"THE NATION'S CURSE."

By Archdeacon Farrar.

The Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., preached in Westminster Abbey last month in connection with the 21st anniversary of the Church of England Temperance Society. He took for his text—"Behold I set before you a blessing and a curse."—Deuteronomy xi. 26.

The preacher said: "It is with deliberate purpose that I mean the sermon this evening to be almost exclusively a plain statement of plain facts. I wish it to be an appeal, not to the imagination, not to the emotions, but to reason, to the sense of duty, to the conscience of Christians in a Christian land. If I say one word that is not true, I am guilty; if I consciously exaggerate a single argument, I am morally responsible; if I do so from ignorance, or mistaken evidence, I hail any possible refutation of what I urge as a service to the sacred cause of truth. But if the facts be facts, indisputable, and for the most part even undisputed, and then if they do not speak to you for themselves, I know nothing else that can or will. If they do not carry with them their own fire; if they do not plead with you, clear as a voice from Sinai, in their barest and briefest reality, and spur you to seek redress—

If not the face of men,
The suffrage of our soul's, and time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man home to his idle bed.

Those who plead for temperance reform are daily charged with exaggeration. Exaggeration is never right, never wise, even when moral indignation renders it excusable; but before you repeat that hackneyed and irrelevant charge, remember that there never was prophet or reformer yet, since time began, against whom the same charge has not been made. We have no need to exaggerate; our cause is overwhelmingly strong in its moral appeal to unvarnished realities, and we have nothing to do but to set forth things as they are, till not only the serious and the earnest, but even the comfortable, even the callous, yes, even the careless and the selfish, unless they are content to forego altogether the name of patriot and the name of Christ, shall be compelled to note them for very shame."

The Archdeacon then quoted statistics, proving the criminal waste of the nation's resources involved in the drink traffic. He eloquently dealt with the physical and moral degradation which was the direct result of the traffic, and continued:

"Nor is this all. The curse does not stay with him who caused it. It spreads in concentric circles of ruin. The drunkard almost invariably drags down his wife and family into the lurid whirlpool of his own retribution. Go to some public house on Saturday night, between 10 and 12, when the miserable workingman is pouring into the till of the publican and the purse of the gin distiller the money which should clothe and feed his wife and little ones; see when the gin palaces in our most pauperized districts are cleared at night a scene which for vileness cannot be paralleled in any region of the world. Then follow the drunken man or drunken woman into the lair which they call their home. Home? it is a Dantean hell of brutality and squalor, of which the very air reeks with abomination! 'In former times the wife was usually the victim of her husband's brutishness; now she becomes in innumerable cases the partner in his sin. In either case, be she victim or associate, no creature on earth so demands our pity.' While threats and blows resound in that curse-laden air the children—the ragged, miserable, half-starved, degraded children—the children who will grow up hereafter to recruit the ranks of the felon and the harlot, huddle together in mute terror. 'They do not cry; such children seldom do shed tears. Nature could never furnish a fountain to meet such demands.' Often they make their escape into cellar or chimney, or hide themselves under the rotting heap of rags or straw, and do not venture to creep out, half suffocated, till the drink-maddened fiend whom they call 'father,' is away, or till he has slept off for a time the vitriol madness. And in most of our large towns there are whole streets and alleys and districts of such drundards' homes—infamous streets which hide hundreds of blighted families, the disgrace of our civilization, and the disgrace of our Christianity; the only things which flourish there are public-houses, which, confronting the minimum of virtue with the maximum of temptation, drain from the wretched neighborhood its last life, and, like the fungus on the decaying tree, feed on the ruin which is their boon. We have heard much in these few days of 'Horrible London,' and of the bitter cry of its abject. What makes these slums so horrible?" I answer, with the certainty and the confidence of one who knows, Drink! And what is the remedy? I tell you that every remedy you attempt will be a miserable failure; I tell the nation, with the conviction founded on experience, that there will be no remedy till you save these outcasts from the temptations of drink. Leave the drink, and you might build palaces for them in vain. Leave the drink, and before a year was over your palaces would still reek with dirt and squalor, with infamy and crime. Of the trade in general which ministers to this temptation I will say nothing; but at least in such vile streets as these whence, day and night, this bitter cry of abject cities rings in the ears of the Lord God of Sabbaoth, I should have thought that any man who believes in God, that any man who calls himself a Christian, would have been not ashamed only but afraid to swell those geysers of curse and ruin. In such districts, at any rate, I know not how they can be blind to the evils which spring from what they sell, or how they can fail to hear the stern words ringing in their ears:

Fye, sirrah
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live!

They who will not see this must be left to their own conscience, in that hour when she speaks and we can be dead no longer to her voice; but I ask every man concerned in such evils, which is best? which will they think best when, a few years hence, they face the hour of death and the day of judgment, to forego such tainted gains, or to go on contributing—inevitably contributing—to the wholesale manufacture of infancy that knows no innocence; of youth, without modesty or shame; of maturity that is mature in nothing but guilt and suffering; of blasted old age which is a scandal on the name we bear?"

After quoting the opinions of various judges, and referring to the terrible record of murders and misdemeanors appearing in the newspapers, and known to be the direct result of the traffic, the Archdeacon, in conclusion, said:

"Englishmen and Christians, if such facts do not cheer you up, I ask, could they do so even were they in the thunder's mouth? It is not in the thunder, it is by the still small voice of history and of experience that God speaks to the reason and to the conscience. It is not by the lightning-flash that He would have us read His will, but by the quiet light that shows all things in the slow history of their ripening. When He speaks in the thunder and the lightning, by the tornado and the earthquake, He speaks in retribution then. And what is retribution but the eternal law of consequences? If you cannot see God's warnings against drink, if you cannot read in the existing condition of things His displeasure and our shame, if you cannot see it in the marriage-tie broken and dishonored, in sons and daughters ruined, in the peace of families laid waste, in the work of the Church hindered, in whole districts blighted, in thousands and tens of thousands of souls destroyed, if you cannot see it in the records of crime, and murder, and outrage, and madness, and suicide; in the fathers who in their very mouths, through drink, have slain their sons; and the sons who, through drink, have slain their fathers; and the mothers who, for drink, have sacrificed the lives of their little ones upon the breast—men of England, if these things do not wring your heart and fire your zeal, what do you expect? Can the letters glare more plainly on the palace wall of your power? Are you waiting till there falls on England the same fate which, for their sins, has fallen in turn on Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, and Carthage, and Jerusalem, and Tyre? They perished; sooner or later all guilty nations perish by sudden catastrophe, or by slow decay.

The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger;

but when it does smite, it is apt to smite once and smite no more. Will you be so complacent over your epigrams, and your vested interests and your Biblical criticism when vengeance leaps at last upon the stage and strikes sore strokes, and pity shall no longer avert the blow? You are Christians; yes, but see that you have not been admitted into a holier sanctuary only to commit a deeper sacrilege! Why, had you been Pagans, these very same arguments ought to be irresistible to you! To millions of Pagans they have been so. The sobriety of China was due to Confucius. The sobriety of India and of Burmah are due to Buddha. I am horrified to read that in contact with us in the last threee years the sale of drink in India has increased 36 per cent, in Burmah 74 per cent. The sobriety of vast regions of Asia and Africa was due to Mahomet. In the day of judgment, shall not Confucians, shall not Buddhists, shall not Mohammedans, rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for they abstained from strong drink at the bidding of Confucius, Budda and Mahomet, and behold a Greater than these is here? Ah, if the voice of all these tempted, suffering, perishing, miserable souls be nothing to you—if the voice of your country be nothing to you—yet, if you be Christians, listen to the voice of Christ, pleading with you in the pathetic accents of myriads of the little ones that it is not His will, that it is utterly against His will that His cross and passion be thus rendered of none effect for multitudes, for the very least of whom Christ died. 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those who are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we know it not (when, now, at any rate, you have no excuse for not knowing it), doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not he render to every man according to his work?'"

The Tell-Tale Telephone.

"Charlie, you were kept late at the office last night, weren't you?" "Yes, darling." "Just as you were on Thursday and Friday evenings?" "Yes, dear." "You were in the office all the time?" "Yes, dear." "You were in the office all the time?" "And very busy." "Charlie, is your telephone in order?" "Yes, love." "Well, it is queer, don't you think? I went to the telephone in the drug store next door these last three evenings and tried to ring you up every half hour. The druggist said you couldn't have been in your office."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Whistler and Wilde.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, who has the reputation of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches. Having heard the artist say an unusally good thing, Oscar exclaimed, deploringly, "I wish I could have said that." "Oh," replied Whistler, derisively, "but you know you will say it."

The Benefits of Travel.

A Nashville astronomer has discovered a comet with three tails. We remember Nashville as a place where even the newspaper fellows each had a demijohn of whiskey by the side of his desk.—*Lowell Citizen.*

His Pocketbook Feels That Way.

Many an ardent lover who said proudly at the alter, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," thinks he has done it when he has paid his young bride's first millinery bill.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

A man will bear the gout, and yet he won't allow a fly to tickle his nose.

The need of money causes some people to throw propriety and gentility to the winds.

—Mistress—"Good gracious! Why, Babette, what have you been doing with this chair?" Servant maid—"You see, ma'am, the cat kept going on it and tearing the plush; so I spread some mustard on the seat, and now she lets it a-be."

Miss Bertha Weymouth, Saco, Me. filled a big jug with water, corked it, an put it on the stove to heat before taking i to bed. When it was hot enough she started up stairs, and then, with a big bang, the cork flew out, and the hot water spurted into her face, scalding her badly. She now knows more about the power of steam than she did.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

The other night when Mr. Bowser came home to supper I was lying down with a dreadful headache. I have headaches occasionally. I wouldn't have them if I could help it, but I can't. Once in a while I have a chill, but it's nothing I'm to blame for.

"Sick, eh?" growled Mr. Bowser as he entered the bed-room.

"Got a headache."

"That's always the way of it! I wish I could remember one single well day which has passed over your head since we were married!"

"I'm always well."

"Oh, you are! Well, I must be bl d not to have discovered the fact! I wan d you to go to the theatre to-night."

"I—I guess I can go."

"Well, I guess you can't! Mrs. Bowser, it does seem queer that whenever I have any special entertainment mapped out you invariably bust it with a headache, palpitation of the heart, torpid liver or some other ailment. It must be the grossest carelessness on your part. Have you had a doctor to-day?"

"Why, no!"

"Well, we'll have one! I'm going to know what ails you, if I have to call half the doctors in town! I want to know whether I've married a woman or a bundle of drugs."

"You may be ill some day, Mr. Bowser."

"Bosh! I've got the strength of mind to throw off even a case of smallpox. The Bowser family never made fools of themselves by being upset at every change of the weather."

The doctor came up and prescribed a dover's powder, and he thought I needed a tonic of some sort. Bowser was grouty all the evening, and when he went to bed he sniffed and snuffed and muttered:

"Oh, excuse me! I thought for a moment that I was in Harper's Hospital!"

Two mornings after that Bowser woke me up an hour earlier than usual. His face was very pale, his teeth chattered, and I saw at once that he had a chill. He had been looking yellow around the eyes for three or four days, and it was evident that his liver was out of order.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I believe I'm going to have a c-chill!"

"Oh, pshaw! Just exercise your will-power and throw it off."

"Mrs. Bowser, I want you to telephone for a doctor—two—three doctors, without delay! I'm an awful sick man, without one chance in twenty of getting well!"

"Pooh! Mr. Bowser, I had all arrangements made to go over to the toboggan slide to-day, and to have a progressive euchre party here to-night. It seems funny that you should fall sick and spoil all my pleasure!"

"All right—go ahead and abuse me all you want to. When I am under the sod you'll think of these things."

The family doctor came up after breakfast and prescribed quinine and some other simple remedy, and advised Bowser to lie in bed through the day. The following was the programme of the forenoon:

1. I soak Mr. Bowser's feet.
2. I prepare him three different kinds of gruels.
3. I send the baby over to mother's, because its cooing disturbs him.
4. I stop all the clamor in the house at his request.
5. I drive all the boys out of the neighborhood to soothe Mr. Bowser's nerves.
6. I shut the dog in the barn and drive the cat to the attic.
7. I make a list of his debtors and creditors, and look up the insurance papers.

At noon Mr. Bowser resolved to get out of bed, and the amount of dinner he ate was positively astonishing. After dinner he put on his slippers and dressing gown and asked:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose a cigar would hurt me?'

"Pooh!"

"There you go! You don't seem to understand that I have been dangerously ill, and that a relapse would cause my death! Mrs. Bowser, I believe you secretly wished during the forenoon that I might die!"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, your conduct is very suspicious, to say the least. In case of my death I believe you'd marry again!"

"I might."

"You would, eh? That's the kind of a person you are, is it?"

"But, Mr. Bowser, you've been sick so much, you know, and you've turned the house into a hospital so often——"

"Who's sick?"

"You are. I'd just like to remember the time when you had a well day. Mr. Bowser, it's an awful thing to chain a woman to an invalid husband."

Then Bowser began to cry, and I had to tuck him up in bed and put a hot flatiron to his feet, and tie a rag around his head and make him some sage tea. He was all right next morning, and when I asked him if it was safe for me to invite company for Friday night he roared out:

"Safe! Why not?"

"You may be ill, you know!"

"And I may not, you know! Mrs. Bowser, I want you to understand that the Bowser family—the line I am descended from—never give up until the very last."

"But they recover wonderfully quick."

"They do, eh? And that's because of their strong will power. Mrs. Bowser, I'm satisfied that I was snatched from the grave yesterday, and that by no help of yours. If I do not return home for the next three days you have only yourself to blame."

But he was back at noon, and he hasn't had another word to say about my headaches.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Bagley—"Susan, did you notice that item about the man who killed himself because his wife never gave him a present?" Mrs. B.—"Yes, I noticed it. Well?" "Oh, nothing," "Oh, I see! Well, just pass over $10, and you shall have the best box of cigars that $2 can buy."

—They had been sitting for a long time in silence. Suddenly she woke up from a reverie and said: "It is an age of progress after all, George." "Yaas," he replied, after drawing the head of his cane out of his mouth; "but what led you to make the remark?" "Well, not much," she gurgled; "but I saw in this evening's paper that you can buy wedding-rings on instalments."

CURRENT TOPICS.

According to all accounts Port Hamilton, the most recent acquisition of the British in the China Seas, must be a somewhat breezy sort of a place. The huts of the marines stationed there have to be secured by heavy chain cables passed right over the roof and fastened to the ground in order to prevent their being blown away.

The new Lord Mayor of London has the reputation of being one of the most cheery and genial magistrates in the metropolis. The other day, after he had given judgment in the criminal libel case which had been brought against the editor of *Punch* by a well-known member of Parliament, he entertained all the parties concerned in the case, counsel, prosecutor and defendant, at a friendly luncheon at the Mansion House

It is currently believed that a Dakota blizzard has no redeeming qualities. This is a mistake. "It is an ill wind which blows good to nobody." A young man of Emmons County, Dak., recently called on a young woman, and a blizzard compelled him to stay three days. The girl's father sent for a minister and a wedding was the outcome. Dakota blizzards will hereafter have warm friends among the old maids of that unique Territory.

Boston *Herald:* The operatives in the woollen and cotton mills of this country, who are paid by piece work as most of them are, are paid less per cut or per yard, per pound, or whatever the terms of the payment may be, than the operatives who are employed in English mills. Instead of bringing in to them higher wages, the tariff secures to them, if anything, lower wages than they are paid in England. That they receive more at the end of a week is due to the performance by them of a larger quantity of work.

The almanac for 1887 gives a few items of general interest: New Year's Day comes on Saturday, St. Valentine's Day on Monday, April Fool Day on Friday, First of July on Friday, Christmas on Sunday. Easter Sunday will be on the 10th of April; Lent begins March 2nd. There will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. One, February 8th, visible as a partial eclipse in Canada. The others that occur, as follows, are not visible in Canada: The annular eclipse of the sun, February 23rd; August 19th, of the sun.

An ingenious doctor, named Garre, living in Basle, Switzerland, has acquired much notoriety by collecting old boots and shoes to study human character from the way in which they have been worn. Carlyle showed the philosophy that could be extracted from old clothes, but Dr. Garre confines himself to old boots. He calls his discovery "Scarpology," a word hitherto unknown to lexicographers. He furnishes an alphabet illustrating the characters of the wearers of the boots or shoes. Boots whereof the outside edges and toe-caps are worn away prove the wearer capable of murder. Girls who wear a "four" shoe on a "six" foot should be avoided by matrimonially inclined young men as a plague.

Horatio Ross, the famous old Scottish sportsman who died the other day, was Nelson's god-son, his father, Hercules Ross, having been an old West Indian friend and frequent correspondent of Nelson. On the 9th of June, 1801, Nelson, then in Kioge Bay, wrote to Mr. Hercules Ross: "You do me a great deal of honor in wishing me to stand god-father for your next child. I accept the duty with much pleasure, and hope that the future Horatio or *a* will be an addition of happiness to you and Mrs. Ross;" and on the 12th of September, 1801, he wrote from the Amazon, in the Downs: "I congratulate you most sincerely on the birth of a son and heir; and from my heart I wish all the wealth and happiness you possess, and all the honors which have fallen to my lot, may be the young Horatio's."

Lord Salisbury appears to be having a good deal of trouble with his colonial Governors. Only a few weeks ago the Legislature and principal inhabitants of Natal addressed a petition to the Queen demanding the recall of Sir Henry Havelock, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the dependency, on the ground that he is an altogether unfit person to hold so important an office. It is now announced that the British Government has been obliged to suspend from his function Sir John Pope Hennessy, Governor of the important colony of the Mauritius, who by his quarrels with his Lieutenant-Governor, the notorious ex-Irish magistrate, Clifford Lloyd, almost caused a revolution in that lovely island. The reasons which have induced Lord Salisbury to take so unusual a step as to suspend a Governor previous to his recall must be of exceptional gravity.

A snow storm in Paris is anything but as pleasant as one of our home zephyrs, so far as horseflesh is concerned. A despatch to the London *Daily News* says. "Saturday evening, at about 5 o'clock, the snow began falling, and in a short time the streets and housetops were covered over with the flakes. In one moment the thoroughfares became so slippery that traffic was stopped, such horses as were abroad only being able to advance with cautious steps, and for the first time this year people were able to cross the Place de l'Opera without serious risk of being run over. The city street sweepers spent the night strewing sand and chiefly salt over the main streets, and fourteen cartloads were thrown over the avenues leading up to the Arch of Triumph." The trouble is that the asphalt in Paris is very slippery, composed as it is of a burned stone that has no catch for a horse's foot, and must be reinforced with sand whenever snow or rain assails the city.

The Danes have a society quite peculiar to themselves. It is known as "The Maiden Assurance Society." It aims to provide for a class—single women of well-to-do families. It shelters and cares for them, and furnishes them with "pin-money." Its methods are thus described: As soon as the girl-child is born to him the father enrolls her name in a certain association, and pays a certain sum, and thereafter a fixed sum, to the society. When she has reached the age of, we believe, 21, and is not married, she becomes entitled to a fixed income and a suite of apartments in a large building of the association, with gardens and park about it, inhabited by other young or older ladies who have thus become members. If her father dies in her youth, and she desires it, she has shelter in this building, and at a fixed time her own income. When she dies or marries all this right to income lapses, and the money paid in swells the endowment of the association.

What Britain Does for Egypt.

An important and interesting White Book has just been issued containing the German Foreign Office correspondence respecting the affairs of Egypt for the year 1886, up to June last. The information is valuable, especially now when people are beginning to be anxious to know a little about what has been going on in Egypt for the past six months. By far the most vital point to be considered is what good the natives of Egypt have derived and do derive from British occupation. The answer is given by a memorandum of conversation with two native gentlemen, one a Moslem of good standing, whose opinions are much respected by those who know him; the other, a country squire who owns an estate not far from Cairo. The evidence of these persons comes to this: Since the days of the Caliph Omar Egypt has never seen such security as that enjoyed by the masses. They are no longer exposed to arbitrary taxation, mulct and intimidation by those in authority. A peasant does not now live in constant dread of arrest and exile simply because he is well-to-do and has excited the envy or cupidity of some court favorite. Personal security for the ordinary Egyptian is now at least a historical fact, and not a matter of opinion. The people hardly believe their senses in this respect, and only fear that the present state of affairs is too good to last. There is less robbery and brigandage now than there was twelve years ago. A cadi, or native judge, is quoted as giving an opinion that Egyptian peasants nowadays suffer less ill-treatment and enjoy more freedom and security of person than has ever before been known. The more intelligent of the population have begun to appreciate those advantages, and the expression of their opinions at the present moment may no doubt be attributed to a dread of an eventual relapse into the old system of administration.

In Great Haste.

Old Gentleman (to messenger boy, who is running at the top of his speed)—Great heavens, lad, what is the trouble?

Messenger Boy (breathlessly)—Don't stop me, sir, don't stop me. I'm going to me dinner.

How the Dear Creatures Talk.

"Oh, Clara, that cloak you are wearing is a perfect fright! You ought to get a new one. Have you seen my new muff?"

"Yes, Kate, I saw you at church with him Sunday night."—*Boston Independent.*

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over $50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

The toboggan slide in Fond du Lac, Wis. descends between an undertaker's shop and a marble cutter's yard.

An Extended Experience,

Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

The Tichborne claimant is exhibiting in western dime museums, and the pot-metal advertisements in the newspapers present various scenes in his real or imaginary career. One cut shows him tending sheep in Australia and represents him sitting on a rock with a long crook in his hand, a veritable cross between the Prodigal Son and little Bopeep.

A St. Louis syndicate has just acquired a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of land in Mexico, on the Rio Grande, 160 miles long and six miles wide. It will be used for a cattle pasture.

One of the finest and biggest nuggets of gold ever found in California is on exhibition in San Francisco. It is as large as an ordinary Derby hat, and weighs thirty-five pounds troy. It is worth $20 a pound, and is almost pure gold.

—"Papa, we girls have organized a cooking society," said a travelling man's daughter. "Have you? What do you call it?" "That's what I want to ask you. Can you suggest a good name for it?" "Call it the Browning club," said her papa, looking over his glasses. Then she went over in the corner and figured it out.

Dom Pedro, the elephant who died of rheumatism in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens the other day, was a mean beast, and as cunning as mean. During his latter days it was very difficult to give him medicine. So the ruse was adopted of filling a scooped-out apple with the remedies and feeding it with a dozen or more sound ones. The dodge worked for a while, but Dom soon found it out, and after that each apple was carefully examined, and the deceptive one always thrown ou

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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