

Temperance Department.

Talmage on Prohibition.

Good citizens of the United States, I do not know how you feel about it, but I am tired of paying taxes to fit up the work of these infernal dram-shops that are making criminals and paupers by the tens of thousands. Out with them! Out with them from the city! Out with them from the State! But you say such a law of extermination could not be executed if it were passed. Try it! It has been executed in different parts of Maine, in Massachusetts, in Rhode Island, in Maryland, in Colorado, in Iowa and in Kansas. Give us such a law of entire prohibition in these eastern States, and if the authorities do not execute it we will do as the Fortyniners did in California when they formed a Vigilance Committee, who made quick work with the offenders. Give us such a law in Brooklyn, and if the authorities do not execute it I will some Sunday, standing in this pulpit, gather a battalion of strong men, and we will go out, and in the name of the Lord Almighty shut up every grog-shop in Brooklyn. But it will never be thoroughly accomplished until the nation awakens from its indifference to its magnificent opportunity. But of whom would such a party be made up? First of all, of hundreds and thousands of drunkards, who, helpless in the presence of temptations would like those places of allurements forever removed from their eyes. These men of appetite from drink can not run the gauntlet of so many inebriate restaurants, so many wine-cellars, so many bar-rooms. These unfortunate can not, from morning to night, get out of the sight of these places. They are in every street in every city, before them, behind them, on either side of them, an all-encircling fire of demoniac bombardment. For God's sake give these overwhelmed men a chance to escape.

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Belonging to this party of National Prohibition will be the physicians of the United States. I hold the names of 123 prominent physicians of New York and Brooklyn, asking for State and National legislation which shall confine the traffic of alcohol to purposes of science and art and mechanism. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand doctors in the cities of America would sign such a document. They know as no other

class of men the ravages of this evil. They have not only been called to bind up the wounds of the sot tumbled into the station-house and hospitals, but in the best and brightest and wealthiest homes of your cities have stood and helped hold down under costly canopy and amid masterpiece pictures and on the embroidered pillow the victims of delirium tremens while the jungles of Africa pour into the diseased imagination all the reptiles and perdition all its devils! * * * *

Belonging to such a party would be the women of America. Do you say they can't vote? They all vote. Are you not willing to acknowledge that the mothers and wives of America are the mightiest influences extant? The women carried Iowa and Kansas for State Prohibition. The women will yet carry the United States for National Prohibition and for God. Every man who wants a wife who is not a fool is mightily influenced by her sentiment. If a man wants business advice he will go to business men to get it; but if a man wants advice on moral questions he asks his wife, unless he is resolved on immorality, and then he asks advice from no one. Now, the women of the land have intense appreciation of what this red dragon is. It has put one of its fore feet on the nursery, and another fore foot on the wardrobe; one of its hind feet on the bread-tray, and the other hind foot has been saturated with the tears and blood of a destroyed home. Women know what rum is by its fiery wake. Charles Dickens laughed about the punch-bowl, and poets have wreathed garlands about the wine-cup, and impersonators have made audiences roar at the staggering step of the drunkard, but women seldom see any fun in such dramatization. They see beyond the foot-lights the shoeless feet of children, and their daughters by destitution turned over to infamy, and the gash across the wife's temples by the broken glass of a decanter, and a disheveled and wild man standing mid-floor uttering a halloo at which the children shriek and the wife falls on her knees praying to God, who for ten years has not seemed to care anything for her; one fist of the maniac dashing through the mirror at which his bride had once arranged her tresses, the other hand casting the Bible containing the marriage record into the fire.—*Ex.*

Where children are, there is the golden age.

Beer in the Hospital.

Alcohol is a slow poison. Men drink it largely diluted in beer, and manage to keep up a good outside

show, while within they are getting into a sad condition. They do not know it themselves, for they poison their nerves continually so that they get no true reports from within. But let some accident happen which sends them to the hospital, and then hear what the doctors say about them.

Dr. Edwards says: "The diseases of beer drinkers are always of a dangerous character, and in case of an accident they can never undergo the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They almost invariably die under it."

Dr. Grinrod, a prominent London physician, says: "A copious beer drinker is all one vital part. He wears his heart on his sleeve, bare to a death wound even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat."

Dr. Gordon says: "The beer drinkers when attacked, with acute disease are not able to bear depletion, and they die."

Dr. Dixon says: "Intoxicating drinks, whether taken in the form of fermented or distilled liquors, are a very frequent predisposing cause of disease."

One of our own workers, on a recent visit to Bellevue hospital, says: "As we entered the ward, the first sight opposite the door was a surgeon dressing a gangrenous arm. His words to the patient, as we caught them, were, 'No, I shall not let you go out; you would get a glass of beer and that would kill you.'" The writer continues: "A boy in another bed, motherless, friendless, a stranger in a strange land, speaking no word of ours, had received a slight wound which pure blood would have thrown off; but he was a beer victim and his hurt, with his poisoned blood, produced erysipelas."

Another had scratched his finger and his hand was in danger of amputation. And so we went through the list, receiving testimony unexpected to us, almost unasked by us, and almost unconsciously given, that systems clogged with effete matter which beer had prevented passing off, were incapable of resisting injury and disease."

Some, if not all of these, no doubt, had thought the beer was doing them good. Many boast of the good it does them or of their being strong in spite of the beer. "I have drank a gallon of beer

every day for the last thirty years," said a brewer's drayman, "and I never was in better health than at this moment." Yet the very next day he died in a fit of apoplexy. The beer told him that lie and he believed it.

Men who are really well and strong do not die off in that way suddenly. When these beer drinkers get into the hospital and the doctor shows them the true state of things, then they begin to see, though often too late, what beer has really done to them.—*Temperance Journal.*

A Terrible Fall.

Says John B. Gough: A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the door-step, clapped his hands and exclaiming: "Papa has come home!" He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell in the hall. That minister said to me: "I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hall. There was the child, dead! There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man of about thirty years of age, asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the brink of the grave!" "Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed drink. He told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way, I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek. 'Ah, my child.'" That minister said further to me: "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lay side by side with his wife, in one grave, and I attended his funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do? It will debase, degrade, im-