

**Temperance**

AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected

**HALF HOURS WITH THE DRUNKARD.**

BY COLONEL H. H. HADLEY.

Dr. Cullis told me just now that I was to preach; something I never did do and never expect to do. There is something better than preaching. When they asked Paul to preach, he would go down over the Damascus road and tell his experience. Many were converted. I am tired to-night, and do not know what I am going to say, but I trust I may be able to tell you some of the wondrous things Jesus has done for drinking men in New York.

I thought to-night of an old verse which I think I will sing to you. It must have been about forty years since I heard these little verses sung by my father. We did not have much of a house in those days. The one we had was burned down and then we had to live in a log cabin, away out on the frontier, as it was then, with no neighbors. My dear brother Will had gone to college, and all the money we could rake and scrape was used to send William to college, because father and mother had been well educated. My mother was a graduate of Mount Holyoke; my father was the graduate of a university; and there in those backwoods they tried to raise their children, away from temptations. At night for supper we never had anything but mush and milk. Sometimes in the day we could have corn "pone." My mother could make the best "pone" anybody ever made. It takes me back to the old log cabin, sitting by the side of the little table; there was the old stove and mother stirring the mush, getting ready for supper. Then we had what we called "tins"—tin cups holding about a pint and a half, and we would get milk warm from the cows, and each one go and help himself to mush out of the boiler, and it was glorious. Father would generally get through first; sometimes, I am afraid, for good reasons, for we were mighty poor. We would peel tanbark, get up at three o'clock in the morning, yoke the oxen up, and haul it twelve miles over a hilly road, and sell it for \$1.75 and take an order on the store. We had no money at all. But I thank God I was poor! Since I was converted I have realized how poor Jesus was. You know Jesus never had a Bible of His own. Those rolls, if He had owned one, were so large He could not have carried it; and still how careful he was about the Scriptures! There was that little obscure verse that He happened to think of when He was dying, and in order that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, He said, "I thirst." And then it was finished. The Scriptures were fulfilled. How He loved the Bible! How poor He was; and how rich He has made you and me!

Well, father would tip back in his chair and sing these little verses so appropriate to my heart to-night.

[The Colonel then sang the following to an oldtime tune]:—

From whence doth this union arise  
That hatred is conquered by love?  
It fastens our souls with such ties  
As distance and time can't remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost,  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood has it cost.

My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts are united in love!  
But Jesus' dear face we shall see  
In yonder bright mansion above!

Well, mother is up in that man-

sion, and so is father, and my brother Will, who died at the college before he graduated. So the rest of us could not get any education at all. I went three months to the log school-house, and father and mother used to teach us by the tallow candle. What a wonderful thing it is to have a praying father and mother! I never heard an oath, never knew there was such a thing as whiskey. "I can bear it, husband," said my mother, "because our boys are away from temptation." But still the war came and her boys got into temptation. And her boys became drunkards. I am glad mother died before she knew it. For twenty-four years this poor wretch drank in every conceivable way; the last few years he gave up being anything but a drunkard, and I knew that bitterness that comes of the despair of not expecting to meet with father and mother in heaven, though believing they were there.

You know I am not very orthodox, unless loving Jesus is orthodox. It is all I know. In our work sometimes a word will do wonderful things. We have no rules in our rescue work, but a very little thing has brought many drunkards to Christ—hardened drinking men; many of them are Roman Catholics. I am sorry to see the feeling about Roman Catholics. I do not care how Romish a Catholic is; I would rather take them, those who believe in Jesus, than take a house full of respectable Unitarians. I have seen grand conversions among those regular Irish and German Catholics in our mission, who never went to a Roman Catholic church, although nominal Catholics, until converted in our mission. Then they would go to their own church and go to the confessional. But they would come to our mission and testify, and their lives showed they were converted. O friends, let us go for the souls, for they all belong to Christ. Still, I may be wrong about that, because, as I say, we are unorthodox.

I was just thinking what perhaps brought the most people to Christ in our mission. It is some little story or something about the blood. It sounds so silly to one who is not converted and does not love Jesus, to tell him about the blood of Christ. There is no charm in it. To some it is disgusting. It used to be to me. When I was in the army and saw the blood flow as it did there, and then heard some people singing about the "Fountain filled with blood," I thought—Why make such a fuss about the blood of one man? O friends, it is so different since I found that that blood was shed for me, the chief of sinners—so different!

I remember one night: there were not very many in, and one fellow was muttering a good deal; he put his head down as though he were going to sleep. I had heard this little song of Hudson's about the blood, and I sang it—just one verse [sings]:—

The cross, the cross, the heavy cross,  
That Jesus bore for me,  
That bowed Him to the earth with grief  
On sad Mount Calvary.

The blood, the blood, is all my plea.  
Hallelujah! now it cleanses me.

Now there isn't very much gospel about that, as a preacher would call it. But you know, that fellow got up, in a half-dreamy way, and came and sat down and put his head on his knees, and said, "Sing that again, won't you?" And I sang it again. Then he put his head down again and shook it and cried! Ignorant! One of the most ignorant of men! His face looked like the face of an animal. Said he, "Sing it again, won't you?" I sang it again, and he

got down on his knees. So I knelt beside him, and said, "O, Lord, Thou didst shed Thy blood for this poor man;" and I could not think of anything to pray about much; but, friends, that man was converted. Just that simple thing.

Then there is that little verse—sometimes we simply repeat it, and sometimes sing it. The verse that Mrs. Bottom tells me was composed by a colored man condemned to death [again singing]:—

The mistakes of my life have been many,  
The sins of my heart have been more,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful,  
It comes to me more and more,  
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,  
I'll enter that open door.

How often those little simple things have proved a blessing, oftener than exhortation! Sometimes three or four men will get up to speak at once, and they will get wound up too, and sometimes it is good and sometimes bad. But we know nothing there but Christ Jesus and Him crucified. How I feel sometimes when I think of the amount of talk thrown away on things that do not pertain to that, and things that might possibly make some poor one doubt! because it is the few that have education, and it is the many that have wants. It is the few that have Christ, and it is Christ that all need. If you just look to Christ to do it. People have come hundreds of miles to see a person converted at that meeting. They can hardly ever miss it. And how it does warm up a cold-hearted Christian to see somebody converted before his eyes, and especially those poor lost ones! We have them come forward, and they get on their knees and we ask them to pray for themselves, and one after the other prays in his ignorant way. I would not tell you some of their prayers here; it would make you laugh; I do not want to. One dear girl came forward when my brother was converted at the Cremona mission, nine years ago, and she was in such a terrible condition! They told her she must pray, or if she did not pray, all the prayers in the world would not save her. She was ignorant and drunken and dirty; she had traded off her clothes for rum, and she just threw up her hands and said: "O God, I have lost my job and know I'll never get another." But God came and helped her. She is converted and doing grandly, working for the Domestic Sewing Machine Company. She and my brother were all of the ones forward that night who were converted, and they stand yet.

Well, friends, I am just as well satisfied that my mother had an interview with Christ about me as that I live. I do not know why. But I was taken, while on a terrible spree, with a desire to go down to my brother's mission; and as I was sitting there, it seemed, while the testimonies were going on, as though Jesus came and stood right beside me. My blood was so hot! Oh, I was in such a terrible condition, so helpless! The memory of my dear little family, four boys and two little girls, and my patient wife—all those things seemed to almost kill me. It seemed as though Jesus stood right by me and said, "Why don't you go up there and ask God to forgive you?" And it seemed as though there was a fight over me right there. I never can explain it. I rose up and came forward and knelt, and there—although the Devil tempted me to believe that I could not get rid of this appetite that had controlled me absolutely for

eight years—there, when I realized that Christ died for me, I felt the presence of Jesus; I knew it was life. I was a blasphemous wretch, but Christ does come to us sometimes in just such a way. I said, "O Jesus, dear Jesus!" That was the first time I ever called Him "dear Jesus" in my life. "You bore all those sins for me, all that pain; now I will bear this appetite for drink for you." And I thank God it left me that moment. I have never wanted to drink any more since.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

**Selected Thoughts**

The only safe rule for all Christian living is embodied in the following from Paul to Timothy. "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." It is holy living, not simply a holiness profession, that tells on this world, and for the next.

Judson used to say: "O Lord! have mercy on the churches of the United States, and hasten the time when no church shall dare to sit under Sabbath and sanctuary privileges without having one of their number representing them on heathen ground."—*Sel.*

There is a vast difference between saying, "O God, I will serve Thee," and saying, "O God, Thou shalt serve me." Whoever asks God for a thing that he may consume it upon his own lust, is endeavoring to make God his servant.

Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley.

All the peace and favor of the world cannot calm a troubled heart; but where the peace is that Christ gives, all the trouble and disquiet of the world cannot disturb it. Outward distress, to a mind thus at peace, is but the rattling of the hail upon the tiles, to him that sits within the house at a sumptuous feast.—*Leighton.*

"Once in grace, always in grace," is all right when properly considered; but all wrong if wrongly construed. If we take it, "Get into the grace of God and stay there," it is all right; but if we contend that because we are once in that grace we can never get out, then it is awfully and dangerously wrong. That we need not is true, but that we may is equally true. Therefore watch and pray.—*Pentecost.*

Some are always saying: "If I were rich I would pay off the debt on the church." Perhaps so; but you might change your mind and hold on to your money. You are fairly well off, and how much are you now willing to give? "If I could speak like the minister I would take part in the prayer meeting." Perhaps too big a part, so it is well for the meeting that you are not eloquent.

Shall be filled. Will God fill with wind? Will he give that which will not satisfy the soul? Nay, verily. "Shall be filled" means with all goodness, with love, joy and peace. God fills us with the best. This old world leaves us empty, or fills us with that which is not bread, and that which does not satisfy. God is not like this world. He fills us with the Holy Ghost.—*The Methodist.*

Whenever God wants to get rid of evangelists in the Methodist Church He will withdraw the spirit of evangelism from them.

The preachers and workers who say most about the laborers in the work not being supported, as a rule spend twice as much on their persons as those do who support them.

It would "pay" for every pastor in a whole conference to invest an entire year exclusively to enforce the evil of bad or useless reading and the infinite value of good reading.—*Northwestern Advocate.*

Before you begin to tell professors of holiness how they ought to profess it, be sure you have the second blessing yourself, as experience develops wonderful sympathy with those of like faith.—*The Holiness Era.*

Some people want the preachers to live by faith, but they themselves prefer to live by eating and drinking. That must be because they think the preachers belong to a superior order of beings; and in such cases it may be so.—*The Pentecost.*

Be not afraid. God will solve the problem of holiness, the problem of evangelists, yea, all the problems of His own making. Let us bid God speed untrammelled, to every man who has the Spirit of God upon him and is getting souls saved.

A good deal was said about not affiliating with holiness associations and about not going to holiness camp-meetings. An old brother who did not like such restrictions, said: The rest of them may do as they please, but old man G. does not propose to be *allowanced* in his religion.

When the Psalmist was fairly running over with praise, and could restrain himself no longer, he cried; "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." But this is just what a great majority of them will not do.

When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, and yet we call it charity; when the crumbs are swept from our tables, we think it is generous to let the dogs eat them, as if that were charity, which permits others to have that which we cannot keep, which says to Ruth, "Glean after the young men"; but forgets to say to the young men, "Let fall also some of the handful of purpose for her."—*Sel.*

Some church members give you the chills. They've affected me that way often, and then they slide up to the pulpit after I've concluded the address and say, "Oh! Mr. Moody, what is the secret of your success?" I say go to work and you will find out. I tell you there's got to be a funeral in too many churches before much can be accomplished. A great deal of prejudice, coldness and fault-finding have got to be buried.—*D. L. Moody.*

**PLENTY OF ROOM.**

The death rate on the earth is calculated to be sixty-seven in a minute, or 4,020 an hour, 96,480 a day, 35,215,200 a year. The birth rate slightly exceeds this. It is calculated to be seventy per minute, 4,200 in an hour, 100,800 a day, or 36,742,000 in a year. The estimated increase per annum, according to this is, therefore, only a little more than 1,500,000, and it will be many centuries before our earth gets so crowded that the inhabitants will jostle each other over the edge into space. The Malthusian's ideas regarding over population need not, therefore, detain any one from marriage.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*