

TEMPERANCE

Alcohol Denounced

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES, SURGEON TO KING EDWARD

One of the strongest indictments against alcohol taken as a food, a medicine, a beverage, or on any other pretext, was delivered by Sir Frederick Treves, of London, at the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society. He said that alcohol was, of course distinctly a poison. It had certain uses, like other poisons, but the limitations on its use should be as strict as on arsenic, opium, and strychnia. It was a curiously insidious poison, producing effects which seemed to be only relieved by taking more of it—a remark which, applied to another insidious poison, morphia, or opium. It had a certain position as medicine, but in the last twenty-five years its use by the medical profession had steadily and emphatically diminished. People were often heard to say that alcohol was an excellent appetizer when taken before meals: but the appetite did not need artificial stimulation; if the body wanted feeding it demanded food. As for its "aiding digestion," it hindered digestion even when taken in small amounts, as could be easily demonstrated.

Then there was the idea that alcohol was strengthening. As a fact, it curiously modified the nourishment of the body: it greatly lessened the output of carbonic acid—a very important matter—so that the drunkard was, necessarily an ill-nourished man; and to reach the acme of physical condition was impossible if any alcohol was used. Its stimulating effect was only momentary, and after that had passed off the capacity for work fell enormously.

ALCOHOL AS A WORK PRODUCER

Alcohol, he continued, brought up the whole of the reserve forces of the body and threw them into action, and when these were used up there was nothing to fall back upon. It dissipated, rather than conserved bodily energy. As a work producer it was exceedingly extravagant, and might lead to a physical bankruptcy; and he was not speaking, he would remind them, of excessive drinking.

It was a curious fact that troops could not march on alcohol. In the Ladysmith relief column which he accompanied, the first men to drop out were simply the men who drank. The fact was as clear as if they had all borne labels on their backs.

As for the statement that alcohol was "a great thing for the circulation," it increased the heart beat and reddened the skin by using up the body's reserve power but then the heart's action became emphatically weaker, a temporary effect being got at an enormous cost. The action of alcohol on the central nervous system was very definite, and was that of a functional poison, first stimulating, and then depressing the nervous system. The higher nervous centres went first, becoming slightly dulled. The man who worked on even a moderate amount of alcohol was not at his best. Fine work could not be done under that condition.

ALCOHOL INCONSISTENT WITH SURGERY

The use of alcohol, concluded Sir Frederick, was absolutely inconsistent with a surgeon's work, or with any work demanding an alert judgment. He was much struck by the number of professional men who for this reason had discontinued the use of alcohol in the middle of the day.

The last notion that he would refer to was that alcohol kept out the cold that a "little nip" was good when going out into cold air, and so forth. In the words of a great authority, alcohol really lowered the temperature of the body by increased loss of heat and, to some extent, by increased oxidation and much reduced the power of the body to resist cold.

Finally, he would say that the great and laudable ambition of all, and especially of young men, to be "fit" could not possibly be achieved if they took alcohol. It was simply preposterous to suppose that any young healthy person needed any alcohol whatever; and, indeed, he was much better without even the smallest amount of it. Having spent the greater part of his life operating, he would say with Sir James Paget, that of all people those he dreaded to operate on were the

drinkers. He hoped that what he had said would help his hearers to answer such absolute fallacies as "A glass of port can do you no harm."—The Pioneer.

Diary of a Rum-Seller.

Monday—Took ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday—That poor, nervous old fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in today; sold him a quart. P.S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday—John Slogan's wife begged me never again to sell him another drop. She cried till I promised. P.S. Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and his children—ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday—Phil Carter had no money. Took his wife's wedding ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday—Young Sam Chap took his first drink today. I know he likes it and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help him break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it someone else would.

Sunday—Pretended to keep the Sunday law today, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys but they will be ashamed to tell it. But my till is fuller tonight than the church baskets are.

N.B.—My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar—and yet, I guess I won't keep a diary for these facts look very queer on paper.—Walnut (Kan) 'Eagle.'

MISSIONARY

The Indian Legend of Opportunity.

There is in India a pretty legend of a good spirit who, wishing to benefit a young princess, led her into a ripe and golden corn field. 'See these ears of corn, my daughter; if thou wilt pluck them diligently, they will turn to precious jewels; the richer the ear of corn, the brighter the gem. But thou mayest only once pass through this corn field, and canst not return the same way.' The maiden gladly accepted the offer. As she went on many ripe and full ears of corn she found in her path but she did not pluck them, always hoping to find better ones farther on. But presently the stems grew thinner, the ears poorer, with scarcely any grains of wheat on them; farther on they were blighted, and she did not think them worth picking. Sorrowfully she stood at the end of the field, for she could not go back the same way, regretting the loss of the golden ears she had overlooked and lost. To each of us are golden opportunities offered; life speeds on to the goal from which there is no return; let us redeem the time, for fields are white to harvest.

Transferring the Money.

By REV SMITH BAKER, D.D.

A member of our congregation somewhat given to dissipation and a good fellow among men, became converted. Soon after the Sunday came for taking the annual subscriptions for the expenses of the church and the cards were passed. During the circulation of the cards he went from the pew where he was to the rear of the room and asked the deacon what it meant, as he had never been present before when the annual pledges were made. The deacon explained that

each person was invited to write his name against the amount he was willing to pay each week for the support of the church, whether one cent or five or ten or twenty-five or fifty or \$1.00 or as much as he pleased. Oh, said the man, 'that's it. I see. Well I have thought I enjoyed life but I have found something I enjoy better—Guess I'll transfer my good time money with the boys to the expenses of the church.' and he took a card and signed his name for \$5 per week, saying, 'there, I generally spent that with the boys, but this is better.' If every man would do like that the church would not know what to do with the money. The wine money and tobacco money and theatre money and whist party money, there's money enough wasted if it should be transferred to convert the world, so far as money is concerned. supposing some christians trauffer a little of their good time money to missions.

The Sidetrack Crowd.

REV E M ISAAC

All the strange things in this world are not outside of the holiness movement. One needs only to keep his eyes and ears open to discover that many things are being said and done in the name of holiness which have nothing whatever to do with that great experience which is the blessed inheritance of every child of God. How much faster the work would spread, if people would only keep on the main line instead of unlocking switches and pulling in on an old side track to lose time and waste power by blowing off steam that could be utilized in driving them on at a great rate of speed, and possibly with many passengers aboard toward the White City of the Great King. But the long white stretching rails of full salvation through the blood seem to be lost sight of by many who once started on them and they turned in on a rusty side track, and there they stay while the fast moving train laden with main line people goes sweeping by, and is soon lost sight of.

Who has not seen the side track crew on the railroad pulling and hauling, switching and changing, first one place and then another, making many motions, talking aloud and long, abusing one another, with many words, but never getting any place. How tiresome it is to look at them, and how difficult it is to understand what they are trying to do. But who tires looking at that fast train laden with important letters, messages, gifts and numerous valuable articles, as it sweeps on past all the side tracks with never a thought of stopping, but is bent on reaching the Union depot on time with its precious load? Every one will stop from any kind of work long enough to see such a train.

Who does not love to bear the man with a main line message? He brings things new and old from the great storehouse of divine grace. How eager hungry souls are to hear, and how their faces do shine while the words of comfort and edification come to them. What valuable drafts and checks he hands out to them from the never failing bank of God's grace. And the more he gives the more he seems to have. He saw to it that every car was well loaded before he started from the divine express office in the secret chamber, and the study of the word. He knew that in order to feed hungry people it is necessary to keep a good supply on hand. He was conscious that they must have bread and not stones, fish and not serpents, eggs and not scorpions.

There are entirely too many of the stone, serpent, and scorpion tribe in the pulpit today. Many go away from the service bruised, poisoned and stung who were seeking bread, fish and eggs. But it is much easier to find a stone than a loaf of bread, and so the would be preacher becomes an abuser instead of a feeder, a ranter instead of a teacher. Such men mistake madness for Holy Ghost conviction, and the poor, depressed and disappointed soul for one whom they fancy they "dug out." They forget it is God's business to dig people out

with his truth and not the preachers business to do it by the bitterness of caustic words. This is one of the side tracks the devil has on today. If one does not hasten to get back on the main line of heart holiness he will soon find that the fire has died out of the engine, the water leaked out of the boiler, and before very long all will be eaten up with rust, and nothing remains but worthless iron.

Another sidetrack crowd we have found is the 'dress and food' crowd. Instead of staying on the main line, and preaching the need of a holy heart, more than all else, they have switched off on a little sidetrack where they spend their time looking for a few feathers, rats, ribbons, or a little ring some poor widow has on her finger, a little treasure she retains in remembrance of the one who once stood by her side when she was united with him in holy matrimony. What a low conception such people have of God's great salvation. Such persons would walk all day in a flower garden and never see a flower in their effort to find a tiny weed and when they found it they would magnify it a hundred fold. They would see a speck of dust on the greatest painting of the greatest master, and not see the master's marvelous genius at all. It is much easier to talk about a few little ribbons, or a little flower on a hat, or a ring on the finger, than it is to dig a sermon out of the word, and agonize with God in prayer by the hour. All one has to do is to look into nature to see that our God is a God of diversity and not of uniformity. He has painted the rainbow many colors and the flowers are of every color and shade conceivable. No two faces are alike, no two persons have just the same temperament, and no two voices are identical. Who could find two trees exactly alike in all the great forests? How monotonous it would be for all to dress just alike, look alike, sing alike, talk alike, preach alike, build houses alike, and the same endless likeness wherever one would look. No, God does not believe in uniformity, and He has put enough intelligence in the ordinary head to teach that person how to dress without a long haired wild eyed man or woman screaming themselves hoarse in their effort to tell people what they should wear or not wear. When one gets a clean heart the blessed Holy Spirit will teach them what to wear, and He surely will expect them to look clean and respectable anyway.

This same crowd usually have much to say about the character of one's food, and what they should eat and drink. They have no regard for one's appetite or taste but would make out one's bill of fare each meal, and say, 'eat this or go to hell for ever.' Of course, to drink coffee is the unpardonable sin with this sidetrack crowd. If they see one indulging in this manner they at once put his name among those who are lost in this world and in the world to come. Then for one to eat pork is the greatest apostate conceivable. They brood much over the old ceremonial law which was given for a temporary purpose and then proceed to draw us all back into the old Mosaic dispensation to live as they did then. This crowd is also stalled on a sidetrack, and say what you will to them they will still pick feathers, look for rats, hunt for a little ribbon, scream and scold before intelligent people, and seek to be conscience and all else to others who know far more than they and who live much nearer God.

There are many of these sidetracks today, and their number seem to be increasing almost daily. There is the person who must preach on Christ's reign on earth in nearly every sermon. He is dogmatic in his utterances, and can unravel all the mysteries of Revelations, and knows all the prophecies to perfection. To disagree with him is to bring down his holy (?) wrath upon us. He has had a special revelation from heaven regarding the earthly kingdom, and tries to use great swelling terms which have the semblance of learning and superior knowledge. There was a time when he was on the main line and men and women fell under the power of God, when he preached, but now all has become unauthenticated theory, and the unction from the Holy One is not there any more. He may have read some book which captured him and there he stands spinning a theory not his own, but not a word regarding the true author of the sermon he preaches as though it

were his own. He is on a sidetrack and has lost sight of the beautiful main line of holiness which is so simple, unsinning that a wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein.

'Then we have the 'tongues' crowd and the 'jumping' crowd, and the 'rolling crowd, and a host of others who are hopelessly stuck on the sidetrack. They have no fellowship with the main line people at all. If one does not take up with their little band, clique, association, and whoop up their little side issue he is doomed for the regions of woe and despair forever.

But we thank God for the main line people. There are many of them, and their number is on the increase to. They stick to heart holiness as the essential thing first, last and always. They will not be led away by and long haired, wild eyed man or woman who happens along. They preach entire sanctification through the blood as a second distinct work of grace in the heart which cleanses the soul from every defilement of sin, and qualifies one for the heaven Jesus has gone to prepare for us. They have no time to linger on old sidetracks. They have orders to go through without stopping any place. They know all side tracks are short at best, and come to a sad end, while the main line goes through into the Holy City where every passenger will be carefully landed without the loss of any time, and shall be greeted by the great white robed throng in the United Depot of the skies.—Christian Witness.

A LETTER OF EXPLANATION

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Rom 8:6, 7; I John, 3:8. And when my consecration was complete, God, in answer to my faith, and in fulfillment of his promise, gave me the baptism instantaneously. Then the command, 'Be ye holy for I am holy,' became clear to my mind and urgent as never before. And since I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost I have continued steadfast, 'kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,' I Peter 1:5.

I tried to grow into the experience of sanctification as hard and diligently as many others have done by the means prescribed, that is by watching and prayer, by reading God's word and meditation and attending all the means of grace. I did indeed grow in knowledge and I kept on adding to my faith all that Peter advised his brethren to do, II Peter, 1:5, 6, 7. And I must say I was not barren nor unfruitful.

But after all I was not satisfied. My soul went out after the fulness that Paul speaks of and prayed for, Eph. 3: 6 to 20. But God enabled me by faith to grasp the promise and I was strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man and the whole Trinity took up their abode with me John 14:23 and truly I was filled with all the fulness of God. And this experience was above all that I ever thought of or had obtained before.

This may be my last testimony to you, my brethren, and I record it deliberately and know what I am saying. And I repeat that I never got this fulness of blessing by growth. I am satisfied of that. Growth is gradual and I had been growing for forty years and never grew into sanctification. But when I had revealed to me my need of soul-cleansing and believed for it, God then purified my heart by faith and gave me the witness thereof, even the Holy Ghost Acts, 15:8, 9.

The Lord has saved me from sin and sanctified me wholly and I cannot go back on my profession. Here I stand: Jesus has filled my heart with joy, as He desired and prayed for His disciples to have, John, 15:11, also 16:24 and 17:13.

To God be all the glory. Amen.—Kings Highway, March 1893.