

TEMPERANCE.

A SOLEMN SERMON.

A Temperance sermon: "I'm lying there, With a cold, cold sun on the Mourning hand. What more could the voice of the preacher say? Those helpless hands of a murdered wife, Cut deep where they fought with frenzied knifes?"

Little flowers trail, that were wont to pass, By the hawker rows sweet, through the meadows green; They have toiled on the thorny road of life, To the crooked door with its faded stain, Out of trials keen, out of want and pain.

Puffed, puffed pipe! Ah, they used to know Merry Welsh songs in the long ago! They have learned, what now? the watchers with,

How the hungry mean, how the temerary, Till the mouth is set with its lines of care— Is there better provision than this elsewhere? Both the circles small of a gouty's brain, And the quiver of a lame man's bone? Can the quid live, with its growing spurs, Steal the light away from the homestead dark? As the salmon race, hunger pursued and while,

On a robin's death yester-treason night.—*Leader.*

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

The Industrial Side of the Liquor Question Briefly Considered.

The industrial side of the liquor business in its various ramifications is not generally understood. We referred the other day to the fact that a considerable agricultural population is interested in the popularity of beer as a drink. This is true, but it is also true that hundreds of thousands of dealers to the housewives of Ontario and adjoining countries whether there is a good demand for beer from the brewers. An Ohio paper points out that the sum of nearly \$10,000,000 is annually spent in the business of distilling and the production of malt wine almost as much more is spent in the manufacture of beer as in the production of beer, wine and cider. Then who number of persons in the country who get their living in one way or another out of the manufacture of beer, wine and cider would make an army of no mean proportions.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

If this is intended as a reason for continuing the liquor traffic there never was put upon paper anything so absurd. "The Industrial Side of the Liquor Question," indeed!

It is quite true, too true, in fact, that the manufacture and sale of liquor affords a living to a vast army of men. It is also true, and altogether too true, that those who live out of liquor do get a better living than any other class of men. It is true that the manufacturers of liquors do pay immense sums to farmers and manufacturers for what they use. But because all this is true does it follow that the manufacture and sale of liquor should be encouraged?

We employ vast armies of men. Should we therefore encourage war?

Burglary, thieving, gambling and prostitution employ a vast army of men. Are these vices to be therefore encouraged?

Is not every soldier a burden upon the industry of the country, a luxury for which all who are not soldiers have to pay? Is not every mouthful that a thief or gambler consumes in so much stolen from the labor of the country, or from the labor of the country must pay? The sale of liquor benefits the men who sell it, but it subtracts from, instead of adding to, the wealth of the country.

Every drop of liquor consumed lessens the consumption of everything else. The abolition of hop-fields would increase the consumption of flour and meat among those who drink beer more than any other. The consumer of the beer produces consumes but little else. He robs the butcher by not living in a decent house. He robs the butcher by not consuming meat in decent quantities for himself and family. He robs the newspaper publisher by never buying a paper. He robs the book-seller by never buying a book. He robs the clothier by spending his earnings in beer and going himself in rags, and causing his family to the same. He robs the grocer, the hardware store, and every decent employment the same way. The best shop-keepers everything he can earn, and the rest of the community get nothing from him.

And more than this, he robs the community of his labor, for after enough beer, he is incapable of labor. The robbery of the community goes further. It is compelled to support his family, the inmates whom God and nature gave into his hands and made him responsible for.

No community ever suffered by abolishing beer. Wherever beer has been abolished the demand for other articles of necessity immediately increased. The moment the sale of liquor is prohibited in a community, the trade in all other goods increases, for the reason that the man who was sunk his earnings in liquor had them to spend upon something else. The consumption of meat and bread, and afterward luxuries, increase in exact proportion as the sale of liquor diminishes. The workingman has not only his wages to spend for the comfort of himself and family, but he becomes immediately capable of earning more wages. The number of salesmen in useful branches of trade increases exactly as bar-tenders decrease.

No community ever got rich upon a vice. No community can thrive upon trades which destroy manhood and degrade womanhood. As well might be said that a gambling hell is a benefit to a town because the gambler makes a part of the population. Every cent he spends is gotten by him without labor, and taken from some one who did labor for it, and who otherwise would have spent it upon something of use to himself and the world.

The industrial side of the liquor question is the last one that should be held up for public approval. It has no industrial side. Its only work is the destruction of men and women. It is never planted anywhere that it does not turn like a prairie fire. Its presence in a community is indicated by roofless houses, patched windows, dirt and squalor. Its inevitable consequences are squalid women and degraded children. Its marks are as plain as small-pox and as iradicable as disease and pestilence.

It is the pernicious and poor-house filler and gallows-feeder. It stands in opposition to the church and school-house, and it is the opposite of everything good and the promoter of everything bad. It is evil at the seducer of women and the deceiver of men. It is the parent of thievery, murder, brutality, idleness, insanity, poverty and degradation of every kind and description. It kills industry, thrift and decency, and virtue can not exist in its neighborhood. It is the one giant curse of the world, the one degrading and demoralizing influence which has not a single excuse for its existence.—*Toledo Blade.*

Ten convicted criminals were, one day recently sentenced at Cleveland to the Ohio Penitentiary, the terms varying from one to four years. The Judge, in sentencing these, said the cause of the trouble in every case was whisky.

LIQUOR COMPOUNDING.

The Various Concoctions Which Liquor Consumers Take Into Their Stomachs.

The New York Times has just been studying a new book entitled "The Art of Blending and Compounding Liquors and Wines" by Joseph Fleischman, of that city, designed only for the use of sausoon-keepers. A writer in an exchange saw a few years ago about a dozen books of a similar character, "designed for the trade," published in London. Like those noticed by the Times, they gave directions for manufacturing brandy, whisky and wines out of materials other than those which are popularly supposed to enter into their composition. The following extracts are from the "Times" notice of the book of Mr. Fleischman, which indicates the vicious character of the tipple of our drinking people:

In preparing low grades of so-called "rye" and "bourbon" whiskies, barrel oil and rye oil are used. Bourbon oil is distilled from a compound of fossil oil, acetate of potash, sulphuric acid, sulphite of copper, oxalic acid of ammonia, and black oxide of manganese. Rye oil is distilled from a mixture of fossil oil, camphor, ether, chloroform, sulphuric acid and chloride of potash. Sulphate of copper is a deadly poison. Oxalic acid is a poison that sometimes kills in a few minutes. Fossil oil is said by some authorities to cause the dyspeptic and nervous disorders that follow the habitual use of alcoholic liquors. Those who would like to know what effect these ingredients have upon the human system will find an abundance of information in any dispensatory.

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"We are glad brother-in-law to the German language, having married a Kentucky Dutchwoman two years before she had aside her wooden shoes and sent for him to a dispensatory which he believed were providential. He was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York."

Let me explain. Seven or eight years ago we have been informed many times in public prints a New York States gentleman was pronounced a man of means but was prostrated by a fever of unknown origin.

Suppose I told you that he was cured by an untrained disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York."

Mapleton says he has received cabbages from both Patti and Nilsson, offering to sing for him for not much much than half the amount they demanded last summer. He declined, saying, peremptorily, that he had made up his mind to oppose the star system henceforth with all his might and means.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Jonathan Findlay, now a resident of Montreal, Can., was more than sixty years ago a pupil of Carlyle's, who, Mr. Findlay says, was a cruel tyrant, ruling a class of trembling boys with a rod of iron. He was rough and uncouth in his appearance, and no one suspected that within him were the elements of a great and successful writer.

Colonel William A. Sillaway, a soldier of two wars, considered the most learned printer of the day, resides in Springfield, Mass. He once set up the Bible entire in Greek, and the New Testament in German, French, Spanish and Hebrew. The old man is now without money and without friends. Recently he walked the streets two days and nights without food and without a place to sleep.—*Boston Evening Advertiser.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The Trials Experienced by a Hungry Bachelor in a Dull German Town.

—Mr. Browning, the poet, in search of health and inspiration, walks five hours a day.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mrs. Isabella Law, an old lady of Pittsburgh, says she cooked the dinner for Lafayette when he visited that city in 1825.

—Rev. John George, of Barnstaple Center, N. H., officiates as pastor, master and teacher of a school of sixty pupils. He is also a storekeeper.—*Boston Globe.*

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