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TALKS

ON

TEMPERANCE

BY

REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

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BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

Numbers xvi. 48 : "And he stood between the dead and the living."

ON previous Sundays, my brethren, I have endeavored, at the request of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Evidence, to set before you "the universe as a manifestation of God's eternal power and godhead," by showing you, first, that its beauty was a seal of the handiwork of its Creator ; and then, that neither in its illimitable vastness, nor in the steady uniformity of the laws which govern it, is there anything to shake, but rather very much to strengthen our faith in God. Such truths may be deeply practical, if we will make them so ; if we will remember that this is the God whose eye is ever upon us ; that "this God is our God forever and ever, and shall be our guide unto our death." And such truths have also a deep bearing on the subject of which I am bidden to speak to-day. For if there be one thing which would stand out clearly from such a contemplation of the awfulness of God, and yet the love which could send His own Son to die for us, it is the guilt involved in a willful depravation of His work, the dreadful consequences

which must follow—which, as a fact, are daily following—from the flagrant violation of His laws. Willful sin, a willful sacrifice of duty to self-indulgence; a willful choice of the lower and baser, instead of the higher and nobler, is disastrous in the individual; and pitiable indeed is the shipwreck which it causes to the hope and the happiness of life. But, in the case of a nation, still more disastrous is the loss, still more overwhelming the shipwreck. Take the history of any nation under the sun; watch its rise and watch its ruin, and see whether, in every instance, its ruin has not been the retribution of its guilt. You may not be able to see exactly why it was, but you are forced to see that so it was; and the secular historian will tell you, as emphatically as the theologian, that to every nation in its turn sin has meant—first, weakness, then decay, lastly, destruction. What ruined Judah? In its first stage, Idolatry; in its second stage, Pharisaism. What sapped the strength of Greece? Sensuality. What broke the iron arm of Rome? Again, Sensuality joined with Slavery. What ruined Spain? Avarice. What ruined Venice? Pride. What ruined the Papacy? Ambition. If ever England be ruined, what will be her ruin? Her national sin, whatever that national sin may be. And what is the national sin of England? Alas! there are many sins in England, but ask the unbiased opinion of those who know; ask the unsuspected testimony of the English judges; ask the exceptional experience of the English clergy; ask the unguarded admissions of the English press; and their unanimous answer would be,

I think, as would be the unanimous answer of every thoughtful man in this vast assembly—the national sin of England is drunkenness; the national curse of England is drink.

2. My brethren, it has been my duty more than once of late to speak of intemperance, and I am willing to bear the penalty. On this subject it is an imperative duty that the pulpit should not be always silent; but if I am not afraid to speak the truth, I do earnestly desire to speak truth only, and to speak that truth in love. Far from the sanctity of this place be vulgar exaggeration. This Abbey is sacred to Truth, sacred to Faith, sacred to Charity. Were I to say from this place one word that was unwarrantable, it would seem to me as though the immortal spirits of the great men whose memorials stand thick around us were frowning on me in disdain. But they would have still more cause to frown if I glossed over the truth with lies. To exaggerate is one thing; to be charged with exaggeration is quite another. There are, alas! aspects of this matter which it is impossible to exaggerate, and, though I shall touch only on facts admitted and undeniable, the worst facts are far too bad to be here spoken of at all. And if there be any here who are concerned in the maintenance of a trade from which flow such dangerous consequences, while I ask them to think over their responsibility, and of that strict and solemn account which they must one day give before the judgment-seat of Christ, they may rest assured that I speak of a system, not of individuals, and that, as I never have, so neither now will I, say one

word which is meant to reflect painfully on them. But, knowing drunkenness to be a ruinous vice, and seeing that the results which flow from it are of the darkest and most appalling character, I therefore desire to arrest—more and more to arrest—so far as I can, the attention of the people of England to this crying and wide-wasting evil. To the intemperate I am not speaking, though from my very soul I pity them; nor to abstainers, to whom I can say nothing new; but I do want every English man and woman in this Abbey, and every English-speaking man and woman whom, in any form, or by any means, these words can reach, to face the stern facts which I shall touch upon; to ask themselves how far they mean to be entangled in responsibility for them; and how long they will, and why they will, look on at such facts unmoved. How weak, alas! are poor human words; how timid poor human hearts! But, oh! if that Great Angel of the Apocalypse could speak, and if his voice were in the thunder's mouth, he could not speak too loud to warn England of the sin and misery which are in the midst of her—to urge her to shake out of her bosom this burning coal of fire.

3. "Woe," says Jeremiah, "woe to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower." The allusions to drunkenness in **Scripture** and in classical literature are not unfrequent. Yet drunkenness was not the prevalent sin of ancient times; and an ancient Spartan, an ancient Roman, or an ancient Hebrew would have stared with contemptuous disgust at the sights which in Christian England are familiar as a jest. It was not

that they were less prone to sin, but they were less petted with temptation. Southern and Eastern nations have never been so drunken as Northern; and ancient nations were ignorant of that deadly spirit [derived from the fermentation of saccharine matters which, as a distinct compound, was first discovered about 1300] which has wrought a havoc so frightful among us. The simple wines of antiquity were incomparably less deadly than the stupefying and ardent beverages on which £150,000,000 are yearly spent in this suffering land. The wines of antiquity were more like syrups; many of them were not intoxicant; many more intoxicant in but a small degree, and all of them, as a rule, only taken when largely diluted with water. The sale of these comparatively harmless vinous fluids did not bear the remotest resemblance to the drink trade among us, nor did the same ghastly retinue of evils follow in its train. They contained, even when undiluted, but four or five per cent. of alcohol, whereas some of our common wines contain seventeen per cent., and the maddening intoxicants of Scotch and English cities contain the horrible amount of fifty-four per cent. of alcohol. Take but one illustration of the difference of ancient and modern days. Our blessed Lord, when He lived on earth, traversed Palestine from end to end. He saw many a sinner and many a sufferer; He saw the lepers and healed them; He saw weeping penitent women, and restored them to honor and holiness again; there is not the slightest trace that He ever once witnessed that spectacle of miserable degradation,

a drunken man, or that yet more pitiable spectacle of yet deadlier degradation, a drunken woman. He who scattered the obstinate formalism of the Pharisee; He who flung into the sea with a millstone round his neck the corrupter of youthful innocence, what would He have said, what would He have felt, had He heard the shrieks of women beaten by drunken husbands; had He seen little children carried into the hospital stricken down by their drunken mothers' senseless or infuriated hands? Ah! estimate these things as He would have estimated them, and then will you dare to sneer at those who for very shame, for very pity, for the mere love of their kind and country, can not let these things be so?

4. And, alas! my brethren, but for these spirits England need not be a drunken nation; for the day was when she was not a drunken nation. Listen, my brethren, to a page of your own history. In the reign of that great king, King Henry V., who enlarged this Abbey, in his army of heroic victors, the army of Agincourt, drunkenness was deemed an utter disgrace; and King Henry was so impressed with the curse of it that he wanted to cut down all the vines in France. Not yet accustomed, as one has said, "to pour oil of vitriol on the roses of youth," not yet accustomed to apply hot and rebellious liquors to the blood of her children, England at that day might have said to one or other of her then not numerous drunkards:

I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.
I long have dreamt of such a kind of man—

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;
But, being waked, I do despise my dream,

And know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

The great antiquary, Camden, who lies buried there, says, that in his day drunkenness was a recent vice ; and other writers say that " We brought the foul vice of drunkenness from the wars in the Netherlands, as we had brought back the foul disease of leprosy from the Crusades." In the bad reaction which followed the restoration, when the people broke loose from the stern, but noble bonds of Puritan restriction to plunge into abominable license, the evil habit was enormously increased, and many a great statesman and great writer of the subsequent epoch—a Pitt, an Addison, a Bolingbroke, a Walpole, a Carteret, a Pulteney—shattered his nerves and shortened his life by drink. But it was about the year 1724, as we are told by the last historian of the eighteenth century, that " gin drinking " began to affect the masses, and it spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. " Small," he says, " as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably—if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it—the most momentous in that eighteenth century," because from that time " the fatal passion for drink was at once and irrevocably planted in the nation." Yes, it was only some 150 years ago that there began the disastrous era of the dram-shop and the gin-palace ; from that epoch ardent spirits began to madden the brain, to poison

the blood, to brutalize the habits of the lowest classes. Distillation replaced the comparatively harmless wines of our forefathers by those poisonous draughts of liquid fire which are at this moment the scathing, blighting, and degrading curse of myriads—the fellest and the foulest temptation with which our working classes have to struggle. The Jewish rabbis have a legend that, when the first vineyard was planted, Satan rejoiced, and said to Noah that he should have his account in the results; and in truth the wine-cup, which poets so extol, is the cause, as Solomon has told us, of woes enough; but if ever the spirits of evil hailed a potent ally with shouts of triumph, it must have been when that thing was discovered, which, regarded as a harmless luxury by the virtuous, acts as a subtle and soul-destroying ruin of the unsuspecting—that thing in the use of which “intemperance, the great murderer of millions, doth creep for shelter into houses of moderation.”

5. But to return to history. Ardent spirits had not long been introduced when the Grand Jury of Middlesex, in a powerful presentment, declared that much the greatest part of the poverty, the robberies, the murders of London might be traced to this single cause. (Painted boards informed the poor that for one pence they might purchase drunken stupefaction, and as though the adjuncts of the sty were necessary to complete the accessories of truly swinish degradation, the straw in the cellars was gratuitously supplied). Even the morals of the eighteenth century—bad as they were—did not so acquiesce in this public demoralization as we

with our consciences seared with the hot iron of customs, are content with acquiescing. In 1736 a strenuous attempt was made to stem the rising tide of shame and ruin. (By placing prohibitive duties on all spirituous liquors. In 1743 those duties were enormously diminished—partly on the futile plea of stopping illicit distillation, but mainly to replenish the Exchequer for the German wars of George II.) Against the Gin Act, as it was called, Lord Chesterfield, the most polished and brilliant peer of his day, flung his whole influence, alas, in vain! When I quote his words to you, remember that you are listening to a professed man of the world, perfectly cool-headed, the mirror of fashion, the idol of society, yet speaking simply as a patriot from ordinary observation of the notorious effect of what he calls “the new liquor.” Had he used such language now, he would have been called an intemperate Pharisee; but he spoke to an age not yet hardened by familiarity with the horrors of dram-drinking. “Vice, my lords,” he said, “is not properly to be taxed, but to be suppressed; and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be attained. Luxury, my lords, may very properly be taxed. But the use of these things which are simply hurtful—hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree—is to be prohibited. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my lords, secure them from these fatal draughts by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us check these artists in human slaughter, which have reconciled their country-

men to sickness and to ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as can not be resisted. When I consider, my lords, the tendency of this bill, I find it calculated only for the propagation of disease, the suppression of industry, and the destruction of mankind. For the purpose, my lords, what could have been invented more efficacious than shops at which poison may be vended poison so prepared as to please the palate, while it wastes the strength and kills only by intoxication?" So spoke, so thought Lord Chesterfield, about the ardent spirits which are now sold on every day in the week at 140 licensed houses within a small radius of the Abbey, into most of which hundreds of men, of women, and of children will enter this very day. And he did not stand alone. If you would know what your fathers thought of these things, look at Hogarth's ghastliest pictures of Rum-lane and Gin-alley. If you doubt Art, take the testimony of Science. In 1750 the London physicians drew up a memorial to the effect that there were then 14,000 cases of fatal illness attributable to gin alone; and Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, wrote: "Our people have become what they never were before, cruel and inhuman. These accursed liquors, which, to the shame of our Government, are so easily to be had, have changed their very nature;" and about the same time the entire bench of bishops protested against the Gin Act, as founded on the indulgence of debauchery, the encouragement of crime, and the destruction of the human race.

6. It was amid these protests of men and these

warnings of God, that in England the shameful and miserable tale began. ✓ You know, or you may know, and you ought to know how it has gone on. The extent, indeed, of the calamity you do not and can not know. That can be fully known to Him only who hears, and not in vain, the sighs and moans that lade the air with their quivering misery; to Him alone who can estimate the area of wreck and ruin, of human agony, and human degradation, which is represented by the fact that this country spends £150,000,000 a year on drink, and that in this country there are, amongst the many who drink, 600,000 drunkards. No, you can not estimate it; you have not even one fraction of such knowledge about it as we have who have seen it; but need you ignore it? Can you live in the very midst of facts so ugly and yet not lift a finger to make them better? Read for yourselves. Judge for yourselves. Refute these facts if you can; would to God that you could, but, alas! you can not. Convince yourselves first that alcohol, however much you may like it, is needless, seeing that the lives of four million total abstainers who never touch it are better in any insurance office than those of other men; and that among our 20,000 prisoners—most of them brought there by it—there is, because they are not allowed to touch it, a better average healthiness than among any other class. Convince yourselves, then, that it is absolutely needless, and then judge yourselves of its effects. Do not take our testimony, but inquire. Go and catch with your own eyes a glimpse here and there of the black waves of this subterranean

stream. Health is the most priceless boon of life. Go to our London hospitals, and ask how many are brought there by the awful diseases, the appalling accidents, the brutal violence of drink. Pauperism is the curse of cities. Ask Poor-Law guardians how paupers are made ; ask any economist worth the name how pauperism can possibly be avoided when so much idleness is due to the £37,000,000—as much as all their rent—which, by the very lowest estimate, our poorest classes waste in drink. Lunacy is one of the worst inflictions of humanity ; ask at any public asylum the percentage of it due to drink. Idiocy is one of the saddest phenomena of life. Ask any doctor how many idiots are born of drunken parents. Visit our camps and barracks, and there is not an officer who will not tell you that drink is the deadliest curse of our army. Visit our ships and sea-ports, and there is not a captain who will not tell you that drink is the worst ruin of our sailors. Go to any parish, or town, or country all over the United Kingdom, where there are many public houses and many poor, any clergyman will tell you that drink is the most overwhelming curse of our working classes. Philanthropists sigh for the dirt, the squalor, the misery of our lowest classes. How can it be remedied so long as there is the maximum of temptation, where there is the minimum of wages to waste and the minimum of power to resist? Here, almost under the very shadows of the great towers of our Houses of Legislature, and within bowshot of this great Abbey, are streets in which house after house, family after family, is ruined or rendered miserable

by this one cause; and, oh! how long will our Legislature still refuse to interfere? Oh that we could show them the misery of the innocent, the imbruting of the guilty; women broken-hearted, children degraded, men lowered beneath the level of the beasts; holidays changed into a bane, high wages wasted into a curse, the day of God turned into a day of Satan, our jails filled, our criminal classes recruited, our work-houses rendered inevitable. This it was which made the late Mr. C. Buxton say that the struggle of the school, the library, and the Church were united, and united in vain, against the beer-shop and the gin-palace, and that this struggle was "one development of the war between heaven and hell." Have we not a right to expect, have we not a right to demand, that in this struggle the Legislature should take their part?

7. Look at the statue of that glorious statesman, who there "with eagle face and outstretched hand, still seems to bid England be of good cheer, and hurl defiance at her foes." Speaking of the proposal to use Indians against our American colonists he burst into that memorable storm of words, which you all have read: "I call upon that Right Reverend Bench. I conjure them to join in the holy work and vindicate the religion of their God. I call upon the bishops," he said, "to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of ermine to save us from this pollution. I call upon your lordships to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates

of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration. Let them purify this house and this country from this sin." In his burning wrath of moral indignation, so stormed, so thundered the mighty Earl of Chatham, when it was proposed to let loose on our revolted colonists "the hellhounds of savage war." But against this hellhound of savage intoxication the bishops did then and the judges do now their very best to interpose. They, at least, can estimate, if any can, the connection of drink and crime. Have they failed to estimate it? There is scarcely a judge on the bench who has not spoken of it, till it has become a commonplace of the Courts of Justice. "It is not from men that are drunk," said one judge; "but from men that have been drinking, that most of the crime proceeds." "The worst is," said another, "that men enter the public-house sober, and leave it felons." But for drink, others have said again and again, "not one of these cases would have been brought before me." "Do away with drink," say others, "and we may shut up two-thirds of our prisons." So they have said—well-nigh every one of them—and still the maddening wave of alcohol flows on, and sweeps legislators into Parliament upon its crest. And are these judges fanatics? are they Pharisees? Or is it that they are forced to see what every one of us might see if we chose—a fearful and intolerable fact: The New Year dawned upon us five months ago with all its cheerful prophecies and jubilant hopes, and when it began I thought I would make a record of a few out of the thousands of awful crimes

with which drink would blight and desecrate its history. Very soon I paused, sickened, horror-stricken. The crimes were too awful, too inhuman, sometimes too grotesque in their pitiable horror. Other crimes are human crimes, but the crimes done in drink are as the crimes of demoniacs, the crimes of men who for the time have ceased to be men, and have become fiends. Oh! that these walls should hear them. Oh! that the angel of the nation might blot them out of his record with such tears as angels weep, to think that Christ daily re-crucified in the midst of us should from His throne in heaven—

See only this,
After the passion of a thousand years.

I have some of them written here, but they are too black to tell you. Now it was a boy stabbing his father in a cellar in Liverpool; now a wife killing her husband with one savage blow; now a woman's suicide; now a little infant overlaid; now a drunken carman driving over a child, a woman, and a boy; now a man—I dare not go on. I dare not describe the least bad, much less tell the worst. These things—these daily incidents of the year of grace 1878—Christian men and Christian women, are they unfit for your fastidious ears? Ah! but things are as they are, and it is not your fastidiousness that can undo them. And is it not an hypocrisy to shrink with delicate sensibility from hearing of crimes which are going on about you from day to day, and from week to week, and from year to year, while you do not shrink from the fact that they should be done, from the fact that they should be

borne, by Englishmen like yourselves; done and borne by English women who might once have worn the rose of womanhood; done and borne by boys and girls who were once little bright-eyed children in our schools, and who but for drink might have grown up as happy and as sweet as yours. And if you are ashamed that these things should be, why do many of you not lift one finger to prevent this mingled stream of crime and pauperism from pouring its deluge through our streets? For where are these things being done? In savage islands? Among Pacific cannibals? among ancient pagans, such as St. Paul describes? No, I declare to you that I find no records of such chronic horrors among them as I find, normally, daily, as incidents of ordinary life, as items of common news, happening now; happening to-day; happening in the midst of the nineteenth century after Christ; happening in Christian England; happening in Liverpool, in Dublin, in Glasgow, in Manchester; happening here under your minster towers. Here, even in these streets hard by—oh, what a tale I could tell—the husband imprisoned for assaulting his wife; the son in jail for striking his aged miserable mother; the father deserting his family of little children; the son dishonoring his home; the man once rich now ruined; the woman barely snatched from agonizing suicide. And, Christian men and Christian women, you wonder that our hearts are stirred within us when we see whole classes of a city—whole classes which should have been its marrow and its strength—thus given to drink! When will this indifference cease? When

will a nation, half ruined by her vice, demand what the Legislature will not then withhold? Sooner or later it must be so, or England must perish. Weigh the gain and loss—strike the balance. On the one scale place whole tons of intoxicating and adulterated liquor—put alcohol, at the very best a needless luxury; on the other side put £150,000,000 a year, and grain enough to feed a nation, and grapes that might have been the innocent delight of millions; and load the scale—for you must, if you would be fair—load it with disease, and pauperism, and murder, and madness, and horrors such as no heart can conceive and no tongue tell; and wet it with rivers of widows' and orphans' tears; and if you will not strike the balance, God will one day strike it for you. But will you, as Christian men and Christian women—will you, as lovers of your country and lovers of your kind—stand up before high God, and say that the one is worth the other? Will you lay your hand upon your heart, and say that these things ought so to be?

8. I stop at England. The half, alas! is not told you! The awful guilt remains that throughout all our colonies and dependencies, we, the proud race whose flag dominates the seas, and on whose empire the sun never sets—we “wherever winds blow and waters roll, have girdled, are girdling, the world with a zone of drunkenness;” until, as I think of it—as I think of the curses, not loud, but deep, muttered against our name by races which our fire-water has decimated, and our vice degraded; I seem to shudder, as there sounds in my ear the stern inquiry to our country, “These

things hast thou done, and I held my peace; and thou thoughtest wickedly that I was such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set before thee the things that thou hast done;" and the menace of prophetic doom "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

9. But, oh! will not some one interfere before it is too late? Once in the camp of Israel there arose a wail of horror and of agony: "There is wrath gone out from the Lord; the plague is begun;" and, quick as thought, the High-Priest, Aaron, took a censer, and put fire thereon from off the altar, and ran into the midst of the congregation, and put on incense, and stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed. Will no one do it now? We are encircled by the immortal memorials of those who fought the slave-trade, and shattered the biblical and other sophisms of its defenders. In yonder aisle are the statues of Wilberforce and Raffles, and by the western door the liberated slave kneels, in immortal marble, by the deathbed of Fox, whose errors are forgotten, whose genius is ennobled by the championship of that great cause:

Oh, God, for a man with head, heart, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
Some still strong man in a blatant land!
Whatever they call him, what care I?

Oh, for some man again with the eloquence of these, and the same burning enthusiasm to redress

the intolerable wrongs, to alleviate the needless miseries of man! Before the clear intellect, before the fiery zeal of such an one, the flimsy sophisms of a pseudo-liberty, and the perverted pleas of a feeble literalism, would melt like tow at the breath of flame. Were it not better thus than to plunge into the heat of party squabbles, and win the evanescent triumphs of an hour? Will no one save a nation from multiplying, from legalizing for itself a needless, an artificial, a self-created destruction? Oh, what a crown would such a man deserve! He would deserve a grander monument than Wellington, a prouder statue than Chatham's self. The name, the memory of such a man should live when the names of many that are recorded here, and of most of the living statesmen who shall follow them, are covered with oblivion's dust. God grant us such an one to stand between the living and the dead, for the plague has indeed begun. They have been dying of it for two centuries; they are dying now, dying of disease, dying by violence, dying by suicide, dying in hospitals, dying in squalid garrets everywhere; strong men, miserable women, little children dying so slowly that none call it murder. But if the drinkers can not save themselves; if with their money they drink away their manliness, and with their sense of shame their power of will; shall not the nation save them—save them from themselves—save them from destroying temptation—save their wretched children, their wretched wives? The Legislature will not help us, because, they tell us, as yet public opinion is not strong enough. Then in God's name let public opinion

become strong enough. Let the working classes who are mostly affected, take up this question. Let them snatch their order from this ruin. Let them cleanse it from this stain. What the Senate refuses now, it can not, it will not, it dare not refuse when a nation, knocking at its door with righteous and imperious demand, tells them that they are there to do its bidding. But as for us who are not senators, whose power is small, let us at least help to form this public opinion. Let us change this national sin of drunkenness into the national glory of self-control; let us become the Nazarites, as we have been the helots of the world. To hope for this has been called extravagant; nevertheless I do hope it. If there are in England 600,000 drunkards, there are also in England, thank God, four million abstainers; and if without an iota of loss, and with an immensity of gain—if with stronger health, and clearer intellect, and unwasted means, to the great happiness of themselves, to the clear example to others, there are four millions of every rank, and every position, and every degree of intellectual power, I, for one—believing noble things of man as I believe noble things of God—I, for one, do not see why there should not be many millions. But if we can not and will not save ourselves, let us save our children. If the wealth and peace of this generation are to be a holocaust to drink, let the next be an offering to God. Let us do what Wellington said at Waterloo; let us have young soldiers. Let every young man in his strength, every maiden in her innocence and beauty, join the ranks of the abstainers. Let the manliness

of the nation spring to its own defense, so that by a sense of shame and a love of virtue, if this evil can not be suppressed by law, it may perish of inanition. If so, I see no end to the greatness of England, no limit to the prolongation of her power. If not, in all history, as in all individual experience, I see but this one lesson—no nation, no individual, can thrive so long as it be under the dominion of a besetting sin. It must conquer or be conquered. It must destroy it or be destroyed by it. It must strike at the sources of it, or be stricken down by it into the dust.

REASONS FOR BEING AN ABSTAINER.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR D.D F.R.S.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—With that careful consideration and eager love of truth which characterizes a large portion of our provincial and suburban press, I dare say many of you may have noticed not very long ago a paragraph which went the round of I know not how many scores of papers, and stated that, while I was in the habit of preaching total abstinence to others, I was also in the habit of drinking wine myself, and that even my temperance friends in London were beginning to complain of my intemperate Pharisaism. Every morning, ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of very trying work and very heavy anxieties, I received numbers of letters enclosing to me that paragraph in every sort of type and from every kind of paper all over the United Kingdom, and frequently accompanied by agitated letters asking my permission to deny it. Well, that paragraph caused me no surprise, and not much annoyance. It caused

me no surprise, because, unhappily, I know that in this city, and perhaps every day, when there is the slightest scent of scandal in the air, the atmosphere is at once darkened with the gathering winds of I know not how many slanders, and it caused me very little annoyance, because I have very little belief in the vitality of falsehood. There is a well-known proverb, which is very greatly quoted by the best controversialists, which says: "If only you throw mud, some of it is sure to stick." Well, it may stick, but there is one thing it can not do, and that is, it can not *stain*. It is, however, for no purpose or poor personal defense that I allude to these miserable calumnies; but perhaps I may profitably occupy a moment or two if I tell you how it was that my attention was first called to the cause of temperance, and when I joined the Total Abstinence Section of the Church of England Temperance Society. During many years of my life I never once had my attention called to it. When a youth I was mainly a water-drinker. When I was an undergraduate, although I had heard little or nothing of the temperance movement, I never had once a bottle of wine or spirits of any kind in my rooms. When I became a man, my thoughts and energies were greatly turned in other directions, and if I thought of total abstinence at all (which I scarcely ever did), I regarded it as a somewhat harmless, but perfectly amiable eccentricity. It was only two years ago that my attention was first seriously called to the enormous evil of drink, and to the immense misery it is causing not only throughout the length and breadth of this land, but almost even

the entire world. And when I came to London, from the first moment when my attention was called to it, I almost entirely ceased to touch any fermented liquor; and seeing what I did see—for I suppose none but a London clergyman in such a parish as mine really knows the extent of the evil—I saw it would become inevitable for me very soon to sign the pledge. But I did not wish to act hastily in the matter, or to plunge into it in a sudden fit of enthusiasm. There were certain facts about which I wished to speak from my own knowledge, and certain truths which I wished to resolve from my own experience, and therefore, though I continued to drink water, I did not always refuse wine, for reasons which were well known to my friends, until about a year and a quarter ago, when I signed the pledge at the offices of the Church of England Temperance Society, and I think I need hardly stay to assure this meeting that since then I have touched no sort of fermented liquor except at Holy Communion, and that I hope never to do so again, with that exception, until my death comes. Then, ladies and gentlemen, as to this intemperate Pharisaism, I will say only this, that in speaking of temperance, which I would rather not do, and which I have not done very frequently, but which is a duty almost incumbent upon one, I have made two rules, of which the first is never consciously to wound a single legitimate susceptibility, and the second, always to speak as if you were not addressing an audience of temperance reformers, but of licensed victuallers. I know not how far it may be true that I have disgusted my temperance friends by

my "intemperate Pharisaism," but I have at least this comfort, that having been brought by strong pressure to pay a visit to Scotland, and to speak at several meetings; after the third of those meetings a very distinguished Scotch clergyman, who had been present at them all, said to me, "I observe this in your speeches, that you are exceedingly careful and guarded in your statements, and never say anything against which any real exception could be taken by those acquainted with the subject." Well, ladies and gentlemen, I shall not speak to you to-day about any of those horrors of drinking and drunkenness which forced me, as they had forced so many, to become total abstainers, and if I spoke for a few moments I think I had better tell you a few plain reasons why, having thought it a duty to become a total abstainer, it was to me a duty to become so. It never for a single moment occurred to me to condemn any one else, even in the smallest degree, for not taking the same step. To do that would be the very sin of all others, I do think I detest most from my heart, viz., the sin of Pharisaism. Nor has it ever for a moment occurred to me to think that I was performing the smallest act of virtue in having taken the pledge myself. That would have been a vice which I hope I detest as much as Pharisaism, viz., the vice of vanity. It is always a merit to make an act of self-sacrifice, but to me this was no self-sacrifice at all. What was the loss? Simply nothing. I was not giving up an element of food—because I have found, since I became an abstainer, that I also take very much less food, and that meat once a day is amply suffi-

cient. I was not giving up any source of strength, for I found my endurance was very much greater than before. I was not a whit less inclined to be happy and mirthful than those about me, and I have always felt a certain amount of contempt for the poor kind of cheerfulness which requires a chemical ingredient for its sustentation. Neither was I giving up a cause of happiness, for since I have taken the pledge, I have been at least as happy and healthy as before. I thought that by doing this I had lost nothing. Had one gained anything? I think one had. In the first place, one had gained something in an age like this, by a contribution, however small, to simplicity of life. That is a point on which I am not going to dwell, although I think it an important one; but, secondly, I found that by becoming a total abstainer, all my children gladly became abstainers, my wife and also a large number of my servants, so that from one very serious source of anxiety all over the country, and not least in London, my household was absolutely free. Of all the sins there are in the world, drunkenness is perhaps the least curable when the habit is once firmly formed, but the one most easily preventable before the habit is. And when I consider how many young men there are in this day, peers' sons, members of Parliament, and even sons of clergymen, who have brought desolation and sorrow unspeakable into the houses of those whom they love by this sin, I at least am glad to have carried out for my own sons the rule laid down by Plato, that it was not good to let boys taste wine till eighteen years old. And I felt that I and my

household, by this simple remedy, were freed from one serious source of anxiety. There is a greater gain still, viz., that we are doing something, however little, to rid the country of a great evil. The early Christians in their day did much, as we all know. They sheltered womanhood from immoral degradation, childhood from immoral treatment; they put down the bloody games of the amphitheatre; they uplifted the whole race in that single direction; they did good as their Master had done before them, and our own forefathers were not unworthy also. They pitied the slave and broke his fetters; they pitied the prisoner and made the dungeon more tolerable for him; they pitied the poor factory child and shortened his grinding hours of labor; they pitied the poor climbing boys, and threw a shield of the law over those wretched little outcasts; and even we, in our own day and generation, have also done something. We have tried to do something to enforce sanitary law, to bring about a less painfully brutal (I had almost said) penal code; we have rendered it impossible that any one should starve, and made special efforts to carry education home to the very lowest slums of the city; but there is one work which still remains, which, if we are to do effectually, must be done by Christians, and that is the work of this Society, of liberating the country from the tremendous tyranny of a dead thing, a thing which is not in the least degree, as all total abstainers believe, a necessity, and a thing of which one scruple does not exist in the whole of nature. I know our attempt to resist the evil has been called

Quixotic, and that we have been charged with a want of judgment. Be it so; like Mr. Grier, I am not in the least degree afraid to be called Quixotic. I have enough experience of life, and have read enough of history to know that there has hardly ever been any single man who has been in the least degree more in earnest than his fellows, who has not been called Quixotic. In these days of a somewhat arm-chair kind of Christianity—in these days, when, as an historian has said of us, “we are somewhat drowsy candidates of amaranthine crowns,” to be called Quixotic, may be a testimony to which some honor may attach when it takes the form of an endeavor to do good to our fellow-men. I am quite sure Luther would have been called Quixotic; Whitfield would have been called Quixotic, and also Howard and Wilberforce. To be called Quixotic very often means no more than this, that a man has been called into wakefulness of his peril, while others are slumbering around him through the mist. It means often that he is fired with a noble and necessary enthusiasm, having realized the dimensions of an evil to which others are blinded by familiarity. If all good men only knew what the ravages of drink are (and I know there are many in woful ignorance), if they could see as we do the vision of England struggling in the grasp of a deadly serpent, then, I feel convinced, there is scarcely a good man amongst us who would not feel forced to take some part in the struggle. Now, I dare say, you will ask, Why is it necessary that any should become total abstainers? Well, this Church of England Temperance Society claims the

aid of those who merely pledge themselves to temperance. It asks your sympathy. It asks your co-operation. It never dreams for a single moment of condemning any one for not taking the pledge of temperance. All men are not alike, and are not called upon to the same degree to take the same part in the same reforms. It was said in the days of the Reformation that four agents of the Reformation might be characterized by four epigrams: Luther—Deeds, not words; Erasmus—Words, not deeds; Melancthon—Both words and deeds; and the fourth, neither words nor deeds. We want in this Reformation our Luthers, our Erasmuses, and our Melancthons, but we can well dispense with the services of the fourth. I have often been grievously misunderstood, and most willfully misinterpreted, but I ask you not to misunderstand what I shall say now, if I say that in some positions and for some people temperance is not enough in the struggle against drunkenness. You have all heard the story of the clergyman in Scotland, who was preaching the superior virtue of moderation rather than total abstinence. Immediately he had done, from the center of the meeting up got a miserable drunkard, and said, "Hooray, minister, ye are on our side." The clergyman was so struck by the remark that he said, "I will be on your side no longer. I will be a teetotaler." A similar occurrence happened not very long ago at Derby. Every army needs its pioneers, its advanced squadrons, and its forlorn hopes. There was an age when Jerusalem wanted its Nazarites, when Christianity needed its hermits, when the

Church of Rome wanted its Mendicant Orders, when Catholicity needed its Reformers, when the Church of England needed its Wesleyans; and there is a day when the Church of England, and I fear the Church throughout the world, too, needs its despised total abstainers. Whether the battle is to be won or not, I can not tell. Whether England is ever to be rescued from that position which she now holds, of being glued to the chair of the publican, like the lady in Milton's "Mask of Comus," I can not tell. But I say if she is to be raised, it must not only be by our rushing with a sudden start, like the Elder Brother, and putting to flight for the moment alcohol and all his monstrous crew, but it also must be by the spirit of Total Abstinence coming in effectually afterward. That seems to be the relation between the two branches of this Society. Let us work together. Do not let us dream of condemning those who do not see eye to eye with us. On the other hand, do not let the temperance people make a boast of how much more dignified their line of practice is. Let both work together, and in this way, I believe and hope the work may ultimately be done. Even if this total abstinence fails, I say that although all our hopes in that direction might come to nothing, I would still be a total abstainer. I should still wish to do something more than merely wash my hands and declare myself innocent of the blood of any who came to their end by this dreadful vice. I should like to say, with the Maccabees, "Let us die in our simplicity." In the struggle against the slave trade it is said that a great many English fami-

lies gave up entirely the use of slave-grown sugar. I can imagine that there were many people who would ridicule them for so doing. If I were living in those days, and God had given me grace to take part in that great struggle, I do hope that I myself would have been one among the number to protest against the slave trade by refusing to touch slave-grown sugar. Let us suppose that you and I lived in China. You know how China is degraded and blighted by that opium, in the guilty traffic in which, I grieve to say that this country is deeply implicated. Well, if we were living in China, and supposing people said to us that opium taken in moderation was very harmless and recommended by almost immemorial custom, and called us a great number of names if we did not take it, I should still point to those miserable, degraded, and blighted victims of opium and should say—"Even granting all that you have said in its favor, let the poppy grow for me. I admire its beauty; I know that it contains a drug which may be precious as a medicine, but with the sight of all those sufferers before me, and with that low moan of human misery in my ear, I, at any rate, will never touch opium while I live in China." Many would say my argument is weak, because the use of alcohol is not so deleterious. There is something perhaps to be said on the other side, but that is a purely physiological question, and I leave it to the doctors to settle. Still, I am sure you will admit that if the moderate use of alcohol is not so deleterious as the moderate use of opium, on the other hand, the excessive use of alcohol is ten times more ruinous than the excessive

use of opium. Alcohol fills our jails ; opium does not. Alcohol crowds our lunatic asylums ; opium does not. Alcohol makes men kick their wives to death , opium does not. "Alcohol takes away a man"—as Bishop Hall says—and puts a beast in his place ; opium does not ; and, therefore, I say that, just as if living in China, I should think it necessary to make the protest and not touch opium, so, living in England, I think it my duty, without for a moment judging anybody, now that I know the facts, not to touch alcohol either. But many will say, "You will do no sort of good by your total abstinence." I say, be it so. Efforts are ours ; results are God's. Let us do our best, and if He sees well—He will not, at any rate, despise our humble efforts, even if He does not bless them with any immediate success. But I am not so sure that total abstinence will not do good. I have not only in the general press, but also in the grave pages of the *Guardian*, been called Quixotic for talking like this, and wanting in calm judgment. Again I say, be it so. I don't mind those hard things as applied to me ; but I repeat it that the Legislature is not helping us, and will not help us, and I do not know of any way by which reformation from drunkenness in England is to be carried out, except by the wide—nay, the almost universal—prevalence for a time of total abstinence. I do not—I dare not, indeed—hope that God will ever give to me the priceless, the inestimable privilege of having any great weight, of saying anything which will much help forward this great reformation. It is only to those who eminently deserve it, it is only to those who can claim in-

finitely more merit than I can claim that God gives the priceless privilege of helping forward a great national good, but I do live in the hope that some day or other I may be enabled to say some word which will affect perhaps some one single person in the audience so that he may be moved to turn his thoughts to this great question, and that he may go forth with the fear of God born in his heart, and from him conviction may be flashed into thousands of consciences and they may take fire with an enthusiasm before the overwhelming blast of indignation of which this huge gilded idol of iniquity and misery may at last be destroyed. I do not, ladies and gentlemen, despair.

“Tho’ the mills of God grind slowly,
 Yet they grind exceeding small ;
 Tho’ with patience long he waiteth,
 Yet exactly grinds he all.”

The reasons which have influenced one person to be a total abstainer may influence others. After all, I believe there are 4,000,000 of teetotalers in England at this time. Are they all Quixotic? Are they all idiots and fools? If they are, I say again that many of the greatest revolutions ever wrought in history have been wrought by those whom the world counted its idiots and its fools. Is the Bishop of Exeter a Philogian? Is the Bishop of Gloucester a Manichean? Is Canon Lightfoot a crackbrained enthusiast? Is Sir Henry Thompson a man totally devoid of all science? Has Dr. Richardson no knowledge whatever of the most elementary facts of physiology? Is Professor Acland an intemperate Pharisee? If all these men, and hundreds more,

peers, and magistrates, and judges, and ministers of all denominations, eminent Nonconformists, men of literature, men of science, and hundreds of working-men, if they have become total abstainers from these reasons, why should it be so very Quixotic to believe that what has influenced a certain number of average men may influence a certain number more? Why, they have become total abstainers mainly because they thought it was better for themselves personally, and also because they wish to set a safe and wise example. All I ask is, if you join in this particular branch work of this Society, or if you do not, do as seems you best; do not sneer at those who are abstainers; do not oppose them. I know that our task is discouraging enough, but of this I am sure, that when our years begin to draw to an end like a tale that is told; when the enchantments of life have ended one after another; and when the shadows of life's evening are beginning to draw around us, oh! then it is not our wealth, it is not our successes, it is not our prosperity, it is not our fame, which will give us the smallest amount of comfort or of happiness, but it will be the small modicum of self denial which God may have enabled us to practice, and the small modicum of good which God may have enabled us to do, and that if we have had none of these things, which people count as earthly blessings, no wealth, or prosperity, or successes, or fame, if our lives have been passed unceasingly amid the strife of tongues, if we have felt it to be our duty to make enemies—as many a good man has been compelled to make enemies even of the good, for the sake of

such truth as God enabled him to see—even supposing that our life seems in all other respects to have been a failure, then, at any rate, we should have held it to be an inestimable privilege to have made an effort, however slight or futile, to rescue myriads of Englishmen and Englishwomen from a frightful degradation, and to expel a cause of inexpressible misery from myriads of English homes.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE

FOR THE SAKE OF OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

THE Rev. Canon FARRAR said:—My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—It ought to be, and it is, with some trepidation that I rise to address so highly distinguished an audience on a greatly disparaged cause. The secular press tells us that the advocates of total abstinence are impracticable fanatics and wrong-headed Pharisees; the religious press tells us that abstinence is a much poorer stage of virtue than moderation, and that, by declining wine and beer, we fall far below the attainment of those moral athletes who, to their hearts' content indulge themselves in both; even clergymen in their sermons and at the Church Congresses have argued that we are despising a good creature of God, setting ourselves against a precept of St. Paul and cherishing a heresy which is dangerously akin to that of the ancient Manichees. Well, gentlemen, if a cause had no opponents, I for one should think it a grievous waste of time to be among its advocates; and the only thing which reconciles me to the uncongenial task of speaking on the subject is the knowledge that it is unpopular and decried.

And as for these arguments we have had them addressed to us again and again; and you must pardon me if the utter intellectual disdain with which I regard them, prevents me from doing more than allude to them to-day. When the world in general had abandoned the defense of protection, the forty members of Parliament who still staunchly continued to vote for it were popularly known as the forty cannon-balls; not many years earlier these forty cannon-balls would have been four hundred cannon-balls, and precisely the same arguments were reiterated by the forty as had once convinced the four hundred. And it is my own firm conviction that these arguments of the anti-abstinence majority will soon become those of the minority. They remind me of nothing so much as the victims of Mr. Punch, in the now rare street show which used to delight our childish days. It is perfectly useless for that hero to knock them on the head and bang them on the floor. They show a wooden vitality which is perfectly inexhaustible. No matter how violently they have been dashed down, and finished off by a final rap, they are sure to start up a moment afterward, wagging their futile heads and shaking their minatory arms; and even, long after they have been finally disposed of, their ghosts reappear with an exasperating pertinacity. Now as to these objections, if any one likes to call me Manichean because I have become an abstainer, I can only assure him with a smile that I should like him, to the same extent, to adopt the same beneficent heresy. If, in spite of arguments which daily gain in overwhelming cogency

he tells me that alcohol in moderation is harmless, it is still no more a special duty of mine to drink it than it is a special duty of mine to feed, for instance, on *Revalenta Arabica*. If I prove to him that to millions of human beings it is not only deleterious, but deadly, I say that to them, and to those who wish to help and save them, it is no more a good creature of God than laudanum or strychnine. And as to the so-called Scriptural arguments in favor of drunkenness—I beg pardon, I mean in favor of moderate drinking; which is, however, ultimately the *fons et origo* of drunkenness—I shall say this only, that wine means primarily the juice, and often as I believe the unfermented juice of the grape; and that the drugged beers, and stupefying porters, and fortified ports, and plaistered sheries, and abominable draughts of liquid fire which are called spirits in England, are no more the pure fruit of the vine than the mariner's compass is intended when we are told that St. Paul fetched a compass and came to Rhegium. Into that Scriptural matter I have no time at present to enter, and indeed to do so would be certainly superfluous to an audience intelligent enough and educated enough to distinguish between the dead letter and the living spirit. Texts have been quoted for centuries in the cause of ignorance and sin. They have been quoted to countenance every absurdity, and check every science, and denounce every moral reformation. They were quoted against Columbus, against Copernicus, against Galileo, against the geologists. They were quoted against St. Peter, against St. Paul, against Christ Himself. They

were quoted against Wycliffe, against Luther against Wilberforce. They have been quoted—quite as often as they now are against the cause of temperance—in defense of polygamy, in defense of oppression, in defense of persecution, in defense of intolerance. But those who oppose us on false deductions from Scripture do not stand alone in resuscitating these slain objections. There is your senator, intrenched in his impregnable aphorism that “you can not make people sober by Act of Parliament;” who is best met, partly, by the direct denial that to a very great extent you can make people sober by Act of Parliament; and, partly, by the entreaty that senates, if they can not make people sober, should at least not continue the very effectual means which prove that you do by Acts of Parliament make them drunken. There is your Man of the World who angrily asks you “What all the noise is about, and why you can not leave him alone?” and who is indeed best left alone, since our arguments are only intelligible to the unselfish and the earnest. There is your defender of the British Constitution, who asks “How you can interfere with the liberty of the subject?” to whom I answer, with J. S. Mill, that the liberty of one man ends where—however profitable to himself—it becomes fatal and ruinous to another; and with Archbishop Whately, that I will gladly curtail my liberty, if thereby I can restrain another’s license. And then lastly, there is a very important person indeed, your Political Economist. You tell him that we are squandering £150,000,000 a year directly (and how awful a sum indirectly, is known to God

alone), in that which he may regard as a harmless luxury, but which we see to be a frightful curse to millions, and which we believe to be in a greater or less degree injurious to all—and what does he do? First he nibbles at the figures; talks about exaggeration; and without saying one word about the indirect cost to the nation of alcohol, says that its direct cost is, after all, “only” £131,000,000; and that of this the working classes spend “only” £36,000,000, and that this is “only” equivalent to what they spend in rent; and that £87,000,000 of the whole sum spent are not lost because they go in duty to the Exchequer and in profits to the liquor trade. Well, gentlemen, I am not a Professor, and perhaps it may only be my ignorance, but I confess that this is a political economy which fairly astounds me. It reminds me of nothing so much as the answer given, it is said, but let us hope not, by an Oxford undergraduate, to the question, “What are the chief sources of revenue to the Shetland Isles?” and who answered that “the inhabitants earned an honest, but somewhat precarious, subsistence by washing one another’s clothes!” But seriously, gentlemen, supposing that this £131,000,000—for in this amazing bill we will not quarrel about a million or two, more or less—were spent not in alcohol, but in fireworks? Would it be an argument to any one who complained that this was a fearful waste, to say that the working classes “only” spent £36,000,000 of it; that fireworks amused them; and that £87,000,000 of it was not lost because it went in duty to the revenue and in profits to the pyrotechnists? It is surely an

amazing conception of national advantage which makes it consist in the mere circulation of money spent in unproductive labor; and any one who knows anything whatever about the Temperance question, knows that the grounds on which we brand as waste this vast consumption of our resources, are grounds for which we at least offer a daily increasing mass of proof; namely, that alcohol is not a food; that it is not a source of warmth; that it is not a source of strength; that it can not even conceivably be a necessity, seeing that our thousands of prisoners gain in health and strength, instead of losing, by its total withdrawal; that there are whole races of men who never touch it; and that the Total Abstiners of England, who now number 4,000,000, are among the healthiest of men; and that, while it is thus absolutely needless, the abuse of it is confessedly and demonstrably the curse and shame of England both at home and abroad, the most fertile and the most potent of all existing causes of degradation and ruin. Well, gentlemen, if these things be so—and whether they are so you can not judge at all till you have at least faced the evidence—then I say deliberately and distinctly that England would be a richer country, a better country, a happier country, a country in all respects more blessed, if alcoholic drink were non-existent, and if £150,000,000 were spent annually on fireworks instead;—for this among other reasons, because the puffing away that magnificent revenue in smoke and flame would not only do us less direct harm, but would also save us from the vast loss caused indirectly to the nation by the

occupation, for hops, of 69,000 acres of our soil; by the destruction, for beer and spirits, of 12,000,000 of bushels of grain; and by the crushing expense of all the pauperism, the lunacy, the crime, the accidents—the burnt houses, the wrecked ships, the exploded collieries, the shattered railway trains—which can be traced directly to drink alone.

Now, gentlemen, I will tell you why I speak of Total Abstinence. I am bidden to-day to point out the claims of the Temperance movement on the Public Schools and Universities, and if by the Temperance movement be merely meant the discountenancing of drunkenness, surely to speak about it would be needless. I suppose that no one here will be likely to act, as I once saw a gentleman act, who sat at a meeting and did not blush to applaud the disgraceful facts and alarming statistics of intemperance. To such an one we could only say,—

“Well spoken advocate of sin and shame,
Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.”

But I need hardly say that no man would have any shadow of a right to the titles of a Christian and a gentleman—nay, he would brand himself as an enemy to his race—if he did not join, heart and soul, in the wish to check intemperance. If that were all, it would be an insult to your understandings to argue with you that the Temperance movement has claims upon you. Of course it has claims upon you; of course it has claims upon every living man in whose breast beats a human heart. But I shall take the unpopular, Quixotic side, and ask you to consider whether total abstinence has no claims

upon you. I shall not say—I have never said—that it is your duty—or any man's duty—to take so far upon you the vow of the Nazarite; but I shall humbly ask for your unprejudiced consideration, and I shall leave to yourselves the manly decision, while I beg you, for a few moments, to glance at the question with me—first, in its personal, and then in one only of its social aspects.

Let me begin with the very lowest ground of all. I look around me, and I am every day more deeply impressed with the increasing severity of the struggle for life, and the immense difficulty of earning a livelihood by thousands of boys and youths of the upper and professional classes; and I ask whether, under such circumstances, it is not worth a young man's while to make his conditions of life as simple as possible, and to save himself, by a very trivial self-denial, from a very needless and burdensome expense? I tell my poor people that one single pint of beer a day means £3 a year, that three pints a day, which is in most of these families a very moderate allowance, means £9 a year out of their wages, and that would in 20 years with interest become no less than £257, which would buy them a freehold house and garden. I surely may say to many of you who hereafter will not find it so easy to keep the wolf from the door—taking now this very lowest, yet not unimportant ground—that even four glasses of sherry a day in a household (and how many families are there who, if they use it at all, confine themselves to that?) means some ten dozen bottles a year, and that even in a small and struggling clergyman's family of a few

people some twenty pounds can very ill indeed be spared. The day may come when you will not think this a very trivial sum; but trivial or not, it is undesirable if it be a waste, and it is foolish if people are better without it. Now this at least is certain, which is, that to a young man and a healthy man alcohol in any form is needless, even if it be not injurious. I find that even those medical men who write against abstinence are constantly making admissions which tell dead against them. Dr. Burney Yeo wrote strongly against abstinence, yet he says, speaking of precisely the most popular wine of the day, "Dry sherries do an incalculable amount of harm." Dr. Brunton and Dr. Burdon Sanderson, and Sir W. Gull are none of them total abstainers, and the first two are distinctly unfavorable to total abstinence, yet Dr. Brunton says before the Lords' Committee, "If a man eats well and sleeps well, he does not want it, and is better without it." Dr. Burdon Sanderson says, "It is not at all required in health;" and Sir W. Gull, among much more which coming from such a man is of the most immense general and scientific importance, says that the constant use of alcohol, even in moderation, injures the nervous tissue, and is deleterious to health; that a man may very materially injure his constitution short of drunkenness; and that a great deal of injury is done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities, by people of both sexes who are supposed to be fairly well, and who are not in the least intemperate." I could quote to you on the

same side the distinct evidence of Sir H. Thompson, of Dr. Norman Kerr, of Dr. B. W. Richardson, of more than 2,000 physicians in 1846, and of an ever-increasing number of eminent medical men ; but I greatly prefer, and I am quite content to rest it on the spontaneous, the unbiased, often the most unwilling testimony of those who are in no way pledged to total abstinence, and are even in some cases distinctly hostile to it.

So much on the score of health ; and what about strength ? You desire to be athletes, gentlemen ; well, I venture to say to you that you will be all the better and stronger if you are total abstainers. When the workmen in our foundries are doing their heaviest tasks, they drink nothing but oat-meal-water. When Captain Webb swam the Channel, and Weston walked his thousand miles, and Adam Ayles, the Arctic explorer, got nearest to the Pole, they did it without a drop of stimulants ; and I dare say that you have already found out for yourselves that, as Dr. Burdon Sanderson says, "Alcohol is especially injurious in continuous muscular exertion."

And then as to mental work, many of you desire to be students and scholars. Will alcohol help you ? Sir Henry Thompson says that "of all people I know who can not stand alcohol, the brain-workers can do so least." Sir W. Gull tells us that alcohol "degenerates the tissue, and spoils the intellect." Many a man has ruined a fine intellect, as Macaulay tells us that Lord Byron did, by ardent spirits and Rhenish wine ; many a man has polluted with the strange fires of alcohol the vestal

flame on the altar of genius; but in spite of all devil's proverbs to the contrary, no man has ever yet improved it; and the

“Vino forma perit, vino consumitur aetas,”

is as true now as it was in the days of Propertius nearly 2,000 years ago. Gentlemen, I could go on heaping proof on proof that even if alcohol be not positively harmful—even if it do not tend to weaken and degrade the physical organization—it is, at the very best, a needless and a questionable luxury; and therefore one which a young man might, I think, very reasonably despise. But I have something more serious to say. In speaking of the purely personal aspect of the question, I have only glanced at its physical, and have not so much as touched on its moral and spiritual aspects. Now, as regards these, my own belief is that alcohol does tend (if taken very moderately it may be only in an infinitesimal degree, but still does tend) to excite the lower, and to neutralize the spiritual elements in our nature, and that, in myriads who stop far short of being drunkards, it blunts the moral sensibilities, and enslaves the enervated will. And although millions never succumb to these influences, yet millions also do. Do you suppose that there was ever a drunkard since the world began who dreamed, when he first began to quaff

“The foaming vintage of Champagne
In silver goblets tossed,”

or to do any of the other fine things which our Bacchanalian sons so fatally belaud, that he, too,

would fall into the shame and misery of the drunkard? From the day when Noah planted a vineyard and ate of the fruit thereof—nay, it may be even from the days of Eden if, as the Rabbis say, the vine was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—from the days when the two sons of Aaron perished at the altar in their intoxication; numberless of the miserable have experienced the fatal physical fact that as long as a drop of alcohol remains in the system, it creates a desire for more; the fatal moral fact that evil habit first allures, then masters, finally maddens and enslaves. At the entrance of one of our college chapels, lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows—ruined through drink. I received, not long ago, a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who after long labors was in want of clothes and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink! When I was at Cambridge, one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College, I used to sit next to a handsome youth, who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening?

It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil." It is because the old Greek imagination hit upon a frightful truth, when it surrounded the car of Bacchus with half-human satyrs and raving meanads. "I must take care," wrote a great and good man the other day, "for I find myself getting an ugly craving for alcohol;" and what is such a remark but an unconscious comment on Milton's noble lines:

"Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed
Skirting the Tyrrhene shore as the wind listed
On Circe's island fell. Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?"

Which things are simply this allegory, that he who loves wine is driven as the wind lists, into a realm of sorcery, and that this sorcery culminates in utter degradation. But you, it may be, are quite sure that you will never fall on Circe's island, or unmould reason's mintage. But why are you so sure? Is your nature so much stronger and nobler than that of Burns', or than that of Hartley Coleridge, or than that of Charles Lamb, with his sad cry, "The waters have gone over me, but out of the depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood?" Or why are you safer than these 600,000

drunkards in these unhappy islands, many of them men of keen intellect, many of them men of noble instincts, many of them men of most amiable character? How did these men become drunkards? Do you think that they were born drunkards? Do you think that they became drunkards the moment they tasted alcohol? Why, gentlemen, you know that there is only one way by which any man ever became a drunkard, and that is *by growing fond of alcohol*, at first in moderate drinking—either by the glass or by the dram—day by day a little increased—year by year a little multiplied—by the solitary becoming the frequent, and the frequent the habitual, and the habitual the all-but-inevitable transgression; till at last, some fine morning, as they awoke, perhaps in the shame of some inevitable fall, it came upon them with a flash that they are drunkards. This perhaps is the commonest method of ruin.

“ We are not worse at once : the course of evil

Begins so slowly and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem the breach with clay :
But let the stream grow wider, and philosophy,
Aye and religion too, may strive in vain
To stem the headlong current.”

But it is not always in this slow and gradual manner that men have become drunkards. Sometimes they have been moderate for years, and then at last—when they thought themselves perfectly secure—the temptation has come upon them, “terrible and with a tiger's leaps”—in the delight of some boon companionship—in the exhilaration of some sudden good fortune, in the agony of some

unexpected bereavement. Gentlemen, if every one of you think yourselves so absolutely and permanently safe from a temptation to which so many millions have succumbed; or if you think that, being absolutely safe yourself, no single person toward whom you have duties and whom you love, no wife, or child, and friend, or servant, or parishioner—can by any possibility be ever tempted by your example, all that I can say is that, while I can not share your confidence, I most earnestly trust that no bitter irremediable experience may ever give you cause to repent of it in dust and ashes.

But now, gentlemen, I will pass entirely from the personal to the social aspect of the question. It has been said that if you are fond of wine you ought to abstain for your own sake, and if you are not fond of wine, you ought to abstain for the sake of others. That may be only an epigram; but yet I do say, gentlemen, that if you could disprove all that I have as yet said to you, I should still try to be a total abstainer. It is as I have said my conviction, deepened by an ever-increasing mass of evidence, that the *tendency* of alcohol is bad for every one morally, intellectually, and spiritually, and that no one can tell whom his example may not injuriously affect:—but even were it otherwise, I should still think it right to abstain. For that alcohol is a *necessity*, except in the very rarest cases, you can not prove. And therefore I should still be a total abstainer *for the sake of others*. For even the very idiot must admit that one evil at least comes from drink—one evil colos-

sal and ruinous—one evil immediately and directly, and therefore in some cases necessarily;—and that is drunkenness—the national drunkenness of this country. It makes my cheeks blush for shame, it makes my heart beat fast with indignation, when I think that this precious, this glorious, this immortal England of ours, is itself one of the most drunken nations, and perhaps the greatest cause of drunkenness in other nations, of all under God's sun. Gentlemen, drunkenness, I grieve to say—for it is a masterstroke of the powers of evil—is too often treated as laughable. Continually it is made a subject of jest in our comic newspapers, and no one can live in London without noticing that it is the favorite jocosity of those wretched comic songs, those deplorably abysmal degradations of all verse and all music, which flow like a stream of vitriol from detestable music halls over the morals of the boys and girls, whom, in our schools and classes, we have striven to win to God. Well, gentlemen, I can not laugh at these jests; I can but look with disgust and abhorrence on these songs. Gentlemen, have you ever seen—if not may you never see!—a young man suffering from delirium tremens? From attempting to describe its horrors I shrink appalled; but you are probably all aware that one of the features of delirium tremens is all kinds of illusions and phantoms. A friend of mine told me the other day, that, finding himself in London, he turned into a tavern for some lunch. As he sat there a dog suddenly ran across the room, and my friend started. "Oh, don't be afraid, sir," said the waiter, coming up to him, "it *was* a

dog, it was a *real* dog, I assure you." At first he could not understand what the man meant; but then it flashed on him with a thrill of horror, that this man in his own person, and in the person of his customers, was familiar with the ghastly illusions of that most terrible of all diseases, which is God's Nemesis upon excess. Well, gentlemen, this being but one of the horrors of that drunkenness, which has its direct and sole origin in drink—are you a Christian—are you a man—can you have a heart in your breast which selfishness has not quite eaten away—if you can, hear without shame and sorrow that, to say nothing of the grocers' licenses, there are 98,955 public houses in England, and that there is scarcely one of these which is not to some a direct inevitable source of terrible temptation; that there are 38,845 beer-shops in England, of which there is scarcely one which is not a direct source of temptation in the neighborhood; that in the year 1875 there were in England alone 203,989 arrests for drunkenness, and 122,913 arrests for assaults, many of these of the loathiest and most diabolically brutal character, connected with drunkenness; making the ghastly total of 326,902 offenses on the score of this sin alone—which yet does not represent one-tenth part of the shame, the ruin, the misery, the loss, the burden, which are directly due to this awful sin? The drunkard, as I have said, is often in his sober moments a high-minded and honorable man, and no amount of physical torture can equal the anguish of moral degradation, in which he knows what he is, and loathes what he is, and yet is what he is by a deadly spell

which he can not break. Drunkards have been known to describe the horror and intensity of this spell, by saying that if a glass of brandy were set before them, and between them and it yawned the very abyss of hell, they still must stretch forth their hands and take it. And the worst of all is the knowledge that these unhappy sinners and victims transmit to their children an hereditary craving, of which those unacquainted with it can not conceive the terrible intensity. Imagine, gentlemen, the case—alas! in the lower classes the very common case!—of the poor unhappy youth, born with this awful tendency, conscious of it, afraid of it, yet not sufficiently braced in moral self-discipline to prevent it from becoming first an allurements, then a mastery, then the tyranny of a remorseless demon. Imagine a man—and such cases are—a man so unhappily constituted by the sins of his fathers, that, for long, long years, from boyhood to the very verge of old age, the soul within him has “to stand and watch like an unsleeping sentinel,” lest at any moment the burning congenital appetite for strong drink should clutch him with hands of fire, and drag him down to the unspeakable horror of the drunkard’s grave!

Well, gentlemen, it is on behalf of these drunkards that I appeal to you; and not for their sakes only, but for the sakes of their little sons and their little daughters, and for the sake of the myriads of those white young souls, which are being at this moment trained in our national schools, and of which nearly all will have to wrestle with this as one of their screst temptations, and of which many a thousand, if not saved and shielded, will most in-

evitably fall. Remember, gentlemen, I entreat you, that the drunkards of to-day are not the drunkards of to-morrow; that this ignoble and inglorious army of drunkards, as its ranks are thinned by death, is being daily recruited by those who as yet are not drunkards, but who only drink. For myself, supposing that considerations like these had not already induced me to take the pledge, I venture to say that if I were in this hall hearing these facts, and if I knew that, in this hall, there were but one youth or man who would fall hereafter into this horrible abyss, then I should feel it would be well worth the sacrifice of every one of us taking the pledge, if by so doing we could but save that one; it might be a personal blessing to every one of us, but even if not, yet how small would be our loss, how great his gain! and I should think that we were but acting in the spirit of that great apostle who said that he would neither eat meat, nor drink wine, nor anything whereby his brother was made to offend. I have not said, I never shall say, a word against the publicans; I have not said, I never shall say, that it is the duty of any man, not being a drunkard, to take the pledge; but I do say that this is a plain fact, namely, that drunkenness comes of moderate drinking, and that if, as a nation, we would make the vow of abstinence all but universal among us, then drunkenness at any rate, with all its fearful consequences, would be erased from its horrible prominence in the list of our national sins. I have but touched, you will observe, on the mere surface of the subject. I could show you, if time allowed—show you by proofs the most

startling, the most irrefragable—that the liquor traffic stands in the very forefront of responsibility for the alarming amount of lunacy, of pauperism, of crime, and that without this liquor traffic England would be unspeakably different from what now it is—unspeakably more prosperous at home—unspeakably more honored abroad—than it ever has been, or ever can be, while the liquor traffic maintains its present immense and truly deplorable ascendancy. To me it seems, gentlemen, that there is only one remedy which can indefinitely prolong the national glory of England; there is but one resource which can counteract the dangers which threaten us from the pressure of life, the depression of trade, the growth of a deeply-seated discontent; that there is but one way to diminish the ghastly total of crime, to close two-thirds of our prisons, two-thirds of our asylums, two-thirds of our work-houses; and that remedy, that resource, that way is, that instead of continuing to be a drunken, we should become a sober and temperate nation; and in the present distress, amid the present perils, with the present repeated refusals of the Legislature to interfere with the scandalous multiplication of temptations, there is but one way by which we can ever become a sober and temperate nation, and that is by the immense, the voluntary, the all but universal spread of total abstinence. The day may return—God grant it, and it is very far off as yet—when the present peril and the present distress are over, and England, shamed into decency and startled into repentance, may indulge, if it be an indulgence, and if she must indulge in the fer-

mented juice of the grape, without one word of warning; but that day is not yet, and, meanwhile, do not be deceived into easy self-satisfaction, by a mere talking about rose-water remedies which become practically an excuse for simply doing nothing. People solemnly tell us that we must not fight drunkenness, but must give the poor higher amusements, better houses, more education, and so make them sober. Gentlemen, I have seen something of the poor, and I tell you emphatically that in our present state of things, these remedies will not diminish drunkenness. No one can desire more ardently than I do, that all this should be done; no one feels more indignantly than I do the selfish apathy of rich men, who draw rents from filthy houses where the poor are huddled together like swine; no one can believe more entirely than I do that in general, more education means less vice. But I say, first diminish drunkenness and then try these remedies, or you will be utterly defeated:

“ What, have ye let the fond enchanter 'scape?
Oh, ye mistook! ye should have snatch'd his wand
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dis severing power,
We can not free the lady, who sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless!”

And this, gentlemen,—total abstinence—this is the snatched wand, the rod reversed, the backward mutters of dis severing power. Without this, all the boons you give to the poorer class will be turned gradually into banes; with it the boons will come, and come far more effectually of themselves. As drunkenness has already turned into a bane the

boon of better wages and more frequent holidays, so it would soon turn your better houses into scenes of degradation, and fill your places of amusement with reeling sots. Make the working-classes sober, as our Legislature, and our upper classes if they were utterly in earnest might do; induce them to give up the horrible waste of drink and drunkenness; and you may depend upon it that the other boons would come spontaneously—that the working-classes would very soon provide the better houses, and higher amusements, and more education for themselves. And this is emphatically the work, emphatically the reform which this age has to achieve; and, for those at any rate who work among the poor, total abstinence is the only way to do it. If the clergyman takes his glass of sherry, on plea of fatigue or exhaustion, you may depend upon it that the working-man will go on the same pretext to the publican for his glass of gin; and if he reads his Shakespeare, he will say to the clergyman, who wants to win him from drunkenness:

“ But, good my brother,

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Point me the steep and stormy path to heaven;
While, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.”

Gentlemen, our fathers had to go to the stake for freedom of conscience, and to shed their blood for civil liberty, and to bear obloquy in founding missions, and reforming prisons, and furthering education, and purging England from the infamies of the slave trade. What *we* have to do, what this age

has to do, what every brave and true and good man in this generation has to do, is to save England from the stain and shame, from the curse and ruin of drunkenness, a curse far deadlier than that of neglected prisons, far deadlier than that of injured slaves. Will you do it? or will you make the great refusal? If you have to bear a little blatant ridicule in doing it, so much the better. If the people who extol the cheap and easy virtues of imbibing beer and wine, pity you from the heights of their serene superiority—tell them that this sort of virtue, which consists in doing what we like, because we like it, is one which can never mount to the height of your disdain. Gentlemen, no reform worth having was ever carried except in the teeth of clenched antagonists; and most reformers, though we build statues to them now, have had to

“Stand pilloried on infamy’s high stage,
And bear the pelting scorn of half an age.”

And those who carry, or who help to carry, this reform—they too, will live in the grateful recollection of posterity. The name of Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be honored, when those of half our little politicians sleep in the dust of Hansard. The names of Canon Ellison and Canon Hopkins will be remembered when half the fuglemen of our petty schisms are consigned to fortunate oblivion. The name of Dr. Richardson will be honored when the place of a hundred fashionable physicians knows them no more. Not for one moment do I—I, a late convert, whose attention was lately aroused to this

question by a short experience of work among the London poor—presume to pluck the most withered leaf of that civic garland which *ob civis servatos* these gentlemen have so richly deserved; but will not some of you, who are young, array yourselves in this great cause—continue this great battle—take the places of us who already “think with a diminished fire, and speak with a diminished force?”

“Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.”

It may be the fate of some of you to die before you have ever really, or in any high sense lived; some of you may become cynics in thought, and pessimists in morals, and spend pernicious lives in trying—though you might as well try to throw dust at heaven and stain it—in trying to ridicule the faith and the aims of the saints of God; some of you may sell your souls for vulgar successes, and pitch your tents on the dead levels of selfish respectability, or the sluggish flats of base content; but, oh, will none of you, sweeping aside the wretched sophisms which infest this question, see that sacrifice, born not for self, but for others, is always sacred; and will you not, for the sake of the solidarity of man, give yourselves to that high task of social amelioration of which this is the most pressing and the most important element? “*Illi,*” says the *Imitatio Christi*, “*illi sunt vere fideles tui qui totas vitas suas ad emendationem disponunt,*” and surely the *emendatio* of God’s noblest nation is a work even more sacred than the *emendatio* of ourselves. And at present there is no other way so

brief, so essential, so emphatic, as to show what you think by example as well as by precept, and by giving up what is at the very best an infinitesimal advantage to take your part against an infinite calamity. Your doing so may cause a laugh; it may bring on you a sneer at a dinner-party; but, if you be still young, it may save you, personally, from a degrading peril; and it will pledge you personally to a glorious cause. Many will tell you that the plan is Quixotic, Utopian, hopeless. These, gentlemen, are missiles of commonplace launched from the catapults of selfishness, and I have generally observed that the cause at which they are leveled is generally a good cause, and almost always a cause which at last has won. But, at any rate, this I do say from the very deepest conviction, that if this be a hopeless cause, then the cause of England is hopeless; and if this be a losing battle, then the battle of England too is lost. But I prophesy that, on the contrary, it is a cause which will triumph, and a battle which shall be won. Give us the impetuosity of your youth; give us the glow of your enthusiasm; give us the freshness of your lives. Remember that the heroes and the demigods were they who rid the earth of monsters; think of the monsters against which you have to fight; the miseries from which you have to deliver; the multitudes which you have to convince; the banded interests which you must help to overthrow. There, in your sight, lies the dark tower of vice and prejudice which you have to storm, "the round squat turret blind as the fool's heart." God give some of you grace to help in

the storm of it, were it ten times as impregnable as it is! Many have died in the apparently forlorn hope of its assault; but I will trust that there may even now be sitting, listening, among you, one who will yet live to do it, and will, in a far less dangerous cause, make his vow in the spirit of the young knight in the great poem, surrounded by the phantoms of the lost adventurers, his peers:

“ There they stood, ranged along the hill-side—set,
To see the last of me—a living flame
For one more picture. In a sheet of flame
I saw them, and I knew them all; and yet
Dauntless the slughorn to my lips I set,
And blew ‘Childe Roland to the dark tower came.’

Nazarite

THE VOW OF THE NAZARITE.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

' And I raised up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites. Is it not even thus, O ye children of Israel? saith the Lord. But ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink; and commanded the prophets, saying, Prophecy not." —*Amos 2: 11, 12.*

AMOS was called from very lowly toils to preach God's word to the kingdom of Israel at a time when, in spite of one last gleam of delusive splendor under Jeroboam II., it was fast sinking into that condition of degradation and decrepitude which ended—as end the crimes of all impenitent nations—in its total and irremediable extinction. Poor he was, and ignorant, *agrammatos kai idiotes*, as were the Apostles after him; and, as a cure for false scorn and fastidious intellectualism, it is well for us to remember that such have many of God's grandest champions been. But though Amos was neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, but a rough herdsman and unlettered gatherer of sycamore leaves, he was one of those masculine, indignant

natures, which burst, like imprisoned flame through the white ashes of social hypocrisy. Prepared like the Maccabees of old to die in his simplicity, he was not afraid to roll God's message of thunder over apostate nations, and hurl the flash of his threatenings against guilty kings. Like Samuel before Saul, like Elijah before Ahab, like John the Baptist before Herod, like Paul before Felix, like John Huss before Sigismund, like Luther before Charles V., like John Knox before Mary Stuart, like the saints of God in all ages, whose characteristic has ever been the battle-brunt, which—

Though a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth its glorious way hath flowed ;
And, on the neck of crowned fortune proud,
Hath reared God's trophies, and his work pursued—

so Amos testified undaunted before the idolatry of courts and priests. Now, one crime of that bad period—the crime of *all* bad periods, and the type of a hundred other crimes to which, alike in its origin and its developments, it is allied—was luxury and intemperance. And in this verse the prophet confronts Israel with the high appeal of God, whether he had not put the fire of his Spirit into the hearts of some of their sons, and they had quenched that fire by their blandishments and conventionalities; and whether he had not inspired some of their youths to take the vow of abstinence, and they, with the deliberate cynicism of worldlings, had tempted them to scorn and break that vow? Translated into strictly modern lan-

guage, the verse would run: "To protest against the effeminacies of self-indulgence I gave you preachers; to rouse you from the surfeit of intemperance, I enrolled your sons as abstainers. My preachers you silenced by your godless sophisms, my young abstainers you seduced by your ensnaring wiles."

That this is a strict paraphrase you may judge for yourselves by reading in the sixth chapter of Numbers the vow of the Nazarite. You will see there that the very essence of it was self-dedication. The young Nazarite consecrated himself to God; he offered himself—his soul and body—a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice. His long hair, on which razor never passed, was a symbol of his royal service. In sign of spotless purity he was never to touch a dead body, were it even his father's corpse. As a mark of the tranquil sovereignty of his will over the lower appetites and passions of his nature, he was to separate himself so absolutely from all wine or strong drink, nay, from all semblance of fermented liquor (which, though men are specially fond of calling it a good creature of God, is a product not of life, but of death, not of nature, but of corruption, not of composition, but of decomposition) that he was to taste nothing made from the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husks. And from this passage of Amos, as well as from the taunt of the Pharisees against John the Baptist that "he had a devil," we see that the Nazarite was a marked man; and that, because his vow was regarded as a tacit condemnation of the popular self-indulgence, he was exposed to the sneers of the worldly and the temptations of the

base. Nevertheless, Wisdom was justified of her children.

Let him who will, spread and shift the silken sail of cowardice to woo every veering breeze of applause and popularity; but may every young man among you who hears me—every youth who wishes to be worth his salt—make up his mind that insolent detraction is very often in this world the noblest testimonial of worth, and the coarse dispraise of corrupted worldlings and professional slanderers is the very loftiest of eulogies. The best men, the bravest men, and the least conventional men in the world have been ever the most loudly and the most scornfully abused; and, while the world gives to its pestilent and trailing brambles the sovereignty over its forest trees, gladly and proudly may the braver souls leave the bespatterment of profuse approval to the shrinking caution that loves to trudge on the sunny side, along the beaten track of selfishness, over the dull, dead levels of conventionality and comfort. Little recked the true Nazarite of muttered sarcasm, of bitter hate—little, as recks the sea of the foolish wild birds that scream above it. Health, strength, physical beauty, wholesomeness of life, tranquillity of soul, serene dominion over evil passions, followed in the path of early and life-long abstinence. Not theirs to wail, *Vino forma perit, vino consumitur aetas*, as wailed the young Roman poet, who, like better men than he, have degraded themselves into premature decrepitude; but, as Jeremiah sang about the days of Zion in her glory, “Her Nazarites were purer than snow; they were whiter than milk; they were more ruddy in body than rubies;

their polishing was of sapphires." Not theirs the tottering gait of the drunkard, or the shaking hand of the debauchee; not theirs the brazen impudence of the shameless, or the hangdog misery of the remorseful; but theirs the strength which is the child of temperance, and the beauty which is the sacrament of goodness. Such was Joseph, twice in the Hebrew called a Nazarite, who, to strengthen forever the high purpose of the young and tempted, uttered the glowing protest of youthful innocence: "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Such was Samuel, for a nation's deliverance consecrated from childhood to hallowed service. Such was Elijah, the "lord of hair," the wild Bedawy prophet, who made Jezebel quail before him, for all her painted face and bloody hands. Such was John the Baptist, emerging from the wilderness, where his soul had caught a touch of flame, to make the Pharisee blush under his broad phylactery, and shake the pulses of the tyrant on his throne. Such was James, the first bishop of Jerusalem, with his robe of fine white linen, and knees hard with kneeling, and prayers which seemed to the people to open and shut the doors of heaven. Such, in varying degrees, was Antony, Boniface, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Milton, Wesley, Lacordaire. There seems to be a special strength, a special blessing, above all a special power of swaying the souls of others for their good, which is imparted to wise and voluntary abstinence. The hands of invisible consecration overshadow, the fire of a spiritual unction crowns the head of him—and, above all, the head of him who in early youth has learned to sav with

his whole heart: "In strong warfare, in holy self-denial, I dedicate my youth to God." And such we want; we want them amongst the youth of England; and, in proportion as we get them, will England sink or rise. We want, very specially just now, this almost scornful rejection of self-indulgence; this deliberate determination to plain living and high thinking in the young. We do not want those whom they call the "gilded youth"—the fluttering butterflies of the season—the dandies, and the gossipers, and the pleasure-seekers, who make their lives deservedly wretched because they make them deliberately base, and to whom we might say, in the words of the poet:

"Ah, what avails to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt?"

Nor do we want those beardless atheists who, with the crude smattering of a second-hand skepticism, can not only demolish with one flash of their splendid intellect, and set aside with one wave of their contemptuous hands the truths which, till yesterday, a Faraday and a Whewell preached, but who, wiser than the aged in their own conceit, even revel in the airs of disdain with which they can insult as dupes or hypocrites the saints of God, the very latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to stoop down and unloose. Nor, again, do we want the youths of coarse fiber and vacant heart who, in the first treasons of a spurious liberty, court the temptations which they should shun like the pestilence, and, knowing well God's doom on drunkenness and lust, yet go as an ox to the slaughter, and

as a fool to the correction of the stocks. Nor do we want any, be they men or be they women, who do but take their license to the fields of time, heedless of the degradation that follows them, heedless that they are but adding blackness to earth's darkness by their wasted lives. But we do want—the world wants, this age wants, England wants, the Church of Christ wants, God wants—those who, self-dedicated like the ideal Nazarite to noble ends, have not lost the natural grace and bloom of youthful modesty. We do want natures strong, and sweet, and simple, to whom life is no poor collection of fragments, its first volume an obscene and noisy jest-book, its last a grim tragedy or a despicable farce, but those to whom, however small the stage, life is a regal drama, played out before the eyes of God and men. We do want souls, fresh and virginal, dowered with the hate of hate and scorn of scorn against oppression and selfishness, and the love of love for all that is pure, and generous, and true; souls that shall say—seeing that life is short, and the fame of virtue immortal—I choose, God helping me, the narrow, the uphillward path, up which before me my Saviour bore the cross; and not wishing to exchange for one of earth's cankered roses its hallowed thorns, let false friends discountenance, let the worldly persecute, let fools deride, but *mutare aut timere sperno*—I scorn either to change or fear.

2. Well, then, in one word, we want the spirit of willing Nazarites; and since total abstinence was the central conception of the vow of the Nazarite—while I am not at all astonished that selfish Sadducees or corrupted Hellenists should hate and

scoff at it—it is to me amazing and portentous that even some good and true men should represent such self-denial (if it can be called a self-denial) as Manichæan, as unscriptural, as a mark of inferiority, as I know not what. I have no time, and in this pulpit it should be surely needless to shatter each of these sophisms to atoms, and dash it indignantly aside as one more instance in which—as in order to defend polygamy, and the Inquisition, and pauperism, and the slave-trade, and the suppression of science, and the obstacles to discovery, and the deification of ignorance and “the right divine of kings to govern wrong”—the devil, substituting the fetish worship of the dead letter for the fire of the living spirit—has, as though a man should use a medicine as a poison, and the light of the Pharaohs for a wrecker’s reef, quoted Scripture for his purpose, and made it the cloak of superstition and the shield of wrong. Yet, let me say at once, that I am not going to be guilty of the dictatorial Pharisaism which says to any man, You are committing a sin if you do not take to total abstinence. That I do not say; even in this age of bronze lacquer and impudent personalities in which nothing is more common than willful calumny, let no one attribute to me that language; but what I do say to every one of you—and if the subject be entirely new to this pulpit I say it all the more, and most of all, I say it if it shall shock in any that epicurean self-satisfaction which is utterly fatal to all noble life—I do say to every one of you, and I say it fearlessly and downrightly in God’s name, that you are bound in the best way you can—bound in the sight of God—bound as a Christian—bound as

a patriot—bound as an ordinarily good man—to go up, every one of you, before the tribunal of your own consciences, and, whether you be familiar with them or unfamiliar, to lay very solemnly to heart the stern facts which I shall try to brand upon your memories to-day. The Universities, thank God, have awaked from the dead, sensual sleep of the eighteenth century; the old type of College Fellows, vegetating for life in vapid and useless luxury, is utterly extinct; even from among Undergraduates, though there be perhaps among them less of the modesty and respect for the elders, and gratitude for kindness, which were virtues which still existed in the days of their fathers, there has yet, I hope, utterly vanished the old coarse type of ignorant and dissolute idlers. It was but the other day (a thing which even ten years ago would have been utterly impossible), that, at Oxford, the Sheldonian Theater was used, and the Vice-Chancellor presided at a thing once deemed so vulgar and plebeian as a temperance meeting, at which some of the leading professors spoke; and Cambridge is taking her part, and taking it right nobly, in the great battle between Ebal and Gerizim, light and darkness, heaven and hell; and hundreds, I hope and I believe, of her manly youths are daily learning more and more in the light of shining examples, to scorn delights and love labors, in the high endeavor “to make earth like heaven and every man like God.” And if there be but one here who cares only to sleep and feed, and steep himself in the gross mud-honey of a sensual life; if there be but one who does not care to do God’s work, or to help His children, or to make

better His sin-devastated world—to him I speak not; but to all you the rest I say that, acknowledging as you do the law of charity, it is not charity merely to toss to human suffering the crumbs of your superfluity, but to probe its causes, to anticipate, to avert them.

It is a characteristic—a very fine and redeeming characteristic—of this age, that all who dare to call themselves Christians are thoroughly in earnest; thoroughly, and more wisely, and more systematically, and less despairingly in earnest than of old, in the work of social amelioration; but yet, mainly because there is here, there is at our doors, there is in the very midst of us, an evil colossal and horrible—an evil with which, to its utter shame, the State has not yet dared to grapple—the evil, I mean, of universal drinking and universal drunkenness—not only has much of all this vast charitable effort been wholly insignificant for good, but some of it has been absolutely powerful for harm, increasing the evils which it wished to alleviate, and perpetuating the miseries which it desired to relieve. And, in the hearing of some of you in whose hands shall be the future of England, who will live to fill her pulpits, to write her literature, to make her laws, and who will, I hope, be eager in helping to tear away this poisoned robe which has been maddening the blood of her country—I say, with all the emphasis of a conviction not hastily or rashly formed, that not only are our best agencies of mercy neutralized by this one vice of intemperance, but that all these agencies, concentrated into their most effective vigor, would do less—ininitely less—good than could be done by the expulsion of

this one preventable cause of vice and misery. Called by the providence of God from the brightness of a life spent at one of our great public schools to face the repellent squalor of London pauperism, *that* has been brought home to me by vivid personal experience. But I do not ask you—you, in your learned culture and cloistered calm—I, who am but a London clergyman, with no leisure whatever to be a student, do not ask you for one moment to accept on my poor authority a *dictum*, for which, if time permitted, I could simply overwhelm you with irresistible evidence—evidence which, in spite of disdain, and in spite of struggle, should arrest your attention, and fetter and rivet to the rock of conviction even him among you to whom this topic is most distasteful. “Every day’s experience tends more and more to confirm me in the opinion that the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform.” Those are not mine, but the weighty words of the calm, wise statesman, Richard Cobden. “Every benevolent institution utters the same complaint. A monster obstacle is in our way. Strong drink—by whatever name the demon is styled, in whatsoever way it presents itself—this, this prevents our success. Remove this one obstacle and our cause will be onward, and our labors will be blessed.” Those words are not mine, they are the massive eloquence of Mr. John Bright. “We are convinced that, if a statesman who desired to do the utmost for his country were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserves the most intense force of his attention, the true reply—the reply which would be exacted by due deliberation—would be

that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues should be stayed." Those are the words of the late thoughtful and lamented Charles Buxton. "Profligacy, vice, and immorality are not thundering at our gates like a besieging army, but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand." Those words, so deep in their pathos, are yet the utterance of the genial and beloved Lord Palmerston. "Let us crush these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their country to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as can not be resisted." In such stern words spoke, more than one hundred years ago, the worldly and polished Chesterfield. Are not such statements from such men—undeniable, uncontradicted, nay, even unchallenged as they are—at least enough to waken the deep slumber of a decided opinion, even if they be not enough to break down the clenched antagonism of an invincible prejudice, or to dispel the stupid selfishness of an incurable frivolity? They are not the words of men at whom you can sneer as crochety politicians or temperance fanatics, or whom the very best of you all in his own estimation can set aside with a disparagement or demolish with a gibe. The very cleverest of youthful graduates, or even of undergraduates, can not quite stab these men with an epigram, or refute them—as fops refuted Berkeley—with a grin. To sneer at these would be to condemn yourselves as incapable; these not to know would argue yourselves unknown. And yet these are but a few of many such warnings uttered by some of the best, greatest, wisest in the land; and you ought not, you must not, you surely dare not, to ignore them.

3. But, if these be not enough, I will add something more. Taking alcohol as a convenient generic name for the specific element in all kinds of intoxicating drink, I will ask you to look with me for a moment at what it is not, and at what it is, and at what it costs. It used to be believed that alcohol was a *food*. It is now conclusively demonstrated (and when I say "conclusively demonstrated," I ask you to believe that I mean, in the most literal sense, conclusively demonstrated) that it is not food; that it contains not one single element—whether nitrogenous or hydro-carbonic—of food; and that, as one of the first of modern chemists has said, there is, in nine quarts of alcohol, less food than can be spread on the end of a table knife. Nor is it a source of *strength*. For, alike in Africa and India, in the Arctic and Antarctic, and by great labor employers in the temperate zones, and by distinct experiments with navvies in gangs and soldiers on the march, it is matter of proof that those can labor best, both physically and mentally, in whom the cold is not intensified by the weakening reaction from artificial stimulant, and in whom the sun's fierceness has "no alcoholic ally within the brain." Nor is it a source of *health*; for the lives of total abstainers are now known to be more valuable in an insurance than other lives, and not a few very eminent living physicians have testified that the daily use of it, even in quantities conventionally deemed moderate, not only "causes some of the most fearful and dangerous maladies," but even "injures the body and diminishes the mental powers, to an extent of which few people are aware." Least of all, then, is it a *necessity*, seeing

that it has been happily unknown to whole races, and prohibited by immense religions, and, in England alone, 3,000,000 of total abstainers, of whom not one has ever repented, can testify that since they abandoned it, they, like the Nazarites of old, have been clearer of brain and more strong of limb, more vigorous in health, and more calm in happiness. I might go on to any extent with such evidence; and on the faith of it, and on the yet stronger faith of daily experience, I again assert, not as a dubious theory, but as an established fact, that to men in ordinary health alcohol is not a food, nor a necessity, nor a source of health, nor of warmth, nor of physical strength, least of all of mental power, but that, when it is not a potent medicine, it is a mere luxury—a luxury which is at the best harmless, but which is frequently dangerous; sometimes fatal; always quite superfluous; never particularly noble.

4. Let us understand, then, well, my brethren, alcohol is a luxury, and nothing but a luxury; and if, being healthy, we indulge in it at all, it is not because we need it, but because we like it. Well, and this being so, what does this luxury cost? At what expense does the nation, as a nation, gratify its liking? I will tell you. It costs us in tillage the waste of millions of acres of soil; in food, the destruction of millions of tons of grain; in hard cash, the deleterious absorption of millions of pounds of money. It is, beyond all question, the one main, if not the sole cause of the squalid, degrading, and dangerous pauperism against which some of you will have to struggle hereafter in the streets of London and other great cities; and in the middle classes

who have often to strive so hard, you would be surprised if I could show you how much they might yearly save by this abstinence alone. And though that is something—though it is a consideration not to be despised by youths who will soon have to make their way, with daily increasing difficulty, amid the hard competitions of an overcrowded population—and though it will help them very materially in the stern battle of life to have acquired simple and self-denying habits, yet all this saving to individuals, all this saving to the nation of yearly increasing millions of pounds, which would make it not only more wealthy, but also more prosperous by incalculable advantages, is the least important point. “*Tanto opere, tanto labore et impendio constat quod hominis mentem mutet ac furorem gignat, millibus huic sceleri deditis,*” said the elder Pliny, nearly two thousand years ago; and it is now more true a thousand times. In any other connection you would think this vast expenditure, this colossal waste, a consideration of overwhelming importance, yet in this it is the very smallest element in the question. Of far deeper, of far more awful significance, is what it costs in disease, what it costs in crime, what it costs in misery, what it costs to the glory of England now, and the hopes of England’s generations for years to come. I have no time, I have no heart to tell you all that could be told under this head. I entreat you not to turn impatiently from it; nay, I tell you plainly, you have no right to turn impatiently from it. For the drinking of some means inevitably, as things are, the drunkenness of many; and these who sin, these who suffer, these who die, are our own flesh and

blood. I believe that there is scarcely one family in England which has not suffered from this hideous plague; scarce a house in England where there is not one dead. And, oh! "is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" You have heard what drink costs to this nation in *money*; what does it cost in disease and accident? Ask the dreary pages of statistics, and you will read that in so-called accident, but accident perfectly preventable, it cost us broken limbs and shipwrecked vessels, and burned houses, and shattered railway trains, and the deaths of children overlaid by drunken mothers or beaten savagely by drunken fathers; and to tell you what it costs in *disease*, I should have to take you, not in fancy, but in hard fact, to what the poet saw as the result of intemperance in meats and drinks:

"A lazarhouse it seemed, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseases—all maladies,
 Of ghastly spasm and racking torture: qualms
 Of heartsick agony; all feverous kinds—
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and heart-racking rheum.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch,
 And over them, triumphant, Death his dart
 Shook—but delayed to strike."

This is what those who claim to speak with authority tell us it costs in sheer disease; and which of you is so ignorant of English history, of English literature, of English life, as not to know further of noblest reputations stained, of glorious intellects ruined, of great souls embittered, of invaluable lives cut short? And what does it cost in *crime*? I will tell you, not as a surmise of my own, but on the recorded testimony, on the emphatic evidence

of almost every judge and magistrate and recorder on the English bench. Remember that those arrested for drunkenness do not furnish one tithe of the drunkards, and then shudder to hear that, in a single year, 203,989 were arrested for crimes in which drunkenness was entered as a part of the charge; and that last year 5,131 women—only think of that, and of all the hideous degradation, all the unspeakable horror which it implies!—were arrested for drunkenness in Middlesex alone. In every province, in every county, in every great city of the United Kingdom, it has been stated from the seat of justice again and again that, but for drunkenness, there would not be in England one-tenth of the existing crime. It is getting a hideous commonplace of judges. Only ten days ago Lord Coleridge said at Durham that, but for drink, we might shut up nine-tenths of our gaols. Last week was brought up before Mr. Justice Manisty, at Manchester, a wretched creature in man's semblance, who, as though he were worse than a natural brute beast made to be taken and destroyed, had brutally kicked to death a wife far advanced in pregnancy; and the judge in sentencing him to the gallows said: "You have been found guilty of the crime of willful murder, your victim being your own wife. You are a sad, sad instance of the consequences of indulging in drink, which has brought you to this fearful condition. It is only owing to God's mercy that this has not brought many, many more into a similar case. I am afraid that if this vice continues to be indulged in as it now is, many more will stand in a like position to you. Oh that we could, by administering the law, put an end to it!" Ah,

he might well say that! But dare you blink at such testimony? Do you think that they say such things rashly? And if you will not listen to the reiterated warnings of the judges in their ermine, will you listen to the noble-hearted missionaries who tell us what drink costs to the glory of England in the execration of her name over whole continents, and the ruin of her efforts among whole populations? Could I summon the Maories of New Zealand, once so healthy that you might smite a man with a broad-axe and in a few days he would be well, now, in the language of a high government official, "almost as bad as the English, polluted and contaminated by thier drink"—what would they say? If I could summon the Indians of North America, once not unhappy, now degraded, maddened, exterminated by our accursed fire-water, what would they say? They have said that because of it they spit at the name of Christian. If we ask the Mohammedans, what do they say? Is there a Christian in England with conscience so dead, with heart so rough, with cheek so brazen, as not to blush when he hears that, if they see one of their number drunk they have been heard to say, "He has left Mohamet and gone to Jesus." If we ask the Hindoos, what do they say? They have said by the lips of their eloquent representative, Keshub Chunder Sen, that all the splendid benefits of our English rule in India have been nullified and counterbalanced by our teaching them the use of beer and brandy; that the wailing of widows rends the air of India with curses against the British Government for having introduced this thing. And again, from the Southern Sea, the voice of yet an-

other missionary says to us: "If you love missions, work, help—help to dethrone this demon of intemperance, our reproof before the heathen, the blight of our infant churches." And oh, sirs, when you hear such things, are we not—we, the sons of free, proud, glorious England—are we not, to our burning infamy, what one has called us, the drunken Helots of the world?

So much, then, for money and disease and crime and colonization; and what does drink cost in human misery? Have you hearts? if you have, I might say—

"Sit you down,
And I will wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff:
If damned custom hath not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense."

But, ah! I have no tongue to utter, no imagination to conceive, no calculus to measure the immensity of this national curse, this national calamity. It would require the vision of the Angels of Record, if they can gaze on it with eyes unblinded by such tears as angels weep, to tell of those miseries of millions for centuries; "to pass as it were from chamber to chamber of the prophet's vision of abomination, and to mark the crime in every form the vice in every shape, the disease in every aspect that can make disease horrible," that has been caused by the corrupted fruit of this Tree of the Knowledge of Evil. He alone whose ears are open to the lion's roar and the raven's cry, can catch the numberless accents of that wail of incurable anguish and uncontrollable despair which has streamed upwards for generations, till the vault of heaven

has become "one vast whispering gallery to prolong and reverberate the groans of those who have slain their own peace by this voluntary empoisonment." He alone, by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered, can count the widows who are widows because of drink; the madmen who are mad because of it; the gray heads that it has made gray; the sad hearts that it has crushed with sadness; the ruined families that it has ruined; the brilliant minds which it has quenched; the unfolding promise which it has cankered; the bright and happy boys and girls whom it has blasted into shame and misery; the young and the gifted which it has hurried along into dishonored and nameless graves.

Is it not Shakespeare himself who says by the mouth of his disgraced and ruined Cassio, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!" What does drink cost in human misery? Ah! how can I tell you? Can I count the leaves of the forest or the sands upon the shore? And the sounds of this misery are like the sighing of the leaves of illimitable forests, and the plashing on the shores of unfathomable seas. He alone whose ear is ever open to the cry of the poor and destitute can hear the wailing of that multitude of miserable, miserable women who, taking in despair to the drink which their husbands have taught them, get degradingly content with the starving squalor which they call their homes—can hear the poor wretch who has vainly followed her drunken tyrant to the public-house moan in agonies of entreaty, "Come home! come home!" or see her watching and waiting in

that foul mockery of a home, till the sot rolls back at midnight, and with his brains all on fire with that vitriol madness, lifts against her unprotected womanhood his cowardly and brutal hand, "till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife"—ah! I can not go on, and you—you can not bear to hear of these things; yet these things are, and worse—if there be worse—than these; and though you may, if you please, lay a flattering unction to your consciences, and call this rhetoric or call it exaggeration, it is just the plain, bare, hideous truth; and while you shrink from these things in words, are your sympathies so slothful that you do not shrink from them in reality? Oh that I could harrow up into a little manliness those delicate sensibilities! Oh that I could thrust that horror into action, those tastes which, like those of an insect, "feel the shaking of the table and do not feel the thunder!" For it is the horrible fact that the drink which we as a nation are drinking, not from the necessities of thirst, but from the mere luxuries of appetite, drink often adulterated with the vilest and most maddening ingredients—yes, this rubied and Circean cup which we sip and smile while it is converting thousands of our brethren into swine—this subtle, serpentine, insidious thing which we cherish in our bosoms, and laugh and play with its brightness while it is stinging thousands of our brothers into raging madness—costs us, as I have shown, millions of money, myriads of criminals, thousands of paupers, thousands of ruined women, hundreds of thousands of men and women goaded by misery into suicide or madness, with every blossom in what might have

been the garland of their lives blighted as by a Fury's breath. And again I say: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Is it nothing to you, young men, who, if you be worth anything at all, better than to cumber the barren ground of wasted and useless lives, will be called upon a year or two hence to take up your cross, and the mirth and brightness of youth being ended, to take your happy and holy part when God shall place you in the ranks of the great battle against sin and death; shall it be nothing to you that the blood of your brothers and sisters in this great family of God is being daily poured upon the altars of this deadlier Moloch of a Tophet more awful than that of Hinnom's Vale; while in disavowing that you are your brother's keeper, you become his Cain?

Aye, and are we to go on for another generation with our 8,500 public-houses in London only, and see another generation of our country's children grow up amid the same dangers and the same temptations, exposed like a defenseless prey to these evil spirits, nay, even transmitting that awful hereditary craving which shall leave to yet another generation for all their lives the reality of intense temptation, the possibilities of terrible catastrophe? Even if every one of you be individually safe (whereas what I feel sure of is, that, without the grace of God sought in earnest prayer, not one of us is safe at any time, not one of us is safe from anything;) but even if you be quite sure that you will never fall unawares in love with this tamed viper, which may seem a bright and harmless creature of God, until, as, alas! too many of the strong and the gifted and the noble who have been

wounded by it can testify, at some moment of deep misery or crushing disappointment it slides into the soul with tempting whisper or fixes in the heart its envenomed fang; even if you be personally safe from this destroyer of all health and virtue, this breeder of all sickness and sin, will you do nothing for—will you think nothing of—those myriads and multitudes to whom this drink means brutality and degradation, disease and death? If so—if you hear with callous indifference—nay, with contemptuous dislike—nay, with angry repugnance—what you have heard to-day—as though, forsooth, some rude, untutored voice broke in upon your balanced serenity—then, by all means, as far as I am concerned, insult the speaker to your heart's content; eat, drink, and be merry; go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper. But if, indeed, you do not care to do anything—not even to lift one finger to save this our England from this living death—then stand aside from among us, and do not call yourself a philanthropist, do not call yourself a Christian. It may not be your duty—I *have* not said, I *do* not say that it is—to take any pledge of total abstinence as the amulet of a hallowed purpose, or the safeguard of a strengthened youth, or the outward sign that you, too, will take your part, now and hereafter, in this great struggle between heaven and hell; but if you do not feel called upon to do this, at least respect and honor the motives of those who, in special positions, and because of special duties, think that in doing it they have obeyed their country's and their Saviour's call; and that, in the strength of heaven, and for the sake of Christ and Christ's perishing little ones,

they have been called upon to act in the spirit of the high language of St. Paul: "I will neither eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything whereby my brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

THE VOW OF THE RECHABITES.

BY REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

“And I said unto them, Drink ye wine. But they said, We will drink no wine : for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever.”—Jer. xxxv., part of 5, 6.

INTERTWINED with the history of Israel is that of a wild and independent tribe of Kenites, descended from Hobab, the brother-in-law of Moses. When the western Israelites abandoned the roving Arab life to settle in the cities of Canaan, the Kenites still retained their pastoral habits. One of the characteristics which we trace in their history, was a fierce resentment against oppression and idolatry. It was a Kenite woman, Jael, who smote Sisera even in her own tent. It was a Kenite Sheykh, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, who washed his fierce hands in the blood of Baal’s worshippers and Ahab’s house.

The free and eager air of the desert had passed into their lives; and, compared with the settled Jews, they were as the Bedoween to the Fellaheen of modern Palestine. And this fierce and hardy life was so dear to them, that they determined never to abandon it; strengthened in their resolve when they saw the nations amongst whom they lived degenerating more and more into luxury and corruption. The son of Rechab would never have

mounted with Jehu into his chariot, and joined in massacre after massacre to show his zeal for the Lord, if he had not long observed how the subtle intoxication of Phœnician art and Phœnician morals was passing like poison into the blood of the Northern Kingdoms; how the whoredoms of Jezebel, and her witchcrafts at once fascinated and depraved a God-forgetting race; how the weak and uxorious Ahab was gilding with royal favor the legalized abominations of Baalim and Ashtaroth. And it was the grief and indignation at such growing wickedness, which found its wiser outcome in this everlasting interdict which he laid upon his descendants, that they should drink no wine, and sow no corn, and dwell in no houses, and so keep themselves uncontaminated from the effeminacy which otherwise, like a creeping paralysis, might taint their healthful blood.

It is an incident from the life of these descendants, more than two centuries afterwards, which occupies the first lesson of this evening's service.

The gradual and victorious approach of Nebuchadnezzar and the Babylonians had alarmed all Judea. At last the battle of Carchemish had made him master of the advances to the country, and, in alarm lest they should be trampled on by his triumphant progress, these children of the desert were forced, for a time, into what to them was the odious shelter of a walled city. And here, while they were fretting for the old free life, their black tents pitched in the open spaces of Jerusalem, became centres of curious observation. Amid a population given to excess and gluttony, it was natural

that their total abstinence should attract special attention, and Jeremiah received a Divine intimation to teach from their obedience an eternal lesson.

Inviting these rude and faithful Bedoween into a chamber of the Temple, he gave them the invitation to which the bold wassailers of his nation would so heartily have responded, "Drink ye wine." But the Rechabites were not to be tempted. They had adopted the hereditary law of temperance on the bidding of a mighty ancestor, as a protection against the temptations of cities. They continued it because conscience approved, and health rewarded a noble choice. Had they broken their rule once, they well knew that the tendency would be to break it twice and thrice; and that if they broke it at the bidding of social complaisance, some at least of their number might soon be led to break it at the bidding of personal temptation. Plainly, therefore, and bluntly came the answer, "We will drink no wine: for Jonadab the son of Rechab, commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever."

Admiring their high and unshaken resolve, the prophet sadly and indignantly contrasted their perfect obedience to this single injunction of their father, with the perpetual disobedience—the persistent defiance of Israel to God's repeated encouragements and reiterated laws; and he was then commissioned to pronounce a judgment on his sinful countrymen, and the blessing of God's approval on the whole house of Jonadab the son of Rechab for ever.

You will see then, at once, that God distinctly sanctioned, emphatically rewarded, this vow which the Rechabites had made as a living protest against the sins and perils of a corrupt and evil age; and you will see at once the subject which it forces upon our notice. I have not chosen that subject; I have not even desired it. It is thrust upon us by the lesson for the day; and since it is thus thrust upon us, I ask your attention to it as Christians, as citizens, as men. Let no one think that the subject does not concern him. It concerns the most temperate hardly less than the most intemperate. It concerns both men and women, both old and young. It affects all who are not utterly absorbed in selfishness; all who have the interests of the nation and their race at heart. And in speaking of it I shall make no disputable statement; I shall use no exaggerated expression; I shall indulge in no rhetorical amplitude; I shall wilfully offend no reasonable prejudice. I shall use, God helping me, the language which, however dark the coloring that facts may lend to it, is yet the language of absolute soberness and simple truth; but here, in this central city of the world's greatest kingdom—here, in this abbey, connected by so many centuries with all that England boasts of worthiest and best—I will ask, nay, I will claim, in the name of God and your country, your calm, solemn, unbiassed attention, to conditions which it is sinful to neglect and selfish to ignore. And if there be any here whose interests seem to be imperilled, whose prejudices are already in arms, it is their attention most of all that—and not with language of unsympathy, not

in the tone of denunciation, but as a friend, and as a minister of God, in all brotherly kindness, and with all consideration and courtesy—I would most earnestly desire.

Is there not then, I would ask you, some special, some national need in the circumstances of this age, that we should take well to heart the vow and example recorded in this evening's lesson? If I were to tell you that there is, in the British Isles, a Being into whose treasuries are annually poured in unproductive consumption more than 140 millions of our national wealth; whose actions crush year by year more victims than have been crushed for centuries together by the car of Juggernaut; whose unchecked power causes year by year horrors incomparably more multitudinous than those which have recently thrilled our souls with pity and indignation; if I were to say that the services wrought by this Being were, if any at all, which is an open question, yet almost valueless in kind, and infinitesimal in extent, while on the other hand, the direct admitted indisputable miseries he inflicts were terrible in virulence and vast in ramification; if I were to say that at His right hand and His left, as eager and ever active ministers, stood idiocy and pauperism, degradation, and brutality; and at that point you were all to rise up at once and cry aloud, "Tell us the name of this Being, that we may drive him with execration from the midst of us, and that every one of us may be a Jehu and a Jonadab, to extirpate his power and expel his polluting footsteps from our soil;" and I were to say that, far from doing this, we all as a nation, and nearly all

of us as individuals, crown him with garlands, honor him with social customs, introduce him into gladdest gatherings, sing songs in his glory, build myriads of temples to his service, familiarise our very children with his fame and praise; were I to say this, then, sentence by sentence, clause by clause, word by word, it would be literally true, not of a man, but of a thing, and that thing, INTOXICATING DRINK!

The devotion to it, as every one knows who knows anything about his country, is the besetting sin of the nation; and, so far from trying to check this besetting sin, we encourage, we render attractive, we protect, we indefinitely multiply, we thrust at every step before those whom it is most likely to destroy, innumerable temptations to it; and this we do, and continue to do, though we know that so difficult is it for the poor, even when they wish to keep aloof from it; so subtle, rapid, fatal, enslaving is the horrible fascination of it, that a man often becomes a drunkard almost before he sees the awfulness of his peril; and when once he is a drunkard, most often he is hurried all down hill with fatal rapidity into incurable ruin of body, mind, and soul. Can we then wonder that, more and more, by common confession (a confession, alas! how humiliating, of a fact how notorious) the national vice of Great Britain is drunkenness? Not one day passes without our witnessing its terrible ravages. To the ruin it engenders, all alike bear witness. From the Army, from the Navy, from great cities, from country villages, from the police, from guardians of the poor, from manufacturers, from

merchants, from all large employers of labor, from physicians, from judges, from the clergy of every denomination, and most often and most bitterly from the working men themselves, come pouring in the accumulated testimonies—emphatic, heart-rending, unmistakable, reiterated—to the prevalence, to the increase, to the deadliness of this degrading sin. Do you who are rich and respectable—you who, shut up in your stately houses or quiet homes, know nothing of this, and therefore, nursing in some delicious stillness your dainty loves and slothful sympathies, hear it with indifference or impatience? If you would know what drunkenness is, if you would learn what cause there is to lift up the voice respecting it, leave your ease; do not be afraid for once to sicken your sensibilities; do not be afraid to soil your robes. See women, or what had once been those gracious beings, shrieking, fighting, blaspheming, pawning the very shawls off their backs, and the very bed on which their children lie. Watch the poor, ragged, emaciated drunkard,—lost to health, lost to respectability, lost to shame—reeling from the counter where he has over and over again shamefully squandered what might have kept himself and his family in comfort and independence. Follow him, at least in imagination, to the chronic and squalid misery of that bare, foul room, which might have been a home. See his children fly from him terror-stricken, and huddle away out of sight in the corner, in the street, anywhere. See his wife—but the picture, though infinitely less than the reality, is too horrible; and you may see this almost any-

where; you may see it almost any day; and when you have seen it, you will know at last why the hearts of thousands sink within them as they contemplate this standing shame, this clinging curse, this eating canker of our prosperity and of our life.

For one moment, as briefly as possible, let us merely glance at the results of this destroying sin. First, there is *waste*. This is the very least of its evils, yet you may estimate what it is when you hear that this vast unproductive drain on the national resources would, in a few years, pay the whole National Debt. There is *physical degeneracy*, making the lives of myriads a burden, defacing the proud image of God into that of wretches with blar eyes, shattered nerves, and palsied limbs. There is *pauperism*—pauperism which, owing to this potent and blighting sorcery, does but drag down the working classes by the very efforts, the shortened hours, the higher wages intended for their improvement. There is *disease* in every form of shattered accident, and raving delirium, and sudden death. There is *brutal violence*.

“When the vitriol madness flashes up in the ruffian’s brain,
And the filthy by-lane rings with the yell of his trampled wife.”

There is the powerlessness of the Church to counteract the frenzying temptation of the gin-shop. There is the frustration of effort after effort to ameliorate the condition of the poor. There is the neutralisation of mission after mission by the imitated vices which make savage nations melt before our imported fire-water as before a demon’s breath. There is the transmitted anguish, handed

down from generation to generation, in tainted constitutions and fatal instincts to the drunkard's child. This, then, is what alcohol does.

These are its infamous results—parent of evil. Who will venture to deny one of these awful indictments with which I here arraign it? Unnecessary as it is, except, possibly, in rarest cases of illness, being neither a food nor a source of strength, it wastes our resources; it saps our national strength; it empties our churches: it frustrates our schools; it fills our prisons; it crowds the wards of our hospitals: it peoples the cells of our asylums; it swells the tables of our mortality; it degrades many of our rich; it brutalizes multitudes of our poor.

Blasting our prosperity at home; mocking our efforts abroad, it makes our influence for evil as marked as our influence for good. It empisons our national present; and imperils our national future. The Spartans made their Helots drunk to warn their children from a dangerous vice by a degrading spectacle; and there is anguish in the thought that we, the sons of free, proud England, are rapidly, by this temptation, degrading ourselves into that which from this pulpit we once were called—the Helots of the world.

Now, all this being so, what will you do? Oh, I do believe that there are thousands of good men and good women, who, if they knew about this subject all they might know, would at least *not* do certain things. They would not look on coldly and indifferently while others struggle. They would not think the drunkard a fit subject for a smile or

jest. They would not oppose any legislative endeavor to diminish for the workingman his worst and fatalest seduction. They would not meet the arguments of temperance by those feeble superstitious and exploded fashions of Scriptural reasoning which have been used ere now to kindle the fagot of the inquisitor, and rivet the fetter of the slave. They would not supply to the cause of intemperance the shallow sophism or the ensnaring epigram. But what they would do would be to join hand in hand in a holy crusade against this curse of nations; this worst stumbling-block on the path of moral, intellectual, and religious progress. And if they did not see their way to do, as a simple and much-needed protest what thousands, thank God, of our clergy have done (and have done not only without injury to health, but with positive advantage to it — not only without diminution of strength, but with decided increase of it), namely, abstain from all intoxicating drinks for their brethren's sake, if not for their own; if they did not make this cheap and beneficial sacrifice, yet at least, in order that the next generation may be partially delivered from that which is the bitter curse of this, they would train up their children, when any fermented liquor is set before them, to say with the children of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, "We drink it not, for our father commanded us, saying, 'Drink it not.'" Oh, what a generation would that be, how healthy, how wealthy, how clear of intellect, how strong of arm, how fertile in resources, how rich in hope, to which drink would be unknown! The blessing to Jonadab, the son of Rechab, was

that he should not want a man to stand before God forever; and if, as a nation, we continue in this sin unchecked, if the more we earn the more we see the people saturating soul and body with this destructive liquid fire, what shall, what must, be the curse to us? Shall it not, must it not, be that on the walls of the banquet houses of our luxury, shall come forth the fingers of a man's hand and write, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,*" "Numbered, numbered, weighed, and they shall divide?" Must it not be that for us, as for the drunkards of Ephraim, our glorious beauty shall be a fading flower; that our pleasant vices shall be made an instrument to punish us; that the sceptre of our imperial dominion shall drop out of the nerveless grasp which our selfishness has relaxed; that the crown shall fall from our heads, for we have sinned? Which fate, the fate — because of their sins — of so many sinful nations before us, on our repentance, may God avert! Put if we repent not, then as Assyria fell for her pride, and Babylon for her cruelty, and Persia for her effeminacy, and Athens for her lust, and Spain for her avarice; so, in her turn, must England fall for her drunkenness; and the axe is in the air, and the fiat shall go forth; "A good tree bringeth not forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

REASONS FOR ABSTAINING.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

WHEN I had the honor of being asked to take part in this meeting, I was told that its object was to consider the physiological aspects of the Temperance question, and my chief reason for accepting the invitation, was, that I might hear the remarks and the researches of those two gentlemen, so pre-eminent in their profession, who have just addressed you. It is quite obvious that to the physiological aspect of the question, neither you nor I can give any independent contribution. To give any original remark on the subject, would require an expert capable of verifying the researches, and of sifting the conclusions of men of science, who on the subject are not yet agreed; but at the same time, as Dr. Richardson has just said, we, at any rate can each of us contribute to this subject the results of an individual experiment, and all that I have to furnish to this part of the question, is only one little grain of evidence; and yet grains of evidence contributed by a large number of persons, must not be despised when we remember that, after all, it is the little grains of sand upon the seashore that form at last the sole efficient barrier to the raging of its waves. Now the only individual

grain of experience that we can contribute, is the fact that in so far as any of us have retrenched the very moderate amount of alcohol which many allow themselves, we have distinctly gained by doing so. If, then, we come to the conclusion—as we do—that we may try the experiment without any danger, I think that it is one worth trying. Now, in prisons and penitentiaries, thousands of people are yearly admitted who may have been in the habit of intoxication probably from their earliest years, and from whom, from the moment of their entrance into the prison, every drop of alcohol is withdrawn—and what is the result? The men, so far from suffering in health, gain in power and force, and the women recover that bloom which often has entirely vanished from faces that have been sodden by intemperance and crime. Every one of us, therefore can, without any sort of danger, try this experiment; and if we can try the experiment, without *danger* to health; if there be reason to think, as we have heard from two such eminent authorities, that we can try the experiment with a positive *gain* to health; if by doing so we can contribute a little, be it ever so little, to a noble cause, and do a little, be it ever so little, towards dispelling the nightmare of intemperance that rides upon the breast of England like its deadliest sin—then I do think that it is worth the while of every reasonable and right-minded man to consider whether, instead of turning away from this subject, as they so often do, with disdainful impatience, they might not rather go up into the tribunal of their own consciences, and ask themselves, deliberately and calmly, whether by a small and insignificant sacrifice

they might not perhaps do something to further, for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, an unspeakable blessing, and do something to save from some of their fellow-creatures an intolerable harm.

Now, it is with deliberate and entire sincerity that I call this a small and insignificant sacrifice. In pamphlet after pamphlet and article after article, I see that total abstainers are sneered at and railed at as though they assumed to themselves an amount of Pharisaic virtue. (Here let me pause to say that I greatly prefer the title "total abstainer," to the wretched and ridiculous word, however much it may have been honored, of "teetotaler.") Now, so far as that charge has any ground at all, I think we may say in reply, Do not misunderstand us. It may be true that some of us have used language simply from the intensity of feelings—or from our conviction that nothing but enthusiasm can break the bonds of a colossal tyranny—language which sounds, perhaps, laudatory to ourselves and condemnatory of others; but, so far as we have done so, we hope that that language may be attributed simply to our conviction of the dreadfulness of the necessity, and to our conviction of the sacredness of our crusade: and so far from thinking that by becoming total abstainers, we have done anything at all great or to be proud of, we are quite convinced that you would not bring that objection against us, if you would turn to the subject your unprejudiced and deliberate attention; for when you had faced the overwhelming amount of evidence which is now so easily accessible to all, you would be ready at once to join us in so trivial and effective a self-denial. I call it a "trivial self-de-

nial," because I am sure that no total abstainer would so libel the manhood of myriads of moderate drinkers, as to believe that if they thought it right they would find any sort of difficulty in giving up what is at the best a needless and, perhaps, not very noble luxury; I call the self-sacrifice "effective" because, as Sir Wilfred Lawson says, the mitred heads of the whole of the episcopate together, could not discover any cause for drunkenness except drinking; and if every total abstainer was only able in different ranks of life to win over a few others by moral suasion and by manly argument to his own view of the case, then the national sin which now sullies the name of England, would soon become an extinct and a forgotten shame.

But leaving, therefore, on one side altogether the physiological aspect of the question, I do think that there are two strong reasons why we may begin to assume and to assure people that since alcohol is not, at any rate, as Dr. Richardson and Sir Henry Thompson have just demonstrated, a food, it had better be regarded either as an exceptional luxury or an occasional medicine; those two reasons—and they are all that I shall dwell upon to-night, without entering upon the great field of the subject of temperance and all the reasons for it—are public example, and personal security. I think there is enough in these two grounds to persuade us that total abstinence is an absolute necessity for some, that it is a positive duty for a great many, and that at least as a "counsel of perfection"—at any rate in the present time, and in the present aspect of a great national struggle—it may be desirable for most to give up the habit of moderate drinking,

and to take to total abstinence as the general habit of their lives. Now, I do think that there are circumstances at present, which would give exceptional force in this matter to a public example. I am not going over the too familiar ground of those horrors—horrors disgraceful and unutterable—horrors foul as the reek of the gin-palace, and glaring as its nightly gas—which are the direct consequence, the normal result of the ramifications of this immense traffic, and of the multiplication of every conceivable facility for propagating what we believe to be a dreadful peril, and perpetuating what we know to be a fearful curse. I think if we are able to resist the evidence given us by gaoler after gaoler, by clergyman after clergyman, by magistrate after magistrate, no evidence on this subject is likely to convince us at all.

I must confess that it is only familiarity with the subject that can at all impress us with its magnitude. In the providence of God, my own life has been passed in quiet country places, and it was not until I came to London, and not until my attention was very deliberately turned by circumstances to it, that I was at all aware of how frightful was the degradation, and how terrible was the curse, which was at work in the midst of us. It seems to me nothing more nor less than a Fury, withering and blighting the whole fame of England. Every week in the organ of the United Kingdom Alliance, there is published a ghastly column called "Fruits of the Traffic." It is no invention; it is no rhetoric; it is no exaggeration; it is nothing that is disputable; nothing that can be in the least questioned; it is nothing in the world but a series of horribly pro-

saic cuttings from the accidents and offences, the police and the criminal reports of other newspapers, and it records calamity after calamity, and crime after crime, disease, shipwrecks, conflagrations, murders, the kicking and trampling of women, the maiming and murdering of little children, all of which are directly attributable to the effects of drink, not by any inference of the editor, but by the indignant declarations of judges, by the reiterated testimony of witnesses, and by the constant remorseful confession of the poor criminals themselves. Are we, then, simply, as it were, to pass from chamber to chamber of this great temple of abominations, and look at what we see as though it were a cabinet of curiosities, and gaze coldly on all these scenes of shame and horror which are painted upon its walls? Or are we to be aroused by these facts merely to talk the vague language of philanthropy, and to sigh over wretchedness, while we do not so much as lift a single finger to help the wretched? We send abroad bishops and chaplains and missionaries, and at home build national and Sunday-schools; we multiply holidays; we improve wages; we endow churches—and what happens? Our bishops and our chaplains and missionaries bear witness, and cry to us from distant lands, that the contagion of this national sin follows them even there—that it often blights into extermination the poor ignorant savages, and that in other countries it makes the more doubtful and polished heathen turn away with scorn and hatred from the very name of a Christian. And at home this same potent spell of sorcery frustrates our education, empties our churches, throngs our pri-

sons, and crowds our penitentiaries. It makes perfectly useless—nay, it turns even into a bane, our shortened hours of labor, and makes improved wages, at which otherwise we should rejoice with all our hearts, a ruin and not a boon.

Well, now, if these be the results, even if we shrink from so terrible and fearful an expression as that which Dr. Richardson has at once appropriated and repudiated of calling alcohol “the devil in solution,” I am quite sure that we should not shrink from saying that it has a very great deal of bad spirits in reality, and that whether “alcohol” or “Apollyon” be the true name for that multitude of fiends, they would all of them bear testimony with one mouth, and exclaim—in the language of the demoniac of Gadara—“our name is Legion, for we are many.” Now, ladies and gentlemen, what is it, then, that, under these circumstances, we ought to do? Some people will say, “Build better houses for the poor; give them improved means of amusement; pass the Permissive Bill—try the Gothenburg system—withdraw the grocers’ licenses—sternly punish adulteration, provide lighter beverages: try to bring public opinion to bear upon the supporters of the trade so that they may rigidly, in God’s sight at least, regulate and, if possible, minimise it within what are supposed to be its absolutely necessary limits.” Well, try these and thousands of other things (and may God speed every possible effort to combat this colossal evil), but, at any rate, do not let us waste time in mere talk. Let us, at any rate try to do something. Would to God that the millionaires in England, of whom there are now a considerable number, in

stead of trying to thrust themselves into the ranks of the landed aristocracy, might only have their hearts moved to try rather to make to themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, and to aim at the infinitely nobler and better end of lavishing their wealth to do all the good they possibly can in this sternly practical direction to millions of their fellow-creatures.

While, in the meantime, the Legislature is trying experiments; while conferences are sitting; while congresses are talking; while the requisite thousands are being collected; while efforts are being made to meet this immense and powerful monopoly, all this while thousands and tens of thousands of our stalwart men and fine lads, and our young girls, are simply reeling along that path of fiery pitfalls which ends in the drunkard's grave; and, therefore, let us all try to do something, and if we can do nothing else, we can do this one very little thing—viz., show by our personal example how easy a thing it is, and how beneficial a thing it is, to abstain from that which in extreme moderation may have produced no injurious results, but which is most fatal and most ruinous to thousands who begin with that extreme moderation, and are led by it to fatal excess, as by a direct and yet most treacherous avenue.

And, now, I should like to say one word on the other aspect—viz., that of personal security; and you must not be either startled or incredulous at my saying anything about it. You may with perfect truth say that all your life long you, like thousands of others, have daily drunk perhaps one or two glasses of wine or beer, and yet have never

known in your lives, by personal experience, what it is to exceed moderation, and that may be perfectly true. And yet I do think that if you were to look round you—it may be in your own family circles, and it may be in the range of your personal acquaintance—you would probably find many very grievous cases which would lead you to doubt the advisability of the process of moderate drinking; in fact, I am certain that if this great meeting were polled and asked whether they knew of any one man or woman whom drink had ruined, the answer would be that there was not one, or scarcely one, house in which there was not one dead. Certainly I myself have known many who have been ruined in this way. They began without any thought of excess whatever. I dare scarcely summon either from the living or from the dead these ghosts and shadows of what once they were, in order that they may warn us from this peril by the waving of their wasted hands; still, I may distantly and dimly describe one or two cases only which I have known in my own rank of life. I think of one young gallant officer, brave as a lion, liberal as the light of day—a man whose name was once not unknown in his country's service, whose career was suddenly cut short, and who died a disgraced and ruined man. I think of the case of another—a young University student of brilliant attainments, of unusual promise, who suddenly sank from the same cause to destitution; who used to write begging letters most abject in tone, and yet written in Latin so choice and so eloquent that few could have surpassed it, and who died disowned by his family in the ward of a London hospital, of delirium

tremens. I think of a lawyer, whose practice once bade fair to be magnificent, indulging in such "pleasures," sinking into dubious practices, losing his place and influence in society, and dying a dishonoured man. I think of another—a clergyman, very eloquent and widely known, whose presence was everywhere desired, who died miserably with a mysterious blight upon his name from the same cause. And I could go on giving many more cases which have come under my own immediate knowledge. There is very near my own parish a common lodging-house, where, if you entered, you might be met by people who would address you in French, or German, or Italian, or even Latin, or Greek—men who were men of rank and position, men of culture, captains in the army, teachers in the university, but who, by this cause, have sunk down to the degraded rabble of guilty sufferers.

Well, now, what is the moral of these facts? Surely it is that alcohol, whether you call it a poison or not, has something very peculiar in its nature; that there is about it a sweetness and seductiveness, a sort of serpentine spell of attraction, which gradually draws men on while they do not know it, and which at last they find themselves unable to resist. They begin by admiring the "orient liquor in the crystal glass" of the enchanter, and they go on drinking their wine day by day and at last the hour of misfortune comes when they are tried by toil or disappointment, when they are tried by sorrow or bereavement, and perhaps on that account alone they drink too much; and although they began life as gay, and proud, and as happy as any of us, they are now sitting amid the en-

tanglement of terrible temptation—amid the very ruins of their former state. Coleridge says: "Evil habit first draws, then drags, and then drives." Or, as an eminent French writer expresses it, "We are insensibly led to yield without resistance to slight temptations which we despise, and gradually we find ourselves in a perilous situation or even falling into an abyss, and then we cry out to God 'Why hast thou made us too weak to rise,' and, in spite of ourselves, a voice answers to our consciences, 'If I made thee too weak by thine own power to rise out of the gulf, it was because I made thee amply strong enough never to have fallen into it.'" Oh! do not let any of us be so proud as to think we should be safe. If men of the highest genius have fallen under this temptation, if even an Addison, a Burns, a Hartley Coleridge, and hundreds of others, had been tempted by the excess of their intellectual work to rekindle the vestal flame upon the altar of Genius, by the unhallowed fires of alcohol, I, for one, will not be the man to abstain from saying to any one—Let him that thinketh he standeth—however superior he may think himself from the same possibility of temptation—still let him beware lest he fall.

These, then, seem to me to be sufficient reasons, both on the grounds of public example and personal security, why every one of us might, with perfect rectitude and perfect honor, and without any fanaticism or any folly, try an experiment which can do us no harm, which may do us great good, and which, at any rate, may be the means of enabling us to do good by our example to thousands of others. Our leading journal told us the

other day that speeches on education were tiresome to fatuity. Be it so. It is not possible without persistence and without enthusiasm to carry on a battle like this. Let our speeches be tiresome and fatuous so long as they be in the slightest degree, necessary to the permanence to the glory of England and the preservation of thousands of her sons; however dull our speeches may be, I take it that they are not, by a long way, so dull as the monotonous wail of misery that rises from thousands of homes which drunkenness has made as intolerable as a wild beast's lair; and however wearisome our speeches may be, I am quite sure that they are not one tithe so wearisome as the pauperism, and crime, and degradation which are handed down from generation to generation, and against which we seem to strive in vain. It may seem to be in vain, but it will not be in vain. The rock which shatters and flings back the assault of the billows, is gradually undermined by the flowing wave, and as long as we hear the incessant lapping of the water on the crag, we may believe that the tide of public opinion is rising and rising—rising by these very means, rising by these very meetings, rising by these tedious and fatuous speeches—until I venture to prophesy it shall have risen so high, that before another twenty years is over, it will have resistlessly swept away the strong rock of opposing interests. It will have risen so high, that it will have utterly overwhelmed, under fathoms of national shame and national indignation, that sunken reef of vice on which we are now suffering so many a gallant and noble vessel to crash, and to be irremediably shipwrecked.



THE SERPENT AND THE TIGER.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

I CAN not help asking what is the reason and the object for all these temperance meetings which are now taking place constantly all over the country. I will try to answer that question, and possibly in answering it I may contribute one little sand-grain, however small, and however insignificant, as a barrier against that rushing tide of evil, which, as Mr. Thornton has already said, is threatening to overwhelm us. The reason is because we find ourselves face to face with a colossal evil. Mr. Thornton has said that I have been accused in Glasgow—I did not know of it, but I have no doubt it is true—of exaggerating the evils of intemperance; but those who say we are exaggerating the evils of intemperance are simply ignorant of its deadly virulence. Whatever we may think of any particular remedies which may be suggested, no serious-thinking man who has faced the overwhelming evidence on the subject can possibly assert, in the face of that evidence, that we exaggerate the evils of which we complain. And yet, although we are face to face with this evil, which is so colossal and so terrible, it certainly is the fact that at present the Legislature of the country is not aroused, the press of the country is not aroused, the nation in general is

not aroused, even the Church is not aroused to a full sense of its duty upon this subject. If you look at it, the attitude of the nation in general, I think it can only be described as that of indolent acquiescence. They are very like the Athenians, who, when they were told that the Empire of Philip was growing, and was threatening to overwhelm them, said that it was disastrous and very dangerous, but did not do what they ought to have done, namely, rush down to the sea-shore and man the ships and gather at the muster-ground for recruits. In the same way the press can only be described as being in a condition of indolent acquiescence. It is quite true that now and then they fret and fume a great deal when there are some disclosures of the dangers and extent of intemperance, but they don't show the least inclination to clutch the poisonous monster by the throat. And, again, the attitude of the Legislature can only be called that of indolent acquiescence, or even in some cases of ruinous patronage, for they certainly ignore petition after petition on the subject, and constantly throw out bill after bill, and whereas they are ready to give days after days to party squabbles, it is very rarely they will give even hours to face and do away with the evil which, while the scourges of war, and pestilence, and famine are continually appearing and disappearing, is going on forever. It is a scourge more deadly in its ravages than pestilence, and more devastating than war, and yet they show no inclination to give even hours for the removal of that scourge, and therefore I can only say that the tone of the Legislature is still that of indolent acquiescence. But again we may say the

same of the Church. It is only now that a minority of the nation is really in earnest in this matter, and who not only say they are in earnest, but who show they are in earnest not only by their lips, but also in their lives. Well, now, our work, of course, is to do away with this evil, and if we only can succeed in making the nation, and the Legislature, and the press, and the Church in earnest for one single hour, then certainly the head of this great monster would be crushed, and we would throw off these great fetters, which, though they even be fetters of iron, would then become mere tow at the breath of the flame, and if we succeed in doing away with that, it is impossible to comprehend the immensity of the change which would be gained. I am no temperance fanatic myself, but no less a man than Mr. Bright said many years ago, that if for five years only we could do away with the liquor traffic, at the end of these five years we should not know the face of the country from the immense difference and blessedness. It would show no comparison with what had been before; and proving, as we can decidedly prove, that alcohol is, as Mr. Thornton said just now, not a necessity, there being, as has been said, no more food in it than in a flash of lightning; bringing, as we can bring, an immense mass of evidence showing that, for the majority, at any rate, of those who take it, it is essentially deleterious. We can safely point to facts that are not only undisputable, but undisputed!—that this alcohol is slaying its tens of thousands and debasing its hundreds of thousands, and being the source of misery to millions in this country. And yet, showing, as we do show, that it is supported by immense

prejudices and an immense hereditary force of custom, then we can but ask in reference to all these facts whether we are really in earnest or not about it. Are the people in earnest when the publicans have more than once boasted that they might in any election purchase as many votes as they liked—that was said before the ballot, but I suppose it is the same now—by giving the men pots of beer? Are the constituencies in earnest who are constantly sending members to Parliament who are ready to talk out the most moderate bills for temperance reform, and who last session almost exhausted the forms of the House in trying to prevent the almost unanimous wish that Ireland should gain for itself a Sunday which was undissipated and undesecrated? Are the Legislature, once more I ask, in earnest? There is a very fine old rule which is, *Salus populi suprema lex*—the safety of the people is the highest possible rule. Can we say the Legislature is following that rule when they leave the people entirely undefended as a prey to the intensity of this most terrible temptation? Let us only try to look for a few moments these facts a little more closely in the face. Here we have lodging among us a Protean form of harm and temptation to which myriads succumb. It ruins our best parts; it blights our fairest hopes; it infects our rising colonies; it is the curse of our Asiatic dependencies; it makes races detest our dominion; it makes empires loathe our name; it undoes the effects of our schools; it paralyzes the influence of our churches; it is prolific of disaster, disease, and death, and that is the evil which we are now called upon to face. Well, we can look at this matter in

two ways. It has two characteristics about it. Sometimes it takes men slowly and stealthily like a serpent, and sometimes it comes terribly and with tiger leaps. It has in it the natures of these two animals—the serpent and the tiger. Now let me illustrate for a moment by two anecdotes. I will bring testimony both from America and Scotland to show you that very often the curse of drink begins in the individual man by insinuating into his mind in the form of a necessity or in the form of a virtue. An American gentleman was once asked how it was that he never by any chance took a single glass of spirits, but always two or three or more; and his answer was that whenever he had taken one glass of spirits he felt himself to be another man, and then he felt himself bound to treat that other man. If he had said that he not only felt himself another man, but also a very much inferior man, if he had felt himself much less under the control of reason, which ought to be the guide of every man's life, he would have been very much nearer the mark. A poor woman said in London the other day that she had two husbands in one man. One of them was a kindly, honest, and respectable person, whom she loved, and that was her husband when sober. The other was a drunken, brutal fellow, who was constantly ill-treating and abusing her, and that was her husband when he was drunk. I was told the other day by the Lord Provost of Glasgow that no remark was made more constantly by women brought before him than that. He used to ask them, "What kind of a husband have you?" and their answer was, "When sober he was the best husband in Glasgow, but when

drunk he is waur than a beast." Well, now, I have told you that story from America to show you how very rarely people stop with one glass any more than any one can stop with one sin in his life. Another story I may tell you is regarding a Scottish minister, who, very much to his own credit, was a total abstainer, and was so because he wished his people to be so too, and had been so for some time. Being ill, he went to the doctor, who gave him that very bad piece of advice which so many doctors have given, to the ruin of thousands of their patients, although I am glad to say every day our greatest physicians are less and less resorting to that advice. He said: "You must take a little spirits—a little whisky." The minister said: "I can not do that; I am a total abstainer. My people would hear of it." The doctor insidiously said: "You must not let that stand in your way. You are not at all well. You can take whisky, and you can have the hot water brought up to you when you shave." An elder, going to the house some time after, asked the housekeeper how the minister was. The servant said: "Well, he is well enough, but there is something wrong. I don't know what it is." The elder said: "What is wrong with him?" "Well," said the servant, "he is clean daft, he is just shaving all day long, and always ringing for hot water." So that you see if you once begin indulgence you will go on, and always be ringing for hot water. That is what I call the serpent form of this temptation.

"The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play."

But we are not in the millennial age, and if any one plays with this serpent as we do, and regard it as we do, a thing to be honored at public and social gatherings, if they secrete it in the heart, they will find at the end, as Scripture tells us, that it biteth as a serpent. The other form of particular temptation which alcohol assumes, the particular way in which it assails man, is the tiger form. It comes crouching upon him, and then makes a sudden spring. How do we treat that wild beast? We give him splendid lairs, and make them glare in glass and gilding. The tiger lies constantly in wait at our street-corners to spring unexpectedly on un- wary travelers.

Well, then, here we have to ask, whether in the face of these facts, the Legislature has not indolently acquiesced, and now on what grounds are they doing so? I say, unhesitatingly, that the grounds on which Parliament does not interfere with the sale of drink are theoretically untenable as well as practically disastrous. First, they do not interfere because of the liberty of the subject, and second, because of vested interests. Is it any violation of the liberty of the subject to save a man from his destruction? If a man is brought up when he makes an attempt to commit suicide, why are people practically encouraged not only themselves to commit suicide—although it is so slowly that none call it murder—but even to drag the families along with them to the same lingering and horrible death by means of drink? Is it violation of the liberty of the subject that vaccination is made compulsory to save us from being scarred and killed by small-pox? Is it violation of the liberty of the sub-

ject that vendors of gunpowder are not allowed with impunity to sell fireworks to children that they may blow themselves up? Is it violation of the liberty of the subject that gambling-houses and lotteries have been abolished in order that our young nobles may not ruin themselves by the fatal fascination of the dice-box? Well, then, if measures like these, all of which are interferences with the liberty of the subject, are not only tolerated, but desired—yes, if liberty be the very antithesis of dangerous license—if we interfere in these instances, because in these instances liberty would be ruinous, one can not help asking whether you can do a deeper shame to liberty than to use her name as a justification of acts which really tend to the perpetration of an indescribable national disgrace?

Statistics show that only one person in three millions of those who travel by rail in England dies by railway accident, and from shipwreck the losses are not much more than seven hundred per annum; and yet by drink, and the diseases caused by drink, more persons die in one year than die from railway disasters and shipping calamities in fifty years. In these circumstances this must be seen to by our Legislature, and I think you could not make the name of liberty stink more in the nostrils than by degrading it to such ignoble uses, and by using its shield as a sign for the dram-shop. There is no interest so unblushing, because there is none so tolerated as that of the monopolist who claims a vested interest in a public injury.

Until the Legislature has learned that it is their plain and stern duty to put Mr. Gladstone's rule into force to make it easy to do right and difficult

to do wrong—until they learn that it is their plain and stern duty to protect from temptation those who are far too weak to protect themselves—until they have learned that it is their duty to prevent private interests from driving their roots into and drawing their sap from the conditions of national decay and national corruption—until the nation has learned that it is its plain and stern duty to send to Parliament men who will help them in fighting against this deadly and imminent foe, and until the Church has learned that its duty is to blow, as it were, a trumpet-blast to wake its members to a sense of their duty—so long these meetings of ours will be not only right, but necessary—and until we have turned the present rout of our nation into resistance, until we have finally succeeded (as I believe we shall succeed) in turning that resistance into a victory. Above all, it is necessary for this purpose to arouse the Church, and it is a good sign of the times that over fourteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England signed a petition to the archbishops and bishops, which resulted in the formation of the remarkable committee of the House of Lords which is now sitting, and which is amassing so much evidence of a striking character. The action of all the churches in favor of total abstinence is becoming more and more marked, but when I see one of our bishops arraying himself against it, and quoting Scripture against it—when I see another using exploded sophisms and saying that he would rather see England free than England sober—when I see clergymen preaching in cathedrals in favor of the beer traffic and using all the futile fallacies that had been used for a genera-

on, I think that the Church has not arisen to a sense of its duty in the matter, and that it has not recognized the overwhelming necessity for its action in the matter, for indifference in such a case is as much as treachery. The facts of the case are terrible.

“Come, sit you down,
 And I will wring your heart, for so I shall, if it be made of
 penetrable stuff,
 If damning custom have not braced it so
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense.”

We have only to look at the ghastly pictures which have been drawn by Hogarth of Gin Alley and Rum Alley, in order to form some idea of the frightful ravages which drink has been making in our country during the last two hundred years, or to the series drawn by that great and good man whom the temperance cause has just lost—brave George Cruikshank. When we think that all these horrors sprung from a cause that is perfectly curable, that is easily remediable, that is absolutely preventable, then we can not help asking, How long do we, the people of England and Scotland, intend this worse than Turkish and worse than Russian atrocities to be going on daily and hourly among us as the spasms which speak of a still more profound and universal misery? I say to you—

“Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer cloud,
 Without our special wonder?”

For all I know, some Aberdeen newspaper may charge me with exaggeration, but in answer to that

will only say to you, take up any newspaper you like for a week, and cut out all the accidents and all the disasters which are recorded as having been caused by drink, and before half a year is over, if you are not driven to be a total abstainer, it must be because you are either very callous as to the sufferings of your neighbors, or else because you feel that that particular method is not the way which you should adopt to cure this evil. To talk of exaggeration is nonsense, and the ghastly record of the evils of the drink-traffic is the best refutation of the charge made against temperance reformers. Now, as to the attitude of clergymen in regard to the drink-traffic, I think there is nothing excites my scorn and indignation more than a man who carries his reverence for Scripture to the extent of holding that it sanctions the use of drink. The Church is not yet roused to a sense of duty in the matter, and as I have already said, its condition has been up to this time, on the whole, that of being indolently acquiescent. I think I have answered the question I asked at the beginning. What is the use of these temperance meetings? We are told that they are of no avail. It is by these means and by such as these in every instance that great reforms have been carried on, and that the claims of vested interests to commit public injury have been swept away. It was by these means that the slave trade was abolished; it was by these means that ragged schools were established; and the necessity for such meetings will continue so long as such an evil as this exists. It is only by enforcing the obligations of duty on this subject that the justice and truth of this matter can ever be heard. I feel convinced if

men, if Christians, have a heart of pity in them have any spark of nobleness in them, if they did not become total abstainers, they would use every possible means in their power to show that it is an evil which is destroying our brothers and sisters in multitudes—which is staining with its polluted and pestilential stains the white souls of those young girls and boys whom we are trying to save for a life of good; that they would do their best in some way or other to save the continuance of this evil in the midst of us.

One word more, and I have done. I say if you see a great conflagration, and see a great mass of people looking on at it, and they begin by saying it is very disastrous, and doing a great deal of damage, but still doing nothing to put it out, and at last getting so familiar with it that they go and warm their hands at it, and then argue when they could enjoy such an indulgence as that in cold weather, a conflagration is rather an advantage nationally than otherwise. As long as such a state of things exists, we must go on shouting "Fire! fire!" until they are shamed into helping us to put it out. If we see a ship going along in full sail with every sail set, and with the wind and tide straight toward a reef on which we know that the ship is to be shattered, and if the majority of the crew are ignorant or indifferent to the danger, then it is that we must have down the sails and reverse the engines and put out every influence it is possible to keep it back; and if we are able to do this much, and with all our power against the wind and tide, we can make it move one inch an hour backward even then the victory is won. If that is too late

and the vessel has struck on the rocks, we must then launch the lifeboat to save the perishing crew. That is what these temperance meetings have been doing to some extent. If we have not been able to quench the conflagration, we have done something to stop it; if we have not been able to save the ship altogether, we have been able to do something for its safety; and if we have not been able to save all the crew, we have at least been able to save some from perishing. Many a brawny arm has launched the lifeboat, and those who are too weak to take an oar can at least send us a cheer across the wave. The Legislature has not listened to us yet, and thus the work is not done, but much is being done. If the Church is not yet aroused, it is being aroused, and, as I said before, clergymen becoming total abstainers are daily increasing in number; and if the nation has not yet been aroused, still it is being aroused, and there are said to be at this moment four million total abstainers in England, and therefore if the Legislature won't listen to us now, they will listen to us in a short time hence, when we speak, as we hope to speak in the nation's voice, and if they do not pass temperance measures now, they will do so when we come with the people knocking at the doors. Then a common victory will be won. We shall see God's terrible and fiery finger shrivel up the falsehoods from the scales of men. The work is being done gradually and imperceptibly, but it is being done. Look at the mountain sides in winter, clothed as they are with the apparently immovable masses of colorless snow which cover the whole mountain slope, and you would think it impossible

that these vast masses of snow could disappear, and yet winter passes into spring, and crystal by crystal the snow melts away into the air, and then spring passes into summer, and the warm sun passes over them, and first one snowflake is detached and then another, and these gather force and roll with a thundering avalanche into the valley, taking with them, as you would think, the whole mountain side, and so by these gradual, imperceptible, and silent influences the work is being done, even when it seems most stationary, and then, if you go a few days afterward, what was frozen and repellent, you will see is a beautiful mountain slope with green grass upon it, and with myriads of sweet and fragrant flowers.

OUR DUTY AS A NATION

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

“COME Home.” This expression represents a very common incident; but what words can express, what imagination can even conceive, the amount of anguish of which this one incident is but an insignificant item!

A wife is trying to induce her husband to leave the public-house; trying, that is, to struggle against an influence the most common, the most seductive, the most deadly, of all those which the spirits of evil have at their command for the curse and ruin of whole nations, and the misery and destruction of myriads of individual lives. For, what is the history of myriads of lives and myriads of homes in these British islands alone? We spend princely revenues upon education, and the majority of all the children born on British soil have now the opportunity of soundly acquiring the rudiments of instruction. To a certain extent more education, as it means less ignorance, means also more self-respect and less vice. But there is one most potent enemy at work against all that we achieve in the spread of knowledge and enlightenment. I need hardly name it. Every judge, every magistrate, every clergyman, every philanthropist, every

policeman and gaoler knows it well; and not one of these will ever for a moment hesitate to say that this enemy is intoxicating drink.

The boys and girls leave our national schools about the age of thirteen. Up to that time the teaching, the discipline, the humanizing tendencies of the school system—seconded to a certain extent by the control of all but the worst and lowest homes—tend to keep the children from vice and degradation. But the inevitable time comes when they leave school, go to work, become almost immediately independent, and not unfrequently throw off every vestige of parental or other restraint. Now, what are the temptations which they have immediately to face? Bad companions, bad language, low places of amusement? Yes, these no doubt; but these, and all other incentives to ruin, are in closest alliance with—are, in fact, all but inseparable from—those which assail them daily and almost hourly from drunkenness and drink. In all towns, and in many country places, it is, as a rule, at the public-house that they hear the lowest and vilest language; it is at the public-house that they meet with the worst companions; it is from the public-house that they are allured to the basest and most demoralizing places of amusement and resort.

And, as all the world may see, these public-houses and beer-shops are scattered through our great cities in hundreds and thousands. It is said that we have 98,955 public-houses and 38,845 beer-shops in this country; and, whatever the awful number may be, this at least is certain, that the gin-palace is especially the pioneer of our civiliza-

tion; that wherever new suburbs spring up for the working classes, an effort is always made to seize the most conspicuous corner houses for the sale of drink; and that no working man can walk through London at any hour, from early morning till late night, without passing house after house, which by its glaring lights and glittering attractiveness allures him under the sway of his most powerful and his most fatal temptation.

What are the consequences? The first consequence is an almost universal fondness for beer and spirits among the working classes; the second consequence is the frightful prevalence of drunkenness; the third is the appalling multiplication of pauperism, brutal violence, degradation, criminality, lunacy, disease, and untimely deaths.

Take the earliest stage—mere fondness for beer, and the constant use of beer, as though it were not a mere dubious luxury, but a necessary article of food. It might be thought that this, at any rate, is harmless. So far is this from being the case that it is a national evil of the most immense proportions. I have no hesitation at all in saying that it is the chief cause of pauperism. If the poor could be persuaded of the truth that alcohol is not an article of food or a source of strength, and if they could be persuaded to lay by the £36,000,000 which they annually spend upon it, it is certain that two-thirds of our work-houses could be closed, and that myriads of families could live in cleanliness and comfort.—self-respecting, well housed, well fed—who now drag out a miserable existence on the starvation level, and whose manly rectitude and

independence is utterly broken down by having to rely on parish relief or on promiscuous charity.

But the evil of pauperism, immense as it is, is yet far less deadly than those which arise from the traffic in intoxicating liquor when the fondness for drink has passed into actual drunkenness. It is the insidious and fatal peculiarity of alcohol that the use of it leads hundreds of thousands of men and women insensibly, rapidly, and almost inevitably to its abuse; and before the maddening intensity of the craving caused by drunkenness all moral considerations are shrivelled up like tow at the breath of flame. [Well may the young wife try every possible inducement to wean her husband from the very first signs and beginnings of intemperance. The growth of that fatal vice means the utter destruction of every element of happiness in the house. The fires of hell begin very soon to mingle with those on the drunkard's hearth.—Work is neglected—character is lost—self-respect is destroyed. The money which should have been spent on the needs of the family is grossly squandered in brutish self-indulgence. The wife has to slave and starve, and well for her if she too does not fling herself in sheer misery over the edge of the same terrible abyss. The home, even if it is not transferred to a fouler neighborhood, rapidly becomes bare, dirty, unwholesome, comfortless. The children are left unwashed, unkempt, untrained, and those of them who are born after the drunkenness has become a chronic condition are either ricketty, or idiotic, or are endowed with the hereditary instinct which is only too likely to make

their lives a curse to their neighbors and a burden to themselves. In such families, when the husband staggers back drunk, perhaps also to find a drunken wife, the lairs which they call their homes are torn asunder by fights and quarrels that disgrace and disturb the whole neighborhood, and are not unfrequently rife with tragedies of unspeakable horror. Men, who in past days were manly and honorable, kick, and beat, and maim, and murder those whom they once vowed to love and honor, and often end their miserable, and degraded, and maddened lives on the hangman's scaffold or in the felon's cell. Even women—or those who were once those gracious things—women who, but for drink, might have worn in unpolluted womanhood the rose of matronly honor—sink into a horrible and shameless abandonment of every better instinct, which lowers them below the level of humanity. “Drink,” says Father Nugent, of Liverpool, “is making terrible havoc upon the female population of this town—not only demoralizing the young, and leading them step by step into vice and the lowest depths of crime, but destroying the sacred character of family life, and changing wives and mothers into brutal savages. The poker, the knife, the bottle, and the glass have become the ordinary weapons of attack and defense under its uncontrollable influence, producing the most fatal consequences. Not a week passes without some one being brought to the prison, whom drink has maddened and robbed of all female decency, whose language and actions are so horrible that they seem no longer rational beings but fiends.” That

is a terrible testimony; but it is testimony which might be adduced, and has again and again been adduced from well-nigh every great town in England and Scotland—all of which are at this moment suffering from a curse which is being continued, and increased, and multiplied from generation to generation, and from age to age, and in comparison with which those horrors were as nothing which England has spent millions of her treasure to avert, and shed rivers of her blood to avenge and remedy.

To do away with this ghastly curse, to wipe this fretting plague-spot from our national life, to save another generation from the burden, the shame, and the ruin which one preventable vice has inflicted on our own, is emphatically the task which we of this generation have to do. No work that any nation ever had to do can be more immediately and, indeed, overwhelmingly important. Our fathers went to the stake for religious liberty; they died in battle to win us civil freedom; they faced trial, and difficulty, and opposition, and obloquy to further education, to reform prisons, to liberate England from the disgrace of the slave trade. What we have to do, if we would be worthy of our fathers, worthy of our country, worthy of our Christian profession, is to enable our people to conquer or to mitigate the violence of a sin which is far more fatal to our national morality, and, therefore, to our national glory, than unreformed prisons or ill-treated and kidnapped slaves.

But how are we to take part in this great, this most blessed and most necessary work? One very easy and obvious way of doing so is open to us all

We can, in the present distress and danger, become total abstainers ourselves. If we can not do this without an effort, the effort may be very desirable for our own sakes; if we can do it without an effort, it may be only right to do it for the sake of others. Another way of furthering the work of temperance reform is to do what we can, socially and politically, to awake the attention of the Legislature to the eminent importance of this question. The most serious, and probably the most effective, measure hitherto brought under the notice of Parliament is Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill. That bill is simply intended to enable the people to protect themselves from that which they have found by long and bitter experience to be an overwhelming peril. Hitherto Parliament has utterly refused to help us. They can not and will not refuse if the demand comes to them in a nation's voice, and if that voice speak in the accents of men who are resolutely and indignantly determined to use every means in their power to save a new generation from a sin which has been, to an extent so utterly deplorable, the ruin and the curse of this generation in which our lives are cast.



ABSTINENCE FROM EVIL.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

“ABSTAIN from all appearance of evil.” The true meaning of this verse is, “Abstain from every form or kind of evil;” yet, though the other reading be erroneous, it gives us a very noble meaning. It is narrated of two Jewish patriots—Pappus, and his brother Julian—that, knowing their firm resolve not to drink Pagan wine lest they should seem to sanction idolatry, Rufus, the Roman Governor, ordered water to be served to them, but in glasses so colored that it should look to the multitude as though they were drinking wine. Seeing at once the object of the deception, they sternly refused the water, and faced death by terrible martyrdom rather than taste it. This was a noble spirit; it is one more of the many illustrations from the lives of the truly brave and heroically good, that they will not only refuse to do wrong—will not only say with Joseph, “How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?”—but that they will not even suffer it to be imagined that they countenance wrong, when their actual conduct is right. The duty of this absolute aloofness from evil is taught even by heathen morality: “In a field of melons,” says the Chinese proverb, “do not stoop to tie your shoe;” “under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap;”—in both instances for the same reason

—lest you should even seem to wish to steal. And the principle that underlies these precepts and examples is the great principle of Scripture, “Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good;” “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away.”

I have been asked to speak to you, my brethren, on the subject of temperance, and I desire simply and humbly to fulfill that duty. Were it not that the kindness of others in this great city has laid on me burdens somewhat beyond my strength, I might have spoken more worthily than I now can do. But in the endeavor to perform such small good as God may place in our power, it is a duty not to shrink from effort, and not at all to care for self. Now, I would ask you, my friends, not to think of the speaker, or his imperfections, but simply and solely whether what he says be true. And if it be true, suffer not the poor personalities of criticism to hover at the church door, like fowls in the air, to take away the good seed from your hearts. The inspiration that comes from heaven, remember, is often subjective, not objective; it is in the glow of the hearer's heart, not in the fire of the speaker's lips. God, indeed, sends forth His seraphim to touch, with a living coal from the altar, the mouth of whom he will. But when it is to Israel that he speaks, Moses may not be eloquent, yet he utters the fiery law; and because their own hearts are faithful, they feel that there is the palpitating splendor behind his shrouding veil. So be it with us.

“Lord, grant us this abiding grace,
Thy word and saints to know;

To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be slow."

And though I am bidden to speak to you about temperance, the point of view from which I shall speak is that of total abstinence. It is, I know, the unpopular view, the depreciated view, the despised view. By taking it I rank myself among those of whom some speak as unpractical bigots and ignorant fanatics. But, because I believe it in the present need to be the only effective remedy for an otherwise hopeless evil, therefore I take it undeterred. Public opinion, my brethren, is a grand power. It is a mighty engine for good if we can array it on our side. He who despises it must be either more or less than man; he must be puffed up by a conceit which mars his usefulness, or he must be too abject to be reached by scorn. He, therefore, that affects to despise public opinion, stands self-condemned; but yet public opinion has, many a time, been arrayed on the side of wrong; and he who is not afraid to brave it in defense of righteousness—he who, in a cause which he knows to be good, but which his fellow-men do not yet understand, is willing to be ranked among the idiots and fools—he is a partaker with all those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises. It was thus—it was for the cause of scientific truth—that Roger Bacon bore his long imprisonment, and Galileo sat contented in his cell; it was thus—it was for the cause of religious truth—that Luther stood undaunted before kings; it was thus that, to wake the base slumbers of a greedy age, Wesley and Whitfield were content to “stand pilloried on infamy’s high stage, and bear

the pelting scorn of half an age ;" it was thus that Wilberforce faced in Parliament the sneers and rage of wealthy slave-owners ; it was thus, " in the teeth of clenched antagonisms," that education was established, that missions were founded, that the cause of religious liberty was won. The persecuted abject of to-day is the saint and exemplar of to-morrow. St. John enters the thronged streets of the capital of Asia as a despised Galilean and an unnoticed exile ; but, when generations have passed away, it is still *his* name which clings to its indistinguishable ruins. St. Paul stands, in his ragged gaberdine, too mean for Gallio's supreme contempt ; but to-day the cathedral dedicated to his honor towers over the vast imperial city where the name of Gallio is not so much as heard. " Count we over the chosen heroes of this earth," says a great orator, " and I will show you the men who stood alone, while those for whom they toiled and agonized poured on them contumely and scorn. They were glorious iconoclasts, sent out to break down the Dagon worshiped by their fathers. The very martyrs of yesterday, who were hooted at, whom the mob reviled and expatriated ; to-day, the children of the very generation who mobbed and reviled them are gathering up their scattered ashes to deposit them in the golden urn of their nation's history !"

Not for one moment do I pretend, my brethren, that if you adopt this cause you will need any heroism, any great self-abnegation, any extraordinary sacrifice, or that you will have anything worth speaking of to bear in avouching it. But the principle is the same. If, to help your fellows, you were bidden to do some great thing, and you have

done it, how much more when you are merely asked to abandon a needless, a trivial, and—unless a mass of strong evidence be disproved—a deleterious indulgence? The time when abstainers were persecuted has passed away. Milton, in his day, thinks it would be an impossible stretch of generosity for even Puritans to “lose their sack for the certain abolishing of so great a sin;” and who is there, he asks, the holiest, “who less loves his rich canary at meals, though it be fetched from places that hazard the religion of them that fetch it, and though it makes his neighbor drunk, out of the same tun?” Howard, the illustrious John Howard, who has left his name like a beacon fire on the hills of Christian self-sacrifice, was a total abstainer; yet he sank so sensitively from ridicule, that he always ordered the wine which he never drank. Even your illustrious countryman, Thomas Guthrie, went with positive tremor to the table of Lord Jeffreys, in the then despised fanaticism of total abstinence. All *that*, thank God, is, through the labor of good men and brave men, entirely changed. In the halls of great colleges, at the banquets of illustrious statesmen, at the hospitable boards of wealthy nobles, I can thankfully testify that you may now see many a man whose sole drink, like that of Samson, is from the crystal brook. In the upper classes the victory of total abstinence is so far won that it has enforced its own respectful recognition. But they who have achieved that result have not all lived to see it. The army that, under the eye of their great leader, Wellington, crossed the foamy bar of the Bidassoa into France, was not the same army that won his mighty victories in Spain. They lay dead on the heights of Busaco, or in the breach

of Badajoz. Along the whole line of victorious march were scattered the bones of those who did not live to gaze on hostile France from its barrier mountain slopes, or "to see the spray as it broke in foam on the bar of the Bidassoa." They were younger men who reaped the laurels of conquest which the brave hands of those dead veterans had sown; but other and yet sterner battles were before them; and who would not have cried shame upon the laggard who, even then, would have shrunk from any suffering in his country's cause? Even so with you. If you join this holy struggle to ensure a temperance reform, you will not have to endure all that *they* endured who now sleep in their nameless graves; but much has yet to be borne and done, and, if it is ever to be done, it can only be by our enlisting heart and soul into the cause the generation which is to follow in our steps; by flashing into their minds "the epidemic of nobleness," which shall induce *them* also to use personal effort, and to make personal sacrifice, to save their brethren and their country, ere, forever, it be too late.

My brethren, I need not tell you of the horrors caused by drink. The very city in which your lot is cast is under the deadly blight of it. It is asserted, from statistical records, that London is more drunken than Paris, and Liverpool than London, and Glasgow than Liverpool. It is the national vice of England; and, alas! it is of Scotland, too. Yes, even of Scotland, the land of exceptional education; the land of exceptional intelligence; the land of exceptional patriotism; the land of exceptional loyalty; the land of the Covenant and of the Westminster Confession; the land of John

Knox and Andrew Melville; the land of Bruce and the Douglas; the land which was even yesterday the home of Edward Irving, and Thomas Guthrie, and Norman Macleod; the land whose sons fought at Bannockburn for their country, and at Culloden for their king; the land where the Sabbath is the pearl of days, and where the Westminster Catechism has borne for centuries its noble witness that the chief end of man is to live for the glory of God, and to enjoy Him forever hereafter. Yes, even of this land of sainthood and chivalry, drunkenness, the base and brutal vice of drunkenness, is the national sin! You know, better than a stranger can tell you, that your land, too, is a victim, an almost helpless victim, to this scathing, debasing, degrading, despicable, but perfectly curable, perfectly remediable, sin. Why need I tell you of the horrors of drunkenness? Have you not seen them? Do you not daily see them with your own eyes? In your national history does not the wasted figure of Prince Charles Edward rise before you—beautiful no longer, noble no longer, beloved no longer—sinking dishonored into a drunkard's grave? In your literary history rises there not before you, with the solemn agony not yet faded from his noble features, the figure of him

“Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side,”

to emphasize the warning of another countryman, that “this accursed vice has changed into ashes the laurel crown around the head of genius and—the wings of the poet scorched in its hell-fire flames—he who once played in the light of sun-

beams has crawled basely in the dust?" Do you not see in your own streets the dramshops there most abounding where the *maximum* of poverty leaves men with the *minimum* of force to resist temptation? Have you not marked its ravages in fallen companions, in deposed ministers, in fair lives blighted as by a Fury's breath? Have you not heard of mothers cursed by their sons because of it? of husbands and wives beating each other to death because of it? of parents sinking into the grave broken-hearted because of it? of every sanctity of life made, because of it, bankrupt of blessing and prolific of bitterness? Our jails choked to the door by drink; our asylums crowded by drink with the maniac and the idiot; our churches emptied; our schools defeated; our missions rendered fruitless; our people made poor, diseased, brutal, reckless, wicked, by this inexcusable scandal, this horrible source of degradation and pauperism. Is all this nothing? "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Unless you have purposely closed your eyes, you *know* these things; and if you know them, are you a man? are you a Christian? have you a heart? have you any human pity? have you one spark of nobleness left in you, if you can look on them with indifferent acquiescence? And if you are not indifferent, what can you do? Be temperate. My brethren, I should not think that worth saying to you; I should not have been asked to come four hundred miles to tell you that. In this particular struggle, temperance is worth nothing. Temperate! of course you are temperate, if you be even gentlemen. No Christian, I hope, would feel a spark of pride in saying that he did not know what intoxication was. It is no mat-

ter of pride for a man to be able to say that he has not, by greedy drinking, reduced himself to bestial degradation. No! I come to ask you for something much more. I come to plead with you for a perfect, a certain, a final remedy. I come to ask you to take stronger part in that struggle, which even the calm, wise voice of Richard Cobden told us years ago lies at the basis of all moral and social reform. It may not be (we will suppose) your individual duty to take part in this particular effort. I condemn no man. I judge no man. Never against even publicans or gin-distillers have I or will I utter a single word. But this I say, that, except by total abstinence, you will in this crisis do no real abiding good. Some of you will be ministers. Many of you are fathers; many of you are Sabbath-school teachers. If you take your wine, or your whisky, because you like it, or because you think you need it, your people, your sons and daughters, the poor children whom you teach will do so likewise, and many of them, by a natural, inevitable consequence — a consequence which is purely physical as well as moral in its awful character—will do so to excess; and say to you,

“But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Point us the steep and thorny path to heaven,
While, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede!”

If you, for your own pleasure, or your own fancied need, will row about above the rapids, you may be thrilled too late by their shriek of anguish, but think not that they will heed your voice before.

hand, when it warns them lest they be swept over the leaping cataract. "Then" (in the "Pilgrim's Progress") "Christian called to Demas, saying, 'Is not the place dangerous? hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?' 'Not very dangerous' said Demas, 'except to those that are careless.' *But withal he blushed as he spake!*"

Consider then, my brethren, whether God calls you or no to help in removing from your country its deadliest curse; but this I say to you, that, if he does, you can only do it effectually by being an abstainer. Now, those who argue with a man in favor of that which he likes, in favor of a pleasant custom, in favor of a popular practice, argued with him in shorthand; but he who would run counter to vulgar customs, he who is not afraid "to smite the hoary head of inveterate abuse," must be prepared to face at the first stage violence, at the second ridicule, and at the third—for we have already stormed those two redoubts—the heaped fascines of plausible objection. We are told, forsooth, that total abstinence is morose, that it is Manichæan, that it trenches on the province of the baptismal vow, that it invades the true functions of the Church, that it is a violation of Scripture. These cobwebs of miserable sophistry, had time permitted, I would have gladly swept away; but I must conclude, and among many and pressing grounds on which it might well be, if not your direct and positive duty, at least your strength and your safety and your honor, to deny yourself an infinitesimal pleasure to further an infinite gain, I would touch in conclusion on two alone.

The first is the blessing and the duty of a simple life. Our lot has fallen in hard times. We live in

a very crowded country. It is a nation of toiling fathers, of crowded professions, of diminished patronage, of abolished sinecures, of portionless daughters, of sons educated, but unemployed. Life has become for most men a ceaseless struggle. It is a time of depressed commerce, of stagnating trade, of intensified competition, of glaring contrasts between colossal wealth among the few and among the many painful struggle and ghastly poverty. Wars are in the air and rumors of war. There are social problems around us of unequaled gravity; the growth of population, the relations of capital and labor, the place which England is to hold among the empires of the world. It may be a question whether in the advance of civilization we may not have contracted some of its deadliest vices, and drawn into our veins the virus of its most corrupting luxury. Never, at any rate, considering the battle of life, was it more pressingly incumbent upon young men, even for the sake of their own happiness, to take high labor for their portion; to be scornfully indifferent of mere luxury; to reduce life to its simplest elements:

“To sit self-governed in the fiery prime
Of youth, obedient at the feet of law.”

It is to such a youth, trained in simplicity, strong in self-conquest, like the Nazarites of old, temperate and brave and contented, and full of holy reverence and manly courage, that we look to uphold the ancient honor of this virtuous and godly island; and the very first and most obvious step in such a simplicity, in such a scorning of self-indulgence, is to abandon that intoxicating drink, which, as sci-

ence has indisputably proved, is not a necessary food; and which if it be not, as I believe, a positive source for most men of sickness and weakness, is not at any rate a source of health or strength; which weakens the power of the intellect and blunts the sensibilities of the spirit; which, if there be any evil in us, tends to stir up all the evil, and if there be any good in us, to encarnalize all the good. Granted that it is a pleasure—but it is a pleasure of all the least needful; of all the most dangerous; of all the one which can most easily be superseded by others transcendently more noble. The happy warrior of the future, independent for mirth on a chemical infusion, will desire not a low pleasure, but a rational happiness, and on the very lowest ground, will scorn to heap up his contribution to that “monstrous pyramid of gold,” which a struggling nation, to its own destruction, spends—nay wastes, nay squanders—on the very meanest of animal indulgences.

And, secondly, I will urge you the duty of self-denial for the sake of others. If you are fond of drink, abandon it before it be too late for your own sake; if you are not fond of it, it will cost you nothing to give it up. We are all face to face with a hideous, a degrading, a colossal evil. The Legislature either can not or will not help us. Warning, preaching, moral influence, even extended education fails to help us; increased wages, diminished hours of work, only deepen our peril and our loss. There is one way, and one way only; but that is a certain and an easy way by which, not merely to check, but even to annihilate, the curse. It is that every one of us should cease to contribute to this monster evil the penny of a contribution or the

shadow of an example. The use of that deadly, peculiar, and wholly unnecessary substance, is so far inseparable from the abuse, that where the individual use is, there the national abuse will be. Unrestricted liquor traffic will, to the end of time, mean for myriads intense temptation; temptation means drunkenness; drunkenness means degradation, horror, ruin, crime. You are a Christian. Will you give up a needless luxury to help in saving others from a blasting curse? You are a patriot. Will you give up a poor tickling of the palate, an unwholesome tingling of the brain, to rescue your nation from a blighting degradation? If you do not help, at least be ashamed to hinder. Call not those fanatics who would clear their conscience from every taint of so dangerous a leaven. Do not gild a self-indulgence with the Ophir gold of Holy Scripture, or hide the forehead of a luxury under the phylactery of a scribe.

Not long ago there was in a certain colliery an explosion by which four hundred miners were suddenly hurled amid shattered ruins into horrible death. It was caused by a single miner who had opened his safety-lamp to light his pipe. To that pipe of tobacco were sacrificed four hundred precious lives of fathers, of husbands, and of sons; and, alas! on the bodies of not a few of those who perished in that fiery blast were found duplicate keys by which, hitherto with impunity, they had done the same. Alas! my brethren, England and Scotland are such a mine; they are full of the explosive fire-damp of intemperance. In all societies it hangs dense around us in the perilous and pestifential air. Do not say that there is none of this flaming peril around you; that you may open your

safety-lamp and no harm come of it. It may be so; it may not be so. You could not, you would not do it if you were *sure* that there was danger; for that—as you see at once—would be a deadly selfishness and an atrocious crime. But you can not be sure that there is *not* danger. Is the gain worth the risk? Is the transient and animal indulgence worth the permanent and eternal peril? No harm may come to *you*; but if harm come to others who are reassured by your example, you, even you will have helped to perpetuate a frightful curse, whose effects, in shattering blast after shattering blast, shall be flapped in echoes of ruin and of misery, too late for penitence amid generations yet unborn. The fatal and the fatally common key of that safety-lamp is what is called “moderate drinking.” If in this particular struggle, you would be patriots, if in this matter you would show your true love for your brother-men—fling it away. Like the Nazarites of old, like the children of Jonadab the son of Rechab, drink neither wine nor strong drink, so long as by it you make weak or cause to stumble, or tempt into ruin and misery, the soul—the priceless soul—of a brother; the soul of your brother **FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED.**

AN
ADDRESS TO TEACHERS
ON
TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

I AM not going to take you through the moral dangers which accrue to this nation from drunkenness, but I am going, in a very few words, and not at all as a speech, but rather in conversational style, to point out to you how very much you may do in diminishing that which is undoubtedly the most growing, the most multiform, and the most ineradicable of our national evils. We of the clergy have very much to do with the stupidity and fixedness of adult humanity. We have to deal with those whose habits are formed. You know the difficulty of reclaiming the habitual drunkard, with his sodden brain and debilitated will. But you, ladies and gentlemen, have to do with the young while they are still unvitiated by the terrible craving, and I do think you may exercise a most potent and most beneficial influence over the future of England. You know it was that great and

wise statesman, Richard Cobden, who said that the temperance reformation lay at the very basis of all social and political reform. I do think you could not have a more splendid ambition than to take your part in bringing about the immense reform, which will not be wrought in our generation, but may be in that of those who are now the boys and girls under your care. There are two ways in which you may work: first of all, by pointing out to them, as forcibly and kindly as you can, the moral disgrace and crime of drunkenness. You may help to frame the public opinion amongst the working classes, which is, after all, the only power on which we can ultimately depend for the deliverance of this country from its national curse and misery. If you teach the working-classes to feel about drunkenness as the middle and upper-classes have been taught to feel, viz., that to be seen drunk is to forfeit character and to incur disgrace and infamy—I say if you once teach the working-man that, you then will be doing more than can be done in any other way to roll away this enormous evil, and you can do that by pointing out to the children that drunkenness is both a great sin and a great disgrace. You may also confirm what you say by an appeal to the lower grounds (for on this matter we must not despise any grounds), if you point out to your children this undoubted fact, that not only drunkenness, but drinking, is the main cause of that pauperism which is so terrible a bane in our great cities. I hold a little leaflet in my hand, published by the Church of England Temperance Society, which shows the cost of a daily draught of intoxi-

cating liquors per year, and the sum it will amount to if put out to interest for twenty years. Two-pence (four cents) per day, for instance, comes, with interest, to £86 (^s430) in twenty years. Now, here we are not dealing with theories, but with plain and palpable facts. Now, how many families amongst the poor are content with a single pint, which is the basis of the reckoning in this case? Suppose the jugs to be filled twice a day, and the cost is fourpence (eight cents), that is £6 (^s30) a year, or £178 (^s890) with interest in twenty years. You may then tell your children what they would be able to do with this money in permanently improving their temporal condition; what, for instance, they would be able to do in the way of purchasing houses to reside in. That is actually the case in a parish which I know, where the clergyman has labored very assiduously in the cause of temperance. In the parish there are sixteen houses in a row, one after another built by common laboring men with the ordinary wages of working-men, simply out of the proceeds of what they have learned from the clergyman to put by instead of spending it in that which science has now proved is not a food, not a source of health or strength, not a necessity, but simply nothing in the world but a luxury. Is it not obvious that if the poor families who are crowded by thousands in the vicinity of this Abbey were to lay by that which they are daily pouring into the publican's tills, their condition would undergo a complete change? A vision rises before me which is almost too bright to believe, and yet which is perfectly possible of being

achieved, and which you each may do an immense deal to achieve, of renovated homes and of rescued thousands. Judge after judge, physician after physician, magistrate after magistrate, all the governors and chaplains of our jails, all who deal with the crime, disease, and pauperism of our country, have stated that if once we could unlearn amongst the working-classes those drinking habits which are short even of drunkenness, and which are so universal among them, you would bring about a state of things which would show an entire abolition of nine-tenths of our crime, nine-tenths of our pauperism, and nine-tenths of our disease. I have not yet said a word about total abstinence. I have never said to any one that his or her duty was to become a total abstainer. I prefer that they should decide that question absolutely for themselves by their own unbiased judgment; but what I do earnestly request of you, as one who has had the honor of belonging to your class and being the master of a public school, is to consult for yourselves a little of the literature on this subject. You are all educated. You are all intelligent men and women. You are capable of forming a conclusion upon the evidence put before you on which your consciences can rely. I would only ask you to buy the "Convocation Report on Temperance," published by the House of Convocation for the province of Canterbury, and I think if you will read that through, or any of the other numerous publications on this subject, you will find the evidence so irresistible, that you will in some way join the ranks of those who are laboring to improve the temperance of this

country. When you have read that evidence you can decide for yourselves whether you will become an abstainer or not. I will tell you plainly what made me one. When I first came to London, the very first experience I had showed me that this was the curse of the nation. The very first time I preached in my church the service was interrupted by a drunken man. The first time my wife went to visit Westminster Hospital she was as nearly as possible knocked down the steps by a drunken man. The first pastoral visit I paid was to the room occupied by a woman who, though too poor to pay for the schooling of her children, yet was able to spare enough for a consumption of drink that forced her to clutch the nearest article of furniture to save her from falling. With experiences such as these, what could one do but take any step that would in the slightest degree—were it only one individual or one family—rescue these people from this state of degradation! If there be a vast amount of easily preventable crime and suffering, is not that a very small sacrifice—a very cheap offering—to make to God for the purpose of preventing that which is so easily preventable? You will feel when you deal with the children that you will be in a much more forcible position when you are able to say, “Don’t grow up in the habit of taking these things. They are not necessary to you because they are not necessary to me.” If I say to a man, “You ought not to drink,” he might answer, “I feel dreadfully faint and overcome by the atmosphere about me, and the squalor of my home, and therefore I go to the public-house, and

take a little artificial happiness, which makes the pulse of life beat more rapidly, even if it costs me afterwards a more terrible reaction." If I take a glass of wine when I feel all the cares which the clergyman of a London parish must feel, and take my glass of wine at dinner in order to remove that dejection, I am doing precisely the same thing as the working-man does when he goes to the public-house. Certainly I do not speak of total abstinence as any virtue. I should be ashamed if I took so Pharisaic a line as to say I had done that which put me in the least on a ground superior to others, but what I do say is, I could not help doing other than I have done. I was driven to it simply because I found that that gave me a firmer standing when trying to persuade others to do the same by telling them, "If it is not necessary for me, it can not be necessary for you;" and I am sure that not only Dr. Richardson, but any other eminent physician will bear it out, that for whatever class of people alcohol may be deemed necessary, it is most absolutely unnecessary and fatal to those who have as you have, to work hard with your brains. If any of you would try for six months the experiment of total abstinence, I am quite sure you would feel an increase of mental, if not of physical, power, and I am also quite sure that although you will meet many people who will tell you you have done an unscriptural thing, and who will, in fact, try to persuade you you are performing a great virtue when you are drinking beer, I am quite certain you will have done that of which, when your last day comes, you will have no occasion whatever to feel ashamed.

EXPERIENCE

OF A

TOTAL ABSTAINER.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

REV. CANON FARRAR, in taking the chair to preside for Dr. B. W. Richardson, at one of his lectures, referring to his own experience as a total abstainer, said :

Practically, I have only been a pledged abstainer for little more than a year, because, during the whole of my life, having had the happiness to live amongst strictly moderate people, I never before had really brought home to me the extent, the frightfulness, and the ramifications of this curse of drink. It was only when I came face to face with it in London parochial work that I felt it to be imperative at once to take that very small step of personally abstaining as a protest against the worst evil of our land. So far from feeling any difficulty in this matter, I experienced none whatever. I can't take any credit, therefore, to myself for even the smallest particle of virtue in having become a total abstainer. Before that time I had always taken a very moderate amount of beer or wine during the day as an ordinary beverage, and even when an undergraduate at Oxford, I never once had a bottle of wine in my rooms, and so far from

suffering through giving up this small amount of drink, I have to state that, although the year was for me a peculiarly disadvantageous one for an experiment, I in all respects gained by the course I took. I found, for instance, that although I had come to London, not liking a town life, but naturally delighting in the country; although, above all things in life, what delighted me most was watching the ordinary course of nature, and seeing the dew fall and the flowers blow, yet having been called away from that to the fogs of London life, and although I am peculiarly sensitive to purity of air — in spite of all these drawbacks, so far from the results happening to me which the doleful chorus of my friends and companions predicted I should undergo, I have been better in every respect. Last week, for instance, having been called upon in a manner entirely alien to my habits, and the most opposite that I could desire, to address no less than seven large audiences of from two to three thousand people each, in five days together, with long night journeys from London to Glasgow, Glasgow to Aberdeen, and Aberdeen back to London, I was able to bear all that fatigue without any personal inconvenience, which I am certain I should not have been able to do in the days when I was not a total abstainer. I felt inclined to think at one time that Dr. Richardson's lectures would be like the famous Dr. Traill's definition of snakes in Iceland, consisting of the four memorable words, "There are no snakes." "There are no difficulties in learning to abstain." I feel now that in many ways that was a mistake, and Dr. Richardson's last

lecture, which I had the pleasure of reading, brought home that fact to my mind. There are decided difficulties. There are social difficulties, although they are so slight in this day that they are perhaps hardly worth counting. But there are physical difficulties arising from the intense hold of habit; there are moral difficulties arising from the weakness which is correlated to the tree of habit, and special and peculiar difficulties arising from the nature of alcohol itself. I think that Dr. Richardson's lectures will enable many to persevere in abstinence who have begun in it, and thought of giving it up. I have met a great number of the clergy particularly who have said to me that they became abstainers, tried it for about a month, and then found they were so poorly that they were obliged to give it up. What happens is this: A man has been accustomed all his life to a certain amount of beer or wine, and he feels a certain craving for it and longs to go back, but Dr. Richardson has decisively proved that as long as there is any alcohol in the system it creates a desire for more. Then the imagination of the incipient total abstainer fixes itself upon this craving. Every ailment or imaginary ailment is at once intensified in his thoughts, and he puts it down to total abstinence. Then all his friends renew their predictions, "We said you would be ill," and, to crown all, in comes the local doctor and says, "You must take wine or beer, or else you have no chance of regaining your previous health." An eminent clergyman whom I know stands for a type of all these difficulties. He said: "I became a total abstainer.

At the end of a month I had a carbuncle on the side of my nose, and on consulting my doctor he said, 'I see how it is; it is entirely owing to your having given up wine. You must go back to your ordinary habits.'" Now, that carbuncle stands as a type of all those difficulties with which Dr. Richardson has to deal. I am sure by the administration of a little plain advice, and by teaching people they must not suppose that every ailment of a total abstinence arises from total abstinence, and that alone, he will have done a very great service to that large number of excellent people who see that for them it would be a right and proper thing to abstain, but who, having tried it, and not finding it immediately agreeable, fancy it is also deleterious to them, and so henceforth always speak of total abstinence as a kind of amiable fanaticism, which may be very good for a few, but impossible for them. I think that the service performed by our lecturer will enable all those persons who desire to be total abstainers to go on in that course, and prevent them from being weary in well-doing, and he will enable them, by giving them advice which they can easily follow, to persevere in a very noble cause.

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