

**Temperance Department.****Temperance Meeting at Zena.**

ZENA, OR., July 19, 1882.

Bro. Stanley:

We had a rousing Temperance meeting at the Spring Valley church. Bro. Elias Jessup and Rev. W. D. Nichols, of the M. E. Church, spoke to the largest gathering that we have ever had in Spring Valley. One may truly say that the Temperance cause is prospering, judging from the interest the people are taking in this matter. I selected Sunday because the farmers have no time now to lose during the week, and the Temperance cause is so near akin to the church, that we might devote a Sunday occasionally to that cause. If other localities will do likewise we will accomplish much good thereby. I think after having such meetings it will give our Representatives and Senators elect, more backbone to contend for the noble cause that we love so well. Let us have a few more of such meetings, and wake up the land of Polk from its slumbers, on this question of so vital importance.

Faithfully Yours,

S. S. GIMBLE,

State Deputy of I. O. G. T.

**True Stories About Snakes.**

The other morning I was riding along a road on one side of which was a beautiful hedge. It was quite early and the birds were having a concert. I wish you could have been there to have heard them, such glorious music you seldom chance to hear. I think they must have all been present on this particular occasion. There were the King Bird family, the Thrushes in their sober dresses of brown, the Mocking Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Oriole, the Cat Bird, Robins and I don't know how many more—but, it was snakes I promised to tell you about was it not? Well, as I rode along the hedge I heard a bird making a very pitiful noise; thinking perhaps it had become entangled and a prisoner, I drove up close to the hedge so as to see what was the matter and help the little bird if it needed it. When I got close enough to see, there coiled up in the hedge on one of the branches laid a great big snake. As I came near a little bird fluttered up and alighted on a branch just out of reach of the snake, it had its wings dropped down and was making a distressed kind of noise. As I

watched it, it would rise and flutter round and round, coming back every few minutes and alighting just out of reach of the snake. It seemed to be so fascinated that when I threw some sticks at it I could not drive it away. The snake was charming the bird and it was so intent on catching the little thing that it did not notice me, but laid there in a coil with its head raised about six inches, swinging it back and forth, with its tongue out and its eyes glittering in a very "snaky" way. I was afraid of the snake and would not try to kill it. As I sat watching it a man came along. I asked him to kill the snake, which he did without any trouble as it was paying more attention to the poor little bird than to us. Once before I had watched a snake charm a bird; it acted just as this one did, flying round and round, crying pitifully, coming nearer and nearer, until finally it darted into the snake's mouth and was swallowed.

There is another kind of snake which instead of charming birds, charms men and boys, and sometimes women.

It will come to a home where father and brothers are handsome, good and kind. It first charms them to stay away from their nice home and loving families, charms away their senses, next their good clothes and good homes, causing them to beat and abuse those they once loved better than their own lives, so on and on until they fall in the gutter, sending mothers to the asylum and children to the poor house or begging in the street. Do you know the name of this snake? Won't you help us to kill it so that it will never be able to treat any one so badly again?—KATE A. JUDY, in *Christian*.

**A Terrible Memory.**

We take the following from the *California Christian Advocate*:

Many a picture of moving pathos appears in the dark gallery of drunkenness. We have seen but few more touching ones than this, from the pen of Mrs. M. A. Kidder. She describes little Benny, the son of a drunken father, sitting in the room with his mother and little sister. By looking at his sad and thoughtful face one would have taken him to be ten years of age, yet he was but six. No wonder! For four years this almost baby had been used to seeing a drunken father go in and out of their little cot-

tage. He scarcely remembered anything from him but abuse and cruelty, especially toward his kind and loving mother. But now he was dead! The green sod had lain on his grave a week or more, but the terrible effects of his conduct were not buried with him. The poor children would start with a shudder at every uncertain step on the walk outside, and at every hesitating hand upon the latch. On the day mentioned above Benny's mother was getting dinner.

"Will my little son go to the woodshed and get mother a few sticks to finish boiling the tea kettle?"

"I don't like to go into the woodshed mamma," said Benny looking down.

"Why, my son?"

"Because there is a pair of father's old shoes on the beam out there and I don't like to see them."

"Why, Benny, do you mind the old shoes any more than you do father's coat and hat up stairs?"

"Because," said Benny, the tears filling his blue eyes, "they look as if they wanted to kick me."

Oh, the dreadful after influence of a drunken father to innocent children! What an awful memory to bear through life!

**Good and Bad Wine.**

A correspondent of the *S. S. Times* writes as follows:

"A question has arisen here, and is helping to keep some from signing the temperance pledge; 'tis this: Did Jesus make fermented or intoxicating wine at the marriage feast in Cana? Also, were there any wines in use at that day that were not intoxicating? Please give us your judgment and authority on the subject."

To all of which that excellent paper answers in the following judicious manner:

"To be frank with our correspondent, we have no positive information about that miracle, outside of the Bible text. The text says that wine was made of water, and that it was drawn off from the stone pots as soon as it was poured into them. Not much time for fermentation there. If any man wants to limit his abstinence pledges to the fair bounds of that miracle, he can safely pledge himself against all liquors—except wine that is made exclusively of water which has not been allowed to stand over night. Why wouldn't that be a good compromise for our Indiana friends?

Whether there were any wines in that day—not made exclusively of water—which were non-intoxicating, is a much-disputed point. For our part, we see no special importance in the controversy, whichever way it were settled. One thing is very sure; there were wines in that day which were intoxicating, and Jesus never commanded his disciples to drink them. He even commended John the Baptist—who was an out and out total abstinence man—as the greatest man of all time up to that day. There are wines at the present day which are intoxicating; and we do not know of a single commandment in the Bible, or of any fair inference from the Bible, which forbids our letting them wholly and absolutely alone. In the absence of any positive commandment to drink wine, we think that all such wines—all intoxicating drinks whatsoever—ought to be let alone. But if one of our Indiana friends feels bound by the example of the miracle at Cana, of Galilee, why then, let him follow it to the letter. Let him set six water-pots of stone, containing two or three firkins apiece; fill them with water up to the brim; then draw off and drink to the last drop. Having done this, he would certainly be inclined to swear off from farther drinking. And this would be a great deal more sensible than his refusal to sign a pledge before doing this."

**Practice Versus Preaching.**

"Mother, how much tobacco does it take to make a sermon?"

"What do you mean, my son?"

"Why, I mean how much tobacco does father chew, and how many cigars does he smoke, while he is making a sermon?"

"Well, the tobacco and cigars don't make the sermons, do they?"

"I don't know but they do—they help along, at any rate; for I heard father tell Mr. Morris, the minister who preached for him last Sunday, that 'he could never write well without a good cigar.' So I thought maybe the tobacco makes the sermons, or the best part of them."

"My son, I am shocked to hear you talk so."

"Well, mother, I was only telling what father said, and it made me think. He said that a prime cigar was a great solace (whatever that is); and he said, besides, it drove away the blues—put him into a happy frame of mind, and simulated or stimulated his brain,