

Why I am against Liquor.

[Dr. Grenfell, medical missionary to Labrador and its neighboring islands, is a "master mariner, surgeon, engineer, industrial leader, manufacturer, explorer, and policeman, besides being a teacher and preacher."]

Liquor is a help only to thieves and robbers, and I have seen them use it over and over again as a means to lure the fisherman and sailor to his destruction. Saloons and haunts of vice swarm around most seaports, and it is as easy for the liquor sellers to prey on the newly landed sailor, with his pocketful of money, his generous and simple nature, and his lack of friends in a strange place, as it is for any other vultures to prey on carrion.

Many times have I seen our poor fellows deprived of money, of self-respect of their honor, and even of their lives, by the liquor-seller who furnishes them with it for no other object whatever than the base desire to get rich at the expense of any one at any cost.

Alcohol is not now allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working, but so surely as it comes and illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or smallpox.

It kills our natives as arsenic kills flies and robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts around them.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea?—Because when I go for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light where there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve, and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in the place of the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create.

I have seen ships lost through collision, because the captain had been taking "a little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side drunk, and had gone into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prison the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol, as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure constant, and physical conditions are full of hardship?—Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for the want of that natural strength, which alcohol alone had robbed them for. I remember a physician who took "a glass occasionally." This man was found drunk on the snow one night. He had been having "a good time" with some "friends." Both his feet were so badly frozen that they had to be cut off, and he had to make the round of his patients in a country practise for the rest of his life on artificial legs. I knew this poor victim personally.

I am tempted to write more; for I have seen those things done under the influence of alcohol which it were a shame even to mention in print. I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen. She was some one's daughter and some one's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship the last week of her life. She should have been alive today; but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the home-going again.

Yet another poor victim in my own profession,—a brilliant student and accomplished gentleman. Surely he ran no risk. Yet after years of disgrace and and shame—a ruined family and a blasted life—I saw him lying with a fractured skull, dying. He had fallen, drunk, down the steps of the government mail vessel on which he was then credited medical officer of the crown.

The worst of alcohol as a poison is that it does not kill at once, and death when it comes, is a mere detail compared with the weary years of misery, struggle, failure, and remorse. It leaves all the while

the consciousness of the awful evil it is making the man to his little world; it makes him suffer with the suffering he himself is inflicting on his loved ones, till often enough he seeks escape from his hell on earth into,—what? Yet men are beasts enough to tempt their brothers with flaming saloons, just to get fat themselves on their brothers' damnation and shame. Surely the cry of the ruined homes, of the starving families must reach the ears of a righteous Judge.—Wilfred Grenfell, C. M. G., in Youth's Instructor.

Inconsistency.

An officer from Japan was visiting in America, and one day while looking about a big city, he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Is he going to arrest the man?" asked the Japanese.

"Oh, no," was the answer; "he must see that the milk sold by this man is pure, with no water or chalk mixed with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No; but the people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Not long after, the two passed a saloon where whiskey was sold. A man came staggering out, struck his head against a lamp-post and fell.

"What is the matter with that man?" again asked the Japanese.

"He is full of bad whiskey."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes, a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whiskey as you do the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No" was the reply.

At the market they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthful. "I can't understand your country," said the Japanese. "You watch the meat and milk, and let the men sell poisoned whiskey as much as they please."—Selected.

Testimony from the Bench.

Judge McAuley, of Kansas City, in committing a "plain drunk," gave utterance to the following:

"If I had my way I would not only close every saloon in the county Sunday and week days, but I would stop the sale of intoxicating liquor in any shape or for any purpose whatever. I would make it a crime to manufacture the stuff. This may be far-reaching," but the sentiment is justified by the sights and experiences in this court room. Ninety-five per cent. of the cases tried here are the direct results of whisky; the other five per cent. includes morphine and cocaine fiends and a few petty grievances that come before me for adjustment.

"The woes that arise from the use of whisky, the ruined men and women, the broken families, the griefs and tears all aired in this court room are enough to turn gray hair on a buffalo robe."—The National Advocate.

Dying Without God.

A youth at one of the large iron works in Sheffield was some time ago accidentally thrown onto a red hot armour plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow workman, it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all one side of him was burned to the bone. His work mates cried, "Send for the doctor," but the poor suffering youth cried, "Never mind sending for the doctor; is there anyone here can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I am dying without God. Who can help me?"

Although there were three hundred men around him, there was no one who could tell him the way of salvation. After twenty minutes of untold agony he died as he had lived.

The man who saw this accident, and heard the cries of the dying youth, was a wretched backslider, and when I asked him how he felt about the matter, he said, "I have heard his cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped down and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed my lips."

Does your life tell sinners that you are saved; or does it close your lips, when those around hear you talk and witness your actions?—William Baugh.

To pray while you work and to work out your prayers is to solve a difficult problem in Christian experience.—Ex.

Short Devotions.

E. M. BOUNDS.

Our devotions are not to be measured by the clock; but time is of their essence. Haste, everywhere unseemly and damaging, is so, in an emphatic sense, in the great business of man with God. Short devotions are the bane of deep piety. They deplete spiritual vigor, arrest spiritual progress, sap spiritual foundations, blight the root and bloom of spiritual life.

It is true that the prayers of the Bible in words and print are short, but the men of the Bible prayed through many a struggling, weary hour. The prayers Moses records may be short, but Moses prayed day and night with fasting and mighty cryings to God unceasingly forty days and nights. The statement of Elijah, who, when "praying he prayed," spent many hours of fiery struggle with God before he could, with assured boldness, say to Ahab, "There shall not be dew or rain these years, but according to my words." The verbal brief of Paul's prayers is short, but Paul's "prayed night and day exceedingly." The Lord's prayer is a divine epitome for infant life, but the man Christ Jesus prayed many an all-night, ere his work was done, and these all night prayers give to it its finish and perfection.

Spiritual work is taxing work, and men are loath to do it. Praying, true praying costs the strain of an outlay which flesh and blood does not relish. Few persons are made of such steel fiber that they will put out an effort that costs much, when surface work will pay as well on the market. We can arrange our beggarly praying until it looks well and answers some of the poor purposes of praying. We can slight our praying and not realize the until the foundations are gone. Hurried devotions make weak faith and feeble living. To be little with God is to be little for God. To cut short the praying makes the whole religion fit short, scrumpy, niggardly, indecent.

Henry Martyn laments that "Want of private devotional reading and shortness of prayer through incessant sermon making, had produced much strangeness between God and his soul." Said William Wilberforce, a reformer, "I have been keeping too late hours and hence have had but a hurried half-hour of a morning to myself." Again he records, "I suspect I have been allotting habitually too little time to religious exercises, private devotion, religious meditation, scripture readings, etc. Hence I am lean and cold and hard. I had better allot more time, say two hours, or an hour and a half, daily to religious exercises." Of a failure in parliament he says, "Let me record my grief and shame, and all probably from private devotions having been contracted so God let me stumble." More solitude and earlier hours was his remedy.

Early hours for prayer would work like magic in many a faint and decayed spiritual life. More time for prayer and early hours would be manifest in holy living. A holy life would not be so rare, or difficult a thing if our devotions were not so short and hurried. A Christly temper in its sweet and passionless fragrance would not be so alien and hopeless a possession if our closet stay were lengthened and intensified. We live shabbily because we pray meanly. Plenty of time to feast in our closets will bring marrow and fatness to our lives. Our stay in the closet gauges our strength out of it.

Short prayers make shallow lives. Prayer is the greatest thing we can do, but to do the greatest thing in a hasty way is to make it the littlest of all things. True praying has the largest results for good. Poor praying has the meanest results. We cannot do too little of sham praying. We must learn anew the worth of prayer: enter anew the school of prayer. We must give time to prayer. The world, business, home, pleasure, have absorbed time. We must retire these; emancipate time for closest uses.

Men are not praying now. Prayer is defamed by preacher and by priest. To pulpit and pew real prayer is not only a stranger, but tabooed. Men do not pray—they have not time. Preachers say prayers, or read prayers, on state or official occasions, but who prays as Elijah prayed? Who prayed as Jesus Christ prayed "with strong cryings and tears?"

"Rising up a great while before day he went out and departed into a solitary place and there prayed." Vital godliness is decaying in root and branch because men are not praying. Laymen will give money but not prayers. Preachers will deliver addresses but no prayers for the on-going of Christ's kingdom. The resolution of apostolic men to quit handling men and disbursing alms that they might give themselves continually to prayer is an out-of-date measure, useless and perverse to modern apostolic ways and plans. He who will teach church men and church preachers the lost art of praying, will do more good for God's cause than Luther did.

Indeed we must have less praying before we can have more praying. We must quit saying prayers and go to real earnest praying, quit acting the hypocrite by a performance and from our heart of hearts we must do real saintly praying—the Holy Spirit teaching us to pray as we ought to pray, he interceding for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. Lord teach us how to pray.—Church Standard.

An Invisible Leader.

Saul started out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom. The treasurer of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, sought information in the prophecy of Isaiah, and found personal salvation. The disciples went out to fish, and found the Son of God. How often God leads us by some secular incentive to the place where he has a blessing of an entirely different nature awaiting us! Little did Saul of Tarsus dream when he started for Damascus what would happen to him before his return. Little did Elisha know when he hitched his oxen to the plow that before they were unyoked in the evening the mantle of God's prophet would be placed upon his own shoulders. Little did Gideon know when he went out to thresh wheat in the wine-press of the Abiezrite that he would there meet with the angel of Jehovah, and he appointed a judge over Israel. How often in the commonplaces of life we meet with God! It is on the way to Gaza; it is on the road to Emmaus; it is by some bush in the desert, or on some quiet evening in the sheepfold, or when we are pruning our trees. Often it is that the everyday vocations of life have richest spiritual blessings. He who honestly and faithfully performs his work will invariably find a treasure hid in the field; when he comes to the well he will find a Savior sitting on the curb.—United Presbyterian.

A Prisoner's Fine Paid.

"Two men who had been friends and companions in their youth met in the police court, the one on the magistrate's bench, the other in the prisoner's dock. The case was tried and the prisoner found guilty. Would the judge in consideration of the r friendship years before, forbear to pass judgment? No, he must fulfill his duty, justice must be done, the law of the land obeyed. He gave out the sentence—fourteen days' hard labor or a fine of £10. The condemned man had nothing to pay, so the prison cell was before him. But as soon as he had pronounced the sentence, the judge rose from the bench, threw aside the magistrate's robes, and stepping down to the dock stood beside the prisoner, paid his fine for him, and then said, "Now, John, you are coming home with me to supper." It is just so with the sinner, God cannot overlook sin. Justice must be done, and sentence pronounced, but Christ Himself pays the debt and the sinner is free.—Sel.

A minister lay on a sick bed. His work was done. To a brother in the ministry, by his side, he said with an earnestness which long impressed his mind, "Preach! preach! You will be shut up soon enough." He had learned as he was hastening to the close of life, what an unspeakable privilege it was to preach the gospel of God. Some have not yet learned it, but when opportunity is past, the voice is hushed, and the privilege of preaching is gone, perhaps someone will more clearly understand the value of the precious privilege of proclaiming, among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ.—Selected.

"There are two things in the Bible that run all the way through it: 'The Lord said' and 'And it came to pass.'"

The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

We sigh for a touch of a vanished hand—
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land—
But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn,
For the love that lives in our heart alert
To make some sweet return.

Do we answer back in a fretful tone
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full, as if they were gone
And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by, are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp—for a kindly helpful lift—
The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that's here?

The Word Of God.

This book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers.

Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy.

It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveler's map, the soldier's sword, the pilgrim's staff, and the Christian's charter.

Here Paradise is restored, Heaven opened, and Hell disclosed. Christ is its grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end.

It shall fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, and prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened in the judgement, and remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the highest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

An Encouragement to Prayer.

Ephesians 3:20 is a good watchword for our encouragement. There we learn that God is able to do:

- All that we ask.
- All that we ask or think.
- Above all that we ask or think.
- Abundantly above all that we ask or think.
- Exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think.

How the apostle emphasizes the power of God to answer prayer.

Missionary Review.

Purity—"The pure in heart" are those whose hearts God hath purified even as He is pure; who are purified through faith in the blood of Jesus, from every unholiness of affection; who, being "cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, have perfected holiness in the fear of God." They are, through the power of His grace, purified from pride by the deepest poverty of spirit; from anger, from every unkind or turbulent passion, by meekness and gentleness; from every desire but to please and to enjoy God, and to know and love Him more and more, so that heart, soul, mind and strength, and their neighbor as themselves.—J. Wesley.

"We want to be in love with Jesus. When we love him with all our heart he will let us do as we please, for we will want to do those things that are pleasing to him. He is ours and we are his."

"It is evident by the way some people live that they have forgotten that God knows the secret sins of their heart and life."

The Saviour, who overrules all our affairs, can make us feel truly at home, wherever His wisdom places us for the time, were it even in the midst of a wilderness.—Count Zinzendorf.

In one thousand trials it is not five hundred of them that work for the believer's good, but nine hundred and ninety-nine of them, and one besides.—George Mueller.

"No Christian ought to live a day without the refreshment of answered prayer. You don't need to wait for something to happen, you can make it happen."