

The Liquor Business.

We have before us statistics of great interest, showing the number of liquor saloons in the various States of the land. They show first, that States south of the Poto-

mac and the Ohio are much freer from the curse of drinking than those north of these rivers. In the South, the average is of one drinking-shop to every five hundred and fifty people, in the North, it is one saloon to every three hundred and thirty-two. That is, there are five drinking saloons in the North to every three in the South, in proportion to the population—not quite twice as many.

The worst State of all is Nevada, with one saloon to every sixty-five persons; then Colorado, with one to seventy-six, and then California, with one to ninety-nine. Maine, with its prohibitory liquor law, has one to every seven hundred and ninety-one people, while South Carolina, with only public sentiment to repress the use of liquors, has only one saloon to every nine hundred. Kentucky is bad enough with one to every four hundred and twelve persons, but it is better than any of the Northern States, except Kansas, Maine, Nebraska and Vermont.

The conclusion is strong that if Ohio, with a saloon to every two hundred and twenty-five people, or Iowa, with one to every three hundred and seventy-seven, is able to pass laws restraining the sale of liquor, any one of the southern States is able to do it, with ease. Is it not wise to restrain this curse before it gains a stronger hold upon us?

We append the statistics that the reader may verify the conclusions for himself.—*Old Path Guide.*

Tobacco.

I as firmly believe that tobacco is the sensual partner of whisky, as I do my existence. Though it does not produce the immediate effects of alcohol, does not produce the same boisterousness, the same temporary insanity, it feeds the same general stream of vice and ruin. I never knew but one drunkard did not use tobacco, though all tobacco-users do not use spirits—regularly. The tobacco creates an abnormal state of the system, creates an unnatural thirst—naturally demanding alcohol as its proper ally. I as fully condemn gross habits of living, the immode-

rate use of stimulants—including the excessive use of the more stimulants—including the excessive use of the more stimulating flesh (see the Scriptures, in which drunkenness is coupled with riotous eating of flesh excess and wantonness.) The contents of the castor—containing no nourishment whatever—all of the irritants, all unnatural food, so far as they tend to produce unnatural conditions, must sow the seeds of intemperance, quickened into activity and growth by any and all favoring influences. For this reason, the "temperate in all things" are the least liable to become drunkards.—*Dr. J. H. Hanford.*

Rescue the Children.

The late Cardinal Wiseman said, "Give me the children of England, and in twenty years England shall be Catholic." I say, "Give us the children of England, and in twenty years England shall not only be temperate, but"—and the words seem to open a vista of progress and prosperity such as we can hardly conceive—"England shall not only be temperate, but shall be a nation of total abstainers." Well, now, I ask you, is it really an injury, with heartless prejudice and callous obstinacy, to leave them exposed without defense to all the terrible temptations and enormous evils of drink? It seems to me that if we can succeed in saving them from that, we may laugh to scorn the ridiculous notion that we do them any harm by inducing them to give up that which they do not need, which they naturally do not like, and which can be nothing to them but a source of peril and of ruin.

Almost every book one takes up contains some damning evidence as the awful consequences of drink, and only yesterday I was reading a book by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in which she describes her visit to the East London Hospital for Children, and she tells how the nurse said that numbers of children from the district, full of drink and ignorance, are brought there with cancer, hip disease, and disease of the bones, with rickets and all kinds of constitutional corruption, so weakly from the constitution which they have inherited from vicious parents, that, although they could only be saved by surgery, they are too weak to undergo an operation, and her remark upon it is this: "For such

children and in such places, death itself seems to be a better thing than life." Even more than that, we find poor little hapless children, whom God made to live and to be happy, dying in this Christian England, in this very year, by something which bears a sort of grotesque and horrible resemblance to unconscious suicide. At the very beginning of this year, amidst the very sound of the blessed Christmas bells, amidst the rejoicings with which the new year was introduced by Christian people, one little child of three, in Glasgow, gets up in the night, takes the whisky which its mother has been drinking, drinks, and is found lying dead in its bed in the morning; and that England may not be behind Scotland, another little child of four, at Huddersfield, sees that its mother has bought some spirits to welcome friends, gets up in the same way, drinks the spirits, and is found dead in the morning. Now, let us ask whether there can be anything worse than all this neglect and accident and cruelty and disease and death? Yes; there is something worse than all this—there is sin. Disease and accident and cruelty and death may maim and torture body, murder and suicide may end the life, but sin blasts and corrupts the soul, and many and many a drunkard's child in England is being trained up deliberately in the habits of sin.

I believe that there are people wicked enough and imbecile enough to say that the mention of these very painful facts is what they call "sensationalism." Now, what have I been doing? I have merely been mentioning one or two facts out of hundreds and hundreds of similar facts, not drawn from disputable sources, but simply from the cold, daily, impartial records of justice, and only bearing upon one single fraction of all the terrible evidence which ought to exert all the powers of every Christian man in doing what little he can to resist the tyranny of drink. There are people who talk of "sensationalism" when we speak of facts like these.—*Cannon Farrar.*

Which Does It Do?

If whisky has ever organized an institution whose aim was the upholding of Christ's kingdom, or has ever reformed a drunkard, or saved a lost or ruined soul, we have failed to see it. Does it add converts to the church, or converts to the peni-

tentiary? Does it add philosophers and statesmen to our nation; or does it add subjects to our asylum, and paupers to the workhouse? Does it educate the mind, or does it dethrone reason? Does it create love, peace and happiness, or strife, quarreling and misery?—*Meteor.*

"Yes," said the Rev. John Pierpont, "you have a license, and that is your plea; I adjure you to keep it; lock it among your choicest jewels; guard it as the apple of your eye; and when you die and are laid out in your coffin, be sure that the precious document is placed between your clammy fingers, so that when you are called upon to confront your victims before God, you may be ready to file your plea of justification, and to boldly lay down your license on the bar of the Judge. Yes, my friend, keep it; you will then want your license signed by the county commissioners and indorsed by the selectmen."

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