

## Temperance and Prohibition.

### WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.

Where rests the tremendous responsibility for the evil of intemperance that curses our own country with so much suffering and sin? A twofold answer to this inquiry is given by Rev. E. G. Saunderson, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Indiana. All that he says is as true of Canada as it is of any other land. His forcible statements ought to be carefully pondered. Here they are:

#### I AM RESPONSIBLE.

I am responsible as a man, a son, a brother, a husband, a father. The saloon assails me and mine, even the whole human family. I am my brother's keeper. I am responsible.

I am responsible as a citizen, a sovereign, a patriot. The State must protect the weak from the vicious. I am a part of the State. Up to the utmost of my power as a sovereignty, and my fraternal influence over other sovereigns, a patriot. I am responsible.

I am responsible as a Christian. I am a son and heir of God, inheriting with Christ the authority and obligation to save the whole world, even to the uttermost—to destroy the works of the devil, and make disciples of all nations. The saloon must go in order that the Kingdom may come. I am responsible.

As a Christian patriotic man I am responsible to see to it that the saloon is destroyed. To the utmost of my ability, in conjunction with all other duties devolving upon me, I must, by devoting time, energy, and means, see to it that my fellows are informed, rallied, and united to this end.

My family, my church, my country and my God expect it of me. I am responsible.

#### THE CHURCH IS RESPONSIBLE.

As the friend of humanity the church is responsible. In the trinity of divine institutions, the family, the nation, and the church, the church particularly, represents the love of God for men. The church of the Son of Man, who found in the very needs of men their greatest claim upon his sympathy and aid, finds in the downtrodden victims of the saloon the special objects of her solicitude. She must not only care for the poor, made so by the saloon, but they must destroy the source of drunkenness, debauchery, crime, misery; of ruined homes, blighted lives, and debased humanity. The church is responsible.

As the conserving, enlightening, and renewing force in society, the church is responsible. She is not only to make for conscience, but she must inform and marshal the conscience she develops to make itself effective in the State for righteousness. Only so will the State be true to her divine mission, to be a terror to evildoers and a praise to those who do well. The church is responsible.

As a spiritual force in the earth the church is responsible. She is not only to save some, but take the gospel to all. Between her and myriads of men, women, and children stands the saloon. To reach these, to make a highway for them to God, the sa-

loon must go. The church is responsible.

The church, the family of faith, the sons of God, in whom God dwells—workers together with him—is stronger than the saloon.

The family and the State wait for her. God waits for the victory he longs for till she measures up to her duty and opportunity. She will win when she tries. The church is responsible.

### SOME STRANGE FACTS.

"Our work is to make men Christians, and they will be able to resist the temptation to drink." This was the reply of a pastor to our request that he help in the temperance work. Let us examine this statement.

While we pride ourselves in being a great Christian people, we are a nation noted for its drunkenness. There are vast portions of the human family who know nothing about Christianity, yet they know as little about the evils of drunkenness. Why? Because there is no drinking.

Strange as it may seem, the Brahmin, Buddhist, and Mohammedan religions, considered as pagan and false religions, absolutely prohibit the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating drinks, the curse of nations and religions; while by nations claiming to possess the pure and true religion, this curse is legalized and perpetuated.

Strange as it may seem, while the people of pagan nations are renowned for their sobriety, the people of Christian nations are notorious for their drunkenness, and wherever Christian nations have sought by commerce and missions to civilize and Christianize people the drink evil has been introduced and proved a curse.

We lay it down as a rule to uphold Christianity, but when our brethren speak foolishly we cannot allow it to pass. Dr. Cummings, in one of his famous lectures on miracles says: "The secret of temperance is not in the cellar, but in the heart of the landlord of the wine cellar. A Christian man will not become intoxicated if he drinks from a cask. A drunkard will become intoxicated if he drinks from a bottle. It is not in the quantity before you that the element of temperance is, but in the grace of God that has been planted in you."

A Christian man will not become intoxicated if he drinks from a cask! As well tell us that a Christian man will not burn himself if he put his hand into a flame, or will not be poisoned if he takes a dose of arsenic. His Christianity will be no protection from the fiery elements of the poisonous substance in either case.

It will not do to assert that your Christianity will prevent you from becoming intemperate if you continue to use these drinks. It did not protect Noah, it did not protect Lot. Nor thousands of others who once stood high in the Christian church.

Let it ever be borne in mind that alcoholic liquor touches the stomach, the head, and the heart. And it op-

erates on the stomach, the head, and the heart of the Christian as it does on the poorest infidel. In its operation alcoholic liquor has power to drive the grace of God from the heart.

In Northumberland there is a farm where John Wesley and his followers preached the gospel for forty years. The last record of the farmer and his family was, five sons came under the power of divine truth and bright hopes were entertained for their usefulness and salvation. Alas! the bottle drove the Bible from the farm, and the sons to dishonor and to ruin. In every sense alcohol touches the heart, and in its work it leaves it as hard and destitute of all proper action as a bit of clay. Because of the prevalence of alcoholic liquor, the grace of God has never had a fair chance. Hence we strive to sweep it from the land, and especially from Christian favor and support.

And in this as in every enterprise undertaken for the benefit of mankind, the Christian minister has a part, and a very important part, to perform.—*National Advocate.*

### AN ACCURSED BUSINESS.

BY REV. ALBERT H. PLUMB, D.D.

"The man who bringeth wicked devices to pass" is the man who runs a saloon,

or stocks a saloon,  
or gives bonds for a saloon,  
or votes to license a saloon,  
or patronizes a saloon,  
or advocates an army canteen saloon,

or fills the newspapers with contradicted lies claiming that it is harmful to abolish the canteen saloon.

One day no saloon-keeper can be found on earth. "Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be."

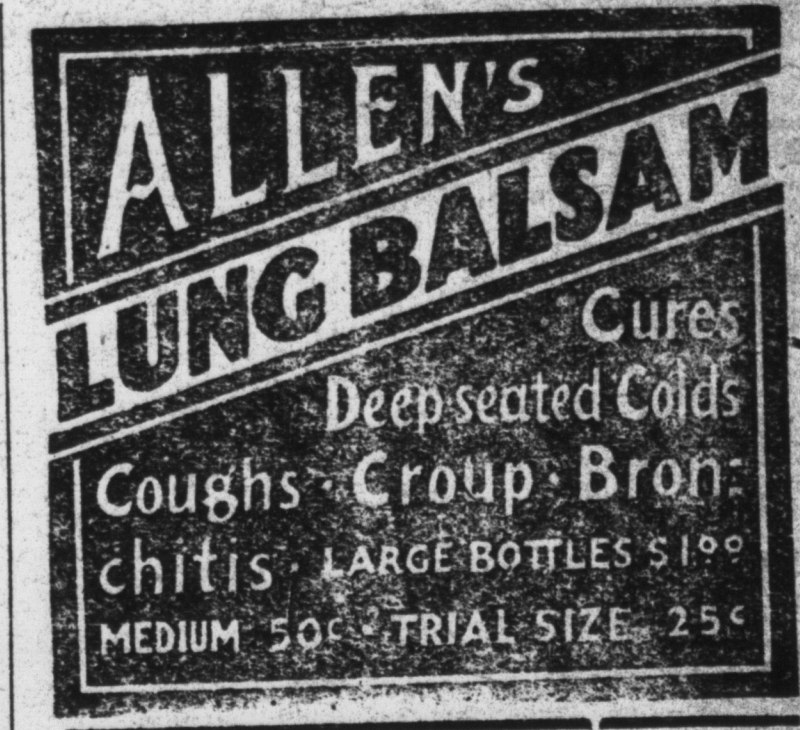
A little while in God's calendar seems a great while in man's.

"Come, Lord, and tarry not,  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
Oh, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?"

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." Selling intoxicating beverages is a work of the devil. What is fiendish if not the persistent effort, by decorating saloons and by giving thirst-inciting free lunches, to fasten on a young man an appetite which the saloon-keepers must know may ruin him, and which they can't know, in any case, will not ruin him, body and soul?

### A LESSON ON BEER-DRINKING.

A dark-haired, slender young girl, with large brown eyes and a pleasant face, stood in the prisoner's dock of the Jefferson Market Police Court. She was neatly dressed, though her attire was well-worn; and she stood with bowed head, while an occasional sob shook her slender form. Two other female prisoners stood in the dock with her. The one on her right was a bold-faced woman of the town, dressed in a cheap but gaudy finery, bedecked with tawdry jewelry, and evidently familiar with her surroundings. The other was an old woman in dirty rags, which she scarcely held upon her shoulders with one thin and grimy hand. Her eyes were



JUST A COLD  
SETTLED IN THE KIDNEYS,  
BUT IT TURNED TO DROPSY.

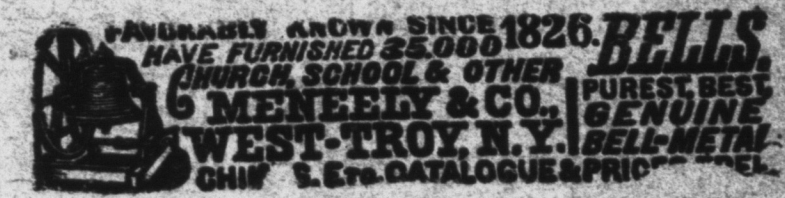
IT WAS CURED BY

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Read of This Wonderful Cure.  
It May Do You or Your Friends Some Good to Know About It.

Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithfield, N.S., writes:—About 18 months ago I caught cold. It settled in my kidneys, and finally turned into Dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet were very much bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had used half a box I could notice an improvement, and the one box completely cured me. I have never been troubled with it since, thanks to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; all dealers, or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



bleared and her face bruised and bloated.

The judge looked at the strangely-assorted trio. Then he said to the weeping girl:

"How is it that so young a girl as you have come to this?"

"I did not intend to get drunk, judge" said the girl. "I went to a woman's house, and we drank some beer together, and somehow, I don't remember what happened after that until I found myself in the cell."

"How old are you?"

"I am only sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen! how do you like your neighbors? Look to your right; that is your next step. It won't take very long to reach that state if you continue as you have begun. Look to your left; that is nearly the end, but it is the sure end of the downward path."

The young girl sobbed, but said nothing.

"You are very young," resumed his honor. "This is your first offense; I hope it will be your last. You can go."

The girl left the court-room with hanging head, but the woman on the right laughed, and the woman on the left leered, as they waited for their turn.

This girl had a bitter lesson; but how many there are who will never learn except in a bitter school. The world is full of wrecks which have gone down through the drink. Others are following who little imagine where their course will end. Oh, that both old and young would be