

NEW LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

"I know that I am right. I know that in refusing to even touch a drop of strong drink, I was and am right. In refusing to treat another to that which I do not believe to be good for myself to drink, I know that I am right. In not allowing a rum-seller to gain admittance into the order of Knights of Labour, I know I am right. In advising our assemblies not to rent halls or meeting-rooms over drinking places, I know that I am right. I have done this from the day my voice was first heard in the council hall of our order. My position on the question of temperance is right. I am determined to maintain it, and will not alter it one jot or tittle. I know that in the organization of which I am the head there are many good men who drink, but they would be better men if they did not drink. Ten years ago I was hissed because I advised men to let strong drink alone. They threatened to rotten-egg me. I have continued to advise men to be temperate, and though I have no experience that would qualify me to render an opinion of the efficacy of a rotten egg as an ally of the rum drinker, yet I would prefer to have my exterior decorated from summit to base with the rank-kind of rotten eggs rather than allow one drop of liquid villainy to pass my lips.

"Ten years ago the cause of temperance was not so respectable as it is to-day, because there were not so many respectable men and women advocating it. It is gaining ground, and all because men and women who believe in it could not be browbeaten or frightened. Take a list of the labor societies of America, and the total sum paid into the treasuries from all sources from their organization to the present time will not exceed \$5,000,000. The Knights of Labor is the largest and most influential of them all, and though so much has been said concerning the vast amount of money that has been collected from the members, yet the total sum levied and collected for all purposes up to the present time will not exceed \$8,000,000. Now let us turn to the other side. In New York alone it is estimated that not less than \$25,000 a day are spent for drink, \$7,500,000 a year. If I cared more for the praise and approbation of labor's enemies than I do for the interests of labor, I would remain silent. We are seeking to reform existing evils. We must reform ourselves."—Grand Master Workman Powderly.

INHERITED TASTE FOR LIQUOR.

SCIENCE ON THE WITNESS STAND.

In his report of the condition of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, Dr. Turner says that "out of 1,400 cases of delirium tremens, 980 had an inebriate parent, or grand-parent or both." His belief is that if the history of each patient's ancestors were known it would be found that eight out of ten of them were free users of alcohol. One fearful case is recorded when a drunkard was the father of seven idiots. It was in proof before a committee of the English parliament that in the opinion of the most learned physicians the children of drunkards were oftener idiotic than those of any other class.

Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, who has written ably on this and kindred questions, furnishes some startling facts which all concerned would do well to ponder. But the most distressing aspect of the heredity of alcohol is that transmitted and insatiable craving for drink—the dipsomania of the physician—is every day becoming more and more prevalent.

In his report to the Massachusetts Legislature on idiocy, Dr. Howe says: "The habits of the parents of 300 of the idiots were ascertained, and 145, or nearly one-half, were reported as known to be habitual drunkards." An eminent English authority says: "The drunkard not only enfeebles and weakens his own nervous system, but entails disease upon his family."

Another writer, in describing a vicious class of persons fond of drink says: "They are the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened their cerebral organization by vicious habits." The testimony of the late eminent naturalist, Mr. Darwin is to the same purpose: "It is remarkable that all the diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquor are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, increasing if the cause be continued, until the family becomes extinct."—*The Issue.*

THE TESTIMONY OF WOMEN.

"I have the testimony of hundreds of women of the poorer classes to the fact that since prohibition law has been enforced their families have been better cared for. Their husbands no longer waste their earnings in the saloons." Thus spoke Governor Larrabee to the *Times* correspondent whose letter was published yesterday. Judges, politicians statesmen discuss the policy and the justice of prohibition and high license with all the refinements of logic and rhetoric, but all they say weighs little as compared with the testimony of "hundreds of women of the poorer classes." They are the sufferers from drunkenness—they and their children. They cannot discuss constitutional questions. They are voiceless in debate on clashing theories. They cannot influence the primaries which nominate officers, nor can rally at the polls and contest elections with the friends of free whiskey. But they can suffer, and they do suffer, woe from which the law affords them no protection, miseries, degradations, tortures the world knows little of. Out of fifteen judges in Iowa thirteen are opposed to the repeal of prohibition. One of them says that "it is the most civilizing and christianizing event that has happened within the age." Such testimony as this cannot be ignored. It is evident that if the women of Iowa could vote, the prohibitory law would stand forever and be rigidly enforced. More interested than any other class, why should they not be allowed to vote? There is no dodging that question. Why should the testimony of the wives and mothers be excluded and that of husbands, brothers, fathers only be considered a matter of more importance to the women than the men? If the women may not vote on the passage of a law, why may they not on the question of repeal.

SUMMARY OF REASONS THAT IMPEL THE CHRISTIAN, THE PATRIOT, AND PHILANTHROPIST TO VOTE FOR PROHIBITION.

BY REV. A. S. WORRELL, D. D.

1. He desires to save the *fifteen hundred million dollars annually wasted in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.*
2. He greatly desires to discontinue the annual destruction of his fellow men, amounting in the aggregate, it is credibly estimated to the enormous sum of eleven hundred thousand years, of manhood's life, in the death of the sixty thousand victims, whose lives are shortened from five to fifty years each. This wholesale slaughter he wishes to stop.
3. He is anxious to prevent other sixty thousands of his countrymen from losing their reputations, their characters, their happiness and their precious immortal souls, all which unspeakably sad losses he knows will continue if prohibition fail.
4. He desires most ardently to see the time come—and come as soon as possible—when, women and children will no longer be reduced to poverty and disgrace, through the drunkenness of husbands and fathers.
5. He wants, that we shall quit making lunatics, and idiots by the thousand every year.
6. He wishes to help stop the great damage to public health, which results from the liquor traffic.
7. He greatly deprecates "the vitiation of human stock," which he knows that alcoholic liquors impose upon our race, and he could not fail to use his utmost influence to arrest this evil without rightfully incurring the charge of misanthropy or of absolute indifference to the welfare of his race.
8. He longs to check the destruction of happy homes, and make it possible for many homes now rendered intolerable on account of the drunkenness and brutality of husbands and fathers, to be happy once more.
9. He is willing and anxious to do all he can to arrest the downward progress of the millions of his countrymen and fellow-citizens, who have already become drunkards or are certainly becoming such, unless the liquor traffic is broken up.
10. He wishes to see these millions made sober, that they may not only regain their lost reputations and lost-fortunes, but that they, by reason of the fact of their becoming sober men may have some chance for the salvation of their souls—which chance so long as the liquor traffic continues, is perhaps in the average not so much as one to a million.
11. He would not by his vote, or in any other way, incur the guilt of doing the above evils for all the gold in the universe. And all the offset offered by the friends of liquor, do not in his estimation, weigh as much rela-

tively, as a grain of sand to all the matter in our planet. These are indeed as nothing in the esteem of the intelligent philanthropist. —*Paris Taxes.*

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

And then, remember, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheel-barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Man cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at six p. m. and don't go home until two a. m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives the appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as Mr. So and So's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world does not even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into; the sweeter will be your sleep; the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you —*Hawkeye.*

"OH MY POOR BOY!"

About the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a scene I shall never forget, I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near, the door opened and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, who was drunk, sick and helpless. Being unable to walk he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary bar-room jokes. As I drew nearer I saw a well-dressed, bright, intelligent-looking lady walking up the street. She came along, apparently happy and unconcerned, while she was opposite the saloon, when she cast a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed, in tone that I shall never forget, "Oh my poor boy!"

It seemed as if a lifetime of agony was condensed into that one exclamation which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before.

She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace. Some of the bystanders helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this curse consume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by this dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and haunts of men. —*Temperance Cause.*

In a lecture which was recently delivered to Harvard students Edward Everett Hale suggested that a careful study of Christ's life is certain to suggest one fact above many others—that his life was one of system; that a continuous and unchanging plan carried him through to the end. Christ had no object in life, as another may have one; he was subject to the same laws and circumstance. He did what we must do, as we all do it, but the spirit of his own will pervaded his achievements. He waited many years for the ripening of his plans; he was willing to be a carpenter until the times called him to be a Saviour. To the eyes of many the object of Christ's life was a failure; Israel rejected him; his followers were persecuted and killed; he himself died on the cross, and was forgotten. And yet the record of his apparent failure is the memory of the divinest success which the world has ever seen.

"Lead us not into temptation" is a prayer that you should offer every day. Afterwards do not attempt to nullify it by voting to put temptation in your own or anybody else's way.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

If God does permit sin there is one thing certain, He never goes into partnership with the sinner.

Fancy saloons cost a pile of money to furnish. Who pays the cost? A half fool can tell you—the patrons.

"Where is my boy to-night?" How would this answer please a kind and loving mother: "In a high license saloon, drinking whiskey,

If a man vote for righteousness it is not his fault if it is not victorious. Having done his duty, somebody else is to blame for any failure.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," is the spirit of the Prohibitionists of America. And it looks as if they were going to live and swim into the White House.

People need not be astonished at the hard things Prohibitionists say against the saloon system. It is what they don't say that would astonish the good people.

Dave D. Johnson, one of the foremost Prohibitionists of West Virginia has resigned the chairmanship of the Prohibition Amendment Committee, because old party temperance men look with distrust upon anything he does.

The organ of the Royal Templars of the World proposes to unite the Royal Templars, the Good Templars and the Sons of Temperance under one organization, to be called the "Templars of Temperance." There is very little probability of the union being consummated however.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that a saloon keeper is liable in damages where one drunken man pins a paper on the back of another drunken man, sets fire to it and severely burns him in his presence; but the law allows him to burn out the insides of both men, their hearts and souls, for a license fee of \$75 to \$500.

There is nothing like being consistent in a Christian country.

W. W. Lance, of Plymouth, Pa., while sitting in his home with his badly in his arms, was fired at by a villain from the outside. The ball passed through the window over the head of Mr. Lance. This is the second attempt made upon his life, and it is believed to be by some person interested in the liquor business, as Mr. Lance was very active in remonstrating against certain parties wanting license.

The saloons of Pasadenas, California have been closed by the efforts of the W. C. T. U., through an ordinance of the town, without local option law. It was based upon the police powers of towns to care for the peace and order of society. Saloons under the late decision of the Supreme Court, may be declared nuisances by the authorities in any state, and so abated.

Washington City is being moved by the liquor question as never before. On to Washington, is the watchword of all advanced temperance workers and must soon be the cry of all earnest ones.—Washington is the citadel of the liquor power of the country, and from there national prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation must come.

Let us select men to the next Legislature who believe the saloon is a nuisance and will pass a law so declaring it. This will be in accord with decision of the United States Supreme Court, and it will help prepare the way for constitutional amendment.

—The liquor license in Cincinnati, Ohio, has just been increased to \$300.

—Iowa Prohibitionists have served injunctions on the breweries of Clinton and Lyons.

—Ulster County Prohibition will hold a conference at Kingston, N. Y., on Feb. 1st.

It is about time that the principle underlying most of the Ten Commandments was enforced—"Thou shalt not." Its application to the saloons would work wonders.

—A prohibition party has been formed in London, England. It will try to act as a balance of power.

—Newport, R. I., is being stirred by eloquent temperance lectures by Joel Basset, a converted drunkard.

—Two hundred liquor cases against the Dubuque (Iowa) saloon-keepers, are on the docket of the District Court.

—Subscriptions received by the Good Templars up to the date for a monument to John B. Finch amount to \$358.01.

—Bass' celebrated brewery, of London England, is being turned into a stock company. There is an immense demand for the stock.

—Out of a population of 3,500,000 in Australia, 60,000 are arrested as drunkards each year.

—On January 10, in the municipal elections of Macon, Mo., John J. Davis, the Prohibition party candidate was elected by a good majority.

A gentleman, under the influence of liquor, inquired of another, "Say, where do I live?" Something should be done with a business that destroys character and blots out memory.

If you are mad at the saloon at other times, don't get into good humor with it on election day. Of all the days in the year, that is the day for cultivating righteous indignation.

Ministers of the Gospel need not take the time to tell the citizens how to not do the right thing, as the devil has a host of men and women engaged in making that their special business. Let pastors preach the doctrines of Mt. Sinia and Calvary and no one will complain. In still plainer words let the theory of licensing crime alone and give the people "Thou shalt not" as regards sin, and "Thou shalt love," as regards the sinner.

Too Cheap.

A preacher of the gospel had gone down into a coal mine during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy—a full and free salvation offered—the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied:

"Oh, it is too cheap. I cannot believe in such religion as that."

Without any immediate answer to this remark, the preacher asked: "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no; only a few seconds."

"Well, that is very easy and simple; but do you not need to help raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But how about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work; The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at a great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth in the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap! too cheap!'—forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of his own Son."—*Baptist Teacher.*

The Palsy of Indefiniteness.

There is a great lack of definiteness in the religious life of Christian people. Once the grace of assurance was sought so earnestly that none were satisfied unless they possessed it, but now so many are content with mere church membership and the perfunctory performance of religious duties. As a consequence, there is little enthusiasm, and antagonism of sin has gradually lessened until its tolerance is manifest, and it is difficult in some places to hold our own, much less to advance boldly into the regions beyond. Worldliness will soon so interfere with our experience that the fact of personal salvation

will cease to be a certainty, and there will remain only a memory of former days. Indulgence in sinful temptations and tastes soon brings on such condemnation that all the joy of salvation goes out of the life, and we assume the burdens again which Christ offered to bear for us. And the absence of definite testimony leads many of the younger members to doubt such experience of assurance, and be content without growth in grace.

The Fatal Church Raffle.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments and thought with greater anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt in his welfare.

At last the prisoner broke out, "Do you know you were what did it?"

"What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand his strange language. "I began the business," began the youth, speaking very loud, "in your Sunday-school. Do you not remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I gained and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks's names—and here I am."

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