MIDNIGHT IN TOWN

THE DARK SIDE OF A GREAT CITY

Drawn By Talmage. Horrors of the Night and Awful Fate of the Gambler and Drunkard.

TEXT: *"And the darkness He called night."*—Genesis i., 5.

Two grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one for work, the other for rest; the one a type of everything glad and beautiful, the other used in all languages as a type of sadness and affliction and sin. These two divisions of time may have nomenclature of human invention, but the darkness held up its dusky brow to the Lord, and He baptized it, the dew dripping from His fingers as He gave it name, "And the darkness He called night."

My subject is midnight in town. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistles five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends—midnight in town!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwelling. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken. Oh, the midnight in town! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest!

Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worriment and pain.

Let the city sleep; but, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for 24 hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse.

"Oh," you say, "they are the vicious poor, and therefore they do not demand our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and through the broken window pane they see the crystals of heaven, but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give 10 prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give 20 prayers for the guilty who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck. And I want you to know that these vicious poor have had two shipwrecks—shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul—shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the guilty.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked; it has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life.

What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like the beautiful children of your household, or the beautiful children smiling around these altars on baptismal day. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd fold that little one in Thine arms! Wrap around you your shawl or coat tighter, for the cold night wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's scarred and bruised face was ever looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the midnight. Do you know it is in the midnight that criminals do their worst work?

At half past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky and cry of "*Fire! Fire!*" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eyes keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready.

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father and mother forsake you, who then will take you up?" and the boy said, "The perlice, the perlice."

In the midnight gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out a sign of copartnership will this season be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. A Member of Congress gambled with a Member-elect and won $120,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. And so the work goes on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pennies in a rum grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the stock market.

In the midnight hour pass down the streets of our American cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen tap of the poolroom ticker. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime, the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning in the woods around that city to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of the surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tenpin alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin all the drums of woe beat the dead march of a thousand souls. In one year in the city of New York there were $7,000,000 sacrificed at the gaming table.

Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it. Perhaps there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels and ask you, "Would you like to see the city?" Yes. "Have you ever seen that splendid building uptown?" No. Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants" and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants" he will be on enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—and patronizing air and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. They want your money

In Chestnut street, Philadelphia, while I was living in that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut street, a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveler on whose body he heaps the stones, there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills; there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

In the midnight hour also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off and the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city—fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revelers, who try to get him to bed, or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up—when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied.

Oh, if the rum touches the brain, you cannot hush it up. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven.

Do not go from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve Him. "Oh!" said she, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical, as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are 300 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts."

We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the war, went into a hospital with tracts, and coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing! I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged in but it is blessed.

There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes, and I have to tell you this morning that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word uttered in the dark place of the town will bring back ten thousand echoes from all the thrones of heaven.

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies of midnight in town? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel and of God's compassion. Many have come. I see others coming to God this morning, tired of sinful life. Cry up the news to heaven. Set all the bells ringing. Spread the banquet under the arches. Let the crowned heads come down and sit at the jubilee.

I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track. I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the west. He was of splendid personal appearance, and he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother.

I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sickbed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary clothes, fully dressed, lying on the top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively and said: "Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there." I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead 20 years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap, and apron and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there."

Then he turned to his wife and said: "I wish you would take these strings off the bed. Somebody is wrapping strings around me all the time. I wish you would stop that annoyance." She said, "There is nothing here." Then I saw it was delirium. He said: "Just where you sit now my mother sat, and she said, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better—I wish you would do better.' I said, 'Mother, I wish I could do better. I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me. Why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was reality, and I went to her and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help. I can't do this alone!'" I knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to church. Somebody said, "You can't bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said: "You will bring him in the church? He stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

On one side of the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys, and then he would go away as if hounded by an evil spirit to his cups and house of shame, a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had ruined him. They were the men who had poured wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that such a generous man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of the lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood cemetery, and they blasphemed, and they drank. Oh, how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says: "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there to a tragedy? I believe five.

Act the First of the Tragedy—A young man starting off from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the Second—The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

Act Third—A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasting heath of three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fifth—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. *Blackness of darkness forever.* But I cannot look any longer. Woe! Woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth, but know now that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

Indian Self-Murder and Self-Torture.

"Cases of suicide, especially by hanging, are rare among the Indians," said Major A. V. Leiben, of Pierre, South Dakota, to the Star representative at the Oxford. "The only instance that I know of where an Indian maiden committed suicide occurs to me. Indian girls, like other maidens, fall in love, and it is not always requitted. In this case she was jilted by a Sioux brave, and she thereupon hanged herself. Indians believe that if they die by hanging they will not enter the happy hunting grounds, which makes this case the more remarkable. Her lover married another squaw and the dramatic taking off of his first flame did not apparently cause him much remorse. Indians torture themselves to show their grief, and the mother of this maiden hacked her body and limbs with a knife in great gashes until every step she took was marked with blood.

"Speaking about self-torture inflicted by Indians reminds me of the horrible sight one witnesses when a brave wishes to demonstrate his fitness to go upon the warpath and become a full-fledged warrior. Before this honor can be obtained an Indian brave must prove his worthiness. This is how they do it: They cut two deep parallel gashes in the muscles of the chest. A thong of rawhide is inserted in the flesh and tied in a loop. This is then fastened to a bent sapling sufficiently strong and elastic to raise the Indian off his feet. Here he will hang suspended by the thong several feet above the ground, writhing and twisting in his agony, until the thong tears itself out of the bleeding flesh and he falls to the ground, sometimes insensible from pain. Frequently the struggles of the tortured man are not sufficient to tear asunder the quivering flesh, and he hangs there until he becomes insensible and is cut down. Squaws and braves are seated around him in a circle, wailing and howling and beating drums. This terrible ordeal once passed signifies that the brave has the necessary courage to be entitled to promotion as a warrior. To see one or more, and sometimes there are half a dozen, Indians hanging suspended by thongs through their flesh without manifesting their suffering by cries of pain, surrounded by the members of their tribe, is a sight that indelibly impresses itself upon one's memory."—Washington Star.

One of the smallest pieces of money at Venice is called gazette; and as the literary newspapers, which were published in single sheets as early as the Sixteenth Century, were sold for a gazette each, newspapers were called, from thence, gazette, or gazettes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 16.

"Job's Appeal," Job xxiii., 1-10. Golden Text: John xiii. Commentary.

1, 2. "Then Job answered and said, Even to-day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groaning." This is the beginning of Job's reply to the third address of Eliphaz. Each of the three—Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar—had spoken twice, and Job had replied to each in turn. This is the beginning of the third round. In an interesting and instructive little pamphlet entitled "Job and His Friends," by C. H. M., the author thinks that these three stand for experience, tradition and legality—all well meaning, but unwise in their dealings with Job. The difficulties on each side are summed up in chapter xxxii., 1-3. They condemned Job instead of leading him to condemn himself, and he justified himself rather than God. As to the beginning of this reply of Job, we may often feel that we, too, have great cause of complaint, as did Israel under their discomforts, but it is written, "When the people complained, it displeased the Lord" (Num. x., 1).

3. "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him; that I might come even to His seat!" Eliphaz had said, "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace" (xxii., 21). Job replies that his longing is to do so. According to the testimony of God Himself, Job was a perfect and upright man, fearing God and eschewing evil (i, 8; ii., 3), the word "perfect" meaning in this case simple or sincere. Before his friends came, even under overwhelming affliction, he was patient and did not sin nor charge God foolishly (i., 22; ii., 10), because he felt himself face to face with God and that God was dealing with him. But these men seem to have come between him and God, and he, in replying to them and dealing with them, loses sight of God and gropes in the darkness of his own wisdom.

4. "I would order my cause before Him and fill my mouth with arguments." So it seemed to Job in his blindness, but it is evident that he lacks the broken and contrite spirit which only is acceptable to God. In the story of the two men who went up to the temple to pray (Luke xviii., 10-14) it was the man who would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," who went down to his house justified rather than the other who thanked God that he was better than other men. It is only when our mouths are stopped as to our own righteousness that we can enjoy the free justification of the grace of God through His righteousness (Rom. iii., 19).

5. "I would know the words which He would answer me and understand what He would say unto me." He cannot understand these friends, and it is very clear they do not understand him, but he thinks he could understand God, and he would like to know what God would say to him. No doubt there are many who think they can sympathize with Job in his being so misunderstood. Well, there is great comfort in looking unto Him who knows us thoroughly from the beginning and can never find out anything new about us. He never can or will misunderstand us. "O, Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me" (Ps. cxxxix., 1).

6. "Will He plead against me with His great power? No, but He would put strength in me." A very little thing will often bring the soul into such a place that everything will look distorted, as when one sees things in a fog or with blurred vision. Our eyes need constant anointing with heavenly eye salve (Rev. iii., 18) that we may see clearly. The Holy Spirit can do this, and inasmuch as we have Him in a sense that Job had Him not we are more guilty than Job if we allow our vision to become so dim. God pleads not against the sinner, but against sin, which He hates. He who sought Adam and Eve and redeemed them and restored them to a measure of fellowship with promise of [illegible] with the [illegible] come to Him, however sinful he may be, and with the erring to return to Him, however far off he may have wandered. See Isa. i., 18; lv., 6, 7; Jer. iii., 12-14; Hos. xiv., 1, 2.

7. "There the righteous might dispute with Him; so should I be delivered from my judge." Perhaps we cannot tell just what was in the mind of Job when he uttered these words, but this we do know—that there is only one righteous person whose righteousness can stand before God, and He also has been ordained to be the judge of quick and dead (II Cor. v., 21; Acts xvii., 31). However sinful we may be, if only we come with true penitence to Him who came into the world to save sinners, He will not only not cast us out (John vi., 37), but He will become our righteousness, wisdom, sanctification and redemption, and we shall have great cause to glory in Him (I Cor. i., 30, 31). The Judge being our friend, our Redeemer, our Substitute, who died in our stead, what boldness we may have in the day of judgment (I John iv., 17).

8. "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there, and backward, but I cannot perceive Him." He reminds us of the bride in the Song of Songs who, because she had been self occupied and had not promptly heeded the voice of her beloved, is compelled to seek Him very earnestly before she found Him again. She says, "I sought Him, but I could not find Him; I called Him, but He gave me no answer" (Song v., 6). Many a Christian is walking in darkness, out of fellowship with God, because of something or person which has been allowed to come nearer to them than the Lord Himself. He is not far off, nor hard to find, when we seek Him with the whole heart (Rom. x., 8; Jer. xxix., 13), and if we would walk continually with Him, esteeming His fellowship more than all else, we would never walk in darkness.

9. "On the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him. He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him." The remarks on the last verse are also applicable here, and yet there is another side of the truth. We may walk with Him in peace and quietness and yet not know why He doeth this or that. He may say to us as to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And it will always be true until "the morning" that we know only in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known (I Cor. xiii., 9, 12).

10. "But He knoweth the way that I take." Here is our comfort, "He knoweth." Jeremiah's comfort was, "Thou, O Lord, knowest me" (Jer. xii., 3). The Lord Jesus taught us to find comfort in these words, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth" (Math. vi., 32). Therefore we sing:

So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might,
I'd rather walk in the dark with God than walk alone in the light.

"When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Therefore he could also say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii., 15, 16) or with Isaiah, "Behold, God is my salvation" (Deliverer); "I will trust and not be afraid" (xii., 2).—Lesson Helper.

THE DANGER LINE.

Hundreds of thousands of young men are rapidly rushing into drunkenness, because of the deceitfulness of their expectation that they can escape the liability of passing the danger line. In the name of truth and righteousness we appeal to all of them to study the record of experience, and they will thereby learn that they will have reached that danger line when they enter upon the drink habit. Some of them may not cross that line, but a majority of them will do so. We do not mean that all of this majority will reel through the streets, but the moral, physical and mental manhood of most of them will be impaired, which is practical drunkenness, and very many of them will go down to visible degradation and to death.—Sacred Heart Review.

TEMPERANCE.

THE TOPER'S SONG.

There's a song the toper loves to hear,
'Tis sweetest music to his ear,
At morn or noon, by day or night
It ever gives him fresh delight;
'Tis the glug, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

He hears not though the wife may plead,
To love and duty gives no heed;
In vain the children cry for bread;
The only sound that's in his head
Is the glug, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

Once he was honest, good and kind,
To noble, manly ways inclined;
But now to shame and honor dead,
From home and happiness he's led
By the glug, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

Deceived by this beguiling song,
On downward track he speeds along,
And soon among the lost appears,
Where mingled with the demon cheers
Is the glug, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

Josephine Pollard, in Temperance Advocate.

SINGERS SHOULD NOT DRINK.

Theodore Wachtel, the famous German tenor, gave a farewell concert in Berlin recently, two days before his seventieth birthday. His voice is said to have preserved its quality wonderfully and his high C is as clear as a bell. He was received by the audience with immense enthusiasm and was recalled more than a score of times. When asked after the performance how he had managed to preserve his voice, he said that the whole secret of it was his quiet life and temperance. He never allowed himself to indulge in beer drinking or champagne suppers, which, he said, were the things that killed most modern singers.

ANY KIND OF LIQUOR FROM THE SAME VAT.

Congressman Burrows, of Michigan, who introduced a resolution for an investigation of the Whisky Trust, make serious charges against that organization, alleging, among other things, extensive and injurious adulterations. He says:

"From the same vat of spirits can be produced whisky of any age, rum from Jamaica or any other place on the globe, brandy from the most celebrated districts of France, and the most approved after dinner cordials, and gin that would deceive the most educated taste, can all be produced from a few jars of coloring matter and vials of drugs, upon the labels of some of which appear the skull and cross-bones as a warning to the user."

LIQUOR DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

A lady writing to the London newspapers from fashionable West End urged society dames to abstain from drinking champagne during Lent and give the money thus saved to the poor. The appeal is a curious one, and the assumption upon which it is confidently based is scarcely flattering to the rich women of England. How much wine does a British woman of fashion drink in the course of six weeks? Obviously the estimate would be difficult to make. The writer of this appeal declares that "if only a few ladies would put themselves bravely into this little champagne movement during Lent hundreds of starving souls would be relieved."

Concurrently with this peculiar appeal comes the announcement that the British Government proposes this session to deal with the very serious and growing evil of home drinking by women of the middle and lower middle classes. The existence of this vice is due in large measure to the granting to retail grocers of licenses for the sale of wine, beer and spirits. Since this system was established about twenty years ago the drink demon has entered thousands of decent households and has stayed there with consequences that are told almost daily in the police and divorce courts. Its victims would lose caste if seen drinking in taverns or [illegible], but it is deplorably easy for them to arrange with the family grocer to supply an occasional bottle of wine or spirits and enter it in the bill as tea or coffee. The thing is done every day in thousands of homes, and almost the only way to kill it is to abolish the grocery licenses, which the Government is expected to do.—Chicago Herald.

ALCOHOL AND INFECTIVE DISEASES.

Sir James Sawyer, M. D., F. R. C. P., ex-Professor of Medicine in Queen's College, in a recent address at a great meeting in Birmingham, said:

"Medical science has been making great advances during the last ten years in the knowledge of the causes and cure of many diseases. [illegible] the influence of alcoholic drinks."

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is one of the devil's ways of trying to hide his face.

There is said to be invested in American breweries about $9,000,000 of English capital.

Any old maid can gather personal consolation by looking at some other woman's drunken husband.

It is asserted that in Edinburgh, Scotland, there is daily spent about $10,000 in alcoholic drinks—more than the inhabitants pay for the rent of their houses.

The temperance cause is advancing among British soldiers in India. Lord Roberts says he has under his command 14,500 British soldiers pledged to total abstinence.

The next World's W. C. T. U. Convention will be held in Chicago immediately following the National W. C. T. U. Convention in October. Prominent speakers from all countries will address the meetings.

Carefully drawn statistics of 4500 epileptics who have passed through [illegible] Dormitory, New York, show drunkenness clearly existing in the parents of 31 per cent., and probably in 11 per cent. more.

The physicians who had charge of the cholera patients at Hamburg made special efforts to learn the previous habits of the victims of the epidemic in the matter of food and drink. They found the mortality especially heavy among inebriates. One of the daily reports said: "The deaths of eighty-nine heavy drinkers—twelve of them women—have been reported, and among the fresh cases a corresponding increase in the number of intemperate persons has been noticed."

RELIGIOUS READING.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Night is over, heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and help me all the day;
Take away my love for sin,
Let Thy spirit rule within.

Night is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, till;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber warm and still;
Lord, I thank Thee for Thy love,
Raise my morning thoughts above.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Look within. Keep the internal fires burning. Build the home altars. Add to the time in the closet. Heat and efficiency do not so much depend upon external as internals. It is well to have combined effort; it is well to have bands and straps out; but it is of vast importance to have the inward life aglow with personal contact with the unseen and eternal. Perhaps there is over-much looking at outside measures, and too little attention to the internal fires that feed the outward movement. Build up home altar. Drill in patient Bible study. Study, not only the external movings of holiness, but the life of it in thy soul. Learn, if possible, all that hurts thy soul. Learn, so far as possible, the kind of climate that best suits its life. Seek continually the richer spiritual pasturage which best feeds thy soul's wants. If thou wouldst be of the highest service to external conquest of holiness, look within.—[Highway Almanac.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CONVENIENCE.

We ought to think of other people's convenience more than some of us do. The home is the place where this thoughtfulness ought to begin to be cultivated. One who comes late to breakfast admits that he is guilty of an unreasonable self-indulgence, but forgets that he has marred the harmonious flow of the household life and caused confusion and extra work. The other day an important committee of fifteen was kept waiting ten minutes for one tardy member, who came sauntering in at last without even an apology for being late. [illegible]

THE BIBLE.

There is so much flippant treatment of the Bible nowadays that I feel like telling the readers what some of the [illegible]

"[illegible] book," said Ewald to Dean Stanley, "is all the wisdom of the world."

"That book," said Andrew Jackson as he lay on his death-bed, "is the rock on which our Republic rests."

"Bring me the book," said Sir Walter Scott when about to die. "What book?" asked Lockhart. "The book—the Bible; there is but one."

[illegible]

Theodore Parker said: "The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples, has not half the influence of this book of a despised nation. The sun never sets upon its gleaming page."

[illegible]

"Father, may I go out to play?" The words were spoken in a soft whisper, [illegible]

Minister: "You seem to have done worrying, my friend, about that trouble of yours, and have it all settled."

"No," was the reply; "but I have gone to [illegible] and settled the matter; he will look after my bundle of trouble [illegible]."

[illegible]

In East Prussia larger area of land than usual is being cultivated to sugar beets, owing to the low price of grain.