. This is no stretch of imagination. I myself have obtained that quantity at the canteen bar, in a cook's copper. We had then gathered round the table, and drank the whole before we left the spot.

In Lahore I was drinking with three other men one night. We separated for the night, and early in the morning I went to waken one of them up to get a dram, and found him a corpse. One would think I ought to have given up my evil habit now; but no, on I went, deeper and deeper I sank, until I seemed beyond hope. I travelled the length and breadth of India, and was confined for drunkenness in every station, and physical force had often to be used to compel me to go, sometimes carried face downwards, which nearly dislocated every joint. I resisted escorts, broke out of cells, underwent various kinds of punishment, and often exposed myself to the sun by day and the cold and dew by night. Imprecations and oaths were my common expressions, and to such an extent did I carry this vice that I was often reproved by my comrades not so far sunk and debased as myself. In those days every drunken crime had to be entered in the defaulters' book in red ink; and as drunkenness was a crime for which I was
often confined, my defaulter's sheet very soon became full, yes, full of red crimes, not a black mark to be seen. On the Christmas day of 1851 we were encamped at Michnee, engaged in subduing some rebellious mountain tribes. I could not let such a day pass without getting drunk, and oh! the deeds I committed then are harrowing to my soul. Now on that day I fought no less than four battles; I became raving mad, and insulted everybody, struck everybody I met. The next morning found four of us in my tent—three with black eyes and bruised faces, and one with his ankle out of joint. Once it was reported that I was smothered in drink, and although it was not strictly true, I was nearly suffocated. And I praise God that it was not so, although sunk to the lowest possible ebb of the tide of morality. Yet the grace of God reached even me.

Praise God with me for saving me from such a state! The first time I was disgusted with drink was in Fort William, Calcutta. I had gone early one morning to the bomb-proof barracks to obtain a glass of rum; and, early as it was, I found an invalid of some other corps leaning against the bed-head beastly drunk, with the pure (or rather impure) arrack running in a small stream from his mouth. I left the spot resolved to give up drink; but, ah! it was easier said than done: I had been its willing slave for years, and now found it impossible to break single-handed the many chains which held me down, and I quickly proved that I was utterly incompetent to grapple with this gigantic foe without aid from above, as the sequel will show. I accompanied another man to the city, and as drink was to be obtained I must have it; my resolutions took to themselves wings and flew away—I got drunk and fought three men of the 29th Regiment; and the power of drink coming against me with full force, together with the rough usage I received at their hands, I was knocked into the gutter, and my comrade came out of the grog-shop to find me cut and bruised, lying with a number of natives round me—my medal (not a teetotal one) torn off my breast. After this I began to see that I wanted grace from on high to enable me to give it up, which I sought, and found to the joy and rejoicing of my soul: and then it became quite easy to forsake and hate it; the chains fell off at once, like Bunyan's burden when he saw the Cross. For the next twelve months I suppose I drank three pints of beer and cider; and this was not because I desired it—no, but simply to oblige my friends.

Soon after this I received a letter from a brother in Leeds, laying before me the principles of Total Abstinence. Previous to this I had never thought of the pledge. I had certainly seen drink as an unmitigated evil in the world, and I forsook it accordingly; but now I was urged to join the Temperance movement, and assist them to put down this fell monster of iniquity, which after mature consideration I resolved to do. Various reasons have been assigned for my taking this step; some have attributed it to weak-mindedness, afraid that if I took one glass I should take more. Well, I think the contrary is proved in my twelve months' experience as a non-pledged man; and I believe that if I had never signed, I should not have drunk a single drop again, seeing, as I did, the ruin it brought upon so many, and insensibly I became its bitter foe. Smoking also appeared to me an evil, so I threw the pipe after the drink; and money thus saved I resolved to devote to some good object, which has had a more soothing effect upon my mind than a pipe of bird's-eye or of Cavendish could. For ten years (as a soldier) I was a drunkard, and for nearly ten years I have been a pledged abstainer; and for ten years I have been blessing God for enabling me to extract the serpent's fang which had entered my soul, and casting from me the loathsome reptile that had enclosed
me in its deadly folds, whose poisonous breath seemed like honey to my vitiated taste. Thank God, the monster is slain, and I am free. The enchanted bower has no power to lull me to sleep; that which appeared the most attractive spot upon earth is now as a desert waste. Since I have been a teetotaller, I have marched with my regiment where duty called; and although I have not been very robust (and I may thank drink for sapping my constitution in my younger days), yet I have enjoyed a moderate degree of health, and far better than many that took a stimulant. When on the line of march, a drop of water scarcely ever passed my lips; I never felt thirsty; at the half-way I used to take a cup of coffee and a biscuit, while others took their dram (latterly no liquor was permitted to be issued at half-way); and numbers of them were calling "Bheesty pānēe lao" many times a day, and I generally succeeded in reaching the camp as fresh as most of them.

In Peshawur, in 1861, nearly the whole regiment was prostrated with fever and ague; and as they began to recover, 200 of them were sent to Cherat, and about 500 to Rawul Pindée, for the benefit of their health. I was selected to accompany the party to the latter place, and was the only man among that number who escaped it altogether; and this I attribute to the blessing of the Almighty upon my abstinent principles; and, as far as I could learn, there was only one other man in the whole regiment that escaped it altogether; he certainly was not an abstainer, but nearly so.

From Rawul Pindée, the regiment removed to Nundkote, on the summit of one of the mountains in the Himalayan range, to try if the change would eradicate the effects of the Peshawur fever and ague. I had been very unwell most of the summer (but not with fever and ague), and was just recovering when we marched. On the second day, in climbing the steep ascent, it thundered and rained most dreadfully; we were perfectly saturated before we had been long on the road, and often we were half way up to the knee in water, as the torrents came rushing down the road. I felt unwell and much exhausted when we reached Trett, so I spoke to the doctor, who offered some brandy, which I refused to take. He tried to make me believe it would do me good, which I very much doubted. At this place there was no such thing as pitching tents, as the ground, beds, clothing, tents, and all were completely soaked with the rain. Some beer was to be had; so it was warmed, sugar and spice added, and each man got a quart, and liked it very much. We had to remain here some hours in our wet clothes, and afterwards proceed to the top of the hill. Whether it was the rain and cold, or whether it was the hot beer, I never could determine; but certain it is that a very great number of the men were shaking with ague soon after they had drunk it, and although I was exposed equally as much as any one, I was quite free from it, and in fact never felt the least effects of the wetting. I think I have said enough at present, although time would fail me to tell all my experience. I have already written more than I intended; and in conclusion I would pray that God in His infinite mercy may, as I believe He will, give me grace not only to keep my pledge, but also to stoop to raise a fallen brother from a state of drunkenness and misery.
DURING the past year the Total Abstinence movement, in the Army, has made considerable progress, and many new members have enrolled their names on our books. The principles of the cause are beginning to be better understood than they were, and some who once resolutely opposed it, and others who only languidly gave it support, have come over to our side and materially strengthened our hands.

I. The fact that some commissioned officers have taken the pledge, and rendered us their hearty co-operation, is very encouraging; for whenever an officer gives his countenance to any good movement among his men, it is perfectly astounding what rapid progress it makes through the ranks of his regiment. Such being the case, we are always thankful when we can gain the sympathies of officers with the work in which we are engaged.

II. It is a most hopeful sign that very many non-commissioned officers have become Total Abstainers, and most zealously upheld our cause in their regiments. Whenever a sergeant-major, a colour-sergeant, or quarter-master-serjeant, presides over a regimental Total Abstinence Society, experience teaches us that such a society will flourish, and show on its list a goodly number of members.

III. Our social gatherings have from time to time been attended by many friends, who have taken a lively interest in our work and addressed words of encouragement to our members.

IV. In some important military stations the chaplain has rendered us his assistance, and the names of some ministers, if need be, could be mentioned who warmly sympathize with us. Chaplains in military stations might help us immensely, without going so far as to take the pledge; though not abstainers themselves they might attend the gatherings of the men, who would generally welcome the presence of their pastor, and be thankful for any hints or suggestions he might give them.

Soldiers generally require a leader and a guide; and a Total Abstinence society will not thrive the less for having a chaplain at its head—"expero erede." Some of my happiest hours in ministerial work have been spent while presiding at the gatherings of abstaining soldiers. The knowledge acquired at such times of the opinions, feelings, and difficulties of those with whom we have to deal, is not to be undervalued. A pastor must be obtuse indeed who cannot see that, although he may not need the help of Total Abstinence to keep himself from harm and sin, it may be of the greatest advantage to hundreds of those among whom his lot is cast, and for the salvation of whose souls he prays and watches. He may do more if he pleases.

V. Our funds are increasing, and we are thus enabled to get out from home larger supplies of books, papers, and periodicals, and to circulate them more widely among members of our numerous societies.

On the whole, then, we have many reasons to thank God, and take courage,
and relying on His help "without whom nothing is strong," we may look forward hopefully for success. The more generally our cause is known and its principles studied, the greater prosperity will attend it.

We are not without our discouragements.

A.—Many of those who join our ranks desert us after a time, and give back their cards. We must not be surprised at this, when we bear in mind the great difficulties against which a soldier has to contend in leading a sober life. It is intensely hard for a man who has been a hard drinker, to become a total abstainer; and it is astonishing, not that so many fall away, but that so many hold on and successfully resist the violent flood of temptations which assails them. Most regiments have their peculiar festive days and gala seasons, and at such periods Total Abstinence men are exposed to severe temptations, and then it is that so many fall away. At such seasons they should redouble their vigilance, and seek for the Divine assistance to hold on their way, for only by so doing will they be enabled to triumph over all that is against them, and to continue staunch abstainers.

B.—It is no doubt discouraging to us that so many, whose help we should highly value, are only lukewarm in our cause, or altogether against us.

C.—We have met with opposition from a quarter from whence we should have least expected it. A newspaper, which generally takes a most enlightened view on all subjects relating to the British soldier, has declared itself against the Total Abstinence movement. This paper is very widely read by our soldiers, and it is worth while to endeavour to show here that its opposition to us rests on an altogether unsound foundation.

1. We are told by our opponents that in several stations, officers and men, and even chaplains, do not encourage Total Abstinence among soldiers. This proves nothing at all, since it may be stated with equal truth that in several stations both chaplains and officers approve of the movement and support it.

2. It is asserted that Total Abstinence may be all very well among those engaged in trades, who have families dependent on them for their sustenance and who, through neglect of important duties, may cause loss and injury to themselves and others; but among soldiers it is not needed.

This proposition carries its refutation on the surface. For,

a.—Many soldiers are married and have families.

b.—Nearly all soldiers have relations in need at home who would be thankful to them for the smallest pecuniary assistance.

c.—Few men have more responsible duties to discharge than soldiers. Drunkenness is the cause to them, and those who are over them, of trouble, loss, and harm. Soldiers have been known before now to be drunk on duty, absent from roll-call, killed by heat apoplexy superinduced by drink; and yet we are told that Total Abstinence is not needed among our regiments. Where more so?

3. Further, it is urged that it is better for a soldier to be a moderate
drinker than a Total Abstainer. It is extremely difficult to define moderation as applied to soldiers. Ask the men if such a thing is easy in the ranks, they will reply, it is almost impossible. Aristotle, we are told, extolled moderation, saying it was a medium state between intoxication, the excess, and total abstinence, the defect. To this we may reply, Aristotle did not write his Ethics for the benefit of European soldiers, nor in our age, when intoxication was so crying an evil as it now is. Moreover, Aristotle was not a Christian. Archbishop Whately was both a Christian and a moral philosopher, and he writes as follows:—"Those who have been led into intemperate habits find their longing for strong drink increased by even the smallest indulgence; so that they find it harder to abstain from excess after they have taken a small quantity than to abstain altogether. A person that is thus afflicted with a malady which has been called 'dipsomania' will certainly do well to form a resolution of total abstinence, which is in fact taking an easier mode of effecting a more important object, instead of the more difficult one of moderation. And again, if anyone, although himself of temperate habits, finds that some member of his household is prone to commit excess, he will perhaps do well to exclude strong liquors from his house altogether." Does not this language, in many respects, apply to a regiment?

These words will probably be read by people of different shades of opinion. 1st. By soldiers who have already derived benefit from Total Abstinence. In their own language, I would say to them, "Stand by your colours." 2nd. By those who have not yet joined a Total Abstinence Society, who do not even call themselves moderate drinkers, and who drink all they can get. I would say to such, Give up the drink at once, and come and join us; you know not what will be your gain. 3rd. By moderate drinkers, as they think themselves, among soldiers, and by others, who say they never derive any harm from drink. I would only ask them, Is your position a safe one? Is it free from all danger? 4th. Some not soldiers may run their eye over these words, who are yet interested in the soldier's welfare, who wish to save him from temptation and sin, and make him a devout, a God-fearing, a Christ-loving man. They know much, I doubt not, of the principle of self-sacrifice who have taken up many a cross before now, and borne it right manfully. In my own words I would not speak to them; I should be taking too much upon myself. I will use another's—

"Wouldest thou be useful? think not of thyself.  
Be as the stream that stands not at its source,  
But flowing onwards cheers the thirsty fields  
That wait its course.

Wouldest thou be like thy Master? oh then think  
Of other men, not of thyself alone!  
For even Jesus while He wandered here  
Sought not His own."
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.
No. IV.—MARINE STORE DEALERS.

Were a young man with a very small capital, about to commence some business by which to live, to ask our advice as to what the business should be, we certainly would not advise the marine store trade. There are few legitimate modes of obtaining a living in London which offer greater facilities for petty dishonesty than this; few which lay a greater strain on the conscientiousness of their followers. At all times a suspicion lurks about the dominions of the black doll that odds and ends of property very dishonestly obtained, and the products of wilful waste, can there find a ready market; and the records of the police courts too often confirm the suspicion.

In such a huge community as that of the metropolis these shops, when properly conducted, are undoubtedly a great convenience. They utilize and turn to beneficial purposes a vast amount of property which would otherwise be altogether lost. They have a tendency to foster habits of thoughtfulness and providence in the class which needs those habits most; they afford a living to many poor creatures, to whom every other channel but that of beggary is closed; and they produce to their keepers as steady and fair a return as any other mode of trade. Occasionally the marine store dealer rises to the dignity of a merchant; and his yearly transactions are to be measured by thousands of tons of old metal, and by thousands of pounds in cash. At the same time it is undeniable that they exert a counter tendency in the direction of evil. Too often the ragshop, like the pawnbroker’s shop, is the ready ally of the gin-shop. Too often, the easy mode which it offers, to turn the children’s scanty clothing or the mean furniture of the single room into ready money, is a powerful inducement to deepen the dark tints of drink-made poverty.

There is a broad and well-marked distinction between the ragshops of the east and west of London. In the one the establishment ranges with other shops in the leading thoroughfares; in the other it retreats to the little back streets and the “Mews,” the stable-yards behind the aristocratic streets and squares. In the one the staple article is iron; in the other, white rags. In the one the prevailing odour is that of tar; in the other, of bones and kitchen-stuff. The one often has a display of worn sou’westers, pea jackets, great coats, and ankle-jacks; the other chokes the doorway with morning gowns, dress skirts, and soiled satin slippers. But the leading features are the same in all, whether nestling under the high walls of the East India Docks, or hidden down some archway in Belgravia.

Not a very great while ago we sat in the evening on a sack of rags in a shop of this kind, in an obscure turning in Tyburnia; a little triangular nook, shut in by palatial residences, and filled with carpenters’ shops and stables. The shopkeeper was a very conscientious man, and in this matter set a bright example to many of his brethren. Three children came in; the eldest a girl of twelve or thirteen, her sister about ten, and a brother about eight. Poor little wretches! they were alike tattered, dirty, and hungry. Their loads were hoisted on the counter, and roughly sorted. True chiffoniers, they had been rooting the gutters all day, and here was the result—bones, rags of all kinds, some bits of flint glass, old nails, a broken hinge, pieces of twine, the half of a brass
candlestick, &c. The united proceeds amounted to one shilling and tenpence. When the rubbish had been shot into its different depositories, the eldest girl lifted up a half-gallon ink-bottle—picked up from the stuff laid down to form a new road—and asked twopence for it. The man declined to buy it; it was of no use to him. The child pleaded hard, and ultimately succeeded. "Now I'm all right," said she; "I've made up my money." "What do you mean by making up your money?" said we. "Why, mother makes me bring home a shilling a-day, and Charley and Sall sixpence a-piece." "And suppose you do not take your mother the two shillings?" "Why, then she wallups us." This woman was described to us—no doubt truly enough—as a miserable, dirty drunkard; and, indeed, who but such an one would consent to live by means like these? No fear that the supply of thieves and streetwalkers will be kept up, while mothers of this class are found.

A neat, trim servant girl came in with a large bundle, a smiling face, and a flood of chatter. A dozen or two of medical phials, some jars of dripping, and a large pot of grease, formed her load. The man examined the grease, and saw that half of it consisted of partly-burned candles wastefully melted down. "That grease won't do for me." "Why not?" "I can't buy kitchen-stuff with long cotton wicks in it." "Oh, that's nothing; it's beautiful tallow." "Yes, too beautiful. Take it away." He told us that waste of this kind takes place in some houses to an almost incredible extent. The girl, too, was a fair type of a class of servants too large by far—a class who spend their quarter's wages within a week or two of receiving them. Long before the next are due they are penniless; if the want of a shilling presses, and they cannot borrow the coin, it is raised by means of the ragshop, as witnessed above.

Another servant girl enters, and she too has a lot of kitchen-stuff. "A half-penny a pound for that," says the shopkeeper. "A halfpenny? What do you mean?" "What I say. You are coming the old soldier too strongly over me, young lady. If you mix three pounds of cold turnips and potatoes with one pound of grease, you must expect to pay for it. That trick won't do here." Frauds in everything, thought we. Grease adulterated with boiled turnips is a fit parallel to soot adulterated with charred sawdust.

A plasterer's boy comes in from some house under repair in the neighbourhood. He produces some pounds of lead from a basket, and without speaking puts them in the scale. "What's that?" "Only a bit of old lead the plumbers threw away." The man takes out the pieces, and, ranging them on the counter, fits them end to end, and reproduces about four feet of new lead-pipe, cut into short pieces with a cold chisel, and beaten with a hammer. "You're on the right side of the counter to run away, my man. If you and your lead are not off in two twos I'll send a policeman after you." Continual petty thefts of this kind go on amongst new buildings.

We shift the scene to a water-side street in the Borough. Our friend of the black doll here is not so scrupulous as his brother above. He is ready, he says, to buy anything, from a needle to an anchor, so that it be safe; that is, that stolen articles have their identity sufficiently destroyed. A street Irish lad, neglected and neglectful, staggered in under a load of bones, black as jet, which he has picked out of the bed of the river at low water. Fresh bones will fetch a farthing a pound, but these will only sell at six pounds a penny. He gets ninepence for them, and fourpence more for some scraps of rusty iron from the same storehouse. We gaze at his well-knit frame, but purely animal face, with very painful feelings. Poor lad! can no helping hand be stretched out to put you in a more hopeful way of living than this?
The mud of the Thames has been your harvest-field for years; you are rising into manhood, and have not a thought beyond the present, not a wish but that to-morrow’s mud-raking may be more profitable than to-day’s; and, worse still, the river is haunted by hundreds like you.

With what ineffable disgust we watch out of the place that shambling, greasy, gin-sodden, shrunken, fulsomely polite old man. He brought in a large flat cake of pewter, new and shining, for which he received about half-a-crown. “That old fellow,” says our friend, “is a regular pot-stealer. He spends best part of the day going from one public-house to another, doing a little business where he can by stealing the publicans’ pots. Then he makes them curtsey in a frying-pan, and then he brings them to me.”

“And where is your conscience to buy them?” “Conscience has nothing to do with it. He brought me old metal, and I paid him the fair price for it. How he got it is nothing to me.” Another phase of the demoralizing influence of the liquor traffic, thought we.

We have happily outlived the days when it was part of an Englishman’s creed to believe that he could always beat three Frenchmen. It suited the policy of sixty years ago to foster the belief, and one atrocious feature of the marine store dealer’s business grew out of the same policy—the collecting of small bits of metal for the amiable purpose of charging bombshells. Thank Heaven, that horrible fever of hate has passed away, never, let us hope, to return. It would be difficult to understand now how any old woman could sell a pennyworth of rusty nails to shoot the French with.

—

PATIENT LABOUR.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were tolling upward in the night.
A MOTHER’S LOVE AND A MOTHER’S HATE.

[Suggested by the account published in the Magazine, September, 1865, (“Drink and its Doings,” p. 267,) of the mother who, in drunken frenzy, would have murdered her own child.]

“Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yes, she may forget.”

Isaiah xlix. 14.

Where do we find a love, so pure, so true,
As of a mother to her new-born babe?
Such greater love is not exposed to view—
’Tis with the Lord—who came the world to save!

But can the heart of her who loves so well
Her child—her first-born—can she c’er forget
To soothe his cries, his rising griefs to quell,
To wipe his tears, and stay his fond regret?

The mother sitting in her room forlorn,
Starving alone, in fallen Salem’s siege—
Forgot her love—her babe was torn
By her own hands, her hunger to assuage.

In craving want she took her darling child
To satisfy the longings of her need;
A mother’s love was turned to frenzy wild,
And in her woe she did the dreadful deed.
By the fond hand which once had given it life
We pass in wonder and in fear away;
Such deeds were done in times of bloody strife;
But, thanks to God, they are not in our day.

Stay! reckless one, and read another tale,
Before thou passest from my words away.
'Tis sadder still—'tis of one fond but frail;
'Tis of our land, and in this Christian day.

A mother sits with infant on her lap,
A look of folly in her bleary eye;
A drunken leer about her mouth; mayhap,
She thinks it better that her child should die!

The smiling infant looks at her and laughs:
She sees the smile, but heeds it not at all.
A mother's love is flown, since now she quaffs
The tempting cup, the bondage, and the thrall.

Forgotten thus, her babe begins to cry,
The babe to which she once had given birth;
She bids her child, her loved one—bids it die;
And hurls it, with shrill curses, to the earth.

What careth she if she may only taste
The cursed drink, and there may hide her woe?
What careth she for child, for life, for home?
Her hope is gone, and now her soul must go.

* * * * *

The morrow comes, and then the mother knows
What she has done; how dreadful is her fate!
Yet all is vain; her thirst now madly flows:
Stay it she will not, till it is too late.

See how the fiend his conquest makes and keeps;
"Conquering and to conquer," forth he seems to ride.
See the slain round him, crowded "heaps on heaps."
Can nought be done to stem the fearful tide?

"Up, guards, and at 'em!" was the warrior's cry.
Shall not these words be echoed in each heart?
Arise, and pray, and see the tempter fly!
Arise, I say, let each one do his part.

And for the rest, we leave it all to Him
Who marks the sparrows' flight, and how they fall;
Who knows our wants, and who will hear our prayer,
If we in need upon His mercy call.

H. I. B.
PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.—No. II.

LICENCE HAS FAILED.

Moralists and legislators in all ages have recognised the fact, that public facilities for the sale and use of intoxicating beverages were fraught with danger and mischief to the community. "Order is Heaven’s first law," and it is the foundation of human security and of social rights. Law and order are almost convertible terms; the one, to a great extent, implies the other. There can be no social order, but only anarchy, where there is no recognised law, and law itself can only be vindicated and exemplified, in its highest attributes and benignities, amongst an order-loving and law-abiding people. But order implies either an unerring instinct, as amongst bees and beavers, or good common sense—in other words, intelligence and virtue—amongst human beings. Intelligence and virtue can only be attained and exhibited by persons who are sound in brain, so as to perceive their true relations towards each other and towards the state. Hence it follows that sobriety is an essential foundation for all sound social institutions and all good government. Whatever disturbs the brain in its normal action, so as to interfere with a man’s sense of propriety, social responsibility, and love of order, is so far anti-social and antagonistic to public virtue and security. The common sale of intoxicating liquors has always and everywhere been found a fomenter of strife and disorder; the cause of idleness, poverty, vice, crime, insanity, disease, and premature death. And on these social grounds the law of England, for many centuries, has interfered by special statutes to control, repress, and regulate it. The law first prohibits the common sale of all intoxicating liquors as a crime against the state; but next it gives, for a consideration, a special privilege or licence to certain individuals to sell certain liquors, in certain places, at certain times, and only to certain persons.

The theory of this licence system is, that the men who are entrusted with this dangerous power are so "respectable" and "responsible," that the danger will be obviated, and that the mischief produced will be so minimized, that on the whole the supposed good will outweigh the real evil. It is only on such a plea as this that any kind of an apology or defence of the licence system can be raised. There are none who will dare deliberately to put forth the impudent and execrable avowal, that the state has a right to licence for revenue which is essentially evil and inevitably pernicious. And yet, if any one will look carefully into the real working of the licence system, he can hardly fail to perceive that the practical reality of the thing is the same as it would be if the state were to sell for so much money the right to rob, starve, madden, and murder many of Her Majesty’s lieges! The man who opens a beer-shop, a dram-shop, or any kind of a place for the sale of alcohol as a common beverage, is as sure to entrap, impoverish, demoralize, and destroy some of his fellow-subjects as though he deliberately planned and sought to do it. And all persons, including the law-makers
and the magistrates, know that this will be the inevitable tendency, and, in thousands of cases, the certain result.

Although the “wisdom” of Parliament, derived from the experience of the nation for centuries, has elaborated a most complex system, full of checks and counter-checks, worked by magistrates, police, and excise, still the evil of drunkenness—that mother of every other form of vice and crime—is not prevented; and it is gravely questioned whether it is to any extent lessened by the “restrictions” placed upon the traffic. There is no one form or department of the licence system that works satisfactorily to anybody. The Government are not satisfied; the Home Secretary is dissatisfied, and has again and again promised some further legislation to check the admitted evils. Parliaments are not satisfied. Lord Stanley recently declared that if the House of Commons voted by ballot, the present licence law would not endure for a day. The magistrates are not satisfied: many of them will not act at Brewster Sessions, whilst not a few are anxious that the veto power should be extended to the people, as represented by the ratepayers. Thousands of Christian ministers, and Sunday-school teachers, and town missionaries, and hosts of Temperance and social reformers all over the land, are addressing public meetings, promoting petitions, circulating tracts, and in various ways agitating the public mind against the licence system. Even the drink-sellers are not satisfied: the licenced victuallers fiercely denounce those “vile beersellers,” who “do all the mischief;” and the beer-sellers, in return, point the finger of scorn at the flaring gin-shops, that “curse the people.” Reports of Select Committees of both Houses have exposed and condemned the whole licence system, especially the beer-houses, introduced as they were to remedy the flagrant evils of the old public-houses. No one comes forward to endorse the present system; all admit it to be bad; even the Times repudiates it, and says “something must be done.” And on all hands we hear the same cry—the timid echo of the Times—thundering “SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!”

But what is that something to be? Where is the statesman who dares to face up the difficulties of the question, and to offer a remedy? Sir George Grey is not the man, we fear. He knows the evil, and stands paralysed before it. He has no remedy that he dares to propose; and, like the dog in the fable, he will not accept the only one that has been proposed—the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill. Mr. Gladstone has a “light wine” hallucination, and cannot see his way to the sober solution of the great problem—“How to cure drunkenness.” Mr. Buxton understands the evil, and clearly comprehends the remedy; but he is a brewer, and he is not in the cabinet! Mr. Bright is engrossed with “political reform,” and is not yet ready to go in for a social reform more radical, far-reaching, and potent for good, than any extension of the suffrage. Yet Mr. Bright is not satisfied with the licence system as it is, but suggests that town councils, as representing the ratepayers, should have the control of it, with a view to further restriction and more effectual regulations. But the subject, he confesses, is so “surrounded with difficulties,” that he cannot see his way to a solution.

Now what is the lesson—the moral—of all this grumbling dissatisfaction,
complaint, and denunciation? It means that the licence system is rotten, and cannot be defended, cannot be mended. Being essentially evil, immoral, and corrupt, it is not possible to make it good by any kind of legislative tinkering. The only good feature in it is, that it does prohibit all sale of intoxicating liquors, so far as the vast bulk of the people are concerned. The evil is, that it allows an exceptional privilege to about one hundred and fifty thousand, who have taken out licences to sell liquor. Let these licences be revoked or refused, and the whole evil is annihilated. There is no remedy, and can be none, short of Prohibition. B.

**DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.**

The difficulty of preparing this article for our Magazine consists, not in the paucity, but in the far, far too luxuriant abundance, of materials. We sometimes hear the necessity of abstinence urged as if it were only to be recommended to the so-called working classes; but those who are higher in the social scale would do well not to consider themselves as altogether exempt from the dangers of intoxication. Look at the following picture, supplied by the Pall Mall Gazette:

"It can scarcely be a pleasant thing to be a Greenock magistrate, if such scenes as the one recently described by the North British Mail are of frequent occurrence amongst the great unpaid of that city. Their worship were met to discuss the sanitary condition of Glasgow, and one of them, a Mr. Beith, was discoursing rather wildly on the water supply of the town, when another magistrate, a Mr. Dennistoun, made, or fancied he made, the discovery that Mr. Beith was—drunk, and said so. Mr. Beith replied that Mr. Dennistoun was 'a d—d liar, a low calumniator, and a hireling scribe,' and that he therefore called upon him as a man of honour to retract what he had said. The chairman attempted to interfere, but Mr. Beith silenced that dignitary by threatening to knock him down. Several other magistrates also remonstrated with Mr. Beith, and were met with similar invectives and menaces; and at last Mr. Dennistoun rose, it was hoped to retract, and so to restore peace and quiet, although nobody present could have a doubt that Mr. Beith's condition eminently disqualified him from speaking practically of the water supply of Greenock. Mr. Dennistoun then said, in a very conciliatory tone, 'I own that I have been wrong in saying that Mr. Beith is drunk—I ought to have said that he is very drunk.' The police were then called for. We do not know whether it is the duty of the Greenock magistrates to inflict fines on their fellow-citizens for drunkenness; but we think, after such a scandal as this, they will scarcely have the face to carry out the law in that respect for some time to come."

This last sentence reminds us of an observation made by the present Mayor of South Shields, himself an Abstainer, who stated the anomalous position in which he was placed—one day granting licences to one class of people to sell promiscuously these intoxicating liquors, and the next day punishing by fine or imprisonment those who had recourse to these licensed houses!

In the journal quoted above we read the account of some children being robbed of their clothes by a woman named Louisa
Wyatt. When she had been convicted, the judge stated that, on consultation with the magistrates on the bench, the court was about to pass a sentence which some persons might think severe, but it was absolutely necessary that children should be protected. The sentence was, that the prisoner be kept in penal servitude for five years. How many parents and guardians, we wonder, would be liable to a similar sentence, if depriving their children, not only of clothing, but also of food, to supply themselves with drink, were thus to be taken cognizance of? As an illustration, take the following extract from "The Slave in England through Drink":—

"But the streets have their revelations to make as well as the bridewell. On the morning referred to, about three a.m., in company with one of the police inspectors, and while passing up Dale Street we heard what seemed to be the piteous cry of an infant a few yards distant. We turned towards the spot whence the sound came. There, sitting upon some cellar-steps, was a miserable-looking woman, almost a cripple, in consequence of a wounded leg; an infant was in her arms, crying evidently for the breast, for it was only three months old. Two yards higher up was her own home! On trying to open the door, a voice shouted from within that the woman had refused to go into her family, consisting of husband and several children. We were informed that she had been drinking for several days, and had but a little while before been turned out of a beerhouse. We then endeavoured to assist her into the house. In order to do this, the child had to be taken from her, and it was lifted up into the cold air of a winter’s morning almost naked, seemingly having nothing upon it but some old rag about the upper part of its body. We wondered not at the piteous cry of the little one. Inside were two older children, perfectly naked; two others huddled up in a miserable bed, or what was intended for one. It was easy to discover that this was another home cursed and blighted by the drunkenness of the parents. There is no difficulty in accounting for the high death-rate in regard to children in this town, while there are so many drunken mothers. The cold and damp of this inhospitable climate are fatal to many, even of those children who have bestowed upon them all the care and comfort which wealth and affection supply. How much easier prey are the starving and famished children nursed by such drunken mothers as the one we found in the street at three o’clock in the morning!"

Ah! if this were an exceptional case—if it were only one deep, dark stain of our social life in England—‘twere sad and pitiful enough; but when we remember we could crowd our chapters with such instances in every town in England, should not the cry of the suffering and the ruined reach home to the inner heart of all who love their country, and rally every Christian man and woman round Associations such as ours, which seeks by every means, even by self-denying example itself, to deliver these thus self-appointed unto death, and to rescue the innocents from murderers more ruthless and more unnatural than even Herod himself?

While we are writing, we are within sound of noises created by drunken rowdies in the streets during the season of Whitsuntide. These “holy” seasons! Oh, how they are abused from the purposes of holy commemoration and remembrance of sacred things to the worst and lowest indulgence of the carnal appetite and taste, in the loose drinking customs that prevail at a holiday time! The period of exemption from work seems to be handed over to Satan’s dominion, and to drunken revels that compete with the Bacchanalian orgies of olden time, when there was neither a Christian faith, nor a public opinion, nor an elevated tone of morality to protest against the violation of all public decency and order.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE FOUR PILLARS OF TEMPERANCE.*

Mr. Kirton has rendered an important service to the Temperance cause by the above publication. He has brought together, in a condensed and handy form, a mass of arguments, facts, and figures, which it would be difficult to find in any other work of similar extent. He has dealt with the leading objections to the movement in an able and practical manner; and he has produced the most telling arguments in its favour from the writings of its most distinguished advocates. We should like to see a copy of this little book placed in the hands of every bishop and clergyman of our church. Our friends would do well to circulate it, and our foes would do well to read it and answer it if they can.

The “Four Pillars” are Reason, Science, Scripture, and Experience; and we must confess that they look stately and strong. If they are not quite impregnable, let our opponents point out their weak points, and tell us where they are frail and faulty. We think this will be no easy task. Mr. Kirton does not rest his “Pillars” on expediency, but upon the rock of science and Scripture. He alleges that “alcohol is dietetically a poison, and morally a curse;” and he brings forward the opinions of the most eminent authorities both in England and on the Continent in support of this allegation. “To speak,” says Dr. M’Culloch, whose opinion he quotes, “of the temperate or moderate dietetic use of a poison, is an abuse of language which would be scouted and ridiculed if applied to anything save the use of these popular intoxicants. What would be thought of a man who attempted to palliate or defend his falsehood and dishonesty by pleading that he was a temperate liar or a moderate thief? Or what would be thought of another who bragged that he ate arsenic and strychnine, and drank prussic acid temperately and moderately as diet and refreshment? If these shock propriety and excite laughter and disgust, how is it that so many are blind to the great absurdity of the so-called temperate or moderate use of drinks, the essential ingredient of which is the stimulonarcotic poison alcohol? It is habit, custom, conventionality, and fashion, which causes men to see the mote in the eye of the opium-eater, and blinds them to the alcoholic beam in their own. Alcohol is a poison, and Total Abstinence from the dietetic use of these drinks, in every shape, form, or quantity, is the only true, the only logical temperance and moderation in regard to them.”

In April, 1864, a malt-tax agitator, having said that the clever Dr. T. P. Heslop, of Birmingham, “had told him that ale and beer were the most wholesome drinks in existence except milk,” the doctor was compelled to repudiate the nonsense as follows:—“I feel so strongly that the majority of mankind and womankind, under ordinary circumstances, get through

* The Four Pillars of Temperance. By John W. Kirton. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.
life better and enjoy it longer by abstaining totally from all fermented liquors, that I must not allow any mistake to exist regarding my opinions, as they have been so publicly alluded to. The responsibility of my profession, both on moral and physical grounds, in view of this great social question, is so serious that I venture to inform your readers that they may confidently expect a decided change in current opinions and habits.”

Dr. Nott is one of Mr. Kirton’s chief authorities on the Scriptural view of the question. "When you hear," says this eminent man, "men quote the Bible in favour of a beverage that is filling the world with crime, disease, and death, be assured the quotation is made in error. Either the article here so fatal is not the article which the Bible recommends, or our manner of using it is not the manner it sanctions. God wills the virtue and happiness of His creatures, and cannot, therefore, will the use of anything that tends to the subversion of both."

"Again, let us suppose," says Mr. Kirton, "that we are present at the marriage of Cana at the very moment when the Saviour has issued His command to fill the water-pots with water. As the guests look on with wonder, we behold ‘the water made wine.’ We then hear the governor utter his praises of the miraculous supply. Suppose also the same power that raised Lazarus, or that caused Moses and Elias to appear, summoned the old prophet Habakkuk to their midst, and with a voice of thunder he cried, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink:' and ere our surprise ceased, suppose Solomon’s voice mingled with his brother seer, saying, ‘Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.’ May we not ask, ‘Are you sure that there is a real contradiction between the fact and the text of the Bible, or is it only a contradiction between the fact discovered by science, and the interpretation that you put upon the text of the Bible?’"

The conclusion then arrived at in this case, and drawn from the reason and fitness of things, “from the moral necessity of the case,” is, that the wine which Jesus made at the marriage feast at Cana was not an intoxicating liquor.”

Under the head of “Pillar of Experience,” many valuable statistical facts are given, and authorities quoted to show that abstinence is beneficial to health, that it prolongs life; whilst, on the contrary, drinking shortens it. Experience teaches that both heat and cold can be endured better without intoxicating drinks, and that bodily and mental labour can be best performed without them; and that whilst intemperance is the greatest obstacle to social progress and the cause of the Gospel, temperance is the friend and protector of both.

Whoever wishes to make themselves acquainted with one of the most important social questions of the day, and to have a handy book of reference on the Temperance cause comprised within a small compass, and bristling with arguments, facts, and opinions gathered from the highest authorities, and the most undoubted sources, we would strongly commend to them this valuable publication—“The Four Pillars of Temperance.”
HAROLD VAUGHAN.

A TALE.

By K. E. T.

CHAPTER V.

HAROLD recovered, for his constitution was naturally as good as could be hoped for in the son of an intemperate father, but it was by slow degrees; and many months passed over before his anxious nurses had the pleasure of seeing him able to walk even half a mile. He still looked pale, and his cough had not left him; but the medical opinion was, that his lungs
were sound, and that, with care and perfectly temperate habits, he might enjoy the average length of life.

Meanwhile Annie's hardly earned savings, after the wants of her own circle were supplied, had been secretly placed at Mrs. Vaughan's disposal, and were reluctantly accepted by the good woman, who would only receive them on condition that she might carefully keep an account of all the sums with which Annie had supplied her, that so the money might be refunded when better days arrived; and six months after Harold had sufficiently recovered to work again, every penny had been repaid. He did not return to London, but through the kindness of a gentleman in whose family Mrs. Vaughan had once lived as governess, a book-keeper's situation was offered to him in an office in his native town, and was thankfully accepted at the remuneration of ninety pounds a year. And now, had it not been for one remaining care, Annie would have felt that her cup of blessing was very full. Harold had not been an abstainer for several years, though until the last twelve months, he had never been tempted into excess; but Annie could not endure the thought of his ever again tasting the deceitful draught which had brought him into such fearful bondage, and down to the very gates of death. He had firmly resolved, as he told her, never to touch it more, but he was continually invited to partake at the house of friends and would not pledge himself to abstain. "No, Annie," he said one day to her when she had been earnestly speaking to him on the subject, "it is not needful, and why should I do it? I do not wonder that you have so little confidence in me; but you should forget the past now, for my sake, and believe that my love to you is too strong to permit of my ever becoming again what I have been. Remember I was in London then, and I do not think I should have fallen as I did if you had been with me there. You will trust my affection, will you not, and blot out from your remembrance the sad past?"

Poor Annie! could she trust? Alas! amid all the temptations surrounding him she felt that, true and faithful though that love was, it could be only a feeble prop, since it was "against principalities and powers in heavenly places:" that Harold would have to strive and she feared that he was not clad in that heavenly armour which alone would secure to him the victory. She could only wait, and watch, and pray, and love him, and talk to him.

Months passed on, and Annie was sitting by her aunt's side, as usual, one evening, bending over her needlework, and trying by a little cheerful talk to while away the tedious hours to Mrs. Halton. It was early in June and the window was open, and the soft, sweet air was pouring in, for it did seem, for a wonder, to be fresh and sweet, though in the heart of that great town; but then on the window-ledge there was a tumbler of flowers, hawthorn and lilac, and they scented the air as it entered, so that Annie said she almost fancied herself to be in the country, and was glad that her work made her look down, so that the charm of the pleasant deceit might not be broken, by seeing the brick houses opposite. The flowers also were Harold's gift,
for, knowing how fond she was of them, he had brought them to her only
that morning, and this gave them an additional power to cheer her.

The train of happy, innocent thought and conversation was, however,
soon broken in upon. Her aunt's couch had been placed in the window
that she might enjoy the air, and suddenly raising her head from her pil-
low she exclaimed, "Why, there's Harold, I declare, and such a sight!"
Annie sprung to Mrs. Halton's side. A deadly pallor came to her cheek
at first, and then her beating heart worked till the veins in her temples
swelled with the crimson torrent that rushed through them; but it was
only for a moment, and a few tears struggled down her cheeks, giving her
some relief. Suddenly she became strangely calm, for she had formed a
resolution which must be immediately carried out. She snatched up her
bonnet and left the house. Down the narrow street she hastened, and into
the broad thoroughfare. Upon one object alone her eyes were fixed, and
she was thankful that his height kept him from being hidden from her
view by the jostling impatient crowd. On, and on, she still followed him,
till at last she gained his side. She did not speak to him, but she took his
arm and turned his steps into the direction of his mother's house. "Where
are you taking me to?" he asked. "I wish to go down this street. I
have come to walk with you, Harold," she answered. "May I not choose
the way? It is a lovely evening, and this part of the town is close and
unpleasant, and there are so many people here."

He made no further resistance, and on they walked; but it was not easy
to guide those unsteady steps. She had hoped that her own firm tread
might hide his weak and faltering one; but no, it did not, and could not.
And oh, what a fearful dream it appeared to Annie as she knocked at his
mother's door, and trembled to think how Mrs. Vaughan would bear the
unexpected and painful sight!

"What, Annie, dear! I did not expect to see you to-night," the mother
said; but a second glance revealed the whole truth to her. She gave the
poor girl a searching look of inquiry, and led her into the house. Then
adding, "Sit down, child," went at once with Harold to his own room.

Annie sunk upon a chair, for now that her duty of guidance was accom-
plished her knees seemed to fail her, and a cold shiver ran through her
frame. She rested her arms upon the table, and covering her face with her
hands, remained motionless for a time. An icy horror had seized her, and
she could not weep; as a figure of stone she sat. For half an hour she had
continued thus, when Mrs. Vaughan's entrance awoke her from her sad
trance. The good woman did not at first speak. Heavy though her own
sorrow was, she seemed to feel that Annie's was heavier. She took the
poor girl's hand within her own, and smoothed it, and petted it; then
gently said, "You must stay the night with me, child, for I shall not let
you go home. I will send a message down to your aunt."

Then, busying herself to prepare tea, she put a cup into Annie's hand,
saying, "You must drink it, dear; take it, to please me." And the poor
girl obeyed her, and then, as a little child, she nestled by Mrs. Vaughan's
side within her kind arm, and rested; yes, rested for a season, for it seemed
as if her sorrow was tired then, and must remain passively quiet for a time, though only to gather strength to wake again.

Very troubled were Annie’s dreams that night, for she had seen for the first time that fearful sight, the form of the one dearest to her on earth distorted and made unnatural through the influence of strong drink. Oh, how immeasurably more heart-sickening was it thus to see him with her own eyes than to hear any mere statement of the fact, though that would have been hard enough to bear! And how widely different, because bearing the brand of sin, from the wildest ravings of sinless delirium in sickness, because “delirium tremens” cannot of course be thus regarded. Many times she awoke with a start of horror, dreaming first that she saw Harold reeling along the street again, as she had seen him on that sad evening, and then that he had been brought home dead, a railway-train having passed over his body as he was lying across the line. She was thankful when her troubled slumbers at last ceased; and at five o’clock in the morning she crept from the bed and moved noiselessly about the room, fearing to awake Mrs. Vaughan, but notwithstanding her utmost endeavours, she did awake her.

“Are you better, child?” said the kind woman, as she kissed her.

“Yes, mother; but I am going at once,” Annie answered.

“Why now, dear?” was the rejoinder.

“I cannot see him yet, mother.”

“But when will you come again, child? you must not stay long away.”

“This evening, if God gives me strength for it,” Annie said; “but do not tell him when you expect me, please.”

“Well, well, child, I will try and avoid it;” and so they parted, and Annie crept down the stairs, and into the grey streets.

It was a cloudy morning, and everything looked damp and misty. How different from the brilliancy of the evening before, when she had been sitting so happily at her work! and oh, how infinitely more changed was the inner world of her own feelings than the outer surrounding one! It would be hard work to-day, Annie thought, to battle with the countless cares and vexations that her every-day life brought; but in this she was mistaken. The greater burden made her despise the lesser ones, and feel them so wholly insignificant, that the atmosphere of a wondrous patience enveloped her.

And the cold-looking grey day at last wore on to the evening hours that Annie both dreaded and longed for. The old church clock pointed to half-past seven as Annie entered Mrs. Vaughan’s neat little parlour. Harold was sitting near the window, with a look of deep dejection on his countenance, listlessly twisting and untwisting a piece of string, and did not raise his eyes when the door opened. He looked very ill, and Annie’s heart sank within her, and the little courage she had gained seemed to give way. She kissed Mrs. Vaughan, who was busily engaged, as usual, in knitting, and then approaching Harold, placed her hand gently upon his arm, but he did not look up or speak. Taking her work out, she sat down by his mother’s side, and a few ordinary remarks were made, but the good
woman shortly went into another room, and Annie was left face to face with the fallen man. She drew her chair beside Harold's, and placed her hand on his; he put his arm around her, and said in a low voice, "Forgive me, dear, I am very weak—physically and morally both; what will become of me?" She could not answer him, and after a pause he again spoke. "Am I forgiven, Annie?"

"Oh, you know it, Harold, you know it; but have you asked God's forgiveness?"

He was silent for a moment, and then replied—"I have not the heart to pray, it is no use for me; God will not hear me."

"Is it for our own deserts then, dear Harold, that our heavenly Father listens to our prayers? Oh, you cannot, you do not mean this, I am sure. Thank God it is for the Holy Redeemer's sake, and He shed His precious blood for those who were 'sold under sin,' that they might become His 'purchased possession,' and be no more the slaves of iniquity; and this is what you want, Harold, this is what you want—this blessed liberty to serve God in the future, because of the forgiveness of sin past."

Annie spoke earnestly, and with a voice that once or twice almost failed her from emotion, and Harold was deeply touched; but he only answered, "Pray for me, dearest; I cannot pray."

"I do, Harold, oh, I do—God knows that; but you must pray for yourself too. God requires it from you." A sudden expression of determination spread itself over Harold's face.

"Annie," he said, "there is only one thing which can save me, but that will. You are my good angel, and you must always be with me. I am in a situation now, and at the end of the year shall be earning more, and you are a good economizer. Why should we not be married? We have enough."

Annie turned deadly pale. She had not expected to be called upon so soon to carry out or declare in words the stern resolution she had with many a heartache and secret struggle formed during that day. She did not answer, and he repeated the question—"Why should we not marry now?" A long pause followed, and then in a subdued and sad tone of voice, but firmly, Annie spoke. "Because I can never be the wife of a man who drinks."

They were hard-sounding words; Annie thought them so, but she could not soften them down, for they contained the truth, and truth that she felt it might be salutary for him to know; though if Harold's question had not compelled her, she would not have uttered such words then. He put her away from him. "Very well, Annie," he said, "if you can speak so of me, I know now what I may expect others to call me. You are too good for me, and you feel it; you might help me to be better, but you will not. I am a ruined man, for my last hope is gone now." Annie approached his chair, and laid her trembling hand on his shoulder.

"Harold, I know the words I have spoken, sound cruel words, but it is because they are true that I said them, and not because my love to you has been extinguished by your sin. Determine that in future they shall not be
true of you; that no human being shall be able in the future to describe your character in such words as those I have used, and that you will not alone regain the unblemished name that you had when I knew you first, but become the true child of God by His grace, which I also believed you then, and we may yet be happy together, though years may elapse first.”

“No, Annie, I cannot, and will not,” he answered; and rising from his chair, he drew himself up to his full height; “I am not so wholly lost as you think me yet, though I have been weak, I know: but I will not be the slave of my appetites in this, or in anything. As creatures I will use intoxicating liquors, and not abuse them yet. I will indicate my own manhood, and become their master, and not their slave. Degraded though I feel myself, I have not sunk as low as you think, Annie. I have strength yet to rise above these things as their conqueror, and I will.”

“God grant it!” sighed Annie from the depths of her sed heart; “you may and can do it, in His strength, but you never will in your own.”

Long and earnestly did Annie strive to convince him, but vainly, and at last she rose to go.

“No, Harold, I do not feel as if I could bear to leave you thus, but I do not know what more to say to you. You must follow your own way, and prove if it is a good one, and all that I can do is to pray for you; my last word, however, to you, dearest, is plead, oh plead with God for yourself.”

He did not answer, but as Annie parted from him she saw the tears standing in his eyes, and for this token of softened feeling she thanked God; but it was with a weary desponding heart that she returned to her own home. Alas! Harold had much to learn yet, as well as very much to un-learn. He was ignorant still of the very first lesson taught in the school of Christ—true humility arising from a deeply-felt sense of human weakness.

(To be continued.)

THREE USES OF MONEY.—(1) To use it in business for the sake of increase; (2) to spend it on oneself or family; (3) to use it for the good of others. I can conceive it possible so to mingle these three together as to carry out John Wesley’s advice—Get all you can; save all you can; give all you can!—J. W. Kirton.
NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work, but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]

Genesis xli. 11.

“And Pharaoh’s cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh’s cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh’s hand.”

As I find during my journeys in all parts of the kingdom that these little “Notes and Queries” on the wines in the Bible are read with the greatest interest by working men, and that they often form the subject of discussion in the local newspapers, I endeavour to make them clear and intelligible to the most unlearned reader, and for this reason I avoid as much as possible quoting in the original languages passages from Latin and Greek authors. This month I must deviate from my ordinary rule, and for the sake of greater accuracy I must give the very words of some Greek writers, and in particular the words of Anacreon, in two of his odes, which I think answer satisfactorily the very interesting question of the Rev. George Edwards, as to whether the word νίκος is ever applied to the unfermented juice of the grape.

Josephus, in his account of Joseph’s interpretation of the butler’s dream, uses the word γάλακτος to express the unfermented juice of the grape squeezed by the butler into Pharaoh’s cup. Liddell and Scott explain γάλακτος to be the Latin mustum, must, i.e. sweet new wine. It is derived from γλακτός, sweet. The word γάλακτος is interesting to us, from its being the word which occurs in Acts ii. 13: “Others mocking, said, These men are full of new wine.” On the word γαλακτος in this verse Dean Alford remarks: “Sweet wine, not necessarily new wine: perhaps made of a remarkably sweet small grape, which is understood by the Jewish expositors to be meant by σορέκ or σορέκω (Gen. xlix. 11; Isa. v. 2; Jer. ii. 21), and still found in Syria and Arabia. Suidas interprets it ‘οικοσταλαμα της σταφυλος πριν παγηθη.’” The interpretation of γαλακτος given by Suidas, namely, “the dropping of the grape before it is trodden,” agrees with the meaning of the word in Josephus’s description of the butler’s dream. Schleusner explains γαλακτος to be “proprie liquor ex uvis stillans, antequam calceatur, quod alias πρόχυμα et προτρητον (Plin. H. N. xiv. 7 et 9), a Columella (de re rust. xii. 41) vero et Catone (de re rust. c. 23) et alius lixivum fuit nuncupatum.” The Latin word lixivium has the same meaning as γαλακτος given by Suidas, “that flows of itself before the grapes are pressed” (see Riddle’s Latin Dictionary).

I may remark that Pharaoh’s butler is called in the Septuagint δι αρχισωνοχως, the head wine pourer, although Plutarch tells us, as I showed in my former note, that the kings of Egypt did not drink fermented wine till the time of Psammptichus, long after the time of Joseph. Some of the readers of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE may like to see what Josephus says respecting Joseph and his interpretation of the dream of Pharaoh’s cup-bearer. I give Whiston’s translation: “He therefore said, that in his sleep he saw three clusters of grapes hanging upon three branches of a vine large already, and ripe for gathering; and that he squeezed them into a cup which the king held in his hand; and when he had strained the wine [γαλακτος], he gave it to the king to drink, and that he received it from him with a pleasant countenance. This, he said, was what he saw; and he desired Joseph,
that if he had any portion of understanding in such matters, he would tell him what this vision foretold:—who bid him be of good cheer, and expect to be loosed from his bonds in three days’ time, because the king desired his service, and was about to restore him to it again; for he let him know that God bestows the fruit of the wine upon men for good; which wine is poured out to him, and is the pledge of fidelity and mutual confidence among men; and puts an end to their quarrels, takes away passion and grief out of the minds of them that use it, and makes them cheerful. [See Judges ix. 13.] Thou sayest that thou didst squeeze this wine from three clusters of grapes with thine hands, and that the king received it; know, therefore, that this vision is for thy good, and foretells a release from thy present distress within the same number of days as the branches had whence thou gatherest thy grapes in thy sleep."

I now come to Mr. Edward’s question, “Does οἶνος ever mean the unfermented, unintoxicating juice of the grape?” There are in the Odes of Anacreon two passages, if not more, in which οἶνος is clearly so used.

In his fiftieth ode, Eic Δίονυσου, Anacreon says:

"Οἶδ’ κατῆλθεν,
'Απαλόν βρότσια φίλτρον,
Πότον ἄστονον, κομίζων
Γόνον ἀμέλου τὸν οἶνον
Πεπεδμένον γ’ ὀπώρας
'Επὶ κλημάτων φυλάσσων"

The literal English of this passage is, “A god has descended, bringing a soft charm to mortals, a draught without sighs; guarding the fruit of the vine, the wine confined in ripe fruits upon the branches.” Joshua Barnes translates the last two lines of the above, “Involutum uvis, in palmitibus reservans.” Here οἶνος is applied by Anacreon even to the juice still in the grapes.

The fifty-second ode, called Ἐπιλήμνος ήμνος—A Vintage Hymn—thus begins:

"Τὸν μελανόχρωτα βότρυν
Ταλάρους φράντες ἀνέρες,
Μετὰ παρθένων, ἐπ’ ὠμον
Κατὰ ληνὸς δὶ βαλάντες
Μόνον ἀρεσεῖς πατῶσι
Σταφυλη, λόντες οἶνον."

This may be translated literally thus: “The black-skinned cluster men bearing in baskets, with maidens, upon their shoulders; but having cast (them) into the wine-press, only males tread the grape, letting loose the wine.” These are most important passages, as they clearly show, without any ambiguity, that the ancient Greeks called the juice of the grape οἶνος when it was yet in the grape, and before it was subjected to fermentation. See further remarks on this interesting subject in a paper by the Rev. Dawson Burns, in the Temperance Spectator for October, 1865.

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.
OUR ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The Fourth Anniversary of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society was held on Friday, May 4th, 1866, in Willis' Rooms. The Conference of members and friends assembled at Half-past Two o'clock; and the Public Meeting commenced at Seven o'clock. Between the Conference and Meeting a few friends met for a collation, which was provided by the Messrs. Willis.

The Conference was presided over by W. D. Lucas Shadwell, Esq. J. P., of Fairlight Hall, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. Papers were read on subjects of interest to the working of the Society. The first paper was read by the Rev. R. H. Hammond, London Diocesan Home Missionary, on the topic of "The Literature of the Temperance Movement." The second paper was read by the Rev. Thomas Rooke, M.A., Clerical Secretary of the Society, on "The Organization of Parochial Temperance Associations." Conversation ensued, which assumed a spirited character, owing to the discussion that arose respecting the rule that Mr. Rooke, acting as the representative of the Society, should not advocate the Society's work in any parish without the consent of the Incumbent. It was felt by most of the speakers, that as a Church Society, it would be undesirable to relax the rule, especially as it was within the scope of the Clerical Secretary, or any member of the Society, in his individual capacity, to plead the general cause wherever he may please.

The Public Meeting held the same evening was presided over by the Treasurer of the Society, Joseph Tucker, Esq., J.P., of Pavenham Bury, Bedfordshire. The Report was read by the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., one of the Honorary Secretaries. The audited Balance Sheet of the Society showed an encouraging increase of income over that of the preceding year, a result which the Report attributed mainly to the system of Collecting Cards suggested and adopted during the past year.


Besides the above named, we observed at the Meetings the following—Assistant Judge Bodkin, Deputy Assistant Judge Payne, Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, the Rev. Sir Christopher Lighton, Bart., Revs. John Lingham, Rector of Lambeth, Stopford J. Ram, Thomas Richardson, Wm. Allan, W. E. Batty, T. Batty, John Rodgers, W. T. Holden, J. P. Sargent, W. Wilkinson, and H. Sharpe. We were also glad to observe present the leading Members of the Great National Societies for the Promotion of the Temperance Movement, Messrs. W. Tweedie, G. C. Campbell, and R. Rae, of the National Temperance League; Mr. J. H. Raper, of the United Kingdom Alliance; and several other friends.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Annual Sermon, Meeting, and Conference of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society constitute the chief events of this month past. There has been necessarily much time spent in preparation for these, and I am glad to say they all passed off successfully, to the great encouragement of the friends of the Cause.

The movement set on foot relative to the amendment or repeal of the Beershop Act is being matured, but it is manifest that when an attack is designed upon a position so strongly intrenched and fortified, and so jealously guarded as the liquor traffic, the parallels of investment and approach must be soundly and cautiously prepared. For this reason I am sure the Committee of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society are right to make sure each step, and thus not be compelled to any retrograde move. There is, as far as has been ascertained, much sympathy and promise of co-operation among our Bishops and Clergy in this matter, and the announcement of the proposed attack on the Beershop Act has called forth expressions of approbation from several unexpected quarters.

The Committee in their Annual Report spoke with more earnestness than usual on the subject of the finances of the Society; and it is time they should, for it has appeared to many of us that the funds hitherto placed at the disposal of the Committee have been sadly disproportionate to the work expected to be done. The Committee have now boldly fixed their required income, £1000 a year; and they leave it to the friends of the cause everywhere to help them to realize their wishes. I would hereby use my little corner in aid of this branch of the service. I would especially urge our friends to provide themselves with Collecting Cards, and to solicit the contributions of friends and foes wheresoever or wheresoever they meet either the one or the other.

It is gratifying to observe that in the Irish branch of our Church the question is kept alive. I extract the following from one of the Dublin papers:—

IRISH TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—Last evening the opening meeting of the Irish Total Abstinence Association, in connection with the United Church of England and Ireland, was held in the Reading-room of the Mariners’ Institute, Sir John Rogerson’s Quay. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Andrew Campbell, who delivered an appropriate address, in which he strongly advocated the cause of the Association, and pointed out the advantages to be derived from being connected with it. The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. T. Mills, Incumbent of St. Jude’s, Mr. Skaines, and Mr. Hayes. Resolutions in furtherance of the objects of the Society having been adopted, the proceedings terminated with prayer.

Your Travelling Secretary has addressed meetings in Mill Hill, Hendon; Fyfield, Essex; and Tothill Street School, Westminster; and was to have attended a meeting at Evesham, and a second at Westminster, but was prevented by domestic affliction from being present at either.

At the Mill Hill meeting the Vicar, the Rev. B. Nicols, presided; at Fyfield, the Rector, the Rev. H. Gibson; at Westminster, the Rev. Lord W. Russell.

Mr. Rooke has visited Guernsey for the annual sermon and meeting of the local society of that island on the Tuesday of Whitsun week.
"Having put his hand to the plough, and looking back."

LOOKING BACK.

Every goodly enterprise needs patience and perseverance in the workers in order to ensure good success. Faith and patience must ever go together in this world, and the trial of the one is also the probation of the other. The time is not yet come when "a nation shall be

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., NO. 31.
born in a day;” and until that time does arrive, every work of God
must be conducted in the spirit of patience, knowing that it takes time
to develop effects from causes, and to produce the ripe fruits from the
seed-time. More especially is this spirit needed in the efforts of men to
inculcate new principles, or to bring old established principles to bear
upon new combinations of circumstances in the moral and social world.
To reduce the measure of evil, to restrain the overflow of sin, to abate
the flood of misery around us, needs not only the good wishes of the
heart, but also the earnest working of the hand. And here it is that
patience is needed; for the hands are more likely to droop in the matter
of hard work than the heart in the matter of mere feeling and emotion.
To wish well to a good cause is a comparatively easy thing; but to
work well and consistently in a good cause is a somewhat harder thing.
In the promotion of every good word and work we need to “go through
with it,” as the needle draws the thread right through and through the
work it is designed to accomplish.

In the great enterprises of the Christian faith, and in all moral
efforts to promote the welfare of our fellow-men, this spirit of patient
perseverance is highly necessary. Therefore the Great Master, who
knew what was in man, provided for the possible weariness even of this
kind of toil, by quickening the spirit of the workers, and by urging
them ever forward. The illustration of the ploughshare and of him
that guides the plough happily expresses the admonition of the Great
Teacher. Here it is necessary, in order to the right doing of the work,
that furrow should follow furrow as regularly as ripple follows ripple
on the wave. Irregular lines and crooked furrows would be inconsistent
with the thorough ploughing of the field, and with the regularity of the
seed-sowing and of the seed-growth. In order, therefore, to the regu-
larity and completeness of the work it is necessary that he that putteth
his hand to the plough should ever look forward, intent upon his work,
and not look back—“No man having put his hand to the plough, and
looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God,” Luke ix. 62.

This, in its higher meaning, applies to the work of God and the enter-
prise of the Gospel in the earth. It includes besides all works that have
as their object the promotion of good in this evil world. Much damage
is done to every cause of God by uncertain workers, by intermittent
labours, by relaxed exertions, by ceasing altogether from the harness—
in a word, by “looking back.” There comes at times upon the warmest
and most earnest hearts the spirit of coldness and indifference and
deadness. It is this that paralyses Christian effort, and neutralises
much of earnest work already done, and earnest toil already endured.
“Looking back” implies former interest and care and labour, and after
that a breakdown of patience, and a desire to release one's self from
the straight path and plain duty that lies before us.

We feel this in our Temperance Reformation work, as indeed it is
felt in every good movement. We do not, indeed, very grievously
complain; for of the number of our adherents the great majority cleave
close and fast to both the principle and the practice of our movement.
The steadfastness of many teetotallers is so strong and so persistent as
to be called "prejudice" and "bigotry" by those that are without; we
would rather call it "consistency." We are now, however, speaking
more particularly respecting the body of Clerical adherents, whose
names appear from time to time in the published lists of our Society.
Successive editions of these lists are looked to with considerable interest
by many, and are compared with each other at times by some. From
the first issue as many as 700 names of Clergymen of the Church of
England have appeared in our lists. All these have thus borne their
testimony and uttered their protest in the matter of the drink question.
On an average, about 100 new names are added each year; but still our
number has never risen at any given time above 600. This is caused
by the resignation of some, who for various causes and reasons desire
the withdrawal of their names. Some of these continue to be as earnest
as ever in the main question; others, having given up their bond of
membership, are no longer touched by the warmth of the sympathy of
a banded brotherhood, and wax cold in the cause. We feel that the
circumstance offers a favorable opportunity for the topic of the present
article—"Looking Back."

It is much to be regretted that all the names which have from the
first appeared upon our Clerical List are not still to be found there;
but some (and these comparatively few) have for various causes with-
drawn their names. Yet in no one case has any one of these men
cassed his personal protest on account of any faltering as to the prin-
ciple of the movement. To this they all bear earnest and unflinching
testimony; and only for medical advice (not always advisedly given),
we feel assured, we would not have missed a single man from our
muster-roll to-day. In some cases, no doubt, the advice may have been
judicious; and in not a few cases it has been acted upon only for a
time, and when the prescribed medicinal use had done the work it was
intended to do, or had signally failed to accomplish any good (not an
unusual result), there have been found men true enough to their protest
to restore their names to our Abstaining List.

While upon this question, we feel the necessity laid upon us to ask,
in all kindliness of spirit, whether (the principle being still admitted as
a valid one) any circumstance should be allowed to alienate any one
from the cause in its general bearings? Sometimes a reproach has
fallen upon us as a body by reason of the report that is, readily enough, borne to our ears, of some former associate who has resumed his participation in the drinking usages of society. The fact of abstinence, membership of our Society, and perhaps even the public advocacy of our cause, has been well known. By and by, such an one is observed to fall in easily with ordinary drinking customs. This resumption of drink is at once noticed; the reasons for the change are not generally known or understood; the instant result is, that an evil report goes forth respecting the collective body of our members; and the danger is, that (as in other contexts of life) the example of one compromises the many. It is supposed, too, that the principle of the movement has been abandoned, whereas it is not so; but obedience is simply rendered to advice which is meant to extend no farther than to one’s own private action.

A former Abstaining Clergyman may yield to the advice of his physician, and take wine and other drinks medicinally. Now, this cannot be in itself legitimately construed as an abandonment of our principle; but when the order of the physician is obeyed by again countenancing the drinking customs of society, and returning to the oft and indiscriminate use of drink—at the dinner table and under other circumstances—it cannot but be felt to be a relinquishment of a former protest, which, with regard to society at large, ought not be affected by an individual order to use it medicinally. There are many of us who feel that if we were to be ordered the medicinal use of alcohol, and even though we were to yield to the advice, we would yet never again join in the social drinking, or in the customary use of drinks at table. We would take it as ordered, and as a medicine, but certainly not at other men’s tables, nor as a luxury, and still less as a final break with a movement that has been owned of God for so much good to society and the Church.

We must say that, in thus expressing ourselves on a matter confessedly delicate and personal, we have no wish to use undue dictation towards any man; still less do we wish to import any idea of bondage into that which is purely a matter of option and free will; but we do wish to express our feelings with reference to a matter that has more than once been quoted against us, to our great discomfort and regret. We feel that the membership of our Association involves, as its main purpose, a protest against the drinking usages and customs of society, and against the indiscriminate use of drink; it is not so much for ourselves as for others that we do this thing, and so long as this principle remains, the public protest ought not to be affected by that which applies only to the private and medicinal use. Besides, our cause is now assuming shape and substance; the opponents of our principle are
ever on the watch for our halting; and when a once comrade falls from our ranks, neither killed nor wounded, but only slightly invalided, and goes neither to the hospital nor to his home, but straight over to the foe against which he has already protested,—then is the triumph sounded forth in our ears by those who would decry our cause. Who, then, will blame us if we lay stress upon this one thing—that there is a difference between the prescribed use of alcohol as a medicine, and the social use of it as a luxury?

We need in the promotion of this cause great patience, long perseverance, and an unmistakable consistency. We take it as a contribution towards our object when men, not abstaining as a rule of life, yet so far discourage drinking usages by not participating of wine in public or in company; and we know some men who do thus help our cause. Nor is this "sailing under false colours," for these men are the readiest to tell that they are not teetotallers. Much more in the case of former adherents to our cause; we feel that their protest has been publicly recorded, and that by this protest they meant to express their feelings respecting the whole question of drink as publicly and socially used among us. This view of the case still remains, and we feel that publicly and socially it ought still to rule and guide them; while at the same time we, for ourselves, would not be ashamed to confess (if circumstances did so require it) that we had taken what had been ordered for our own medicinal use. But in the furtherance of our great cause, in the promotion of a reformation of one of the most deep-rooted evils of our land, in the mitigation of one of the most virulent of the sores of our country, we cannot afford to lose a single protest from our list, or to miss a single man from our ranks. In putting our hand to this plough we simply ask that there shall be, in the principle, and the protest, and the practice, no looking back!

THE TWO DEBTORS.

LUKE vii. 41—43.

The Saviour saith not—Sin, that thou may'st love;
But—Feel thy sin, its power, its guilt, its weight.
Then come, believe, His full salvation prove,
And as thy sin, His pardon will be—great.
Not make, but feel, the darkness of thy soul;
Not wound, but heal; not faint, but be made whole;
Then love the more the light that beams from heaven,
And love Him much, for He hath much forgiven.

R. M.
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.

No. V.—THE EAGLE TAVERN.

"The magnificent grounds, corridors, halls, etc., open for promenading and refreshment on Sundays from 5 to 11." Such is the notice which appears on the bills of the Grecian Theatre, or Eagle Tavern, City Road. Who are the promenaders, thought we? Who are the weary travellers so desperately in need of refreshment, that magnificent corridors and halls are opened for their behoof from 5 o'clock till 11? We will go and see.

We left the sanctuary in which we have worshipped for more than a quarter of a century, in the declining light of a lovely June evening. We had experienced the truth of Isaiah's words as recorded in the fortieth chapter, and felt that indeed strength required renewing, to be enabled to quit the sacred associations of the house of God for a scene so totally dissimilar and antagonistic. It was not without a little self-struggling that we entered the iron gate leading to the magnificence we were promised. And then came the uneasy thought, What will be said of it if I am seen?

"Pay here!" said the rough voice of a sort of policeman standing in the doorway in the front of the money-taker's box. He stood there, we believe, to prevent the intrusion of "improper characters," i.e., children unaccompanied by their friends, the ragged and dirty, and the known prowlers of the City Road. We paid our sixpence, receiving in turn a copper token, entitling the holder to sixpenny-worth of refreshment, and advanced at once into "the magnificence."

A large square space, measuring, perhaps, in length and breadth from 100 to 150 feet, opened before us. Some three or four trees grew on one side. There were shrubs, and flowers, and a fountain; rock-work, and shells; statues nude and draped, some of which held lamps; in the centre of the square a dancing platform running round three sides, a gallery with wide staircases leading to it. On the right, beneath the gallery, a row of recessed boxes, more dimly lighted than the open space, or the galleries. On the left a large, handsome, and well-lighted hall, with walls and ceiling decorated with gilding, and one end formed of looking-glass panels. At the farther side the square opened out right and left, giving additional promenading space, and, backed by grotto work, surmounted by painted board or canvas, shutting out the view of the houses in the neighbourhood. Everywhere, on the platform, in the galleries, under the galleries, in the room opening from them, in the recesses, on the floor of the hall, in the gallery of the hall, everywhere, were drinking tables. Everywhere drink and drinkers. Everywhere tankards, ale glasses, and goblets. Everywhere conveniences for drinking, and, so far as we could see, for nothing else. There might have been something of a more substantial kind obtainable perhaps; pork pies, or biscuits, or bread and cheese; but if so, nobody seemed to want it. From group to group, from table to table, it seemed an endless iteration of gin-and-water.

There were from 300 to 400 people present. Some few walking about, the greater number seated at the tables. Not one in a score appeared to be more than three or four and twenty years old; the large majority being certainly under twenty. Occasionally two or three fast youths occupied a table by themselves, but in by far the most numerous instances the tables were occupied by pairs—a young man and woman, or rather, a boy and girl. At this, the youth sat with his arm lovingly round the girl's waist; at that, the atti-
tude was reversed, her arm encircled his neck. Here two sat, heads close together in a corner; there the two bent across from opposite sides. And in every case the tumbler, redolent of gin or rum, was present. At one table was a family party: a father and mother with their baby watched the frolics of the little girls who chased each other across the platform; and running in and out of the hall, a little boy earned sharp words from his mother, who had a porter pot by her side.

We found a vacant place and sat down. In a few minutes a white-crawtatt and red-faced waiter approached. "What will you please to take, sir?" "Nothing, thank you." "But you know your ticket entitles you to sixpennyworth of whatever you like, sir." "Yes, I know it, but I do not want anything." The waiter was evidently puzzled; a teetotaller in the Eagle grounds on a Sunday night was a new thing to him. "But it would be a pity to lose the ticket, sir." "So it would; I shall therefore return it to the man who gave it to me when I leave. However, waiter, as it is certain your own pence are of more interest to you than the supply of my wants, here is your twopence. And now, tell me, who are those young women who are walking so perseveringly in couples? That tall one and her short companion have passed me half a dozen times in twice as many minutes." "Oh, sir, everybody here is very respectable," and he very discreetly saw that his services were needed elsewhere.

Yes, some four or five pairs of girls kept up a steady perambulation of the walks round the platform, up and down the hall, through the galleries. They did not speak or loiter. But it was easy to know their object. Direct introduction of themselves would have injured the "respectability" of the establishment, and they would have been expelled as "improper characters." So they only took the best course, and waited to be addressed by others. That pair—one of whom continued to hum a lively tune all the time of her circumambulations, and walked with a skipping motion—have hooked their fish. There is a giggling and bantering by the side of you pillar. An acquaintance has been struck up with that dark young fellow with a Jim Crow hat, and his booty-faced companion with a brown meerschaum, and the four at once proceed to a table:—they will not separate for a while.

Let us, however, do justice to the place. There is no unseemly behaviour, no quarrelling, no manifestation of drunkenness. It is probable that nine out of every ten indulge no farther than their copper tokens permit them. And there is evidently a repressive power, somewhere, for preserving order. The regular frequenters of the place are aware of it, and conform to the rule, and this conformity influences strangers. There is plenty of quiet humming, but no noisy singing; plenty of laughing, but no shouting; plenty of banter, but no practical joking. There are not wanting philosophers of the secularist school who would regard the whole scene as one of innocent enjoyment, and regret that it does not assimilate more closely to its Parisian or Viennese pattern.

And now, as we lean over the gallery rail and regard the crowds around and below, the question forces itself upon us, What is the moral influence of all this folly, this Sabbath desecration, this early familiarity with vicious associations? How will it affect the future of these young people? And there rise in the memory many ugly reminiscences of girls qualified for the streets, of young men in the prisoner's dock, of sad hospital scenes, of bitter domestic strife and sorrow, of good destroyed, and evil intensified. What is the influence? The question is answered in two short words—All bad. The whole of these present belong to the working class, and not the wealthiest portion of it. These young men are mainly apprentices to mechanical trades, or shopmen, or
clerks. The girls are needlewomen, or bookfolders, or followers of some other ill-paid trade, but who, nevertheless, manage to procure some finery with their scanty earnings. Take the whole with their present views and present tastes, the subjects of this evil influence exerted by each upon the other, and let us ask, What will be the probable effect of it at the end of five years? Of the present company a few, perhaps, may have abandoned the error of these ways. A larger number will have taken to dishonest courses, to positively vicious modes of life, and will have begun to reap the bitter harvest of such serving. But the greater part will have married and have become parents. These youths will have become the lounging, loafing population of the tap-room, brutal husbands, careless and selfish fathers, renting back rooms in back streets, never with a shilling beforehand, and with no higher sense of the great duties of life than just to eat to work, and work to eat, and drown care as often as possible in a flood of beer. These pale-faced girls will have become the dawdling slatterns, or sharp viragoes who form the unhopeful staple upon which the City Missionary works, and the thriftless, shiftless mothers of just such another untrained generation as themselves. Truly the Eagle and its kindred establishments form some of the most powerful opponents with which the Christian philanthropist has to contend.

FACTS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.—No. III.

"I've spent ten shillings a week in drink for the last twenty years, and I'm none the worse for it!"

Such used once to be the constant boast of an old man, who is still living, when any one ventured to prove that alcoholic liquors were injurious to those who indulged in a constant use of them. But during the past two or three years unhappy experience has taught him how mistaken he has been; and his story may perhaps serve as a warning to others who fall into the same error.

He was a clever and skilful workman, and earned a good salary; but with increased age came failing sight and inability to go on with his daily toil. He had never married, and as he had saved no money, and had no friends able to keep him, he was forced to take refuge in the workhouse. He was by trade a printer; and he had not been there long before an opportunity occurred of his becoming a candidate for a vacancy in an almshouse connected with a society formed by members of his own trade. He came out for this purpose, but his efforts were entirely unsuccessful, and he was obliged to return to the union, bitterly lamenting that he had neither friends nor influence sufficient to procure him the wished-for charity. And yet in his days of health and ability to work for himself he had boasted of wasting Five Hundred and Twenty Pounds in that which had been the means of wasting his strength and energy, and shortening the period of his capacity for daily labour. He is in the union now, and will, in all probability, end his days there; while, had he saved the money so sadly wasted, he might have been the happy possessor of an humble independence to keep him in his old age. So much for his oft-repeated assertion that he "was none the worse" for drink!
PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.—No. III.

THE TRAFFIC IS IMMORAL.

In a former article I indicated a Plea for a Prohibition Liquor Law, founded on the fact, the physiological fact, that intoxicating liquors are pernicious when used as ordinary beverages. I did not go into the evidence—the varied and abundant proofs from history, observation, experience, and science.

In addressing the intelligent readers of this Magazine, I took the position not only as granted, but as established. Unless this initial point in the question be conceded or can be demonstrated to reasonable minds, the entire foundation of the argument, and of the whole Temperance Reformation, is removed. Take away this fact, and what remains is but loose and shifting sands, instead of being, as we now hold it to be, the firm, inimitable, impregnable rock of scientific truth!

But I take it that all earnest and thoughtful Temperance Reformers fully admit, and are clearly convinced, that alcohol, the intoxicating element of the distiller, and fermented liquors, they war against, is a poison, a narcotic brain-poison. This is not a Teetotal dictum, it is the verdict of science. "Spirits and poison are synonymous terms; and I never keep them in my house," said Sir Astley Cooper. And no man of scientific name or fame has ever asserted the contrary. The fact indeed is as demonstrable as that the blood circulates through the body; or as any fact in chemistry or physiology.

Now, if the drink is bad, the traffic in it for common use cannot be good. A bad tree cannot produce good fruit. This is a simple inference, but it is profoundly true. Good and evil are not correlative terms, and do not involve harmonious issues: they are antagonistic. They do not and cannot fraternize, but are always in direct conflict, striving for the mastery. This conflict is universal and irrepresseeble. As seen in the soul of man, it represents the Divine nature, reason, and conscience, wrestling with the demons of passion, appetite, and selfishness. In the social sphere, the body-politic, the same conflict wages betwixt the element of barbarism and civilization, ignorance and knowledge, order and anarchy, virtue and vice, liberty and slavery, law and lust!

Let the Liquor Traffic, then, be tested by its fruits, its constant results, its inevitable sequences, and it will be found to be not only an evil thing, but "only evil, and that continually."

The testimony of all the judges, of magistrates, of gaol chaplains, ministers, missionaries, and of all social and sanitary reformers, who have looked most deeply into the habits and condition of the people, and into the causes of ignorance, vice, and crime, is uniform and unanimous, leading us to the irresistible conclusion, that the Liquor Traffic fosters crime, causes pauperism, insanity, premature death, and all the vast brood of social
evils arising out of the depraved condition and drunken habits of the people.

The traffickers themselves do not deny, but they confirm all this; and they even base their plea for restriction upon this patent and undeniable fact. Not only do the licensed victuallers, who are said to be the most respectable class of retail dealers in distilled and fermented liquors, assert the pernicious social tendency of the traffic, but one of the most enlightened of the wholesale brewers, Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., has made a public declaration, as true as it is terrible and sweeping in its condemnation, not only of the drink traffic, but of the entire drinking system—in his famous North British Review article (Feb. 1855), a paper undoubtedly written under the inspiration of impartial truth and clear conviction.

Referring to this article, which had gained more publicity and fame than the author desired, Mr. Buxton, in his speech in the House of Commons, June 8th, 1864, on Mr. Lawson's Permissive Prohibition Bill, remarked—

"It may appear strange that any one in my position should have written at all upon the question how to diminish drunkenness; but in point of reality no one could have had stronger inducements to consider how the traffic could be rendered harmless than one who was personally connected with it; and in writing that paper I did the best to consider the subject as impartially as if I had no interest in the matter myself."

But so glaring are the tendencies and pernicious results of this traffic, that no honest and intelligent man can resist the conviction of its badness. No man ever yet entered upon the traffic, or continued in the traffic, from a sense of duty or impulse of holy charity, with the fear of God and love of man ruling his heart and life. The conscience of the true Christian, the common sense of the good citizen, and even the sober instinct of the drink victim, all declare against the liquor traffic as mean, vile, and immoral.

However depraved a liquor dealer may be, with his conscience seared, if he has but one spark of pure natural affection towards his own son or daughter, he does not wish to bring them up to follow his own avocation. Many send their children away to boarding-schools, &c., for the avowed purpose of keeping them clear of the sights and sounds, the contamination of their own bar-parlours, dram-shops, and tap-rooms.

How bad! how wicked and ruinous that traffic must be, whilst even the men who are getting wealth by it can see its horrors so clearly! Would that our Christian teachers and pastors, our legislators and magistrates, could know and feel the folly, wickedness, and cruelty of the drink traffic, as clearly and acutely as thousands of the men and women who are engaged in it, and of the miserable victims who are being immolated by it! But, alas! there are around us sights of misery and sounds of woe, so near to us and so constantly appealing to us, that we see them not, we hear them not, until the iron enters into our own soul, by some beloved member of our family—a dear son, a darling daughter, a beloved wife, or a fond husband, falls under the force of evil examples and of vicious customs, nourished by a fatal, omnipresent system of LEGALISED EVIL.
MORE LABOURERS.

On! Thou whose tender care alone
Can bless whatever seed is sown;
Send down Thy gracious dew and rain,
Nor let our labours be in vain.

Plenteous the harvest work around,
But few as labourers are found;
Fain would we see rich sheaves brought in,
Rescued from misery and sin.

Give us fresh zeal, with earnest power
To work in this Thy mercy's hour;
That when the sunset time shall come,
With blessings crowned we may go Home:

Leaving, where we have toiled, some trace
Of efforts prospered by Thy grace;
Hearing, when life's short course has run,
The Master's blessed words, "WELL DONE!"

E. M. R.
PAROCHIAL TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

A Paper read before the Conference of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, May 4th, 1866.

BY THE REV. THOMAS ROOKE, M.A.,
CLERICAL TRAVELLING SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.

I presume that the aspect in which our attention is to be called to this subject to-day is the practical, rather than the theoretic—the details rather than the principles; but yet a glance at these latter may not be out of place; and I the more willingly refer to these, because it gives me an opportunity of placing in distinct view the peculiarity of the working of our Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

It is a rule laid down by the Committee for the guidance of the Travelling Secretary—a rule with which his compliance is most consonant with his own feelings:—That, as the representative of the Society, he shall not hold or address any Meeting in any Parish without the consent of the Incumbent of such Parish.

And this at once must commend itself, not only to the Churchman's sense of order, but to the common sense of all. For what is our Society's mission? It is to recommend and assist in the formation of Temperance Associations in connection with the Central Society in each parish of our land. It is the attempt to suggest a special parochial organization for the purpose of combating that special form of temptation and sin which is admitted on all hands to be that which, in most parishes, with the surest effect, opposes the reception of the Gospel of Christ by individuals; seduces from the path of uprightness the unwary (young men and women of our Church; leads to the constant and continued breach of their baptismal vows; keeps them from attendance at the means of grace, specially from the renewal of their baptismal vows at the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and brings down many and many a once hopeful one to the ruin, temporal and eternal, of a drunkard's grave.

If we are thus seeking to supplement with a special organization the pastor's work, it is sufficiently evident we have no right to force ourselves or our proposed organization upon one who has the right to choose his own mode of dealing with the flock entrusted to his charge.

We may, by various means, endeavour to recommend our plans, but we surely have no right to intrude upon the sphere of another man's labours; and by our strict adherence to the parochial constitution of our Church, we may win ground where otherwise we should only naturally provoke opposition.

There is one point on which, perhaps, some present may be disposed to
disagree with me, namely, that I think in each parish the clergyman should
take the lead in this movement, and in his parochial society, even though he
be not himself an Abstainer.

As clergyman of the parish he is bound, if I may say so, ex-officio, to be
at the head of every work for the spiritual improvement of his people of
which his conscience approves. In the present case he may thoroughly
approve the Temperance organization and working, but may not recognise
the necessity for his own abstinence, or may (if it be so) be unable, from
state of health, to abstain.

In this case many clergymen stand aloof, and I am sorry to say, many
abstainers among our laity seem to think they ought.

I confess I think they ought not. If the parochial weekly or monthly
meetings (such as I would recommend) were only Total Abstinence meet-
ings, if they were only for the purpose of enrolling fresh names in our
registry, if they were only for the discussion of temperance questions—as
such, then perhaps the non-abstaining pastor might be out of place. But
we have higher aims in our parochial meetings. We want to teach in
many cases the very first principles of religion to those who have wandered
far from that Father and that Saviour to whom in infancy they were brought.
We want to lay hold of those who are gathered in from the highways and
hedges by the Temperance Visitors, and to bring them to Jesus. We want
to win souls, those whom we have never found in church. We want to
rescue from Satan’s grasp those whom he has taken captive, and whom he
has led away into all the degradation and sin of the far off land of the pro-
digal’s sojourn.

And who is the one appointed in each parish to do all this? To whom
are these souls we yearn after entrusted? To the clergyman of each parish.
And therefore who, as he, can give the needed instruction? Who, as he, has
the right to avail himself of an organization which gathers around him those
whom he has never seen in church or at their "homes;" and even though he
sees no necessity for giving up himself the use of what he regards as lawful,
surely his place is still as the teacher of those truths which beforetime
were only as pearls cast before swine?

Surely in this, as in many other things, the clergyman may recommend
others to do what circumstances prevent his doing himself.

Of course I do not mean for a moment to say that it is not very much
better when the clergyman is himself an Abstainer, that it is far more effec-
tive when he can say "Come" instead of only "Go." Nor do I say that our
lay abstaining brethren in each parish should gladly and thankfully avail
themselves of their respective pastor’s teaching and guidance even though
he be not an Abstainer; and I would respectfully add that the clergyman
would, if he once fairly tried it, find in this parochial society, with its meet-
ings and its staff, a means of usefulness among the working classes, an
opportunity of instructing them, and of binding them in still closer
bonds to the Church, that he can have no conception of until he does
try the experiment—"We speak that we do know, and testify that we
have seen."
Now, perhaps, we are ready to examine the details of our proposed organization.

1. Each parish should have its own Association, of which the Incumbent, or some one nominated by him, should be President. I say, "or some one nominated by him," to meet the case of some. The clergyman himself, as a non-abstainer may feel an awkwardness in becoming President, while reserving to himself, of course, the entire control of the religious teaching at the various meetings. In some cases it will be found that the Curate is an abstainer, in which case he, of course, would be the most eligible President.

2. Besides the President, the officers of the Parochial Association should be—Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Secretary, Committee, Visitors.

The duties of the Vice-President and Treasurer are easily understood.

As to the Secretary, he should attend to all usual details, and give special attention to the accurate entry of all names in the Declaration Book, and report all new names entered to the Visitors, unless there be a special Registrar appointed to keep the Declaration Book.

The Committee should consist of regular members, subscribing not less than one penny per week to the funds, and should number from five to nine, to be chosen at each Annual General Meeting by the general body of subscribing members. The Committee should, under the direction of the President, have the management of all the affairs of the Society, and should meet as often as may be found necessary from local circumstances. The Treasurer and Secretary should be elected by the Committee, and also the Visitors.

The Visitors form a most important—in one respect I may say the most important—part of the organization. Their duties are to visit each member on the list supplied them by the Secretary or Registrar; to collect subscriptions of members; to watch over each; to speak the word of encouragement and help to any who may be wavering or exposed to temptation; to report any who may have lapsed, and to endeavour, as opportunity shall be given them, to bring others into the Society, and win the drunkard from the haunts of his vice to attend the meetings of the Society, and to become a member of it. They should also distribute tracts, and, if possible, regularly supply some approved Temperance publication to each of the subscribing members.

These officers will thus be seen to be the very bonds which keep the Society together, and they should be themselves men of earnestness and of sufficient standing as always having been sober men, or abstainers, to prevent any occasion of the self-sufficiency of a novice, or their being despised by those to whom they may be sent. Above all, they ought to be regular communicants.

They should report either to the president or to a superintendent of visitors at a special meeting, say once a month, and pay in all subscriptions they may have received to the treasurer. This meeting might be on the same evening as the committee meet, but at a different hour.

I cannot help again insisting upon the importance of these visitors. They
become the arms, and hands, and eyes of the clergyman, in helping his oversight of and work with those who are being reclaimed. They announce the meetings. They remind members of communicant classes and special services, and if faithfully performed their work is blessed to their own more complete steadfastness of life and conduct; and the clergyman binds them more and more to the Church, because they are thus led to perceive how much there is that they can do in urging on the spread of true religion.

This body also will generally be found to be willing fellow-helper, not only in this their special work, but a staff on which in many other movements for good in his parish the clergyman may surely rely.

We next come to the question of Meetings.

The frequency of these must of course vary in each parish according to circumstances, population, and requirements.

The suggestion I would make for what I should designate an average parish is, that there be three kinds of meetings—Annual, Quarterly, and Weekly.

I would not have (in ordinary cases) the annual and quarterly on extra days, but having fixed on one day for the Temperance weekly meeting, the annual and quarterly meetings when they come round should be held on that evening; in fact, once in three months the weekly meeting would become a quarterly one, and once a year it would be the annual meeting.

This would economise the time and labour of the clergyman.
In the matter of details I shall commence with the Weekly Meeting.

The chair should always be occupied by the Incumbent, or one of the Curates.

The Meeting might be opened with singing a hymn, temperance melody, or such like.

From fifteen to twenty minutes might be occupied by the Chairman, or some one appointed by him, reading some continuous tale from night to night, or some extracts illustrative of the advantages of the Temperance Movement.

This might be followed by short addresses of ten minutes’ each by Abstaining Members approved of by the Chairman, (a list of names of those able and willing to speak might be made; and the names of speakers for each night read out at the previous Weekly Meeting.)

This will be found very useful in many ways.

1. It will give a special interest in the Weekly Meetings to the members who speak.

2. It will bring the friends of each in succession to the Meetings.

3. Giving an opportunity as it does for each of them to utter their own sentiments and to plead the cause in their own way, it will afford the clergyman an occasion of correcting any mistaken ideas as to the proper place and office of the Abstinence Movement, and putting the declaration of abstinence on its proper basis as a means, not an end.

At the end of these addresses I would suggest the singing of a “psalm or hymn” proper, as the modulation (to use the phrase) from the Temper-
ance to the more strictly religious part of the meeting. After the hymn
the clergymen should read a portion of Scripture, and expound it not only
with reference to the Temperance movement, but with reference to the
great doctrines of God's Gospel to mankind, calculated to awake and arouse
the indifferent, to lead the inquirers on to fuller knowledge, and to
strengthen those that do stand.

This to be followed by prayer, (the General Confession, Lord's Prayer,
Prayer of the Prayer Union, or extempore, at the Clergyman's discretion,) and
closed with the Benediction.

After which the names of new Members should be taken down, and their
cards of membership issued.

N.B.—Perhaps where it can be managed it would be well if the new
members signed their names before the close of the meeting, that they
might receive some special word of encouragement in the clergymen's
exposition of Scripture.

The Quarterly Meeting should be preceded by a Tea Meeting of members
and their friends. To this, of course, admission must be by payment; but
after tea the meeting should be open to all who may wish to come; and it
would be well always to have some special speaker for this meeting, and to
have some music and singing, when practicable—the chairman always con-
cluding with an address and with prayer.

The Annual Meeting should be the Quarterly Meeting on a more extensive
scale, with more speakers, and, of course, transacting the necessary busi-
ness of reading the Report, statement of accounts, and electing the Com-
mittee for the ensuing year.

With respect to the affiliation of the various Parochial Societies with the
Parent Society in London, I would suggest that the terms of affiliation be
as few and simple as possible. I would suggest the following:—

I. That each Parochial Society adopt the principles set forth by the
Parent Society as to the objects in view, and the means proposed for carry-
ning out these objects, viz.—

**OBJECTS**:—The restoration of individual Drunkards.

The removal of the present inordinate temptations to Drunkenness,
and the reformation of the national character in the matter of
Intemperance.

**MEANS**:—1. The doctrine and practice of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

2. Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Drinks as Beverages.

3. The mutual association of Ablainers—

(a) For those who have become intemperate;

(b) For those who, in view of the existing temptations, wish
to use all lawful means to avoid becoming so;

(c) For those who, not recognising the necessity for them-

selves, are yet willing, for Christ's sake, to give the
benefit of example and cooperation, "that they may take
part in rescuing the lost;"

—as removing a series of physical and social hindrances which,
in the circumstances of the present national "distress," have
proved a large and generally insurmountable barrier to the entrance of the Gospel.

4. Public Meetings, Sermons, Lectures, Periodical Publications, and Tracts; and, above all, the formation of Parochial Associations and Branches of a Union for Private Prayer, under the sanction of the Parochial Clergy.

5. The promotion and furtherance, in conjunction with non-Abstainers, of all plans likely to diminish the amount of attractions held out by the present system of public-houses and beerhouses, music and dancing saloons, casinos, &c.

6. The Collection of Funds to enable the Committee to prosecute their labours to a successful issue.

II. That each Parochial Association pay an annual subscription to the Parent Society on the following scale, viz.—

(a) Five shillings, entitling the Association to a copy of the Society’s Magazine each month.

(b) One Guinea.—Entitling the Association to an Annual Visit from the Travelling Secretary or other deputation from the Parent Society, free of all expense to the Parochial Association.

(c) Two Guineas.—Entitling the Association to Two Deputations from Parent Society as above.

In all cases the Five Shilling Subscription should also be paid; and it ought to entitle the Parochial Association to Cards of Membership, Books for Signature of Members, Cards of Prayer Union, Tracts, etc., at reduced prices.

III. That the Parochial Association be under the Presidency, or have at least the sanction, of the Incumbent of the Parish.

Prayer Union.—Another point to which I feel it of much importance to refer, is the linking the members together in “The Prayer Union” of our Society. Those who become members of the “Prayer Union” agree to pray for God’s blessing on this movement, either in their families, or in private, on some part of each Sunday. Members’ Cards, containing prayers compiled by the Vicar of Windsor, can be had at the Society’s office. Nor need this association of the Lord’s remembrancers in this matter be confined only to those who are Abstainers. All who sympathize with us in our desires to combat the deadly evils of intemperance, can at least give their prayers with ours, that the plague may be stayed.

And is there not a cause for at least the trial of this proposed machinery?

It was stated by the Rev. Mr. McCaul, in his paper on “The Duty of the Church toward the Home Population,” read before the Church Congress in Norwich, last October, that “where the Church is powerless for want of resources, Satan is working effectually to widen the alienation of these shepherdless multitudes. It is stated (he continues) that in England there are 95,000 public-houses, and 45,000 beer-shops, their occupiers bearing a proportion to the parochial clergy of seven to one!”

Since this is so, are not our pastors bound to examine with calmness, and freedom from prejudice, any organization that may be proposed to help the
struggle against these fearful odds? And yet, alas! alas! our suggestions are frowned upon as though they were heterodox, or smiled at as though they were fond conceits.

Meantime, souls, precious souls, are perishing.

Delirant reges: plectuntur Achivi.

To conclude: in this work there is room for all to help, in all ranks. There is much prejudice against us, but that is no sign we are wrong; and to the matter of our discussion this morning I would apply the words of Mr. Claughton’s Paper on the subject, and on the occasion, last referred to, “There is a duty both of men and women to help according to the manifestation of the Spirit given them to profit withal in their several localities; to teach the ignorant; to reform the vicious, especially the prematurely vicious; to manage by precept and example every Christian virtue; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; to strengthen the hands of their minister in all things. And never perhaps at any period of the history of our Church was there so strong a disposition to help in this manner as has manifested itself during the revival of religion for the last quarter of a century. As though to confront Satan in his strongholds, reformatories, penitentiaries, (houses of mercy indeed,) guilds and brotherhoods have been established in many places, often, notwithstanding much discouragement, having this sole end in view, to relieve the ministers of God’s Word under the pressure daily becoming more fearful of spiritual destitution in a thickly peopled land. Nor can we doubt that the blessing of God has rested upon these institutions.” Such are the words of the Vicar of Kidderminster concerning the means used. Fain would I hope that when he next speaks or writes on such a topic, he may be led to include Parochial Temperance Associations and Asylums for the Inebriate in this goodly list, and that then he may speak of these last two as he has concerning the former—“The prejudices once so strong against them have gradually faded away as the reality of the work became apparent, and the Bishops of our Church have sanctioned and approved them as spiritual operations called forth by the requirements of the time.”

LOVING REPROOF.

When'er you would an erring friend reprove,
Let gentle caution show the motive's love.
Do not begin with rashness to exclaim,
But rather hint the fault before you blame.
'Tis not enough your admonition’s just;
Prudence must guide it, or the labour’s lost.
Friends should allure, and charm us into sense:
Harsh counsels less reform than give offence.
“I cannot read this evening,” sighed Mrs. Vaughan; “I can only think of
and pray for my poor boy.” (See page 216.)

HAROLD VAUGHAN.

A TALE.

By K. E. T.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a milliner’s shop, and a group of ladies were discussing the newest
fashions, and examining with the greatest care the elegant articles of dress
which were being displayed to them. In a room adjoining sat a modest
sweet-looking girl, with a chastened expression of countenance, as if she
had known grief, and five or six others who were busily engaged with their
needles, but who occasionally looked up and spoke to her.

“I am afraid you will be kept waiting a long time,” said one of them to
Annie, for she it was; “these ladies are mighty hard to please, and
Mrs. Burnet is always engaged for an hour or two with them when they
come.”

“However, you are sure of work,” said another, “for we have so much to
do. Most other houses of business are slack now, but we don’t know which
way to turn, and Mrs. Burnet said yesterday that she must have more
hands.”

“And a good thing, too,” said a slender, delicate-looking girl, “for we
have been sitting up half the night lately, and have even worked into
Sunday morning, and come again early on Sunday evening.”
"You don't mean to say so!" exclaimed Annie, with an astonished look; "it's dreadfully wicked, and I wonder that you consent. When I was apprenticed to Mrs. Woodsall she never required it, and we all went to church regularly twice a day. I think, apart from its being a duty, we need to go, that we may get strengthened and cheered for the week's work."

"As far as that goes," replied a pale, dark-eyed girl, "it would make little difference to me, I guess. I am always so worn out when Saturday night comes, that I never go to church whether or not I work late, for I should only go to sleep if I did; so I spend almost all the time that I get in bed, except a short walk with mother sometimes on Sunday afternoon when it's a fine day. I've often thought that I'll leave Mrs. Burnet, and when times are better I will too, for there isn't another establishment in town where they work so hard. My body is wearing out, and I am living as if I had no soul, and what will the end be!"

The tears gathered in Annie's eyes as she looked compassionately at the poor girl, and said, "There are very few houses of business, I think, where those who conduct them do not reverence God's day, however busy they may be; but Mrs. Woodsall has been almost a mother to me, and treats all her apprentices as if they were daughters; so that she will never speak of them as 'hands,' or allow them to be called so, if she can help it. There are not many as good as she is, may be; but I am sure most of the mistresses are kind and considerate now."

The dark-eyed girl looked earnestly into Annie's face as she answered, "You will find it a change getting work here; only, of course, the outdoor sempstresses can please themselves better than we can. Why are you not working for Mrs. Woodsall, though?"

"I am doing a little for her," replied Annie; "but she has not enough for me; and once, about a year ago, when business was slack with her, she recommended me to Mrs. Burnet, and I think what I did gave satisfaction; so I hope I shall have some employment from her, for I want it so badly just now."

"Well," said the first speaker, "I think you are sure of it, for we have so much on hand."

The door opened, and Mrs. Burnet entered the work-room. She was a fashionably-dressed, hard-featured woman, with dark eyes, and false hair.

"Who is this?" she inquired, as her eyes fell on Annie.

"My name is Morgan, madam," answered the girl as she rose from her seat; "Mrs. Woodsall recommended me to you twelve months ago, and if you will kindly employ me I shall be very glad of some work, and will do my best to please you."

Mrs. Burnet swept out of the room without deigning to answer, and Annie waited another half-hour.

At last a young person who occupied a superior situation in the establishment, and was known to Annie, caught sight of her, and, ascertaining what she wanted, undertook to inquire if her services would be acceptable. After about ten minutes' further delay she returned to the poor girl, and with
some hesitation, but much kindness of manner, told her that they would not be wanted.

"How is it, Miss Clark?" inquired Annie, "for I hear that you have so much to do, that Mrs. Burnet is wanting to put some of the work out; and I know she was pleased with what I did before, for she told Mrs. Woodsall so."

"Two other young persons have applied to Mrs. Burnet this morning," returned Miss Clark, but with some embarrassment, for she was a kind-hearted girl, and did not like to say all she knew. As Annie moved to the door, however, she followed her, and when they were alone in the passage said, "I did not know how to answer your questions just now, Miss Morgan, and, indeed, I could not, before all those young people; but I think it is, perhaps, right I should tell you. Misunderstandings will arise sometimes, and somebody else has been mistaken for you, no doubt, so you ought to have it in your power to clear yourself."

"Please tell me what it is," Annie said, anxiously.

"Well, it is absurd for Mrs. Burnet to listen to such tales, for she might know them to be false; but somebody told her that she saw you the other evening in High Street, and that you were walking arm in arm with some one who was intoxicated, and she almost thought that you were yourself. Of course it is false, Miss Morgan," she continued, as she saw Annie turn deadly pale; "and you will be able to contradict it to Mrs. Burnet, and explain it all away."

"I am much obliged to you," replied Annie, as the returning blood mounted up to her forehead, and her eyes sparkled indignantly; "but if Mrs. Burnet believes me to be intemperate, let it be so. I am satisfied to know how clear my conscience is in the sight of God. Had she told me of this kindly, and asked me what explanation could be rendered, it would have been different, and I would have thanked her, but as it is, so it may rest now."

"Don't say so, Miss Morgan, do speak to her."

"No, thank you, Miss Clark; my mind is quite made up," replied the girl; "but I am much obliged to you. Good bye."

Scarcely knowing how she walked or where she was going, Annie entered the thoroughfare. Moving almost mechanically, and with her mind in the bewilderment of a dream, she passed the turning to her own home, but discovering her mistake, and retracing her steps, at last reached the door of the house, and was met there by her sister Jessie.

She was a kind-hearted girl, and at once read the expression of Annie's face. "What is the matter, dear? You are looking so troubled."

"I have no work," Annie answered quickly; "Mrs. Burnet will not employ me."

"Never mind, sister, Mrs. Woodsall will send you more soon, you'll see," replied the girl; and she threw her arms round her sister's neck.

"God bless you, Jessie," said poor Annie, as the gathering tears almost blinded her; "but don't come upstairs with me, please, dear; I am better alone just now."
That kiss! Was it a strange thing, that when Annie reached her own room she should throw herself on her knees, and thank God for it? Those may think so, perhaps, who have been nursed in the lap of luxury, and caressed the whole day long; but to the burdened, lonely heart, that has no human friend to whom it can tell its woes, oh, the comfort there is in a child's kiss! and in the simple love that knows, as by a kind of intuition, we are in grief, but will not curiously pry into the nature of sorrows which, from their very character, perhaps, must remain sacred!

And such, then, was Annie's grief. Harold's disgrace was a subject upon which she would never permit her aunt to speak to her, and it had scarcely been touched upon in the intercourse between Mrs. Vaughan and herself. If it was a comfort to his mother ever to talk over this sorrow with her, she felt that it was her sacred right, but nobody else should. Far less would she ever attempt to clear herself by condemning Harold to strangers, now that she was being made the sharer of his disgrace. No, buried in her own heart should those cruel words be which had been so malignantly thrown at her unstained character, for she believed God would stay the calumny in answer to her prayers, and that all would be well yet.

"All things work together for good to those who love God," she thought to herself; "and this is therefore of the number; it must be."

CHAPTER VII.

Did Harold Vaughan succeed in the unequal contest in which he was engaged? Were his good resolutions triumphant? Was his strength of character sufficient to oppose the current of habit, which, up to the time of his illness, had been gradually flowing onward with an ever-increasing power for twelve months, and which, after the temporary arrest, had again set in? He had, indeed, much to give vigour to his determination to do right: his love to his mother, which was still deep and strong; his hope of claiming Annie's hand in the closest and dearest of earthly ties; the maintenance of his own respectability and position in society; and, lastly, the desire, which in his case was genuine, to silence the upbraidings of conscience and regain his own self-respect. But, powerful as these motives were, Harold had not calculated the forces opposed to them. He had yet to make his own the experience of one who is now in glory, when he uttered the striking words—"I find that temptation is a whirlwind, and I a straw."* He knew that the sin of intoxication had cast its oppressive fetters around him, and yet, in his pride of manhood, he thought it impossible for him not to be able, in his own strength, though it might be with a hard struggle, to cast off a bondage which he had known for only one short year. But there was a further consideration, to which he omitted to give due weight, though his sorrowing mother did not, and could not, as with the deepest anxiety she watched this eventful crisis in her only son's history. The disease of intoxication, which had seized Harold with such a fearful and almost irre-

* Late Rev. Robert M'Cheyne.
sittible power, had been born with him, though until lately slumbering within his veins. It was the overwhelming dread of this which had led Mrs. Vaughan, from his earliest years, to keep out of Harold's sight, or (if this was impossible) far from his lips, at least, the exciting draught which had been his father's ruin. A total abstainer for her child's sake, and training him up in the same habits, Harold had scarcely known the taste of any strong drink until he was eighteen years of age; but a temporary separation from his home taking place then, he had begun, though very moderately, to fall in with the drinking customs surrounding him. On his return to his mother's roof, his newly-formed habits were continued; but he was so temperate, and such an affectionate, good son, that though Mrs. Vaughan regretted it, she was not much alarmed.

His removal to London had, however, thrown him into the vortex of temptation, and he had sunk to its very lowest depths. It was with the greatest astonishment that some of his companions regarded his comparatively sudden fall. They had been drinking for years themselves, but had never descended to such depths. Poor Harold! they knew not the constitutional state of brain which he had inherited. Was he not, therefore, responsible before God for having been so readily led into the captivity of this sin? No morbid feeling of this kind mingled itself with the deep compassion with which Mrs. Vaughan regarded her erring son. She knew that in this fallen world all men are born with the taint of sin, and derive from their parents constitutional tendencies, against which they must watch and pray, if they would avoid becoming the slaves of sin; and if they fail to do this, "sin lieth at the door." But while many kinds of infirmity are thus involuntarily handed down to posterity, Mrs. Vaughan felt (as every true parent will) that it is a fearful thing where a constitutional tendency to sin is inherited by a child through the wilful self-indulgence of the parent in known wrong. Alas! there are some transgressions, and intoxication is one of them, respecting which the language of Scripture is, that "the sin of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Every man will have to answer before God for his own sin; but how fearful will be the account that he has to render, with whose voluntary indulgence in evil the disease in blood and brain first originated which he has transmitted to his children and grand children! Surely in the great judgment-day he will be declared to have his share in the guilt of his posterity.

It was in vain that Harold sought to be temperate; an abstainer he would not be. One glass led to a second, and these to more; and often and often did his poor mother sit up waiting for him at night, to witness again and again the sight she would rather have died than have lived to see. It was after a succession of such weary watchings that, one Saturday evening in December, Mrs. Vaughan sat alone by her own little fireside, with her large Bible on her knee, her only comfort in every season of trial. Again and again the tears dimmed her glasses, and rolled down her wrinkled cheeks, for her heart was ill at ease, brave and strong in faith though that heart was, and at last she closed the book.
“Oh, I cannot read this evening,” she sighed; “I can only think of and pray for my poor boy. God will yet bring him to a right mind, I do believe, and I will never let go that trust whilst he lives; but the present is a very weary time. And then, there is that poor girl! working her fingers to the bone as she has done for so many years, and with so little hope to cheer her on! It is a ‘fight of faith,’ truly.”

The clock struck twelve, and the widow rose and went to the window. “I wondered the streets were so quiet; why there is thick snow. It must have begun to fall immediately after it grew dark. O, Harold, Harold! where are you? O, God, save him from himself!”

She stood at the window and watched the falling snow-flakes in the dim street-light; but the cold of the wintry scene was nothing in comparison with her sad chill of heart. Silently praying for him, she remained there for a quarter of an hour, but still he came not. The suspense became almost unbearable, and a possible hope as to where he might be found dawning upon her, she took down her bonnet and wrapped her shawl round her.

“I must go and see,” she thought. “It will do him no good, perhaps; but it will be better for me than waiting here.”

As she opened the street-door, the wintry blast rushed in, and her trembling limbs seemed scarcely able to support her against its force; but, undaunted, her brave spirit bore her forth into the midst of the driving storm. It was all she could do to toil along through the deep snow, for there was no trodden path. The street was a quiet one, and there were the footprints of only a very few passers-by. The storm increased in violence, and the snow-flakes came down so thick and fast that Mrs. Vaughan could scarcely see anything. She had, however, turned out of the street in which she lived, and had nearly reached the end of another, when her foot struck against something. She looked down. There was a dark object on the ground, but partially covered with snow, she saw. Another moment, and she felt sure that it was a man. Her woman’s heart quailed, but she could not pass him. It was possible, alas!—it was possible;—but if not it was some other mother’s son, and she would do as she would be done by. She stooped down to the dark heap upon the ground. “Friend, you are ill, I fear; can I help you to get up? you should not lie in the cold here.” She tried to see his face, but he was lying at some distance from a lamp, and no answer was given to her inquiries. She looked up and down the street, but not a solitary figure was to be seen. “I must get a light from one of these houses,” she thought, “and perhaps they will take him in for a little while till we can find out who he is;” and with a sickening dread she knocked at one of the houses near, and then returned to her charge.

“Poor fellow! he is insensible, and how cold!” she said to herelf, as she took hold of the icy hand. “O Harold! Harold!” she exclaimed, with a shriek of anguish, for she thought that its form was his. Again she knocked at the door impatiently, for it seemed as if the owners would never come, and kneeling upon the snow, rubbed the frozen limbs with all the feeble strength that she could command.
At last her summons was replied to, for a stout tall man made his appearance in the doorway in his dressing-gown. Trying sometimes to look over his shoulder, and at other times peeping beneath his arm, was a little woman, bundled up in a warm plaid shawl.

"Eh, missis!" said the man, "was it you that knocked? I wonder what respectable folk should be roused up at this time of night for!" But, without attempting a reply, Mrs. Vaughan had rushed to his side, and, to his utter bewilderment at being taken suddenly thus by storm, had possessed herself of the lantern he carried. On the ground, kneeling beside the snowy heap, she held it towards the face of the fallen man, and by the flickering light saw that it was indeed her son.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Take him in! not I. A drunken scoundrel, of whom we know nothing! and at this time of the night, or rather hour in the morning, too! You are crazy, Nell; come in."

But the little woman had slipped between the closing door and the doorway, and stood her ground sturdily. "Don't be hard upon them, Joe, for we cannot say he was tipsy. Who knows but it is a fit? And supposing he was, he needs help now, and will die, perhaps, if we don't give it him."

"I say, come in, Nell," repeated the man loudly, and with a gesture that seemed to indicate an intention on his part of forcing her into the passage. "I don't want all the fuss of an inquest with a man I never set eyes on before dying in my house; the policeman will be round here in five minutes or so, and let him see to them; for I reckon it is his place to look after such folks, and not mine."

"Oh, Joe," pleaded the little woman, "it isn't yourself that speaks, for you have a kind heart; it's the sup of drink you have had to-night; and if it is the drink that has laid that poor creature there, let us help him, as I pray to God some one may help our son, if he should ever be like him; our Ned! for he's fond of his glass, you know, and he may need a friend some day. Will not God deal with us, as we deal with our brother? Oh, Joe! you will take him in." The little woman had touched the right chord at last, for the love of his son was interwoven with every fibre of the old man's heart; and her last observation, too, as an arrow, had hit the mark; for though living in open disregard of many of God's commands, his conscience was not at ease, and a feeling of superstitious dread was aroused within him, lest a retributive doom might overtake himself or his family if the hand of compassion were not extended to the poor sufferer at his door. So, muttering remonstrances to himself, to which no one listened, he passed into the street, and leaning over the fallen man, addressed Mrs. Vaughan.

"Give us a hand here, missis, and I'll carry your son in."

Harold was borne into the kitchen of the little house; and then, making
a hasty retreat upstairs, Joe left his wife and Mrs. Vaughan to chafe
the frozen limbs of the sufferer, who lay as one dead before them. In vain for
some time they rubbed the poor chilly form, and breathed into his mouth.
It seemed to both of them that help had come too late, and that, unpre-
pared as it was, the undying spirit had fled to appear in the presence of
its holy Maker. But yet they spoke not, nor wept. Some returning
warmth at last, however, seemed to flow as a current through those chilled
limbs; and then came a scarcely perceptible heaving of that broad chest.

"He did move—he did breathe!" gasped Nell, in the delighted won-
derment of the moment. But no word passed the mother's lips, as with
trembling eagerness she watched for another heave, and dreaded almost to
breathe herself, lest the returning life of her son might be checked by the
slightest movement around him. Quicker and quicker came the breath,
until the eyes at last gently opened, but almost immediately closed again,
and as an infant he seemed to sleep. Then, leaving him for a moment to
the care of Nell, Mrs. Vaughan rushed into the adjoining room, and, falling
upon her knees, buried her face in her hands, and poured forth her full
heart in earnest thanksgiving to that merciful Father in heaven, who, as
she felt, had given her son back to her from the grave.

(To be continued.)

DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

GENTLE READER, allow us to lead you
in this paper to contemplate a scene too
sad, too well deserving to be recorded in
these "short and simple annals" of the
evils of the drink. Come, first, and stand
before God's altar, and see a man and
woman kneeling before it, and uttering the
solemn words of mutual help, sympathy,
comfort, "in sickness and in health," in
joy and in sorrow. Listen to the sacred
vows there plighted, and doubt not a
moment that the heart is speaking from
its fulness at the time. Then come and
look at the following account of what
since occurred, and then say is there not
a cause for our crusade against the demon
of intemperance?

DOUBLE ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—DISTRESSING CASE.—Sophia White, twenty-
seven years of age, and living at 22, Wim-
bourne Street, New North Road, was
charged with cutting her throat, and
attempting to throw herself from a win-
dow of that house.—Police-constable
Ninan, 110 N, said: Between five and
six o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday
last I was called to the house where the
prisoner lodges, when the landlady begged
me to hurry up stairs, as one of her
lodgers had cut her throat. At the
moment I entered a room there I saw the
prisoner struggling with a man who was
endeavouring to hold her down. She was
bleeding from three wounds in the throat.
I believe that the man is her husband,
and as he released her on seeing me she
sprang to the window, but I caught hold
of her and prevented her from getting
out. This razor, wet with blood, I picked
up in the room. I sent for a medical
man, and the wounds were dressed. I
conveyed her to the station, and subse-
DOINGS OF DRINK.

man may drink his substance and his life away without being brought to a police-court. (To the prisoner): I must remand you for a few days; but you will at least be taken care of, and have good advice as to your future. Doubtless your husband was the cause.—Husband: Then will you let me take her place? I know I was the cause.—Mr. Ellison ordered the prisoner to be removed, still sobbing. She took her child’s hand and left the court, followed by her husband, who appeared at least for the time awakened to a sense of his unworthiness. His occupation did not transpire.

Aye! truthfully spoke the worthy magistrate (who is, we believe, a brother of our well-known friend the Vicar of Windsor).—“The insanity is on your part”—“who can trust to the responsibility of a drunkard?”—“a man may drink his substance and his life away without being brought to a police-court!”

Well did he describe “the love of drink as a most fatal and terrible passion—a passion that destroys some of the best men amongst us!” We only wonder that not only he, but every magistrate of our police courts—a ye, every judge on the bench, from the bare force of those cases which, like this alone, are continually coming under their notice, do not at once resolve to burst through all the trammels of our social customs as some have nobly done, and give up any countenance whatever of that “love of drink” which, in its milder form, is only regarded as a social habit; but in its terrible passion becomes “fatal” and destructive!

The following sad story may prove a warning, not only to fathers, but also to medical men, when dealing at least with those who are endeavouring to recover themselves from drunkard’s habits by means of Total Abstinence:—

A gentleman, residing near Belfast, had a son, who had fallen a victim to the customs of our land, and had become a miserable drunkard. Every effort was ineffectually employed for a length of
time to reclaim him. At last he determined to make an effort to reform; he signed the pledge against ardent spirit, but knowing the enemy that lurked in wine and ale, he wisely resolved to abstain entirely from all intoxicating liquors. He rapidly regained his former respectability. One day he accompanied his father to a large dinner party, but drank no wine. His father, alas! pressed him to take a glass of wine, saying it would be no breach of his pledge. But, wiser than his parent, he refused. The father insisted, "Take one glass, and don't make yourself an oddity." To please his father, and get rid of his importunity, he took a glass of wine. It was like pouring oil on a fire. His appetite for strong drink, which many thought had been destroyed, was immediately revived, and raged furiously. Having got one glass he was unable to resist the temptation to take a second and a third, till at last he became intoxicated. In this state he left the party, mounted his horse to ride home, but sad to relate, he never reached it. On the way, he fell off his horse, broke his neck, and was carried home a corpse!

The newspapers contain an account of a man mobbed to death at Portsmouth. A paragraph in the account shows plainly enough that "the public-house" had its share in the work, and the statement illustrates most forcibly the difficulties that bestrat our poor working men in their struggle to be sober. In the upper classes the weapons used against us may not be so clumsy, but they are keen. The thraldom of the drinking customs may not be so enforced by fear of bodily injury, but they are no less enslaving; and here, if ever, it may be said,—"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow?" The account of this horrible affair is as follows:

A Man "Mobbed" to Death at Portsmouth.—Within the boundaries of the borough of Portsmouth is a district called Mary-le-bonne, consisting of several streets and many alleys, inhabited by "dungers" and persons of low character. Last year a woman was brutally murdered in this abandoned neighbourhood; and this week a respectable mechanic, named Noah Wareham, was literally "mobbed" to death by a lawless crowd of youths and girls, who reside in the Mary-le-bonne. On Thursday evening the borough coroner held an inquest on the body of Noah Wareham, when it was stated that on Monday evening last, after deceased had returned home, a mob of young men, boys, and girls beset his house, before which they halted, and beat tin kettles. Some tried to force themselves in the doorway, and two pieces of brick and a tin kettle were thrown into the room. One piece of brick struck Wareham on the back. Deceased got a walking-stick and threatened to punish his tormentors, but did not strike any one. Two young fellows, one known by the name of Punch Cribby, pushed deceased down, and while in the road the poor man was beaten with sticks. A boy named Lodge knelt on him, and the crowd cried, "That's it; give it him." A man then came up and kicked deceased three times on the right side, and ran down the Heart-in-Hand public-house passage. Deceased became insensible and died on Wednesday, his death being caused by extravasation of blood upon the brain. Deceased's wife stated that her husband was continually ill-used by persons living in the neighbourhood because he would not associate with them, as he was a teetotaller, and would not drink with them. "Dirt had been stuffed in deceased's mouth, and dead mice thrown at him." This may well be regarded as a teetotal "martyrdom." I am glad to see that a fund is being raised for the benefit of the family of the murdered man.
NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Derivation of the Hebrew word Tirōsh.

The writer of the article on "Wine" in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, the Rev. William Latham Bevan, M.A., Vicar of Hay, Brecknockshire, is not satisfied, and naturally so, at either of the two derivations of the word tirōsh proposed by Gesenius and Bythner. Mr. Bevan says, "Tirōsh is referred to the root yārash, 'to get possession of,' and is applied, according to Gesenius (Thes. p. 633), to wine on account of its inebriating qualities, whereby it gets possession of the brain; but, according to Bythner, as quoted by Lees (Tirosh, p. 52), to the vine as being a possession (παντος ἱερόν) in the eyes of the Hebrews. Neither of these explanations is wholly satisfactory; but the second is less so than the first, inasmuch as it would be difficult to prove that the Hebrews attached such a pre-eminent value to the vine as to place it on par with landed property, which is designated by the cognate terms yerushāhāh and mōrāshāh. Nor do we see that any valuable conclusion could be drawn from this latter derivation; for, assuming its correctness, the question would still arise, whether it was on account of the natural or the manufactured product that such store was set on the vine." It is quite clear that Mr. Bevan has not seen the explanation of the word tirōsh given by Conrad Kircher in his valuable Concordance. Kircher explains tirōsh to be "Mustum, vinum novum, quod recens pelliculis, tanquam domo et habitatione sua extrusum et expressum est." The meaning of this in English is that, according to Kircher, tirōsh is "must, new wine, which has just been thrust out from and squeezed out from the little skins [of the grapes] as if from its home and habitation."

The derivation evidently alluded to by the learned Kircher is, I think, far more correct than either of those proposed by Gesenius and Bythner, and mentioned above in my extract from Mr. Bevan's article on "Wine." Gesenius says that the Hebrew word yārash primarily signifies "to take by force," "to seize," and hence it means "to expel," "to drive out," as in Deuteronomy ii. 12 and other places. To this meaning Kircher evidently refers when he uses the words extrusum tanquam domo et habitatione suad in his explanation of tirōsh. In a former paper I have shown that tirōsh was applied to the grape in its natural state even before it was plucked or removed from the cluster, "its home and habitation," to use the expressive words of the learned Kircher. I need only refer again to Isaiah lxv. 8 in proof of this: "Thus saith Jehovah, As new wine [tirōsh] is found in the cluster [eshkōl], and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."* I refer to this important and interesting passage in Isaiah on the present occasion, on account of the Greek word which the translators of Isaiah in the Septuagint Version used as the equivalent of tirōsh in this verse. The

* Bishop Lowth translates the first clauses of Isaiah lxv. 8 accurately thus:—

"Thus saith Jehovah:
As when one findeth a good grape in the cluster,
And saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."
rendering of the Hebrew in the first clause of the verse in the Septuagint Version is, "ὢτι οἶνῳ λίγα Κύριος, ὅν τρόφον εὑρήσαται ὁ ῥήξ, τὸ τοῦ βότρυν, καὶ ἱρόν, μὴ λυμὴν ἀντίδοτον, ὃ ἐστιν Κυρίος εἰς αὐτῷ. What is the derivation of the Greek word ῥῆξ? Liddell and Scott say it is akin to ῥήγνυμι, to break, future ῥῆξ, and that it is = ῥᾶς, a grape or olive. The same lexicographers say that ῥᾶς is a berry, especially a grape, and that it is derived from πάσω, πᾶς, a branch, whence also the Latin word racemus, which means "the stalk of grapes," or "a cluster of grapes," and sometimes "a grape;" and hence in Ovid we find it used by metonymy for "the juice of the grape." If there be any force in analogy in the derivation of Hebrew and Greek words, as I believe there then is, it is very probable that the Hebrew word tirosh is derived from יָרָשׁ, in the sense of "breaking off," "removing from." Gesenius says the word has that meaning. In accordance with this derivation, tirosh is always used in the Hebrew Bible, I believe, of the grape in its natural condition, as it has been "broken off from," or may be "broken off from," the cluster, "its home and habitation." In Hosea iv. 11, the word tirosh appears to be used simply as an emblem of "abundance" or "prosperity." Compare what the same prophet Hosea says in chapter xiii. 6: "According to their pasture, so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me."

Let me take this favourable opportunity of enriching a page of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE with a beautiful extract from "Guesses at Truth," quoted by Archbishop Trench in the preface to his valuable little work on "The Study of Words:" "A language will often be wiser, not merely than the vulgar, but even than the wisest of those who speak it. Being like amber in its efficacy to circulate the electric spirit of truth, it is also like amber in embalming and preserving the relics of ancient wisdom, although one is not seldom puzzled to decipher its contents. Sometimes it locks up truths which were once well known, but which, in the course of ages, have passed out of sight and been forgotten. In other cases it holds the germs of truths, of which, though they were never plainly discerned, the genius of its framers caught a glimpse in a happy moment of divination. A meditative man cannot refrain from wonder, when he digs down to the deep thought lying at the root of many a metaphorical term, employed for the designation of spiritual things, even of those with regard to which professing philosophers have blundered grossly; and often it would seem as though rays of truths, which were still below the intellectual horizon, had dawned upon the imagination as it was looking up to heaven. Hence they who feel an inward call to teach and enlighten their countrymen should deem it an important part of their duty to draw out the stores of thought which are already latent in their native language, to purify it from the corruptions which time brings upon all things, and from which language has no exemption; and to endeavour to give distinctness and precision to whatever in it is confused, or obscure, or dimly seen."

I may mention with regret, that in the list of English words given by Archbishop Trench at the end of his little book, as words of which he had intended to speak, and to inquire into their true and original meaning, but was not able to do so from want of space or some other cause, the word intoxication occurs. The Archbishop must see the remarkable truth, that those who use intoxicating liquors are poisoning themselves in proportion to the quantity they drink, whether it be small or large!

Manchester.                                 WILLIAM CAINE, MA.
CHURCH MISSIONARY COLLEGE, ISLINGTON.

At the same time that the Prince of Wales was laying the foundation stone of the British and Foreign Bible Society's new House at Blackfriars, an ordination was being held in the Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, at which thirteen students from the Church Missionary College, Islington, were ordained, and set apart for Missionary work. Nine of these were members of the College Temperance Association. Thus we are enabled already to see much of the rising fruit of the past seed-sowing.

The subjoined letter will be perused with interest by all our readers. We rather fear, however, it will prove very provoking to the Saturday Review. We certainly have not studied the ears of the Reviewer in the choice of names of places to which these Teetotal Missionaries are to be sent; but we are not responsible for this. However, we call attention to the following:—

SIR,—You will be glad to hear that our Church Missionary Temperance Association is still flourishing. On the 12th inst. we held our third Anniversary Meeting, which was on a much larger scale than formerly. The College authorities were present and took part in the proceedings, and Dr. Allen and the Principal and Students of the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, responded to our invitation. After tea, the Rev. the Principal took the chair, and the meeting was opened by the singing of the anthem, "Behold how good and joyful," the reading of a portion of Scripture, and prayer. The senior student, on behalf of the pledged abstainers, presented a testimonial to the Rev. W. Ridley, in recognition of his services as Secretary to the Association during a period of three years. An eloquent and stirring address was then delivered by the Rev. Stenton Eardley, Incumbent of Immanuel Church, Streatham Common. The address, which lasted more than two hours, was listened to with the most marked attention, and called forth frequent bursts of applause. At its close, on the motion of the Rev. J. G. Heisch, the Vice-Principal, seconded by the Rev. G. F. Munby, a vote of thanks was heartily accorded to the rev. speaker by his audience. After a few remarks from the Rev. Mr. Boulthby and the chairman, the meeting closed with prayer.

I may add that those who addressed us after Mr. Eardley warmly eulogised his speech, spoke favourably of the Temperance cause, and promised to give it their serious further consideration.

In a short time thirteen of our number will take leave of home, friends, and country, to preach Christ crucified to the perishing heathen. It will be cheering to you, and to the friends of the Temperance cause, to know that of this number not less than nine are pledged abstainers. Their names and appointed stations are as follows:—The Revs. Wm. Ridley and David Brodie (Peshawur); Rev. J. Piper (Hong Kong); Rev. J. Bates (Ningpo); Rev. T. D. Good (Jaffna); Rev. R. T. Dowbiggen (Badagama); Rev. S. Carter (Gurruckpur); Rev. E. Sampson (Bombay); Rev. G. Street (Hyderabad). May I ask the prayers of your readers on their behalf?

Wishing the Church of England Temperance Society God-speed,

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

June 20th, 1866.

DAVID WOOD, Sec.
MONTHLY LETTER.
(From our own Correspondent.)

In the last paragraph of last Monthly Letter a brief allusion was made to the annual sermon and meeting of the Guernsey Association. I am now in a position to give more details.—

There was a grand procession on Whit Tuesday of the various bodies of Abstainers, with bands and banners, through St. Peter-le-Port to the handsome old parish church. It holds about 1200 persons, and was filled in every corner. Divine service commenced at half-past two o'clock. Prayers were read by the Rev. C. Guille (son of the revered Dean), President of the Parochial Society, and who has ever been most energetic, and, I am glad to say, most successful, in his labours among the working classes. The sermon, which was listened to with deep attention, and was subsequently spoken most highly of at the meeting, was preached by Mr. Rooke, our Clerical Travelling Secretary.

After service the procession re-formed, and the societies proceeded to tea; and then the meeting reassembled in the large parochial school-room. After prayer and singing, it was addressed by several delegates from the various societies, and also by Rev. C. Guille and Rev. Thomas Rooke. General Huyshe, C. B., Rev. J. Lakes (Hon. Dioc. Sec.), and other clergy and gentry, were on the platform.

Mr. Rooke also attended and addressed the annual meeting of the Salisbury Association, held in the Town Hall, under the presidency of Rev. A. B. Handley, President of the local Association.

The Rev. Robert Maguire has during the past month lectured at Richmond, the Rev. H. Dupuis, B.D., the Vicar, in the Chair. Mr. Dupuis, though not himself an abstainer, takes a deep interest in the local Society, and at times, as on this occasion, presides at the meetings. There are a few earnest workers of the Cause in the town, who anxiously look for encouragement from their more influential townsmen and neighbours.

Mr. Maguire also delivered a lecture at Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, during the month. The Chair was taken by the Rev. Claremont Skrine, one of our Abstaining Clergy, who is now residing at Southborough as a fellow-labourer with our venerable brother in the Cause, the Rev. Stephen Langston. A large number of working men were present.

A letter from the Rev. Canon Conway informs me that a Parochial Temperance Association has been established in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, under the presidency of the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, who attends the meetings of the members once a fortnight.

Our Temperance friends in Wrexham have offered three prizes, of ten guineas each, for the best essay on each of the following subjects:—“1. The Progress of the Gospel retarded by the use of Intoxicating Drinks.” “2. The Dietetic Advantages of Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Drinks.” “3. Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Drinks as beverages, approved of by the Bible.” The example of the Wrexham Committee, if followed elsewhere throughout the provinces, would tend to elicit much of the talent of the movement, and to promote the study of the Temperance question generally.

The National Temperance League propose to hold their Annual Fête at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, the 24th inst. Special railway regulations are made all through England, with a view to a large gathering of friends from the country to meet their metropolitan brethren.
"He drew me out of many waters."

**LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.**

The present age is largely characterised by humane and philanthropic efforts for the protection of life. Among these, the Life-boat service stands foremost, for the work it is ever seeking to do, and for the peril and danger involved in doing it. All along our iron-bound coast these
institutions are being gradually enlarged and increased in number, for
the rendering of more speedy assistance to sea-faring men who "go
down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters." We now and
then hear of acts of private and individual munificence in this direction,
which must be the instrumental cause of very much good, and of untold
blessings, in the preservation of life and property from the waves. And
so important is this felt to be, that some of the periodicals of the day,
such as The Quiver and The Working Man, have started life-boat
subscription lists, and with a remarkable degree of success too; and in
not a few of the Sunday schools of our country similar aid has been
rendered to the same benevolent object. We rejoice in all such efforts,
because they tend to impress upon the public mind the value of human
life, and draw out the practical sympathies of men in doing their best
to preserve it, especially under circumstances that are naturally fraught
with danger.

And where would we expect to find such and so many dangers as on
the rocky shore of a country, and especially on the irregular coast-line
of our own island? And where would we expect to find the humane
instinct for life-preservation so strongly manifested as in this Christ-
ian country? We regard it as an increasing proof of the Christian
spirit and the philanthropic zeal of our countrymen that so many
efforts are now-a-days being set on foot for the preservation of human
life from shipwreck, and from the dangers of the seas.

But this, reminds us of other deeps and of other dangers that need
to be as well looked to as any of the dangers of the sea. In the depths
of the overflow of drink in this country, as many lives are annually lost
as are reckoned up in the muster-roll of the shipwrecked dead, only
with this difference, that many a Christian man is engulfed in the
waters of the deep, and from the boards of his vessel goes into the
bosom of his Great Father's love; but the craft that is wrecked in the
deep places of drink goes down quick into hell! Then, if the Christian
philanthropy of our country has devised means to rescue drowning men
from the perils of the deep, why should not the same Christian spirit be
evoked in saving men, body and soul, from the more deadly dangers of
the wine-cup?

We would, therefore, bespeak the attention of our readers to
this matter, and stir up their conscience to a real understanding of the
times in which we live, and of the things we ought to do under the
circumstances of our lot.

The whole principle of our Temperance Reformation Movement is
contained in the principle of the life-boat service. In this way—

All ships that sail upon the waters will not necessarily make ship-
wreck, but some assuredly will. *A priori*, it is uncertain what vessels
out of a given number will or will not founder in the waters; in this everything depends on circumstances—the character, and build, and strength of the craft; the skill and the courage of the ship-master; the nature of the seas in which it sails; and the state of the weather during the voyage. Some vessels, by reason of their strength, might survive the rougher gale, and yet even the strongest may succumb beneath a too-stormy sky, or through the neglect or inadverence of its captain. Suffice it to say that, taking all circumstances and all combinations of circumstances into account, there are few ship-masters that so implicitly or so thoroughly trust their craft as to send them forth without being insured against loss and damage; and it is equally true that the toughest oak has foundered on the rock, the strongest craft has gone to pieces in the gale, and the most seaworthy vessels have shivered their timbers in the storm. Hence the need of life-boats, to save the lives of men from a watery grave. And we who are ourselves in no danger of such a death subscribe to provide this safety for those who are exposed to peril. We esteem it to be a part of our Christian duty and privilege to maintain in permanency and efficiency these institutions, which have no regular work, and no fixed time-tables, but are established merely upon the chance and contingency of being sometimes needed, and of then proving their value and their worth. The life-boat may be drawn up high and dry in the day of the sunshine; but it must be launched, and must bravely buffet the waves in the night of the tempest. Their very existence depends upon contingencies, and mishaps, and misadventures; they simply exist, because they may be needed; and if only one life be saved thereby, that life-boat has not lived in vain.

All this is reproduced in the principle of our Temperance cause. We do not say that all men will necessarily suffer from the effects of drink, but we do say that some men will so suffer; and for the sake of these we launch our moral life-boat. We know that, though calm and sunshine sometimes rest upon the deep, there are also seasons of storm and tempest, and for these seasons we provide the life-boat. The bark may be strong, and its timbers sturdy; but still it may be that the wind is stronger, and the waves more sturdy. It is a battle, and in the conflict we launch out to help and befriend our own flesh and blood, that we may deliver him.

The Temperance cause has proved itself a worthy life-boat for the preservation of many a life, and many a fortune, and many a reputation that has been, through drink, brought into sore jeopardy and danger. Men, even strong men—strong in principle, and strong in moral resolution—have dared these depths, and the waves have risen stronger than they. The floods of drink have overflowed the deck, have put out the fires of better principle, have unmasted, and unhelmed, and disabled
them, and thus have left them to sink in the deep waters. From the safe stand-point of the shore we see their peril; we launch forth to save them. Our craft is the life-boat: it comes and takes them off, and conveys them safe to land, where there are no boiling waves, no troubled deeps, no angry waters of the all-conquering sea. And in the effort our fellow-men are saved from at least that death; it may be they are advanced to a new and better life, and thereby God is glorified.

For such a work as this there is needed a thorough appreciation of the danger and of its consequences, a similar appreciation of the value of a human soul; there is also needed a strong hand and a resolute heart, shirking no duty, fearing neither wind nor weather, ready by night or day, if only the call be a demand of duty; and further, there is required the great primary motive—to save life; and this in its results is its own reward. Oh, what gratitude evoked, what outgoing of the soul's best thanks called forth, what blessings heaped upon the head, what tears dried up, what aching trembling hearts revived—by one such bold, successful, life-saving deed and gallant exploit of the life-boat!

Look out upon the ocean of life; there are storms and tempests out upon those waters; and many a craft is now exposed to the pitiless storm. Shall they live, or shall they die? Shall we help them, or shall we forbear? Their craft is broken up and sinking, ours is strong and steady; their strength is exhausted with the long struggle, ours is unimpaired and vigorous; they are faint and weary, and almost past hope, from the buffetings they have endured, while we are refreshed with food and braced for work. Then let us from this strong standing ground, this terra firma of our abstinence, with strong hands and brave hearts, launch forth our life-boat and save the shipwrecked crew, before the old craft break up, and all hands go down into the deep!

All and each may help—some with money to build the boat, some with hands to man it, and there is even room and place for sympathizing hearts to stand and watch its doings, and cheer it on as it launches forth and ploughs the waves, all intent upon its sublime mission of bringing means of rescue to the lost. Our Temperance cause needs all; it can dispense with none in its life-and-death struggle for souls. Whether you direct the helm, or pull an oar, or throw a rope, or otherwise "lend a hand," it all tells up in the great and blessed work of saving lives. The rich man's guinea, the child's sole penny, the widow's mite; the helmsman's skill, the oarsman's strength—these are the sinews of the craft, the iron ribs of the vessel, the contribution, in large or in small, of some proportion of the strength, and might, and usefulness of the gallant life-boat, whose living light is as the burning taper of some holy shrine, where dwells and beats the sympathizing heart of the Watcher of the waters.
LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

It is by reason of the similarity of the danger, and the like nature of the good effected, that many a Temperance society has enrolled itself under the name of the "Life-boat Crew." Far inland, in the very heart of the country, far removed from the dangers of the deep, are these men found, with real work to do, real dangers to confront, and real lives to save, because thus far inland have the waters of this deluge encroached, casting down all barriers, and flowing on in their desolating flood. Well may these men adopt the words of the old English song:—

Ye gentlemen of England,
Who dwell at home at ease,
How little do ye think upon
The dangers of the—

drink, and the wine-cup, and the associations of the same! Aye, how little do we think upon the ruined hopes, the blighted homes, the stranded fortunes, the wrath and wreck of all this endless, weary tale, so often told, and which must yet so oft be told again!

Amid the storms and tempests of the drink—worse and far more perilous than the dangers of the deep—there is room for life-saving, there is scope for the life-boat—

"No wrath has ever spent itself with vengeance half so deep;
No storm has ever tossed the wave but lulled itself to sleep;
But this fell tempest never sleeps; its billows ever roll,
And over-ride and overwhelm the shipwreck of the soul.

"Awake! arise! a drowning man, tossed on the frothy foam!
Haste! 'tis the cry of instant death! all to the rescue come!
Life is at stake, a precious soul—no lifeboat on the wave!
Be thou the lifeboat launched at once, a brother's soul to save!"

AN UNCOMMONLY GOOD "STRIKE."

The following "Notice" has been circulated in a northern mining district by miners on strike:—

"NOTICE TO THE MINERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—We, the miners of ——— regret to say that we have been unable to come to a settlement with our employers, who are large brewery owners in the vicinity of ———. We, therefore, the miners of the above Collieries, are unanimously resolved not to drink any more of ——— and Co.'s ale until they submit to settle our dispute. And we further hope and trust all who drink ale will follow our example, and not patronise our employers. N.B. We again entreat all honourable miners to keep away till we maintain our rights. By order of the Miners' Committee."
TEMPERANCE FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We are indebted to the National Temperance League for many of the more demonstrative illustrations of Teetotalism, as well as for some of the most elaborate details of the working of the cause. The promoters of the League have certainly the faculty of executing grand massive movements with considerable precision and with no small success.

In this page we have the pleasing duty to chronicle an occasion of some celebrity in the Temperance movement—the Temperance Fête, held at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, 24th July. The day was fine, enjoyably fine, not too hot or sultry; the arrangements were admirably formed and well carried out. Thousands of visitors arrived in London for the occasion by monster excursion trains from all parts of England; and by one o’clock some 30,000 persons had congregated in the palace and the grounds. At that hour the Committee, accompanied by the speakers of the great meeting, proceeded to the Handel orchestra, and their arrival was the signal for a hearty cheer which echoed again through the building. In the absence of Samuel Bowly, Esq., the President of the League, the chair was taken by the Rev. Canon Babington. The great mass-meeting, which thronged the reserved seats in the orchestra and all the available space to the sides and front of the same, was addressed by the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., Incumbent of Clerkenwell, the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, and Thomas Knox, Esq., J. P., of Edinburgh. The three addresses occupied together less than an hour, and were listened to with great and unflagging attention, notwithstanding there must have been considerable difficulty in following the words of the speakers, owing to the fact that (as one of them said) they were “speaking into space,” in that vast area.

After the special addresses the great meeting disbanded for a general visitation of the palace and its varied treasures; and in the course of the afternoon several pastimes and amusements and entertainments were in rapid succession supplied for the enjoyment of the visitors.

It was indeed a sight worth seeing—these thousands of Abstainers assembled from all points of the compass at this general tryst for the purpose of making holiday. We could not help observing how much better and how much more happily such a day may be spent without the aid of intoxicating drinks. The peace and quiet and order of the whole proceedings were calculated to make the Temperance movement stand high, as it well deserves, in the eyes of the British public. A few more such festivals would tend much to the advancement of the cause among the people. We have not yet sufficiently developed the enjoyable properties of the Total Abstinence regimen; how it refines the physical and moral taste, and fits the man for rational enjoyment—an enjoyment, too, which he can share with wife and children without provoking either headache or heart-ache on the morrow.
SUMMER FESTIVAL HYMN.

What has brought us here together,
   Friends and neighbours, on this day?
Is it but for transient pleasure,
   Passing even now away?

We are met to help each other
   Forward in a noble race!
We have need of one another,
   Hand in hand, and face to face.

Let us not be merely triflers
   In the work that's now begun;
If the good is worth the winning,
   Those who seek must onwards run!

Let us labour then to-morrow
   For the cause we praise to-day,
Nor let right impressions vanish
   From our thoughtless minds away.

H. A. H.
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.
NO. VI.—A SUNDAY NIGHT AT HIGHBURY BARN.

The large, and wealthy, and important parish of Islington has often been designated, in regard to its religious and benevolent organizations, a "model parish." Nor is the term misapplied. With its nine-and-twenty churches; an equal number of nonconforming chapels; its auxiliary societies in aid of all our great philanthropic movements; its own local associations to relieve misery, to restrain vice, to enlighten error within its own borders; and its noble-hearted and ever-active bands, drawn from all ranks of the social scale, who seek to imitate their Great Master in going about doing good, it is, perhaps, not saying too much, that Islington, as a parish—carrying out the full idea conveyed by the word—is not excelled by any other parish from Berwick to the Land's End.

But Islington has its dark moral and social blots, and some of them are dark enough and large enough to be seen at a distance. Its "Turnpike Courts"—its Essex Road dens—its colonies of rough brickmakers at Ball's Pond and Holloway—it's half-savage labourers of Bellerose—were blemishes from which many less-favoured parishes are free. And yet these are but trifles, small and endurable, compared with the huge social ulcer—the foul plague-spot—whose name heads this article.

It is no part of our design to trace the rise and expansion of this suburban tavern, the ill-success of former proprietors, or the fortunes of the present one; to dilate on the causes which led to the erection of the Alexandra Theatre; or the wisdom of the Legislature which, in its care for the morals of the people, sanctions the union of the playhouse with the ginshop. We have simply to speak of Highbury Barn as it is, in the present summer of 1866.

Every one knows what a favourite walk is the line of the High Street, Islington, on a summer evening, and on a summer Sunday evening especially. It is the nearest outlet from the dense city to points where grass and trees can be seen, and a purer air breathed. And truly it is a pleasant sight to see the well-dressed artisan or small shopkeeper, or the toilers in counting-house and office, escaping for a few hours from their chains, and, with their families, realising the almost forgotten fact, that there are other things in life than just those which perish in the using. We will join the stream, and, crossing the road at the end of the Upper Street, pass through the gates of Highbury Place.

We have not gone a score of yards ere we detect a difference in the air. There is a freshness and a sweetness rising from the park-like field on the left, and the smell of new-mown hay speaks of a quiet at strange variance with the grinding of omnibus wheels still clearly heard in the Holloway Road. And now there is a field on either hand, and the trees stand out in sharp relief against the clear sky; and, just rising above them on the hill-top, we see the spire of the most beautiful of Islington's many churches—Christ Church. But as we look back at the church, it is with a feeling sadly out of harmony with the associations that cluster round the building, that we see the windows reflecting the glitter of the lamps marking the entrance to the Highbury Barn Tavern and Pleasure-grounds.

A most singular comment on the character of the visitors to this place is afforded us the moment we enter. A tablet, written in large letters, requests visitors to make no unnecessary noise in leaving, as such conduct has entailed
serious loss on the proprietor. Any remark on this inscription would but weaken its force; so, paying our sixpence, with an inward resolve to be very quiet on leaving, we pass on.

What a cockpit paradise opens before us! The most striking feature is the multitude of lights. Thousands of brilliant jets, softened by ground glass, extend in long lines, crossing and recrossing. They hang in festoons; they bend in fiery arches; they blaze in richly cut chandeliers; they fill the hands of countless plaster statues; they surround fishponds, and gleam from shells and rock-work in the centres; they shine in every varying colour in the bushes and shrubs of flower-beds; they nestle on the ground among plots of thrift and London pride, and clumps of Virginia stocks and tufts of grass, as though strange plants bore flowers of living tinted flame. The subterranean gardens of the Aladdin of our boyhood seem to have become a fact in our experience.

Drink certainly has a gorgeous temple here. Whatever other attractions may be presented at other times, Drink is the only deity worshipped here to-day. It is worshipped in great halls, ornamented with paintings, and arabesques, and gold; where long rows of altars dedicated to its service extend down sides and centre. It is worshipped in these long corridors and the apartments which open from them, amidst flowers, and carvings, and tinted glass, and huge mirrors, which double and redouble the lights and scenes around. It is worshipped on this wide wooden platform, where vanished daylight is recalled by arches of fire surrounding it on all sides. It is worshipped in these long rows of boxes or arbours, which to a stranger seem endless. It is worshipped among the trees and flowers of the open ground. And on the cool greensward, on the unlighted stretches of well-kept grass ground, its worshippers crowd round its altars; and the pungent smell of flavoured alcohol and the scent of tobacco mingle with the odour of mignonette and the sweet breath of the roses.

Good Christian Londoner, have you not looked at the glorious pane of St. Paul, or the long aisles of Westminster Abbey, and felt something of pleasure at the sight of these large spaces dedicated to the worship of the Great Unseen? Nay, have you not told, with a glow of honest delight, how your own parish church will comfortably seat fifteen hundred persons? Come here, and look at acre after acre, furnished and dedicated to the god of drink, and then go home and ask, Do I really live in a Christian country?

We come across a small octagonal building—a lath-and-plaster erection, but with the conventional circular band and domed roof of the “temple” of the last century’s spelling-books. A crowd is earnestly gazing at something within. The something is a well-executed representation of Macbeth visiting the witches’ cave. A moonlight scene of strange reality of appearance; fire glows beneath the cauldron, and a column of smoke ascends. A sniffing youth, great in his histrionics, is telling his two girl companions—and through them the crowd—what the scene illustrates; and points out the resemblances and differences between this one and that which he saw at Drury Lane. We may be uncharitable perhaps, but we thought we saw inserted here the thin end of that wedge which a large and powerful party are seeking to drive home, till its leverage opens on the Sunday evening the Alexandria Theatre, closed and dark, just by, and all the other theatres of London.

“Rational enjoyment,” i.e., drink and dissipation, has a goodly number of worshippers here to-night. The visitors are much nearer three thousand than two; nay, it is doubtful if there are not considerably more than three thousand present. A large number, some hundreds perhaps, are evidently persons who have been on an evening stroll to Crouch End,
or Wood Green, or some other place
where purer air than that of Cesspool
Court or Asphyxia Alley can be found;
and they have called here for rest and
refreshment before returning home.
There are mothers with their babies, and
middle-aged men with walking sticks;
and these are not likely to exceed the
limits of the sixpenny refreshment ticket.
But the greater number are mere pleasure
hunters, without the excuse of needing
fresh air; seekers of unwholesome excite-
ment; prodigals who, in a small way,
waste their substance in riotous living.

Let us, for a few minutes, take the
two extremes of the place, and note those
around.

We find a vacant table at the upper
end of this brilliant room, and looking
across, see three moustached youths
with glasses of spirits and water. They
are engaged in an earnest and animated
dispute about the burning of their
stumpy tobacco pipes. Near them an
overdressed young man, with a profusion
of rings and chains, occupies three chairs.

"Humph," growls a voice in our ear,
"shopman to a cheesemonger, eh? If
you were my shopman I'd look after you
pretty sharp, and not for very long
either."

"You are not in the habit of coming
here frequently, it may be presumed,
sir?" said we.

"Was here once before. Came then as
I come now, to look after one of my
chaps. Worse luck for him if I find him
here. 'Tother turned out a thief, sup-
pose this will do the same."

Two tall young women, arm in arm,
sailed by, their ample dresses sweeping
the floor. They were saleswomen at a
straw-plat warehouse in the City. And
close by we were grieved to see, in com-
pany with a fast-looking youth, a girl
whose dying grandfather we visited a few
months ago. There was great distress in
the house of sickness, mental and physical,
but the old man died, and was parish-
buried; and the shawl-fringing business
getting busier, the girl's good resolutions
died and have been buried too; and here,
poor moth, she is, fluttering round a
most dangerous flame. At this table,
companionshipless, sit two showily dressed
women, both young, with two wine
glasses, and a pint bottle bearing the
collar whitewash mark, between them.
While up and down and round and round,
keeps up a constant procession of the
gayest mantles, and smallest bonnets, and
largest crinolines; of round-topped and
V-Indented hats; of rainbow neckties,
and creaking boots, and swaggering gaits,
and pimpled faces.

We pass slowly by the boxes at the
further extremity of the grounds. Every-
things seems on a humbler scale here,
there is less light, less self-restraint, less
glitter. This first one is tenanted by a
ride-man, a man of war's man—the only
sailor we have seen in the place—and
a civilian, with three girls. The ride-
man is shouting after a waiter to be
sure not to forget the lemon for the
ladies, and the sailor shouts to him to be
sure not to forget the brandy for himself,
while the others are in ecstacies of
laughter at the wit of their companions.
Three couples, too, occupy the next box,
and very cosy they are, huddled in the
corners. An earnest-toned remonstrance
reaches our ear from the third box, tenanted by two individuals only:—"I
have always got my living by hard work,"
says a girl with a flushed face and a firm
voice, "and thank God I can still get it."
"Don't be foolish." "I will be foolish,
if it's foolish to be honest." It would
give us infinite pleasure to be able to
kick that evil-eyed tempter into the
brickfields outside the grounds. In the
fourth are two family parties, where
mothers are feeding their little ones with
biscuits and sups of beer. And here is
the young wife of a beershop keeper,
with whom she lives upon cat-and-dog
terms; her companion here to-night is the
comic singer of a music-hall. There is a
youth whom we knew as a Sunday scholar,
VOICES FROM INDIA.

VOICE I.—A PLEA FOR THE ABSTAINING SOLDIER.

MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to avail myself of the space you have kindly given in the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE for my appeal on behalf of “The Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association” in India.

Your readers cannot be entirely ignorant of the operations of the Association, as they have been fully reported in this MAGAZINE for the last three years. It may be interesting for our abstinence friends in England to hear how the Association was formed rather more than three years ago.

A Missionary (whose special duty was to preach the Gospel to the heathen) in Agra felt the importance of trying to remove the stigma of drunkenness from our countrymen in India, by holding an open air service once a week in front of the canteen; and forming an Abstinence Society in connection with the Soldiers' Bible Class that was held in the soldiers' chapel where Havelock presided with many of his Christian men in the 13th Light Infantry. The Society had not been in operation many months when the regiment was visited with that deadly pestilence, cholera; several of our members gave up their cards when they went into cholera camp, and I regret to say, fell victims to the dreadful disease that was spreading death, broadcast, in the midst of their comrades. Upwards of fifty men remained firm to their pledge, and by God's blessing were spared to return to the station. On the return of the regiment the colonel commanding was so satisfied with the beneficial results of abstinence, that he publicly acknowledged his willingness to give all the assistance he could to promote the interests of the Society that had been established in his regiment. I may add that the members of this Society collected eight hundred rupees for the Lancashire Distress Fund, very satisfactorily proving that abstinence and liberality are not inseparable, but, on the contrary, wedded to each other. The work thus begun has been abundantly blessed by our Divine Master,
wherever we have been able to form a Society, which has been done in every station from Calcutta to Lahore.

We find that the British soldier in India is more willing to adopt the practice of abstinence than his comrade in England. In the first place he sees the fearful consequences of drunkenness in the enervating climate of India, and the importance of maintaining health, that the constitution may be able to resist the attacks that may at any time be made upon it by the epidemics that prevail every hot season. From my own experience I can truthfully assert that few, very few, ever recover from fever, smallpox, or cholera; and that hard drinkers rarely do. Another reason why the soldier in India delights in abstinence is that he may be able to assist an aged mother, or poor sister whom he has learned to love and revere, by serving in a foreign land, isolated from the endearing associations of a Christian home,—he feels himself a stranger in a heathen land, surrounded by the degrading customs of an idolatrous people. It gives me much pleasure to testify to the fact, that many a poor father and mother have had cause to thank God for an abstaining son, who has been the means of assisting them in serious poverty and distress.

We feel the great importance of establishing Abstinence Societies in England, and are willing to bear the scorn and opposition that every fresh attempt to advance the cause is certain to create; but be it remembered that there is a still greater need for the progress of abstinence in India; our soldiers are representative men in that heathen land, and greatly influence the natives of India, for good or evil, by the habits they introduce into every military station; on more than one occasion the natives have remarked of our abstaining soldiers, "These men are not like soldiers, they are so sober and civil;" such is the testimony of a heathen observer of the abstinence cause among our soldiers, hence we feel that there is special need in India for supporting the abstinence movement which has been formed in that benighted land for the temporal and religious improvement of our soldiers there.

Since my return to England, I have been asked by my dear friend, the Hon. Sec. of the Association, Rev. E. Templeman, chaplain, Moradabad, to raise a fund for the purpose of paying for this year's supply of books and papers, which have been sent to India through the kindness of Mr. Tweedie and Mr. Partridge, who have trusted the association for the yearly supply. In my last letter from India, Mr. Templeman writes, "Our numbers are increasing. I am glad to say two fresh societies have joined us, and another chaplain has signed the pledge; the want of money has caused me a great deal of anxiety, and I don't know where I shall get the money to pay all the bills; though I have asked every one I can think of, we have still absolutely nothing in hand."

I do hope that this appeal for assistance will remove all cause for anxiety from our esteemed friend, Mr. Templeman, who is toiling incessantly for the spread of abstinence among our soldiers in India, believing it to be the means of leading them from prodigacy and drunkenness to sobriety and godliness of character. Unless we can raise one hundred pounds we shall
VOICES FROM INDIA.

be compelled to stop our monthly supply of Temperance periodicals and books. This is the first time that our English abstainers have been called upon to assist our Indian brethren in carrying on a work in which they are mutually interested, and I feel sure that we shall not ask in vain.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

J. GELSON GREGSON.

Donations to be sent to Rev. J. GELSON GREGSON, 6, Ladbroke Place West, Notting Hill, London. The list of donors will be published in the Church of England Magazine when the sum has reached £100, the amount required.

VOICE II.—A MILITARY CHAPLAIN’S APPEAL.

Answering to the above is the following—An appeal from a devoted fellow-labourer in India, per the Dean of Carlisle.

To the Editor of the “Church of England Temperance Magazine.”

Sir,—Perhaps it might at once further the object of my correspondent, and interest your readers, if you were to insert the following letter, which I have just received from India. I shall be very happy to receive any sums contributed for this object, and will subscribe one guinea myself towards it.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS CLOSE,

Dean of Carlisle.

Swanage;

July 17th, 1866.

THE SOLDIERS’ TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

MORADABAD, N.W.P.,

RHODESHUND, EAST INDIES.

Very Rev. Sir,—The interest you take in the progress of Total Abstinence principles must be my plea for writing you a few lines on the subject as it affects India.

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that from Lahore to Sattara, in Bombay, we have, by God’s mercy, been enabled to establish societies in Her Majesty’s regiments, and that fresh openings are constantly before us.

To carry on the work of our Association efficiently we require large funds; as books, papers, and periodicals in India cost nearly double the amount they do in England, and as fewer people sympathise with our cause out here than they do at home, we find it difficult to do more than just hold on our way. You will sympathise with us, and may perhaps be disposed to assist us with pecuniary aid, and, it may be, induce some of your many friends to do likewise. You know we labour during the burden and the heat of the day in India, with many difficulties and trials unknown to our brethren at home, and yet none of these are so great as to be, through God’s grace, insuperable; and all work for Jesus’ sake and the extension of His kingdom over the hearts of men is sweet, inexpressibly sweet, to the toiler.

Should you see your way to respond to this appeal, would you pay any donations
you may receive to my credit with Mr. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London? And apologising for this letter once more,

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

E. TEMPLEMAN,

Chaplain H. M. I. S., and Secretary Soldiers’ T. A. A.

---

VOICE III.—PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALTH.

The following letter (true to the original) has been received from a non-commissioned officer in India, and has come into the possession of one of our Abstaining Clergy, in whose parish the writer formerly lived, and where he joined the Temperance band:

"FYZABAD; 2nd May, 1866.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I received your Kind and most affectionate Letter yesterday, and by which I was very glad to hear that you were all enjoying good health with the exception of a slight cold. My Dear Father, I am sorry to inform you that since I last wrote to you that we have lost our Dear little Annie, sweet angel! she was only ill a few days—taken ill on Sunday, and buried on Wednesday. She was such a sweet little thing, getting so knowing, and was just beginning to chat. It has cut poor Dear Esther Completely up. We all have been greatly put about. It is the first affliction that has happened to us since our marriage, and I hope, with God’s Blessing, it will be the last. She Died on the 5th April, and would have been 7 Months Old on the 12th April. Charlotte miss her very much, in fact we all mis her. Dear Father, I received your Kind Letters quite safe, and am very thankful for the Newspapers, hoping you will continue to send me one now and then. I sent a letter to you on the 20th March in answer to your last, previous to this letter. I am getting on pretty well, and doing pretty well, thank God. I enjoy the best of Health. I am still a Teetotaler, and for my Health I attribute it through being an abstainer, for there is no Illness amongst the Teetotaler’s; they always look well. We had a very nice Tea Meeting at the minister’s House last Night in the open Air, which went off very nice; there was a great many there. Our Adjutant and Commanding Officer, and several of the Officers was there with their ladies, and several Civilians. Teetotalism is very strong in India, particularly in our Regiment. In my Company I have got about 30. They call my Company the Teetotal Company (so much for example), thank God. I am blest in my Company with having a few of Christ’s Soldiers, good, earnest men, that will pray anywhere. They are not ashamed to pray now in the Barrack; one time they was, because their comrades mocked them; but thank God, it is the reverse, it is not them that pray now that is ashamed, it is them that do not pray that is ashamed. We have, thank God, got a place for our meetings, which is conducted by ourselves with prayers from the rough Heart of Men who have never received any education; but, thank God, their prayers are sincere; and I am sure their prayers have been heard, for they have prayed to the Almighty God, through the intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ, to make them a new and contrite Heart. He has done so, for there is a great change in them; they have left off Drink, that is one great change; they have commenced to offer up prayers to God, that is another great change; and they feel it, that is another great change, all through leaving off drink. My Dear Father, tell all my Bretheren in Heart that Christ has got many Soldiers, He has been acknowledged the Great Captain."
"As I have sent you a long Letter, you will be pleased to do the same when you write. Let me know how Mrs. Smith, and how all the Family (Will) are Situated—I suppose that when I come home all the Young people will be married; and how Mr. and Mrs. Loader is getting on, and Mr. and Mrs. Eager, Superintendent. I shall write to Ann some time this Month. Let me know all the news you can. So good bye; and may God Bless you, and keep you in good health until I return. Such is the constant prayers of your Affectionate Son.

"I now must Conclude, My Dear Father, so please to give my Kindest Love to all enquiring Friends. Esther and Charlott Joins with me in Kindest Love to you and Dear Ann, Charlott, and Jane, and to Mrs. Perkins, and not forgetting Joseph Large. So believe me to remain, for I am still,

"Your Affectionate Son,

"T.— K.— P.—

"Color-Serjt."
lengthened periods are the loudest in their praises of the benefits, moral and physical, derived from such a course of life. Old Abstainers have declared with surprise that they never enjoyed better health than when they took the pledge, and kept it. Not only has their bodily health been beneficially affected, but it is where temperate habits have secured a healthy tone to the mind, that efforts at mental improvement by the men of the regiment have most signally succeeded.

Thanks be to Almighty God, under whose guidance we work, the labours of the Society in the cause of religion and temperance during the past year have been recognised by Him in His reclaiming some of our number from a life of hopeless intemperance, to become God-fearing, sober, exemplary men, living testimonies to the perfect compatibility of Total Abstinence with all that is required of a good soldier. These are, moreover, men of provident habits, charitable, but thrifty, of a cheerful disposition, obliging, ready at all hours of the day or night for the calls of duty, and are respected and trusted by their officers. None are more exempt from disease; and the occasional cases of sickness during the year has never been of a serious nature; as for crime, not an instance of a Total Abstainer having been awarded punishment has yet occurred.

It was from the beginning felt desirable to associate the Temperance Movement with religion, though it was allowed that some persons would not quite conform to a Society conducted on such principles. This, however, has been the exception. We hold the pledge as neutral ground upon which all sects and creeds can assemble “to make common cause against a common foe.”

During the year over 2000 religious and temperance pamphlets have, through the agency of the Society, passed into circulation in the regiment; it is believed they have exerted an influence for good. The tracts are those of the Religious Tract Society; the Pictorial Tracts of the Scottish Temperance League; Ipswich Temperance Tracts; Partridge’s Penny Readings; Tweedie’s Temperance Pamphlets and Tracts, and Juvenile Temperance Tracts. These all passed through our hands, and none of them are of a nature to hurt the feelings of any man of whatever religious denomination he may be.

We specially desire, however, to disclaim all idea of setting up Total Abstinence instead of the Gospel. Total Abstinence sets up nothing. It simply removes out of the way an element, drunkenness, injurious to social well-being and to discipline. It being removed, in all instances favourable results have followed. But men’s minds have got into such a peculiar position, drinking habits have so thoroughly permeated their social habits, that extraordinary and well-directed efforts have become necessary to guide them even to admit the possibility of being freed from this, their most fatal enemy. Therefore to bring the subject more forcibly to notice, in addition to the silent teachings of our Books, &c., gratuitously distributed, the cause is being continually advocated by means of free Lectures and weekly Temperance Readings in the Regimental School-room. Care is taken that the subjects selected are such as tend to render the meetings as attractive and
instructive as possible, and at the same time further the object in view. The attendance varies from 20 to 60 men each evening. Independent of this the Bible class, the main-spring of the whole movement, to which the Temperance Association is but a powerful auxiliary, assembles for prayer, and reading of God’s Word two evenings in the week. There are 18 men in the Regiment, members of this class, and the average attendance each evening exceeds half that number.

The foregoing details convey a very feeble conception of the labour necessary to carry on successfully the business of the Society. Not only has an extensive correspondence been maintained, and much time occupied in the preparation of lectures and readings, but the general management of the whole movement, falling somewhat heavily, has involved no small degree of anxiety. To be successful, a certain discrimination and delicacy of treatment is necessary; and although our wishes have not been realized, we have been upheld through many difficulties and discouragements, by the results which have followed the efforts made during the past year.

We thankfully acknowledge the sympathy and pecuniary assistance that has enabled us to carry on the business of the Society so prosperously; we look forward with confidence to the same indulgences during the coming year. Incalculable good may be done by the free circulation of temperance works, and we hope our funds will be so increased as to permit of a steady supply of periodicals during 1866, and a large purchase of Temperance books from England.

On July 27th, 1864, a “Soiree and Concert” in connection with the Society, was held in the Regimental School-room. Tea was served before 8 o’clock, when 160 men, women, and children sat down. This concluded by 9 o’clock, when over thirty Officers and Ladies had arrived, among whom were the Brigadier-General and Staff. Then followed glee singing and instrumental music, under the able guidance of Mr. H. Newstead. Five-part songs were sung, and, considering the men (thirty-two in all), and their knowledge of music, the performance was most creditable to Mr. Newstead and the singers themselves. Songs were sung by Private Taylor, and by one of the gentlemen present. The audience unanimously expressed satisfaction at the arrangements, accommodation, and decorations, &c. The most perfect order was maintained throughout, from the time the Rev. G. Martin returned thanks for the food, till “God save the Queen” was sung by the amateurs of the Society at half-past ten o’clock. The general opinion of this first demonstration by the Total Abstinence Society was that it was a great success.

Other two demonstrations of a similar nature with the above have been attempted during the year. In the first of these we failed through the loss of our chief supporter, and again on regaining his influence, the second attempt failed through the Regiment having to leave camp consequent on outbreak of cholera.

The 106th Regimental “Band of Hope” is conducted on the principle of prevention being better than cure. To apply this truth practically we introduce Temperance as a subject of instruction in the Regimental School;
our sole object being the future welfare of the children; by this course we endeavour to correct the blunders, and repair the errors, committed by fond unthinking parents, to disabuse the children’s minds of those drinking ideas which, in many cases, are impressed upon them by the customs and maxims of the family, to reveal to their young minds the dangers to which these ideas would lead them, and to point them to that safer and more excellent way, entire Abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

The children of the Regiment will, it is hoped, by this means be secured from many and powerful temptations by being trained to entire Abstinence from alcohol, and instructed in the reasons for such a course. Forty-four male and female children who can sign their names have with the sanction of their parents become members of the “Band of Hope.”

It is a very encouraging fact in reference to the Band of Hope that parents in nearly all cases are friendly towards it. We do not of course merely allude to those parents who adopt the total Abstinence principle, they of course are friendly; but many heads of families who do not enter into the Temperance movement are both willing and anxious to save their children from the power of future temptation by the early training in Temperance.

The monthly numbers of the Children’s Friend, Child’s Companion, and Band of Hope Review, are eagerly sought after. They are profusely and beautifully illustrated periodicals, and well suited for this purpose. The great thing is to impress (by teaching) on their minds the utter uselessness of drink to people in health, and the fearful effect it has on the bodies and souls of the unfortunate drunkards. The greatest hope of the Temperance Reformation scheme is the training up of the children abstainers to supersede the generation of drinkers of the present day.

Children are naturally water drinkers; we endeavour to maintain this natural repugnance to alcoholic drinks, and by all means keep it on our side, having in view the formation of a new opinion on the utility of the habitual use of intoxicants: the assigning of alcohol to its proper place, and the formation of correct estimates of its power. This strengthening the power of resistance by the change of opinion is specially necessary among young persons connected with the army—they are so likely to be sorely tried. The estimate we desire them to form of drink is, that it is not necessary to health as at present used; that it is not only destructive to all the noblest powers of mind and body, but fatal to all hopes of temporal prosperity, and a fearful blot on our national character in the eyes of the world.

“The breath that kissed the wave
Was earnest of the storm,
The first beginning of the tale of woe.
A little leads to much,
And much will lead to more.
Nip evil in the bud; for in the bloom
It gathers strength, and propagates itself,
And falls in rotten ripeness at the last.”
DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

There seems, alas! but little chance in the present state of the law, and in the midst of all the temptations that exist to provide and facilitate drunkenness, that this corner of our Magazine will lack materials for its sad records. It is deeply painful as well as deeply humiliating month after month to have to chronicle scene after scene of misery and crime—to have to con over records of the doings of drink for the purpose of selecting instances, by the continued production of which we may hope to show the needs be for some "reformation" movement such as that advanced by the Church of England Temperance Magazine.

Is it not sad to feel that, notwithstanding the warm and hospitable reception accorded to the Belgian volunteers on the occasion of their visit to Wimbledon, one of them has to say when he returns that he was assaulted by a drunken Englishman?

Read the following:—Dreadful Attempt to Murder.—Late on Thursday night Jeremiah Donovan attempted the murder of his child by throwing her out of a window, and although the little creature is still alive, there is but slight hopes of her recovery. It appears that Donovan, who lives at a place called Albert Row, off Curtis's Lane, had been on a drinking bout for some time past. He came home on Thursday night, as usual, drunk, and hadn't been there many minutes when he quarrelled with his wife. He is naturally a quarrelsome, hot-tempered man, and on this occasion his rage approached to madness. His wife ran out of the house, and, thus foiled in maltreating her, he seized a little girl of his and flung her out of the window of the room. Her frock caught in the lines of a pole used for drying clothes on, but her wretched father put out his hand, disengaged the frock, and let her fall on the pavement, a depth of about eleven feet. The poor child was taken up insensible by some women who were passing, and who took her to the infirmary. She has sustained a fracture of the jaw, and some serious internal injuries. Constable Kennedy arrested the father. He was brought before the magistrates at the police-office yesterday, and by them remanded until the issue of the child's case is known.

Again—John Abbott, 41, a coach-maker, was charged with wilfully and maliciously breaking a sheet of plate glass, value £8. Mr. George Verey, the prosecutor, keeps a public-house near Bryanston Square, and the prisoner, who lives next door, wanted to be served with liquor, but Mr. Verey, knowing that he had been at Hanwell in consequence of suffering from delirium tremens, refused. On the following day he was seen to throw a stone and break the windows. The jury found him guilty. It appeared from a statement of the wife of the prisoner, that he had been in the asylum for four months, and was discharged cured on the 1st of March. He unfortunately was induced to drink with a friend, and, his propensity being excited, he continued indulging to excess for several days. Mr. Payne said it was necessary to protect the public against the probability of a more serious offence being committed by a person who had been confined as a lunatic, and he would postpone passing sentence until the next sessions, in order to obtain the opinion of the surgeon of the gaol as to the present condition of his mind.—Times, July 3.

In this case mark the words we have italicised—"drink with a friend" indeed! Was it a friendly act to "induce" this poor man to taste the deadly cup? Truly
we may say with the stern old Roman, "Vera vocabula rerum amīsimus." What hope was there for this quondam inmate of Hanwell but Total Abstinence? And all honour be to the publican who refused to serve him with liquor. He understood how even a little would "excite the propensities" and lead back to all his former excess, and therefore he denied him the supply he asked for.

The next instance would almost excite laughter, but that we cannot laugh at any drunken frolic. There is something so utterly degraded in a man in any way depriving himself of his right reason that, however outwardly ludicrous the exhibition of his folly, the remembrance of the sin which has caused it would make us weep rather than laugh.

A Scilly Islander.—As a fisherman named Nantes was passing through St. Mary's, Scilly, at early morning, he was surprised and astounded to find the clothes of a man hanging to the iron rails of the chapel. They consisted of a black coat, vest, and trousers of the same colour, a hat, one boot, and other articles, with a gold watch, a silver toothpick, a new pair of black kid gloves, and the key of a door in the pockets. It was concluded that some one had committed suicide, probably by jumping over the adjacent pier; the crier was consequently communicated with, the type was set for bills, and the drags got ready. Meantime the clothes were inspected by many, and at last recognised as being those of a gentleman last seen at the Western Hotel, where he had spent a good part of the previous evening. On this it was suggested that the dwelling-house of the person named should be visited, which had, of course, been thought unnecessary, as he lived by himself, and the key of the door was found in his pocket. However, some one did go to the house, and there found the householder in bed, as composed as if nothing out of the common had occurred. Poor fellow! he had taken more than his head could stand, and on his way home had mistaken the chapel rails for the pegs of his bedroom, had undressed in the street, and walked home in the modest costume of the Greek slave.

The following shall be our last of these gloomy, saddening records, for this month:—SHOCKING DEATH.—A shuttle maker from Bradford, Edward Whitehead, was killed in Blackburn last Saturday morning while suffering from delirium tremens. The poor fellow came to Blackburn in search of work last Saturday week, took lodgings at the Golden Ball public-house, Blakely Moor, and remained there till shortly before his death. He drank very hard last week, and was put to bed on Friday night drunk. About two o'clock the following (Saturday) morning he was found by Police-constable Eastham sitting in his bedroom window with the sash open, crying loudly "Murder, murder!" Eastham got the assistance of a man named Riley, broke open the door, and went to the help of the poor fellow, whom they found suffering from delirium. They got him to bed, fastened the window, and called the landlord. As they were leaving the room the deceased asked them to put a strait-jacket upon him, which they declined, though, as it turned out, it would have been better had they done so.

Twenty minutes later the police heard further cries of "murder," and found the poor man suspending himself by his hands from the bedroom window. They went to get a ladder to release him, but, ere they had done so, he slipped his hold, fell to the ground—seven or eight yards—and was so hurt that he died at five o'clock in the Infirmary.
HAROLD VAUGHAN.

A TALE.

By K. E. T.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the day of rest, and the red sun rose cheerily over a white world. The deep snow was almost untrodden yet, for, being the Sabbath, the traffic was not great in the quiet streets, so that they retained their bridal appearance longer than they could have done on a week-day. And now the hours passed on until the old church clock struck ten, and a few persons began to bend their steps towards the house of God. Harold had been removed to the shelter of his own roof, and had fallen asleep after partaking of a little food; but he awoke at the chiming of the bells for public worship, and for the first time to perfect consciousness since the events of the previous evening. His first sensation was one of overpowering weakness, and he seemed to desire nothing more than to remain as he was speechless and motionless; but a vague impression that something had happened oppressed him, and he wondered to feel as he did, and find himself where he was, in his mother’s room. No one was near, however, to inquire from, and the exertion of speaking was one from which he would have shrunk, even had he not been alone. Soon he heard his mother’s footsteps approaching, and closed his eyes, that she might not discover he was awake. She stole in as gently as the weight of coal she was carrying would permit her to enter, and then sat down on a low chair close to the fire. Harold could now hear the quick, laboured breathing which told him how much greater
the effort had been to her than she ought to have sustained; but after a
moment she approached the bedside and looked at him earnestly, then
made up the fire and sat down again, with her large Bible on the little table
beside her. He could now watch her unperceived, and he did so, as the
trembling hand adjusted the spectacles and turned over the well-worn
leaves. He saw how her tears fell again and again on the open page. He
recalled how upright her figure had been a couple of years before, and now
how stooping and shrunken it seemed; but it was the way in which she so gently
but truly breathed in sighs that wrung the unhappy wanderer’s heart most.
“What has happened?” he again questioned with himself. “I know
but too well that my sins have brought about the sad change which has
taken place in my mother; but there is some fresh grief in her heart, and
I am the cause of it. What is it? what can it be?” And Harold en-
deavoured, though in much bewilderment, to recall the occurrences of the
previous evening. But, little by little, light dawned upon his mind. He
remembered how, after leaving the office, a companion had met him, and
tempted him to come with him to his home that they might have a merry
evening together; that several other young men had joined them, and the
wine had gone freely round. He recollected also, though very dimly, how
he had afterwards walked, with great difficulty, through the heavy streets
amidst blinding snow. Then a shadowy picture was presented to his mind
of a strange room and a strange face, accompanied by his mother’s, leaning
over him. He remembered an earnest “Thank God!” that had burst from
the trembling lips of the latter; but all beside was confused. Enough, how-
ever, had been recalled to cause agroan of anguish to burst from him. Mrs.
Vaughan started, and came at once to his bedside.
“Oh, mother, I am killing you,” he muttered through clenched teeth;
“why am I spared to be your hateful murderer?”
“Hush, Harold; God is sparing you, I believe, to be my life’s comfort
and joy yet,” she answered; “but we will speak of this another time, my
son, for the doctor says I must not let you talk. Try and sleep again,”
He appeared to obey her, and closed his eyes indeed; but it was not, as she
thought, to sleep. Conscience was busy with him, and reflected, as in a
mirror, his whole life. He thought of the time when, as a little child, he
had learnt his prayers, and many a still familiar text, at his mother’s knee;
of how, a year or two afterwards, his father would enter and talk wildly and
strangely, in a way that he then often wondered at, but, alas! understood
now but too well; of how his mother would sometimes weep when he was
alone with her, and he would throw his arms round her neck and draw the
tears with his small finger down her cheek, and tell her he would be always
“a good boy, and make her happy, if only she would not cry.” And he
remembered, still later, how he had stood by his father’s grave, and begged
his poor mother “not to fret, for he would work for her when he became a
man, and buy her nice clothes to wear and good food to eat.” He had
reached manhood now, and how had he treated her? How far had his
promises been fulfilled? Alas for the answer supplied by that trembling
figure, with its scanty and threadbare, though still neatly-patched
clothing? And, were his sins only against his mother? No, conscience told him; though, had they ended there, the catalogue would have been sadly too long and dark. But a gentle girlish heart had been deceived by his promises, when, years ago, he had told her to trust her happiness in his hands, for that he would cherish and work for her, and that to secure her welfare should be his aim in life. And what was she doing now? Plying her busy needle, from sunrise to midnight, to support herself and those who depended upon her; and weeping the colour away from the once blooming cheeks, because of his sad misconduct, whose reclamation she almost despaired of now, but whom she would never cease to love, profligate though he was; though, as such, she refused sternly to marry him. But the catalogue still was not ended, for the Spirit of God was striving within his soul, and day by day as he lay upon his bed of suffering—for when he attempted to turn himself, he discovered that every joint thrilled with acute pain—his sins against God, as well as against his mother and Annie, arrayed themselves before his stricken conscience.

A severe attack of rheumatic fever was the result of that evening’s exposure to the intense cold, and “wearisome days and nights were appointed” him; but he bore all with uncomplaining patience. Every morning, a gentle, girlish step accompanied his mother’s to his bedside; a tender kiss was imprinted upon his brow; a chapter read from the Holy Book, by the soft, sweet voice; and, as an apparition, she glided away again. And then his mother busied herself in household work, or, with her knitting, sat at his bedside, saying little, except to inquire how his pains were, or with reference to the remedies she employed; but every morning the “silent comforter” that hung at the foot of his bed was turned to the daily texts; and thus, as the quiet hours fled on and on, Harold was left face to face with some portion of Scripture with abundant leisure to think upon its sacred meaning. And then, as the night drew near, his mother would bring out her dearly-loved Bible and read to him, with a choking voice sometimes, but calmly and firmly at other times, and with a fervent “God bless my Harold!” wish him “a good night.”

What a solemn stillness there often is, and there ought to be, in a sickroom! God is speaking to His creature, and shall he not listen? Surely there must be a sacred quietude where “the still, small voice” is heard to utter its message of conviction, and yet of hope. And in sickness we are taken aside from the world’s turmoil, that we may listen to the mysterious strain which is being played upon the chords of our hearts by God’s Holy Spirit.

Harold now saw the moral law of God in all its wondrous breadth and significance as he never before had beheld it, and it was his “schoolmaster” indeed “to bring him to Christ.” With trembling eagerness he went through each of the Ten Commandments, and hoped to find that he was guilty of the actual infringement of only two or three of the number; but it was not so. Self-gratification had been his idol, and he had bowed down to it as truly as the heathen to wood and stone! And when overcome by his besetting sin, he had made use of profane expressions, from which, in his sober moments, he had recoiled with abhorrence, when they had
been repeated to him by those who had heard them. Through the dim light of the dawning day of rest how often had his unsteady feet sought his home, to spend the remainder of its sacred hours in that utter prostration of mind and body which had never failed to be the accompaniment of his sin. And then the Fifth Commandment—oh, there was no room to doubt here! Guilty, guilty, alas! before God and man! But he was not a murderer yet, surely not; still how nearly a murderer! Had he not been killing his mother by slow degrees, and would his late repentance, even if he reformed now, be in time to undo the fatal mischief, and save her yet from the grave? And the Eighth Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." How he had robbed God of the service which he ought to have rendered, and his mother and Annie of peace of mind, and many little earthly comforts which he should have provided for them! False witness—alas! he was guilty here! prevarications without end to hide his sins. And, lastly, how the wealth of others had been coveted, because of the increased facility for self-indulgence which larger means would have afforded him! Guilty, guilty of the wilful and constant infringement of all God's holy commandments, with only one star visible in the dark canopy of wrath that was hanging above his head! He had been faithful to Annie, true to his love to her, though he had so cruelly trifled with her peace and imperilled her welfare. He had basely injured her; but through all his wanderings in sin, his heart had clung to her, and she had been his one hope in life.

But it was a weary prospect, and with a troubled breast he turned from the cheerless scene. Oh, what a chain of transgression, link after link, follows in the track of a single sin! Intemperance had been his crime and his folly, and it had led him to break nine out of the ten holy Commandments which God had given to be the rule of men's lives. But was there a single exception even, when Scripture says of the moral law, that "if a man offend in one point he is guilty of all" in his Maker's sight?

"Undone, undone!" was the cry of agony that found vent from Harold's lips, but it was registered in heaven, and the angels rejoiced to hear it; for "one sinner that repenteth," is ever noted by the glorious throng above, though earth takes no cognisance of the change, and the quiet routine of the sick-chamber goes on undisturbed, notwithstanding that its silent occupant has become an heir of eternal life.

CHAPTER X.

It was a true and deep repentance which Harold had experienced, and one the genuineness of which could not be doubted by any one who had known him in former days and beheld him now. He had always been straightforward and manly in appearance and bearing, and open in countenance; but, during his days of sin, that very transparency of expression had betrayed to his associates much that he had imagined was concealed in his own heart, and the currents of evil passion and gnawings of conscience had marred the symmetry of a face that, as it came from the hand of its Maker, was almost perfect. But now, when the grace of God had wrought effec-
ually in his soul, and the evil spirit within him had been cast out, the currents of holy thought and feeling, and of heavenly aspiration likewise, shone through his face, and invested every feature with an expression of moral dignity such as it had never before possessed. It is true, indeed, that the process was a slow one which issued in this great change. It was through much darkness, and in deep despondency often, that he groped his way to "lay hold" of "the blessed hope;" but, "Seek, and ye shall find," is the promise of Scripture, though we are required to "search with our whole heart," and to such seekers the Word of God never is disproved. And Harold found rest and peace of soul such as he had never thought dwelt on earth,—that rest which is emphatically a foretaste of the heavenly one that "remaineth for the people of God;" and that peace which springs from the sense of forgiven sin, and the conscious possession of the love of Christ. But was the haven indeed reached, and were no more stormy waves to be breasted, now that Harold was comparatively restored to health, and called upon to leave that silent chamber which had been made the very gate of heaven to his soul? Ah! if he had ever deceived himself by such a hope, the stern realities of his every-day life would not permit of his long indulging it. Back to the worldly employment to which duty called him he must return, and as inevitably must his new principles be exposed to the test of the world's temptations. But his heart was at rest in God, and, though wearily tossed in spirit, this anchorage failed him not; but he found, as every true Christian will, that when he "would do good, evil was present" with him, and fervently though he "delighted in the law of God after the inner man," there was, alas! "another law in his members, warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity." It has been said that of every Christian these words are true; but oh! the emphasis of meaning that attaches to them when it is from the ranks of the intemperate that, through the blessed agency of the Holy Spirit, a son has been born to God! There is, indeed "a law in his members," for the subjugation of which an especial measure of grace is required; but, thank God, it will also be given to those who seek! In every such case the new heart has been bestowed, and the affections purified and turned into the channel of holiness; but the physical disease has to be subdued by the constant denial of its unhealthy cravings, and every moral and spiritual force must be exercised for the accomplishment of this end. Fierce though the contest may be, the issue is, however, no doubtful one to him who, in the imparted strength of his Redeemer, calls into play every power of his manhood, and determines to overcome. But let none think it an easy task; it was not so to Harold Vaughan. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," was now the appointed rule which he felt to be needful for his safety; but others with whom he was thrown into contact in the discharge of his daily duties would taste and handle, and endeavour to induce him to do the same. His feet never willingly wandered into the way of temptation, but it met him on every side, and his path was rendered more difficult because he at first shrunk from avowing to his fellow-clerks that his constitutional temperament was such as to render it an impossibility to him to partake of stimu-
lants as they did. Later on in the struggle he felt it to be a duty, and far more in accordance with a truer manliness to declare, “I cannot do it safely. This has been proved to me in the past, and, God helping me, I will never again try.” And after this determined and candid avowal his path became easier; but often would he rush away from the office, and bend his steps homeward in the evening, avoiding every haunt that had been the means of leading him into temptation in former days of sin, and reaching his own door, fly instantly to his room, and, flinging himself on his knees, fight out the battle there which was raging within him between God’s Holy Spirit, on the one side, and the “law of sin which was in his members,” and Satan, on the other. At such times it would seem to him as if the great spirit of evil was bodily present with him, and the urgency of his need was such that but few words of petition ever escaped his lips. One short sentence or two would seem to be all he had leisure of mind to frame, and “Lord, save me! Lord, help me! bid Satan away from me!” would be the only words uttered in an agony of supplication for half an hour or more, until the needed help had been given, and the season of temptation had passed away. But these periods of struggle became fewer, for Harold did not yield, through God’s grace, and the unhealthy craving for stimulants almost ceased. Oh! how Mrs. Vaughan and Annie rejoiced now, and thanked God, as the former, with tearful eyes, would repeat the words, “This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.” And Harold prospered now that the love of God had taken root in his heart, and corrected his outward life. He was intelligent and attentive, and became a favourite with his employer, Mr. Hammond, who was a kind-hearted, good man, and who raised his salary first to a hundred and fifty, and finally to two hundred pounds a year.

Another paralytic seizure had proved fatal to poor Mrs. Halton, who, fretful to the last, had however, as Annie hoped, become truly Christian before her death. It has been quaintly said that an ounce of grace, in some natural characters, produces greater results than a pound in others; and the poor sufferer certainly belonged to this latter class. But Annie felt that lifelong habits of fretfulness, even when felt to be sinful, and honestly struggled against, are rarely entirely overcome in mature life, and bore every murmur patiently to the last, making every allowance that generous sympathy could suggest.

And now all legitimate obstacles to the long looked-for day of happiness were removed, and it was in the power of Harold, not only to provide every comfort for his mother, but to bring Annie to be the sharer of his home. Two years and a half had elapsed since that never-to-be-forgotten wintry night which had been the turning-point of his life, and Harold’s principles had bravely endured the test of abundant and prolonged trial. Ah, the earthly haven to which Annie had looked so anxiously, but often despairingly, forward, seemed very near at last, and it was from the depths of a grateful heart that she thanked God for having thus made “her light to rise out of obscurity.”

(To be continued.)
THE BEERSELLER'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Now that the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society is calling attention specially to the Beerhouse Act and its disastrous effects, we think it worth while to reproduce the following article from the Licensed Victuallers' Guardian (April 7th, 1866.) Coming from such a quarter, we may regard the subjoined charges against the beerhouses as authoritative, though we feel that the beerhouse keepers could very well retort upon their gin-palace opponents. However, the article will speak for itself.

"NEVER was an Act of Parliament more thoroughly unsatisfactory in its working than that which enabled a host of beershops to be opened. This is a question of considerable difficulty, but it is one which ought, nevertheless, to be candidly considered, thoroughly investigated, and dealt with impartially. The BEERSHOP NUISANCE is one of many evils which have been caused by meddling politicians, with the ostensible object of benefiting the working classes. It was said that the beerhouses were to give the working man thoroughly sound and wholesome beer at a price much lower than he had hitherto been in the habit of paying. Experience has shown that this was a delusion; and, as a matter of fact, whilst the beer sold at beer-houses is the same price as that sold by the licensed victuallers, its quality is vastly inferior. . . . Most of the paragraphs with sensation headings, such as "FRIGHTFUL MURDER in a PUBLIC-HOUSE," "FRIGHTFUL ASSAULT in a PUBLIC-HOUSE," if traced to their source, will be found to relate, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to a beershop, and not to the establishment of a licensed victualler at all. Some of these beershops are regular nuisances and hotbeds of crime from the moment they are opened. . . . We find too frequently that the person who opens such beershop is a man whose character will not bear investigation, and who deliberately lays all his plans to make as much as possible out of those who earn their money like horses and spend it like asses. Such a beershop as this is generally provided with bar-maids taken from a class of society the scruples of which have not embarrassed them with the modest objection to the somewhat demonstrative familiarities of customers of this class; and as they are not particularly shy during business hours, one need not speculate as to what takes place afterwards. Many of these beershops are also the haunts of the class who frequent them during the intervals of employment. The customer who is out of work can often get credit, on "tick," as it is called, of the beershop-keeper, and this fatal facility of credit, we need hardly say, is attended with the worst results. . . . His customers are of the lowest order—none the worse for that, perhaps—but, unfortunately, they are too generally of the criminal section of the lower orders. The conduct of the working classes in places of refreshment in this country is such as will compare very favourably with the conduct of similar classes in any country; but the beershop-keeper collects about him the mere scum and offscourings of these classes, the very dregs of society, to whom he affords a refuge often when they cannot get one elsewhere. Hence we find that the police have generally a deal of trouble with them. If a decent working man, not being so well aware of the character of these places as the police are, should venture into one of them to get a drop of beer, he may perhaps witness things which excite his suspicion that all is not right. . . .
It is in places such as these that the honest labourer, in a moment of poverty and dissipation, is tempted to engage in some criminal pursuit. \textit{It is in these places that robberies are planned and crimes contrived} which fill our \textit{gaols} and \textit{penitentiaries}, and give our \textit{reformatories} so much to do. The beershop-keeper is too frequently the banker of the thief, the receiver of the spoil, and the participator in the proceeds of the crime which has been perpetrated. \ldots \ldots \textit{There are no longer any sensible men, either in town or in country, who are not fully convinced of the evils we have indicated.} In London and the great towns we find \textit{thieves and prostitutes of the lowest class the regular frequenters of these places}, and often their principal supporters. In the rural districts poachers and men of that stamp find in such places a market, or at any rate a receptacle, for the poultry of the farmer and the partridges of the squire. On the sea-coast the police always go first to the beershop if they are in search of the smuggler. \ldots \ldots \textit{With the proviso that we are not to include houses especially built for public-houses, properly constructed and properly conducted, and which are merely opened for the sale of beer in the interim, we must say that these beershops, when they do get a license to sell spirits, become ten times worse than before. They are the haunts of skittle-sharpeners and card-sharpeners, and every other class of rogues and vagabonds, who live by plundering unsuspecting victims, whom they inveigle into places such as we have described.}—\textit{Licensed Victuallers' Guardian.}

\textbf{THE PRODIGAL.}

\textbf{ST. LUKE xv. 11—32.}

\textbf{BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.}

Far from a father’s hearth and home,
   Far in a foreign desert land,
The prodigal doth vainly roam,
   And all his substance madly spend!

In riot, wantonness, and wine,
   He wastes his fortune and his all;
And feeds on husks with sordid swine.
   Oh, what a deep, degrading fall!

Pursued by famine and distress,
   He seeks again his once lov’d home;
Fleeing the dreary wilderness,
   Far off his father sees him come.

'Tis welcome to that home of bliss;
   'Tis music and the tabret’s sound;
The robe, the ring, the father’s kiss—
   “My son was lost, but now is found!”
NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]


A remarkable book has lately appeared entitled "Ecce Homo," which many of the readers of the Church of England Temperance Magazine doubtless have read. Some have not seen it, and perhaps have never heard of it. Its author is as yet unknown. I am not going to speak of the general merits of this book, or of its general tendencies, but there is one chapter in it bearing so directly upon the objects which all friends of the Temperance movement have at heart, that I will give some passages from it which ought to be seriously weighed and considered by all who "profess and call themselves Christians," but especially by our rulers in Church and State. The chapter which is on "The Law of Philanthropy" commences by describing the Christian commonwealth as "a commonwealth sustained and governed by the desire existing in the mind of each of its members to do as much good as possible to every other member." The writer describes our Saviour as delivering these special injunctions. "First, He enjoined His followers to apply themselves to relieving the physical needs and distresses of their fellow-creatures. Next, He commanded them to add new members to the Christian Church, and especially to seek the amendment of the neglected, outcast, and deprived part of society. Thirdly, He enjoined them to "forgive all personal injuries." "On physical suffering the author says:—"Higher benefits may be conferred upon men than the alleviation of their physical sufferings, but there can be no more natural expression and no better test of humanity. Nothing is more certain than that he who can witness suffering without an attempt to relieve it, when such attempt is not hopeless, is not humane." The Christian was "to bear habitually in his heart the load of the world's distress. Pity was to be henceforth no stranger, greeted occasionally, but a familiar companion and bosom friend. Nor was he to make philanthropy the amusement of his leisure, but one of the occupations of his life. He was to give alms; that is, he was to relieve his fellow-creature at the cost of some personal loss to himself, and Christ held that a despicable Christianity which flung to the poor some unregarded superfluity; He valued more the mite which the widow spared out of her poverty."

I now come to the interesting passages which appear to have been suggested to the mind of the writer by the evils hourly witnessed and recorded daily as the result of the use of intoxicating drinks. "The obligation of philanthropy," says our author, "is for all ages, but if we consider the particular modes of philanthropy which Christ prescribed to His followers we shall find that they were suggested by the special condition of that age. No man who loves his kind can in these days rest content with waiting as a servant upon human misery, when it is in so many cases possible to anticipate and avert it. Prevention is better than cure, and it is now clear to all that a large part of human suffering is preventable by improved social arrangements. Charity will now, if it be genuine, fix upon this enterprise as greater, more widely and permanently beneficial, and, therefore, more Christian than the other [namely, the resting content with waiting as a servant upon misery].
It will not, indeed, neglect the lower task of relieving and consoling those who, whether through the errors and unskillful arrangements of society, or through causes not yet preventible, have actually fallen into calamity. Its compassion will be all the deeper, its relief more prompt and zealous, because it does not generally as former generations did, recognise such calamities to be part of man's inevitable destiny. It will hurry with the more painful eagerness to remedy evils which it feels ought never to have befallen. . . . When the sick man has been visited, and everything done which skill and assiduity can do to cure him, modern charity will go on to consider the causes of his malady, what noxious influence besetting his life, what contempt of the laws of health in his diet or habits, may have caused it, and then to inquire whether others incur the same danger and may be warned in time. When the starving man has been relieved, modern charity inquires whether any fault in the social system deprived him of his share of nature's bounty, any unjust advantage taken by the strong over the weak, any rudeness or want of culture in himself, wrecking his virtue and his habits of thrift. . . . As the early Christians learnt that it was not enough to do no harm, and that they were bound to give meat to the hungry and clothing to the naked, we have learnt that a still further obligation lies upon us to prevent, if possible, the pains of hunger and nakedness from being ever felt.

The whole of the chapter from which I have taken these extracts deserves to be meditated on and pondered most seriously by all who wish to lessen and remove the sufferings—the preventible sufferings—of millions in so-called Christian England. Many persons who are in other respects pious Christians, influenced by prejudice, object to interfere with the drinking usages of society. Let us see what the author of "Ecce Homo" says about prejudice. "Closely connected with this insensibility to the real character of common usages is a positive unwillingness to reform them. The argument of prejudice is twofold. It is not only that what has lasted a long time must be right, but also that what has lasted a long time, right or wrong, must be intended to continue. That reverence for existing usages, which is always strong in human nature, was far stronger in antiquity than it is now. [Not so, alas! with respect to the use of intoxicating drinks in England, for their consumption is increasing every year.] The belief in the wisdom of ancestors which seems to be caused by the curious delusion that ancestors must needs be old, and, therefore, deeply experienced men, was stronger among the ancients than among the moderns." There is here a most suggestive thought. Let us not fancy that wisdom and matured experience are on the side of the drinking customs of society, because our forefathers used these injurious liquors!

Some of the statements in this chapter I cannot agree with, but I highly approve of what the writer says in the following passage, as an argument for those who imagine they do not find Teetotalism, and other useful means of doing good, in the Bible:—"If the progress of science and civilization has put into our hands the means of benefitting our kind more and more comprehensively than the first Christians could hope to do; if, instead of undoing a little harm and comforting a few unhappines, we have the means of averting countless misfortunes, and raising by the right employment of our knowledge and power of contrivance the general standard of happiness, we are not to inquire whether the New Testament commands us to use these [particular] means, but wheter the spirit of humanity commands it."

I hope the innumerable readers of this book will look on the passages I have quoted in the light in which I have regarded them.

Manchester.

William Caine, M.A.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In my last letter I omitted to mention a meeting held on the 5th of June, in the school-house of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, under the presidency of Rev. J. Rodgers, Incumbent. The Rev. Thomas Rooke attended, and delivered an interesting and effective address.

On the 29th ult. Mr. Rooke attended a meeting at Loughgall, Armagh. The Association there is most earnestly and carefully fostered by Mrs. Cope, who seeks in every way to benefit those of the working-classes who are living on her estate and around her. Sir Capel Molyneux presided over the meeting, which was well attended, and the Rev. F. Faussett, Rev. J. B. Kane, as well as Mr. Rooke, addressed the meeting. I understand that Mr. Rooke is in communication with several clergymen in Ireland with a view to the more complete diocesan organization of the work there.

The movement relative to beershop legislation is, I am glad to say, progressing. There have been two important meetings held, and a commencement fairly made. A provisional committee has been appointed to seek the co-operation of leadingnoblemen and members of Parliament and others, and several promises of effective and valuable support have already been received.

It seems that we are not only to have "Life-Boat Crews," but "Fire Brigades," formed for the purpose of carrying on our Temperance Reformation. I extract the following paragraph from a weekly paper:—"St. Clement Danes Total Abstinence Fire Brigade and Choral Class gave their first public performance on the evening of the 28th ult. The Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, President, opened the meeting with a very appropriate introductory address. The programme consisted of songs, duets, recitations, and dialogues. A large and attentive audience filled the Hall, and the repeated calls of encore and clapping of hands that followed each member's performance testified to their enjoyment. At the close of the meeting general satisfaction was expressed by them. We trust this successful beginning is the foreshadowing of a prosperous and useful career for the future. The day (coronation day) was peculiarly suited for the brigade's début."

Mr. Wilkinson in his report to Rev. R. Killick, of his work in Ship Yard, thus writes:—"The monster difficulty in the way of spiritual work and progress I unhesitatingly affirm to be Drink; and to do battle with this giant adversary I have gladly given the St. Clement Danes Christian Temperance Society, established by Miss Twining, my humble support by word and deed, and commend the work as a lawful expedient, and necessary one, to the sympathy and support of the parishioners generally."

Mr. Rooke is to preach in the parish church of St. Clement Danes for our Society in September.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the work is progressing. The first tea-meeting of the Association in that parish was held on Tuesday evening, the 17th ult., under the presidency of Lord Wriothesley Russell, who has at Canon Conway's request undertaken the management of the Parochial Total Abstinence Society. After tea the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Canon Conway, when resolutions, naming the Association and electing the committee and officers, were passed unanimously. The speakers were the Rev. Thomas Chairnide, Rev. Canon Conway, Judge Payne, Mr. Kilpatrick, Rev. Robert Maguire, and Rev. Thomas Rooke. The room was quite full, and during the evening some sacred and other music was most effectively given by some kind volunteers from the Abbey choir.
On Wednesday evening, the 19th, the first tea-meeting of our Association, in the parish of Holy Trinity, Dover, was held. It was a very successful one, the room being quite full, and much interest seemed to be awakened by the proceedings. The Incumbent, the Rev. H. Hammond, presided, and addressed the meeting. The Rev. H. Burrowes, Curate of the parish, was also present. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Thomas Rooke, Mr. Groom, who has been, as well as Mr. Burrowes, most active in the movement, and Sergeant Spiers, of the 74th Regiment, now in Dover Garrison.

At this meeting, too, there was much of interest added by the kind services of the choir of Holy Trinity Church, who very creditably sang some anthems, and also some glees and rounds.

In the case of the clergymen of both these parishes, of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, and Holy Trinity, Dover, they find themselves prevented by the advice of their medical attendants from becoming total abstainers, as they would most gladly do, but they are most anxious for the success of the important movement, and most willingly place themselves at the head of the association in this ex-officio position as clergymen of the parish. I am glad to see this, because it will draw more closely together all in the bonds of Christian love, and still show how this important instrumentality may be used even in parishes where the clergyman does not as yet see his way clear to become an abstainer himself.

And so, notwithstanding all that has been from time to time adduced as to the ill-effects of cold-water drinking, the winner of the Queen’s prize at Wimbledon is “a strict teetotaller!” Having described his “cheering” through the camp, the Times says:—“Resuming their onward course, the winner was subsequently half carried, half escorted to the Scottish camp, where there awaited him a trial perhaps more arduous than any he had yet undergone. Private Cameron is a strict teetotaller, and not even the solicitations of his friends in the moment of victory could induce him to abandon his principles. Accepting, by way of compromise, a draught of ginger-beer, “the little gillie,” as many of his countrymen affectionately called him, modestly made his escape from the Scottish camp by a back way, only to find on returning to his own marquee that some enthusiastic friend had posted up in letters of giant size the announcement that here was the abode of the “Champion, 1866!”—the winner of £250 and the gold medal of the Association.

This is a very remarkable and practical rebuke of one of the camp-fire comic songs, in which the total abstainers were held up to ridicule as moping fellows who are unfit for the pleasures of society or for work. I hope that after the success of Private Cameron there may be no more ridicule thrown on that body of men with whom, notwithstanding all the excitement of victory, he so bravely and boldly identified himself.

A public meeting, the first in connection with the Manchester Diocesan Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, was held on the evening of July 16th, in the school-room of St. Saviour’s New District, Clifford Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester. The room, though large, was quite full with a most respectable audience. The Rev. G. W. Petherick, minister of the new district, presided. He described the objects of the recently formed Diocesan Temperance Society. Then followed R. Whitworth, Esq., brother of B. Whitworth, Esq., M.P. for Drogheda. Both of these gentlemen are earnest teetotallers. The Rev. William Caine, as the President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, consisting of nearly 100 Bands of Hope, comprising about 20,000 children, addressed the young who were present on the advantages of teetotalism in early life. At the close of the meeting fifty persons signed the pledge.
"Pulling them out of the fire."

**THE FIRE-ESCAPE.**

Among the many modern institutions for the protection of life and property, and for the prevention of the destruction of the same, we know of none more worthy of public support than that long ladder uprearing its tall head to heaven, as it is drawn through the streets of **New Series.**—Vol. III., No. 33.
London to its nightly station, or is hastened off to some burning house, on its useful and benevolent mission. That fire-escape is an emblem of greater, and higher, and better things; its intention and its object are suggestive of grave and noble thoughts; its useful service in the hour of peril has made it to be a "household word" in all our large towns and densely peopled cities. It is preventive, it is protective, it is saving in its character and results.

There are two maps of London now lying before us on the table, both spotted and marked with red dots. One of these is the map that accompanies the report of the Society for the Preservation of Life from Fire, and shows the localities in which the fire-escapes of the Society stand, and where they may be found in cases of danger and emergency. There are eighty-five of these red dots—the number of the fire-escape stations of the Society. The other map is more thickly dotted, many thousands of the red glaring spots appearing interspersed upon its surface: these are the public-houses and the gin-shops of the Metropolitan district.

Those thickly studded gin-shops represent the burning houses—yea, the very fires that consume the smouldering timbers and the charred embers of the burning houses of London; and those eighty-five fire-escape stations represent (shall we say?) those societies and efforts of earnest men that are to be found here and there dotted through our parishes and districts for preventing mischief, and protecting the life and property of our fellow-men, by keeping them apart from contact with the devouring fire. We cannot fail to observe many points of analogy in the comparison.

The cry of "Fire—fire!" is sure to raise an instant alarm, and to enlist the practical aid and assistance of men. The records of the Rescue of Life from Fire are the records of brave and self-denying deeds—of men who, fearless of danger, incur great peril in their attempt to save their brother men. Suppose, then, we regard these thousands of burning houses, and all the souls and bodies involved in danger, and then contemplate these few and thinly scattered escape-stations (our Temperance societies), may we not derive some useful and practical lessons for the mitigation of the evil, and for the better working of the remedy?

This alarm-cry of the dead of night may be sounded in more senses than one. The Indians very appropriately call the drink the "fire-water." It is liquid fire poured into the vitals of men. It burns and consumes, it wastes and destroys. With the well-known effect of fire, it makes hard and callous the fine tissues of the human frame; and in a moral sense, even more than in a physical sense, it sears the conscience and the soul as with a hot iron. It is as the lighted train in the feelings and affections of men—it fires the passions, consumes the
better resolutions, and, with the wild, devouring energy of a conflagration that will not be restrained, it exhausts itself only in the destruction of its victims. Let us, then, draw out some of the suggestive analogies of our subject.

1. In the nature of the evil.—Intoxicating drink is an external element, coming in contact with the temple of man's body, and accordingly affecting more or less the inhabitant that dwells within. The beginning in each is always small. The conflagration that awakes half London has originated from a single spark somewhere. Never has there been known so marvellous a disproportion between cause and effect as in the contrast between the beginning and the ending of a disastrous fire. What the beginning was no one can accurately tell. Men have passed by that house while the secret flame was yet at work, and they have observed nothing remarkable; but in the end what a ruinous heap—charred timbers, broken stairways, dismantled storeys, fallen roofs, a gutted carcase; a ruin to be carted off to the dunghill, and discharged as a dust-heap there. Now, this disastrous end is the natural sequel to that very small beginning. It has been a little escape of gas, a small candle left alight, a tiny paper that has caught fire, a few shreds that have ignited, and these have set fire to something else; and then the evil spreads, advances, and gains the mastery at last. The beginning has been secret, stealthy, obscure, and insignificant; ere long it bursts forth with ungovernable fury, and at last it breaks through all the doors, looks boldly and glaringly forth from all the windows, consumes from the roof-tree to the foundation-stone, and ceases not till all is reduced to the dust and ashes of wreck and ruin.

And even so is it that the ruin caused by drink begins—not all at once, nor in full force at its commencement; but by small beginnings and by slow degrees, the thirst, and appetite, and fatal supply creep on to mastery. Say what people will about the virtue of a little, and the excellency of the moderate draught, it still is true that that first glass, like that first spark, was the small beginning of the ruinous end. If that spark had never been struck, if that glass had never been given, how many a noble structure would this day be standing in its strength, instead of being, as it is, grounded in the dust, and wiped out of remembrance. Men oftentimes smile at the idea of the wine-glass leading to such an end; and so also do men remark upon the awful disproportion between the burning mansion and the tiny spark that caused its complete destruction—"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

2. In the nature of the remedy. We mean no mere pun or play upon words when we say that the element by which fire is quenched is water! It is quite true that the analogy stands perfect here; for the best cure for fire-drinking is water-drinking. Let the man that is inwardly con-
suming with the secret fire of an inveterate thirst, and with the external
supply of that thirst by drink, let him only pour water on the combustible
elements, and we promise him all will soon be well, the thirst will
be well quenched, and the burnings will be well extinguished. In the
matter of possible or actual fires, no one despises water, and pumps, and
mains, and plugs—all these are laid down and provided, on system, for
prevention or extinction of fire. In our great moral movement, our
preventive and protective enterprise, we would do the same. Only
this, as a general rule, however applied—Water quenches flame!

But here, again, we must not overlook beginnings, and the natural
precautions to be taken. A Paper of Instructions is issued by the
authorities, giving “Plain Directions for aiding endangered persons,”
etc. The very first of these directions is addressed to “by-standers,”
who are urged to prompt and immediate duty in cases of even probable
danger:—“Immediately on the fire being discovered, give an alarm, not
delaying an instant; do not wait to see if it is wanted.” (The italics
are in the report from which we quote the extract.) This surely seems
most appropriately to meet the emergency of the danger to which we
specially allude in these pages. Men may call it enthusiasm, or fanaticism,
or even untimely interference with other people’s business; but
still here it is set down as a “plain direction” to all that are standing by,
that they are to raise the alarm, and fetch the provision of safety, not
even waiting “to see if it is wanted.” This advice, when acted on,
tends to prevent fires, to protect property, to preserve life; and if it
were only extended with a like promptitude in the direction of the
devouring energy of the “fire-water,” like results would be the reward
of the prompt and ready service. That is to say, if we could only
bring the power of our Abstinence Movement to bear upon all drinkers,
without even waiting “to see if it is wanted,” we would protect many
lives and reputations that, without that aid, are being daily forfeited or
lost, and we would prevent many a downfall and many a ruin, both in
body and soul. And are not souls of more value than houses? Again
to use the language of these “plain directions”:—“Life is more pre-
cious than property, and events have too often proved how fatal even a
moment’s hesitation is in sending for the fire-escape.”

3. These efforts are radical in their nature. They go to the root of
the matter, and deal with the cause of the calamity. The efforts of the
firemen are two-fold:—(1) To put out the fire; and (2) To save the
victims. In both there is need of the utmost promptitude—“Pulling
them out of the fire.” The burning of the house is traced to a cause—
fire; and sometimes the cause of that fire must be ascertained and dealt
with, ere any real success is attained. A remarkable instance of this
radical dealing with the remote and hidden cause, receives an “honour-
able mention" in the report now before us—"Also, the self-devotion of
another, a well-tried and much respected officer, who, at the cry of
dismay of the proprietor of large premises on fire, clambered over the
railings, and descended into the basement at the risk of his life, and
turned off the supply of gas, the explosion of which would apparently
have been otherwise inevitable." How very like our movement and our
effort is that brave man's conduct. He saw how it was that the flames
were continuously fed with the fuel of the escaping gas, and that as
long as that fuel was supplied, all his best efforts would be in vain to
extinguish the fire. He, therefore, as a prudent as well as brave man,
addressed himself to the secret cause, and considered that nought was
done until he had laid his hand upon the key that was to turn off the
supply once and for all. That is to say, total abstinence from gas was
the only safety for that house! Aye, and we would go a step farther,
and would say that if the escape of that gas pipe could not have been
reached that night, it would have been but right and proper to turn off
the gas at the main, and we believe that though many houses would
be left in sudden darkness by the act, no one would complain, when the
necessity of the case was told. There would be total abstinence from gas,
not because of your own necessity, but because of the extreme danger
of your neighbour. Thus in practical humanity we are not without
illustrations of the character and working of our great Temperance
Cause. Would that we had in the social and moral world many such
men as that "well-tried officer" who clambered over rails and area, and
turned off the supply of gas! There is a stream of explosive matter
flowing in drenching floods from the drink-traffic of our land; the pru-
dent and the brave deed is of that man who, clambering over railings
and balustrades of legislation and Acts of Parliament, hedging round that
outflow, boldly lays his hand upon the secret cause of the fiery devast-
ation, and turns off the tap and the supply of drink! This is the fons et
origo mali; and until we come to deal honestly and practically with
this, nothing is done.

The fire-escape ladder must be strong, to bear the weight of many;
it must be tall, reaching to the uppermost storeys of the building;
there ought to be many of them, so as to create many centres, and thus
to bring them nearer and nearer all possible places of danger. And so
also ought it to be with our moral fire-escapes—these societies of ours
—as rallying points thickly studded through the country, and as har-
bours of refuge all along a dangerous coast. They ought to be strong,
to bear many a weary load of human sorrow and of human woe; they
ought to reach far and near, to the rich in the drawing-room and to
the poor in the attic—to those abroad and to those at home; and they
ought to be many—planted in every parish and district of the land,
within easy access of all that are endangered. The devouring fire of
drink is no respecter of persons; it burns the palace as well as the
humble cottage, the mansion of the rich as well as the poor man’s hut.
None can pronounce himself absolutely exempt from possible danger
in this respect.

Indeed, we may with greatest truth apply to our great Temperance
preventive and precautionary movement the words of the Report of the
Fire Escape Society—“It may be safely asserted that no Humane Society
has a greater claim on the general sympathies and support than this—
none is more entitled to a national position; for whilst the calamity which
it seeks to save from is one more frequent in the crowded courts and
streets, yet it is certain that the danger impends at all times over
palace, mansion, and cottage alike, that not an inhabitant of the neigh-
bourhood, of any class of building, can be said to be exempt from the
consequences involved; that there is not a living being but what has
some interest, whether acknowledged or not, in the support of this
Society.”

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

The following incident certainly deserves to be recorded in the pages of our
Magazine, not only for its intrinsic interest, but as an apt illustration of the reason
why we ask those who may never be led into excess themselves to become Abstainers
for the sake of others:—

SIR GEORGE GREY AND TEETOTALISM.—The Independent of the 15th instant
states:—“His Excellency the Governor has set an example to the native race which
we trust for their sakes they will follow. In the course of his tour through the
interior, Sir George Grey was much struck with the terrible ravages made by an ex-
cessive fondness for drink displayed by the noble savage. He remonstrated with
Thompson on the subject, and received a reply to the effect that what was good for
the Pakeha was equally beneficial to the Maori. His Excellency then said that if
Thompson would take the pledge for a twelvemonth, he would do the same as an
example. The ‘king-maker’ agreed, and he and Sir George Grey are consequently
followers of Father Mathew for a year. Although the Governor never paid too deep
a devotion to Bacchus, it is a meritorious act of self-denial for a man of his age, who
has always been in the habit of taking his wine and beer, to give it up entirely for
the sake of setting an example to an uncivilised people.”—Melbourne Herald, May
25th, 1866.

Would that our leading men and governors at home could be induced to act as the
Governor of New Zealand has done, and thus set an example to a so-called civilised
people at home! If this be deemed a “meritorious act of self-denial” in Sir George
Grey, who thus acted because he saw “the terrible ravages made by an excessive
fondness for drink,” how becoming would such an act be in the case of all our prelates
and clergy specially, who so often and so loudly complain of the ills that “the
drink” brings in its train!
TEETOTAL EXPERIENCE IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. E. TEMPLEMAN,

HON. SECRETARY OF THE SOLDIERS’ TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION, INDIA.

A British soldier first directed my attention to Total Abstinence. How well I remember the time and place! I was then enjoying the luxury of a hill station. My barrack church stood on a hill nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and from the table-ground on which it was built the eye commanded a well-nigh panoramic view of some of the wildest and grandest scenery in the world. On one side of us, as far away as the eye could stretch, were the glorious Himalayahs, rising peak above peak, till they seemed to pierce the skies—the pillars of the earth. It was almost impossible to believe that the portion of earth on which we stood was part and parcel of the same world as that on which Mount Everest and Kinchinjingah seemed the very confines. Facing round (to use a military term), and directing your eye plainwards, you beheld an equally marvellous sight. For mile after mile, in all its rank luxuriance and green verdure, the tropical jungle was spread before you. Here and there it was interspersed with patches of cultivated land. The diligent hand of the tea-planter had levelled the trees, broken up the sod, and raised the plant of which the readers and writers of your Magazine are so justly fond. Here, too, in abundance, might have been seen one of God’s choicest gifts to man—water. Five rivers, rolling Ganges-ward, might be traced, and the Ganges himself glimpsed in the hazy distance, like a stream of silver, in emerald inlaid; while many a mountain-torrent, rolling itself in cataracts over precipice on precipice, refreshed the eye and charmed the ear. On such a spot as this I first thought seriously of Total Abstinence. At one end of my church on Suchahul there was a little room in which I used to hold a Bible class, and where I used to meet with some of the best men and most advanced Christians I have known, to worship God, and seek Him in spirit and in truth.

I was walking up and down the verandah of my church, waiting for the men to assemble, and enjoying the grandeur of the lovely scenery before me, of which I never wearied, when Sergeant W— came up to me, and as our wont was, we entered into conversation. As we frequently talked about the blessings of the Christian’s life, the difficulties and hindrances of its course, we were no doubt so occupied on the occasion to which I refer. I have no doubt drunkenness and its sad results were the leading topics of our talk; at all events the sergeant told me he was a teetotaller, and hinted, with a freedom at which he knew I should take no offence, that it would be a good thing if I became one too. His words were with power, and I became a water-drinker.

It so happened that, in the cold weather (this conversation took place in the early part of June), it was my duty to visit three stations in the plains. They were from thirty to forty miles apart, and as there were no practicable roads between them, I was compelled to get from place to place on horse-
back. I had been accustomed to riding from a child, and since I had been in India I had thought little of riding a dâk of between thirty and forty miles. I had my misgivings as to how I should accomplish these dâks on the water system. The first two I got over without any fatigue to signify; but while staying a few days at one of the most unhealthy stations in Bengal, I caught the notorious jungle fever, and with this fever on me I started on my next journey. It was from forty-one to forty-five miles from station to station, and, unfortunately, the horses laid out for me, with one or two exceptions, were bad; however, I reached my journey’s end safely, though not well. The doctor came to see me, and told me to take a stiff glass of brandy-and-water, and go to bed. Thus ended my first trial of teetotalism, after lasting for six months. I am bound to say that, with the exception of this fever, from which hardly any one in these parts escapes, I enjoyed excellent health and worked hard.

Shortly after the events recorded above my period of service in the hills expired, and I was transferred to Futtygurh, a station well known in this country, but to the Saturday Review, apparently, a terra incognita. It so happened that H.M. 20th left wing, in which there was established a small Teetotal Society, was then cantoned at Futtygurh. One night one of our members, a gunner, gave us a lecture; he called it “The Star of Hope.” I never felt so impressed by anything as the rough, plain Saxon eloquence of I. L. C. I had made him think before that night, he made me think then. I resumed the use of cold water that very day, and, after a fortnight’s trial, at our teetotal meeting I came forward and took a card, the secretary of the society being witness to my signature. From the time I signed the pledge our numbers rapidly increased, and when the regiment left they were nearly double in number from what they were when I attended their first gathering. When Christmas time came round we were rich in funds; we gave a monster tea-party, at which were present several officers and civilians, and the evening was a very pleasant one, and next morning I believe none of us had a headache. Since the day I signed the pledge I have had much to do with teetotal societies, and I honestly believe God is blessing the work they are effecting.

At the beginning of this year, when Mr. Gregson went to England, he asked me to succeed him as secretary of the association which he, with God’s blessing, had established in India. I did so, and I am thus, by virtue of my office, brought into correspondence with some twenty-four branch societies, extending from Lahore to Saltara; there are some eleven hundred members on our books, and I believe we shall go on and prosper. The men are beginning to find out the good of Temperance—the misery and woe which drunkenness entails upon them. It is satisfactory to know that the clergy in India are giving the Total Abstinence question their serious consideration, and some have already heartily joined it. It will be a good day for the army in India when more come over to our ranks, and no one would rejoice more than myself if these words should at all tend to effect this most desirable result.
A SELF-DENYING HEART.

Oh! for a self-denying heart,
With meekness to resign
Whatever cherished wish, O Lord,
Does not accord with Thine.

Oh! for a self-denying heart,
The needy to befriend;
And from our surplus store of means
A helping hand to lend.

Oh! for a self-denying heart
Another's woe to feel;
And with the balm of sympathy
The wounded spirit heal.

Oh! for a self-denying heart,
In our least acts to give
A pattern, drawn from Gospel rules,
How Christian men should live.

A loving, sympathising heart,
With Thine, O Christ, agrees,
Who cam'st to save a ruined world,
And not Thyself to please.

T. H.
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.

No. VII.—SUNDAY NIGHT IN THE MILE END ROAD.

We are writing during the month of August, 1866. The cholera, which just touched our shores in the autumn of ’65, has unfolded its dark wings over the eastern part of the metropolis, and smitten down its victims by hundreds. Day by day its ravages extend; the number of the attacked increases; the plague outstrips the efforts made to arrest it. Though no unseemly panic has manifested itself, but a noble heroism has, in many places, sprung into existence in connection with the visitation, yet there is an anxiety, a natural dread, lest the disease should spread over the whole of London; and a melancholy interest attaches itself, not only to the authorised records of its progress in the daily papers, but to the flying reports which pass from one to another, always greatly in excess of the truth.

The metropolis has now reached so huge a size, that to thousands of its inhabitants many of its districts are as little known as though they were in another hemisphere. Upper Holloway owns to little acquaintance with Peckham, and Belgravia owns to still less with Cubitt’s Town or West Ham. But this feeling of separation, which, under ordinary circumstances, keeps opposite extremities so widely apart, has shrunk now to dimensions nearer the truth, and Pimlico is really aware that it can be reached in less than two hours from Stratford, while Piccadilly has become alive to the fact that it is not unapproachable from Limehouse.

Thinking over these matters, our thoughts wandered to Proverbs i. 20—33. Wisdom, in a voice loud enough to be heard through the length and breadth of the land, is indeed crying in our streets. But is the voice heard? If heard, is it recognised as teaching any lesson higher than the virtues of a whitewash-brush, or the merits of a dose of camphor? While parochial authorities are busy with drains, and dust-holes, and chloride of lime; while medical men sleep in their boots, if they sleep at all, and the rites of sepulture grow slovenly from their frequency, are those most concerned laying the lesson to heart? Is the grand provocative of the dire attack—unclean living and immoderate drinking—being replaced by cleanliness and sobriety? A little of the former may be seen, but very little, in truth, of the latter. The foul Whitechapel alleys have been visited by Board-of-Health deputations; drains have been flushed, and walls limewashed; but their inhabitants lounge about the archways as usual, as grimy as usual, and the gin-shop is as busy as usual in compounding and vending its poisonous fluids—perhaps more so; for while brandy is still regarded as the best vehicle for drugs to cure an attack, “old Jamaica rum” is vaunted by a large class of dealers as the best preventive of disease.

The organ of Whitechapel church is playing the farewell voluntary as we pass, and the congregation, as they separate, are honoured, as is customary, by the staring and comments of groups of ragged, ill-looking, untrained youths, whose numbers give so unfavourable a character to this locality. A score or so of these youngsters, mostly cursing and smoking, fill the pavement in front of the “Effingham”—another of those gin-shops to which the legislature, in its wisdom, has attached a theatre. We passed through a stream of two or three hundred of them on the same spot, a few nights ago, as they poured from the open doors of the theatre, and we felt thankful that there were policemen below and gaslights above; for there was not an honest or wholesome-
looking face amongst them all. A sad commentary on the unsanitary state of
the neighbourhood catches the eye a little farther on, where, amid the coloured
bottles of a doctor's window, we read, in bold type, the announcement—"This
surgery open night and day." The long, unpretending front of the London Hos-
pital stretches adown the road, and com-
pels a thoughtful pause. The melancholy
notice that appeared on the gates a few
days ago, "Nurses wanted," is removed.
Thank God, it is no longer necessary—
not that the need for nurses has ceased,
but that it has been so well supplied. The
new wing, itself an immense hospital,
whose formal opening was stayed by the
outbreak of the epidemic, is lighted at all
its western windows, and at all the upper
northern ones. What scenes are at this
moment transpiring behind those gloomy
walls!—scenes of frantic despair, of un-
utterable agony, of sublime heroism—
scenes that in their horror realise the
wildest nightmare dream Fuseli ever
transferred to canvas, and scenes which
bring into vivid relief the noblest un-
selfishness of which human nature is
capable—scenes where Science and Hu-
manity wrestle with Death in his most
hideous forms, sometimes to conquer,
more often to be conquered, but return-
ing undismayed again and again to the
charge—scenes where gentleness and
beauty, amidst all that is foul and repul-
sive, perform the meanest offices, and,
where they cannot stay the plague, strew
flowers on the path of the dark valley—
scenes which, in their inevitable accom-
paniments, furnish matter for large vo-
olumes with every passing hour.

The Mile End Road has, as is well
known, throughout part of its length, a
strip of ground running between the
carriageway and the footpath on the
north side. On this strip stall-keepers
pitch their movable shops, tradesmen
display their goods, and children play
with safety from passing vehicles. On
one spot here, close by where the cars
and drays of the Mile End Brewery are
stacked in Sabbath idleness, a noisy group
are enjoying some joke most heartily. It
seems some stunted mannikin of fourteen
or fifteen, with a large-bowed meers-
schaum pipe, entered the gin-shop oppo-
site, called for a pint of beer, and with
pint and pipe sat down among the older
frequencers of the place. They were an-
noyed at finding their own ices copied
by this small imitator, and jeered him.
He replied with boyish insolence, and
was put out of the house, and now stood
asserting his rights as a young English-
man to drink when and where he pleased
—the centre of a laughing crowd.

A little farther, and we reach the Vine
Tavern—a house standing alone on the
forementioned strip, and possessing the
rare advantage of four fronts. On two
if not three sides of the house, drinking-
tables and benches are provided for at
fresco customers, and, though the evening
is cool, the accommodation is well pa-
tronised. The stupid, beer-bemused set
is there, quiet and stolid; the half-drunken
wrangler is there, quarrelsome and de-
lying everybody; the practical joker is
there, favouring pale ale, with a facility
for finding fun in everything, who slaps
his companion between the shoulders, and
calls him "old bloak!" the man of per-
verted intellect is there, who talks fast to
a circle of admiring listeners on causes
and effects; the "prentice lad, with a
shilling to spend, and his silly girl com-
ppanion, with all the splendour of a new
one-and-tenpenny crinoline, are there,
sipping gin-and-water; the genuine
"rough" is there, with clothing innocent
of fit, and hands innocent of soap, with
a week's beard, and a worsted-stocking
voice.

A few yards beyond these groups a
small company surround an open-air
preacher. He is assisted by two young
men, and a woman, under middle age,
modest and comely, worth a dozen of her
male companions for the work in hand.
When any passer-by joins the company
for a minute, she steps quietly to him, offers a handbill-tract, and makes some appropriate observation. We ask her what success she meets with—whether she can point to any clear case of moral good effected by her friends' ministrations. "Not many," she says; but if there were none, her duty would remain the same. The work is emphatically one of faith, and the result must be left with the Author of faith. Just out of ear-shot of the preacher stands a young man in a white slop, cord trousers, a red cap, and a red neckerchief, who is haranguing a company of at least a hundred and fifty on the rejected Reform Bill, manhood suffrage, Mr. Gladstone, and Benjamin "Dizzy." He has a copious flow of rude eloquence, much rough humour, and is well up in the passing politics of the day. His remarks are well received by his auditory, who are mostly labouring men, and mostly in their labouring dresses: hard-handed, hard-featured sons of toil, which is often severe, often unwholesome and dangerous, and always badly remunerated. We venture to hint to a rather vociferous shouter of "Hear, hear," close by, that however desirable a thing Parliamentary Reform may be, Personal Reform—in manners and morals—is not less so. Our friend honours us with a contemptuous stare, and replies, "Um! 'praps 'tis, and 'praps 'tisn't."

* * * *

We have reached the principal of the Mile End taverns. The entrance passage is beneath arches of gas-jets, and the grounds are well lighted. A Chinese style of decoration is observed. Drinking boxes, covered by the conventional Chinese curved roof, extend round three sides of the square area, where a thousand revellers might find room. A broad polygonal dancing-platform is roofed in the same manner, and is illuminated by large chandeliers. Several trees rustle in the night air, and numerous well-planted flower-beds lie around. About three or four hundred persons are present, with more outward signs of respectability than the crowds who throng and idle in the road outside. The costermonger and the labourer are not here; the admission fee bars out the "rough." But who are here? Several sea-faring men, mates—captains, it may be—of vessels in the docks and the Pool; the ever-present fast young man, who thinks half-drunkenness and mild blasphemy to be quite the genteel thing; and, in a far greater proportion than we have seen elsewhere, the abandoned of the streets. If one may judge by the coarse language, the brazen leer, the hardened, battered, prematurely-old features, which smile or scowl from beneath gauzy bonnets or feathered hats, we should say at least one half the women present are of that wretched class. And of the other half, we can but say—fools; fools of a folly that touches criminality.

We have a few questions to ask here, but we look in vain for some time for a face promising a civil and intelligent answer. The ladies, who are in the proportion of five to three—if not two to one—of the whole assembly, are out of the category altogether. Of the gentlemen, leaving out the mariners, we see stupidity, or flippancy, or blackguardism, written too plainly on the features, to entertain any hopes of information. But yonder is a decent-looking fellow, just deserted by his lady companion for awhile, who may help us. We ask him if he is in the habit of frequenting the gardens. He replies that he comes often.

And now, fellow-labourers in the cause of Temperance, let us interrupt the colloquy for a minute, while this young man points to a sad defect in our Temperance efforts.

He was a very favourable specimen of the skilled artisan; employed in an East-end factory, and living at Stratford, unmarried. His lodgings, a mere convenience for eating and sleeping, offered no attractions in which spare time could be passed. He read a little, but more
for amusement than study. He would have attended a Working Man's Institute or a Mutual Improvement Society, or have subscribed to a Reading-room, or have been a member of a Temperance Choral Society, or have adopted any other mode of spending an idle hour intellectually or profitably; but Stratford, he said, did not offer a single inducement of the kind. There was the workshop, the comfortless home, and the public-house with all its degradation and its drunkenness; and nothing else. "I, and hundreds like me," said he, "feel that some amusement is a positive necessity of life, if we are not to be like Longfellow's 'dumb driven cattle.' If we can get it of an elevating and improving character, so much the better; if we cannot, so much the worse. I come here three or four times a week, and think my sixpences well laid out; for here are flowers, and music, and dancing, and merriment. True, they are associated with much that I condemn, but if I cannot get cheerful music and cheerful scenes without bad company, why I must have them with."

"But there is neither music nor dancing here to-night," I replied; "and certainly Stratford has churches and chapels, attendance at which would be more conducive to intellectual improvement than attendance here."

"That is a mistake," said he, "which ninety-nine out of a hundred of you Temperance people are constantly making. You forget that temperance and religion both require training, to be of any benefit to the individual. You can't suppose that if I enjoyed myself here last night, with much the same company as you see now, and the addition of the band and the dancers, that I should enjoy myself in a church to-night, where the company and the business are all totally different? You have no right to expect such startling changes. You would take away all the enjoyments we have, and put nothing in their place. I don't deny but that some of them are bad enough; but those who find fault with them should try to provide better. In that matter the publicans beat you ten to one."

To return. We ask our friend what effect the spread of the cholera in the affected districts has upon the people—whether it is diminishing drunkenness, inducing cleanliness and self-respect, improving public morals in any way? He thinks not. In the street in which he lives, for instance, in the worst-smitten part of Stratford, there have been two, three, or four deaths daily for the last month. The parish authorities are busy water and disinfectants are freely used by them; but the inhabitants, who are mostly labourers and their families, do just nothing. A few have left their lodgings in fear; the remainder go on as usual. The children play in the dirt, the women gather round the doorways and gossip, the men work, and drink, and smoke; and all goes on just the same as before. A sort of stoical resignation is very common. "If my turn comes, I must go," seems a general feeling; but in no one instance that he knows of is there anything like effort for preparation for the event.

"Has it diminished the attendance at these gardens?" I asked.

"No; it has rather increased it, if anything. Some feel that there is a sort of safety here, amongst these trees, which is worth sixpence to secure for a few hours. The landlord lost his son ten days ago by the disease;—he was a publican, too, and had a large house elsewhere; the shutters were put up here for a while, but the house was not closed for an hour. The master of the ceremonies, as we call him—the man who walks about without his hat, and flourishes his cane, and directs the music and dancing—has lost two relatives in the last fortnight; and when he was here last night, he said he did not know whether he should find his wife dead or alive when he got home."
"And the music was as lively, and the dances as merry, and all the amusements in as full a swing, as though there were no disease and death around us?" I further inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "perhaps a little more so. People seemed to wish to put it out of their minds."

This remark received a full confirmation from our friend's companion, who had returned, and had been sitting in silence for the last ten minutes, but with a visibly growing impatience. The climax was reached; and she stopped the conversation by peevishly requesting we would say no more about "that old cholera." It gave her the miseries. Quite time enough to talk about it when it came.

There was a time when we thought the drunken cholera scene in the streets of Paris, as given by Eugene Sue in one of his wild romances, was a libel upon human nature. We can believe it now.

S. G.

---

THE BEERSHOP SYSTEM.

(From The Law Times, August 11th, 1866.)

The great evil of the beerhouses is beginning to be recognised even by grand juries, and we may now hope for a speedy repeal of the most mischievous law upon the statute-book. At the recent Manchester Assizes the grand jury made the following presentment:

"They were desirous of directing his lordship's attention to the great amount of crime which appeared to originate in beerhouses, and was committed by persons who frequented those places. They could not but think that it was in a great degree attributable to the circumstance that beerhouse licenses were granted indiscriminately to persons who were unfitted to conduct such houses with that order and regularity which was contemplated by the legislature."

His Lordship said this was a very important expression of opinion, and one in which he entirely agreed. He would take care to forward it to the proper quarter; and he could not but express the hope that some measures might be taken to remedy the evil complained of. On Wednesday week a meeting was held in the Mayor's parlour in connection with the same question, when the following resolutions were agreed to:

"That this meeting deplores the distressing amount of drunkenness and crime that prevails in this city, notwithstanding the recent improvement in trade, the increase in employment, and the numerous philanthropic efforts to educate and elevate the masses; that, as it appears indubitable that intemperance is not only a permanent cause of disease, but also a predisposing condition to the spread of cholera, the breaking out of which seems imminent in Manchester, this meeting calls upon all citizens to aid the authorities in the execution of the laws and regulations which have been enacted for the repression of drunkenness and its concomitant disorders. That a deputation be appointed to wait upon the city authorities, to present a memorial in the spirit of the resolution just adopted, and to confer as to the best steps to be taken to aid them in their arduous duties in the present emergency, and also with power to convene a public meeting of the inhabitants, should it be deemed expedient."
PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.—No. IV.

IS IT NOT THE ONLY REMEDY?

Seeing that intoxicating drink is "bad," that the liquor traffic is "immoral," and that the license system has "failed" to regulate it, what now remains to be proposed or attempted?

The evil—public drunkenness—remains and grows upon us, and the legal machinery for extending the curse is becoming year by year more elaborate, more seductive, and more ramified. In the year 1830, our legislators and philanthropists, groping in the dark for a remedy, in their blindness and their folly blundered into the Beer Act! The evil was thus extended; not, however, because beerhouses are worse than gin-shops; but because the former merely supplemented and did not substitute the latter. Lord Brougham and others who took an active part in the introduction of the Beer Bill, have long since seen and lamented the blunder; and in 1839 his lordship made a strenuous effort in the House of Lords to repeal the Act. Had he been aided by the bishops he would no doubt have succeeded. It is a pity that he did not persevere in the effort; but the veteran law reformer has since learned that the remedy for this great national canker of drunkenness lies deeper than any measure of mere "restriction," or than even the prohibition of beerhouses.

Mr. Gladstone, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, perhaps forgetting and certainly not profiting by the errors of preceding statesmen, introduced in 1860 his famous Wine Licenses and Refreshment House Bill—avowedly in the interests of national sobriety. The entire temperance sentiment of the country uttered a warning and indignant protest against the measure, on the simple ground that it did not substitute, but merely extended the previous machinery of mischief—the centres of public temptation. Ginshops and beershops were sadly debauching the people, and the ingenious and astute Mr. Gladstone could see no way of lessening the evil, except by adding another and still more seductive class of drink-vending shops, in which even respectable ladies may indulge their wine-drinking propensities without losing caste, as they would have to do were they to go into bar-parlours and tap-rooms of public-houses, not to mention anything so vulgar as a "beerhouse."

The Times and the public press of the country, secular and religious, with but few exceptions, aided Mr. Gladstone's Light Wine Bill, and it was carried. But we have yet to hear or read one testimony in proof of its beneficial operation. Even Mr. Gladstone has been eloquently silent respecting the mysterious merits of his famous Temperance Wine License Bill. And no statesmen has yet sought to extend its benign (?) operation into Scotland; just as, in the case of the vaunted Beer Bill of 1830, no one has ever attempted to extend the boon into either Scotland or Ireland. Where it ought to have been doubly welcome, had it been a benefit at all,
But all public men now admit that the Beer Act was a curse added to a curse; and the time will soon come when they will also admit that the Wine Act was almost, if not quite, as great a blunder.

But all these blunders are, in one sense, useful, and were perhaps needful as elements of or stepping-stones to the true remedy. "Restriction" has now been fully and fairly tried, and has proved a failure in every way, and on every hand. The more free and open systems of wine and beer licenses have also been tried, and have also failed. There is now no other system that can be tried except perfect free trade, or entire prohibition. No one is yet reckless enough to sincerely propound "free trade in liquor," which would involve the removal of all duties, license fees, and even special police restrictions, as in the sale of bread and potatoes. We are then shut up to prohibition as our only available policy, unless we are to go on repeating our former blunders, and resolve to perpetuate the license system with all its crime-producing machinery of mischief and misery. But the license system is doomed; and we have every rational assurance that prohibition is the right remedy. The "drink" being "intoxicating," that is, poisonous, and its sale being pernicious and demoralizing, it is alike right, just, and wise to prohibit the traffic. To allow the traffic to exist, is to permit and encourage drinking, and to make it the interest of tens of thousands of unscrupulous men and women to tempt people, young and old, to drink. And in proportion as drinking is encouraged, drunkenness will and must prevail. It is in the nature of all traffic to develop and expand; but this is pre-eminently true of the liquor traffic, ministering as it does to a morbid craving—an insatiable lust. The drink appetency, though not natural, is stronger than any normal appetite. Hunger is a sharp thorn, but the thirst for narcotics, when once set up and allowed to gain the ascendency, becomes sharper, fiercer, and more irresistible than even the craving for food. Nothing can quench this unnatural thirst—this raging lust—except Total Abstinence from the poison that produced it; and there is no way of getting a community to abstain from the use of strong drink whilst that same community sanctions and upholds a public traffic in the drink. It follows, then, as an inevitable sequence, that prohibition is not only right, but that it is the only remedy; and that, if carried out, it must prove an effectual remedy.

Our great idea is, that all drink-vending places being prohibited and suppressed, we should have no open, public, scandalous drunkenness. The liquor traffic is no doubt responsible for seven eighths of the drunkenness of the land; and could we but prohibit the traffic, we should reduce the evil to a minimum; whilst we should at the same time enhance the restraining and elevating power of all moral and religious agencies to cope with the evil that remained. If any reject this remedy, they are bound to produce another that is better, more just, reasonable, and effective. If they merely reject and obstruct the proposed plan, bringing forward no scheme of their own to remedy the evil they profess to deplore, we cannot give them credit for either their sagacity or humanity.
THE past month has drawn special attention to one particular phase of "the drink" as a preparative of those who indulge in it for the direful and fatal attack of the cholera. That dread disease has been lurking round our coasts, as it were, like some beast of prey watching for an opportunity of springing on its victims, and now that it has made its spring, foremost among those attacked are the habitual drinkers of strong drink. Medical men, in their various circulars for the prevention of the spread of this plague, are reiterating their statements as to the influence of alcoholic liquors in predisposing the constitution for an attack of cholera, and some of the cases that have occurred plainly corroborate these statements.

The Weekly Record tells that Dr. Hamlin, a well-known missionary of the American Board, who had large opportunities of observation and treatment at Constantinople last year, says, "I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or intoxicating drinks, or both united. Of the remainder, suppressed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong, healthy, temperate, labouring man had a severe attack of the cholera, and after the danger had passed off I was curious to ascertain the cause: he had caught cold through sitting at an open window. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet."

There was one case which occurred in the east of London, where a man who was given to habits of drinking was attacked by the cholera and brought to the hospital, but fortunately in time, and he was "discharged cured." Will it be credited, he, immediately on leaving the hospital, became intoxicated, and was seized a second time by the disease, and with a greater virulence of attack?

So much for the direct evil influence of these drinking habits; but what about other, and scarcely less powerful predisposing causes? What about the filth of the overcrowded room? What about the stench of the ill-ventilated cellar? What about the, I had almost said carrion, on which so many of our poorer classes feed? May not almost all, if not all that is comprised here, be traced to the results, natural and sure, of habits of intoxication, and the want and misery they involve? The money of the father cannot, if spent in the public-house, be available to procure proper lodging, or proper food, or proper clothing for his family; and after all that the sanitary and social reformer, after all that the philanthropists who would build lodging-houses and provide good food can do, does not our Temperance Reformation Society go at once to the source of the evil, and by seeking to dry up the fountain-head of this bane of our country, render them the fit and sensible subjects for all the other ameliorating influences which, without sobriety—that is, in seven tenths of the cases of the working-classes, without Total Abstinence—are utterly and absolutely unavailing.

But even while intemperance, through the agency of cholera, is slaying its thousands, its other and more ordinary modes of assailing human life are by no means in abeyance, as witness the following incidents from the daily papers:

"CHILD POISONING.—Bridget Cagney, aged 25, a coarse-looking woman, residing at 11, Walmer-street, Marylebone, was charged with being drunk, and attempting to poison her child, aged 15 months.
—Police-constable Mann, 235 D, deposed that his attention was called to the prisoner, who was sitting on a chair at the corner of Stingo Lane. She had a child on one arm, and a bottle in her
hand. The tradesman belonging to the shop requested him to remove the bottle. All at once she threw herself on the pavement, but, knowing her to be a great drunkard, he took no notice of her. He took her to the station-house, where she was locked up, and the child and the bottle to the workhouse. The bottle was then found to contain poison.—Sergeant Dobie, 11 D, acting-inspector at Mollymeux Street Station-house, said when the prisoner recovered herself a little from drunkenness she asked for her child, and she was told it was too ill for her to have, and that it was in the workhouse infirmary. She then said she had bought some oxalic acid and put it in the baby’s medicine. She gave the baby some and was going to take the rest herself, as her husband was so brutal to her.—George Samuel Watson, surgeon at the workhouse, said the child seemed to be in a very bad state when brought in. He examined the bottle, and found at the bottom a quantity of oxalid acid, which fortunately had not dissolved. The child must have had a large dose of the liquid administered to it. It was still in a very dangerous state.—Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner for a week.”—Daily News, August 6th.

A HUSBAND STABBED BY HIS WIFE.—
“At the Woolwich Police-court, on Wednesday, a young woman of respectable appearance, Mary Ann Hayward, was placed at the bar on a remanded charge of attempting to murder her husband, Joseph Hayward, a hammerman employed at the steam factory department of the dockyard, and residing at 28, Chapel Street, Woolwich. It appeared that on the night of Sunday, the 22nd of July, the prisoner returned home at a late hour, and a quarrel which lasted until two o’clock on the following morning took place between her and her husband, the result being that the prisoner plunged a knife in her husband’s side near his heart, and he has since remained in a very precarious condition, Dr. Harding expressing his opinion that the knife had penetrated the lungs. Shortly after the occurrence, as the life of the sufferer was considered to be in imminent danger, Mr. Traill, the police magistrate, accompanied by the chief clerk, proceeded to his bedside to take his deposition, which was to the effect that he had had some words with his wife, but could not remember what they were. He was not tipsy, neither was he sober. He thought he hit his wife, and after that the stab happened. No one else but himself and wife were present. She was cutting bread with the knife. He was certain that he struck first.—James Such, a labourer in the dockyard, said he resided next door to the prosecutor and his wife. He saw the latter come home about twelve o’clock on the night of the 22nd July, and afterwards heard a violent quarrel take place. The row lasted a long time, and about half-past two o’clock he heard some one open the back door. He got out of bed, and heard the man, who was still inside, exclaim, ‘Polly, you have stabbed me.’ He then saw the man run out into the street by the front door, followed by the prisoner, who attempted to support him by holding him up under both arms. Witness slipped on some clothes and hastened into the street, where he found the man lying on a door-step, supported by the prisoner, who said, ‘For God’s sake, help me; I have stabbed him. What shall I do?’ Witness told the prisoner to run for a doctor, which she did, and returned with Mr. Harding. The sufferer was carried in doors, apparently dead from the great loss of blood. Other evidence corroborated this statement, and the depositions having been formally taken, the prisoner, who appeared to feel her position acutely and sobbed piteously, was fully committed for trial.”—Leeds Mercury, August 3rd.
HAROLD VAUGHAN.

A TALE.

By K. E. T.

CHAPTER XI.

"You are going to be married next month, I hear; is it true?" inquired Mr. Hammond of Harold one day, as they were engaged in the office together.

"It is, sir," replied Harold respectfully; "or, at least, I was intending to inquire from you to-day if you could spare me then."

"Certainly; and I am glad to hear it, and wish you much happiness. You deserve a good wife, and from what I hear of the lady I think she will make you one, and you know 'a good wife is from the Lord,'" rejoined his employer kindly.

A look of pleasure lighted up Harold’s face as he answered, "I am much obliged to you, sir; and she is indeed worthy of being praised."

"I am sure of it, Vaughan, though your commendation cannot be regarded as affording very positive evidence," returned Mr. Hammond, smiling; "but if people are in love, let them not be lukewarm about it; and you are too thorough, my dear fellow," he added, "and far too true-hearted to do anything in that sort of fashion; but what I was going to say to you is, that Mrs. Hammond will call upon your wife, when you get her, and that if you have no engagement on Thursday evening, I am expecting some friends, and shall be happy if you will dine with me."

"I am much obliged to you, sir, and shall be very glad," replied Harold, with a look of gratified pleasure.
The invitation had taken him by surprise, and on Annie’s account he rejoiced at it. His father’s intemperate habits had reduced his mother to such poverty that he was conscious his own position in society had been greatly lost; though he felt, also, that he had been, and was now, regaining it. Annie too, through her father’s improvidence and misfortunes, had been compelled to a path in life which it had always grieved Harold she should adopt. He had seen her cheek pale, and her figure droop, as day after day she bent over her needlework; and he rejoiced to think that now it would be for ever abandoned as a means of subsistence, so long as his life and health were spared. And to raise her, with himself, to the position in society in which they had both been born, was an object of praiseworthy ambition to Harold. It was, therefore, a great source of pleasure to know that Mrs. Hammond intended to show kindness to Annie, and that they would both be received as visitors at the house.

And to his employer’s kind heart the gratification was equal.—“He is a steady, noble-looking young fellow,” he had said to himself of Harold; “and she is a sweet girl. They deserve a helping-hand, and they shall have it as far as it is in my power to render it.”

Ah, how often in our short-sightedness we hinder, and almost shipwreck where we would aid! It is only the great heavenly Father whose wisdom guides an unerring love.

Thursday evening came, and Harold sat with the assembled guests around Mr. Hammond’s table. He was wealthy and liberal, and no expense had been spared in the provision of the most luxurious dishes, and costly wines. Harold found himself placed between intelligent and agreeable companions, and became deeply interested in the conversation that was going on.

Meanwhile, the wines had been continually handed round to the guests, and the determined negative with which Harold answered the successive waiters whose constant interruption of the conversation had been really annoying to him, attracted Mr. Hammond’s attention.

“Will you not take wine, Vaughan?” he inquired.

“No, sir, I am obliged to you.”

“Are you an abstainer, then?”

“I am, sir, and have been for some time.”

“Well, I think it is a pity,” rejoined Mr. Hammond, “a glass of wine would do you good now and then. I am sure that you should take it medicinally; there is Scripture warrant for that, you know. Come, try a glass, and if it doesn’t suit you this evening, I won’t ask you another time.”

“Thank you, sir, but I prefer not,” replied Harold, quietly, and the subject was then dropped; dropped as regards the current of outward talk, but in no other sense to Harold. The possibility of his taking it had been suggested to him, and the thought rankled within his breast. In many ways lately his strength had been overtaxed, and he was suffering from that physical depression which, more than anything else, predisposed him to yield to this peculiar temptation. So long a time had elapsed now, also, since he had known any of the severe struggles which in earlier days were so fre-
quent, that he had not anticipated any remarkable trial of his principles as likely to arise upon this occasion, and consequently he had not been fore-
armed by prayer.

Again and again were the wines handed round, and their perfumes as they passed him seemed every moment to render the intense craving which had seized him more and more irresistible.

At last a servant came round, and almost mechanically, without waiting for a reply, filled Harold’s glass. He took it up, and then replaced it. “What am I doing?” he questioned with himself. “Surely I am mad.” Again he raised it and again put it down, but this time decisively. “My self-control has forsaken me, and this is no place for me,” he thought. He rose abruptly from the table, and walked firmly up to his host’s chair.

“I am sorry, sir,” he said, “but I must ask you to excuse me this evening.”

“Have you had a message from home, Vaughan, or are you ill, my good fellow?” inquired Mr. Hammond, kindly, and in a low tone of voice, alarmed by the agitated expression of Harold’s face.

“No, thank you, sir; but I will explain all to-morrow; good night now.”

Mr. Hammond’s countenance fell, for he was very quick-tempered, notwithstanding all his good qualities. “I see how it is, Vaughan: some one has annoyed you; but, out of respect to me and my friends, I should have expected different conduct.”

“Do not judge me yet, sir,” Harold answered; “I will explain all;” and quitted the dining-room.

He passed into the evening air, and looked up at the pale, calm moon. Mr. Hammond’s residence was two or three miles out of town, and Harold paused beneath a large tree, and, leaning against its trunk, trembled at the thought of how nearly he had fallen, and how God had rescued him. That glass—oh, the ruin it might have wrought! for he remembered all the misery and sin into which many a first glass had led him. And that glorious moon—“the moon that shone in Paradise”—shed its gentle light over the wooded scene, as if it would breathe peace over everything, even over poor struggling, tempted man. It seemed to speak of heaven to Harold’s soul; and as the wakeful sufferer longs to slumber, so he longed to be the inhabitant of a sinless world, or to be himself free from sin.

In a little while he became calmer, and after uttering an earnest prayer and fervent thanksgiving, turned his steps towards the town in the direction of Annie’s home.

She was very tired, and was sitting in the little parlour, with her Bible open before her, intending to read a portion of Scripture before retiring to her own room, when a well-known step was heard beneath the window, and then a knock. Annie started, believing Harold to be at Mr. Hammond’s, and opened the door for him.

“What has brought you to-night, dear?” she inquired. “Has anything happened to mother, or are you ill?” perceiving how pale he was. She looked anxiously into his face, and though very calm, there was a deep
meaning in its expression, which she could not understand. He bent
down and kissed her, saying fervently—"All is well, Annie, thank God!"
Then placing her upon the sofa, and seating himself beside, he took her
hand gently, and gazed into her face with a wistful tenderness that
strangely awed her. She saw that something had deeply moved him, and
waited in silence until he spoke.

"We were to have been married next month, dear Annie," he said at last
in a low deep tone.

She started,—"And are to be, Harold?"

"Yes, love, are to be, if you wish it, but there is something I want to
tell you first. You once said to me, and you meant it, 'I will never marry
a man who drinks.'"

"But that does not describe you now, Harold."

"No, thank God, it does not, through His grace!" he answered; "but,
Annie, I wish to ask you, what is the distinction, in your eyes, between
such an one, and the man whose still unconquered constitutional tendencies
lead him to the very verge of the abyss of intemperance, so that he knows
not the day when he may not be overtaken by the degradation of this
sin?"

"But, Harold, I know what your life has been for more than two years
now, and that you have been nobly victorious over temptation, and every
act of resistance has strengthened you for the next, so that it has become
easy to you now to do what is right."

An expression of intense anguish came over Harold's face. He rose
hastily, and moving towards the old-fashioned mantelpiece rested his arm
upon it, leaning his head upon his hand. Presently, however, he stood
erect, and turning towards Annie, spoke again in a low, agitated voice.

"You are mistaken in me, love, and you must be undeceived, for, God
knows, I am not what you think me."

Simply and briefly he then told her the intense struggle that had taken
place in his breast that night, and how nearly the great enemy who, "as a
roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour," had made him
his victim. Annie listened, with trembling interest, to the recital, and
when he had finished, stole gently to his side, and looking up into his face,
said, "But you conquered the temptation, dearest Harold; and as it has
been in the past, so it will be in the future, by God's help."

"I trust so, Annie; but oh, to have such tendencies to combat; such a
thraldom to ceaselessly fight against, such a degraded physical constitution,
forming part of myself, and seeking ever to bring my higher nature into a
captivity that I hate. Is not this humiliation? And am I fit to be the pre-
server of my Annie's happiness, or sure to fulfil the vows which I am to
make in the presence of God and man, when I take her hand, to love,
honour, and cherish her whilst life lasts?" His voice trembled as he uttered
the concluding words; but after a moment's pause he resumed in a calmer
tone, "And now, my darling, I have told you all; and you know that the
man to whom you have given your love for so many years is not, and will
never be worthy of that pure love. In former days of selfishness, Annie, I
have asked you to marry me, to reclaim me from the power of sin; but, degraded though I feel, I thank God I am not capable now of this. Loving you, as I have always done, and more at this moment I think than I ever did before in my whole life, I will not ask you to give me your hand now, though no other shall ever receive mine. As a single man it will be better for me to live and die, and when we meet in heaven—for I trust we shall meet there—it will be a sure love I can give you then, and one that can be brought into bondage by no fleshly trammels; oh, how different from that which I cannot now offer to the dearest earthly treasure of my life without running the fearful risk of being the murderer of her peace!

He had stood rather aloof from Annie, holding her hand with a sort of respectful tenderness as he spoke, as if unworthy to touch it; and as the light fell full upon his countenance, it was with a wondering awe that Annie beheld him. Degraded—unworthy of her love—and her happiness unsafe in his keeping! No. As he stood, with his manly figure drawn up to its full height and moral dignity, blended with the tenderest affection written upon every feature of his transparent countenance, she thought of Stephen, and, in the words of Scripture, it seemed to her that "his face was as the face of an angel," so spiritual in expression, and so victoriously raised above everything ignoble did it appear. But she trembled as she thought of the import of his last words, and repeated them in a faltering tone, "The murder of my peace! never, Harold, except you forsake me!"

There was a moment's solemn pause, but it was suddenly broken by Annie, as, drawing her hand from his, she flung her arms round his neck, saying, "It cannot be; if you were to act thus, Harold, you would be sinning against God, as well as against me."

"It is in your own hands to decide the matter, my darling, now that you know all the sad truth about me," returned Harold, and his voice trembled as he spoke; "had I concealed from you what I have declared now it would have burdened my conscience sorely, and, in honour to you, I could not do it. Oh, that God may make my path of duty clear, and direct your judgment too," he added fervently, "that I may never accept your love to betray it!"

"You have no confidence in yourself, Harold," said Annie.
"After such a lesson of humiliation as I have received to-night I may well have no confidence," he replied.
"But your faith in God has not forsaken you," continued Annie.
"No, dearest, or I should be lost indeed."
"Do you not believe that you are an adopted son of God?"
"I doubted it this evening," he replied, "in the season of darkness and struggle which intervened between my leaving Mr. Hammond and coming here."
"But do you doubt it now?"
"I dare not, Annie, for I do feel I am no longer the man I was, and that if I could become free from sin I would employ any means. I understand now the feeling that would prompt to the severest self-torture, if it were
possible to believe in the efficacy of such things to stay the power of sin in our fallen hearts.

"Do you look upon yourself as 'under grace' then, Harold, or think to merit heaven by your good works?"

He looked at her with an expression of wonder, and said almost reproachfully, "How can you ask me? and at such a time as this, when, if ever an empty sinner stood before God, surely it is myself."

"Oh, Harold, forgive me! but if you are 'not under the law, but under grace,' is there not a blessed promise to you, and to such as you, that 'sin shall not have dominion' over you? Has not God already proved the truth of His word to you, and broken its yoke from off your neck, so that though it is your restless subject still, it is no more your sovereign? Distrust yourself if you like, but remember that the Bible tells us that when we are weak in ourselves, then we are strong through our Saviour's imparted grace. Oh, dearest, if you give me up because you dread to sin against me in the future, are you not losing your faith in God, and therefore sinning against Him who, having done so much for you in the past, will surely keep you unto the end? The will to serve God is yours, and the strength shall be, for all who really desire to possess it have only to stretch out the hand of faith and prayer, and take hold of Christ's strength, which is free to every poor sinner. And though you have been sorely tempted you have not given way to sin. Oh! I will answer your question now. The distinction between the character of a man who yields to temptation and that of one who is harassed by it, but still resists, is almost infinite. They are sundered as far as heaven and hell, to which the separate actions of each tend. Unless we have willingly gone into the way of temptation, it is no sin to be tempted—it is to yield; but you have the love of God in your heart, and will 'fight the good fight' of faith."

There was a moment's solemn pause as Annie's fervent appeal ceased, and with tearful pleading eyes she stood looking up into Harold's face. Then he turned away from her, with an agitated expression of countenance, and moving towards the window, rested his arm on the window frame, with his face hidden from her view; and Annie, sitting down on a low stool near the fireplace, covered her burning cheeks with her cold hands, and waited. She had said all that she could to Harold, and it was now for him to pronounce the word which was either to part them or make them so soon and for ever one. He had said that it should be as she wished; but if his conscience continued sternly to dictate, as at present it seemed to do, that a further probation should be entered upon, and his strength of principle yet more fully proved, she felt that his convictions must be obeyed; though that the lifelong separation at which he had more than hinted ever would take place she could not bring herself to believe. As the shipwrecked mariner on a desolate island sees the sail approach nearer and nearer, which he trusts is going to bear him back to his native shore, and then it passes and fades away from his view, so it seemed as if Annie's earthly hopes were destined to pass and fade when apparently about to be so fully realized. But she knew, Harold's nature, and that he was now
pondering what was right, with the determination, as far as possible, and at whatever cost, to follow that right path. She knew that none of the arguments she had used would be lost upon him, and, earnestly pleading with God to direct him in his decision, she believed that the needed assistance would be vouchsafed.

There had been a silence of ten minutes, when Harold at last moved from the window. Annie raised her eyes, and saw that he was standing beside her. She rose from her seat, and with a questioning look raised her eyes to his face; he took both her hands in his.

“And so, Annie, you are willing indeed to take ‘for better and worse, for richer and poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part,’ one who is a moral invalid in this hospital-world of ours, and has little hope of anything but a partial recovery?”

“I am, Harold,” replied Annie, earnestly.

“And you have weighed the question thoroughly, dearest, and realized all that it will involve? That, constituted as I am, and as society now is, it will be impossible for me henceforth to mix with my fellow-men in scenes of improving intercourse and kindly fellowship, such as Christian men may enjoy, because its drinking customs present a cup of poison to my lips? That our circle of friendship must consequently be limited to the few who, in love to their heavenly Master and to such as I am, are generous enough to abstain, though they need it not, or, like myself, are compelled to gird on their armour to meet their foe?”

“Oh, Harold! I should be unworthy of your love if such things could weigh with me.”

“I did not wrong you by thinking so, Annie; but I wish you to look upon this subject from every point of view. One thing I do indeed thank God for, from my inmost soul, and that is that you have confidence in my final victory over evil, through His grace.”

“I have, Harold.”

“I believe now, dearest, that God will help me to be to you what I ought. I believe that I am a son of God, and that His grace will not be withheld from me. I believe that, though the struggle will only end with my life, God will keep me from becoming the slave of sin. I believe that, finally, I shall be the ‘conqueror, through Him who has loved me.’ And I thank God that, through your words, which have been words in season to my soul, I can believe all this, who, an hour ago, only too sadly doubted all. And now, Annie, we belong to each other for ever,” he added, as he drew her gently towards him and imprinted a fervent kiss on her brow, “for, wholly unworthy though I am of your love, I feel persuaded that God has given you to me now.”

“God has given me to him,” Annie whispered again and again to herself that night, as she sleeplessly lay on her pillow; and oh, how she thanked her heavenly Father from the depths of her grateful heart that she had been enabled patiently to wait for His guidance, and for the accomplishment of His will.

(To be continued.)
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have before us a very able sermon preached in Weston Chapel, South Shields, by the Rev. R. E. Hooppell, on "The Crimes and Tendencies to Crime of the Present Day." (A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate.) This Sermon is earnest and thoughtful. The preacher traces crime to that prolific source of mischief, the drink, and says, "By drunkenness I mean rather that which is called hard-drinking. Men do not now, so frequently as they used some years ago, drink themselves utterly insensible; they drink till they are primed for any wickedness, but not till they are without the physical power of committing it." This is very true, and accounts perhaps for some apparent improvement in drinking habits, while there is an increase of crime resulting from them.

As to the remedy, Mr. Hooppell (after glancing at all the evils of the system) asks—

"And this being so, what is our duty with regard to those about us? Is it to sit still and do nothing? Is it to allow all these seducing and ensnaring agencies to exist on every hand, unrebuked and unopposed? To let them exist because we think they do not hurt us? To let them exist and destroy multitudes, especially of the young, and then to treat with scorn and contumely those who fall, and when they go from vice to robbery, or violence or murder, hurry them to the prison or the scaffold? No, my brethren." . . . . .

"My brethren, I have said already that this one thing is at the bottom of nearly all the crime—the awful crime—of this country. It is likewise at the bottom of all the misery, the depth of trouble and degradation, to which tens of thousands amongst us are reduced. How much domestic unhappiness and private grief and sorrow, too, are caused by it, where better circumstances or anxious friends prevent the poor slave of perverted appetite from sinking to the abyss of wretchedness that is so often reached! Look around you, my brothers and sisters! Look around you at the world! Look around you upon the inhabitants of your own town! Look at your own acquaintances, your own friends! And see the ravages this cursed thing has made,—is making! Is not your heart stirred to combat it? Will you not hold out a helping hand to the perishing? Will you not do something to stem the torrent of destruction? There is only one effectual thing you can do. It is to make a sacrifice, which you will not call a sacrifice years hence, if you are prevailed upon to make it now. It is the only effectual help that can be given,—and, thank God! it is effectual."

"Ernest Graham: a Doctor's Story" (W. Tweedie, Strand), ought to have a wide circulation among the class for whom it is specially suitable—our medical students. The value of Total Abstinence is well but incidentally brought out. It is not strictly a Temperance story, but the important help to be derived in circumstances of peculiar temptation, from abstinence as a means, is well illustrated. The tale is throughout full of interest.
CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views expressed by our Correspondents.]

H.M.S. SEMIRAMIS, THE HARBOUR,
BOMBAY, EAST INDIA,
Saturday, 23rd June, 1866.

To the Editor of the "Church of England Temperance Magazine."

SIR,—The last mails hither from England brought papers with reports of the earlier of the May meetings, and among them that of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society, which I read with much interest, especially the abstract of the Report, and the speeches of Mr. Ellison and Canon Jenkins. I was long impressed with the importance of making special efforts to remedy the evils of intemperance in my work in large and populous parishes at home. But such efforts are, if possible, much more needed here, where not a few Europeans seem to throw off that little restraint which their more circumspect friends, or the proprieties of society, imposed on them, and thus become a scandal among heathens. The temptation here, too, is probably much stronger, from the heat of the climate, and a wide-spread but mistaken notion that alcoholic stimulants are necessary to counteract its exhausting effects, and hence, in the words of an American traveller,* "An extravagant style of living, with the large use of wine and spirits, is (among Europeans) universal." Indeed there are few things which strike one more forcibly here than the extraordinary consumption of bottled alcoholic drinks. Everywhere there are bottles full or empty. Numbers of the latter may any day be seen floating about the harbour (a pretty large one, containing about seventy square miles). And before the old Fort Ditch was lately filled up, near the European General Hospital and the barracks, I have counted between two and three dozen empty glass wine bottles all floating in sight at the same time. One of the wealthiest of our native merchant families here has long borne the name of the Bottle-wallah (i.e. Bottle-merchant), as he is said to have gained his first wealth by gathering and selling old bottles. But now so many have been imported that nobody will buy them, and if the English were to quit India finally to-morrow, they might not inaptly be styled by the natives the race of Bottle-wallahs, in a far less creditable sense than the worthy and industrious native above referred to. The consequences of this excessive use, or abuse, of intoxicating drinks are sometimes very sad. No less than four European deaths occurred in about three months from stabbing and fighting each other in drink, or falling from the windows when drunk, in native grog shops. And of nine men who were drowned by the upsetting of a boat on Palm Sunday, when returning from an excursion to the Elephanta caves, one of their companions acknowledged that "they had visited a grog shop, and he was afraid they were a little fresh."

A short time ago a sea captain was prosecuted for getting drunk and attempting to run his ship ashore between Singapore and Bombay; and on Thursday morning last, June 21st, the ship Stafford, of 1100 tons, laden with coals from Liverpool to Bombay, owing, perhaps, to the outer lightship having drifted, went on shore on the South Prongs, at the entrance of the harbour, about 1 a.m. The crew considering

themselves in danger, abandoned the ship and reached the shore in safety, where they were all provided for in the spacious Sailors' Home at the top of the Esplanade. Yet, notwithstanding their recent deliverance, and the fact that their captain and one seaman had been lost on the voyage, or, perhaps, in consequence of these things, some of them soon gave proof of the zealous homage they paid to Bacchus, by getting helplessly drunk in the vicinity of the Home before the middle of the day. While, in another disaster which occurred on the same day, the stranding at Breach Candy of the Diamond Pilgrim ship, with three Europeans and four or five hundred Mahomedan pilgrims on board, bound from Juddah to Calcutta, when the boats were fetching off the pilgrims from the wreck, one of the captains engaged told me he "was unable to obtain a single glass of water on shore, though he was offered as much brandy as he could drink." And while the poor creatures were being brought on shore through the breakers, amidst the cheers of the multitude, a scene sufficiently exciting in itself, many of the lookers-on were excited still more by constantly sipping some form of alcoholic stimulant. And sailors, who have "a day's liberty on shore," are not unfrequently brought before the magistrates next day and fined or "landed in jail," as they express it; if indeed they are not carried to the Hospital or the Morgue. Here is a very mild case (the name too well known to scandalise its bearer, at least singly) of a so-called Christian (?) brought before a so-called heathen magistrate for trial:—"John Smith, a seaman, was yesterday convicted, before Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee, at the Mazagon Police Court, of being drunk and wilfully trespassing in the house of Mr. W. Rodgers, a clerk in the office of the P. and O. Company; and was fined five rupees," i.e., 10s.—Bombay Gazette, Friday, June 22nd, 1866.

Sometimes a batch of men are tried instead of one, and such cases are frequent, not a few being now in jail for similar offences committed chiefly under the influence of drink, though it must be remembered the number of British seamen is large. To-day's shipping list shows 150 ships, in harbour, of which not more than ten have native crews, and of these the captain and officers are mostly European; and the others with an average of 27 or 28 men to each ship, gives not less than 3200 men in harbour.

I shall be glad to do what I can to induce some of them to sign the temperance pledge; if you have any blank pledge-books, send me two at least, one for myself and one for the Bombay Sailors' Home—to the "Rev. W. B. Keer, Harbour Chaplain, Bombay, care of Mr. Robert Gladding, bookseller, 76, Whitechapel Road, E.," from whom I expect a parcel shortly. If you have any good temperance tracts or old numbers of the Magazine, I shall be happy to receive them, and they will, I doubt not, be very useful and acceptable here, as we hope to open a Sailors' Reading-room on H.M.S. Ajdaha after the monsoon is over.

I was told by several persons who use alcoholic stimulants that I should "soon have to use them out here. It is impossible to do without them," &c.; but I have passed one warm season without feeling the slightest need of them, and I spoke to one Missionary the other day, who has lived twelve years in India, and "does best without them." With best wishes,

I remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

WM. BROWN KEEF,
Harbour Chaplain, S. P. G., Bombay.
ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

(From the "Army Scripture Readers’ Society’s Special Paper.")

Colour-Sergeant R.—told me that he was one time a manager of a theatre here, that it was he who first established it in the battalion; that when he was in the West Indies he was almost daily drunk, and that he used to fight frequently, and tear his shirt in pieces; that in fact he was guilty of almost every crime. But now, thank God, he is quite a different man; instead of buying plays and such-like works, he is getting, in monthly parts, Dr. Jamieson’s edition of the Old Testament, and Rev. E. H. Bickersteth’s New Testament, published by J. S. Virtue, London. Instead of living almost on strong drink, he is many months a total abstainer, and is using his efforts in persuading others to act as he himself has done. Instead of never frequenting a place of worship except when marched there, he now delights, as the Psalmist did of old, to dwell in the house of the Lord, and to approach it as often as possible. During the week-days he attends all the means of grace he can, and is a very regular attendant at the Garrison Chaplain’s Weekly Bible Class, and tries to bring others to it too. When leaving my station he wrote me the following letter:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot leave without expressing my feelings of gratitude towards you, who have done so much good by your helping to point out to me the way of Jesus, by your visits to the barrack-rooms, and also by your kindness to the soldiers and their families outside. I am sure you are doing your Master’s work willingly, and that you will get your reward when He shall come in His glory. I must now tell you of the benefits I myself have gained by attending the Bible Class. I was a hardened sinner—my leading vices were drink, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking. My reasons for going to the Bible Class were as follows:—

"I was always fond of my glass, as the drunkard calls it; and being a married man and having a family, I saw that it would not do to spend that money in drink which ought to be spent on my wife and children; so, knowing that the meeting of the Total Abstinence Society was held a little before the Bible Class on the same evening, I went and became a total abstainer. But I found I had not strength of myself to keep the pledge, and my sins were confronting me, and I felt peculiarly uneasy. So I offered a short prayer, and resolved, with God’s help, to attend the Bible Class; I did so, and that was the first happy hour I spent, as cloud after cloud was dispelled by the rays of light from the Sun of Righteousness.

"I now found I had some spare time on my hands; before, I never had a moment, my time was taken up in the mess-room. When off duty, and my business done, I attended other means of grace where Christian men assembled, by which I became happier and stronger in the Lord. I am six years married, but I never knew what comfort was till within the last nine months. Now when I come in my wife smiles, my little ones run and welcome me; before, they one and all shunned me till they found out what temper I was in.

"I am sure I am better liked by the men of my company, for I am not now so likely to get into a bad temper and swear at them as I used formerly. I can now talk, and can be understood, as well, ay, and better, than when I had to utter those oaths so often heard in our barracks. I now calmly reason cases with them, and do everything for their comfort; and hence they say themselves they have gained by my change—for colour-sergeant is as a father at the head of his company, especially among recruits, who look to him for advice and example. So I have found it."
The Great Importance of an Accurate Knowledge of the True Meaning of God’s Holy Word.

The Rev. F. W. Farrar, in his interesting work on the “Origin of Language,” makes the saddening, but, alas! too true remark, “There is hardly a single nascent science against which theological dogmatism has not injuriously paraded its menacing array of misinterpreted or inapplicable texts.” What is true of science in general is also true of what may in some respects be called a science, namely, the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating, that is, poisoning drinks as beverages. Against no science have so many misinterpreted and inapplicable passages in God’s Word been “injuriously paraded” as against teetotalism! The Rev. Dr. Pusey, in a paper read before the Clerical Congress at Norwich, “On the Spirit in which the Researches of Learning and Science should be applied to the Study of the Bible,” made the admirable and valuable remark—“In the case of Copernicus theologians stood corrected for insisting on wrong statements; but the right interpretation of God’s Word would never be found in contradiction with the right interpretation of the facts of physical science, if we were led to a more careful examination of God’s Word.” The greatest injury to mankind may result from misunderstanding the true meaning of some little verse or word in the Bible, as the Jewish Rabbi Ishmael meant to state when he said to a scribe writing out a copy of the Law, “My son, take great care how thou dost thy work, for thy work is the work of heaven, lest thou drop or add a letter, and thereby wilt be a destroyer of the whole world.” In an interesting article in Dr. Smith’s “Dictionary of the Bible” on the term “Son of God,” the Rev. Canon Wordsworth, speaking of the Jews crucifying the Son of God in consequence of their ignorance of their own Bible read by them every day, and read to them in their synagogues every Sabbath day, says, in language applicable to the great majority of professing Christians in England at the present time, “Hence it is evident that the predictions of Holy Scripture may be accomplished before the eyes of men, while they are unconscious of that fulfilment; and that the prophecies may be even accomplished by persons who have the prophecies in their hands, and do not know that they are fulfilling them. Hence also it is clear that men may be guilty of enormous sins when they are acting according to their consciences and with a view to God’s glory, and while they hold the Bible in their hands and hear its voice sounding in their ears (Acts xiii. 27); and that it is therefore of unspeakable importance, not only to hear the words of the Scriptures, but to mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, with humility, docility, earnestness, and prayer, IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND THEIR TRUE MEANING.”

The readers of the “Church Temperance Magazine” will be astonished when I tell them that the Rev. Canon Wordsworth himself has sadly misunderstood the meaning of a very beautiful passage in God’s Word. He is, or used to be, very much opposed to total abstinence from intoxicating drinks as beverages, and expresses his hostility to it in his note on Romans xiv. 21. He says, “Not wine only, but every creature of God is often abused by men. Religion itself is abused; it has its excess in superstition; fasting is sometimes abused to excess; prayer is abused; THE HOLY
Scripture is abused by those who quote it amiss; it was abused by Satan into a weapon against Christ. The principle of the vow generally adopted would rob us of God’s best gifts, which Satan tempts men to abuse, and tempts them to abuse more eagerly in proportion to their goodness. Christianity does not say, ‘Make a vow to abstain from any of God’s good gifts; but it says, ‘Be temperate in all things.’’” Canon Wordsworth appears to be alluding to 1 Corinthians ix. 25, “Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.” It is strange that he did not see that this verse contains one of the strongest arguments for the adoption of the very principle with respect to the disuse of wine against which he was so earnestly contending. He evidently forgot that the candidates for the prizes in the games were not allowed to drink wine during the period of their training, as Horace says—

“Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tuiti fictique puer, sudavit et alsit:
Abstinuit venere et vino.

The words “be temperate in all things” are not used by St. Paul. He only states a fact which every one knew respecting the competitors in the Grecian games, “He is temperate in all things,” πᾶς δὲ ἂγωνζόμενος πάντα ἐγκατεύθυνα. The Apostle’s inference may be thus stated:—“If these poor heathens abstained from wine in order to win a paltry wreath of withered parsley, how much more ought Christians, and especially Christian ministers, to abstain from it in order to remove one of the greatest obstacles to the success of the preaching of Christ’s gospel, and thus help to save their own souls and the souls of others, and win an immortal crown. Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now, they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.’’

Dean Alford has an interesting note on the verse—“ἀγωνίζομαι is more general than ἔργοιν,—‘Every one, who engages, not only in the race, but in any athletic contest,’ and thus strengthening the inference. The article ὁ ἂγωνζόμενος brings out the man as an enlisted and professed ἂγωνζόμενος [contender or athlete], and regards him in that capacity. Had it been without the article the sense would have been, ‘Now every one, while contending,’ &c., making the discipline to be merely accidental to his contending—which would not suit the spiritual antitype, where we are enlisted for life.”

Manchester.

William Caine, M.A.

An Inquiry.

May I venture through the medium of your Notes and Queries to ask some of those who are not abstainers, but who are in the habit of reading the magazine, what meaning they are accustomed to attach to Prov. xxiii. 31: “Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.” I am aware of the answer that would be given by the greater number of abstainers who have studied closely and critically the Biblical aspects of the question; but I am anxious, in the spirit of honest inquiry, to ascertain the views of non-abstainers on the subject. I would simply say in conclusion that it is obvious that the passage has no reference to excess. A something seems to be prohibited. The true question is: What was in the mind of the royal author when he penned the passage? What is the lesson intended by the Spirit of God to be therein conveyed to us?

Newhaven.

T. Fuller.
MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

I am glad to say that our grand juries are beginning to stir in the matter of the beerhouses, and the present mode of licensing them. At the Manchester assizes the grand jury made a presentation to the effect that they were desirous of directing the judge’s attention to the great amount of crime which appeared to originate in beer-houses, and was committed by persons who frequented those places. They could not but think that it was in a great degree attributable to the circumstance that beer-house licenses were granted indiscriminately to persons who were unfit to conduct such houses with that order and regularity which was contemplated by the legislature. His lordship said this was a very important expression of opinion, and one in which he entirely agreed. He would take care to forward it to the proper quarter; and he could not but express the hope that some measures might be taken to remedy the evil complained of.

This ought to encourage the Provisional Committee on the beershop question to press on in their work, and to call the attention of Parliament in the next session to the matter.

Carrying out the arrangements made at a preliminary meeting held on the beerhouse question, the Rev. H. J. Ellison and the Rev. R. Maguire waited on the Earl of Shaftesbury for the purpose of laying before his lordship the scheme of operation proposed by the Committee. Lord Shaftesbury received the deputation with his usual cordiality, and entered thoroughly into the question. In answer to the request of the Committee, that he would permit them to nominate him president of the movement, his lordship promised his best possible help, and only requested to have the whole scheme drawn up in a prospectus, so as to be able to see what precise efforts were contemplated by the Committee.

The extent of the beershop system may be estimated from the fact stated by Mr. Charles Hanbury a few days ago, at the annual entertainment given by the firm of “Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.” to their workmen, that during the past year they had brewed 576,000 barrels of beer, as against 536,000 of the preceding year. Mr. Hanbury’s assertion that their beer was considered as “a good preventive of cholera,” was received, as the report of the meeting says, with “laughter and cheers.” We regard this as neither a “laughing” nor a “cheering” matter.

But how are we to interpret the remarks of Mr. R. Culling Hanbury, M.P., who presided on the occasion? He said “he could assure the men that it gave the members of the firm very great pleasure to meet them upon these occasions to congratulate each other upon the abundant occasion they had to thank God for the great prosperity which had resulted from their exertions. The firm would always take an interest, not merely in the temporal prosperity, but also in the moral and religious well-being, of all who were connected with the brewery.”

We fear there is to be found in beer-making, beer-selling, and beer-drinking very little reason for “thanking God.” We would like to know whether the “conscience” of a good man can go with words commendatory of an element that is the acknowledged source of untold misery and sin.

This being the holiday season, I have not much to record of special meetings. Your Travelling Secretary has visited Boxmoor, where the incumbent is about forming a parochial association. He has also attended the weekly meeting at St. Margaret’s, Westminster.
"And the light shall shine upon thy ways."

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Like the Life-boat, so is the Lighthouse a benevolent and beneficent provision for many a crew and craft and cargo doing business in great waters. The one is protective, the other preventive in its character and intention. The Life-boat is for rescuing those that are in danger, and
delivering those that are in deadly peril; the Lighthouse is for timely admonition and warning to those who pass by that way. Lifting its tall whitened shaft out of the waters in the daytime, and giving forth its shining light by night, it stands as the Providence of the waters—as a pillar of cloud by day, and as a pillar of fire by night, with the ever watchful Eye looking forth upon the deep, known and read and seen of all men. Not only does it afford protection and warning to some, but, like every good example, like every “burning and shining light,” it suggests and teaches lessons to all who would be “doing good.”

From the days of the ancient Pharos tower of Alexandria and the great Colossus at Rhodes, down to the present day, the system of beacons and lighthouses has occupied the attention of all who have taken an interest in the safety of life and property, while exposed to the perils of the sea. The whole system has been from the first a history of wants felt and necessities experienced; finding out points of danger, and trying to remedy them; making experiments, meeting with disappointments, and encountering desperate failures; and yet, for all this, still pursuing and prosecuting the great idea of protecting property, saving lives, and lessening the dangers of the seas. The physical and moral endurance of men in this direction ought to put to shame many of the faint-hearted folk who, in the nobler and grander enterprises of religious and social effort, quail at the first disappointment, yield to the first assault of circumstances, and “look back” from the plough. These and such as these are sure to create their own defeat, and to bring their half-hearted work to final and complete disaster. But such was not the spirit of the men who wrought at these great scientific enterprises; they knew that their principle was a true one, and that their object was a humane one, and therefore they lacked neither faith nor conscience in their work; and every failure was but a stage toward ultimate success, and every defeat a step, a stairway, a “broken stairway” it may be, but still a step, which only needed to be strengthened and made good in order to conduct them at last to the end and object of their labours.

Take, for example, as an illustration of this, the history of the Eddystone Lighthouse, so called from the rock that receives the rush of the furious “eddy-tides” from all directions, which meet and wrestle here, in the terrible and unrelenting warfare of opposing storms and tides and tempests. Here is a point provoking danger, a cause of peril, a very battle-field of the restless waves, the hungry grave of many who have made shipwreck there; and this within sight and easy reach of land. Thus oft have men died within view of their fellow-men, engulfed within those very waters that dance playfully in the sunlight, as they gently rise and fall within the safe enclosure of the
THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Plymouth breakwater. Oh, what a difference between the fierce battle-wrath outside, and the calm repose and peace within the barrier of safety! In course of time, men bethought them of the danger, and sought how they could devise a way by which to mitigate and altogether to prevent these immolations of living souls on this stone altar of the god of the angry waters. Twice was the work attempted, and completed with success, and twice did the massive giant yield to superior force—of fire, and storm, and water. A third time was the foundation laid in the deep, and the Lighthouse has ever since braved all resistance, and now lifts its friendly beacon, night after night, shedding its declining ray of fond farewell to those that are departing from our shores, its welcome recognition to the homeward-bound, and its warning admonition to the heedless and unwary. But who can tell of all the failures, disappointments, losses, inconveniences involved, and all the time, and toil, and thought, and study invested, in that vigilant eye, that beacon-light of the coast of England?

And, see again, how it comes to pass that a once cause of danger is changed into a means of safety. That very rock that once caused so many disasters of the deep is the very foundation on which is erected the means of safety. Thus the existing evil is turned to active good; and what once attracted men to their ruin becomes a bright example, a radiant light, the index hand of guidance and safety. Instead of seeing men drawn to their death upon these rocks, the rock becomes its own advertisement, utters its own warning, sheds its own welcome light, and lends a helping hand to all that pass by that way.

And is it not so in our goodly cause of Temperance Reformation? The deep places of the Drink are dangerous indeed; winds and storms and eddying tides are as nothing to the desolations of the destructive tide of Drink. Storms are sudden and capricious in their seasons, but this storm is ever blowing, it never sleeps. Tempests rise and swell, and cease again; but this tempest never ceases. It rolls in its low, deep, hollow murmur—with rampant and boisterous billows overhead; and, when these appear not, with ground-swells and under-currents, below the surface, but equally dangerous to those that tempt the voyage. Then, out of these very deeps we would erect the Lighthouse, the beacon to warn men off the danger, and to guide them to the safe path in the waters, to the harbour of safety and the haven of refuge.

“*To give light and to save life!*”—this is the motto of one of the lighthouses of our coast; it might be a not unsuitable motto for each and all of them. Theirs is a double duty, a twofold privilege—light-giving, and life-saving! And there is not one of us but in our own proportion may be as one of them—giving light in the midst of darkness, and saving life in the midst of danger. There are many of our
human brothers tempting an unknown sea, venturing forth upon stormy billows; they know not whither they are going; they have lost their way, and there are rocks ahead, toward which they are fast drifting, and they will assuredly make shipwreck there if they are not warned in time. Who will be the Lighthouse to these venturesome voyagers—the Lighthouse, with its steady, pale, and placid light shining forth upon the troubled waters? It is a noble duty, this; a worthy and becoming work for man to do; an honourable and honoured post for the Christian to occupy—"To give light and to save life!"

THE EDDYSTONE AT NIGHT.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in his pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew hard, and the azure blue sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmurs rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves’ playful motion;
From the Eddystone Rock the Lighthouse lamps blaz’d,
Like stars in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy’s breast
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
The seabird had flown to his wave-girted nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I look’d from the hills’ gentle slope,
All hush’d was the billows’ commotion;
I thought that the Lighthouse look’d lovely as Hope,
That star of life’s tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Mem’ry will sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life’s closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart’s last emotion;
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity’s ocean!
SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THE FREE LICENSING SYSTEM IN LIVERPOOL DURING FOUR YEARS PAST.

[A Paper read before the British Association, at Nottingham, 1866.]

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CAINE, M.A., MANCHESTER.

Five years ago the magistrates of Liverpool adopted the plan of granting public-house licences to all supposed respectable persons who applied for them, without regard to the requirements of the neighbourhood in which the houses were situated, or the wishes of the inhabitants. In Manchester and other towns the wishes of the inhabitants of districts are in some measure attended to. It may be interesting to the members of the British Association who are anxious to lessen drunkenness—England's vice—(and all the members must be included in this number) to know the effect of the new plan adopted by the Liverpool magistrates. I am able, from official returns, to lay before this section the number of drunken cases in the borough of Liverpool determined summarily by the justices during the last eleven years; that is, during seven years while the magistrates restricted the grant of licenses in the way in which they are limited in other towns, and during four years under the new method:—

TABULAR STATEMENT OF PUBLIC AND BEER-HOUSES, ETC., IN THE BOROUGH OF LIVERPOOL, FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES, FROM 1855 TILL 1865.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Public-houses</th>
<th>Beer-houses</th>
<th>Drunken Cases determined summarily by the Justices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1855</td>
<td>1,447</td>
<td>966</td>
<td>12,819</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1856</td>
<td>1,446</td>
<td>967</td>
<td>12,480</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1857</td>
<td>1,454</td>
<td>973</td>
<td>11,439</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1858</td>
<td>1,482</td>
<td>977</td>
<td>9,829</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1859</td>
<td>1,498</td>
<td>996</td>
<td>11,037</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>1,498</td>
<td>988</td>
<td>10,963</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td>1,528</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>9,832</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE SO-CALLED FREE TRADE SYSTEM.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Public-houses</th>
<th>Beer-houses</th>
<th>Drunken Cases determined summarily by the Justices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1862</td>
<td>1,544</td>
<td>1,024</td>
<td>12,076</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td>1,636</td>
<td>927</td>
<td>13,914</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>1,667</td>
<td>1,007</td>
<td>14,002</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>1,793</td>
<td>952</td>
<td>13,922*</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In order that you may have more vividly before your minds the fearful extent of the drunkenness of Liverpool, let me compare the number of drunken cases given above with the number of similar cases in other towns, and, first, in the leading commercial and manufacturing towns:—

* Sir George Grey's Public-house Closing Act came into operation on Dec. 1, 1864, and was consequently in force ten months of the year ending September 29, 1865 and has continued in force since.
LIVERPOOL COMPARED WITH THE LEADING COMMERCIAL AND MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

Birmingham had in 1864 one drunken case determined summarily by the justices in every 232 of the population; Sheffield, 1 in 195; Halifax, 1 in 175; Rochdale, 1 in 124; Leeds, 1 in 121; Manchester and Salford, 1 in 116; York, 1 in 116; Huddersfield, 1 in 75; Liverpool, 1 in 33.

But it may be said, and said truly, that Liverpool ought to be compared with seaport towns. Let us so compare them:—

LIVERPOOL COMPARED WITH THE TOWNS CLASSIFIED IN THE "BLUE-BOOKS" AS COMMERCIAL PORTS.

Swansea, 1 in 251; Bristol, 1 in 245; Southampton 1 in 194; Yarmouth, 1 in 188; Hull 1 in 105; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1 in 95; Sunderland, 1 in 95; Tynemouth, 1 in 60; South Shields, 1 in 45; Liverpool, 1 in 33.

It is often said that beerhouses are more productive of crime and vice than public-houses. In Manchester we have nearly twice as many beerhouses as there are in Liverpool, and Liverpool has more than three times as many public-houses as there are in Manchester. Let us compare the two towns with respect to the drunkenness and vice in them:—

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER COMPARED IN 1864.

(The judicial statistics for 1865 not yet received.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Population</th>
<th>Public houses</th>
<th>Beer houses</th>
<th>Drunken Inquests</th>
<th>cases</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>443,938</td>
<td>1,667</td>
<td>1,007</td>
<td>960</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>357,979</td>
<td>483</td>
<td>1,884</td>
<td>616</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Police.</th>
<th>Daily average number in Gaol</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Number of men.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>1,030</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>669</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In Manchester we have an enormous amount of pauperism and preventible poverty. Let us see how Liverpool stands in this in comparison with Manchester:—

LIVERPOOL IN RESPECT TO PAUPERISM.

By a Parliamentary paper just issued, it appears there were indoor and outdoor paupers relieved 1st June, 1866,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Manchester parish</td>
<td>185,410</td>
<td>8,394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool parish</td>
<td>269,742</td>
<td>18,435</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The crime of Liverpool appears to be increasing every year at a rate out of all proportion with the rate of increase of the population. A few days ago, Baron Martin, in charging the grand jury at Liverpool, said, that "never since he had been on the bench had he seen a more deplorable
calendar than that of the present assizes, particularly with reference to the serious nature of the crimes. Sixteen of the cases were of homicide, and in his opinion several of the cases put down as manslaughter ought really to have been styled murder.” “They were the worst list of cases of homicide that he had ever seen—he did not think he had ever seen anything so bad during the course of a long experience on the bench.” On the same day, before sentencing a person charged with manslaughter, his lordship stated that “this case arose out of drunkenness, which seemed to be the cause of nine tenths of all the crime that was committed.”

The subjoined table shows the number of inquests held in Liverpool and Manchester respectively, from 1856 to 1865:

**THE OLD LICENSING SYSTEM.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1856</th>
<th>1857</th>
<th>1858</th>
<th>1859</th>
<th>1860</th>
<th>1861</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>656</td>
<td>605</td>
<td>609</td>
<td>690</td>
<td>664</td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>496</td>
<td>502</td>
<td>467</td>
<td>507</td>
<td>603</td>
<td>578</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THE SO-CALLED FREE-TRADE SYSTEM.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1862</th>
<th>1863</th>
<th>1864</th>
<th>1865</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>702</td>
<td>870</td>
<td>960</td>
<td>938</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>535</td>
<td>603</td>
<td>616</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The population of the districts included in 1861 was—Liverpool, 443,938; Manchester, 357,979.

**DEATH-RATE IN THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL’S DISTRICTS FOR THE YEARS 1861 AND 1863.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Population in 1861</th>
<th>Population in 1863</th>
<th>Increase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>269,742</td>
<td>8716</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>243,988</td>
<td>7425</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Registrar-General’s report for England, ending March 31st, makes the following remarks respecting Liverpool:—“If the map of England were shaded to represent the rates of mortality of last quarter in the registration districts, the eye travelling from the lighter south to the darker north would be instantly drawn to a spot of portentous darkness on the Mersey; and the question would be asked whether cholera, the black death, or other plague, imported with bales of merchandise, had been lately introduced into its busy and populous seaport. Happily this has not been the case; but fever, probably developed or aided by the mild and damp atmosphere of the season, and by overcrowding in an increasing population, has been busy and fatal in Liverpool, and in other towns of the same county, and of Yorkshire. The annual mortality of the borough of Liverpool in the three months was excessive, and demands immediate and earnest consideration; it rose to 4:593 per cent. This implies that if this death-rate were maintained for a year, forty-six persons out of a thousand in the population would die in that time, or fifteen more than died in Glasgow, its northern rival, and nineteen more than in London.”

At the Salford Hundred Quarter Sessions, held a few weeks since, Mr.
Edmund Ashworth, one of the visiting justices, made a remark which ought not to be omitted in this paper. He said—"In the borough of Liverpool they had nearly 10,000 prisoners a year, and the re-committals were 58 per cent., while the number of prisoners to the population of the borough of Liverpool was 1 to 454—the extreme of criminality of any population in the north of England; but the sentences there only averaged 35½ days. Some of the Liverpool magistrates had an opinion in favour of giving a licence to sell liquor to almost every house for which an application was made; and looking at that state of things, and the figures already given, it appeared that Liverpool was the most drunken, and had the highest range of criminality of any town, perhaps, in England. Hence it became the duty of the authorities to consider a little the position they occupied." At this time, when cholera has invaded our shores, I cannot conclude without some reference to the alarming mortality in Liverpool—so alarming that the medical papers speak of Liverpool as "a national danger." A Liverpool paper, of the 9th instant, thus speaks of the mortality there: "Thousands of pounds have been expended in attempting to remove the causes of disease and death, and to introduce better sanitary regulations; yet fever and other contagious diseases not only exist, but prevail to an alarming extent, increasing the bills of mortality so fearfully above the average of the United Kingdom, that six thousand lives were sacrificed during the past year, which, in the opinion of Dr. Trench, would have been saved if Liverpool had been as healthy as other towns. This statement is so appalling that it may well occasion apprehension, and attract the attention of comparative strangers to this town as a "national danger."

FACTS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.—No. IV.

"Who was that noble-looking old man you were just speaking to?" inquired a moderate drinker (who would not acknowledge that "any good thing" could come from Total Abstinence), of a Teetotaller, who, having himself a strong belief in its good effects, was constantly endeavouring to win others to his own opinion. "Ah, he is a living witness to the truth and justice of our side of the drink question," was the Teetotaller's reply. "Some years ago, that man whom you now admire was in a state of absolute beggary. He had been in good situations, earning five pounds every week for years; but a love for drink hindered him from bestowing proper attention upon his duties. Time after time he was dismissed, and then upon promises of better conduct was forgiven and received back again, until at last drink so completely overpowered him that, unable to work for his living, he went about begging peace, which as soon as he received were expended at the public-house. In this state he, by chance as it appeared, but by Providence as it afterwards proved, attended a Temperance meeting, where he was induced to sign the pledge, which he has ever since kept most steadfastly, and is now in a better situation than before, enjoys excellent health, and is a credit to all connected with him. Now, will not this case (only one in a hundred as convincing, I assure you) break down your favourite theory that 'Teetotalism never did any one any good?'"
THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH HYMN.

From the German of Ludovic Uhland.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

Hark! it is the Sabbath day;
Distant echoes faintly swell,
Rising like a plaintive lay
From the Sabbath morning bell;
Then declining, till they cease,
All is hush’d in Sabbath peace.

In devotion here I kneel,
Finding here my place of prayer;
Angels all around I feel,
O sweet dawn and balmy air!
By myself, yet not alone,
Worship I before Thy throne.

While upon the earth I rest,
Heaven, tho’ far, is yet brought nigh;
In communion with the blest,
Blending earth with yonder sky.
Through the vail a way is riven,
Vistas opening into heaven!
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.
NO. VIII.—THE "PEGASUS" TAVERN.

(The writer of these sketches, in justice to himself, begs to offer a remark on the apparent unseemliness of visiting on the Sunday, or any other day, such places as he has already described, or may hereafter lay before his readers of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE. It has appeared to him his duty to drag into the light, for the information of the orderly and virtuous, the character of these haunts of the foolish and vicious, in the hope that the knowledge may aid in their ultimate suppression. This can only be done in the mode adopted. Repulsive as the task may be to a Total Abstainer, and one who has been for thirty years a worker in many social and religious labours, it appears to him to be a duty to his fellow-men, to call public attention to this growing evil. It is all very well for our good Christian people to be safely housed in the folds of "the shepherds and pastors of the flock" on the evening of the Lord's Day, but what about the stray sheep? Some effort must be made, however desperate, to search out and bring to light the temptations that beset them, and, it may be, to rid our city and suburbs of so many snares to both young and old.)

Some months ago there appeared in one of the daily papers an article from the pen of Mr. James Greenwood, headed "A Rural Road to Ruin." It was indeed a dark picture that was there drawn; but the writer, while he described the locality of it with topographical accuracy, disguised the name under that of "The Grotto." We can easily suppose satisfactory reasons for his reticence; but reasons which might properly operate with him have no influence with us, and we inform such of our readers as have seen the article referred to, that "The Grotto," and the Pegasus Tavern and Tea Gardens, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, are identical.

Poor Pegasus! The poet Longfellow draws a melancholy sketch of thee, astray in a country village, imprisoned in the pound, and poking thy nose through the bars, whiningly for a stable and supper. But under the poet's semi-humorous sketch there lies a deeper meaning, not hard to discover. Leaving the hidden meaning, however, and taking the little poem in its literality, we beg to state our opinion that Pegasus in a pound, with drooping head, and tangled mane, and straw-knotted tail, and draggled wings, is only one degree below his native heaven compared with the position he occupies as the sign of the house and pleasure ground in the Green Lanes.

We have nothing to say about the use of the "Pig-assus," as its frequenters call it, on other days. We offer no comments on the athletes who occasionally exhibit there to throw bars of iron, or pick up pebbles with their lips. We censure neither the quoits nor the skittles. Our sole business with the place is what we saw and what we heard in the grounds—the tavern we did not enter—between 9 and 11 o'clock on a Sunday evening in last July.

Newington Green has its old and solidly built houses and venerable trees, seems like an island of bygone days in an ocean of modern novelties. It is not so many years ago that it was as clearly distinct from London proper as though it had been a hundred miles away. Long after Sir Thomas Abney's honoured guest, Dr. Isaac Watts, had ceased to tread its walks, and, haply, under the shade of its trees, to compose some of those lyrics with which he has enriched the poetry of every branch of the universal church, the Green was a well-defined place by itself. Now the metropolis has surged up to it, and, though not entirely swallowed, yet holds it as part of itself. The Mildmay estate, through which the engines of the North London Railway scream and fly; Hornsey New Town; the vast extensions of Highbury; have closed in upon it on three sides: on the fourth, which is somewhat more open, and with a few traces of the country left yet, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, stands the Pegasus.
There is no charge for admittance here, as at many other "Rural Roads to Ruin." An open gateway by the side of the tavern gives free ingress to the ground at the back; a square open space of some eighty feet by a hundred, somewhat thickly planted with poplar trees. In the centre a grass plat with drinking tables round it. Outside the plat a path. Outside the path, on two sides of the square, rows of tables and seats, some with no shelter but the trees, others placed in arbours closed round with climbing plants, others again in boxes somewhat more open than the arbours; altogether about two dozen drinking recesses. But there are no lights. The lamps at the back of the tavern, and the two or three over the entrance to the ground, give all the light which these recesses possess after sunset,—faint and feeble enough at the more distant arbours, but, judging from what we saw, quite as much as their occupants required.

Some ten minutes or more were needed before the eyes became sufficiently familiarized with the gloom of the place, to perceive what sort of guests tenanted these boxes and arbours. In some two or three, eyes were not needed to give the information. In one were three boys and three girls—and here we may as well say at once that we did not see a single visitor who appeared to be over twenty years old—six boys and girls who were laughing, bantering, screaming, tickling, romping, with the most complete disregard of any one in the world but themselves; and in the intervals of their frolics talking the most empty and vapid nonsense. In another, tenanted by four, was a lady vocalist, who sang song after song, much to her own delight, and no doubt to that of her hearers. The first ditty was a song about poaching, and had a burden about the poacher's delight on a shiny night and the season of the year; but the fair syren gave it a reading of her own, and sang, "It's my delight of a Sunday night to be a sitting here." Nor was this the worst, for in some of the other ditties perversions of a decidedly obscene character were made, and were greeted with rapturous laughter. In a third box, a group of youths, who wished to be thought sporting men, were talking loudly about feats of dexterity and strength, and bets laid upon them; but there was a sudden irruption of three girls from the entrance into the middle of the grass plat, where one of them executed a pas seul, and in a minute or two, having made the tour of the boxes, and found the sporting youths ladyless, they sat down with them. And from the call for the waiter which succeeded, and the laughter, the intrusion seemed to be taken in very good part.

It is doubtful, however, if the noisy parties, with all their folly, were not the most harmlessly engaged. Others were there in box and arbour, quiet enough. Not on the al fresco seats, not even in such parts of the recesses as caught what little light there was; but, shrinking into the shaded and obscure corners, sat couple after couple, at least a dozen of them, silent or whispering, hand clasped and waist encircled. Stimulated with drink, favoured by the darkness, excited with the surrounding associations, what trains of thought could be passing through their minds? We cannot guess. "Doves sum, non Edipus."

One leading idea, however, was obvious enough throughout the whole of the company, silent or shouting. It was that of perfect liberty to do as they chose. The high surrounding wall, the thickly planted trees, the comparative darkness, the almost certainty that none but such as themselves would enter the ground, combined to give a freedom from all restraint, and to set loose a flood of depravity which in a more public place would have been impossible.

"Give your orders, gentlemen; give your orders. Last time to-night," shouted the waiter, as he made a circuit of the ground, accompanied by his juvenile
assistant, "Mouse." Conveniently blind and deaf to everything which did not immediately affect tankards, glasses, cigars, and halfpence; what were the downward steps in the Road to Ruin to him? Nothing, compared with the differences between "old" and "mild," "hot with" and "cold without." But the notice brought several of the company to their feet, and as they came into a stronger light, we were enabled to mark their appearance. This round-faced youth, with a round head and round cap, was occupied up till 11 o'clock this morning in weighing potatoes and carrying out coals by the half-hundred weight. We met his companion, a thin tall youth, at 9 this morning, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, knocking at half the doors in a quiet back street, a mile herefrom. Then comes a watchmaker's apprentice, followed by the youthful journeyman of a cheap barber. And what of their female companions? They were of the class whom we meet in knots of threes and fours, any evening after 8; when released from shop and factory, they "have a lark" going home. Who has not seen them as they push each other against passers-by, and talk loudly with coarse expletives, and make remarks upon those whom they meet; exciting the ire of some and the pity of others, and frequently bringing the complaint from middle-aged matrons that they "don't know what the world's coming to,—it used to be very different when they were young." Poor untaught toilers are these, for six or seven shillings a week, without a notion of a woman's duties, or of anything else, save flower-making, or stay-stitching, or blond-joining; and seeking relaxation in such a scene as they have just left.

Two couples have passed before us on the broad Essex Road. Here the girls leave their companions and cross to the opposite side of the way, for no other purpose, apparently, than that they may carry on a conversation with them at the top of their voices. No wonder, then, that with such incentives working as we have seen, our suburban roads should present on Sunday evenings the disgraceful scenes so often commented upon. Churches may be built, and schools may be multiplied, in vain, while Roads to Ruin like the one above are tolerated, nay, sanctioned by the law.  

S. G.

ALARM OF CHOLERA.

DURING the month of August last the inhabitants of Y— Street, King's Cross, were alarmed at hearing that a dreadful "cholera case" had broken out within their own immediate neighbourhood, by which three children had died. But it proved upon inquiry to be a false alarm; the true facts of the case being that their mother was dead, and their father a drunkard. He could get work when he chose to apply for it; but this was not often. Day after day he locked his children in a room, and left them there, without food or the means of getting it, while he sat drinking at the public-house. At last disease broke out amongst them, and one after another they died alone, until three little corpses lay on the ground, when some neighbours broke into the room to see what had become of them. They were literally starved to death, while their wretched father was drinking himself into the same condition. Had it really been cholera, the cause would have been found out and hastily removed or avoided; but as it was only "Drink's doings," why, that was nothing, or at least such an every-day affair, that no one troubled their heads to give it a second thought.
PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.—No. V.

LET IT BE PERMISSIVE.

Having discovered a remedy, the first question that arises is—"How shall we apply it?" It is a proverbial saying, that "circumstances alter cases." In morals as in mathematics, what is right in New England must be right in Old England. But in social science, and in the modus operandi of legislation, affecting social habits and institutions, it does not follow that what is best in the State of Maine would be the best in Lancashire or Yorkshire. In Maine they have universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and an educated community; so that the State legislature may be taken to fairly represent the opinion and will of the people. Now this cannot be said of any community when the suffrage is greatly restricted, as in our country. Were Parliament to enact a Prohibitory Law, absolute and general in its application, it might be found that the majority of the people would be opposed to it, and would more or less resist and defy it; and the authorities, however sincere and earnest, might find it not easy to enforce the law. We say that this is contingently possible; although we have great faith in the good common sense and patriotism of the people of England, if fairly and earnestly appealed to by our leading statesmen, our magistrates, and our ministers of religion, in support of a law that would rid them of more social evils, more crime, disease, premature death, and tax-burdens than any law that has ever been enacted. Let but Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli on the one side, and Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone on the other side, unite in a noble and patriotic manifesto in favour of a Maine Liquor Law for Old England, and we feel sure that the good and true of all sections and all grades of the community would heartily respond; and such a law could not only be carried in Parliament, but also carried into effect in the country generally.

We have abundant and constantly increasing evidence to the effect that even the worst victims of the traffic would hail the Maine Law as a god-sent boon and blessing beyond all price. This has been proved to be the case in the various Maine Law States of America, and also in the parishes and districts in the United Kingdom, where the proprietors of the soil have excluded the liquor traffic. In no case that we ever heard of have the people rioted or even remonstrated against a prohibitory policy, when it has been honestly and earnestly enforced—even by the arbitrary will of one man. If such an instance can be found we have yet to find it.

But the Alliance does not advocate an absolute and general Prohibitory Liquor Law. Wishing to be reasonable, moderate, and practical, the General Council of the Alliance recommends a Permissive Law, not to take effect in any part of the empire until at least two-thirds of the owners and occupiers of property, rated to the relief of the poor, shall have recorded a legal vote in favour of the local adoption of the Act. This is "Prohibition made easy;" and no reasonable, no honest man, who under-
stands the question, can raise an intelligent objection to such a law. It is, surely, right, just, and fair, that in a matter of this kind two votes should override one, rather than that one man should have the power to annoy and injure two. It is the same if the community contains 300, or 3000, or any larger or smaller number. A majority of two-thirds have a clear right to fix the social policy—the law in relation to the Liquor Traffic—unless it can be shown that it is a traffic so sacred and divine as to be above all human legislation. But we have already seen that the traffic is a nuisance, a crime, and a curse; and that Prohibition is the only efficient remedy. That the people would hail and apply such a law no one can doubt who has looked into the question deeply and candidly. The house to house canvass that has been instituted by the friends of the Alliance in many scores of districts in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, has removed all ground of doubt on this point. The result of the canvass may be stated as follows:—

Favourable .................. 145,101
Neutral .................. 32,053
Opposed .................. 11,837

The canvass was conducted by local committees in the most open manner, and the replies were all given in writing, after careful reflection.

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in his noble and eloquent discourse published in 1857, under the title of "The City: its Sins and Sorrows," bears the following testimony:—"Would Parliament but leave this matter to these people themselves [the victims of the traffic]; would they for once delegate their powers of legislation to the inhabitants of our lowest districts, we are confident that, by their almost unanimous vote, every drinking shop in their neighbourhood would be shut up." (Page 79.)

Dr. Shearn, of Liverpool, the medical officer to the Toxteth Board of Guardians, recently made the following emphatic statement in a public meeting:—"There is a certain street, known to us, supplied with numerous spirit vaults and beerhouses to boot, in which not a single sober family could be found from one end to the other; yet [now mark this] we venture to assert that if the suffrages of the inhabitants of that street were taken, they would be found to vote, by an overwhelming majority, for the closing of the public-houses in their neighbourhood."

The liquor traffickers, themselves, are perfectly conscious that to give the people the power to annihilate their system would be to insure its speedy doom. They are terribly alarmed at the very name of the Permissive Bill. Their instinct, if not their conscience, tells them that their customers, when sober and reflective, would vote the grog-shop out of existence. And surely that system must be bad that cannot stand under the action of a sober, enlightened, public opinion. The baker, butcher, shoemaker, grocer, tailor; all who produce useful articles, and conduct honest callings, dare stand the test of a popular vote. They never would fear that sober men would veto their occupation. The fact that liquor dealers do fear the proposed vote, is a convincing proof that they know that their system is infamous as well as wicked.
ONE OF MY COMRADES.

We were looking down the columns of the daily newspaper at breakfast the other morning, when our eye rested upon the report of a coroner’s inquest held by Dr. Lankester, at a public-house in St. Giles’s, London. There was nothing very special in the report. It was one of scores of similar ones occurring every year; the last note of a wasted life; the brief story of the disappearing of another bubble from the huge current of existence in the metropolis.

But the report set memory at work. We looked back twenty years, and saw in a wide street in a central parish of London a well-stocked chemist’s shop, kept by an elderly man and his two sons. An intelligent and well-informed man was the chemist, but somewhat irascible. This failing occasioned the elder son—of three or four and twenty years—to take the management of the counter trade. A clever young fellow he was, and the business prospered with him. While the father compounded prescriptions, the son exerted his skill in the preparation of the lighter articles in which they dealt—the effervescing draughts and medicated perfumery. For the younger son, three years the junior of his brother, his father looked higher than a tradesman’s life. He was designed for the profession of a surgeon, and had received the necessary education; indeed, he was still receiving it, being what is technically called “walking the hospitals.” And an estimable and worthy fellow was young John Richards. Free, off-handed, merry, he carried an atmosphere of rural sunshine wherever he went. Skilful, and ever ready to exert his skill for the benefit of a multitude of poor people who crowded a nest of alleys in the rear of his house, it is no wonder that he was popular with them. All who knew him predicted for him a life of usefulness and well-rewarded labour.

But a worm lay concealed at the root of all this fair promise. That “fastness” so often found in connection with the study of medicine and surgery, had met a ready recipient in John, but to no marked degree. We never knew him to be intoxicated; but his praises of half-and-half, and brandy-and-water, used to jar upon our ears, and we were not without fear that what was now merely compliance with a fashion, would in time become an enslaving habit.

Time rolled on, and we lost sight of the chemist and his sons. It may be about sixteen years ago that we stood in a gasfitter’s workshop in Lambeth, when a young man came suddenly in, bareheaded and coatless. He wanted the loan of a tool. We turned at the sound of his voice, and said, “We did not expect to meet you here, Mr. Richards.” He raised his finger, and whispered, “If at any time you should want me, ask for Mr. John Moore.” He held in his hand the ivory end of an umbrella handle, upon which he was carving the head of a popular statesman of the day. The likeness was striking, and the workmanship faultless. We asked if he had abandoned surgery for ivory-carving. He replied that if we had an hour
to spare some day, and would call at such and such a house round the corner, he would tell us all about it. We never saw him again.

We return to the newspaper. The report stated that the subject of the inquest was apparently about sixty years of age; that his death had taken place in the open street; that its cause was the want of food, aggravated by the immoderate use of spirits, for the body was that of an inveterate rum-drinker; that the deceased was evidently in the lowest depths of poverty, for the clothing was rags, and a single halfpenny was all the money found in his possession. A witness from a beggar’s lodging-house testified to the unfortunate man having slept there for the last few nights, and that no one there knew his name, what he did, or where he came from. And amongst the trifling articles found in his pocket we read with surprise and grief that there were a few ivory carving tools; some small pieces of ivory on which a head was partly carved; a Temperance pledge card, dated some six months previously, and bearing the name of John Richards; and two pawnbroker’s duplicates, one in the name of John Richards for a hand vice, the other in the name of John Moore, for a waistcoat.

So this was the miserable end of a man who was educated and trained as a gentleman; who might have been a blessing to the world; might, indeed, have risen to eminence, and been ranked with the benefactors who have ennobled human nature. The skilful anatomist, the genius who could evoke the semblance of life from the dead bone, dies of starvation in the streets of the wealthiest city of the world. “Apparently about sixty years of age.” Why, he was scarcely forty! What a wretched chapter would be unfolded, could the circumstances of the last sixteen years of Richards’s life be known. Oh that we may all ponder the parable of the Talents, and be wise!

One of his Comrades.

A Visitatation Sermon.—It may perhaps interest some of our readers to know that, in a thoughtful and suggestive sermon preached by the Rev. Alured Clarke, of Elvington, at the recent visitation of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Cleveland, and just published, the following sentence occurs:—“My brethren strong in health and young in years will, I hope, allow me to bespeak their interest for the Temperance movement as it is now understood, and as viewed for a safeguard to the young. A movement which has enlisted about six hundred of our brethren in its ranks is at least deserving of respectful attention.” We regard this utterance in favour of our cause as particularly interesting, as being probably the first mention of this movement in our Church at a Visitatation Sermon, and as therefore marking to some extent that we are making progress, and that we are commending the Temperance cause to those who are among the very best qualified from their position and influence to advance it in the country generally.
JUVENILE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

BY THE REV. R. H. HAMMOND,
LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSIONARY, SPITALFIELDS.

"The child's the father of the man."—Wordsworth.
"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

MR. STEVENSON'S "Praying and Working" has familiarised many with "Das Alte Rauhe Haus." There exists a German engraving of that house with its large overshadowing tree, and the inmates engaged under it in their daily work. Underneath is an inscription in the fac-simile of Immanuel Wichern's handwriting, the verse Luke xiii. 19. And truly from a beginning like a grain of mustard seed have sprung not only the Reformatory movement, but all other great schemes of benevolence—Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies, Sunday and Ragged Schools, Temperance Associations, have all had a small beginning.

But we are not to despise the day of small things. Thirty years ago Juvenile Temperance Associations were few and isolated. In America, the Rev. J. C. Warren and Harlan Page; in our own land, the British and Foreign Temperance Society; Mr. Brumby, at Bath; Mr. Thomas Coole, at Market Harboro'; and Mrs. Carlile and Jabez Tunnicliff, at Leeds, were among the early labourers in this field. We in this generation have entered into their labours. The mustard seed is fast becoming a great tree. Such associations are now numbered by thousands. There are few cities, towns, or large villages in our land where a band of young abstainers cannot be found.

In 1793 Dr. Faust's "Catechism of Health" was largely circulated in Germany. So popular was the book that the Prince Bishop of Wirzburg ordered two thousand copies to be given to the schoolmasters of his dominions. They were required to explain the work once a week. To make the impression abiding, the children were to write out each section in their copy-books. In the chapter on "Drink" we read—"If water was the only drink of man, both his health and fortune would be improved. If what is spent in fluids that are hurtful to life were appropriated to the purchase of nourishing food and other necessaries of life, the lot of mankind would be ameliorated, and we should live longer and be healthier, stronger and happier." And again—"Young persons ought not to drink wine or any other spirituous liquors, for they are hurtful to health, impede growth, obscure reason, and lay a foundation for wretchedness hereafter."

May the day soon come when such principles shall be taught in every school throughout our land. In Scotland, something has been done in this direction. By the munificence of Mr. John Hope (who has contributed, since 1847, over £27,000 towards this object) a great impetus has been given to the movement. His paid agents hold weekly meetings in their respective districts. A systematic course of lessons is given. Singing, catechising,
and addresses, form a feature of every meeting. In thirty-six day schools, some of them the largest in Edinburgh, one hour each week is thus occupied during the regular school hours. Evening meetings are held for young men and women. At all, total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and tobacco is taught, and the young are encouraged to endeavour by every lawful means to exterminate the drink traffic. The distinctive feature of the Scotch Societies is "no pledge." Each child is a member of the Society while he abstains, and ceases his membership when he ceases to abstain.

Wherever it is possible, the association should be held in connection with a day, Sunday, or night school. The first step is to call a meeting of the teachers. Show them the especial bearings of the subject on their labours, and invite their co-operation. This may be followed by an invitation to the children and their parents to a lecture or address explanatory of the nature and advantages of the proposed association. Striking temperance tracts and papers are distributed at the close. Such meetings do much to disarm prejudice and remove objections.

The Association is now regularly organized. Those who wish to join are supplied with slips to take home to show their parents. The slip is thus worded—"I promise (or agree) to abstain from all intoxicating drinks," (some add "and from tobacco").—"John Smith, 7, Wilson's Place, aged ten. I, the undersigned, fully approve of my child becoming a member of the Temperance Association, and will do what I can to induce him (or her) to keep firm to the pledge. William Smith."—Sometimes this form is dispensed with, and the verbal consent of the parent is obtained either by the child or the teacher.

The consent of the parent having been obtained, at the next meeting the child becomes a member. The name, full address, age, and date, are entered in the roll book. One penny is paid for a card of membership. Suitable cards, printed in four colours, can be obtained from Mr. Tweedie, 335, Strand. At the same time the child is invited to purchase the penny book of hymns and melodies used in Bands of Hope. But as some who join may be unable to read or to pay the second penny, this is not pressed. A kindly shake of the hand, and a few loving earnest words encouraging the child to be firm and persevering, should never be forgotten.

Every effort should be made to secure the parents' consent and sympathy if their hearty co-operation cannot be obtained, as on this the stability of the child will greatly depend. For this purpose a visit to the child's home is desirable. Home influence will frequently undo much that is effected by addresses and meetings, but a few words of converse with the parents will generally enlist their sympathy and promise encouragement which may prove of incalculable assistance to the child. Few parents will object. They can hardly fail to be pleased to see their children forming good habits. In fact, parents are generally disposed to recommend abstinence as a safeguard to their children, though slow to adopt its principles themselves. Some parents of abstaining children will not have the drink placed on the table till the children are in bed. The children of publicans often join, and the parents will make great efforts to keep them firm. Many non-abstain-
ers who will do nothing to assist the adult movement are agreed that abstinence is a good thing for the young, and will readily aid by money or otherwise the Juvenile Associations.

The time of meeting must depend upon circumstances. Weekly or fortnightly meetings at as early an hour in the evening as the children and teachers can attend are best. Get as many teachers as possible to be present. This is one advantage of holding the meetings in connection with a night school. Say instruction has been given from seven to a quarter past eight, let the remaining forty-five minutes be spent in addresses, singing, and recitations; each teacher remaining in his or her class. Much information may thus be diffused among teachers. They will often be found entirely ignorant or grossly misinformed as to the evils of drink and the advantages of abstinence. Teachers have frequently told me that the knowledge obtained at such meetings has led them to become abstainers; while others have said, “I never thought I should do this” (sign the pledge; “but I felt I could no longer join in the Temperance melodies, and continue to use drink. It is a great help to children both at school and at home if their teacher be an abstainer. Well will it be for the young of our country when there is a Juvenile Temperance Society in every Sunday School, conducted by the teachers themselves.

The Association having been formed, how may its interest be maintained? Will it not fall to the ground when it has ceased to be a novelty in the school? Not if the proper means are used. The reason why some Associations do not succeed as their promoters desire may frequently be found in the fact that the children are simply amused, not interested, instructed, nor employed.

When the seed is sown we do not leave it to itself: we water it, and protect it from the noisome weeds which might choke or insects which might devour it, and if it need support we give it, so that it may bring forth abundant flowers or fruit. When the young convert joins the Church he must be fed. His faith must be strengthened and nourished, and his knowledge increased, so that he may grow up to the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus. In like manner our young abstainers must be carefully instructed and built up in the principles of that Society to which they have united themselves. This will lead us to consider, 1. Singing; 2. Recitations; 3. Addresses and Lectures; 4. Catechising; 5. Classes; 6. Tracts, publications, and reading; 7. Work.

1. Singing. — “Let me have the ballads of a people,” says one, “and I will tell you their history.” “Let me make the people’s songs,” says another, “and who will make their laws.” It is said that, at the time of our war with France, the Government engaged Dibdin and others to write songs in order to gain over to their side that public opinion which they knew was indispensable to sustain them amid the difficulties of their position. The result is a matter of history. If used, then, to repel a foreign foe, surely we should make good use of it to repel the attacks of one of the greatest foes we have abroad or at home.

Children love to sing; this must be turned to good account. Temperance
hymns and melodies will do much to instruct in temperance principles. It is important that the tunes be correctly taught, the words learnt without mistake, the singing general and lively. A good musical conductor may generally be found among the teachers, and a voluntary choir to lead can be formed among the elder children. If the leader can accompany himself on the harmonium or concertina, so much the better.

Songs in praise of drink, and drinking customs, and drinking houses abound. How much genius and industry have been worse than wasted in such productions. Temperance and its blessings form an endless theme for the poet’s pen. Great progress has been made during the past few years in providing temperance hymns and melodies for children’s meetings. Messrs. Kirton, Graham, Hoyle, Brown, and Ferguson, Rev. N. Hall, the Scottish and British Temperance Leagues, and several others, have done good service by writing hymns and melodies, and by compiling and publishing collections. To all of them Temperance owes a debt of gratitude for their efforts, but very much remains to be done in this direction. The penny book of melodies published by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union* has had a very large circulation, and may be cordially recommended.

2. Recitations.—A difference of opinion exists as to whether children should be allowed to recite. Some would object that a love of display and publicity is engendered. They would prefer that the children should read and commit to memory, and rehearse at their own homes or to their teachers; but the majority of conductors and friends of Juvenile Associations approve of children reciting at their meetings. Much, of course, depends upon the class of children, much upon the teacher, and much upon the character of the recitations themselves. Children will have amusement, and if they cannot have it pure, they will seek it out where it is impure.

The recitations should have been previously approved of by the superintendent, and rehearsed to the teacher, to avoid the annoyance of the reciter breaking down in the middle of the piece. Care must be taken to see every recitation beforehand. Many of those published are marked by vulgarity and coarseness, while others are harmless, but with little meaning or point. Here, again, there is much to be done. Good recitations are much needed. A penny book containing twenty-eight recitations, published by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union,* will be found useful.

The performance of such pieces as “The Trial of John Barleycorn,” “The Trial of Dr. Abstinence,” and the like, have, no doubt, in some cases done good. But it is much to be feared that dressing up in character, acting, &c., by children, however harmless it may seem, has an immoral and unwholesome tendency, pandering to a love of amusement, and tending to give a taste for display. It engenders in the youthful mind a dangerous craving for the artificial excitement of the theatre. Such performances are the rocks on which many a promising association has been dashed to pieces.

While the numbers are small, boys and girls may meet together, but, when large, in separate rooms. This is better, especially for reciting by

* Tweedie, 335, Strand.
girls. Girls should never, and boys seldom, be allowed to recite publicly, unless it be at an annual entertainment.

The children may be encouraged to criticise the recitations. The superintendent asks questions to ascertain that they understand the piece, following this up by asking, "Has any one any fault to find with this recitation? Was it too slow or too fast? Was it spoken distinctly? Were any words mispronounced?" In this way an interest is excited, and good done.

There must not only be a careful choice of recitations but of reciters. The latter will be found few compared with the number of children. Precocious or forward children will be the most frequent reciters, but loudness or bombast should invariably be condemned, and a natural and unassuming manner encouraged and held up for imitation. Simplicity, distinctness, and earnestness, should be aimed at. Great care must be taken to have perfect order at the ordinary weekly or fortnightly meetings, clapping of hands and stamping of feet being strictly prohibited. At the annual meeting this restriction may be relaxed.

Much may be done by recitations; the memory and understanding are strengthened, the children are led to cultivate their talents, and may become good speakers. Good poetry and prose will do much to fix temperance principles in their minds. Recitations, too, may be blessed to adults, as the following incident will show:—A soldier named Henry Wells, writing from the Tower of London, in November, 1862, tells us that one evening he was going to a public-house; "passing the door of a Ragged School-room a little ragged boy came up, and seizing me by the hand, said, 'Soldier, will you come into our Band of Hope?' Struck with the persuasive tone in which this was said I consented, and, led by the little fellow, I entered the school-room. A little girl was reciting a piece, 'The Drunkard's Daughter.' This completely overcame me, and I resolved from that night to have no more to do with drink. * * * * Just three weeks after I signed the pledge, and found pardon and peace through believing in Jesus."

3. Addresses.—Much may be done by addresses delivered by the superintendent and teachers. They should be earnest, pithy, plain, and short. Children love pictures. They revel in picture books; they snatch at picture tracts and papers; they enjoy pictures in words. Its fable, parable, and allegory, are used to inculcate moral and religious truths. So may they be used here. Passing occurrences, facts from the newspapers, accidents, deaths, &c., through drink, will interest. Explain very clearly and simply the various forms of misery inflicted upon our land through drink. Give the children a sum to work—as, how much would threepence a day spent in drink amount to in a year; how much would sixpence, how much would a shilling a day? Show them, by calculation, how much furniture or clothing might have been obtained for the money if put into the savings' bank instead of the losings' bank. Remind them of the sickness and disease drink engenders; the loss of time from work; the injury of character in the eyes of employers. Tell them of men murdering or maltreating their wives and children when drunk; of prisoners when about to be sentenced telling the judge that drink led to the commission of the crime; of poor
e:atures, once better off, now in the poorhouse through drink. All this will gain their attention; many will know what rags and hunger and parental neglect mean; they have seen the parent ill for hours or days after the debauch, and they too well know what it is to have it said to them—Your father is a drunkard.

Teach them the great lessons of Scripture; the Hebrew children fed on pulse and water, yet stronger than they who drank of the king’s wine. Remind them that Samson the strongest man, and John the Baptist, were like themselves abstainers. Make sure they understand you. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong; so it is not what we read or hear, but what we remember, that makes us learned. Therefore do not attempt to impart too much information at once. Better to take one fact and dwell upon that till we are sure it is fixed in the mind. Line upon line, precept upon precept. Children are like narrow-necked bottles, into which if you attempt to pour too much at one time the greater part flows over and is lost.

Short speeches must be insisted upon. Children dislike prosiness, and are not so likely to be quiet under the infliction as their elders. Study variety; two or three verses sung, then a short address; singing again, then another address, will prevent weariness. He who addresses children should ever be in search of new facts, new illustrations, new anecdotes, making much of passing events. Children like change and variety, and this is one advantage of varying the speakers, the same truth is presented in different forms.

Short books, such as “Buy your Own Cherries,” or extracts from the “British Workman,” “Band of Hope Review,” “Mrs. Balfour’s Morning Dewdrops,” read by a good reader, will be greatly liked. Such readings may be followed by questions to ascertain that what has been read is understood.

Lectures with diagrams, or a magic lantern, or a panorama once every six weeks will prove attractive. The penny charged for admission will go towards paying expenses. In several towns there is a Band of Hope Union from which by the payment of a small subscription the loan of lanterns, diagrams, &c., may be obtained on easy terms. It is well to be affiliated to such an Union, not only for this purpose, but so as to act from a common centre—Union is Strength.

“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

“To thy Father thy weaknsses are known, and thou hast not hid thy sin;
Therefore ask Him, in all trust, to lead thee from the dangers of temptation;
While the last petition of the soul, that breatheth on the confines of prayer,
Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of earth and hell.”

Proverbial Philosophy.
What volumes does the following extract from Dr. Jolly's report to the Academy of Medicine speak! "In every country the statistics of the amount of alcohol imbibed precisely correspond with the number of judicial sentences recorded in law reports of the year, as well as with the number of poor, of beggars, of vagabonds, of divorced husbands and wives, of idiot rickety children, of suicides, murders, and of epileptics and lunatics inscribed on State registry."

Surely such a sentence from such an authority is more than ample justification for our crusade against the demon lust that is thus impeached, and for our attempts, by dwelling month after month upon "The Doings of Drink," to seek to arouse public feeling against the source of such a catalogue of crime, and sin, and misery, and woe.

Couple this statement of Dr. Jolly's with another taken from the report of one of the Committees of the House of Commons, and then let the reader condemn our efforts if he can.

Dr. Jolly's statement is founded on the acquired statistics, but the Committee of the House of Commons says, "The evidence before the committee is sufficient to show that the amount of drunkenness is very much greater than appears upon the face of any official returns." That which is thus true of England is most probably true of other countries also; and what a deep and thrilling emphasis does this consideration give to the above statement of the statistician, filling in a background of dark and appalling gloom for these figures, which are in themselves so startling, adding all the horrors of the unknown to the terrible facts of the known!

* * * *

We find that even death itself and its accompaniments fail to stay in his career the man who loves the drink. In one of our police reports we read of

A Drunken Driver of a Hearse.—George Clarke, of 9, Little Tothill Street, Gray's Inn Lane, an undertaker, was charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of his hearse and horse in the Caledonian Road.

From the evidence of Police-constable Rankin, 428 A, it appeared that on Thursday the prisoner was lying on the top of his hearse dead drunk. The horse was being led by a boy. The prisoner was in a helpless state of intoxication."

The prisoner said that he had been to a funeral at Colney Hatch, and had taken a little drop too much to drink. It was the first time it had occurred to him, and therefore he hoped the magistrate would look over the matter.

Mr. D'Eyncourt said he was afraid that men like the prisoner were in the habit of getting intoxicated at funerals. It was very disgraceful. The prisoner would have to pay a fine of 5s., or in default three days' imprisonment. The prisoner was locked up in default.

This reminds us of a case that occurred in the cemetery of a parish with which we were officially connected. The bearers of the coffin at a certain funeral were so intoxicated, that they allowed it to fall on the ground as they were endeavouring to carry it after the clergyman up to the entrance to the church!

"Without natural affection." Such might be the inscription on the niche in our Chamber of Horrors, filled by the following case, headed by the newspaper report with the title "A Ruffian Son!"—

Thomas James Allen, a dissipated-looking person, described as a broker, was brought before Mr. Elliott, on a warrant, charging him with assaulting his mother.

The mother, a respectable-looking
woman, who seemed much affected at
being obliged to appear as a witness
against her son, said that for some con-
siderable time past her husband and her-
selh had been subjected to the greatest
possible annoyance from the conduct of
the prisoner, but she should be satisfied
and not press the charge provided he at
once consented to leave the house, and
promised not to annoy them for the
future.

When told by the Magistrate to state
the cause of the present complaint, the
complainant said that on Friday evening
the prisoner came home very drunk, and
struck her three different times.

The prisoner, in reply to the charge,
merely said he had no recollection of
having struck his mother. He was very
drunk at the time.

The prisoner’s father, who is a most
respectable man, holding an official ap-
pointment in the parish of Lambeth, and
who has frequently been a complainant
against the prisoner, was present, and
said he should be satisfied if the prisoner
consented at once to leave his house.

The prisoner replied that he was willing
to leave the house as soon as he could get
another lodging.

Mr. Elliott ordered him to find bail for
his good conduct for one month.

The following paragraph is copied
from the Patriot of a week within the
last month, referring to “The Doings of
Drink:”—

“Drink has caused two or three
murders during this week. Drink has
made a signalman forget his duty, and
then comes a collision. And, by way of
offset, shall we say? Drink is given to a
murderer to help him to walk to the
scaffold, and have the rope put round his
neck!”

With reference to the case of the
drunken signalman, we wonder that
every railway company does not insist
on all its officers being Total Abstainers.
The glass of spirits may involve the loss
of many lives, and of thousands of pounds
to the company. The only method to
ensure safety from this cause of mishap
is to allow the signalmen and pointsmen
to drink nothing. It may seem hard,
but then there is no compulsion on them
to retain their situations, and the safety
of the public is at stake!

A FATAL FIGHT.—Thomas Burgin, a
labourer, was charged with causing the
death of John Fisher, who died in St
Mary’s Hospital. When taken into cus-

tody yesterday morning he said he was
very sorry for what had happened, but it
was through his drinking. From the
evidence of several witnesses it appeared
that on Wednesday afternoon the prisoner,
who had been drinking, was at the
Britannia public-house, in the Latymer
Road, when he struck Fisher on his
entering the bar, and calling for half a
pint of beer. Fisher said, “What did
you do that for? I gave you no cause.”

A wrangle ensued, and it resulted in a
fight in front of the bar. Mr. Saunders,
the landlord, interfered, and tried to per-
suade the prisoner to be quiet and go
home. He would not, but insisted on
fighting another man named Watkins,
who knocked him down. He then chal-

genged Fisher to renew the fight, and at
first he refused, but afterwards consented,
and said he would leave off when he had
had enough. They went outside, and
fought for nearly half an hour. In the
last round the prisoner knocked the de-
ceased down. He fell upon his head, and

on attempting to raise him blood was
found pouring from his nose, and he was
in a state of insensibility. He never
rallied, and died in the hospital. The
prisoner said the man broke a blood-
vessel. Mr. Dayman remanded him for
further evidence, and refused to accept
bail for his appearance.
HAROLD VAUGHAN.

A T A L E.

By K. E. T.

CHAPTER XII.

Harold was the first to arrive at the office on the following morning, and he was glad to hear Mr. Hammond’s step ascending the stairs, before any of his fellow-clerks had appeared. It was with a very cold “good morning,” however, that he was greeted, and Harold at once felt that it would not do to enter upon the subject of his conduct the night before, liable to interruption as they would then be, and that, later on in the day, it would be the wiser plan to seek an interview with Mr. Hammond in his private room. Before the opportunity for doing this arrived, however, the day had considerably advanced, so that it was about two o’clock in the afternoon before Harold knocked at the door of Mr. Hammond’s private room, and requested the favour of a few words with him.

“Certainly, Vaughan,” was the reply; “I suppose you wish to explain last night’s proceedings, and I tell you, candidly, that I think an explanation is needed.”

“I was very sorry, sir, to behave in a way that must have appeared to you so incomprehensible, and from the nature of my difficulty it was impossible for me then even to hint to you why I was compelled to take the abrupt and decided step I did.”
"I shall be glad to have the mystery solved, Harold," replied Mr. Hammond, in a softer tone of voice; "so tell me now, for I gather from your words that you are able and willing to do so, why you were forced, as you say, to act as you have done."

The colour mounted to Harold's brow as the straightforward reply came—"Because, sir, I should have been led into sin if I had remained."

"What do you mean, Vaughan? How sin?" returned Mr. Hammond.

Harold turned away his head. Oh, how horrible to have to confess himself the victim—or the escaped victim—of a transgression he so loathed. But it must be done, though he felt humbled to the very dust by his own words, as he replied,—"The sin of intemperance."

There was a moment's intense silence. Mr. Hammond was thunderstruck, for Harold was one of the very last men he had ever thought of as likely to have been led into the slavery of this temptation. As soon as he had recovered from his astonishment he approached Harold and held out his hand to him.

"That's right, my dear fellow! Fear to offend God, and care not what men may say or think."

"You are very kind, sir, and I thank you most truly," Harold replied.

"And now, Vaughan, sit down," Mr. Hammond continued; "for, if it will not be too painful a subject, I must have a few more words with you respecting what you have told me. I thought that I knew you perfectly, and understood every peculiarity of your character; but I never suspected this. I could not have believed that, in receiving you as my guest last night, I was spreading a snare for you; and yet, if I was unconsciously guilty of it in your case, in the ruin of how many others may I not have had my part, where young men similarly placed to yourself have feared to act with the decision that you did? Do you mean to say that you cannot take a glass or two of wine without peril, actuated and sustained, as I have always believed you to be, in all your conduct, by Christian principles?"

"But for the support given to me, a strength greater than my own, I am firmly persuaded that I should have fallen last night, sir," replied Harold. "I know that it was through God's help I turned away from temptation; but, had I tasted, I should have been presuming upon His grace, my self-control would have utterly given way, and His restraining hand would have been withdrawn. In former days of sin I have proved all this, and that I cannot handle such coals of fire and not be burned, and by God's help I will try the experiment no more."

"And you shall never be tempted again in my house," returned Mr. Hammond kindly. "Do not misunderstand me. I shall hope often to see you there; but what you have told me has startled me. I am afraid I have been helping Satan unconsciously, many a time, when I would have hindered him. With one hand I have been giving to Young Men's Christian Associations, and kindred objects, in the hope that they were in some measure stemming the tide of sin; and, with the other, I have been pulling down the embankments which they have raised. You have given me a subject for humiliation, and thought, and prayer. One more word, however,
my dear fellow, before you leave,” continued Mr. Hammond, as Harold rose from his seat. “I thank you for the candour with which you have spoken to me; and, as I conclude this is unknown to your fellow-clerks, for I know you have won the respect of all, I wish to assure you how sacred I shall consider all you have said to me, and that no effort shall be wanting on my part to preserve your unblemished reputation amongst them.”

“You are very good, sir, and I cannot thank you sufficiently,” returned Harold, gratefully; “but how far I am justified in allowing myself to be held in an estimation my conscience tells me is not deserved, is a matter of question with me, and one in the decision of which I hope to be guided; but I am equally in your debt.”

It was with a lightened heart that Harold rejoined his fellow-clerks in the office, and set to work with redoubled energy. But again and again the subject at which he had hinted in his last reply to Mr. Hammond recurred to him, and before the conclusion of the day his mind had been made up as to the course of conduct it was his duty to pursue.

“Have you any engagement for this evening, Stephens?” he inquired from a slender, pallid-looking young fellow of five-and-twenty, as they were leaving the office.

“Nothing particular,” he replied; “but I am wretchedly out of spirits. I think I shall go to the theatre; but I suppose you would tell me to stay away.”

“You know what I think upon that subject,” returned Harold. “Come home with me instead.”

“I wonder you care to ask me, and indeed I wonder I care to come,” he replied; “but I always have liked you somehow, and you are the only Christian I ever did. But we are so different, and always must have been different, that it is a marvel how we can endure one another, or, at any rate, how you can endure me.”

“I do not think we are so different as you imagine,” said Harold.

“Not different!” returned Stephens. “About as much contrast as there is between day and night, I should say. I’m wretched, and you are happy; I’m sickly, and you are well.” He hesitated a moment, and then continued, “Yes, I will go on with the list, for you know it as well as I do; I cannot deceive you, nor will I try. You are an abstainer, and I drink; you are leading a holy, and I a sinful life; I do not believe you were ever tempted by what was wrong in your life, and I am yielding perpetually. You are kind to me, but, of course, you despise me, and I despise myself, so there is one point of union between us;” and he gave a short, bitter laugh.

“There are many things, Stephens,” replied Harold, earnestly, “in which I both feel with you and for you. I will tell you now what I believe you have never before known, how fully I can enter into all you have said to me, because I have been”—he paused a moment—“your fellow-sufferer I was going to say—but, alas! it must not be ‘have been’—I am your fellow-sufferer, Stephens.”

Stephens stopped abruptly, and looked into Harold’s face, with an expression of incredulous scrutiny, and then answered, after a moment’s
silence, "You always tell the truth, and therefore I know that you think what you have said now is true; but, alas! alas! my dear fellow, I am afraid your notions of sin and mine are so different that we misunderstand one another's plainest language; and yet I thought that you knew me too well for this."

"I do know you, Stephens," said Harold; "and when I speak of sin and temptation I mean just what you mean by these words, because I am sorely tempted often, and also have deeply sinned. I suppose you think that motives of philanthropy have led me to the adoption of my total abstinence principles, and you have therefore regarded them as a sign of strength, and not as a refuge of weakness; but in this you have been mistaken—it is not so. I am an abstainer because, even more decidedly than yourself, I was once the wretched captive of intemperance; and I tell you this now, Stephens, that you may know there is hope for you—that, as I have found spiritual life and moral strength in Jesus, so also you may receive from him, for yourself, the same life and strength. I do not mean that the old nature of sin has died within me; it struggles hard still sometimes, but it does not reign now, I thank God. Determine, by His help, that it shall not in you, Stephens. Why should it any more in your heart than mine, than which none was ever harder or more wicked? Only 'yield your members no longer as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin,' but 'yield yourself unto God, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto holiness.' Oh, Stephens, will you try?"

"Tell me how, Harold," he answered, in a low, hoarse voice, "for I would be happier; and if you have once been as I am, there seems a hope, some faint hope at least. I thank you for telling me all this. If I can find out how to be different, I am too wretched now to wish to stay as I am."

"It is an old story, Stephens, but the blessed story of peace and hope, which may God enable us both to feel with a renewed power," returned Harold, "that Jesus came to save us 'from our sins.' You know the theory well enough, but hitherto it has had no power on your heart; but this is the secret of my peace, and it must be the foundation of yours too. Ask for the Spirit to 'guide you into all truth.'"

The evening had passed, and Harold and Stephens had parted with mutual expressions of interest and sympathy. Mrs. Vaughan had retired to her own room, but Harold was still seated at the little parlour table, resting his head upon his hands in an attitude of deep thought.

"It is two years and a half," he said to himself, "since, through the grace of God, I gave up the habit of intemperance, which had so bound me hand and foot, and a guilty pride has kept me silent until to-night in my intercourse with others who were ignorant of my past history, but were ensnared by the same sin. I have striven to do them good, and not wholly in vain, I trust; but may I not believe that my efforts would have been much more blest if, as a sympathising fellow-sufferer, I had permitted those whom I sought to save to know more of the recesses of my own heart? It may be that partly for Annie's sake I have acted thus, but I think I see now what is the will of God. Henceforth I will not conceal what I have been, the
Lord helping me. My fellow-men shall know that I am ‘a brand plucked from the burning,’ and this knowledge will perhaps lead them to give up their sins, and throw themselves upon the saving strength of their God.”

And it was a right conclusion to which Harold had thus been led, and brought its blessing both upon others and upon his own soul. From that time forward he recognised it to be the mission of his life, the work given him by God to do, to stretch out his hand firmly to his fallen brethren, and with loving, persuasive words, invite them to the bosom of their heavenly Father; whilst subordinately, but determinately, by His grace, they employed the outward means which Harold had found so indispensable to his own safety. Stephens was the first-fruits of his faithfulness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We hail with pleasure a new ballad by Mrs. Sewell, entitled “The Rose of Cheriton” (Jarrold and Sons; S. W. Partridge). It is simple and touching, and shows the value and importance of Abstinence to save men and women from falling into the fearful vice of intemperance.

The various arguments in favour of Abstinence principles and practice are well taken and managed by the ballad, and put in such a form as would tell upon our working people, to whom it is dedicated.

We give an extract:—

“Drink is the workman’s snare in this our day;
I know the workman well, and know his way;
His home too often but a ruined place,
Where his wife sits with trouble on her face,
Or works upon the land, or at the loom,
Leaving her infants motherless at home;
Till her unnatural and jaded life
Has spoiled the beauty of an English wife.”

Again—

“And it’s a fact, sir, and I say again,
The men are tempted to the ‘liquor den,’
And perish there:—and yet good people stand
And see the poison overflow the land;
And meet in pleasant parties, dress and spin
And smile at abstinence and sip their wine;
And seldom comes the thought within their head
To stop this ruin at its fountain-head.”

The appendix contains some valuable notes to sustain the various arguments and statements made in the ballad itself.

We heartily recommend this little book to our readers.
NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]

The Responsibility of Professing Christians.

"And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

GENESIS xiii. 21.

"Ye that put far away the evil day, and cause the seat of violence to come near; that drink wine in bowls, but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph."—AMOS vi. 3, 6.

There is a remarkable connection between these two passages in Genesis and the prophet Amos. The Rev. W. Lowth's note on Amos vi. 6 is, "They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. They do not humble themselves under God's afflicting hand, nor lay to heart the miseries the Divine judgments have brought upon the kingdom of Israel, called by the name Joseph and the house of Joseph. The words allude to the afflicted state of Joseph, when he was sold by his brethren into Egypt."

I would most earnestly press upon the readers of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE who countenance and help to keep in existence the traffic in intoxicating drinks, the prayerful consideration of the solemn passages from God's Holy Word which I have placed at the head of this paper. England is now suffering under God's "afflicting hand" on account of its sins; and the misery, and crime, and mortality caused by intemperance are indescribable. In Liverpool the death rate has reached the awful proportion of sixty-four in every thousand of the population per annum; and it was admitted by celebrated statisticians at the recent meeting of the British Association in Nottingham, that the increase of public-houses in Liverpool during the last few years has produced an alarming increase of drunkenness, and crime, and mortality, in that unfortunate town. Other towns are in a state only a little less wretched and degraded.

Who are responsible for the evils which spring from the traffic in intoxicating drinks? The only true answer which can be given to this question is, "The moderate drinking professing Christians are responsible for all the results of the liquor traffic." Alas! they are like those "at ease in Zion," against whom the prophet Amos is commanded to pronounce woe, because they put far away the evil day, and cause the seat [or as it is in the margin, the habitation] of violence, in the form of gin-palaces, and public-houses, and beer-houses, to come near; and they drink wine in bowls, and are not grieved for the affliction of hundreds of thousands of their brothers and sisters who are in a condition infinitely worse than that of Joseph in his bondage and imprisonment in Egypt.

Would that all the professing members of Christ's Church in this kingdom who encourage the traffic in intoxicating drinks were led by God's Holy Spirit to use the language of Joseph's brethren, (adapted)—"We are verily guilty concerning our brethren, in that we have seen the anguish of their souls, when myriads of widows and orphans, and even wretched drunkards themselves, have besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress which prevails on every side come upon us." Heartless-
ness and indifference to the sufferings of others is the sin denounced by the prophet Amos in his sixth chapter. How many professing Christians in this country say by their actions, if not by their words, concerning the misery around them, "What is that to us? See thou to that." They forget that they are their brothers' keepers; and that as Christ laid down His life for them, they ought to lay down even their life [and much more their wine or beer] for their brethren. I would remind those who encourage the liquor traffic, which all admit to be the source of endless suffering to myriads, of the solemn words of Solomon in Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12:—"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

I would conclude this note by quoting the words of St. Paul respecting food wholesome and nutritious in itself, which, nevertheless, he asks Christians not to eat, if by eating it they cause injury to others; whereas the drink which we ask Christians to give up is a poison which spreads death on every hand. "Judge this," says the apostle, "that no man put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in his brother's way. Destroy not him with thy meat [or thy drink] for whom Christ died. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. But when ye sin so against the brethren, ye sin against Christ. Wherefore if meat [or intoxicating drink] make my brother to stumble, I will not eat flesh [or drink intoxicating drink] while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to stumble." Vide Romans xiv. 13, 15, 21, and 1 Corinthians viii. 12, 13. Would that all Christians resembled the self-denying apostle Paul!

Manchester.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

---

Seeing One's Friends Home!

In an old number of Chambers' Miscellany (No. 29), I find the following Irish story:—

"An elderly clergyman informed us that, on leaving home to enter college, he stopped on his way at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sunk under the table. In the morning he was, of course, deadly sick, but his host prescribed a 'hair of the old dog,' that is, a glass of raw spirits. On one night he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed the cry of 'stole away' was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They contented themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the sensible survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes!"

Q.
MONTHLY LETTER.
(from our own correspondent.)

"Your own Correspondent" shares in the month of September the fate of all other correspondents, and has not much to say for the holiday month. But though there is not much to tell of work done, I believe I can state that plans are being arranged and matured for the campaign of the coming winter. Opportunities are opening up. In several new quarters applications for help and assistance in formation of new Parochial Associations have been received.

On the 23rd ult. a meeting was held in the New School Room, Lean, Staffordshire, when the Rev. Thomas Richardson delivered an able address to a very attentive and interested audience.

On Sunday, Sept. 16, a Sermon in behalf of the Society, was preached at morning service, in the Church of St. Clement Danes, Strand, by Rev. Thomas Rooke. The objects of the Society, and the means it proposes to employ were clearly stated, and the place that abstinence is intended to occupy plainly shown. The Christian liberty of each individual was distinctly maintained, while the expediency of abstinence "in the present distress" was fully insisted on. I have been informed by one of the clergy of St. Clement Danes that much satisfaction was expressed by several of the parishioners and ordinary congregation of the church, by reason of the tone and character of Mr. Rooke's appeal. I hope that many of our metropolitan pulpits may be opened for such sound and Scriptural expositions of the principles of our most valuable Society.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has become a patron and subscriber to the funds of the "Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union."

The licensing question is now being agitated in the licensing sessions. Last year the authorities petitioned for a new act, but were put off by being told the matter must be dealt with by a general act applicable to the whole kingdom. Nothing having been done, they are about to move again in the matter; and it is to be hoped that all these movements "out of doors" will help forward the proposed action of our Society on "the Beer-shop question."

The following appeared in The Standard's summary on Saturday, Sept. 15th:—
"The Middlesex Sessions, which has been sitting for the last fortnight, brought its labours to a conclusion yesterday by a declaration on the part of the jury that most of the cases brought before them were the results of 'the drinking habits either of the prisoners or prosecutors.' The Deputy Judge, Mr. Payne, suggested that, as example was better than precept, the twelve jurymen should at once become teetotallers, as he had been for many years." This was an argumentum ad homines, and no mistake!

On Sept. 18th, the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended the evening meeting at the Pavenham Harvest Home, and addressed those present. I have not time before publication for any lengthened notice of this interesting annual gathering, conducted on Total Abstinence principles, under the auspices of Joseph Tucker, Esq., and the Rev. Stopford J. Ram, incumbent of the parish.

The promoters of the Metropolitan and Provincial Industrial Exhibition, held at the Agricultural Hall, have so far expressed their approval of and sympathy with the Temperance movement, that they have incorporated in their programme the holding of fortnightly and other occasional meetings on the Temperance question, in which the Alliance and the Temperance League have taken part.
"Here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

THE PRAIRIE-FIRE.

In the vast prairie-plains of America there oftentimes occur fires and conflagrations that sweep onward with desolating fury, and seem as though a very sea of fire were rolling its tall, towering waves from some vast molten ocean on to the ill-fated shore. These conflagrations...
rise and spread with such rapidity as almost to outstrip the fleetest horse, and to leave but little chance of escape to the swiftest speed of man. The fire proceeds as a desolating flood, engulfing man and beast in its destructive overflow, and leaving not a shred behind that is not burned up.

We are informed that the only way to stay the ravages of the fire-monster of the prairie is to take it in advance, and to reap down the growing jungle, and so to cut off by a long interval the food and fuel of the fire. It is thus that the plague may be abruptly stayed, and the hungry mouth of the destroyer cheated of its intended spoil.

It is to this aspect of the case, in particular, that we propose to call attention in this article, as bearing upon the effort now being made to stay the drink-curse from further proceeding in its destructive mission over the surface of our land. We seek to cut off the fuel of the devouring fire, to create an interval of exemption from its onward ravages; by a clear dividing line to mark the bounds of its progress, and there to take our stand and say—"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!" We seek to interpose a lucid moment in the madness of the people; in a word, to stand between the living and the dead, that the plague be stayed!

We propose to distribute the subject of our present article under the following reflections:

1. How the Prairie-fire begins.—There is perhaps nothing else in the form of a conflagration that so much reminds us of the words of the apostle, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" (James iii. 5;) or, as the original would be more literally rendered, "What a forest (Ἄλνη) a spark sets fire to." Here it is not a desolating rain of fire and brimstone such as that which fell upon the Cities of the Plain; it is not the bursting forth of some pent-up volcano, pouring forth its flood of molten lava upon the prairie-land; but it is the tiny spark, struck it may be carelessly or by accident. This communicates itself, and spreads, and continues still advancing onwards, carrying desolation in its path; and with its wide war-chariot, armed with fiery scythes, reaps down the broad lands of the wilderness, and the standing corn of the harvest-field, leaving nought but charred ruins in its wake.

This reminds us of good Archbishop Leighton's words respecting the beginning of temptation, and the ultimate ravages of its progress:—

"Seldom will Satan come at first with a gross temptation. A large log and a candle may safely be left together. But bring a few shavings, and then some small sticks, and then some larger, and soon you may bring the green log to ashes."

And does not this apply with all its moral force and terribleness to
the ravages of drink, and the ruins it is ever leaving behind it, in the career of its desolating flood? All drunkenness commences with the first glass; it is by this the first spark is struck, it gains advantage and acquires strength, and feeds upon the food supplied. Ere long it attains the mastery; it has done so in numberless instances, and is even now pursuing its devastating career to the ruin of thousands, in body and soul. Thus it is that little leads to much, and much will lead to more.

2. How the Prairie-fire destroys.—As is the overflowing deluge, so is the onward sweep of the prairie-fire in its consequences. See the swift steed and his rider fleeing from the pursuing flames; the herds of cattle driving in from the hot and burning tempest; if they be overtaken, they are overcome. It may be in a man’s power, or it may not, to escape from this devouring wrath; but, if he means to be delivered, he must flee for his life. He must turn his back upon the foe, and make all speed to escape from the path of the destroyer. To him delay is danger, and dalliance is death. The driving storm of fire, widening and increasing on its way, is worse than the storm upon the waters, worse than the simoon of the desert; for in its path it strews houses, and trees, and standing harvests, and destroys all that it overtakes.

But what are all the worst ravages of the fire-tempest of the plain, when compared with the wrecks and the ruins caused by drink? Here are our fellow-men pursued by fires they have helped to kindle, but cannot quench. Our brethren, our neighbours, our countrymen—some fleeing before the storm, if haply they may escape it; and some, all-unconscious of their danger, sitting down and dwelling at ease with a peril so deadly fast pressing upon them; home, family, fortune, reputation, all at the mercy of the persistent foe! Surely, if ever a man was saved by any means from the sweeping scourge of the Prairie-fire, it ought to be in our power to save some of our fellow-men from the pursuit of the fiery drink.

3. How the Prairie-fire is stayed.—It is by the resolute and timely act of cutting off the jungle, by creating a wide interval between the fire and the part as yet unreached and untouched by the flames. Just as we have often heard of houses having to be pulled down so as to create a break in the way of a spreading conflagration, so is it in the vast Prairie-plains. Men go forth, and, somewhat in advance of the flames, they mow, and reap, and cut down the jungle and the grass and the underwood; the onward advance of the flame is thus stayed in its course, and all beyond is, by this timely interposition, saved from destruction. That intervening gap stays the progress of the fire, which is thereby cut off from its further ravages.
We urge just such a break as this in the matter of the drink. It is a progressive and spreading evil; it is progressive in individual cases, and it is progressive in the national aggregate; it is a current of fire-water, ever widening in its span, ever deepening in its channel, and growing more and more terrible and destructive as it proceeds. Oh for the power to create a gap in its progress, and by the interval of a national abstinence to stay the plague! But in the meantime, while advocacy and agency are attempting the national reformation in this respect, we would urge this same principle in detail on each one individually and personally. Each man can create the gap for himself, and many good men combining together could enable many a poor drunkard thus to effect the total break with that which is to him an element as destructive as the Prairie-fire is to all that it overtakes. While those who are exposed to the more immediate danger of the pursuing fire are fleeing for their life from the destroyer, we who are not in such immediate danger might be cutting off the fuel of the flame, and thus staying the fire in its career of desolation. And would it not be a sufficient reward for our labour to see and know that, by reason of that gap and interval, lives were saved, and untold good, for time and for eternity, accomplished?

We would, therefore, once again commend this matter to the hearts and consciences of our readers, supporting our plea by those famous words of Bacon:—“At the first let him practise with helps, as swimmers do with bladders and rushes; but, after a time, let him practise with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes; for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first to stay and arrest nature in time; (like to him that would say over the four-and-twenty letters when he was angry;) then to go less in quantity; as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and, lastly, to discontinue altogether; but if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best.

‘Optimus ille animi vindex, ladentia pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.’ *

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand, to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right, understanding it when the contrary extreme is no vice. . . . and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermission.”†

* “He is the best assertor of the soul, who bursts the bonds that gall his breast, and suffers all, at once.”—Ovid, R. Amor. 293.
† Bacon, Of Nature in Men. See Archbishop Whately’s “Essays on Bacon,” p. 413.
ECCE ITERUM.

We often wonder when this Temperance Movement of ours shall be better understood, and when the arguments urged against it will be more in harmony with common sense and ordinary experience. If only to show that that time has not yet arrived, we would reproduce the following letter, which we have received from a clergyman residing in the diocese of Peterborough. It is but a reiteration of statements that have often been urged against our cause, and which we suppose we must answer over and over again, until the public mind becomes better instructed on the subject. The letter is as follows:

"SIR,—I thank you for sending me the 'Temperance Magazine.' I am not an abstainer myself, nor do I think that we are forbidden in the Scriptures from the use of wine.

"If every one ought to be a total abstainer, why not give up the use of meat, because there are persons who are great gluttons, and whom the immoderate indulgence in meats greatly injures?

"I regret to find that many advocates of Total Abstinence look upon this subject in a religious point of view; for they think if you are not an abstainer you can't be a Christian, and there is little hope for you. Does not this exhibit the spirit of the Pharisee, 'Stand off, I am holier than thou?' God has given us His gifts for our use, not for abuse.

"Yours truly,

"* * * * *"

In this letter we observe there are three great misrepresentations of our movement—(1) That we urge that the use of wine is forbidden in the Scriptures; (2) That abstinence from meats would be a parallel to abstinence from intoxicating drinks; and (3) that the system is responsible for the uncharitable views of some of its advocates.

We feel bound, in all justice to our correspondent and ourselves, to reply to these misrepresentations.

1. We are desirous of being rightly understood in our advocacy of this movement. We nowhere urge that the use of wine is forbidden in the Scriptures; but we do say that the use of wine is nowhere commanded in the Bible. We are free to abstain or not to abstain, if we act according to conscience in the matter. We feel, however, that for the drunkard, to whom the first glass is the sure beginning of the end, that first draught is as much a sin as the incipient indulgence of any other passion is, as expressed by the Divine Expounder of Christian ethics (Matt. v. 28), and also by the beloved disciple (1 John iii. 15), where the indulgence of lust and hatred are accounted as, in a measure, equivalent to the final sins to which they tend. For Christian men, we urge abstinence from drink, not so much in the light of a duty, as in the greater light of a privilege; they are free:

"But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak," 1 Cor. viii. 9.
2. False analogies are false arguments. If one man over-eats himself, and is guilty of the sin of gluttony, that would be no reason for my abstinence from food; nor does it in the least affect my reason for abstinence from drinks. For—

a. All testimony goes to prove the impossibility of total abstinence from food, consistently with life and health; but many thousands of testimonies go to prove that total abstinence from intoxicating drink is compatible with life and soundness of health.

b. Food has a tendency to satisfy the appetite of hunger, but intoxicating drink tends rather to whet the thirst of the drinker for more and stronger drink. There is therefore an essential difference in the natural tendency of each of these elements.

c. The glutton makes himself uncomfortable by his gluttony, but he does not thereby make other people uncomfortable. We have never heard of a man who had over-eaten himself, and, on account of his excess in food, beating his wife and ill-using his children. But we have heard of the natural effects of drink in producing such cases of violence.

d. Has any one ever heard or read such a plea of extenuation as this—"I hope your worship will excuse me this time, for the fact is, I had eaten too much"? But we have heard a thousand and a thousand times over—"It was not I, but the drink that did it."

e. There is nothing in the food we eat that is calculated to be or to become an active agency for evil to others; but in the drink there lurks a spirit—not a passive instrument of evil, but an active agent of the wrong.

3. We have no desire to associate ourselves with those who speak uncharitably on this question. Nor yet do we mean to reject a cause that in itself is good because some men advocate it on false grounds. If we were to act on this principle in all things, we would have to reject Christianity itself. Would our correspondent hold himself and his Christianity responsible for every wild, and erratic, and uncharitable mode of advocating it? Then why should he reject this cause for the uncharitable utterances of some? Why not rather join it, as many of us have done, and thus place himself in a position to state the matter rightly, and in the spirit of Christian love? One part of our mission is to repress any measure of Phariseeism that may lurk in the system—not the only system either in which the spirit of the Pharisee exists. There is Phariseeism in the pulpit, and in the pew, and in the drawing-room, and even at the Table of the Lord. Then, shall we wonder if we trace a little of the "old leaven" in the ranks of our Teetotalism, especially when we consider how long the Christian Church and the Church's ministry have kept aloof from it?

We trust that this little friction of thought with thought may tend to rub off some of the rust from our mutual understandings, and that we may all be enabled to see more intelligently and more clearly the real merits of the case.—[Ed. C. E. T. M.]
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.
No. IX.—VICTORIA PARK.

Shakespeare tells us that there is a soul of goodness in things evil; and a most comfortable doctrine it is, at least for those optimists who are able to believe in it. For them, by virtue of this creed, the world moves along on well-oiled wheels, and is rapidly approaching a beatified state. Any spreading or intensifying of evil, being accompanied by an equal expansion and strengthening of its soul of goodness, is not a thing to be deplored or striven against; but if any action is to be taken in the matter at all, it should rather be directed to the extraction and glorification of the good soul of the evil body, and so, little by little, we shall slide easily into the Epicurean philosophy, and recognise it as the only true one:—"Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

But if, on the one hand, there be this soul of goodness in things evil, we are compelled to admit, in spite of our optimistical friends, that on the other, there is a soul of evil in things good. This melancholy fact stares us in the face everywhere; and we do not need, according to the old legend, to have some cold, impassive Spirit of the North to stand by our side, and check our exuberant rejoicing over a piece of good news, by showing us that what is good to us is evil to somebody else. We see, alas! that the efforts of the highest wisdom and the purest benevolence are hindered and clogged in their working, and perverted from their designed ends, by the presence of evils which spring from them like fungi, and sometimes attain a growth so huge, that it becomes a question whether wisdom and benevolence had not better have gone to sleep, than have exerted themselves in a way which has become so surrounded by that which is scandalous and profligate.

Some such thoughts as these passed through our minds as we stood, on a lovely Sunday evening last July, at what—for want of a more descriptive name—we must call the Grove Street gate of Victoria Park. The band in the employ of the Sunday League had played its last waltzes and mazourkas, varied at times, oddly enough, with Rossini’s Cujus Animam or Handel’s Hallelujah Chorus. The young folks who had gathered round the musicians had ceased to grasp each other’s hands, or clasp each other’s waists, as they waltzed or polkaed over the grass in time to the music. The crowds had poured from the Park, which was growing dark and deserted; and the broad road before us was like a fair. Immediately in front of us, and within comparatively a few yards of each other, rose three immense taverns, all ablaze with light; all from their open doors, and windows on ground and first storeys, pouring out sounds of revelry; all unable to find accommodation for their customers, for all were surrounded by scores upon scores of al-fresco drinkers and smokers; all in a state of intense activity, rapidly lowering their stores of ale and spirits, and, no doubt, blessing the perverted good which had become to them a source of such immense gain.

The tavern on the right is called the Royal Hotel. It is a new building, and appears to possess accommodation for two or three hundred customers. Upper and lower rooms were literally crowded with men and women, mostly young; and detached couples and groups filled the road in front. They were all what is called respectable, according to that low standard of respectability which consists in sound clothing and blacked boots. Still, the constantly heard foul expletive, the frequent oath, and the senseless
laughter, showed a very low moral standard. The coarser and more offensive forms of drunkenness were altogether wanting, excepting in one solitary instance, where a villainous caricature of humanity hiccuped to a grinning tormentor to “put all he did know, and all he didn’t know into a piece of paper, and there wouldn’t be much of it”; a sentiment which, by his pertinacity of repetition, he seemed to consider the acme of sarcasm.

And here a little episode occurred which may serve to illustrate points further on in the lives of many of these foolish young people. A poor fellow, all rage and grease, threaded his way in and out amongst the crowd with a basket of periwinkles. We knew him, and had known his parents. They had been, at one time, just the same gay, wasteful, Sabbath-despising persons as the hundreds around us. But children and cares came. Work was slack in the trade they followed; and, by great exertions, they opened a small shop in an East-end back street, where the wife sold fried fish, and the husband hawked shrimps round the neighbourhood. He died from exposure and irregular living; the widow carried on the business for a while, and then dropped out of sight. And what of the daughter and three sons, who had begun in their turn to take up the habits and amusements which their parents had at one time so much valued?

“Well, George, how are you getting on?”

“Oh, much after the old sort. I do the best I can; but it’s a hard crust to earn.”

“How’s Peter? Did I hear he enlisted for a soldier?”

“Yes. There were always such jolly rows at home with him and the old woman because he used to get drunk, that he listed in the Five-foot Fencibles. We had a letter from him two or three months ago. He was at Gibraltar, and getting on first-rate. He’s been made a serjeant. You see, he turned teetotaller about five years ago, and that did it.”

“Why don’t you turn teetotaller too?”

“How can I, when I have to get my living in public-houses? I suppose you know about Jim. His name was in the papers about a twelvemonth ago. He got seven years for smashing [i.e. passing bad money]. His wife and child are in the workhouse.”

“What of Hannah?”

“Why, when the old woman cut it from Slopen Street, Hannah went to live with a fellow who soon turned her off. She knocked about here and there for a while; and now I believe she’s on the Commercial Road or Ratcliff Highway, or somewhere thereabouts.”

“All this is very sad. And what about your own prospects, and those of your children?”

“Well, I don’t know. I shall go on as I am, I suppose, for a bit; and then there’s always the workhouse, you know. As for the children, they must do the best they can for themselves, as I have.”

“And as their uncle and aunt have.”

Poor fellow! off he went, chanting his “winkitywink.” And is it, after all, a very difficult problem in the science of chance calculation, to find the proportion of those around us who in ten years will have sunk to the same level?

Standing at an angle with the Royal Hotel, and separated from it by the breadth of the road only, is the Swiss Cottage, a building as large as or larger than its neighbour, and certainly possessing more drinking accommodation, having rows of tables and benches in the road in front. In this temple, too, there was no languid and indifferent worshipping of the presiding deity. The priests and priestesses of the fane had their hands full, and the offerings were large and continuous. King Alcohol could make no complaint of being neglected.

But both these temples are eclipsed in amplitude, if not in height, by the Three Colts, a somewhat ancient hostelry, lying
not a great many yards away to the left.
The old-fashioned building of that name
was accidentally burned down a few years
ago, and the present one, the phoenix of
the same nest, rejoices in all the glare
and meretricious glitter of the modern gin-
shop. The benches in the road are double
or triple of those of the Swiss Cottage;
and a large open space in the rear is
fitted up on all sides with forms and
tables, open or under cover. There the
diapason of Bacchus-worship swelled fuller
and more complete than in the other
congregations. A hundred worshippers
in front joined their voices with two
hundred behind, and the strains were
united and fused together by those of
another hundred in the rooms of the
house. If, as some one sings in reference
to devotion, "To enjoy is to obey," what
a magnificent volume of obedience
ascended to the skies at this moment
from just without one gate of Victoria
Park!

It is almost needless to add, that a
cluster of small shops, vending tobacco,
confectionary, fruit, pastry, etc., were all
open, and doing a thriving trade; while
various peripatetic merchants in the
strawberry and hardibake lines seemed to
have no lack of customers. A temporary
interest of a melancholy character was
given to all this gaiety by the circum-
stance that the neighbourhood, in com-
mon with the whole of Hackney parish,
was placarded with notices calling the
attention of the inhabitants to the fact
that several deaths from cholera had
occurred, and urging the need of their
taking proper precautions. How much
these notices were regarded by the plea-
sure-seekers! Few things in connection
with this awful disease are more certain
than that it seeks its victims amongst
habitual drinkers.

At a very small fraction of a furlong
farther from the gate, another huge
tavern, in part dependent upon the Park
visitors, comes in sight. The Alexandra
Hotel, however, standing as it does in
Hackney Broadway, has perhaps a some-
what more legitimate claim to be con-
sidered a supplier of the wants of the
neighbourhood, than its three compa-
nions. Its accommodation seemed more
restricted and its company less numerous
than theirs.

About a quarter of a mile up the
Victoria Park Road, coming towards
Cambridge Heath, we encounter the Sir
John Cass Tavern: not a particularly
large house, but with a large square space
behind, very dimly lighted. There were
at least two hundred persons sitting here,
but with a far smaller proportion of mere
boys and girls than we have had occasion to
notice elsewhere. Many family parties
were there. There was an air of quiet-
ness and self-respect among the com-
pany; and if we could have dissociated
some ideas from the scene, it might have
been called a pleasing one. But to a mind
trained to consider our drinking habits
and Sabbath desecration as the curses of
the land, there was something more than
mournful in the sight of parents, through
mistaken kindness, giving their little ones
first lessons in drunkenness and Sabbath-
breaking. Very painful was it to see the
first group on which the eye rested:—A
tall, well-dressed, moustachioed man,
most probably an upper-class artisan;
his wife, a well-dressed, handsome woman;
a little girl of three years in the mother's
lap; and two elder children, full of health
and rich in childish beauty, racing to and
fro between the table and the grass plat.
On the table, the ale-tankard and glasses;
by its side, the child's perambulator.
There was a happy smile on the father's
face, as he watched the frolics of the
little ones; there was a mine of kindness
in the mother's voice, as she gently
hushed them—"Don't be quite so noisy,
Johnny." The tears sprang to our eyes
as we recognised the presence of the soul
of evil—ay, and the body too—in things
good. And similar groups were thick in
the place.

Thick in the place—and in how many
like places? There are other gates to
the Park, and other taverns to trap the
unwary, and the careless surround them.
And then the Park is but a dot in the vast
suburbs of the metropolis—the metropolis
itself but a dot in the map of England.
And at that moment, such groups as
that which moved our admiration and
pity must have been numbered by many
thousands by an eye that could see the
whole. If all reason be not false—if all
history be not false—if the Bible be not
false, this secular self-indulgence has but,
can have but, one termination. Thank
God for that small but noble army of
abstainers which we possess! Thank God
for that nobler army still, of self-denying
men of prayer, who are the salt of the
land, and who, though haply unknown
or despised, are yet the channel through
whom our heavenly Father pours bless-
ings broadcast upon our country!

S. G.

FRESH TIDINGS FROM INDIA.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received a letter from my dear friend the Rev. E.
Templeman, chaplain, Moradabad. We trust all our abstaining friends will see the
importance of strengthening his hands. He writes thus:—"You will be very pleased
to hear that nearly all our societies are doing well, and that although we have lost a
few, we have also gained in other quarters. We are not far from one thousand two
hundred; and although we have not gained as much as I could wish, still it is much
to know we have not gone back. If I cannot get more pecuniary help I shall have
to discontinue all our periodicals next year. I have written to everybody likely to
give, and to many not. We have had a very trying season, but I thank our heavenly
Father I have been able to get through and work hard for the association. I quite
think next year it will be on a better footing than ever. I do not think I shall come
home this next year; there is no one to carry on the work with heartiness if I go,
and I want to see it rooted. If our means were greater we could do much more."

There is no occasion for me to add a single word to such remarks upon our Indian
Society; they were not written for publication, and ought, therefore, to have more
influence upon the readers of the Magazine. I will only add—Who will help? Can
we allow our esteemed friend to be weighed down with the responsibility of raising
enough money to meet our present liabilities? Can we allow our soldiers in India to
be deprived of their monthly supply of temperance papers, and the whole work be
brought to a standstill for want of a few liberal donations to raise fifty pounds—the
sum required?

May our Divine Helper incline the hearts of some of our friends in England to
give us the pecuniary aid we so greatly need, and without which we cannot maintain
our Soldiers’ Total Abstinence Association in India.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
J. GELSON GREGSON.

Oct. 11th, 1866.

Donations will be received by Mr. Tweedie, 337, Strand; or by Rev. J. Gelson
Gregson, 7, Clarendon Road West, Notting Hill, W.
HOUSES OF VOLUNTARY RESTRAINT.

BY THE REV. EDWARD P. HATHAWAY,
ST. GILES'S, LONDON.

Has not the time arrived for a combined effort to establish one or more Voluntary Retreats, to be conducted on Christian principles, for intemperates wishing to be rescued from their hateful bondage, but to whom, or to whose friends, it is apparent that for this they must be delivered from their present surroundings? The urgent want of such an asylum has long pressed upon my mind. I am now constrained to break silence, and through your pages to suggest action in this matter, by the painful case of a poor inebriate clergyman who, just lately, has slipped through my fingers, and is again roaming the streets without hat, coat, or shoes, through the absence of any such place of temporary shelter. He was willing, so long as the means of obtaining drink were out of his reach, to consign himself to a lunatic asylum, had the law allowed it. May the mercy of God yet overtake him!

Of course I am not advocating a place of mere shelter and cutting off from temptations. To be worth the trouble which its support would involve—nay, in order to compass the great ultimate end of all Christian abstinence, it must be a home in which, by prayer, example, society, and teaching, those who personally conduct it shall seek to bring the power of the Holy Ghost to the deliverance of the inmates from all bondage to corruption.

Our land abounds with asylums for the rescue of other victims of lust; why have we none for those of Strong Drink?

Such an institution has been tried, and with ample success, in Switzerland. The following particulars, kindly supplied by my friend the Rev. Marcus Spittler, who has long superintended the "Maienbühl," near Basle, will interest your readers, and may (by God's blessing) encourage some praying heart to attempt the like in England.

The Maienbühl stands by itself, just on the Swiss frontier towards Baden, at the distance of an hour's walk, or rather more, from Basle. It consists of a simple farm-house, large enough to accommodate some fifteen inmates, with as many acres of land round the house.

The establishment is presided over and carried on by a truly Christian 'house-father' and his like-minded wife—in rank just Swiss peasants, but admirably qualified by the grace of God for their post. Servants there are none. The inmates constitute an enlarged farm-family, and find daily employment with the 'house-father' on the land or in the farm-yard, or assist the 'mother' in the garden, the dairy, or the house.

In this family are found young men belonging to every social grade—noblemen, ministers, students, merchants, as well as peasants. Some have placed themselves there; some have been brought by their friends. In
every case the stay is of course wholly voluntary; any inmate may leave at any moment. No distinction is made in respect of treatment. They live together, work together, fare alike, and sleep in one and the same dormitory. The food is abundant and wholesome, but simple as it would be in a farm-house in England of the humbler type. Those who can afford it pay ten francs per week; the poor pay seven francs. The ‘house-father,’ a strong, hard-working man, not learned, but truly devoted, conducts family-prayer night and morning, watches carefully over the inmates, prays for them and with them, and in everything affords them the example of an industrious, faithful, loving, and consistent Christian. He communicates with the friends of the inmates, and writes the monthly reports required by the committee of management.

The country cottage of the venerable pastor C. F. Spittler is within a mile of the farm-house; and every week his son visits the “Maienbühl.” It has been carried on in this simple way for nearly twelve years, with as much success and as much disappointment as our own efforts to reclaim the drunkard would lead us to expect.

Many a young man, whom drink had reduced to abject misery, has there found that the Lord Jesus saves from sin; and former inmates of the “Maienbühl” are now efficient missionaries to the heathen, pastors of parishes, etc. Others have refused to conform to the regulations of the house, and discharged themselves; and some, after a lengthened stay, have relapsed. As my friend expresses himself—“If they take the hand we are stretching out to them for their rescue, well and good; God may bless it, and He has blessed it in many an instance. But to convert a man is not of man, but of God. Our chief means of training is to pray to Him, that He may bring it about through Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost.”

I do not suggest that we altogether copy the details of the “Maienbühl” in England. The habits of English society require different arrangements. But retirement, healthy occupation, and Christian influence are as attainable, and assuredly would be as much blessed, in England as at Basle.

---

**What Drink can do.**—A friend writes the following sad tale:—I have met with a gentleman selling fuses. Drink brought him to poverty and disgrace; but he is even now really a fine fellow, and is most anxious to make a mend. He has promised me that with God’s help he will never touch drink again, and I trust he may again be useful in society. He was formerly the principal of a school, can speak French and German, and is well up in most things, scholastic and business. He is open to do anything, from truck-wheeling to secretaryship. If you can render him any assistance, &c. &c.” This is the old story over again.
AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

BY AN HONORARY SECRETARY.

DURING the month of October I generally allow myself an extra holiday (?), after the summer sea-side, and before the winter work. This enables me to clear off many engagements in the way of lecturing, at long distances from home, which I could not undertake consecutively at a later period of the season. I generally contrive to include a few temperance engagements *en route*, at the request of friends whose acquaintance I am thereby enabled to make or to renew.

I have just concluded one of these pleasant journeys. My primary object was to fulfil certain invitations of Young Men's Associations in the North of Ireland. But over and above these I found that my temperance engagements ultimately became the more numerous, I would perhaps add the more useful.

My first evening was spent at Clifton, where I delivered a lecture (at the Victoria Rooms) in connection with a local society, and not on the Temperance question. From Clifton I proceeded to Worcester, in which city I had the opportunity of addressing a very large Temperance meeting in the Guildhall, which was very densely thronged for the occasion. This meeting was the anniversary of the Mayfield Society, which is one of those large and successful labours resulting from "woman's work." This Society is conducted under the auspices and careful superintendence of Miss Breay, of Mayfield Lodge, Worcester. This lady has met with a most astonishing measure of success. Without any very remarkable bodily health or strength, Miss Breay has, by the simple effort of an earnest and loving sympathy, attached to her standard many hundreds of members and friends in her local society. There must have been as many as 800 persons present at the Guildhall that evening. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. Wright, vicar of St. Peter's. The Rev. C. Bullock, rector of St. Nicholas', was also present, with other clergy of the city. One of the plans adopted by Miss Breay is the recognition each year of the consistency of her members. A medal is presented to each member of six months' standing; a card of full membership after twelve months; and a book as an annual token to all members of longer continuance. I had the pleasure of presenting a whole host of these mementos—medals, cards, and books, to the evident satisfaction of all who received them. I can only say that here was a meeting assembled, consisting of elements such as most of our clergy would earnestly desire to see associated with them, but which they so often fail to gain—men of all grades of work, who had been more or less exposed to the temptations of drink, and now presenting so formidable and interesting an array, as the main body of faithful gentlemen under the leadership of a true heroine who is minded to lead them on to higher and better things. The results of such a use of influence, for time and eternity, cannot be told for multitude.

From Worcester I proceeded next to Wrexham; and on my way, and having the time to spare, I halted at Shrewsbury, and had the pleasure of spending a couple of hours with my very excellent friends, the Wightmans, at St. Alkmund's vicarage. Mrs. Wightman still continues her indefatigable labour; her great Dining Hall scheme is a grand success, more than paying its expenses. At Wrexham a very large meeting assembled in the Music Hall, under the presidency of Simon Yorke, Esq., J.P., who is himself a staunch
teetotaller. The strength of the Temperance cause here is centred in Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Darby, of Brymbo. The local society, as one of its means of operation, sets a good example to other societies, by subscribing for 200 copies of our Magazine per month, for circulation among the resident clergy, magistrates, and other influential people. It may be just worth mentioning that this outlay does not, after all, cost as much as might be supposed; for in many cases more than the value of the whole purchase is sent back in the form of a subscription. One resident nobleman, for instance, having received a copy of the Magazine, forwarded a cheque for £10 to the local society. What a great impulse would be given to the cause by a similar effort in other places!

The public meeting at Wrexham was preceded by a tea-meeting, characterised by at least one pleasurable incident. The occasion was selected by the local society for the presentation of a wedding gift, being a costly tea and coffee service, to a newly-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Minshall, both members of the society, and both highly connected in the county. The presentation and the reception of the auspicious gift were equally graceful, calling forth the kindly feeling of true brotherhood which I am happy to say largely characterises our temperance membership. The handsome gift was presented in a graceful speech by Mr. Darby, and was as gracefully responded to by Mr. Minshall. The young couple, who seemed to be supremely happy, were made yet more happy by this pleasing recognition on the part of their brother and sister members.

From Wrexham, my next stage was a short one, to Chester, to which city I had often been invited by temperance friends, an invitation which I had not hitherto been able to accept. On rather a short notice a large and interesting meeting was assembled (Thursday) in the Corn Exchange, presided over by the Rev. R. D. Thomas, M.A., incumbent of Christ Church, Chester, one of our clerical abstainers. The meeting seemed to me to be a successful one, and to have made an impression on the audience. I am glad to think this, for otherwise I would fear they must have been disappointed, for on leaving the hall I observed for the first time the bill announcing the meeting, in which I was grieved to find that I had been advertised to deliver an “oration!” It was well I had not seen this before the lecture; it would have annoyed and disconcerted me. I think it would be well for our temperance friends to spare us in the eyes of the public, by avoiding thus booking us by these pretentious words to work that we desire to do quietly and unobtrusively. It is no doubt well intended; but it puts both ourselves and our cause in a false position.

From the lecture I proceeded to the railway, and took the night train (10.20) to Holyhead, and across that night to Kingstown. By easy stages I proceeded to the North, through Dublin, Belfast, and thence to my brother’s rectory, within two miles of the Giant’s Causeway. At this very wild and romantic spot I spent a few days, from Saturday till Tuesday; and while there I very nearly came to grief. It was on this wise:—

My brother, myself, and two friends, visitors at the rectory, went forth on Monday morning to view the wonders of the Causeway. We took a boat, which was not as pleasant as we would have wished, owing to the roughness of the sea and the under-swell. We were prevented by the weather from visiting the caves, with one exception, which we approached by land. Near the conclusion of our day’s work we proceeded to the ledge of basaltic columns, the veritable Causeway; the tide had not yet arisen above this ledge, but it was rising in a heavy sea. We ventured rather too far upon the rock; and, lo, all in a moment, a huge, blue, seething wave
rolled in over the ledge of rocks. I saw it coming, and prepared to meet it for myself, and to save at least one of my companions, who screamed with womanly fear when she saw the blue monster approaching. The affair seems romantic enough now, looking back upon it; but suffice it to say that, at the moment, all efforts failed to stay the onward sweep of the wave; it flung us both down with

violence on the rocks, and left some bruises as mementos of the visitation; we disappeared; the wave actually buried us in a watery grave, from which, however, we rose again, stunned, shaken, and saturated, both "washed and mangled" at the same time, and yet apparently not very much refreshed by our cold bath. The other two fared just the least bit better than we did, being very near us, but having by a flank movement received the lesser shock of a lower wave. A black straw hat with half a pheasant on it, and a black veil, were borne off as trophies by the wave, but were "gallantly rescued," and in the rescue I discovered my own hat, which I quite thought had remained upon my head, floating off on a voyage on its own account. Let me, however, express my thanks to a preserving Providence. We were safe; but if we had been washed off the rock by that rough wave, no human power could have saved us.

After discharging certain engagements in the city of Derry and the town of Dungannon, I resumed my Temperance labours by a visit to the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Cope, of the Manor House, Loughgall. This excellent lady has been earnestly and successfully conducting a Temperance movement among her tenantry on her extensive estates in the County Armagh. Our Clerical Secretary, Rev. Thomas Roeke, visited Loughgall during the past summer, and I promised an autumn visit. This promise I have just fulfilled. From my observations of Mrs. Cope's earnest efforts I am enabled once more to bear my testimony to the value of "woman's work" in this department of philanthropic and Christian labour. Whole villages are characterized and impressed by the influence of our movement, to the undoubted advantage of the people. I stayed at Loughgall for four days. On the first evening I addressed a crowded meeting of farmers, farm labourers, and their families, at the Grange—four miles distant, in the village school-house. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Cope's brother-in-law, R. Templer, Esq., J.P. I only fear that, not being much accustomed to address purely rural audiences, I may have failed to perform my part as thoroughly as I might have wished. On the following evening I addressed an influential and crowded meeting in the thriving and populous town of Portadown, seven miles distant. The meeting was presided over by A. Shillington, Esq, and was largely attended by the young men and leading inhabitants of the town, including the incumbent of Portadown, and the leading ministers of various denominations. On the third evening (Saturday), a village meeting was held in the court-house Loughgall, at which Mr. Templer again presided. On Sunday I preached at the
OUR PRAYER UNION.

It would be well perhaps to remind our readers of our prayer union, formed some time back at the suggestion of the Rev. H. J. Ellison, who, at the Committee’s request, drew up some rules and three short prayers for use of the members. These are used, we have no doubt, by many earnestly and regularly, but we would like to see the members of “the Union” increase very much. We know nothing like the power of prayer; no instrumentality, no organization can prosper without it, while sometimes God is pleased to show us how much prayer can effect without any apparent instrumentality or organization.

We have in our Temperance work a giant evil to combat. Oh! let us not neglect the weapon of all-prayer! We would urge those who have already joined “the Union” to more earnestness in pleading for God’s blessing on every branch of our work. We would ask to make each new phase of it as brought from time to time to light in our pages the subject of their petition, and we would remind or inform others of the existence of “the Union,” in which the members agree to pray at some time on Sunday for our work’s success.

The book of membership, with rules and prayers, can be had on application to the Secretaries, at the Office, 9, Paternoster Row, at 1d. each, or 2d. post paid. Heads of Parochial Temperance Associations will find these prayers also suitable for their weekly or other meetings.
"WHILE MEN SLEPT."

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.,

Author of "Lyra Fidelium."

"While men slept, his enemy came."

Brethren, there are sounds of weeping
Where there should be notes of song;
For the foe his watch was keeping,
While we slumbered late and long:
And amid our careless sleeping,
He hath wrought us bitter wrong.

O'er the land and o'er the water,
From all regions under sun,
Come the sounds of woe and slaughter,
Tales of horror, one by one—
Tales of stricken son and daughter,
And the wrong the foe hath done.

And that wrong he still is doing,
Shall we all his work fulfil?
Will ye evermore be rueing,
Never hindering his will?
Rouse ye, rouse ye! and pursuing,
Dare ye to withstand his will!

Let your own self-abnegation
Be the weapon that ye wield;
Thus for your souls' liberation
ONE, on yet a harder field,
Fought the fight of your salvation,
Made a deadlier foeman yield.

Onward, then! no longer sleeping
Through the night so late and long,
Ward, and watch, and order keeping,
In that Great Example strong,
Change those bitter cries of weeping
Into music of sweet song.
4. Catechising.—In every branch of education it is the calm, continuous teaching and training that tells, and in all the instruction is more or less catechetical. As we use a catechism in a religious education, so may we do in a teetotal education. Several penny catechisms have been published, while the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union has prepared lesson sheets containing easy lessons. But whether a printed catechism be used or no, it is very important that the children be catechised and regularly instructed as to the history and process of making intoxicants, their nature and effects. They must be well grounded in Temperance principles, impressed with the importance of the subject, taught not only to abstain, but taught why. It is through the understanding that the heart and will and conscience are most powerfully and lastingly influenced. We must ever remember how hard it is to uproot traditional ideas. There is a traditional faith in the advantage of intoxicants implanted in the child’s mind by parents and others which must be eradicated.

We are apt to think that the children have understood us when they have not. To ascertain that they really understand our facts and arguments we should question them, rewarding good answers with picture tracts or little books; and not only should we examine them, but examine ourselves at the close of each meeting—“Do these children know more about drink, its nature and evils, than when they entered the room?”

If our young abstainers are thus trained, as they grow up they will be able to give reasons for their faith and practice. They will not go out into the world ignorant of the snare, and when they attain to manhood they will be well-trained soldiers, carefully instructed in the weapons of our warfare, each one like Goliath, “a man of war from his youth.” Mistaken kindness on the part of others, ridicule from others, will each be tried to induce them to break the pledge. The customs of workshops, fines and footings, trade meetings, visiting among friends,—all these will be times of temptation. How necessary, then, that they should go forth armed at all points, not with their minds imperfectly enlightened, but well instructed as to the nature, uselessness, and injurious effects of strong drink.

5. Classes.—In Scotland much has been done by classes. Eight or ten children are placed in a class and taught on the same plan as in Sunday schools. Where there are enough abstaining teachers in a school, this plan could not fail to be of advantage.

6. Tracts, Publications, and Reading.—The distribution of tracts and publications at the close of the meetings will be found very useful. The British Workman Illustrated Handbills, Jarrold’s Norwich Tracts, and the Ipswich Juvenile Tracts, are all suitable for this purpose. The tract intended to be given is read in whole or in part, and the children questioned
to ascertain that they understand it. A copy is then given to each child. The explanation is of great use, as the children take more interest in the tract, and carry it home with the accompanying explanation to their parents. Many are the instances in which drunken parents have been induced to sign the pledge by the conversation of their own children—"A little child shall lead them." Mr. Allen, of Huddersfield, tells us of a young abstainer who, sent by his father to a public-house for ale, remonstrated, "Suppose I should taste the ale, suppose I should get a liking for it, and become a drunkard." The father resolved to abstain, and he and his wife became most active members of a Temperance Society. All juvenile associations have such instances. Many anecdotes might be related of the earnest appeals of these little messengers to their parents and brothers never to go to the public-house again. The mouse in the fable did much to free the lion from the toils, and the humblest child may often be the means of freeing some far older and stronger than itself from the bondage of the drink. In visitation these tracts will frequently be found carefully preserved in a drawer, or even bound up in a volume, and shown to the clergymen or visitor with great delight.

7. Work.—When an irreligious person becomes changed he should be at once "put into harness,"—in other words, "set to work." Work is a great preservative against backsliding. The man who has spent his energies in the service of the devil, must now be made to employ those energies in doing good, or he may fall away. So with our young abstainers; nothing will so tend to keep them steadfast as to keep them fully employed.

In the Frome Society prizes are given for essays on the Temperance movement. There are three grades of prizes. The first open to any members, the second to those under 16, the third to those under 12. Frome is divided into 36 districts; over each a youth is appointed as district secretary. He has a register with the names and addresses of the members in that district, every one of whom he visits monthly. If a member should be sick or undergoing severe temptation, or should have violated the pledge, steps can be at once taken for his or her comfort or restoration. Too often in sickness the medical man prescribes wine or brandy; parents, relatives, employers, and mischievous persons act as tempters; the superintendent receives notice of this, steps in, and the damage is repaired. These youths lend the library books, exchange them, and take orders for temperance periodicals. Each of the 36 prepares a quarterly report, which is read at the tea meeting. Over these 36 youths there are 4 superintendents, who act as the connecting link between the committee and district secretaries.

Two years in succession the members of my Sheffield Band of Hope competed for prizes for the best plants grown in their homes. The shows were very successful, and much good was done. Tracts were sold to them at a nominal price to give away on the roads or elsewhere; some of the lads visited the railway stations on Sunday mornings, and gave tracts to those about to travel by excursion trains.

In June, 1863, I asked the boys if they could sell any temperance
periodicals among their neighbours. They agreed to try; some of the
girls also tried, and finally a few of our lady district visitors did the same.
The “British Workman,” “Children’s Friend,” “Band of Hope Review,” and
“Adviser,” all monthly publications were those selected. The two former are
published at a penny, and the two latter at a halfpenny the number.

During the two years and four months from that time, there were sold in
the workshops and homes the following:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Visitors</th>
<th>Girls</th>
<th>Boys</th>
<th>Total number sold.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>British Workman</td>
<td>3611</td>
<td>1715</td>
<td>4546</td>
<td>9872</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children’s Friend</td>
<td>1856</td>
<td>3030</td>
<td>3252</td>
<td>8138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Band of Hope and Adviser</td>
<td>836</td>
<td>1149</td>
<td>1915</td>
<td>3900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6303</td>
<td>5894</td>
<td>9713</td>
<td>21,910</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

and when I left Sheffield in October, 1865, the circulation was nearly 1000
a month, which circulation is still maintained.

The mode of operation was this:—The children who volunteered to can-
vass, and who were considered trustworthy, were each supplied with a copy
of each of the publications, together with a number of canvassing-bills
obtained from the “British Workman” office. They were to leave a bill
with every family in the district, to show the numbers, and offer to bring
any of them regularly every month. The following week they gave in a
list of the subscribers obtained. Each month the numbers were furnished
to them, the money for which was brought in before they received a further
supply. The profit on the sale of so large a number is twenty-five per cent.
Out of this rewards were given each year proportioned to the numbers sold.
One girl kept the lead two years following, having sold £3 worth each year.
The first year she received a bound volume of the “British Workman” from
its commencement, and the second year a workbox, value fifteen shillings.
Others received prizes worth from sixpence to twelve shillings. The first
year £4, and the second year £6 was thus given in prizes.

We had in all about eighty canvassers, and the figures show that by the
children more than two thirds of the numbers were sold, the boys selling
the largest number. Several who commenced well would give in after a
few months or weeks. There would be many new canvassers immediately
after each distribution of prizes. Thus in April, 1865, the circulation being
then nearly 900, prizes were given which so aroused the children that in
May 1400, and in June 1300 were sold, gradually declining until, as before
stated, in October it was 1000. It was one of the most encouraging fea-
tures of the canvass that the bad debts did not reach a shilling in the
pound. The canvassers were exhorted to go to the houses they supplied
with clean hands, face, and boots; to speak kindly and civilly; to deliver
the numbers as early as possible. Thus cleanliness, tidiness, civility, punctu-
tuality, industry, were inculcated. Cleanliness should be insisted on. It
is sometimes remarked by visitors to a juvenile association that some of the
members, to judge from their personal appearance, however fond of water
internally, appear to cultivate an external acquaintance with it on very
special occasions.

(To be continued in our next.)
DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

In the records of our daily English life it is really most painful to observe how almost every instance of outrage has upon it the stamp "It was the drink that did it." The following would in all probability never have been on record but for "the drink," and "the drink" would not have been had but for the fearfully multiplied facilities which our present beer-shop system supplies:—

Fatal Affray between Hop-pickers near Sevenoaks.—Ide Hill, an isolated hamlet about four miles from Sevenoaks, was lately the scene of a desperate affray between some of the labourers of that neighbourhood and a number of strangers who were employed as hop-pickers on a farm in an adjoining parish, and which resulted in the death of one of the strangers, a young man about 17, whose name is unknown, but who is supposed to be from London, and severe injuries to several others. The stranger had been spending the Saturday evening at two beer-houses, and when they left at the wind up some angry words took place between some of the neighbouring labourers and themselves. They left the house, and a fight took place on the green, sticks and knives being freely used. The young man referred to was picked up insensible, with his right eye cut open, the upper part of his skull broken in, and a frightful wound extending from the top of his forehead to his nose. He died as he was being removed to the union. A second man, of the same party, was admitted into the union on Sunday with a serious fracture of the skull. Of the local assailants, a young man named Boaks received an injury of the same kind, but not so serious, having been knocked down in mistake with a bludgeon by one of his companions; and another was cut severely on his left arm.

Information was sent to Mr. Superintendent Colman, of the county constabulary at Sevenoaks, and he arrived there about two o'clock on Sunday morning. His inquiries led to the apprehension of James Wood, Martin Quittenden, and James Bartholomew, young men residing in the neighbourhood, who were recognised as having been the ring-leaders. Quittenden admitted that he had knocked one of his companions down by mistake, and fractured his skull. Mr. Superintendent Colman found a large clasp knife, and also a formidable bludgeon, both stained with blood. Bartholomew was the one whose arm had been cut. The prisoners were removed to the Sevenoaks Police-station, and were brought before the magistrates on Monday morning, and remanded.

In another paper we read of an attack by soldiers on some people in Westminster, in which two Guardsmen sallied out of a public-house slashing about them with their belts, "cutting at every one that came in their way." One witness who was standing by received a blow which knocked out two teeth, loosened several others, and cut his lip so severely, that he had to go to the hospital to have it sewed up. Another illustration of the beer-shop system!

If any nobleman or landed proprietor set up and opened an establishment on his land, which directly or indirectly led to one fiftieth part of the mischief any one beer-shop does, how soon would we have it cried down and condemned on all hands, if not burnt down by the indignation of the people, that he should maintain for his private benefit and behoof an establishment fraught with such woe and ruin to the neighbourhood!

But another phase of these houses is on record; now, perhaps, the authorities
will interfere when we have a few more cases of drugging, and robbery in consequence.

**Remarkable Effect of a Glass of Ale.** — A well-known prostitute and associate of ‘thieves,’ named Margaret Madigan, was brought up in custody of police-constable House, 46 E, charged with stealing from the person of two plasterers named McCallagan and Carey the sums of £1 16s. and £1 2s. respectively. McCallagan stated that he went into the King’s Arms public-house, in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, with Carey. They were perfectly sober. The prisoner pushed between them, and asked him to treat her to some liquor. He ordered a pot of ale and three halfpennyworth of rum. He intended to take the rum himself, but did not do so. The prisoner poured out some of the ale, and offered a glass each to him and Carey, which they drank. They immediately became ill, and witness, instead of drinking the rum, ordered some brandy and soda water, but before he could drink it he became insensible. He had no doubt that the ale was drugged. He remembered no more until he got home. He could tell “to a farthing” what he spent, which was “about” 1s. 6d. He did not know the prisoner before. Carey gave a similar account of the case, saying that he also became completely stupefied by drinking the one glass of ale, and that one glass only.

Could we write anything stronger than the following, from the *Standard*, October 2, 1866:—

“Liverpool has ventured on the tremendous moral experiment of what is termed the ‘Free Licensing System,’ the result being that its poorer quarters are overwhelmed with public-houses, and the drunken habits of the people increase every year. A more hideous picture of ‘modern civilisation’ can scarcely be imagined than that which is presented at the present time by a considerable part of the borough of Liverpool. It is clearly proved that Liverpool, compared with other large towns, is the ‘most’drunken’ on the list.

“Last week the Registrar General announced the mortality of Liverpool as 52 per 1000, with London no higher than 23 per 1000. The ‘proximate causes of the increased death-rate’ are ‘intemperance, indigence, and overcrowding.’ Drunkenness is a prolific source of evil, occasioning poverty, overcrowding, and general degradation. Children go drunk to school—ragged schools of course. Women for love of drink sell every stitch they wear, saving just the last shred of linen. Women have been ‘had up’ for drunkenness 114 times and more. In one court the women were discovered ‘all drunk’ one Sunday afternoon. The children already spoken of club their pence together on a Saturday night, to have a ‘spree,’ and get gloriously inebriated like their seniors. The master of the Hibernian School says, ‘You might as well attempt to empty the Mersey river with a bucket as to apply Christian instruction while this flood of intemperance is overwhelming us.’ Chaos has come over the people.

—There seems to be neither law, order, nor decency, amongst them. Rents go unpaid, for the landlord fears to be pressing, lest his tenants should ‘pull the houses down’!

“We just quote one more horror. A tradesman and his wife ruined themselves by drink. The woman fell ill, and lay in indescribable filth on her sick bed for months. On Saturday she died, and remained untouched till Thursday. The husband that day obtained ten shillings to secure the necessary attendance, but instead of devoting the money to its proper purpose, went and got drunk with it. He went home in that state and slept with the corpse!

“Such is the account which Liverpool gives of itself; and anything worse we hope never to meet with—certainly not within the compass of the three kingdoms.”
HAROLD VAUGHAN.

A TALE.

By K. E. T.

CHAPTER XIII.

Who that has stood upon the beach, and watched the receding tide, has not often noticed with interest how the waves will play with a fragment of sea-weed thrown upon the shore. Now the water surrounds it and carries it a little distance, as if it would bear it again to the ocean; but every succeeding wave becomes more and more powerless, till the sea-weed is left in peace. And so it was now, with Annie; for the billows of trouble no longer swept over her gentle but brave soul, threatening to bear her away into what appeared an almost overwhelming flood. The waves of suffering had one after another receded, and, at last, peace had come. But it may suggest itself to some minds as a feeble and scarcely appropriate emblem, inasmuch as the sea-weed has been torn from its native home, and it is only a temporary resting-place that it can find on the shining beach. And even so, have we not all been wrested by sin from that resting-place in the bosom of our great heavenly Father which our first parents found? and, like the sea-weed, it is only a passing rest which can ever be our portion upon the shore of Time. Here, however, the similitude fails, and we thank God it does fail! for “there is a rest which remaineth for the people of God,” in heaven. But though the earthly home where a true love dwells is only a dim foreshadowing of the everlasting glorious home, it is the greatest of temporal blessings, and as such let us fervently prize it.
It was early in October, and one of those peculiar bright days which have then so entirely a character of their own—unlike the vivid colouring of early spring, save in the masses of fleecy cloud which roll over the deep blue sky, and presenting a perfect contrast to the dreamy haze or steady glare of the long, hot summer day. A deeper colouring rests upon all surrounding objects, and a mellowed brightness and spiritual beauty seems to clothe everything, suggesting peaceful, but chastened thoughts; for the natural world appears to be sometimes brought into a mysterious harmony with our tenderest feelings. And it was on such a morning that the bent figure of a man of somewhat advancing years might have been seen crossing a little country churchyard not far removed from a busy, stirring town, which for many successive years had been advancing with rapid strides, but had not so far overtaken as to destroy the rural character of the scene. The pastor's brow was calm, the face grave and kind, and there was an abundant sprinkling of white now in the once dark hair. As he entered the church, a smile of recognition brightened his countenance, and he held out his hand to a young man of two or three and thirty, who came forward to meet him.

"Not quite 'a morning without clouds,' my friend," he said; "but they are so bright, that the beauty of the scene to-day is rather increased than diminished, I think, by their presence; and so may it be with your married life; and I fully believe that it will be so—nay, I feel sure of it; for though trouble will come, the sorrows of the Lord's people may always be brought into the sunshine of His love; and from what you have told me, Mr. Vaughan, since you left the town and have taken the house here, to which you are hoping so soon now to bring your bride, you have not been trained in your heavenly Master's school without having been taught thus to deal with the sorrows of your life."

"I have learnt but slowly, Mr. Latham," Harold replied, "and am, I fear a forgetful pupil, too; but I do thank God that He has not left me to myself and that I am permitted at last to see this day."

"You have waited patiently through a long night, and the dawn has now arrived, Mr. Vaughan. I do rejoice with you, and wish you much happiness."

"From my heart I thank you, sir; and I believe that it will be mine; not that I indeed have deserved it: but when I think of her ——," he paused abruptly, and turned away his head.

The church was nearly empty. A dozen people were, perhaps, in the pews; and amongst them was Stephens. None had come from idle curiosity, but to join with heartfelt interest in the prayers which were to be offered up in the little sanctuary on that day. And now a party came up the aisle, and amongst them an aged woman with silver locks, and a modest-looking and simply-attired girl. And after a few moments the pastor's voice was heard repeating the pathetic and solemn service which was to blend for ever the earthly future of the two who now stood together, in God's sight, to promise, in sickness and health, in riches and poverty, to love, honour, and cherish one other, until parted alone by death.
Yes; Annie Morgan’s wedding day had come at last. Was it a merry bridal? No! She and Harold had loved one another too long and well, and through too many vicissitudes, for such a surface feeling to find a place in their hearts. Were they happy? Yes! truly and deeply so, if the consciousness of loving and being loved, of mutual implicit trust and of a union carried out in the fear of God, and waited for until His blessing could be expected to rest upon it, is the true foundation for married happiness.

And here we will leave them; but let not the reader forget here some of the solemn truths it has been the object of this narrative to enforce. It has not been written for those who are given to intemperance, but for the moderate, the respectable, the conscientious, and the God-fearing. To such the temptations that have been represented as assailing Harold are unknown, and it may be that they have never before pondered a case like his. They have classed all the victims of intoxication together as a degraded band, unworthy of love or interest. It is impossible to forbear suggesting, in passing, how un-Christlike such thoughts are. But, further, do the facts which surround us on all sides justify this wholesale classification? Surely no intelligent observer of what is passing round him can arrive at such a conclusion; but it is, unhappily, a subject upon which so many intelligent men have omitted to think and reason.

The victims of intemperance may be divided broadly into three distinct classes.

First.—Those who, like Harold, have derived from intemperate parents (and in most cases of transmission it will be found that both the father and the mother have fallen beneath the power of this sin) a diseased physical constitution, predisposing them to the captivity of this vice; but who, in other respects, may be highly gifted both in intellectual power and moral feeling.

Secondly.—Those in whom the disease originates through the thoughtless enjoyment of stimulants, in accordance with the drinking usages of society, and whose inexperience leads them to forget that they are playing with edged tools, until they discover that stimulants have become essential to their comfort of feeling, and so-called happiness; are conscious of inactivity of brain and depression of spirits without them; make a feeble attempt, not at Total Abstinence, but at moderation, in which they fail, and then, believing their case to be hopeless, rush madly on to meet their end.

Thirdly.—The third and the lowest class is composed of men enslaved by their appetite. No disease of brain has been transmitted to them through the intemperance of their parents; no thoughtless falling in with the customs of society, in the enjoyment of friendly intercourse, has entrapped them; the taste of the wine has wrought their ruin, and stimulants are loved for their own sake. These are indeed degraded, but Jesus has died for them, and “as brands from the burning” may not such even yet be “snatched?” And are these men to be broadly classed together as being of the same character, and such as the temperate Christian man may look down upon with disdain? Have the Harolds of society no claim upon our sympathy and our help? and how can we help them? It is no mean assist-
ance that any temperate man renders who, as he sits around the crowded dinner-table, steadily gives the shelter of his example, by refusing to take wine, to such as are trying to become abstainers, in order to shake off the habit of evil which they have formed. It will be a help if even the host whose conscience does not dictate the path of total abstinence for himself, and who chooses to have wines upon his table, will yet prevent their being continually handed round to his guests. And oh! how many are beguiled into their habits of excess by the thoughtlessly pressed invitation to take another glass, and another, which well-meaning men give through a dread of apparent inhospitality! But when the question is whether the souls of their brethren shall be lost or saved, shall Christians be enslaved by the world’s empty opinion? Jewels of gold are being trampled in the mire of this sin. Noble intellectual and moral gifts are being prostrated in the dust. There are some who, utterly degraded in mind and body, have nothing to recommend them in our eyes, though let us never forget that these are in the possession of precious souls, which it is our duty and should be our privilege to endeavour to rescue, by God’s help; but many of the nobly gifted are fighting against their chains, and seeking to burst their prison-walls. Oh! if the love of Christ has any place in our hearts, let us not follow the example of Cain, and say, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” The habit of intoxication, however formed, should be regarded in a twofold light. It is a moral evil, but it is also a physical disease; and in every case of certain restoration the remedy employed must be twofold. Total abstinence is absolutely indispensable for the subjugation and eradication of the disease; and the implantation of the love of God in the soul can alone effectually uproot the moral weakness, and give endurance and stability to the whole character. Some excellent persons, in forgetfulness of this twofold view, have thought it derogatory to the power of the grace of God upon the heart to suppose that where Divine assistance was granted, the aid of total abstinence should likewise be called in. But the use of means is in accordance with the spirit of God’s entire Word. We are to “watch” as well as “pray,” and our petitions are only mockery if we do not use every available weapon in the resistance of evil, and avoid every occasion and kind of temptation. There has been an unholy exaltation of total abstinence into the place of religion, which has alienated some who would otherwise have given it their support. Many have been rescued by it instrumentally from intemperance who have never known the fear of God; yet shall we not rejoice over all such, though it must be with trembling? —trembling for their immortal souls, knowing that Christ is the only way of life, if they die in neglect of His great salvation; and trembling for even their earthly future, feeling that religious principle can alone render the resistance of evil a moral certainty.

Through the application of the twofold remedy, may a multitude be gathered into the fold of Christ of those who are now pressed down by that yoke of intemperance which may be so emphatically designated as Satan’s yoke; and in the accomplishment of this deliverance let all who read these pages endeavour, by God’s help, to bear their part.
INCONSISTENCY.

How is it that good, thoughtful, earnest, self-denying Christians, who are ready to admit that wine and beer are not necessary for the purposes of health, are still unwilling to banish these beverages from their tables? “We do not recognise,” say they, “any call to do so. We believe that these are gifts from God to be used with moderation; and if any man abuses his liberty in the matter, we do not see that we are in any way implicated in his folly and wickedness.”

Now, when the landslip has left the narrow footpath by the cliff a way of danger and death, humanity demands the closing of the passage, even against those quick-eyed, sure-footed travellers who know the dangerous places and how to avoid them, lest the community should suffer by their liberty. So one would think that if any great evil can be traced to a definite physical object, and that object be found to be removable, no faithful Christian would hesitate to surrender his own right of way, so to speak, in the matter, for the sake of the general good. How are we to explain the strange fact that in the question of Total Abstinence it is not so?

Does the apprehended difficulty of maintaining a consistent opposition to the tyranny of social customs create a vis inertiae so potent, that the subject is really never earnestly and closely considered? Or, again, has the oft-told tale of ruined prospects, and miserable homes, and drunken brawls, become to the accustomed ear an unreality? We believe that it is so; that many a comfortable Christian, safe at home in his family, and only now and then witnessing a case of intemperance, when perhaps a servant is dismissed for failure in this particular, or a noisy reveller is heard in the street, is possessed with the serene belief that drunkenness is, after all, a very rare and exceptional vice; and that the degree of temptation to which the various classes of society are exposed is universally the same as that which he himself experiences at his own table. To himself to fall into intoxication would be to go out of his way to do evil. That another man may be dogged and met at every corner by temptation of peculiar and bewitching urgency, is a supposition that he has never entertained. That thousands fall hereby is a fact which reaches him like the news of the numbers slain in a battle a hundred years ago—a fact which, even if he does not disbelieve it, he does not realise: it is seen as if through an inverted telescope.

But the difficulty is not yet explained; for among the supporters of the liquor trade and the liquor practices, we see those whose close and frequent intercourse with the world around them has been sufficient to dispel the pleasing illusion; and who know that all the sad, sad stories of the miseries of drink are outdone by the living instances which they have witnessed with their own eyes. We must, therefore, come to the conclusion that many
good Christians are practically illogical, and unable to perceive the connection existing between cause and effect. They will deny themselves a hundred indulgences in which they see that they cannot so control the use as to be secured from the abuse; they will avoid temptations and stumbling-blocks, foreseeing the evil and hiding themselves. But here, in this matter, they are inconsistent, and foster the elements of danger.

In the interesting memoir of the Rev. C. S. Bird, late vicar of Gainsborough, there is a statement of his of the grounds upon which he felt it to be his duty to give up the theatre and balls. In what he says of the theatre many will agree, who yet do not perceive that the same line of argument cuts its way directly through the drinking customs of our country. The adage is true here—

"Change but the name, the tale is told of thee,"

O ruby wine! The passage alluded to is as follows:—

"With regard to amusements, I was induced, by what I heard from Mr. Buddicom, and by my own reflections, to give up the theatre and balls. My father had been in the habit of taking us once or twice in the season to the theatre to see such actors as Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neil. We generally, of choice, came away without waiting for the farce, lest the effect of what we had seen should be spoiled. It was certainly a great intellectual treat to see Kemble in 'Coriolanus,' or 'Lear,' or 'Macbeth,'—no greater pleasure can be conceived. But we relinquished it because we knew that there was so much moral evil inseparably connected with the practice of attending the theatre. It seemed a duty to deprive ourselves of a pleasure, when our enjoying it led others into a serious danger. What I saw of the dreadful effects in the case of some of my fellow-clerks was sufficient to convince me on this point. The theatre at Liverpool, I must say, was what Virgil conceived the Avernus to be—the 'atri janua Ditis.' A youth (one whom I have in my recollection at this moment was a clergyman's son) would come from the country into a solicitor's or merchant's office; he would go to the theatre for the delight of seeing a play well acted; he would do this bona fide for some time. But after a while he would go for other objects; and though he paid to be admitted into the pit or boxes, would go into neither. I have myself asked such a one what the play was which he went the night before to see, and he has actually not been able to inform me. It mattered not to him. He had not seen the stage the whole evening; he had spent his time in the saloon. Then, when I received his answer, that he could not say what the play was, I knew that he was ruined! With such spectacles before my eyes, how could I continue to attend the theatre?"

G. W. B.
NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]

Joseph and his Brethren.

"And they drank [shakar], and were merry [shakar] with him," or as it is in the margin, Hebrew, drank largely (see Haggai i, 6, and John ii. 10).—Gen. xliii. 34.

It is often most erroneously supposed that when the two Hebrew words shakar and shakar are used in the Old Testament, the persons to whom they are applied were intoxicated or drunk in our sense of the word at present. The Septuagint renders the clause Επιον ἐσ καὶ ἡμεθόσθεναι μετέ ἀντοί. We cannot think for one moment that Joseph and his brothers were drunk on the solemn occasion described in this affecting narrative; and I have shown in preceding notes, in the Church Temperance Magazine for April and May of this year, that we have reason to suppose that intoxicating wine was not used in Egypt in the time of Joseph. Bishop Patrick remarks on the rendering in our version, "they were merry with him;" "So we well translate the last words of this chapter, which signify their drinking plentifully, more liberally than at home; not till they were drunk (as Rabbi Solomon saith, some used to abuse this place to countenance that vice), but till they were very cheerful. For they could not be so senseless as, before so great a man, in a strange place, where they were also full of fear, to make themselves drunk."

As the Hebrew word shakar, and the Greek words μεθύσκομαι and μεθόω, which exactly correspond to it, are so important for various reasons, the English readers of our Magazine will pardon me for giving long quotations in Latin, from learned commentators, explanatory of these three all-important words, and necessary for the proper understanding of many passages in the Old and New Testaments. The note of Munsterus in the "Critici Sacri" is as follows:—"Et quod in fine subditur, Inebriati sunt cum eo, non sic intelligendum est quod ratio illorum vino absorpta fuerit, sed quod vino exhilarati fuerint. Rabbi Solomon sicut ubique solet, sic et hoc fingit commentum aliquod frivolum dicens. Ab ea die quâ vendiderunt Joseph usque in hunc diem, neque Joseph neque fratres ejus biberunt vinum: ãe congregati biberunt vinum usque ad satiætatem, non ad superfluætatem. Ne patrocinari videatur hic Scriptura ebriosis, qui hunc locum pro se citare consueverunt, quasi Joseph et patres ejus biberunt vinum usque ad inebriætatem."


Castalio remarks: "Id verbum [shakar] non semper inebriari significat, sed eâ notione in bibendo, qua satiari in comedendo. Et in Es. 49 ad finem, dicuntur sanguine inebriari qui sanguinem bibunt."

Clarinus says: "Hebraismus est, quo significatur large et hilariter eos fuisse opulatos, sic et illud, Comedite, amici mei, et bibite, et inebriamini charissimi."
In the Notae Majores in the "Critici Sacri" on this verse, it is said that Leo Judee translates the words "Vino sunt exhilarati. Tremellius, affutim biberunt cum es. Editio Gallica, furent forte bonne chère avec lui. Ad sensum non male. Sane verbum shakar aliquando declarat liberalis vini usum, qui modum non excedat, ut idem sit quod sitim explere. Sic accipies Joh. ii. 10, ὅταν μεθευσας, quum sitim expleverint: et Hag. i. 6, bibistes sed non ad ebrietatem.

Cartwright says: "Sed hic verbum shakar non, ut alias plerumque, ebrietatem proprie dictam, sed tantum liberaliorem quandam compositionem denotat. Hoc etiam sensu idem verbum usurpatur, Cant. v. 1, et Græcum μεθευσε, Joan. ii. 10."

I have laid these explanations, given by so many old commentators, of the Hebrew word shakar and the Greek word μεθευσε, before the readers of the Temperance Magazine, as the opponents of teetotalism so often refer to John ii. 10 and 1 Corinthians xi. 21, as arguments for the use of all kinds of intoxicating drinks; whereas the word μεθευσε in both passages has the same meaning as shakar in Genesis xliii. 34, namely, "taking a good quantity," without any reference whatever to drunkenness or intoxication. For a longer explanation of 1 Corinthians xi. 21, I may be permitted to refer to the Church Temperance Magazine of September 1863, pages 189, 190.

Manchester.

William Caine, M.A.

The Extension of the Franchise—A Working Man's Idea.

We observe the following communication in a recent number of The Standard. — "Perhaps a slight anecdote might be amusing to show the feeling of the truly industrious, careful, and prudent artisan with regard to the proceedings of Bright and Co., and which in a great measure bears out the remarks in that most eloquent, logical, and ever to be remembered speech of the member for Calne in the debate on the Reform Bill. Whilst I was in the north of England lately I happened to visit one of the large iron manufacturing towns where most of the men were on strike, and I took the opportunity of calling at the houses of some of them, and entered into conversation with them upon the strike generally, and their obtaining votes under an extension of the franchise. One man's argument in particular struck me in reply to my question what he thought of the extending the franchise under the late proposed bill. He said, in his broad provincial dialect, 'When a was a lad a thout what a grand thing it wad be to hev a vote for a member of parliament, se when a was about 18 a began to save a bit of money week by week, and put it in a building society until a had a reet tiv a draw, and then a bout this hoose for £280, which gave me ma vote and something for the wife and bairns if out should happen tiv me. There's a lot of folks who could ha dune the same had they had a mind, but they spent their earnings at the public-houses on pay-days, and thens the very fellars who noo cry out for votes, and want the country to gie them what they might her getten of their ain free will had they thout fit; and if they get what they want it wad be the ruin and curse of the country. And tho' I voted for Mr. — —, last election if he gans on the rig he does noo about Bright, and the likes o' him, I'll torn a reed hyet Tory.'"

"Yours, &c.

"AN EX-LIBERAL."
TEETOTAL HARVEST-HOMES.

We are glad to say that "Temperance," or we should perhaps rather say "abstinence from intoxicating drink" harvest homes are on the increase. We have before us the account of one held at Buckland Dinham, in the grounds of the esteemed Vicar, Rev. H. Clutterbuck, of which the local paper speaks as follows:

"Probably there is no county in England where harvest homes are more numerous than in Somersetshire, but whether this be matter for congratulation or regret, it is difficult to decide. In many cases there is as great an improvement desirable in the manner of celebrating the festival as the modern harvest homes evince, when compared with those of twenty or thirty years since. It may not be uninteresting if we here give some particulars of a Wiltshire harvest home of several years ago, narrated in a little volume of 'Wiltshire Tales,' in the dialect of the county, as it will serve to illustrate and confirm the statement we have made. The ceremony was thus observed:—Every male guest was by turns seated in a chair. One of the company then rose, with a mug of beer in his hand, and sang to a lively tune:—

'Here's health unto our measter,
Th' vounder o' the feast!
I haups to God, wi' all my heart,
His towl in heaven may rest,
And all his works may prosper,
Whatever he takes in hand,
For we be all his sarvents,
And all at his command.'

To this the company joined in the following chorus:—

'Then drank, bwoys, drank,
And see that you do not spill,
Vor if you do you shall drank two,
Vor 'tis our measter's will.'

Another man then stood up and sang another ditty, and meanwhile the jug of the first singer was filled to running over, and the seated man was forced to drink nolens volens to the words of a chorus, 'Vil un up a little vuller,' the jug being held to his mouth while he was rubbed violently, and the liquor spilled down his bosom. If he were a three-gallon man he escaped being made utterly drunk, and he had to drink the health of the 'misteress, the best o' one and twenty.' Of course there were other forms observed on these occasions, and frequently they wound up with quarrels.'

"It will be pleasant, as a contrast, if we turn from such debauchery, and detail the proceedings of the tenth annual harvest home at Buckland Dinham, which was held on Monday last. We have always looked upon the festival in this village as worthy of imitation by other parishes in which sobriety is a rarer virtue, and where the religious service in the early part of the day is made to atone for the excesses that too frequently follow. And yet the celebration of 1866 has introduced a novel element in the home-harvest feast, as important and appropriate to the occasion, and as beneficial, we trust, in its results, as the temperance movement ever proves where adopted and practised. It is well that on such occasions the people should be trained to the belief that thanksgiving when allied to excess and drunkenness is a mockery and sin, that true happiness may be obtained without the aid of the beer-barrel, and that the annual destruction of grain in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors is a political blunder, a social evil, and a sin against the Lord of the harvest.'

We rejoice in this testimony of the provincial press in favour of the better way of conducting our thanksgivings to Almighty God for the fruits of the earth.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The Annual Church Congress, held this year at York, as well as the Social Science Congress at Manchester, has given some prominence to the temperance question. The subject kept continually rising to view. For example, in the section at which the subject for discussion was "The Social Condition and Recreation of the People," the speakers, one and all, reverted to the public-house and the temptations of drink as the great social clogs in the wheel. Again, in another section the subject was "The Best Mode of Attaching the People to the Church of England." This was opened by the Dean of Carlisle, who incorporated our temperance work among his suggestions to the clergy. The Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, of Derby, followed the Dean, supporting his allusion to the temperance cause. The Rev. W. Caine, of Manchester, also spoke on the subject.

The most direct reference, however, to our movement at the Church Congress was on the occasion of the meeting of working men, which has now become a feature of these congresses. At this meeting the Dean of Chichester (Dr. Hook) spoke in very plain and practical terms regarding the relationship of the clergy to the people in this matter. The dean spoke more particularly from the reminiscences of his former pastoral charge, as vicar of Leeds. His words seem to have infused a truly popular and amusing element into the proceedings of the congress; more especially when he spoke of his own practical adherence for many years past to teetotalism, and the cause which brought it about. His conversation with the working man at Leeds; their mutual bargain, both alike to abstain from drink; the surprise of the working man that his clergyman would abstain from the luxury of wine for his sake; and the incredulous demand for a sign that the vicar was genuine in his offer, and would be true to his engagement, and the homely, honest, husband-like, fatherly way of giving the required token—"You ask my missus, and I'll ask yours,"—all made up one of the most touching and telling pictures of the power of sympathy of man with his fellow-man.

The Dean of Chichester seems to think he need not attach himself to any society in order to express and maintain his teetotal principles; but I would beg to remind the worthy dean that in his challenge to the Leeds mechanic he has already joined a society—he and his working man formed a temperance society between them that day for mutual help and strengthening. Our Temperance Societies are really nothing more than an expansion of that idea, multiplying it manifold. Would not the Dean of Chichester greatly assist our Church Temperance Movement by allowing his name to go side by side with his equally worthy and popular brother of Carlisle?

A largely attended Harvest-Home has been held at Buckland Dinham, conducted on the principle of abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

On Monday, Oct. 15, there was a successful meeting in St. James's schoolroom, Clerkenwell, at which the St. Clement Danes' Total Abstinence Fire Brigade and Choral Company gave their entertainment of music and recitations. Mr. W. B. Holloway presided, and stated that he had been an abstainer all his life, and found it answer in the hottest as well as the coldest climates.

The Inaugural Meeting of the Manchester Diocesan Society is fixed for Nov. 8. It is expected to be a most important and interesting gathering.
"Her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river."

ROOT DOWNWARD AND FRUIT UPWARD.

The voice of Nature is ever eloquent of sublime thoughts and noble truths; and a careful observation of Nature's workings would prove one of the best of teachers to man, illustrating great principles, and pointing many a moral for guidance and instruction. Thus God rebukes

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III., NO. 36.
the disobedience of His people Israel by the contrasted example of the
dumb beast—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's
crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider," Isa. i. 3.
Again, the tiny insect, that crawls upon the ground, is called forth as
our teacher, and men are sent to the school of the little creeping ant—
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise,"
Prov. vi. 6. Such also is the counsel of Job—"Ask now the beasts,
and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell
thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes
of the sea shall declare unto thee," Job xii. 7, 8. Thus also did our
Divine Lord derive lessons of instruction from natural objects—the
overhanging vine, the shepherd with his flock, the trees of the garden,
and the lilies of the field.

Agreeably to this mode of teaching, we have a word to say in this
paper, and a lesson to convey, from the suggestive lessons derived from
the banyan tree of India. This remarkable tree, so familiar to all
readers of Indian travel, has a peculiar characteristic of growth which
renders it distinct from all other trees. Its boughs grow out horizon-
tally from the stem; they increase in girth and weight, and would
become overweighted by their own increase, but that they drop their
fibres downwards, which descend, seeking the native soil, and as they
touch the earth, they become not only props to the horizontal stems,
but also roots of future trees. Thus it is that the tree reproduces
itself and multiplies its roots, and so continues in its prolific growth,
until it has become a very forest—"Sending out her boughs unto the
sea, and her branches unto the river."

Thus a writer on the subject says that the branches of this tree
"spread to a great extent, dropping their roots here and there, which,
as soon as they reach the ground, rapidly increase in size, till they
become as large as, and similar to, the parent trunk, by which means
the quantity of ground they cover is almost incredible." Such is the
union of all the parts, and the prolific character of the tree in this
respect, that the Hindoos call it a "holy marriage, instituted by Provi-
dence." And such is the wide-spreading nature of this growth that
with its many trunks the banyan tree supplies a covered space capable
of giving shelter to a whole regiment of cavalry, and as a natural canopy
it is used for great public meetings, besides giving a home beneath its
protecting roof to men and cattle, pilgrims and travellers.

This great and wide-spreading tree suggests many thoughts to all
who would be doing good. Its germinant life, its pregnant root, its
reproductive power, its ever augmenting influence, its capacity to throw
off new influences, and the fact that each of those influences becomes
itself a root of further fruitfulness—all these are facts that cannot but
awaken corresponding reflections in our minds. How many good men are “abiding alone,” selfishly monopolizing the good that is in them, creating no new centres, producing no new roots, starting no new influences, and thus unfruitful of any good word or work! We must confess we do so greatly envy that reproductiveness of the many-rooted banyan tree, and we do very earnestly covet that goodly gift of fruitfulness it so largely exercises! Would that in all moral and Christian labours we could see this oft creation of central influences, so that “root downward and fruit upward” might become more and more the order of the day! We do not reflect our light in proportion as we receive it. The brightest stars are those that receive the most and reflect the best—receiving light from their own central sun, and then shedding forth and reflecting that light on the otherwise dark pavement of society on which we live and move. We are all talent-bearers—having received our gift and talent to use, and by using to increase it. If you find a golden nugget, then that is your own to do as you please with it; but when you receive or discover a golden truth, then you have received that truth, not as a selfish possession, but in trust for all the world beside.

The banyan tree is thus reproductive in its nature; it begets its own family of influences; and these, again, become themselves parent trunks. Thus new fibres are sent forth; these seek the nurture of the soil; they plant and propagate themselves; and at last the little one has become a thousand, and the seed has developed itself into a forest, and a covering tent has been provided for both man and beast—all this being eloquently illustrative of the power of life, the effect of influence, the support of sympathy, and the protection rendered by such to the wayfarer, the weather-beaten, and the wanderer.

More particularly do we feel how applicable is all this to our Temperance Reformation work. This is pre-eminently a matter of influence; one man’s example moving and impressing another man; one circle of influence touching another circle; and thus spreading itself, and reproducing itself, until it has expanded itself as a covering tent for thousands. We desire to see this healthy and prolific tree sending forth its boughs, and stems, and branches, and these branches shedding their fibres down to the soil again, to take fresh root, and in time to strengthen and uphold the tree. We desire to see this goodly principle of ours dropping its new root in every parish, as an offshoot of every Christian minister, and of every healthy branch of Christian work. Thus will our country and our Church be upheld, and sustained, and strengthened. Every such institution established and rooted will become an additional source of strength, a fresh guarantee of stability, and a new centre of influence for good; the weak would be made
strong, and the strong would be made stronger. We would no longer feel that we were toiling alone, unaided, without sympathy or help. We would no longer have to deplore weak hands, and faint hearts, and feeble knees. There is nothing like working a cause to make ourselves strong and vigorous in it. Our most earnest and staunch Teetotallers are those who are practically working the cause in their own parishes and neighbourhoods; and who therefore feel that it is work for God, and for social good; and in the discipline and toil they feel their own interest increased, their own vigour sustained, and their very physical strength maintained by the good conscience they have in the work they are conducting. It is the tree that reproduces its root-bearing that shall most greatly rejoice in its growing strength and in its increasing fruits!

These words of ours may very appropriately conclude the testimony of our present volume. We have been endeavouring, in this series of articles throughout the year, to stimulate all the adherents of our cause to fresh and renewed vigour in the work they have taken in hand. We have reason to fear that all are not as earnest as they might be in the promotion of this salutary and opportune movement for the good of our fellow-men. We sometimes lack the material means for carrying on our protest, so as to do something tangible, and leaving behind us something permanent. We sometimes, also, feel the want of that friendly intercommunion and mutual counsel, that would seem to be essentially needed in a work like ours. We ought, in truth, to lack neither the one nor the other, in our attempt to spread a Temperance Reformation in our land.

In this series of Leading Articles, interspersed throughout the present volume, we have sought to illustrate the Temperance Cause in many forms and under many aspects—in its principles, in its professions, in its uses, and its practical workings and effects. We believe and hope that our advocacy has not been altogether in vain, that many have been strengthened and refreshed in their attachment to a cause that is tending more and more every year to leaven the public mind, and the conscience of the Church, with true and reasonable views of men's duties in the matter of the drinking customs and the drinking dangers of our day. We are content still to prosecute our work, and to conduct this labour of our hands; and we only ask that all who care for this movement and its success, will learn the lesson of the Banyan tree, and send forth those healthy fibres that will themselves be roots ere long, and the strong up-bearing pillars of the parent trunk. Thus each will discharge his proper duty; and the result will be crowned with the blessing of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-men!
THE TRUE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Ye whose only thirst is glory,
Emulous of earthly fame,
Only seeking in life’s story
To inscribe yourselves a name—

Look not on with cold misgiving,
Turn and join us in the fight;
Is not ours a noble striving?
Is not ours the cause of right?

Jesus is our strong salvation,
Are we not His warrior band?
Shall we not resist temptation?
Shall we not as victors stand?

Join we then with one another,
Satan is our common foe;
Let us raise a fallen brother,
Let us to the rescue go.

If ye know not all his trial,
Yet the scoff and taunt forbear;
He whose life was self-denial
Bids thee for His weak ones care.

Come with us, our cause is glorious;
Come with us, and bear the sword;
Shall we not return victorious,
For our Leader is the Lord?

E. M. R.
ROUGH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE.

No. X.—THE EDINBURGH CASTLE, CAMDEN TOWN.

Nor long ago the Saturday Review had a lengthy and somewhat laboured article on "conscience," in which the writer endeavoured to prove that the popular idea of conscience, as an inward monitor, "excusing or accusing" its possessor, is but a myth and a delusion. This opinion was based on the fact that amongst a number of people of the same standing in society, and the same average education, great diversities of belief exist as to what constitutes right and wrong, more especially in what we may call the minor morals of life. And he evidently found his strong point in the conflicting views which are held on the Sabbath question; growing quite merry as he looked at one church-going family who were puzzled as to what music was fit to be played on the piano on the sacred day, halting, it may be, between a slow minuet and a lively hymn tune; at another, who eschewed the newspaper as proper Sunday reading, but saw no harm in the novel; or at still another, who considered a walk in one direction, and amongst one class of objects, as being perfectly impugnable, while a similar walk at the same time, in a different direction and amongst different surroundings, would be a breach of Sabbath law and Sabbath decorum, and could not be undertaken without doing violence to conscience.

This may be all very true; and conscience may be nothing more than a bundle of habits, and opinions, and likings, and antipathies; but we cannot help thinking, that if it be even so, it would be a capital thing if we had a little more of it in the world. Conscience may be occasionally put forward as the apologist of inconsistent or unkind actions, but it has not yet been, and we trust is not likely to be, assigned as the excuse for glaring vice. An elastic conscience may see no great harm in certain things which a rigid one would condemn; but both will agree in censuring a system which is, perhaps, the most directly provocative of some of the worst evils with which society is cursed. It must be a most accommodating conscience indeed, which can excuse the public-house "tea-garden" system, and the only apology we can make for its possessor is, that he really knows nothing about it. As for the conscience of the man who makes money by it, why it is on a par with the conscience of the forget, the coiner, the adulterator of food, the garret printer of Holywell Street literature, et hoc genus omne.

A few sketches of this wretchedly demoralizing system have already appeared in the Magazine; and we add another. But we grieve to add, likewise, that this by no means exhausts the number that might be given. They are but specimens of a most gigantic whole. The iteration would be wearisome and disgusting. Differing in detail, all agree in the one great fact, that there is no agency at work in the metropolis for the ruin, body and soul, of the young people of our day, that can compete in malignity and efficiency with the pleasure-grounds of the tavern.

"What," says the man with the india-rubber conscience, "would you close the quoit and lawn-billiard ground? Would you shut up the nine-pin and skittle alley? Would you forbid the man who has been bending over his desk, or poring over his books, the relaxation which he needs? Would you hinder the stooping shoemaker, the cross-legged tailor, the half-blinded compositor, from bringing into active exercise those sets of muscles which are growing stiff from want of use?" No, esteemed friend, we would do no such thing. We would go as far as-
any one with the worthy liberal M.P. for Lambeth, in the religion of educating the body; but we will use every endea-

vour to dissociate that education from the surroundings of gin and beer, and most especially from close union with the preparatory school for the brothel and the gaol.

This September Sunday has been wet and unpleasant. A strong south-westerly gale has been blowing all day, with frequent heavy showers and fitful gleams of sunshine. But never mind, good friend Easy-conscience! come with me to the Edinburgh Castle, at the corner of Mornington Road and Warner Street, and we shall find sufficient food for reflection to repay our trouble. We might have gone to the York and Albany Tavern, a little further on, where the grounds are more extensive than here, and the company more numerous, but we shall find quite enough in this smaller place to justify the sharpest remark we have made, or are ever likely to make on the subject.

The ground is triangular, the base being formed by the tavern and the sides by the boundary line of the street and the North Western Railway, the apex being the point where the railway crosses the street. The open air seats will accommodate about 150 persons, and the covered ones perhaps half as many more. Very few persons are present here to-night. The uncovered seats and tables reflect from their wet surfaces the faint beams of the ten or dozen lamps—all that are afforded by the proprietor—ample sufficient for the purposes of the waiter, and well calculated for the production of those shady corners which seem so necessary an appendage to a tavern adjunct of this character. The leaves whirl from the trees, and litter the walks and the circular dancing platform; and every few minutes a train screams past, deep down in the cutting, and shrounds all in a cloud of its peculiarly scented steam. We ask the waiter how business is with him. He shakes his head, and replies, "Very bad indeed. These wet nights spoil everything. Worst summer we have had for years. If it wasn’t for the Sundays, I don’t know what we should do. And then, you know, a wet Sunday is the very devil. Look here; there isn’t a single soul out of the boxes." He was not quite right, there was one single soul occupying an open-air position, and only one. An overdressed brazen-faced girl, who had thus made herself a conspicuous object as the best advertisement of herself. But no one noticed her, for a reason we found out afterwards. Drink was by no means in the ascendant on this occasion; the pots and glasses on the tables were few even in comparison of the scent company. We made a slow tour of the boxes, and counted in them thirty-two couples. Couples; we emphasize the word; for amongst the whole number in the ground, there was no individual alone, except the unhappy advertisement above, nor were there any two persons of the same sex in company. The couples were throughout a young man and young woman—in most instances a boy and girl. Of the thirty-two, five were sitting fairly at the tables, talking openly, or consuming their refreshments. Of the remaining twenty-seven, all were slunk into corners, most lovingly cuddled together; some silent, others talking in whispers. The whole strongly suggestive of social evils of the darkest and most dangerous character.

The intellectual status of these young self-destroyers, as well as the moral one, could be easily enough gathered from the fragments of conversation we heard from the talking ones, as we paced quietly round. A slim, thin-faced girl was defending herself from some remonstrance of her companion, in terms of this kind:—"If I was married, and my husband talked to me in that manner, I’d go anywhere and everywhere,—to the aythers and concerts—with anybody who would take me, that I would."
"Um-um-um." "I didn't say that. I'd take care of myself. I always have took care of myself. I always can." "Um-um-um." "Oh, I don't care what people say. It all goes in at one ear, and out at the other. So long as I know I ain't what they say I am, that's quite enough for me."

At another table the merits of two rival costermongers were being discussed, the lady here, too, being the chief speaker:—"Dowdy's bloaters is bloaters, and no mistake; and nice and fat." "Ha, ha, and melts in the mouth." "Jest does; and Jim's is as salt as fire, and as 'ard as stones." "Ha, ha! reglar sojers." "Jest is; and Dowdy's wikkles is bigger nor Jim's, and better biled." "Ha, ha! penny a pot." "An' e always gis a pin with every 'aporth," etc.

At a third table some family matter was being talked over with earnestness; and at a fourth, a young man, with a rough, husky voice, was telling his black-mantled and white-hatted companion, some involved story about a piece of chain and a stable pail; the narrative garnished profusely with expletives and curses, and redolent with threats of vengeance against some one.

Now, friend Easy-conscience, had the weather been dry, and had you come here and made your observations by daylight only, and had the next day sat with the licensing magistrates when the application for the renewal of the license for the Edinburgh Castle Tavern and Pleasure Grounds was made, we have little doubt you would have voted for it. Little doubt, we say; because, like many others, you hold the opinion that people must go somewhere, as though getting more or less drunk was a necessity of our common nature, as imperative as breathing or sleeping. You would say that the open air drinking plot is preferable to a smoke-choked tap-room. So no doubt it is; but what need for either? You would say that this is a well-conducted house, and that there is no complaint of disorderly conduct by the neighbours.

Very likely not. And we suspect that you are amongst those shallow reasoners who hold that there is no harm, moral, or social, or physical, in a drunken, unless there be the noisy quarrel, the savage fight, the broken windows, the struggle with policemen, and the sleep in the gutter.

You are wrong, friend; and we think you will own it after what you have seen to-night, though none of these repulsive features were present. You will agree with us, we fancy, in choosing for a place like this the old Virgilian motto, "Facilis descensus Averni."  

S. G.

---

A FRAGMENT.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the future borrow—  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And on midnight sky of rain  
Paint the golden morrow!
JUVENILE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

BY THE REV. R. H. HAMMOND,
LONDON DioCEsan HOME miSSIONARY, spitAiELFiELDS.

(Continued from page 340.)

Rewards.—It will help the movement if the children have something to encourage them to persevere. This may be found in the promise that at the end of the year from the time of their taking the pledge they will receive a large card or medal. In my own Association a medal was given the size of a crown piece. This medal had been specially struck; on one side was the church, and on the other a device with the inscription, “St. Paul’s Band of Hope, established 1863.” The cost of 500 of these medals was £5, and this amount was raised at six lectures with the magic lantern; the lectures were delivered by myself, and the children paid a penny each for admission.

It is, however, a question whether a large card, well designed and executed, is not to be preferred. The advantage of a medal is that it may be worn at annual meetings and festive gatherings, but it is apt to be thrown about or mislaid. A card, on the contrary, is likely to be framed and hung up at home, as was the case with the large majority of the cards given when the pledge was taken. It is well to observe, “Now, I hope that you’ll save up and buy a frame for your card, so that when I call I shall see it hanging on the wall.”

The medals were given on the first meeting night in every month. The names of those who had joined a year were called; those who answered were ranged on a form fronting the whole school, and asked whether they had kept the pledge, and intended to keep it. Then it was asked, “Can any boy give any reason why John Morris should not have a medal? Can any boy say that he has not kept the pledge?” It very rarely happened that a boy would present himself for a medal if he had ceased from membership: the fear of being confronted by 300 or 400 boys, many of whom knew him intimately, seemed sufficient to deter from any attempt at imposture.

Treats.—A winter in-doors treat, and a summer out-doors treat each year will assist the Association. Tickets are issued at a price sufficient to cover expenses; notice given six weeks beforehand will enable the poorest to get the amount together. Elder brothers and sisters, parents and friends, will attend these meetings. The in-doors treat consists of a tea, and an entertainment comprising melodies, recitations, and dialogues by the elder boys, and short addresses by the minister and friends. This, as well as annual out-door festival in a nobleman’s park or an arboretum, in which all the local societies unite proves attractive to many non-abstainers. Pieces are sung by the children, archery, cricket, trap-bat and ball, swings, and the like, are provided. During the afternoon and evening open-air meetings are held, at which addresses are delivered, and suitable striking tracts and
papers are distributed. It is an excellent opportunity to diffuse information; it is often entire ignorance or wrong information which causes many to stand aloof from the movement.

From 20,000 to 30,000 persons are sometimes drawn together at such times. Make every effort to influence them for good. Such occasions show what we are doing and enlist new helpers. Do everything to make the day a cheerful and long-remembered one; let it be such as to impress strangers with the fact, that a pleasant and recreative holiday can be spent without intoxicating drinks. While special attention is called to the festival by bills and other means, the Committee and members do their utmost to ensure a good attendance.

Each society will walk or ride to the spot in procession with banners; and, if they have one, preceded by their own drum and fife band. Or the various local associations meet at a given centre, and so form one long procession to the place of meeting; where practicable this is the best arrangement. The procession constitutes a show of strength, and provokes thought on the part of the bystanders. If the children have medals or rosettes they are encouraged to wear them. A drum and fife band, however, is an expensive item, especially if in uniform; and it is questionable whether under ordinary circumstances it is desirable to form one. Matters go on very well while the lads are learning; but when competent to play, they are frequently offered engagements by publicans and others to play at tea gardens and other questionable places, and evil frequently ensues. The devil has his own out of everything.

Subscription.—Should the children pay a subscription? In some societies a halfpenny or a penny per week is paid, for which a "Band of Hope Review" or "Adviser" is given monthly, and a tea quarterly, as well as free admission to lectures; in others a penny per month is paid which is collected by the teachers, thus ensuring the regular visitation of the members at their homes. Some find tea meetings held twice or thrice a year a successful mode of raising funds. Much depends upon the class of children. The amount, small as it is, may not be readily obtainable by all, and it is not wise to damp the ardour of any. Penny Lectures every six weeks, with the trifling profit on the cards and hymn books sold, will generally suffice to meet all expenses.

Falling away.—It is often asked, will not some break the pledge? Undoubtedly, yet, if the right means be used, the large majority will remain steadfast. When thoroughly trained to appreciate and practise abstinence, they seldom desert our ranks. Some sign because their playfellows do so, or for the sake of festivals or treats. We must aim to make converts of such; excitements will not do this. Amusing speeches and treats may lead children to join; but few will remain firm unless their will is strengthened to resist the many and various temptations which will be offered to them in going out into the world.

Make the meetings so interesting that the children will love to attend. Reward regular punctual attendance and exemplary conduct with a ticket, as in Sunday schools. Give prizes every year proportioned to the number of
tickets obtained. Mr. Sims, of Greenwich, offered a shilling book to every member of his Band of Hope who attended 48 times out of 52; 32 came up to the required standard.

In my Sheffield society many children who had removed two or three miles from the school would still keep up their connection with us, and thought nothing of walking to and fro to the fortnightly meetings. Mr. Fysh states that in the forty Bands of Hope in Birmingham, a third of the juvenile population are enrolled, and that from visitation it has been ascertained that two-thirds stood firm to the pledge. The Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, speaking of his ten years' experience, says that he regards the operations of the Band of Hope,“ with the devoutest thankfulness to God, for the good that has been wrought by it, and the most ardent assurance that it shall yield results in the next generation such as are now but little thought of.” Mr. A. Aswell, of Bishop Auckland, who has had large experience, says, “On careful observation, I have not found ten per cent. violate the pledge.” Mr. Peter Sinclair, in speaking of the members of the Edinburgh Bands of Hope, says, “During all my travels through the United States and Canada, in 1857—1861, though I met with hundreds of them, I did not meet with one who had violated his principles, or knew of any one who had done so.”

The difficulties many of our members have to contend with must not be forgotten. A lad of fourteen, who worked in one of the Sheffield shops, joined us. The next meeting night one of the teachers came to me and said, “A boy in my class is tipsy!” It was the lad in question. As he was evidently the worse for drink, he was put out of the school for that evening. Meeting him the following day, I told him how sorry I was. He said, in a very resolute way, “They won’t serve me so again; they shall kill me first.” I then found that the men at the workshop, annoyed by his refusal to fetch them ale, had seized him a short time before leaving the shop, and held him back while they poured three half pints of ale down his throat, so that he should come intoxicated to the school.

Where there is an adult society, its members can assist in carrying on the juvenile society. But there is need of a connecting link between the juvenile and adult movement. How are we to preserve our lads and girls at that critical period when they go to work or service? How are we to counteract the pernicious attractions of music-halls and dancing-saloons? How are we to induce our juvenile abstainers to abstain for life? We need an organization to preserve and instruct youths and girls from fourteen to twenty to be to juvenile societies what Bible classes are to Sunday schools.

Need we urge upon any that this movement be carried on in a spirit of prayer? Without God nothing is strong, nothing is holy; the work is essentially a Christian work, and Christian principle should actuate every one engaged in it. Have regular prayer-meetings; encourage the children to pray for strength to keep from the evil thing, and to pray for drunken parents and friends. When 1500 children belonging to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union choir sang at the Crystal Palace in August, 1864, each little chorister was presented with a well-bound copy of the New
Testament. Thus should Temperance and Religion go hand in hand; the more religiously we do our work, the better it will be done.

And while praying, let us also labour. "Praying and working" must be our motto, "Nothing particular in our plans but hard work," was the reply of the secretary of the Leicester Association when applied to for particulars of their movement. We should work hard; let it be seen that we have done so; the singing, reciting, addresses, treats, should all be as good as hard work can make them.

The name which most juvenile associations assume, "Bands of Hope," implies that our hope is in the young; that they form the broadest and surest basis of temperance action; the hope that the rising generation may grow up unvitiated by drinking customs and habits; the hope that if the young be trained to total abstinence the generation of drunkards will be cut off. Even now Young Men's Societies exist in different parts of the country whose members have never tasted alcoholic drinks. Let us seek to make every child we can influence an abstainer—children are easily influenced for good or evil. Voltaire's infidelity has been imputed to a bias his mind received from an infidel poem learned at the early age of five. A General of the Jesuits said, "Give me the children, and I shall not ask you for the next generation." The Church of Rome endeavours by every means to obtain influence over the young, and with this end in view she is labouring assiduously in all parts of the land to proselytize among children. The avowed reason is that by and bye these children will have grown to manhood; some, perhaps, blessed by fortune will attain to great power or wealth, all of which will be devoted to the support of popery. In drawing children into their schools, and training them in their principles, it is with the hope that some one of them may become a Loyola or a Xavier. Let us learn the lesson; let us induce the young to join our ranks, and from among them may arise more earnest and powerful temperance reformers than the present generation has seen.

We desire by our juvenile associations to assist in effecting a temperance reformation. Whether we shall or no realize our expectations, depends greatly upon the tact and judgment and thoroughness with which the children are trained. Our work must be offensive as well as defensive; we must not forget the snares and pitfalls spread everywhere to allure the young into the paths of intemperance. A temperance reformation! Glorious enterprise! But the temperance reformer needs the same qualities which have made up the character of the religious reformer, moral courage of the highest kind, indomitable energy, unwearying perseverance, a genial disposition, ardent piety. May God grant them to us all, for Christ's sake!
"The cry is still they come." Whatever punctuation we may adopt for this sentence of the great poet, each will be applicable to our sad catalogue of horrors. "Still they come!" "Still they come!" is too plainly manifest in every phase of the question. Whether we regard the increasing evils of the drink, or the increasing facilities for obtaining the cause of all these evils, those who give any attention at all to this important social question, must be more and more convinced of the deep and urgent necessity for some antagonistic movement. Lord John Manners, we regret to say, has just allowed five public-houses to be built on government property within Victoria Park railings, though without there are twenty public-houses in its immediate vicinity. Ah! how many a future niche in "our chamber" will be filled by criminals or victims from these new drunkard-making establishments. Why will government or government officers provide such increased facilities for the repetition of scenes like the following?—

"A few Fridays ago, about midnight, James Miller, a foreman over the moulders at Messrs. Hicks at Co.'s ironworks, Bolton, went home in a state of intoxication, and quarrelled with his wife, who is enceinte, and near her confinement. During the early part of Saturday he became so violent as to run her out of the house and round the street in a state of almost nakedness. Through the agitation and excitement occasioned by her husband's conduct, Mrs. Miller became very ill, and before a doctor arrived the woman was dead. The doctor stated that death had been caused by exhaustion occasioned through premature labour. The husband showed the most heart-rending grief when at the police-office on Saturday evening. Deceased was only thirty years of age, and was the mother of six children.

Let fathers and husbands read this and be warned! How late, how unavailing this poor man's grief! Most probably he was a kind and affectionate husband but for the drink. How can he look on the faces of his motherless children henceforth without the bitterest remorse? He may escape the verdict of murder or manslaughter from the jury of his country, but what an accusing and condemning conscience must he henceforth ever carry about with him! How fearful the silent, unexpressed accusation of each of his six children left without a mother's care and a mother's love, deprived of both by their father's infatuated indulgence in strong drink!

The following will forcibly illustrate some of the indirect ways in which the drink is detrimental to the public weal:—

"A few days ago a passenger on the Great Western Railway, named Jennings, aged twenty-one years, died suddenly at the Didcot Junction under the following circumstances:—

"He was travelling from Birmingham, and when the train reached Oxford, a man, who was drunk, entered the compartment in which Jennings was seated, and he began swearing and created a disturbance, ultimately breaking one of the carriage windows, but he accused Jennings of the offence when the train arrived at Didcot. Jennings was greatly upset by this false charge, and was unable to speak when he attempted to deny the accusation. The railway authorities removed him from the carriage and took him into custody, and the consequence was that he became much excited, and soon afterwards expired in one of the waiting-rooms at the station.

"An inquest was held on the body,
when the jury found that the deceased ‘Died from inflammation of the heart, brought on by excitement.’”

We find that the beerhouses are becoming now, inter alia, the scene of prize fights. In one of these dens in Camberwell, a police sergeant found from 100 to 150 persons round a ring formed with ropes, and in the ring two young men stripped to the waist, and duly attended by the seconds. The keeper of the house knew there was to be a match for £5 on a side fought on his premises, and yet he made no attempt to prevent it. The magistrate found that the charge was fully made out, but only inflicted a fine of forty shillings.

In a case tried by Mr. Cook, at Clerkenwell, a wretch was convicted of most brutally assaulting his wife. He knocked her down with his fist. He cut her ear, and bit her face. He struck her with the poker, and having felled her with the blow, threw her downstairs; and it would seem that his ill-use of his wife seems to have been going on for several years; but all is easily explained when we read part of the evidence, “He kept going in and out of the house to get gin; and every time he came back he was worse than before.” Well might Mr. Cook say “that this was a very bad case, and was rendered much worse by the prisoner continually getting drunk and then illusing his wife. Drunkenness was no excuse. The prisoner had drunk away his reason and then assaulted his wife—a woman whom he was bound by every tie to protect. This was not a single case, for the evidence showed that he had illused his wife for years. He should sentence the prisoner to three months’ hard labour in the House of Correction, and at the expiration of that the prisoner would have to find one surety in the sum of £10, to keep the peace for three months.” The wife, on this decision, fainted, and had to be carried out of the court.

But read the following among “the doings of drink.” Wholesale and fearful is the desolation and ruin in this instance it has brought in its train—

The origin of the disaster (the late fire in Quebec) which is calling forth the generous sympathy of queen and subject alike is traced to a very simple cause. It seems that the calamitous conflagration broke out on Sunday, the 14th ult., in one of the small wooden houses of which the suburb of St. Roch was mostly formed. A drunken crew prolonged their Saturday night revel into the small hours. Drinking until maddened by drink, their worst passions aroused by some gaming dispute a fight ensued about four o’clock on the Sabbath morn, resulting in the upsetting of the table, and the oil-lamp upon it. The lamp was shivered to atoms, the spilt oil caught fire, and in a moment, to the alarm of the rioters, the room was in a blaze—a blaze, alas! which spread so far that some 18,000 people were burnt out of their homes, while several perished in the flames.

The following incident tells of another victim—shall we say an unconscious victim?—to the power of drink:—A CHILD KILLED BY DRINKING WHISKY.—Dr. Lankester held an inquest in Islington on the body of Harry Ewings, five years of age, who died from the effects of drinking whisky. It appeared that on Friday evening last the stepmother of the deceased sent him for half-a-quartern of brandy. He was gone a long time, when she went after him, and found that he had got whisky instead of brandy. There was but a small quantity in the bottle and the deceased smelt of whisky, showing that he had drunk some. At ten o’clock he had a fit, and shortly afterwards she called in medical aid. At twelve o’clock he was dead. Mr. Whittingham, surgeon, attended, and gave the usual remedies, but without avail. The cause of death was effusion of blood on the brain, brought on by drinking whisky. Verdict, “Accidental death.”
PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.—No. VI.

CONSISTENCY AND COMMON SENSE DEMAND IT.

Temperance Reformers, to whom primarily these pleas are addressed, are, or should be, common sense men, who aim to act consistently with their own declared principles, action, and convictions of duty. An intelligent and thoughtful Teetotaller, with a conscience, could not sell or give alcoholic liquor to any one—not even his dearest friend or deadliest enemy. He could not do this, because he knows that alcohol is a brain poison; that it is unfit for dietetic use, and susceptible of enormous abuse; and that the same principle and motives that restrain him from using it preclude him, in honour, duty, and charity, from giving or selling it to others. Believing it wrong to use it, he cannot conceive it to be right to trade in it, or in any way tempt others to use it. A Teetotaller engaged in the liquor traffic, either as brewer, distiller, or retailer, would be a moral and social anomaly, that _Punch_ would delight to flagellate, and the _Saturday Review_ to satirise. A great brewer, who professes to keep a conscience, and who himself rigidly abstains and recommends Abstinence, would be the butt of ridicule for all the world—not excepting the most besotted topers who drank his brown stout.

Mr. Buxton, a short time ago, almost placed himself in this absurd position. He praised Abstinence, though he did not practise it; he professed to have a tender conscience towards God and man; and he wrote an essay to show us “How to stop Drunkenness.” But still he went on with his mash-tub operations, and kept all his public-houses, beer-houses, and vaults well supplied with treble X. His tender conscience, though fully enlightened, gave way at the point of consistency and common sense, when he ought to have followed out his own sense of duty by a practical application of his knowledge of what is right and good. Mammon mastered him, and he resolved not to help to “stop drunkenness.” He has now suppressed his famous essay, and tells the secretary of the Alliance that he is “sick of the subject.” No wonder “the way of transgressors is hard.” Mr. Buxton, no doubt, wishes to be thought to have a conscience and some common sense, but he cannot pay the price that consistency demands. The only plea he has to offer in defence is, that _he brews good beer_; but he cannot assert that it does not promote and cause drunkenness. He knows that it does to a most frightful extent, and all Teetotallers see and feel Mr. Buxton’s gross inconsistency.

But if Temperance Reformers cannot consistently engage in the liquor traffic, neither can they give their vote and influence in favour of the traffic; but may not do by an agent what we ought not to do directly of ourselves. And the liquor dealer is the agent, legally appointed, authorized, and sanctioned by society, through the legislature and magistrate. Each citizen, so far as his influence and power extends, is responsible for the existence of public drinking houses. The Teetotaller who votes for a
candidate who will vote for the continuance and extension of the liquor traffic is responsible for the traffic, and he might almost as consistently be directly engaged in the traffic.

The Teetotaller knowing the drink to be bad, he cannot believe that the traffic is good, or that it is right to support it. His conscience being enlightened as to the facts of the case, he cannot but see that consistency and common sense require that he should stand apart from and opposed to the Liquor Traffic. His conscience responds to our Pleas for Prohibition.

A Temperance Reformer opposed to prohibition—and we have heard of such moral curiosities—is in some respects more anomalous than the pious brewer we have referred to. To oppose prohibition in the permissive form advocated by the Alliance is virtually to say that by a minority in power the people shall be corrupted and cursed by the liquor traffic, against their wish and will. We leave this consideration to the conscience and common sense of all sober and honest men. Our Pleas are before them, and we confidently expect a righteous verdict.

ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES, MELBOURNE.

We have received a number of the Melbourne Argus, (September 27th, 1866,) from which we are glad to find that the subject of asylums for inebriates is receiving attention in that colony. A meeting is reported as having been held at the Mechanics’ Institution of Melbourne to take the question into consideration. The chair was occupied by Dr. Cutts, a distinguished physician of the city. A report was read from a committee which had been appointed at a previous meeting. The report was as follows:—

"The sub-committee met on the 19th inst., and, after lengthened consultation upon the points specially referred to their consideration, arrived at the following conclusions relative to classification, government, and revenue:—

"1. Classification.—Those inebriates for whose reformation it is desirable to establish the contemplated institution may be most readily and least offensively divided into three classes, to be distinguished by the mode of their entrance, and respectively designated the voluntary, the certificated, and the warrant classes. The first class to include all those who voluntarily seek for themselves the advantages of the institution, are approved of by the committee, and who comply with the terms and arrangements of admission. The second class to comprise those suffering from delirium tremens, and for whom a medical certificate of the fact should be sufficient to secure a first and second admission, for temporary treatment; in case of a third application for admission of the same patient, his detention after recovery to be secured by consent unless his voluntarily remaining places him in class No. 1. The third class to comprise those who may be compulsorily placed under the restraints
and discipline of the institution by a warrant of a board of commissioners upon the
ground of neglect of family, doing or threatening violence, or endangering their own
lives. In these cases the initiative to be ordinarily taken by relatives or friends; in
other cases by neighbours cognizant of the facts; or, failing these, by some specially
appointed functionary—e. g., the agent of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to
Animals, in London. Authority for these proceedings, as also for the detention of
both voluntary and other entrants for stated periods of time, in any case not less than
three months and not more than two years, together with all requisite protection to
persons acting in good faith under its provisions, to be given by a special act of Par-
liament; which shall also make due provision for repayment of expenses from any
property possessed by inmates, enforcement of discipline—including compulsory
labour, at the discretion of the committee—holding of property by the institute, and
other details for which special legislation may be necessary. An internal classifica-
tion of paying and non-paying inmates is also recommended mainly upon social con-
siderations.

"Government.—The executive for the legal portions of the scheme to be com-
posed of a board of commissioners, not less than three nor more than five, to be
appointed by the Governor in Council, under the act to be obtained. The functions
of the board to be restricted to matters for which special legislation is requisite; the
ordinary management of the institution to be performed by a committee chosen by
and from the contributors.

"3. Revenue.—The revenue of the institution to be obtained by payments of or for
the inmates as far as practicable, voluntary contributions of the public, and grants of
land and money from the Government. The expenses of the preliminary operations,
including the obtaining of an act of Parliament, and at least one third of the cost of
the erection of suitable buildings, must be furnished by voluntary contributions."

The report having been adopted, formed the subject of an earnest con-
versation which followed; after which certain resolutions were proposed
and carried, as follows:—

"(1.) That the committee appointed on the 31st ultimo be constituted a provi-
sional committee for establishing a retreat for inebriates, upon the principles embodied
in the report now adopted, with power to add to their number; and that this con-
ference confirms the appointment of W. H. Cutts, Esq., M.D., as treasurer; and the
Rev. James Mirams, as secretary.

"(2.) That this conference instructs and empowers the provisional committee to
proceed at once to issue a prospectus, obtain contributions, secure the preparation and
introduction into both Houses of the Legislature of the requisite bill, and correspond
with the Government relative to the grant of a site for the erection of suitable build-
ings and farm, and the necessary subsidies for buildings and maintenance."

We very sincerely trust that this movement may have good success in
Melbourne. We have lately called attention to the general subject in our
pages, and we shall be glad to continue to record such practical illustra-
tions of our meaning as that detailed above.
DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I think I have something to say which falls in well with the temper and object of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE. As a rule, temperance men are musical. Cheerful and light-hearted, they have as much reason to sing as anybody I know, or bird either. Well, the object of my letter is to show how valuable a helper vocal music may become to the great end you aim at, the elevation of the moral and social character of the people. Certainly one thing we have utterly and cruelly erred in: we have denounced, rightly and causefully enough, dangerous recreations, but what have we done to supply better? Little or nothing!

In the matter of music, a taste for which is very widely inherent in the common people, where has been the sphere, in scores of our villages, for its exercise? Any other than the alehouse? I venture to say, and I say it from experience, that the popular chief of the village public-house circle is very generally a singer. The reason is obvious. In hundreds of English villages the possession of a good voice is most dangerous to a young working man. Its exercise in the tap-room or bar-parlour makes him a valuable customer to the landlord; he enlivens the company, and keeps it together, and takes a precedence amongst his comrades of the village, which is as gratifying to him as that of others in higher spheres to them. A most perilous possession! And in thousands of instances one of the most benignant of all the gifts that charm away our cares and adorn our social life is the direct means of un thrift, drunkenness, and ruin!

Now what I propose is not merely the association of Teetotallers together to sing “Temperance melodies,” most of which are, as music, beneath contempt. I think Temperance men should in every place take up music, and form associations, admitting all who can sing or who will learn to sing—associations whose immediate object is to furnish opportunity for the cultivation of vocal music without the usual risks of moral deterioration. It is of immense importance to be able to assemble together in the way of improvement and pleasure a number of young people, consisting mainly of those engaged in daily toil, whose opportunities of recreation are sadly scanty, and therefore too often, when they do occur, abused; to find wholesome exercise for a beautiful faculty, and supply a recreation both fascinating and elevating. Such associations, under right guidance, are useful in many ways; but, notably, they soon lift a young man above the filth and folly of the tap-room. I know men who were once high up the ladder of tap-room preferment, who, having become acquainted with Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, have learnt to look with disgust on the associations, and with contempt on the performances of the ale-house. And it is no small achievement for a community that what is ordinarily “an occasion of falling” to a young man should there find its wholesome exercise; and that the
musical faculty, developed into some refinement of culture, should become rather his safeguard than his temptation.

Well, I have been president for some dozen years of such a village musical association, and I will give you a notion of how we carry the thing on. It consists mainly of the working class, who pay 1s. a year, which is supplemented by about a dozen gentlemen and ladies, who subscribe from 5s. upwards. We number, in a village of 1400, over 100 members, and we give several concerts a year, for which the tickets are ordinarily 1s. and 6d. The proceeds pay for our instruction on one night a week the year round, buy new music, and pay for our lights, &c. We have a rule that none take part in a concert who have not attended all the rehearsals for it; this gives us a band of 60 to 70 voices. Our concerts last two hours, and consist of half sacred and half secular pieces. We have had very good fortune in finding ladies and gentlemen as piano accompanyists; at present we have two, both Teetotallers. Perhaps I ought not to omit to say that our start was made under the auspices of one of the very ablest teachers of concerted singing in England—Mr. G. W. Martin. But, as against these items of good fortune, we have also year by year lost, by marriage and removal, voices which seemed essential to our existence; yet we are now as flourishing as ever. On a recent occasion we sang almost the whole of "The Messiah," and we are perfectly familiar with the concerted passages in the popular oratorios, whilst we have more than one hundred pieces in our secular repertoire; our executants being in the proportion of ten to one of the working class.

It is delightful to witness the rapid growth of musical taste in a village under such an influence. Given—a weekly singing class, several annual concerts, the elements of singing taught in the daily schools, and I will show you a general and rapid extension and elevation of taste.

It is scarcely remarkable that our Church choir should be a good deal above par. On a recent occasion, in presence of many worshipful persons, they so sang the Hallelujah Chorus that the bishop of the diocese—no bad judge—demanded, "How many of the choir were professionals?"

During the Lancashire sorrow our children gave a concert for the benefit of their little brothers and sisters in the cotton famine. Solo, duet, trio, and chorus were executed by boys and girls, whose average age was nine to ten; the audience, chiefly their parents, rapturously applauding, and paying 6d. admission. The proceeds, above £10, were sent, accompanied by the children's own letters, to some Lancashire school children who wanted bread, and the replies written by the grateful little recipients were most touching, and expressive of the deepest gratitude.

I name these things, and I could name many other such like, to show in how delightful a vein the thing works, allying itself with what is sweet and wholesome.

Sir, I am quite sure that we have been generally wrong about this matter. I live in hopes that enlightened opinions will soon grow up. I say it is a horrid scandal to English sense, to English manners, and to English religion, that we are in such case—that an ear susceptible of pleasure
music, or a tolerably melodious voice, should be the downfall of thousands of young men! No man can deny that it is so. Let us amend herein. Let a healthy sphere be opened up for music. Is it not worth every philanthropist’s consideration, when the revival of musical taste is gathering around it all classes of the people, whether we cannot direct and elevate a force confessedly great, benignly given, which, without such guidance, will certainly associate itself with influences which destroy? The devil has joined drink and music; and the sad and awful results many a blighted life and many a weeping home can tell! Can we not do something to put them asunder, thrusting one down, and lifting the other up?

It is a matter of astonishment to me that good men, especially Temperance men, do not see the important bearing of this subject. Of course there is difficulty—there is in an attempt to dissociate Satan from anything; but the difficulty is in no way comparable to the success. My own experience and observation convince me that there are few villages, especially in the home counties, of 1500 population where a musical society of this kind would be impossible; and my experience also bids me say, without any hesitation, that I know of no such like instrumentality (and it is one not boasting great things, but only offering agreeable and improving recreation) which, under judicious and religious guidance, does more to help social and moral advancement, to lessen temptation, or which works better as a subordinate element for our great Temperance Reformation enterprise.

I will only say that I shall be very ready to give any help in my power to those who desire to communicate with me on the subject, and I therefore enclose my card,

Remaining, in my capacity of correspondent,

Yours very truly,

CLERICUS NEPHALISTES.

[Most gladly do we give insertion to this noble and manly plea for music and its cultivation in our rural villages. Our pages have not been hitherto altogether barren of suggestions on the subject. We have often thought how many of those gifted voices we occasionally hear in drawing-rooms, and in social parties, might be used as talents for refining and elevating the gross and degraded tastes of our English villagers. Would it not be possible to enliven many a Temperance meeting with the voice of melody, as it would elsewhere be sung to the delight of smaller and more private circles? And could not many opportunities be availed of for the purpose alluded to above, by our musical friends of all classes combining for the entertainment of their less fortunate neighbours and friends?—Ed. C. E. T. M.]
NOTES AND QUERIES.

[This department of our Magazine is not intended for final utterances on points bearing upon the Temperance Reformation work; but is simply designed as an exercise-ground, for friendly interchange of thought and opinion. Here things are taken in detail, and discussed merely on literary grounds, each for what it is worth. We invite contributions of literary matter on both sides of the question.]


Lord Brougham in one of his famous speeches against the buying and selling of the bodies of men by their fellow-men, uttered what every Christian, at least in England, now regards as a mere truism:

"Trade it had no kind of resemblance to. Trade is [or ought to be] honest, it is innocent, it is useful, it is humanizing, and it is universally beneficial; whereas that infernal traffic is in every respect the reverse, and can only be called a crime."

I would speak in language far stronger than this, if it were possible, respecting the traffic in poisonous drinks, licensed in England by a so-called Christian government. The liquor traffic is infinitely worse than the slave traffic ever was, or could by any possibility ever be, inasmuch as the slave traffic affected only the bodies of men, whilst often in their captivity the poor slaves became acquainted with the truths of religion, and partakers of the like precious faith with their white Christian brothers; whereas the use of poisoning drinks destroys every year not only the bodies, but also the minds and the souls of millions of men and women, made originally in the image of God. A learned writer remarks:—"Oh! what a thing it is for our own moral and religious life to have no slavery amongst us [in England]!" But do not the existence of the liquor traffic, and the influence of wealthy brewers, and wine merchants, and publicans, prevent, even in our pulpits and on our missionary platforms, the utterance of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," respecting the causes of, and the true remedies for, a very large proportion of the dire evils which afflict our country? At the late Social Science Congress in Manchester, I was myself prevented by Mr. Hanbury the brewer, who was by a very strange inconsistency the chairman of the section for the discussion of Papers on the Repression of Crime, from speaking of drunkenness as one of the causes of the awful crime of infanticide in London! Slave traffic amongst us!

"In our land death deputes
Intemperance to do the work of age;
And, hanging up the quiver nature gave him
As slow of execution, for despatch
Sends forth licensed butchers; and bids them slay
Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleeced before),
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
Oh, what heaps of slain cry out for vengeance on us!"

I have been led to write thus of slavery and the drink traffic from having lately read again the interesting work entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. In this book Mrs. Stowe gives an account of her conversations with many eminent persons in all parts of this kingdom. I was particularly struck with the account of her dining with the late amiable Earl of Carlisle in his house in London, and her description of a conversation she had in Liverpool with the Rev. Canon McNeile on the subject of slavery.

Mrs. Stowe thus speaks of what she saw on her way to the house of the Earl of
Carlisle:—"At about seven o'clock we took our carriage to go to the Earl of Carlisle's, the dinner hour being here somewhere between eight and nine. As we rode on through the usual steady drizzling rain, from street to street, and square to square, crossing Waterloo Bridge, with its avenue of lamps faintly visible in the sooty mist, plunging through the heart of the city, we began to realize something of the immense extent of London. Altogether the most striking objects that you pass, as you ride in the evening thus, are the gin shops, flaming and flaring from the most conspicuous positions, with plate glass windows and dazzling lights, thronged with men and women and children drinking destruction. Mothers go there with babies in their arms, and take what turns the mother's milk to poison. Husbands go there and spend the money that their children want for bread, and multitudes of boys and girls of the age of my own. In Paris and other European cities, at least the great fisher of souls baits with something attractive; but in these gin shops men bite at the bare, barbed hook. There are no garlands, no dancing, no music, no theatricals, no pretence of social exhilaration, nothing but hogheads of spirits, and people going in to drink. The number of them that I passed seemed to me absolutely appalling." After their lamentation over the great city's sins and sorrows, Mrs. Stowe and her American relatives were doubtless astonished when they found themselves at the Earl of Carlisle's dinner table asked to drink the same poison, alcohol, which they had just seen outside, destroying myriads of men, and women, and children. She says, "When the servant offered me wine, Lord Carlisle asked me if our party were all teetotallers, and I said yes; that in America all clergymen were teetotallers of course. After the ladies left the table the conversation turned on the Maine law, which seems to be considered over here as a phenomenon in legislation, and many of the gentlemen present inquired about it with great curiosity."

In Scotland Mrs. Stowe again deplores the drunkenness she saw on every hand:—"As to the appalling statements about intemperance, I grieve to say that they are confirmed by much which must meet the eye even of the passing stranger. I have said before how often the natural features of this country reminded me of the State of Maine. Would that the beneficent law which has removed, to so great an extent, pauperism and crime from that noble state, might also be given to Scotland!"

But no part of the book interested me so much as Mrs. Stowe's account of her conversation with Dr. McNeile on the subject of slavery. At a breakfast party at Mr. Cropper's, near Liverpool, "I took my place," she says, "by the side of the Rev. Dr. McNeile, one of the most celebrated clergymen of the Established Church in Liverpool. The conversation was flowing, free, and friendly. The old reminiscences of the antislavery conflict in England were touchingly recalled, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for those in America who are carrying on the same cause."

Would that Dr. McNeile had warm sympathy with us in his own country, who are waging war against a worse traffic than the traffic in African slaves! Dr. McNeile made a remark to Mrs. Stowe, to the consideration of which I will return in another number of the Church of England Temperance Magazine, as the same remark may be made with reference to those who support the traffic in intoxicating drinks. He said, "I have been trying, Mrs. Stowe, to bring my mind into the attitude of those Christians at the South, who defend the institution of slavery. There are real Christians there who do this, are there not? Do give me some idea of the views they take; it is something to me so inconceivable. I am utterly at a loss how it can be made in any way plausible."

Manchester.                                                    William Caine, M.A.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Several indications of the spread of the great Temperance work may be observed by those who are interested in it. I am glad to state that the inauguration of the Manchester Diocesan Association was a most successful one. It took place on the 8th ult.; and much praise is due to the secretaries for their arrangements. The chair was occupied by the President of the Association, Mr. Thomas Clegg, whose munificent aid to church-building schemes offers so good an example to our Church laity generally. It was stated by the secretary, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, that circulars, signed by twenty-three clergymen of the diocese (fifteen of them being benefited), had been sent to the diocesan clergy. The society had been represented at the Church Congress at York by the Rev. James Bardsley, who availed himself of several opportunities for enforcing the principles of the Temperance Movement. The subject of the formation of parochial associations had engaged the attention of the committee, and meetings of a most successful character had been held in different districts. Several church school-rooms had been offered for the meetings of the Society. The subject of the Sunday liquor traffic had also been considered, and the committee trusted that the meeting held on the 26th of October would be the foundation of an organization for putting an end to the demoralizing, unholy, and exceptional traffic in strong drinks on Sundays. The work had hitherto been carried on solely through the liberality of their president; but the committee hoped that when thoroughly furnished with the munitions of warfare there would be found many brave and unflinching warriors in so noble a cause. They did not wish to interfere with other societies, and especially thanked the United Kingdom Alliance for a grant of their documents. They urged Churchmen to come to their aid; they saw a special sphere open to them; and they entered upon the work with the resolution never to cease until the disgrace of this national sin had been wiped away from the country. The chairman (Mr. Clegg) urged the importance of the Church of England element in the Temperance Movement. He told somewhat of his own personal experience, how, some time ago, he was sent on a mission from the Cotton Supply Association and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce through North Africa, Algeria, Constantinople, Egypt, Turkey, Spain, and France, and all round the Mediterranean. He had met with Englishmen and men from almost every other country, with officers from the Crimea, well-seasoned men; and he had travelled on horseback and on foot; and though he probably took less to sustain him than any of the rest, and none of them stimulants, there was not even a native of the country or a guide could tire him out day by day, week by week, and month by month. He further urged that this movement would have the effect of clearing the ground, so that ministers of the Gospel would not have to sow their seed altogether on the stony ground or amid thorns. The resolutions were moved and spoken to by the Revs. Canon Jenkins, J. W. Bardsley, of Bootle, William Caine, James Bardsley, and Dr. Garrett. Our earnest and indefatigable friend, the Rev. Stenton Eardley, of Streatham, attended as a deputation from our Society, and, as usual, enchanted his audience by his eloquent and stirring words.

Your travelling secretary attended a meeting at Houghton Regis, Dunstable,
on Oct. 19. The Rev. H. B. Smythe, Vicar of the parish, occupied the chair; and though not himself an Abstainer, expressed a deep interest in the Temperance Reformation Movement.

On Tuesday, Oct. 23, Mr. Rooke visited Welshampton, and addressed a full meeting assembled under the presidency of the Rev. J. B. B. M. Owen, Vicar of the parish, who is himself a zealous abstainer, and has effected much good by his work in the cause. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24 and 25, there were held two meetings in Whitchurch, Salop. The Rev. J. Morrell, an old advocate of abstinence, occupied the chair on both occasions; and Mr. Rooke delivered addresses at considerable length, which were listened to with deep and earnest attention.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 27, Mr. Rooke visited Shrewsbury, and attended and addressed Mrs. Wightman’s Saturday Evening Devotional Class. On Sunday evening he preached on behalf of the Society in St. Alkmund’s Church, and after evening service spoke at the usual Sunday evening meeting, which has been so successfully carried on under the auspices of that indefatigable and zealous labourer in the workmen’s cause, Mrs. Wightman.

On Sunday, Nov. 11, Mr. Rooke preached the Annual Sermon of the Watlington Association to a very full congregation. Hitherto this sermon has been preached on a weekday; but this year the Vicar, Rev. N. R. Hogan, kindly allowed it on Sunday, by which an opportunity was given for bringing the Temperance Reformation cause under the notice of many who would not otherwise have been present. On Monday evening Mr. Rooke lectured at a meeting of the same association, convened under the auspices of Mr. Dixon, the able and active president. The lecture was a lengthened one, but was listened to throughout with the deepest interest; and, notwithstanding a very heavy rain, the numbers in attendance were considerable.

There was an interesting meeting lately of the St. Aldate’s, Oxford, Temperance Association, at which Mr. H Flory, the secretary, was presented with a dinner and tea service. The Rev. Messrs. Christopher and T. A. Nash spoke in highest terms of Mr. Flory’s discharge of his duties as secretary, and also as a Sunday school teacher.

The Rev. G. W. Butler writes (from Bollington, near Macclesfield) to say:—

“You will be interested to hear of a new centre of temperance organisation. We have just started a society here, with monthly meetings, lectures, etc. I trust that our heavenly Father may own our effort to resist the devil in the matter of strong drink. As yet the children are the main supporters of the movement; but I trust that ere long it will work upward. A few are coming forward to join the senior division of our society.”

I have received a letter from a clergyman in Canada, who takes the Magazine through a local bookseller, and has established a Church Temperance Association, having become himself first an abstainer. Your readers will be gratified to read the last sentence of his communication:—“All this you may fairly attribute to the influence of your Society and its publications.”

One concluding word or two about the future of our Magazine.—We are very anxious about our prospects for the coming year. We need fresh aid and new friends. I would more especially urge upon our Temperance Societies to assist in the circulation of our Magazine, and so to do something to remove the stigma that seems too truly to attach itself to the Temperance cause—that, with all its profession and ardent zeal, it does not adequately support or encourage its own literature!