

Work of the



APPLETON
TEMPORARY
HOME.

THIS book is published for the express purpose of raising funds sufficient to cancel the amount due on the HOME, and make it a PERMANENT INSTITUTION FOR THE CARE AND CURE OF INEBRIATES. Hon. Thos. Talbot, (Ex-Governor of Mass.,) President, Richard C. Nichols, Vice-President, Lyman P. French, Esq., Treasurer, D. Banks McKenzie, Superintendent.

READ THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, January 18, 1876.

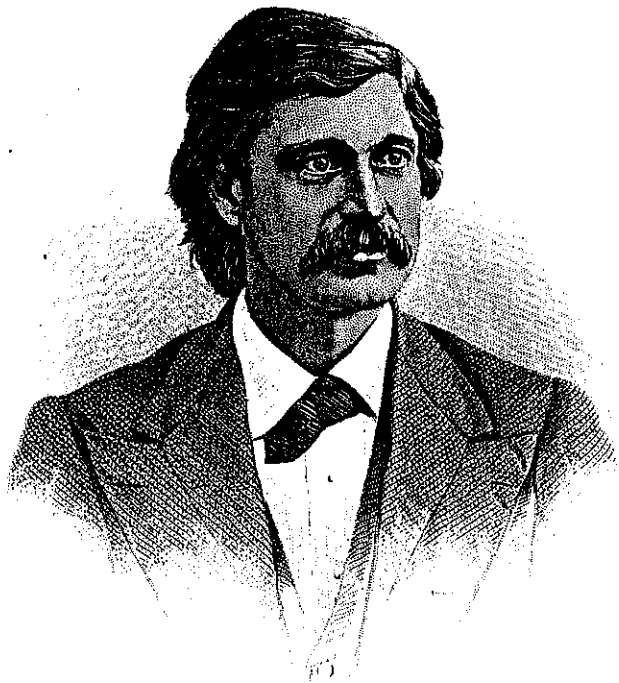
D. Banks McKenzie, Esq., is Superintendent of the Appleton Temporary Home for the treatment and cure of Alcoholic diseases and to befriend the fallen. He is a gentleman ardently devoted to his work, and enjoys the confidence of those who have the best opportunities of judging of its success and of his aptitude for it. I cordially unite in the general testimony to the excellence of the institution and its management.

(Signed) ALEXANDER H. RICE,
(Gov. of Mass.)

I believe you are doing a great and good work, and I hope you will be sustained. It is very fortunate that there are some who are willing to devote their lives to the amelioration of the human race, by rescuing so many from the degradation into which they have fallen by intemperance. Go on in your good work, and may you have the blessings of God and the sympathy and aid of all good men.

Truly yours,
(Signed) THOS. TALBOT,
(Ex-Gov. of Mass.)

Agents are not authorized or allowed to receive donations; anything of that kind should be left at the Superintendent's Office, No. 11 Pemberton Square, Room 6, or sent to the Home at Needham, Mass.



J. Banks McKenzie

"EITHER BY THE LORD'S BATH HELPED US"

THE
APPLETON TEMPORARY HOME.

A RECORD OF WORK.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOME.
1878.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW EDITION.

WITH renewed feelings of thankfulness and gratitude to God for his many blessings in the past, for his kind and tender mercies of the present, and his continued care and superintendence of the interests of the Home during its adversity as well as its prosperity, we are constrained through his manifold kindness and his unceasing love towards us, to acknowledge with deep emotion our unworthiness and our dependence on Him from whom all good and acceptable things flow, and without whose aid and superintendence we are but feeble instruments to do

good, and are as "chaff before the wind," and as a tempest-driven vessel, in mid-ocean, left to the mercies of the bounding waves, without rudder, chart, or pilot wherewith to steer its course from perilous danger.

In presenting to the public the continued record of the Home from its early history to the present date, the superintendent desires it to be distinctly understood that he is only the mere humble instrument in the hands of the Lord to do his bidding, and to labor in his cause so long as the Lord may see fit to allow him to engage in his holy work; that he believes he has been especially called to the work in which he is now engaged, and that the Lord will not only grant him wisdom, strength, and understanding necessary for the great work of redeeming fallen man, but that grace which is sufficient to accomplish all good works, and the means to support them.

Thus far the Lord through his many instrumentalities has bountifully provided for the necessary wants of the Home; and this, too, not

through *direct* appeals to the benevolent public, but in *direct* answer to prayer to God, who knows our wants, and who is ever willing to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked. In no instance, where material aid has been required for the support of the Home, has prayer failed in its fervent petitions for such help as God has seen proper in his wisdom to bestow. In many instances where immediate aid was required, immediate answers to prayer have been received, and anticipated want and suffering relieved.

In this connection it is proper to say that the superintendent would feel that he had not completed his duty without extending his heartfelt thanks to many of the Christian churches, as well as to a large number of Christian, charitable, and philanthropic men and women in their private capacity, who have so liberally donated and contributed money, clothing, provisions, and other necessaries for the Home and its inmates.

In many instances, large sums have been re-

ceived, as the proceeds of beneficiary concerts and other performances of a chaste and moral nature. It might not be prudent, in this portion of the volume, to specify the names of the contributors above alluded to, nor yet in any portion of the volume, as the very liberal donors might object to the publication without first obtaining authority; and perhaps they would prefer their alms to be kept as a secret from the world, and only known to Him who will reward them in due season. *Verily they shall have their reward in heaven.*

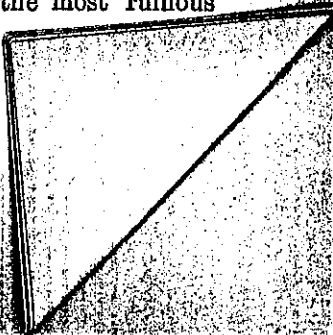
Notwithstanding the noble generosity that has been so cheerfully extended to the support of the Home, and the strict economy and judicious management of its affairs, it is dependent to a very great extent on the charity, or hitherto great magnanimity of the people.

No funds contributed are squandered, nor used for any other purpose than actual necessary expenses for the inmates, there being no salaried officers or men, and the labor on the farm and

about the premises being performed by the inmates. The farm as yet has been no source of profit, but we hope that in the coming season it may render us some assistance.

In continuing the record of the history of the Home, the superintendent is induced to believe that he is offering to the public a little volume of valuable matter deserving consideration, and that will prove interesting to the reader.

The work is issued at some expense and much forethought; not as a source of private revenue, but especially in aid of the Home. Ever looking to the Lord for guidance, who has sustained us in the past,—to Him, the generous public, and friends of suffering humanity for support in the future, this second edition is respectfully submitted, trusting it will prove as beneficial and interesting as the first, which was known in one particular case to be the humble instrument of the Lord to close forever one of the most ruinous rum-shops in our country.



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THE

APPLETON TEMPORARY HOME.

OPENING OF THE HOME.

EARLY in the autumn of 1872, a number of gentlemen connected with the Boston Young Men's Christian Association first agitated the question of the necessity of a Temporary Home, where worthy men, out of employment, might find food and shelter until situations could be procured for them, and where, especially, such as had been reduced in circumstances by indulgence in intoxicating drinks, and had signed the pledge at the public meetings of the Christian Association Temperance Society, could be given opportunity to test their resolution, and commence a new life. A subscription was started, and a number of promises of substantial help made, but nothing definite was done until the

early part of the present year, when Mr. D. Banks McKenzie, himself a reformed man, rescued by the grace of God from the slough of intemperance, felt called upon to give up the business in which he was engaged, and devote himself to the reformation of those who were suffering, as he had suffered, in the thralldom of appetite. He commenced his work with such personal means as he had, aided by voluntary contributions, and soon had the pleasure of seeing that the Lord smiled upon his endeavors, and that a number of men were restored to their friends and families, who had been brought so low by their indulgence in drink, that they had been for a long time outcasts from society, a burden to themselves, and a disgrace to their friends. Such a work, however important it might be, could only be carried on under great disadvantages, for the want of a place where such men could be boarded for a while and placed under the right kind of influences. The necessity of a Temporary Home became more and more manifest, from the nature of the case; and after prayerful consideration and anxious inquiry as to the Lord's will, Mr. McKenzie was led to propose to the Board of Directors,

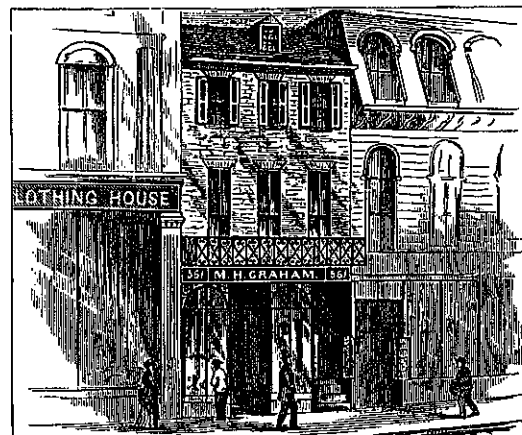
that if they would assume the responsibility of the lease and furniture of a suitable building, he would assume the running expenses of an institution, the object of which should be to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, procure employment, befriend and reform the drunkard, and give a cup of cold water to all.

The proposition met the approval of the gentlemen composing the Board of Directors, and efforts were put forth at once, as the result of which a number of gentlemen became responsible for the rent of such a building as might be secured, while several of the churches joined in offering to furnish the funds for the purchase of the necessary furniture. In the mean time the vacant house at No. 559 Washington Street had been rented, and by the 9th of April it was furnished and ready for occupancy.

THE INSTITUTION AND ITS ARRANGEMENT.

The house occupied as the Temporary Home is not large, containing only nine rooms, but it is exceedingly convenient for the purpose. The

ground floor of the building is rented as a store, and on the floor above, fronting on Washington Street, is the reading and reception room of the institution. It is well lighted and cheerfully furnished with a bright carpet, comfortable chairs, a large table, and book-shelves well loaded with an excellent variety of books and miscellaneous reading matter, for which the inmates of the Home are under obligations to thoughtful friends. The walls of the reception-room are pleasantly decorated with suggestive pictures and with appropriate mottoes, such as "God bless our Home!" "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," &c. The next room on the same floor is used as an office, and also as a bed-room and sitting-room for the superintendent and his wife. The dining-room is on the same floor, at the head of the stairs leading to the street, and admits a table large enough to accommodate fifteen persons. In rear of it is the kitchen, with conveniences for cooking, dish-washing, &c. On the third and fourth floors of the house are the dormitories. No. 1, a large room on the rear of the third floor, contains five iron cot bedsteads, well furnished with comfort-



WASHINGTON STREET HOME, BOSTON.

able bedding. No. 2, a smaller room fronting on Washington Street, contains four cots; and No. 3, the remaining room on the third floor, is used as the Assistant Superintendent's room, and contains also an extra cot, to be used when necessity requires. Two rooms in the upper story contain nine more cots, the entire number in the Home furnishing sleeping accommodations for eighteen men. This number has often proved inadequate, and in this case mattresses have been placed on the floors, and shelter furnished to twenty-one or two, and on one or two occasions, to as many as twenty-five men.

THE DAILY ROUTINE.—RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The meals in the Home are served at regular hours. At half past five o'clock in the morning the signal for rising is given, and by six o'clock all the men who are able assemble at the breakfast table. Breakfast consists of bread, butter, and coffee in plentiful supply. After breakfast all adjourn to the reading-room, where a chapter is read from the Bible, each man being provided

with a Bible, and all reading in concert alternately with the Superintendent, or Assistant Superintendent, who conducts the devotions. The chapter read is next duly commented upon, and then follows an appropriate prayer, the entire exercise occupying not more than half an hour. By that time it is about seven o'clock, and such of the men as have work in the city then leave for their daily task, while the rest pass the morning with the newspapers of the day, with such reading as has been provided for them, and in quest of employment. The dinner hour is twelve o'clock, when all sit down to a bountifully-spread table, where, on different days, they are served with beef stew, roast beef and potatoes, pork and beans, fish chowder or baked fish, and all the bread and butter or crackers they wish. The supper hour is at six o'clock, when tea and bread and butter are served, the Divine blessing being first asked, as at the other meals, by the Superintendent, or his Assistant.

The evenings are spent by the inmates mostly in the Home, although many attend such prayer or temperance meetings as are held in the neighborhood. When there are meetings in the Home,

the presence of every inmate is required. Such meetings are held regularly on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, under the direction of Mr. McKenzie or his Assistant. No feature connected with the Home has been more interesting to the inmates, or more attractive to the outside friends of the institution, than these evening meetings. At nearly every one of them the reception-room has been crowded. On Sundays the hour for rising is half past six, with breakfast at seven, followed, as on other days, by family prayers, after which, at the proper hour, all the inmates who are able to leave the Home attend morning service at some church in the neighborhood, with the Superintendent or his Assistant. Dinner follows the public worship, the inmates being left free, in the afternoon, to attend what church they please; all, however, being expected to worship somewhere. Supper, on Sunday, is at five o'clock, and from nine to ten the public prayer meeting above mentioned is held in the reception-room, the attendance on this evening especially being almost invariably greater than the room can well accommodate.

THE HOME OPEN TO ALL.

Of course many meals are given to men who are not inmates of the Home, and on an average, as many as thirty different men are supplied in this way every day. The same is true as to the distribution of second-hand clothing, of which there is constant need at the Home, as many men who are not inmates apply for situations, and need to exchange their rags for more decent attire before they are in shape to present themselves to persons of whom they seek employment.

There are no inflexible rules, no lengthy routine, and no red tape to exclude any man needing and deserving help from admission to the Home. A pull at the door bell is answered at once, the applicant is immediately introduced to Mr. McKenzie, or in his absence to his assistant, and if upon investigation he is found worthy and really in want, he is never sent empty away. Once admitted, the applicant, if under the influence of liquor, is given a dose of medicine, and, if the case requires, led to the bath-house—a

small board structure over the dining-room—where the filth is removed from his body and clean clothing given him in exchange for his rags. He is then shown to the reading-room, or to a cot in one of the sleeping-rooms, where he is left to sleep off his drunkenness. When he is sober, he is earnestly conversed with and induced to sign the pledge, a Testament being given him in which the pledge is inserted with his own name and that of the Superintendent or his Assistant as a witness. He is then expected to remain in the Home until such a time as it is judged safe for him to go out and face the temptations that must meet him at every step. In due time a situation is provided for him, and when he leaves the Home, he is expected to report himself at the regular weekly meetings and at all such times as he may please to call.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Although the Temporary Home was organized under the auspices of the Temperance Society of the Boston Young Men's Christian Associa-

tion, that organization felt unable to assume the increased pecuniary obligations such a connection might involve. The Board of Managers, therefore, at their regular meeting on the 16th of June last, accordingly adopted the following resolution:—

“*Resolved*, That while this Board thoroughly sympathizes with the work of the Temporary Home, under the management of the Temperance Society, they are unable to assume the pecuniary responsibilities of the Home.”

The Board of Directors of the Temperance Society, under whose management the Home had been maintained thus far, called a meeting therefore at once, at which a new organization was formed to continue the work so auspiciously inaugurated. Substantially the same Board of officers was re-chosen, and the institution which had heretofore been known as the “Boston Young Men’s Christian Association Temporary Home” was designated anew as the “Appleton Temporary Home,” under which name it is now known.

THE OPENING OF THE HOME.

As before stated, the work of the Home is a work of faith. From the day of its opening, when Mr. McKenzie undertook the burden of providing for its running expenses, it has had no income save such as it has derived from the voluntary contributions of those who have felt interested in its work. No solicitors are employed, and the only way in which the work of the Home has been presented to the public has been through the monthly reports of the Superintendent, and the public addresses he has delivered whenever he has had an opportunity on the Sabbath, or at other times, in such churches or communities as have invited him to do so. It is a remarkable fact, that these invitations have always come in answer to prayer, and the contributions thus obtained have been just what was needed at the time. So true is it that the Lord is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who always cares for his children when they try to do His will, and to walk in His ways.

THE BUSINESS MANAGEMENT OF THE HOME.

There are no salaried officers connected with the Temporary Home. The Superintendent, his wife, and the Assistant Superintendent freely give their services, receiving no compensation, save their board and clothes. A careful and correct account is kept of all moneys received, and of every penny expended. This account is audited every week by a member of the Board of Directors appointed for the purpose. A full record is also kept of second-hand clothing received, from whom received, and to whom issued. The registry of men entering the Home includes full particulars as to name, age, birthplace, occupation, dates when received and discharged, and, under the head of "General Remarks," anything of interest connected with the inmate. In the employment book is a record of every situation procured, with any information that can be obtained as to the conduct of the employee, the satisfaction given his employer, etc.

PRAYER-MEETINGS.

These are held, as before stated, on Thursday and Saturday evenings from quarter before eight o'clock to nine, and on Sundays from nine to ten o'clock. They are open to the public, and, as already mentioned, the large reading-room is usually filled, especially on Sunday evenings. The exercises consist of singing, prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and exhortations, in which all take part. A careful record is kept of every meeting, the attendance, interest, number rising for prayers, etc. The presence of those who have been benefited by the Home, and now filling situations procured for them while there, has added much to the interest of these meetings.

THE FIRST DAY AT THE HOME.

It has been mentioned that the Home was opened on Wednesday, the 9th of April, and much prayerful anxiety was felt by the Superintendent to have the next Sunday a day ever to

be held in remembrance in the history of the institution. A special prayer of consecration was offered at the family altar in the morning, and at the hour for public worship all the inmates, accompanied by the Superintendent, attended service at Rev. Dr. Edmunds' church, corner of Kneeland and Tyler Streets, where Rev. Mr. Dixon, of New Hampshire, was holding a series of revival meetings. The men seemed much interested, and at the close of the services, Rev. Messrs. Edmunds and Dixon accompanied the Superintendent to the Home, where a meeting of much power was held, the Holy Spirit seeming to descend upon all present, and a number rising for prayers. Twenty-six persons were present, nineteen of them being inmates of the Home. In the evening, at nine o'clock, another meeting was held, and twelve of the inmates rose for prayers. Four of them were very hopeful, and afterwards gave evidence of sincere conversion.

MORE ABOUT THE EVENING MEETINGS.

The following are extracts from a journal kept at the Home, and they will indicate more clearly than can be done otherwise the nature and success of the religious efforts made in behalf of the inmates of the institution:—

“Saturday, April 19. We commenced our regular Saturday evening meetings. There were forty-one persons present, including those in the Home. Several of the inmates spoke, and one especially expressed much concern for his soul, and prayed earnestly for forgiveness. Two who had signed the pledge acknowledged breaking it, and desired to take it again, asking God to help them keep it.

“Sunday, April 20. Forty-eight persons were present, and a number of inmates rose for prayers, one of whom professed to have found peace.

“Sunday, May 4. A grand meeting. Seventy-five persons present; excellent singing and speaking. All the inmates rose for prayers.

“Sunday, June 15. Both the reading-room and Mr. McKenzie's room were crowded. Several of the men spoke, and one found Christ precious to his soul.

"*Saturday, July 19.* Good attendance. One of the best meetings we ever had. Much interest manifested by the men.

"*Sunday, July 27.* Very large attendance, many going away for want of room. Excellent remarks from some former inmates.

"*Sunday, August 10.* The presence of the Divine Spirit was felt in the meeting, and in answer to the invitation to those who wished for help from God to break the chains of sin and appetite, all the men rose at once, and much feeling was manifested by a number of them."

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN."

The first Sunday in the Home, the Superintendent observed a young man at the corner of Washington and Eliot Streets, who was evidently a stranger in the city, and, standing carpet-sack in hand, was apparently undecided which way to turn. A few kind words sufficed for an introduction, and in the course of conversation the man disclosed the fact that he had landed that morning from the English steamer, and was truly a stranger in a strange land, friendless and

alone. The Superintendent invited the stranger at once to the Home, where he was made welcome, and remained two or three days, until he could secure passage to his destination in Canada. The Englishman who thus found friends at the Home proved to be a Christian, who had been a Sabbath school teacher in his own country. The following extracts from a letter received from him after his arrival in Canada will show how thoroughly he appreciated the kindness shown him.

"MONTREAL, August 5, 1873.

"... I hope you will excuse me for not writing you before. I cannot find words to express my sincere and heartfelt thankfulness to you for the great kindness you showed me. May God's blessing rest upon every good thing you do. Kindly give my best regards to all the friends I met at the Home, and, sincerely trusting you and all your family are quite well, and wishing you every success in your work,

"I remain, yours, etc.

_____."

LEARNED TO SAY "NO."

Among the first men helped by the Home was a young machinist who had been so given up to intemperance that his wife had left him, and when Mr. McKenzie first came across him he was on the verge of delirium tremens. So bad was his case that he had at first to be sent to the City Hospital. When recovered, he became an inmate of the Home, and in due time a situation was procured for him to work at his trade. He did quite well for a number of weeks; but suddenly he ceased attending the meetings at the Home, and the next heard of him he had left the city on a drunken spree. He was still remembered in the prayers of those who had befriended him at the Home, and in a few days the following letter was received from him:—

"——, N. H., June 1, 1873.

"I suppose you have wondered somewhat, within the past few days, what has become of me; and it would be very natural for you to imagine that perhaps I had been arrested for drunkenness, or that, under the influence of liquor, I had com-

mitted crime. Such, however, is not the case; and I am now satisfied that leaving Boston as I did, as soon as I broke the pledge, was the best step I could have taken, as it saved me in part a public exposure, and, perhaps, saved you and the noble cause you advocate some unpleasantness in the way of talk made by people who frown upon the idea of trying to help the unfortunate. I am at work on the —— Railroad, shovelling gravel at two dollars a day, and shall stop here until I am fixed again, when I hope to come back and try it again at my trade. I tell you it is rather severe punishment to buckle to over a shovel these hot days; but it is good enough for me, any way. It is better than I deserve, and I am trying to make the best of it. I have a good foreman, and the men are better than I expected. . . . May God bless you for what you have done for me, and may the good seed which has been sown in my heart not entirely die out, but spring up again and bear fruit. I desire your earnest prayers in my behalf.

"From your unworthy friend, ——,"

From another letter, written by the same man, we make the following extract:—

"——, N. H., June 29, 1873.

"I received your letter, and am very glad to know that you had not given me up entirely. I

have been, since last I wrote you, promoted from the shovel to hand drilling in the quarry. I find it somewhat easier than shovelling, as I am generally in a shady place. Since I have been here I have been enabled to do my part like a man, and I assure you I feel grateful for it. You may, perhaps, suppose I am away from temptation; but it is not so. I have to pass two places where intoxicating liquors are sold, and I am often asked to indulge in a social drink; but so far I have been able to say, No. May the Lord bless you and your work, and reward you for your kindness to me."

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

The 16th of April a man came to the Home after a terrible spree. His name was taken, and he was kindly and tenderly treated. For a few days he kept remarkably quiet, saying but little; but at the close of one of the meetings, he broke down entirely. "You have been so kind to me," he said to the Superintendent, "that I cannot go on this way any longer. I gave you a false name when I first came in, and I have deceived you all along. I belong in East Boston, where I have a

wife and children, and I am a painter by trade. For the last few months, however, I have done nothing, and cared for nothing but drink. But since I came here, you have been so kind to me that it shows me what a monster I have been. I want to reform, and care for my family once more. It is your kindness that has done it. Pray for me that I may succeed."

SAVED FROM THE POLICE STATION.

B—— is a young Englishman, hardly twenty-one years of age, who came to this country a few years ago with his parents, and settled with them in Illinois, where he obtained work at his trade as a watch-maker, in a large factory. The chills and fever induced by the climate soon reduced his constitution, however, to such a point that he was advised by a physician to come east, as his only chance of recovery. In the hope of securing a situation with the American Watch Company at Waltham, he came to this city, but was disappointed in his expectations of obtaining work, and soon found himself enfeebled in body

and mind, and friendless, with no prospect before him save to try to gain admission to some hospital where he might get the treatment, he needed. This, however, he found a very difficult matter, and after a few days there seemed to be no place where he, sick and penniless as he was, could obtain shelter, except at the Station House. In this situation, some kind friend brought him to the Home, where, under proper medical care, his health was restored, and in due time employment was procured for him; and he is to-day busily at work, and doing well.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BECOME OF ME?

Some time in April a young man, quite well dressed, applied at the Home for temporary relief. He came originally from Portland, Me., and had been clerk in a large wholesale grocery establishment; but, like many others, drink overcame him; he lost his situation, and soon found himself penniless in the city. He was admitted to the Home, and after a while a situation was procured for him in a grocery store in Cambridge.

He left this situation after a time, and nothing was heard from him until a letter was received, from which we make the following extract:—

“—, Me., July 8, 1873.

“You may think I have entirely forgotten you; but such is not the case, for I shall never forget how you helped me in my hour of need, and, by the grace of God, how you made a man of me again. I left Cambridge about five weeks ago to come to this city, where I had heard of a situation better than the one I was then filling. I was fortunate enough to secure it, and am now second clerk in the — Hotel in this city. I like my place very much, and when I think what might have become of me had I not been received into your institution, I can only say, heartily and fervently, God bless the Home!”

“I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM RUM.”

One morning the bell rang, and in answer to the summons the Superintendent found himself face to face with a bloated, disfigured specimen of humanity, who seemed to know only just enough to enable him to say, as he did with

most emphatic earnestness, "I want to get away from rum." He was admitted at once, and during the summer was employed in a hotel at one of our fashionable watering-places. The extracts which follow from letters received from him tell their own story.

"——, July 13, 1873.

" . . . I see by the papers that you all went to Nahant for an excursion, and I know you had a good time. I see also that you have formed a new association, and called the institution the 'Appleton Temporary Home.' 'God bless it!' is my prayer; for what would have been my fate had it not been for the Home? God only knows.

"——, July 23, 1873.

"Your kind and encouraging letter came to hand last night, and found me in bed sick, down-hearted, and discouraged; but the cheering words you wrote lifted the load from my heart, and I felt quite happy. So, you see, a kind and encouraging word does a great deal more than many people would believe. You have always had a kind word for me, but I did not always appreciate it. . . . Last Sunday afternoon, at six o'clock, we had an open-air meeting in the park, in front of our hotel. It was largely attended, and when they sang, 'All

hail the power of Jesus' name,' accompanied by the band, it sounded grandly, and carried me back to the good meetings I used to attend at the Home. May God bless the Home and those who give their influence, money, or labor, to carry it on, and may He open the hearts of those who have means, that they may give freely. In regard to intemperance, that is my worst enemy; but, thanks be to God, I do not have any inclination to drink while here. I hope I may always feel so. Extend my best wishes to all those at the Home who know me, and may the Lord Himself reward you for all you have done for me. ——."

FRIENDLESS IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

One day an individual called on the Superintendent for aid. He had received a letter from his home in England, and he needed a friend to identify him, that he might get a small draft cashed, which his relatives abroad had mailed him. A worse-looking object than he was, all in rags and filth, has seldom presented itself at the door of the Home. From the letters he had just received, and from conversation with him, Mr. McKenzie learned the young man's history. His

father had once been a wealthy merchant, and had given his son excellent advantages for education; but the father, through some misfortune, failed in business, and the son, in consequence of some misconduct, ran away to this country, where he found himself penniless, ragged, and, unused as he was to manual labor, he was either given the cold shoulder by those to whom he applied for work, or was imposed upon and cheated by those who gave it to him. It seemed as if all manhood had been crushed out of him by the abuse to which he had been subjected. Mr. McKenzie went with him to get his draft cashed, and such was the appearance the poor boy presented, that not unfrequently the persons they met in the street stopped and looked in astonishment at the spectacle of a gentleman walking with such an animate bundle of tatters and rags. The draft cashed, the Superintendent commenced the task of effecting some improvement in the appearance of his protégé. First a new suit of clothes was procured, then a bath, and when the youth finally emerged in presentable shape, such had been the change in his appearance, that it was little wonder that those at the Home who had seen him

before did not recognize him. He has since found Christ precious to his soul, and is now doing well, to the great joy of his parents, who have been only too happy to befriend him as he has needed.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

One of the young men befriended at the Home had for years held no communication with his parents. The kindness shown him seemed after a time to melt his heart, and like the prodigal he sought the forgiveness of his mother, who had never ceased to pray for him. The following letter was received from the grateful mother after the return of the son to his home:—

“——, April 23, 1873.

“We are very glad to welcome home our son after so long an absence. We are grateful to learn that he met with kind friends in your great city. He speaks particularly of the kindness he received from you, and the interest you took in his welfare, for which we offer you our thanks. We feel deeply grateful to you, and hope you will succeed in the great work you have undertaken.

You will be rewarded ; for the Master has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' We are glad to know that he has returned to us a Christian, for that is better than silver and gold, and we feel that our prayers in his behalf have been answered. May God bless you and prosper you is our prayer.

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

_____."

THE FRIEND HE NEEDED.

After a long course of dissipation, young B——, who had strayed away from his New England home, found himself in the city, out of money and destitute of friends. The friend he needed he found in the Superintendent of the Home, through whom he was led to follow Jesus and lead a better life. After leaving the Home he expressed his feelings in a letter to Mr. McKenzie, wherein he said,—

"——, April 22, 1873.

"I desire to thank you for your kindness to me the past few weeks, and I assure you that I will never forget you. You know that I can never

speak the feelings of my heart ; so you will please excuse receiving this on paper. God bless you, dear brother ; and pray for me. I shall think of you often. I will write and let you know how I am doing. I am not making great promises to myself, but I am trying to serve my Saviour. Remember me kindly and often at the throne of grace. You have been a dear friend and a brother to me, and I shall never forget your kindness. God bless you. _____"

GOD LED HIM TO THE HOME.

A man whose course of dissipation had destroyed his happy home, his wife and child being compelled to leave him, and who had well nigh broken his mother's heart, found refuge in the Home, and his grateful mother writes as follows:—

"——, May 5, 1873.

"Most sincerely do I thank you for your interest in my poor, unfortunate son, and for your kindness in writing me, to strengthen my hopes. God alone knows my sorrows and my griefs ; and O, how I thank Him for again reviving my hopefulness ! Surely He has led my poor boy to your

Home. May He help the means, and hear and answer the prayers that are offered for him. It seems to me that this, with God's grace, is the only thing that could have saved him from utter ruin. O, how much I thank you! I have no words to express my feelings of gratitude. May God bless you! Will you please have the kindness to write me again, and tell me all about his state of mind? He was once very efficient, and had great abilities; but alas! alas! how drink has reduced and debased him! Please urge him to write me immediately. ———."

STRENGTH ACCORDING TO HIS NEED.

Late in April a young man came to the Home in a state of intoxication, and asked shelter. He was evidently a man of education, one who had seen much of the world, and was accustomed to good society. Drink had brought him down lower and lower still, until he found himself at last ragged, sick, and without money. Under proper care at the Home he speedily recovered; and, better than shelter and friends, he also found at the Home "the peace that passeth all understanding," as may be seen from extracts of a let-

ter received soon after he left the institution, to accept a situation in a distant city.

"———, May 2, 1873.

"I feel that I can never sufficiently thank you for your kindness, unless it be, perhaps, by leading an upright, godly life, so fortunately found at your good Home. What I need is a Friend whose arm can keep me from sinking, and whose sympathy can avail to relieve me, upon whom I can place my affections with a confidence He will never betray, and whom I can love with a conviction that my attachment to Him will never be the occasion of self-reproach or sin. Earthly friendships I have tried, and found them wanting. The void in my heart is greater than ever; and whatever may have been my experience in other respects, I am satisfied the world is but a broken reed to lean upon. I feel that Jesus of Nazareth will not disappoint me. Such is the essential loveliness of His nature that in Him all my griefs can be assuaged and all my cravings after happiness satisfied. He offers Himself at once to my confidence as the mighty God and the man of sorrows, the one character allowing Him to enter into my confidence with all the feelings of a fellow-sufferer, while the other renders Him abundantly able to relieve me from or sustain me under my difficulty. I accept Him as my only salvation here or here-

after; and may He give me strength according to my need, is my daily, hourly prayer. May God bless and prosper the Home, and may you grow in strength and grace."

MORE THAN SHELTER AND CARE.

One day the Superintendent of the Home, while on his way back from the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, met a man, very much intoxicated, who was about to be carried off by a policeman. Mr. McKenzie succeeded in persuading the officer to transfer the man to his charge, and brought him to the Home. After a night's rest the man was restored to his senses, and it was ascertained that he had a wife and family living in a town in this state. As soon as he was well enough, he was, therefore, sent home, and in a letter received from him a few days later, he thus speaks of the Home and the friends he found there:—

"——, July 12, 1873.

"If I have not written sooner, do not think that I am ungrateful, or can ever forget the kind

treatment I received, or the friends I found in your noble Home. I have waited that I might impart to you tidings which I know will rejoice your heart; for I found at the Home, not only shelter and care, but also, I trust, salvation and peace; and I feel now that 'the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother' is my Friend indeed. . . . Pray for me in your meetings. My heart is still at 559 Washington Street, in your happy Home. God bless you all!"

DETERMINED TO FOLLOW CHRIST.

A young man, who represents a large mercantile house in New York, was led by Mr. McKenzie's influence to abandon drinking, and proves his gratitude by requesting the prayers of God's people for the Home, and the work in which it is engaged.

"New York, July 17, 1873.

"I have thought of you many times, and of the advice and counsel you gave me. I am getting on quite nicely in the way to God, and in my resolution to follow Christ, and leave rum for the devil. I was disappointed that I did not meet you at the convention at Poughkeepsie. . . .

I desire your prayers, and most heartily do I desire those of your brethren at your prayer meetings. May God help and keep me in the right way, and from all temptations to do evil, is the prayer of myself and my friends."

ANGELS UNAWARES.

Mr. McKenzie found, on one of his visits to the Young Men's Christian Association, an old man who was forlorn in appearance, and for whom no one seemed to care. He was dirty, ragged, and half starved. What clothing he had was out at the elbows and knees, and so far as he could give any intelligible information of himself and his desires, it was to the effect that he was friendless in Boston, out of money, and at a loss to know what to do. His physical powers had nearly given way, and after he was taken to the Home, he required careful treatment for some days before he was in fit condition to be sent to his friends. Pitiable as the man's condition was, it appeared that he had not been reduced in circumstances by drink. He was not only not a drinking man, but had been for years a member of a Christian

church. His son was living comfortably in Nova Scotia, and gladly welcomed him after the officers of the Home had assisted him to reach his destination. The accident of being without money in a strange city had nearly compelled a worthy Christian man, who had friends ready to care for him, to resort to a public almshouse; and he gratefully acknowledged how much he owed to the kind offices of the Temporary Home for befriending him in his distress.

BEFRIENDING THE SOLDIER.

The instances of aid furnished by the Home to crippled or disabled soldiers have been quite numerous. The national government has generously provided military asylums for the care of these veterans at Augusta, Maine, at Dayton, Ohio, and at other points. It often happens, however, that men who are entitled, by their disability incurred in the military service, to admission to these institutions, are without means until they are admitted. Such a case was that of W—, found by the Superintendent wandering about the streets. He had

served creditably in the late war, been honorably discharged for disability, was without home or friends, and, being able to obtain work only at uncertain intervals, had taken to drink, and destroyed what little capacity for work his army service had left him. He had taken to drinking paregoric for the opiate it contains, had lost physical power, and was reduced in body and mind as well as in circumstances. Though he was so far demented that when brought to the Home he had no idea for some days where he was, or who was caring for him, he recovered rapidly under medical treatment. It was clear that he was a proper subject for one of the military asylums, and entitled to a home there in virtue of his army record. Transportation was accordingly procured for him from Boston to Augusta; he was admitted to the Asylum, and remains there at present. During the summer he received leave of absence, came to Boston, and called at the Home with the cheerful intelligence that he had not indulged in liquor since he was sent to Augusta, and, better still, that he had become a Christian.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

J. P., a middle-aged man belonging in one of the interior towns of the state, was found, one evening, at one of the railway depots, where he had been attacked by delirium tremens. His condition, when he was brought to the Home by one of the city missionaries, was very critical, and for several days it seemed doubtful whether he would recover. The poor stricken wretch was for days too cast down for an active display of his agony, and when he grew better was, for a long time, weak and haggard from the terrible ordeal through which he had passed. Who he was, or what his antecedents were, he, at first, was reluctant to tell. The shock of the discovery that he had narrowly escaped with his life almost paralyzed him, and when sense returned he saw himself, in imagination, a ruined man. He had been, he said, for more than fourteen years, a member of a Christian church in his town, and a teacher in the Sunday school. He had been for years in the habit of drinking secretly, without the courage to confess his misconduct to his fellow church-members, and

throw himself on their Christian charity. He was on the downward road, and from moderate drinking passed on to confirmed and sottish drunkenness. After much bewildered cogitation with himself, he told the whole story. Still in good standing in his church at home, he had come to Boston, transacted some business, and then, for three weeks, had done nothing but drink. When his money was exhausted he had pawned his watch, and when the proceeds of that were gone he had sacrificed his clothing. Then a kind Providence had sent him to the Home, and kindness had wrung the truth out of him as to his past history. There was no need to intensify his self-reproaches by references to his downfall. "I have had," he said, "the reputation of being alive, but I have been dead for years." He was bitterly despondent, but had not given up all hope in a fair future. When he was strong again, he left the Home, and went back to his business, a cheerful and grateful man, firm in his resolution never to indulge in intoxicating drink, and, for the first time during his church-membership, a Christian, honestly and aboveboard.

SAVED FROM SELF-MURDER.

It would have been a pretty hard thing to believe that a poor fellow, who strayed into the Home, six or eight weeks ago, under the influence of liquor, had ever had an inner life of domestic affection, that he had ever been a successful and seemingly happy man, who lived pleasantly in a handsome house just out of the city, with a wife and a troop of children, who would as soon have believed that the moon was about to fall as that father would be a miserable drunkard, trembling at the doorway of an institution like this, and asking shelter. Any way, there he was, what was left of him, — no man at all, but a wreck of flesh, and bone, and muscle, that might be adapted to some useful purpose; but it looked doubtful. The Superintendent sent the dismal figure up stairs to a bed, and he was cared for at once. There was nothing in the man's appearance to indicate that he had reached the conclusion that suicide was the safe way out of his miseries, or that he had made arrangements to that end. He had had, he said, misfortune after misfortune in

business, each one adding an additional clog to his unlucky feet. He was very sick for a few days, but after the first restlessness had worn off, it was believed that with a reasonable chance, he would gladly turn to better paths, and that he was in a frame of mind calculated to bring about penitence and reformation. While the inmates were assembling for the usual Thursday evening meeting, one of the attendants rushed down from the chambers with the alarm that the man was dying. The officers of the Home instantly made their way towards him, and found him lying quietly on his back, his arms folded across his breast, a letter in his hands and another by his side, and a pallor in his face that betokened the man had taken some powerful opiate. A hurried examination revealed all the symptoms of opium-poisoning, and while antidotes were sent for, an examination of the two letters showed that the poor fellow had deliberately purposed taking his own life. He had determined to kill himself, to get rid of the tortures of his own self-reproach. "I couldn't drag on," he said, "day after day, with nothing before me but the prospect of years of slow suffering." He had attempted to commit

self-murder with the calmest forethought and the most intelligent understanding of what he was doing. One of the letters found upon his bed was addressed to his wife, and had been written more than a week before his admission to the Home. The other letter was addressed to Mr. McKenzie. He had, therefore, made his preparations long beforehand, discussed on paper the *pros* and *cons* of the act, and made a clear and intelligible representation of what he considered the necessity of his relinquishing life. By a narrow chance, his serious resolve to destroy himself was defeated, and in a few days he was made to comprehend what, after all, are the necessary things of existence, and that there could be no escape from himself in adding the odious and cowardly crime of suicide to his other misfortunes, and wantonly relinquishing what chance he had to make his future life worth having. Two or three weeks put the poor man in his right senses. He had less reason to be sick of life, than he thought, — a wife and children who were devoted to him, the ability to work, and, when he let liquor alone, the confidence of men who would give him employment. He was horrified at what

he had attempted, and, as he grew better, became interested in the meetings at the Home, rising for prayers, and at last becoming a thoroughly penitent and converted man. He is living happily with his family, has found steady employment since he ceased drinking, and appears to be an earnest, sincere Christian. He has realized what he never knew before — that his life was given him for a purpose, and that for what remains of it, his duty, under God's blessing, is to make the best use his understanding can direct.— to devote it to his Master's service.

OUT OF THE LOWEST DEPTHS.

From the nature of the case the experiences sketched here cannot have a wide variety of incident. They are essentially the same — the stories of men in sore need and distress, who have felt that they have no longer much to hope for, nor much to care for, little to contribute to the common stock, and not much to receive from the efforts of others. They are neither incurable nor incapable, but they have gone wrong until

nothing comes of them but a certain blocking up the way for others. There is something pathetic in the number of men who have come to the Home, and were once something, and are now nothing because they feel the public has ceased to believe in them. The reasons which once recommended them to confidence were good reasons, and they have, in many cases, as good or better capacities than ever. What they need most, next to temperance and Christian faith, is the stimulus of new circumstances and the protection of new influences. One of the men who came to the Home had been for years employed by one of the largest dry goods and importing firms in the country, at a very large salary, as a purchasing agent in Europe. Habits of intoxication cost him his position, and when he found employment elsewhere, it was the old story over again. Ability, capacity, business talent in abundance, — the fatal objection to him, he couldn't conquer his appetite. In his prosperous days he had married into a good family, but his conduct was such that his wife was forced to leave him. He was a pitiable object when brought to the Home. His story conveyed a sad sense of helplessness

and isolation, and his loathsome condition bespoke more than he could tell. What had befallen him, it was hard to guess, beyond the easy supposition of drunken disaster, for never upon a living man had any officer of the Home seen a face so filthy and discolored; and in the condition of the miserable man's body there was cause for enough self-loathing to make one wonder why he had brought the hideous burden his life had become, into the presence of any human being who was possessed of nostrils and a stomach. Physically he was the worst specimen that ever came through the doorway of our little city of refuge, and the sight of his clothing would make one count with a pang the disused garments in his closet. He had been sleeping on the Common on the warm summer nights, and in stairways and doorways when it rained, earning a few dollars occasionally, and going to the end of them in the liquor saloons. He had been for several months at home wherever he lay down, and owed the care he received at the Home to the kind Providence that sent an old friend in his way, who gave him the directions. What was done for him was the same that has been done for hundreds of other men. He

was stripped of his rags, washed from head to foot, reclothed, and kept out of the reach of liquor until he had in a measure conquered the appetite for it. Friends stood ready to assist him to a livelihood as soon as he was in a fit condition to set about earning it. He signed the pledge, for several months past has kept it faithfully, and, withal, convinced his wife that he is a reformed man, worthy of her respect and companionship.

HE WANTED A PLACE TO DIE.

D—— had been for years an employee in a daily newspaper office in the city, but had lost his situation, and reached a point where none of his friends felt encouraged to relieve him. What little he had went for liquor, and what was given him followed in the same way. He dropped down, step by step, into bar-room vagrancy, getting, like every bar-room vagrant, an abundance of liquor, when he could get nothing else, and living off the efforts of others—doing nothing, and good for nothing. His brother, who was able to render him assistance, repudiated him, and, en-

feebled by long and continuous debauchery, he was at last attacked by delirium tremens. His own statement was, that he had come to the Home because he "wanted a place to die." He was given a bed and placed under medical treatment, and, though it seemed doubtful whether his system would rally, his condition gradually grew hopeful, and by slow degrees he began to gain strength. He was overcome at first, not only by the incidents of the moment, but by the terrible melancholy of his whole life. He recognized with gratitude the fact that the officers of the Home had come to rescue him from the evil of his days, when otherwise he was friendless, and avowed a determination, which he has religiously kept, to abstain entirely from intoxicating drink. As soon as he was able, the officers of the Home interceded with his former employers to re-instate him. Becoming satisfied that he had a new motive and a stronger purpose than ever to respect his pledge, they received him back, and have been so far satisfied with his course, that they have voluntarily given him an increase in his salary. His wife was only too glad to take him back to the warmth of her love and the comfort of her

kindness. He has said repeatedly, at the evening meetings at the Home, that — more than his life — his rescue from the horrors of intemperance, and his ability to regain a respectable position in the world, he owed, under God, entirely to this little institution, where no man has yet been turned away as an outcast.

FIRM IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

In July last a young man, who had but recently been at the head of a leading shoe manufactory in New England, applied for relief at the Home. His story was the familiar one of successful business career at the start, of rapid promotion, lucrative salary, and encouraging prospects, that were bright with promise until they were blighted by drink. Losing situation after situation, he quickly went down the ladder by which he had risen; and then, when he had forfeited all confidence, he was turned adrift with nothing to commend him to employment, except his capacity to do well when he was sober. He remained two or three weeks at the Home, and, after taking the

pledge, and manifesting an earnest purpose to reform, went to M——, Canada, to take the foremanship of a factory. Writing from his new place of business to the Superintendent of the Home, he says, —

“I regret that my employers are men of no principle, and that in order to suit them, everything must conform to their Jesuit faith. In the section of the city where I am, nearly every house is a rum-shop. These things are not pleasant; but, thank God, I have so far had no desire to test the quality of liquor or enter the liquor-seller’s den. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me yours, firm in the temperance cause as when I left you. God bless the Home, and those who work in and for it.”

“RUM IS ALL GONE FROM ME.”

One evening a man came to the Home with his wife, and desired to sign the pledge. He had been a hard drinker, and was out of work. He had attended some of the Christian Association prayer meetings, and, under the persuasion of his wife, became an inmate of the Home. He became

interested in the prayer meetings at the Home, and soon avowed his determination to become a Christian. Work was procured for him in a short time in one of the suburban villages, and a month or more afterwards he wrote as follows: —

“I am serving Christ and Him crucified, and love to serve Him. Rum is all gone from me through Christ, who is my Saviour and my Redeemer. Bless the Lord!”

CARING FOR THE SICK.

The case of Frank G—— is one of many that have come to notice at the Home, in which men who were in urgent need of medical treatment were without means to obtain it, and required some assistance to secure their admission to the public hospitals. In this and other cases, Dr. Cowles, the estimable gentleman in charge of the City Hospital, has rendered a kind service to the Temporary Home, in admitting to the Hospital men who could not be treated to the best advantage in our crowded dormitories — a kindness the officers of the Home have been happy to requite,

as far as might be, by caring for convalescents from the Hospital when the pressure upon that institution has made it necessary that patients who were not yet in condition to work should be discharged. In the case referred to, the sick man was sent with a note to Dr. Cowles, and received into the Hospital, where he was successfully treated. Writing to Mr. McKenzie from the Hospital, he said, —

“I beg leave to thank you for your charity towards me, by which I was admitted to the Hospital. I am doing well, and will always look upon you and the Home as a benefactor, and for your success always pray.”

RESTORED TO HIS FAMILY.

A man who had a wife and children living in Philadelphia came to Boston to work at his trade as a roofer. He left his home on a spree, and having exhausted his money, was ashamed to go home until he had means. He indulged in a debauch of several weeks before he found work here, and came to the Home for shelter, until pay-day came.

Though he had work, he had not ceased drinking, and was intoxicated when he applied for admission to the Home. In the course of conversation, the Superintendent learned that the man had deserted his family; and, obtaining from him their address in Philadelphia, he took the trouble, while on a trip to that city, to search them out, and give them intelligence of the wanderer. Mr. McKenzie found that the man's story was corroborated by his family, and, returning to Boston, assisted him in getting to Philadelphia. A letter received shortly after his arrival contained many gratifying expressions of his appreciation of the kindness done him. He had abstained entirely from drink since leaving the Home, and said that with God's help he purposed forever afterwards to lead a sober life.

CHARITY FOR THE PRISONER.

The House of Industry at Deer Island is the only institution the city of Boston provides for the care of a drunkard, or a man who may be found intoxicated in the streets, and is without money to pay the fine and costs imposed by the

police magistrates. The condition of men discharged from the island and returning to the city is often pitiable in the extreme. The fact that they have been imprisoned for thirty days or more in a penal institution usually obtains publicity in some way, through the newspaper press or otherwise, and the bad prestige of having been sent "down to the island" becomes a serious obstacle to their readily obtaining employment. Nine tenths of these discharged men are penniless when they are given their liberty; and experience has shown that in the larger proportion of these cases, these poor unfortunates become utterly despondent, settle down to the conviction that the avenues of business are henceforth closed against them, and, abandoning all hope of retrieving the past, they descend the ladder another round, and return to Deer Island for a term of imprisonment longer than they received at first. Almost inevitably, these men, unless they are cared for when they are set at liberty, go back to old associations, become confirmed in old habits, and having once been arraigned in a court of justice, and served one term of imprisonment, become indifferent to what they may receive afterwards.

They return to the city only to get drunk, and they get drunk again, knowing, and in some cases hoping, that they will be remanded to the island. No class of men who set foot in the city are more in need of, or more susceptible to, good influences than those who have been for a while under discipline at the House of Industry. No men so urgently require temporary relief and encouragement. Most of them have more than ordinary intelligence, and many of them are men of fine education, good talents, and, strange though it may seem, of genuine integrity and gentlemanly culture. Hardly a day passes but men who have been in high social and business standing, or those who have received collegiate and professional education, come to the Home, from Deer Island. The hopelessly vicious and depraved population that have come to be known as the "dangerous classes" furnish very few inmates for the Home; and with a single exception, the only offence ever alleged against the hundreds of men the Home has befriended, has been that of drunkenness. Cases could be cited almost indefinitely to illustrate the character of the men whom indulgence in liquor is bringing into the custody of the law.

The case of a southern planter who was discharged from Deer Island in July last, and came to the Home, asking shelter, is only one of a hundred or more. He had come to this city from New Orleans, and commenced drinking in the lack of anything better to do. He was a man of liberal education, a fine linguist, and by instinct and training a gentleman. What money he had was exhausted in a succession of sprees, and, falling into the custody of the police, he was sent to Deer Island in default of the few dollars needed to pay his fine. His situation was wretched enough when he was set at liberty. Unaccustomed to a northern climate, he was very weak, physically, and the climate had told on him worse because of his scanty and insufficient clothing. New clothing, nourishing food, and a few days' rest and quietude, put him in condition to move about and seek employment. His acquaintances were all in the South, and he was glad to accept any employment which would enable him to reach them. Through the assistance of the officers of the Home, he was fitted out with a travelling agency and a small stock of materials, and started on his way southward. He found no difficulty in working his way

slowly to New Orleans, and immediately on his arrival there, wrote to the Superintendent of the Home, returning the small advance that was made him when he obtained the agency, and saying that he was among friends, who would allow him to want for nothing, that he had been faithful to the pledge thus far, and that he should owe whatever success he might attain in future as a temperate man, to the efforts put forth in his behalf at the Temporary Home.

THE STORY OF A CRIMINAL.

The difficulties that beset a criminal in his endeavors to make a livelihood by honest means were quite forcibly illustrated in the case of a man from New York state, who applied at the Home for assistance. He had been employed at one time by a banking institution in his native state. He had a considerable amount of property, and was considered, in the community where he lived, a wealthy man. He was married to a brilliant woman, and maintained a fine house and a quite extensive establishment. His position in the bank

gave him access to the deposits of the institution, and at last, as he frankly confessed to the Superintendent, he embezzled the money of the bank to enable him to meet the claims which the extravagance of his family had imposed on him. His story as to the methods he adopted to conceal the defalcation, and the discovery that the money was missing, was given without any attempt to palliate his crime, and, as he went on to narrate what he had suffered in consequence of his misdeed, it was easy to believe that he had found the way of the transgressor hard indeed. He was placed under arrest, sent to the State Prison, and had served out his full term. His wife, in the mean while, obtained a divorce from him, and though he was yet a young man when he regained his freedom, he was friendless, and knew not which way to turn. Added to the fact that he had been a criminal, his lameness and physical infirmity offered an obstacle to his obtaining work. His record, he said, was a bar to his obtaining any position of trust, and his physical infirmity unfitted him for a position in which his antecedents would not have been inquired after. Rum made an easy conquest of him. He hoped

to drown sorrow by drink, and becoming a worse wreck than ever, gave up all hope of redeeming himself in any way. His truthfulness in relating his past history inspired the officers of the Home with faith that, if he were given a reasonable opportunity, the poor fellow would at least do the Home no discredit by unfaithfulness, and possibly he might be put in a way to earn his own livelihood. The cost of fitting him out with a small stock of knickknacks was very little, and the effort to save him from doing further wrong to himself or others seemed worth making. He started out from Boston into the country, and has been heard from at various times, the reports thus far being entirely satisfactory. He has kept from intoxicating drinks, has succeeded moderately well with his pedler's stock, and bids fair, if he remains faithful to his pledge, to accumulate money enough to make his later years comparatively pleasant and comfortable.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

There are hundreds of people who would recall with a shudder their experiences or observations of one of the most frightful railroad accidents that it ever became the task of the New England newspapers to record and comment upon. The loss of life was almost without precedent, and it was clear that no cause could be assigned for the casualty except the gross and criminal carelessness of somebody in the employ of the railroad corporation. Who or what was to blame were questions which for several weeks were made subjects of newspaper discussion. It was strongly urged that the system of running trains on this particular road was seriously and radically at fault. It was maintained quite forcibly that collisions between in-coming and out-going trains were liable to occur at any time under the system in vogue, and that the vigilance of the locomotive engineers had for years offered the only safeguard this line of travel could give its passengers against fatal disaster. There was a coroner's jury, an inquest, and a verdict, in which the

corporation came in for a mild censure, and the main responsibility for the dreadful collision was attributed to the engineer of one of the colliding trains. He had been in the employ of the road for years, was a temperate man, and had never been reproached for any inattention to duty. He protested earnestly against the verdict censuring him, and stated that every train on the road had for a long time been run at a fearful hazard, because of the meagreness of the intelligence given those in charge of trains in regard to trains moving in the opposite direction. The engineer's protest, though it had considerable influence in determining popular opinion, was perhaps the means which made his connection with the disaster more conspicuous than it would otherwise have been. At all events he found that he had no prospect or hope of new employment as a railway engineer. For the first time in his life he took to intoxicating liquor, and, in a few months' time, rum did for him the work of years. He went the downward path at a break-neck pace, and, when brought to the Home, there seemed to be very little prospect of reforming him. His belief that his connection with the railroad disas-

ter had proved fatal to all chance of obtaining employment was gradually overcome, and as soon as he was made to feel some encouragement to reform, the task of persuading him to do better was comparatively easy. He signed the pledge, and after remaining a few days at the Home, readily obtained a position in charge of a stationary engine in a hotel. He has been strictly temperate, and has the assurance of permanent employment at a very good salary.

THE ONLY ROCK FOR THE DRUNKARD.

The "Captain," as the men learned to call him at the Home, was an old sailor, who had had some strange mishaps, afloat and ashore, but had saved some property, and had a treasure in a good home and a good wife. He had knocked about the world for forty years as a seaman, a soldier, and a speculator. He was active in Kansas during the Kansas-Missouri troubles, and for a considerable part of his life devoted himself to the study of astronomy and the natural sciences. After retiring from the merchant service, he pur-

chased a beautiful residence near Boston. His appetite for liquor grew upon him as temptations multiplied, and, to the distress of his wife, he began absenting himself from his home, and wandering about from saloon to saloon, often remaining away for several days at a time. While he was on one of these sprints a friend brought him to the Home, but no persuasion could induce him to remain. He was in no mood to be reasoned with, and the Superintendent of the Home reluctantly allowed him to depart. Much to the surprise of all who had seen him, he presented himself at the doors of the Home, a few days later, and asked to be received back. He had been thinking, he said, that it was the best place for him. He was admitted and placed under medical treatment. At first he was very weak, and a bronchial affection, with which he was troubled, threatened serious results. His physical ailments, which he attributed to dissipation, yielded under good treatment, and he evinced considerable concern as to his habits of intoxication, and the means of breaking from them. He signed the pledge, but he had not much faith in it as a restraint upon his appetite. He had signed it before, and

it had not sufficed. With these doubts in his mind, he became interested in the prayer meetings at the Home, and then all was made clear. The strength he had in vain sought to find in himself he obtained from an all-forgiving Father. His letter, written to Mr. McKenzie after leaving the Home, is one of the most interesting among the hundreds of similar communications received from ex-inmates of the institution. Writing from his home, he says, —

“May God bless you and Mr. Charpiot for what you have done for me and others. I am a witness to the Christian spirit you have manifested in your efforts to save the inebriate, and lead him to Christ as his only hope. You are right, for this is the only rock on which the drunkard is sure to stand steady, firm, and resolute, and from this rock he cannot fall, for He will uphold him, according to His love, declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus, and to His word — ‘Let my supplication come before thee; deliver me according to thy word.’ Christ has said He will deliver all who put their trust in Him.

“I truly believe, my dear friend, in your design to erect a suitable building for a Home. If it is conducted on the present plan, — not only saving

men from drink, but, through Christ, using the same efforts that I have witnessed, leading men to salvation, temporal and spiritual, — the way will surely be opened to you, that you may accomplish your purpose in the construction of a larger Home. Such an institution will be not only a benefit to the inebriate, but will be a saving to the state of fifty thousand dollars a year. The inebriate is not a criminal. If you want to make him one, send him to a prison, where he must mix with the most vicious and depraved men in the country. When the inebriate comes from such an institution, who will employ him? Does he come out a better man? No! In nine cases out of ten his imprisonment has settled his doom; he is a lost man. God alone can save him. The time will come when sending a man to the House of Correction for drunkenness will be looked upon with as much horror as the practice of hanging for witchcraft. That God may bless and prosper you and Mr. Charpiot, in your Christian work of saving men, is my sincere prayer.”

ARE ALL OF THEM SAVED?

Frequently the question is asked, "Do all the men who come to the Home relinquish rum-drinking? Are there none who go back to their old habits?" And this question shows how little it is understood, from the uninformed stand-point of people who have always led lives of strict sobriety, that the problem of a drunkard's case is often as purely physical as a case of small-pox. Indeed, it is a difficult thing to prevent temperate and Christian people from indulging in reproaches towards a man who has broken through his resolutions of reform, or to bring them to realize that he is suffering from a disease of the very machinery of volition, and that he is no more to be judged harshly for his acts than is an insane person. There are very few people who regard the fact that the mental pain experienced by a person who has freed himself from the habit of intoxication is attended with keen physical suffering. The physical power of liquor a man never realizes until he attempts its abandonment. Indulgence fastens itself upon him as a

daily habit. When a man has used intoxicating liquors for a long time, the condition of brain and stomach supervening on his deprivation of the poison is such as very frequently to render him suicidal. Men thus dominated by habit have come to the Home, have remained a few days, and gone out with the idea that they had strength of purpose, and enough of physical control to continue temperate. Some of them have fallen, and of these a large proportion have been in no sense more responsible for breaking their resolution than they would have been had they vowed to hold their fingers in the gas-blaze until they were burned off. In many cases, the abandonment of liquor brings on an agony which takes the inebriate's actions almost entirely out of the sphere of voluntary control. The grasp with which liquor holds a man, after he has used it for a long time, the ascendancy possessed by it over the unfortunate who has been habituated to it even for a few years, is as the clutch of a demon. A man who, after habitual use of liquor for ten years, became an inmate of the Home, with the purpose of escaping his thralldom, said, "It's like clawing yourself over red-hot coals on your hands and

knees." And this statement does not exaggerate the feelings of many an unfortunate who is seeking to cure the agony liquor has caused him. Let us suppose the inebriate a resolute man, who means to be free, and with that intent has abandoned a daily indulgence which for several years has amounted to three or four glasses a day. He begins to feel some uneasiness in the first few hours after his deprivation. In twelve or fifteen hours, his cravings for liquor become almost unendurable. No parallel agony to that of the inebriate at this stage can be adduced, unless it be that of the opium-eater, or the drowned person resuscitated by artificial means. He has used liquor so long that every part of his system has reconstructed itself to meet the abnormal conditions, and must go through a second process of reconstruction. Liquor has been at work for years, making terrible structural changes in his system. Can it be expected that this ruinous work, that has gone on for years, can be successfully undone in a day, or that abstinence for a week or a fortnight under the best of influences will uniformly result in a thorough reformation? This is too much to expect; and what

wonder that men who have once learned the seductions of drink, and undertake to break away after years of indulgence, are not always able to do it at the first attempt? They have a headache or a toothache; the weather depresses them; they have a certain "stint" of labor to do, without the native vigor to accomplish it; their anxieties keep them sleepless, or irregularities disturb their digestion. Whatever may have been the responsibility of these men in beginning the use of stimulants, long habit has reduced the will almost to the automatic plane. Now, such a man, if he fails in a first attempt to reform, is a proper subject, not for the Police Court or the House of Correction, but for medical treatment and Christian influences. The terrible demands, especially in this country, made on modern brains by our feverish competitive life, constitute hourly temptations to some form of stimulant. State legislation has undertaken to lessen the temptations that beset the path of men who purpose reform, but the liquor dealers enjoy a strange immunity from punishment, and practically the laws of the state afford no assistance worth speaking of to the man who is struggling to escape the thralldom of

drink. There are very few people, perhaps, who can patiently regard the fact that a pure and brave soul may become so demoralized by the perseverance of appetite as to break over the most solemn pledges when nature clamors for liquor. The fact of failure at first has not been considered in such cases as a barrier to readmission to the Home; and the encouragement to further effort in behalf of these men has been found in the fact that none of them abandon the hope of securing liberty from liquor, and the further fact that the policy of not turning these unfortunates empty away has been justified by the results of giving them a second opportunity.

The fact, however, has been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt by the experiences had at the Home, that no real dependence can be placed on the pledges and promises of any individual who does not look to Divine Grace to help him to keep the resolutions he has formed. Men who seemed thoroughly sincere in their desire to reform have left the Home feeling very confident of their ability to conquer their old enemy; but although they succeeded well for a while, they have eventually broken their most solemn pledges,

and fallen again and again. It is the old story of the willingness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh, and only when that weakness is realized, and help is sought from the One who is "mighty to save," is there any well-grounded hope of lasting reform.

The truth cannot be stated too emphatically. The only safety for men who have once yielded to their appetite for drink, is in a change of heart, involving a complete change of life. When the man tries to reform, drops his old associates, and forsakes his former companions, surrounding himself with such moral and religious influences as will elevate his nature and restore to him his lost manhood, he is taking the only right and safe course for him to take. Let him then look to God to bless and help all those influences, and he will soon find that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who never leaves nor forsakes those who put their trust in Him.

Such are the lessons which the officers of the Home endeavor to teach to those under their charge, impressing upon them the fact that all their help must come from God. Hence the fre-

quent prayer meetings, and the daily expounding of God's word at family prayers, with the single aim in view to lead to Jesus all who apply for shelter and relief at the Home, that they may find under its roof not only help and rest for their bodies, but especially for their souls.

The institution was founded as Jesus' Home — just the place He would be sure to visit if He were on earth; and it is the earnest desire of its founders and officers that it may prove truly a Bethesda—a house of mercy, to all who come under its influence.

Starting without a dollar pledged save for rent and furniture, the running expenses have been wonderfully provided for, so that on or near the first day of every month every bill has been paid. Of course such a result has not been obtained without adequate exertions, and the Superintendent of the Home has been instant in season and out of season, by personal efforts and in public addresses, raising the needed funds to help those committed to his care; but the main dependence has been on earnest, persevering prayer. The great inquiry has been, "Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do? Send us the men thou wouldst

have us help;" and with a firm belief that the means would be provided, the officers and managers of the Home have gone forward, humbly, but trustingly; and, to the praise and glory of God's holy name be it said, their expectations have never been disappointed.

It would be very easy to multiply the remarkable answers to prayer which have encouraged the hearts of the friends of the Home. Often, when the last dollar had been expended, money has been received from the most unexpected sources; and never has any one really in need been turned empty away. More than once, when applied to for pecuniary aid by some sick young man who needed the means to reach his home, or by some poor woman about to be turned into the street, with her children, because the rent was not paid, the Superintendent has emptied his pocket-book, which before long was wonderfully replenished.

"In some way or other, the Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way the Lord will provide."

The same has been true in the matter of clothing. Sometimes has the last shirt, the last coat,

or the last pair of boots been given out, and for the next applicants the officers of the Home have been obliged to provide from their own personal stores; but usually there has been enough and to spare.

Any one, not acquainted with the work done at the Home, can form but little idea of the extent of the demand for clothing which Mr. McKenzie and his assistants have to supply. Men apply for shelter who have been sleeping in police station-houses, and so filthy are most of these places—the only temporary accommodations our city furnishes for the shelterless—that they are covered with vermin, and need a thorough cleansing, and a complete change of clothing, before they can be taken into the Home. They are not, however, refused admission on that account, but a good bath is furnished them, together with a decent outfit, and as soon as possible situations are procured for them.

Besides these, there are many applications for clothing from men who have been for many weeks or months out of employment, until they are entirely destitute; and having gradually pawned everything they could possibly get along without, when

they succeed at last in finding employment again, they need clothes suitable for their work. Thus, in one way and another, however abundant the supply of clothing may be at the Home, the demand keeps up with it, and not unfrequently it is a little ahead.

As a result of their various experiences with the men who come under their care, the managers of the Appleton Temporary Home have become satisfied that one of the best safeguards which can be thrown around the men who are endeavoring to conquer their appetite for strong drink, is to enlist them in the work of helping others; hence, within the last few months, they have established the Appleton Temperance Society—an open temperance organization, the officers of which are former inmates of the Home. Any one can become a member by merely signing the pledge of the Appleton Home; and weekly meetings are held every Monday evening, in Eliot Chapel, a very convenient hall, 122 Eliot Street. Excellent music is furnished by a choir composed of young ladies and gentlemen, who freely give their services, and good speakers are provided for evening meetings. Rev. Mr. Parsons, of the

Union Congregational Church, in this city, Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Church Street M. E. Church, Rev. Dr. Young, of Woburn, Rev. Mr. Lamson, of Worcester, Rev. Dr. Marvin, of Wellesley, and others, have already delivered excellent addresses, and every clergyman applied to has cheerfully given his sympathy and tendered his services. The meetings are always opened with prayer, and after the regular addresses, the time is filled up with short speeches, interspersed with singing and music. The addresses, thus far, have been wonderfully appropriate, holding up before the men Christ as the only one able to help them, and deliver them from the bondage of appetite. The pledge is kept open on a table on the platform, and signing it is always in order, at any stage of the meeting.

Thus has the Appleton Home been enabled to extend its influence, by making those who have been benefited by it workers in the temperance cause, and earnest helpers in lifting up their fellow-men out of the filth and degradation from which they have themselves been rescued by the grace of God.

Once a month, the regular order of exercises is

changed, and instead of the usual meeting, a sociable is held, when, together with good music and pleasant addresses, an opportunity is given for all present to become acquainted with each other. The seats are so arranged as to secure an open space in the centre of the hall, and half an hour is agreeably spent in shaking hands and exchanging a few pleasant words. The object of these sociables is to introduce the men who are trying to reform to those who will help them, and throw the right kind of influences around them; and they have been wonderfully successful, the hall being filled on every occasion, and all present seeming to enjoy themselves.

As the Appleton Temporary Home extends its operations, the calls upon it from the unemployed are becoming more numerous every day; and besides furnishing situations to those who have found temporary shelter under its roof, employment has been obtained, through its agency, for many who have never been its inmates. Men with families apply every day, who are helped in securing work, whereby they can support those dependent upon them; and often money has been advanced to them with which to redeem the tools

they had been compelled to pawn to provide for their little ones. There are many such cases in our city, and the Superintendent of the Home has always cheerfully helped all those who applied to him, feeling that God was sending them, and that He would furnish the means.

A GLANCE AT THE WORK DONE.

Since the day of its opening, April 9, 1873, to the date of the present writing, January 1, 1874, the running expenses of the Home—leaving out two thousand four hundred dollars for rent and furniture, which were paid, as has been already stated, by a number of churches and individuals—have been four thousand seven hundred and eighty-two dollars and sixty-two cents; and the following figures show how the money has been used:—

4,263 lodgings have been furnished to 1,436 different men, about three nights to each man, on an average.

11,087 meals have been given out, viz., 3,724 breakfasts, 3,516 dinners, and 3,847 suppers.

721 situations have been procured, besides those obtained through the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Employment Bureau.

\$373.40 have been spent to send men to their homes, or to the situations secured for them.

A number of free passes have also been obtained—three of these being passages to England—on steamboats and railroads, whose managers and superintendents have been very liberal and kind, thus helping the good work.

438 men have been clothed, besides which many coats, pants, hats, caps, boots, shoes, underclothes, &c., have been given to those in need.

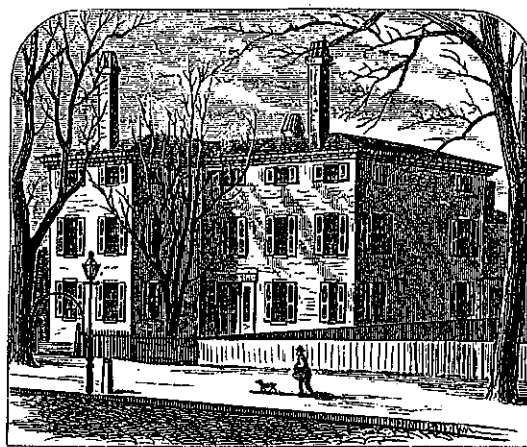
THE NECESSITY OF LARGER ACCOMMODATIONS.

From the above figures it will be seen that the Home has been kept filled to its utmost capacity all of the time, and more than once the Superintendent, rather than to turn away some needy ones, has paid for their lodgings in some hotel or boarding-house. With the approach of the present winter, however, the applications for shelter and food became so frequent and so pressing, that the

necessity of a removal to a larger house was anxiously and prayerfully considered. Still nothing definite was done about it, until the early part of December, when, providentially, and in direct answer to prayer that, if it was His will the Home should enlarge its borders, God would show him the way, Mr. McKenzie heard that the house known as the Alger Mansion, 48 Fourth Street, South Boston, was to be let, and could be obtained at a rent of one thousand dollars—two hundred dollars less than was paid for the house 559 Washington Street.

A visit to the place showed that it was just the thing, the house standing by itself, three stories in height, and with twenty rooms, besides kitchens, bath-rooms, basement, &c. It is also very easy of access, being within only half a block of the Dorchester line of horse railroad, and just across the Dover Street bridge from Harrison Avenue and Washington Street.

Mr. McKenzie engaged the house at once, and trusting to the Lord for guidance, he commenced making arrangements for the removal of the Home to its new quarters. In less than two weeks the one thousand dollars needed to furnish the new



HOME AT SOUTH BOSTON.

Home were secured, and by the first of January everything was in running order.

THE NEW HOME.

Those who have visited the Home in its late location, 559 Washington Street, can appreciate with what feelings of earnest gratitude to God Mr. McKenzie and his estimable wife, the worthy matron of the Home, took possession of their new quarters. Everything was so crowded in the house on Washington Street, that Mrs. McKenzie had no room which she could really call her own, but was obliged, with her husband and children, to occupy as a sleeping apartment what was used, during the daytime, as the office and reception-room—a thing which few ladies in her circumstances would have been willing to do, but with which she cheerfully put up, that she might help her husband in his noble work.

In the new Home the arrangement of the various rooms is excellent, giving the Superintendent and his family their apartments all on one floor,

and rendering the arduous duties of the matron much easier to perform.

In the basement, and with an entrance in the rear of the house, are a large kitchen, and a dining-room, where the hungry are fed. On entering the house from Fourth Street is a spacious hall, on the right side of which is the family dining-room, while on the left, connected with folding doors, are the reading-room and the Superintendent's office. At the end of the hall is the entrance to the kitchen and bath-rooms, both exceedingly convenient, and provided with all the modern appliances. On the next story, at the left, and above the reading-room and office, are the apartments occupied by the Superintendent and his family, while on the right is the guests' chamber, where friends from a distance who visit the Home are made welcome. Over the kitchen and bath-room is a large dormitory, with twelve beds for night lodgers, while the next story is divided into nine rooms of various sizes, with accommodations for between thirty and forty men. The house is comfortably furnished throughout, and the iron cot-beds, with their white spreads and their snowy pillows, present a very neat appearance. May

our blessed Master, who has given success to our efforts thus far, and granted us the means to enlarge our work, bless the new Home, and make it, with its better accommodations, more successful as a spiritual as well as a temporal refuge for the outcast, the fallen, the destitute!

OUR LITTLE MINNIE.

Our account of the Home and its work would not be complete without a few words about the bright little one whose winning ways and cheerful prattle have so endeared her to all the inmates. Little Minnie is the Home's adopted child. Last fall Mrs. McKenzie found her, on a visit to the Children's Temporary Home on Pine Street, and becoming interested in her, she learned, upon inquiry, that her father was dead, and that her mother, a member of Park Street Church, by whose charity she was supported, had long been a sufferer from a lingering disease, and was expected to live only a short time longer. On returning home she told Mr. McKenzie about the little one, according to all probabilities so soon to become

an orphan, and both their hearts warmed towards her; and after prayerful consultation of the matter, they concluded to adopt her. The very next day little Minnie was brought to the Home, where her naturally cheerful and affectionate disposition soon made her welcome; and so happy is the little one with her adopted parents, that no one would suspect she is not their own child. She is only three years old, but uncommonly bright for her age; and many a sad heart has she cheered as she moves in her childish way about the house.

A WAIF FROM DEER ISLAND.

Those who have visited the Home within the last few months must have noticed, among the attendants, a bright lad, who usually waits on the door, and takes care of the rooms. Peter is the lad's name, and he has quite a history, which should find a place here, as showing how in this instance God has blessed the instrumentality used at the Home, saving him as a brand plucked from the burning.

Mention has already been made of the fact that

a number of the men received at the Home have come from Deer Island, where they had been confined on account of their inability to pay the fine imposed upon them by the Municipal Court for drunkenness. In order to benefit those unfortunates, as much as possible, Mr. McKenzie has been in the habit of visiting Deer Island at least once a month, and he often has obtained the pardon of such men as he thought would be likely to reform. During his visits last summer, and while Mr. Guy C. Underwood was superintendent of the institution on the island, he noticed a boy some eighteen years of age, who was kept very busy about the yard and office; and upon inquiry, he learned that, although naturally bright and willing to work, most of the lad's latter life had been spent on the island, where he had been sent, at first when only twelve years of age, for drunkenness. He was born in Philadelphia, and losing his parents when an infant, he had been sent by the Philadelphia authorities to his grandmother in Boston, and on her death had been left friendless and alone in the world. After knocking about the city for some time, he had been taken up at last and sent to the island as a vagrant. As

soon as discharged, however, having no place to go, and no friends to point him to the path of virtue, he at once went back among his old associates, and in a very few days found himself arrested again and sent back to the island. And so six of the best years of his life had been spent. On learning all this, Mr. McKenzie made arrangements with Mr. Underwood, and a few days after, provided with a note of introduction from the superintendent of the institution on Deer Island, the lad presented himself at the door of the Home. He was admitted, and finding him, as Mr. Underwood had stated, both active and willing to work, Mr. McKenzie gave him occupation about the house, and with the blessing of God, and thanks to the religious influences by which he now finds himself surrounded, a great change has gradually taken place in the boy; and in the bright gentlemanly lad who so cheerfully does his work, few would recognize the surly, ill-looking boy whose Deer Island education seemed to fit him only for a criminal's career or a felon's cell. Peter is now a changed boy; and what is best, he is trying to lead a Christian life. May God bless

him in his endeavors, and give him His grace even as he needs.

Peter's case, remarkable as it is, is not the only one in which the Home has been the means of saving lads, orphaned, and destitute, from the life of degradation and wretchedness to which they seemed doomed by the circumstances by which they were surrounded.

The Superintendent always welcomes such cases, and hopes, with the present larger accommodations of the Home, to do more for the homeless and friendless lads who are growing up to fill our prisons and almshouses because no one seems to care for them, and surround them with the Christian influences which alone can save them.

THE ATTENDANTS ABOUT THE HOME. — OUR COOK.

One of the remarkable features of the inside arrangements of the Home is the fact that all of the attendants about the house are reformed men, who can better sympathize with those who come under their care, because they know them-

W
 selves, from bitter experience, what drink does for its victims. Among those, no one is more ready to help, or more efficient and tender in watching with the sick, than Frank, as he is familiarly called, who acts as a sort of general steward and cook at the Home. Although only a middle-aged man, he was at one time at the head of a large mercantile house in a western city; but the so-called moderate indulgence in fashionable wines created an appetite for stronger drinks, and step by step he went down lower and lower still, until he lost his business, ruined his prospects, and became a homeless wanderer, shipping as a common sailor to escape his enemy if possible. But every effort was vain until he was brought to the Home at the end of a terrible spree, his nervous system shattered, a mere wreck of himself. With good medical treatment and proper care, however, he recovered, and when thoroughly well, was employed in the Home, where he has showed himself both efficient and faithful. Of course his situation, as steward and cook of the Appleton Temporary Home, is very different from the position he once occupied; but he is satisfied with it both on account of the good

he is enabled to do to others, and the benefit he derives for himself. Frank has become almost one of the fixtures of the Home, and, by his cheerfulness and readiness to help others, has endeared himself to the officers, and to the inmates as well.

THE RECORD OF ONE DAY.

It would be difficult for those who have plenty of time on their hands to understand how rapidly the hours fly, and how short the days are for Mr. McKenzie and his Assistants at the Home. Although they are all kept very busy, however, it is upon the Superintendent that the chief burden of care and anxiety rests. The record of one day will serve to give the reader an idea of the amount of labor performed, and will be interesting, as showing what can be done when the heart is earnestly engaged, and direction and strength are sought from Him who is both wonderful in counsel and mighty in working.

In the morning the entire household is aroused at half past five o'clock in the summer, and at half past six in the winter. At seven, during the

latter season, the inmates have their breakfast. Family prayers follow at half past seven o'clock. At eight the Superintendent and his family sit down to their own breakfast. Then commences the daily routine. There are half a dozen or a dozen men waiting in the reading-room, whose cases must be first attended to. One man, who staid over night, and got his breakfast, wants to make sure of his lodgings for to-night, before he goes out to look for work. Another wants a pair of pants, another a pair of boots, and others different articles of clothing. A poor sick man wants to go to the City Hospital, and he is waiting for a note of introduction to Dr. Cowles. This man wants the Superintendent to procure him a pass on some railroad or steamboat, as the case may be, that he may get home, where his friends will care for him, while that other, who is in search of employment, asks to be sent somewhere where he may work for his board, if he can find nothing else. In the mean time the door bell has been kept ringing almost continually. A mother has come in to talk to Mr. McKenzie about her son, who is given to drink; a wife is on the same errand regarding her husband. Some friends have

brought in a drunken man they have picked up in the street, where he was about to be arrested by a police officer. He must be attended to at once, of course; and soon he has taken his dose of medicine, and finds himself nicely tucked in bed.

At last there is a lull; the cases seem to have been all disposed of, and the Superintendent looks at his list to see what comes next. Perhaps it is some business to be transacted at the City Hall, or at the Municipal Court, where some poor fellow who was arrested last night for drunkenness is to be got out on probation and brought to the Home. That attended to, some gentleman on State, or Commercial, or Court Street has to be seen on business connected with the Home. He is both wealthy and liberal, and probably the Superintendent is trying to get him interested in the work done by the Home. Next the plumber, or the gas-fitter, has to be seen; and so the forenoon is gone before one quarter of the things put down on the memorandum-list for to-day has been attended to. The dinner hour for the inmates is at noon, and that for the family at one o'clock. The meal is hastily snatched, then the race against

time recommences. Some one has to be seen who lives way up on Columbus Avenue, or Boylston Street; then down town again to keep an engagement at three o'clock. Some clergyman must be called upon about securing a chance to speak for the Home next Sunday; and when he reaches home at half past five for his tea, the reading-room is filled with people waiting to see the Superintendent about themselves or those in whom they feel interested. In the evening, if there is no meeting to be attended, there are always plenty of calls to be made on people who cannot be found at home at any other time; and so, when Mr. McKenzie reaches his own home at last, he is thoroughly tired out; but somehow or other, the items on his memorandum-list are all checked off as having been attended to, and a vast amount of work has been accomplished. Such is a fair average record of one day's labor at the Home, to which must be added all that is done by the Assistant, the Matron, and the attendants, for all are kept equally busy.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

It should be remembered, however, that whatever is done at the Home is done for the Lord. His direction is sought in everything, and his aid humbly asked. Hence it is that so much is accomplished; not that the officers of the Home are abler or more active than any one else, but because upon every step which is taken the Divine blessing has first been asked. Whoever has not tried it little knows how easy it is to do much for Jesus, if we only go to work in the right way and as under his eye. The trouble is, too often, but little is done, simply because only little is undertaken, on account of a sort of false modesty, which is a real lack of faith. He who believes much does much, and only as our faith increases can our usefulness be enlarged. We need to pray more, to live in closer communion with our Saviour, receiving continual supplies of grace and strength from Him. In the language of the beautiful hymn, so familiar to those in the habit of attending the prayer meetings at the Home, —

“What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 O, what peace we often forfeit
 And what needless pains we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer!”

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HOME.

The task of the writer of this little volume would be incomplete without a few words about Mr. McKenzie, the Superintendent of the Home, to whom, under the blessing of God, the establishment and success of the institution are largely due.

D. Banks McKenzie, as his name indicates, is of Scotch origin. His father followed the sea as the captain of various merchant vessels, and removed his family to this country, where some of his children were born, and all of them educated, the eldest of his sons, William S., graduating at Harvard University, and entering the Baptist ministry. He now, after a successful pastorate over several important churches, occupies the position

of District Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Society. During the early years of his life, the subject of this sketch went to sea with his father, settling down, as he reached manhood, as clerk and salesman in a dry goods store. After a few years, having married at quite an early age, he went into business for himself, and was at one time quite successful, although the habit of drinking, which he had contracted at first among his fashionable associates, kept growing upon him, and doubtless interfered with his business prospects.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, he entered the United States navy, where he served with distinction as an officer, resigning at the close of the war, more than ever a victim to intemperance. The following extract from his first report, made last May, to the Board of Directors of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Temperance Society, with which the Home was then connected, will show how he was rescued, and providentially led to undertake the work in which he is now engaged.

“As the establishment of the Temporary Home

is closely connected with my own deliverance from the thralldom of sin and appetite, I may be permitted to allude briefly, in this report, to the wonderful ways in which God has dealt with me, making me a subject of divine grace.

"It is only one short year since I was, as all my friends thought, and as I thought myself, hopelessly addicted to the use of intoxicating drink. I had made many attempts at reform, but they had all proved worse than useless. I always fell again, and my case seemed a desperate one. Still the Holy Spirit was striving with me, and my conscience often reproached me for my careless course. One Sabbath, last autumn, feeling unusually oppressed with the wretchedness of my bondage, I left Brighton, where I was then living, and my steps were directed towards the village of Allston. There the open vestry of the Baptist Church attracted my attention, and I went in.

"The sexton was just lighting up the room, preparatory to the Sunday evening prayer meeting. I went out again, and at the appointed time I returned. The meeting went on, and during its progress my distress became so great, that I felt compelled to rise and ask the prayers of the people. My appeal met with a warm and hearty response, and there I was enabled to abandon every other hope and give myself away to Christ. Words cannot describe the change

which God, by his grace, then operated in me. I was completely delivered from the slavery of appetite, and, to my unbounded joy, I found myself master of the foe intemperance, which for so many years had brought shame to myself and to my family; and from that hour to the present I have realized more and more what a precious Saviour Jesus is, who keeps me and saves me, every day, from myself and from the temptations by which I am surrounded.

"My eyes were also opened to the fearful pit from which I have been digged; and as I commenced visiting the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and attending the daily prayer meetings there, my sympathies became strongly enlisted in behalf of those around me who were yet struggling in the abyss from which the grace of God had rescued me, and I felt constrained to do something to befriend them.

"I accordingly began laboring with them, with such means as I had; but I had hardly commenced my work when it pleased the Lord to lay me aside by severe illness.

"There had been some talk previously about the establishment of a Temporary Home for Inebriates, in connection with the Temperance Society, organized under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association; but on account of various changes in the board of officers of that

organization, and especially as all the energies of the members of the Association seemed to be directed towards the necessary arrangements for the Bazaar, which was then in process of preparation, the idea was given up, for the time being at least.

"In the mean time it pleased God to bless the means which were used for my recovery, and towards the latter part of February I found myself able to be about once more. I resumed at once my work among the unfortunate victims of appetite, giving up my business that my whole time might be devoted to them. I found plenty of men lying about the streets, utterly destitute of money or friends, who yet seemed ready to reform if an opportunity was given them; and the blessing of God seemed to rest upon my efforts in their behalf. I had no means of my own, but day by day money came in from unexpected sources, sufficient for the expenses I was incurring; and an idea of the results arrived at may be formed from the report I presented at the public meetings connected with the formal opening of the Home, April 9.

"From the seven weeks, from February 21 to April 9, I have received from various sources \$254.27, which I have used with the following results: total number of men helped, 271; men sent to situations, 41; families reunited, 11."

"While thus engaged, the necessity of a Tempo-

rary Home became more and more evident to me, and another change having taken place in the Board of Directors of the Temperance Society, by which I was placed at the head of the Executive Committee, the subject was brought up again, and after earnest and prayerful consideration of the matter, I proposed to them that if they would become responsible for the rent of a building suitable for the Home, I would take charge of it, and, trusting the Lord for the means, become responsible for the running expenses.

"I was then authorized to look about for a building, and soon found that the house 559 Washington Street could be obtained for a rent of twelve hundred dollars per year. I reported the fact, when four or five men, with large hearts and purses, assumed the responsibility of the rent, and the expense of furnishing the house was undertaken by a number of churches.

"Thus was the movement which led to the opening of our Temporary Home successfully inaugurated, and the Lord himself has provided the means thus far. . . . Little idea can be formed, however, of the difficulties and discouragements which met us at first at every step. Prudence seemed to advise that we should wait until a sufficient guarantee fund—some said of ten thousand dollars—should be secured; an attempt which seemed utterly hopeless, especially when all the

energies of the Association were directed towards making the Bazaar a success.

" . . . In conclusion, I can only praise God for his kindness, and for the wonderful tokens of his favor which he has bestowed upon the Home thus far. He has not only provided the means to carry on the work, but He has sent us just the men He would have us help, and we have had some remarkable cases of conversions and reformation."

We have thus quoted at length from Mr. McKenzie's report, because, as he states himself, the establishment of the Home is closely connected with his own reformation and conversion, and we preferred to have the story told in his own words, even at the risk of repeating what has already been stated in some of the previous pages of this book.

CONCLUSION.

We have now reached the end of the task we set to ourselves when we commenced the preparation of this little volume. We have tried to make it a true and simple record of what God

has been pleased to do through the instrumentality of the Appleton Temporary Home. Our object was to encourage God's dear people to trust Him more fully, and to try to do whatever work He sets before them with an entire reliance upon Him, and a child-like trust in His promises. May we not indulge the hope that some of those who read these lines will be led to inquire, in the spirit of true consecration, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?"

One of the reasons, we think, why Christians accomplish so little, is because they are unwilling to trust God as they should. They see plenty of work to be done. Jesus' friends, the poor, are always with them. There are everywhere broken hearts to be bound up, outcasts to be gathered in, wanderers to be brought back into the fold, souls to be saved, and Christ's followers are not indifferent to all these calls for help; but as they realize their urgency and their magnitude, they think of their own weaknesses, their few gifts, the difficult circumstances in the midst of which they find themselves placed, and their faith wavers, they grow discouraged, and usually give up before they have undertaken anything.

Is it not too true that we look for excuses for our inactivity, and reasons why we should not undertake more than we do, rather than to the true incentives we have to be willing to spend and be spent for Him who has done so much for us?

Our blessed Master never requires from us what we cannot do; and with every duty which He places before us He gives us also the strength we need to perform it. "As thy day is, so thy strength shall be." Surely the promise is plain enough, and all we need is to appropriate it by faith, and go right on in the strength of it, assured that our Saviour's grace is sufficient for us, and His strength made perfect in our infirmities. We need to look away from ourselves to Jesus more and more, and to remember that all we try to do is to be done for Him. Then

"nothing is too small,
Nothing too great, to give when He gave all;
And simple service done as in His sight
Grows every day in length, and breadth, and height."

There lies on the centre-table at the Temporary Home a little volume of poems, entitled "Cheering Words," published by A. D. F. Randolph, of New York, which is a great favorite with Mr.

McKenzie, on account of the blessed truths it illustrates; and we may be permitted here to copy a few stanzas from a little piece entitled "By the Gate," and modestly signed A. E. C., suggested by the passage, —

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Heb. vi. 12.

"So much to do, and so little time,
So much to learn, and so long to wait,
I say to myself, Arouse thee, and climb!
And then I sit down by the pleasant gate.

"By the gate I watch while others pass through;
I sit and dream I am following fast;
I keep my hands folded, with nothing to do,
And fancy my labor is something to last.

"I know I shall start up some time in grief,
Send self-aiming arrows, not pointless or few;
Then think that the time that remains is too brief
For the wonderful work I had purposed to do.

"But the dew of the evening may fall while I wait,
And the on-coming night be too dark for my feet!
So the sun of the morrow, that dawns o'er the gate,
Will find me ashamed in yesterday's seat.

"But its glorified rays on the mountain above
Will circle the brows of a travel-worn band,
Like a halo traced there with a gesture of love,
When the Master in blessing had stretched out His
hand."

In the words of the sainted Montgomery, —

“ We cannot toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

“ Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, ‘ Harvest Home! ’ ”

WITH the publication of this little volume, the writer of these pages closes his direct connection with the Appleton Temporary Home. It has been his privilege to assist Mr. McKenzie in his great work from the very day of the opening of the Home, and he will ever look back with sincere gratitude to the months he has thus spent in trying to lift up the fallen, and help them to lead a better life. During that time he has been a member of the Superintendent's family, and he has learned to love him and his devoted wife with a true brother's love. Very pleasant indeed has been their intercourse. Often, when

circumstances seemed unfavorable and the prospects for the future doubtful, they have kneeled together in the little office, which was also Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie's room, and they have told Jesus all about it, ever finding Him ready to help them in the hour of their need. He has had also the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with every case he has mentioned here, and it is with no little reluctance, and only after anxious and prayerful inquiry as to God's will, that he leaves the dear Home, where he has been so happy, to labor in another part of the Master's vineyard, where he feels he has been called. He still intends, however, to keep up his connection with the institution, and if the dear Lord is pleased to bless this little volume, and through it to quicken His people to greater activity, and to enlarge their sympathies towards the outcast and the destitute, he will feel that he has not written in vain, and that his earnest prayer for Divine guidance in this labor of love has been heard and answered. May God bless the Appleton Temporary Home, and make it, with its increased accommodations, more and more useful in feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, and helping the victims of appetite

to break the chains that are binding them; but above all, may it be in the future, as it has been in the past, the birthplace of many a soul, led, through its instrumentality, from darkness to light, and from the slavery of sin to the glorious liberty of the children of God!

STATISTICS.

The following figures, which have been carefully compiled from the records kept at the Appleton Temporary Home, will prove interesting as showing what kind of men have been the inmates of the institution since the day of its opening, April 9, 1873, to the present time, January 1, 1874.

During that time fourteen hundred and thirty-six men have been sheltered at No. 559 Washington Street, Boston, who give their birthplaces as follows:—

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston,	97
Worcester,	33
Springfield,	28
Lowell,	26
Lawrence,	25

Lynn,	23
Fall River,	22
Newburyport,	18
Taunton,	17
Salem,	16
Fitchburg,	14
Haverhill,	14
Somerville,	12
New Bedford,	12
Chelsea,	12
Westfield,	7
Brighton,	7
Cambridge,	6
Charlestown,	5
Natick,	5
Marlboro',	5
Woburn,	5
Bridgewater,	3
Arlington,	3
Plymouth,	3
Newton,	2
Quincy,	2
Dedham,	2
Weymouth,	2
Nantucket,	1

Sandwich,	1
Kingston,	1
Marblehead,	1
Randolph,	1
Falmouth,	1
Orange,	1
Westport,	1
East Stoughton,	1
Walpole,	1
Webster,	1
Provincetown,	1
Wilbraham,	1
Medford,	1
Warren,	1
Hingham,	1
East Douglas,	1
Sherburne Falls,	1
Saugus,	1
Ware,	1
Woodville,	1
Harvard,	1
West Newbury,	1
Cape Ann,	1
Beverly,	1
Sharon,	1

North Bridgewater,	1
Martha's Vineyard,	1
Stoughton,	1
Watertown,	1
Concord,	1
Westboro',	1
Yarmouth,	1
Nantasket,	1
Andover,	1
Total,	461

OTHER STATES.

Maine,	63
New York,	59
Rhode Island,	33
New Hampshire,	30
Vermont,	26
Pennsylvania,	25
New Jersey,	24
Connecticut,	22
Maryland,	18
Ohio,	12
Illinois,	9

District of Columbia,	7
Louisiana,	5
Tennessee,	3
Virginia,	2
Florida,	1
Missouri,	1
Delaware,	1
Alabama,	1
California,	1
Total,	343

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

England,	235
Ireland,	106
Scotland,	69
Canada,	52
Nova Scotia,	38
New Brunswick,	32
Germany,	29
Wales,	27
Newfoundland,	16
Sweden,	9
Belgium,	3

France,	1
Demarara, W. I.,	1
Cape Town, Africa,	1
Total,	619

RECAPITULATION.

Massachusetts,	461
Other States,	343
Foreign Countries,	619
Birthplace unknown,	13
Total,	1436

So far as could be ascertained, the men sheltered at the Home have followed the following occupations:—

Laborers,	203
Printers,	79
Shoemakers,	73
Clerks,	67
Salesmen,	62
Sailors,	58
Waiters,	45

Carpenters,	41
Machinists,	37
Tailors,	35
Bookkeepers,	32
Painters,	29
Weavers,	26
Builders,	23
Teamsters,	22
Spinners,	20
Hatters,	18
Barbers,	17
Druggists,	16
Carriers,	14
Cabinet Makers,	13
Stone Cutters,	11
Pressmen,	9
Pedlers,	9
Bakers,	7
Hack Drivers,	6
Masons,	6
Paper Hangers,	5
Butchers,	5
Burnishers,	5
Gardeners,	5
Upholsterers,	4

Bricklayers,	4
Teachers,	4
Grooms,	4
Cooks,	4
Plasterers,	4
Piano Makers,	4
Bookbinders,	4
Dyers,	4
Watch Makers,	3
Plumbers,	3
Silver Platers,	3
Engravers,	3
Tinsmiths,	3
Watchmen,	3
Pattern Makers,	3
Brush Makers,	3
Photographers,	3
Dentists,	2
Lawyers,	2
Journalists,	2
Bar Keepers,	2
Telegraph Operators,	2
Shipmasters,	2
Saddlers,	2
Gilders,	2

Express Drivers,	2
Lithographers,	2
Farmers,	2
Physician,	1
Stencil Cutter,	1
Clergyman,	1
Artist,	1
Pilot,	1
Sail Maker,	1
Without trades,	346
Total,	<u>1436</u>

NOTES.

The ages of the men sheltered at the Home have ranged from the boy of fifteen to the old man of seventy. Much the larger proportion, however, has been young men, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five.

Although the officers of the Home know no distinction of nationality or race, only seventeen

colored men have applied for shelter — a fact which speaks well for their sobriety and industry.

Of the fourteen hundred and thirty-six men who, since its opening, have found temporary accommodations at the Home, ten hundred and twenty-six — *more than two thirds of the whole number* — had been reduced in their circumstances through indulgence in strong drink, most of them being intoxicated when admitted. We have already stated what is the main dependence at the Appleton Temporary Home for the reformation of that class of men. No accurate figures of results can yet be given, of course, although it may safely be said that quite a large proportion of those who have signed the pledge at the Home are keeping it; they being, in every instance, those who look to God for strength, and pray daily for His help and guidance.

“HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US!”

THE HOME AT SOUTH BOSTON.

The preceding pages contain a brief and imperfect record of events which took place while the Home was located at 559 Washington Street, Boston; also an account of the removing and refitting of the Alger Mansion, 48 West Fourth Street, South Boston; so our labors in writing the following pages will commence there. Although the rent of this building was two hundred dollars less than the former location, the accommodation, admitting of a larger number of patients, caused the most active and energetic movements on the part of Mr. McKenzie to enlist the sympathies of those who were abundantly able to give, and convey the work of the Home, its wants, necessities, and the amount of actual good accomplished, to the public, through the press, and by numerous lectures delivered by himself, not only in the city, but throughout the country.

Frequently the way looked dark and dreary, as bills would accumulate, and often it seemed

as if the Home must be closed or surrendered on account of the heavy demands against it, and not being properly supported by the public; yet so firm was the belief in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, and the full conviction that his was truly Christ's own work in the lifting up, and leading to the feet of Jesus, men who were literally lost, both in soul and body, that constant prayer never ceased; and just as all may expect, who pray in faith, the prayers were answered, and money came in from day to day, sufficient to "keep the wolf from the door." Nothing but *direct answers* to supplications, and perfect faith in Christ, enabled Mr. McKenzie to surmount the many difficulties and demands, and gave him the amount of physical as well as spiritual strength necessary to continue the struggles day after day, yea, month after month; in fact, there has been no cessation up to the present time, where actual necessities did not require the most determined will, perseverance, and superhuman efforts, which had to fall chiefly on the superintendent in order to make it a successful institution, and to carry out the principles upon which it was founded. All this had to be done

in direct opposition to the advice of many, who claimed, as some do now, that it was only time and money thrown away to attempt the reformation of those who, by the habitual and excessive use of intoxicating drink, had become inebriates and common drunkards. Thank God that this little history is in itself a witness, and living witnesses can be produced to prove the contrary.

Then, again, we were told that gratitude was an element wholly foreign to the nature of the class of people who would come to the Home for assistance; but the experience thus far teaches us differently, and the fruit can be plainly seen from extracts from a few of the hundreds of letters now on file in the superintendent's office.

At the very start we wish to define our position in the matter, and thorough belief in the possible reformation of thirty-five per cent. of the afflicted, our utmost sympathy for the inebriate and those engaged in the noble work of his reform. Therefore, if we differ, and differ strongly, from many opinions we have heard advanced, let it be understood that we are not writing in a spirit of controversy or animosity, but with the hope that it will be read with that courtesy and

deference which on our part we intend to show to others.

✓ If we so strenuously object to coercion in any shape, it is not because we doubt the sincerity of its advocates, but because in our experience it has never been the means of any lasting good.

✓ If drunkenness could be considered a crime, then the punishment should be imprisonment for life; and it is doubtful whether we should not consider that punishment retributive, rather than reformatory.

The drunkard, especially the intelligent one, knows by his own experience and that of others, that when inebriated he is capable of the most atrocious and unnatural crimes; that if he could help himself, and did not, hardly anything short of hanging could satisfy society; in fact, he would be a monster.

Under circumstances to which all are liable, the naturally well-balanced mind may succumb; but the fiery natures, the impulsive, the open-hearted, and generous, are as the gun cotton, which needs but the pressure or spark to become uncontrollable, and demand more drink with all the agony of unstrung nerves. These are they who become

drunkards all at once. They stand an astonishment to their friends and to themselves. Your pleading cannot present to them any greater horrors than the agony they themselves feel.

Our own experience teaches us that when drinking has become a habit, self-control is at once abolished, and the victim is, on that subject at least, a maniac. ✓ The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink! the appetite for strong drink being absolutely uncontrollable when the subject is under the baneful effects of alcohol. Can any one pronounce him a criminal deserving of punishment? The starved man, whose insatiable appetite causes him to eat unreasonably, even until sometimes death ensues, might just as well be called a suicide. What the man wants is a way of escape. This the Inebriate Asylum or Retreat affords him.

The drunkard may be punished, or frightened without punishment, without any effect, but he will be influenced by kind words and elevating surroundings. It is not necessary, however, to pursue the subject, now almost unanimously conceded, that drunkenness is a disease. That concession made, how can any person persist in

advocating measures that would seem cruel if applied to the blind, the deaf, or the dumb? Undoubtedly some restraint is necessary. When a man is brought to the Appleton Home in a complete state of inebriety, or even under what is generally called the influence of liquor, after administering what medicine is deemed necessary, he is sent to bed; as we have no "iron bars," simply have him undressed and his clothes taken away from him, to prevent him escaping unobserved.

If he is able to walk around the next day, he is allowed part of his clothing, and provided with a dressing-gown, with permission to roam over the premises at will. The time when the patient is supposed to be entirely rational, and entitled to liberty, varies with the individual. Some are judged worthy of trust after two or three days; some are not before two or three weeks.

It is not necessary for me to add that mistakes are sometimes made; but they are the exceptions, not the rule. In treating a disease so varied in its manifestations, and of so perverse and insidious a nature, it is impossible to foresee everything.

A daily association and intercourse with inebriates, together with the large experience that we have acquired about the vagaries of drunken men during our previous thralldom, enable us to judge pretty accurately whether our efforts will ultimately be crowned with success, or whether we labor in vain.

The great drawback with this institution has been, and still is, the want of funds. Men have left the Home and relapsed, who, had it been in our power to keep them a few weeks longer, would, we firmly believe, have become thoroughly reformed.

When the idea of founding the Home was first divulged, many made no concealment of their utter want of sympathy. It was shocking to perceive what an aversion to considering inebriates susceptible of cure existed in their minds. They were pleased to suggest that we would be much more suitably employed were we to engage in mercantile pursuits of some kind, and let the inebriate go uncared for and alone to his premature grave. We thought otherwise, and these very identical ones, now convinced by the suc-

cess, help us with their advice, and, what is much needed, their means.

The Home has not yet been four years in existence; therefore, when we say "thoroughly," it must be understood as intended to convey the idea that for lengths of time varying from six months to three years, these men have totally abstained from the use of intoxicants, and now are filling positions of honor and trust; their manner, actions, and conversation announcing a firm resolve to continue in the path of temperance and of a Christian life.

Are not even such short-timed results encouraging? How could a system of coercion, imprisonment, and harsh treatment be more successful? The longer an inebriate is kept forcibly from his beloved cup, the more anxious he will be for a debauch on his restoration to liberty.

He will count the days that separate him from his freedom. If you stipulate the time he shall be locked up, and if you do not fix a certain time of seclusion, but have him understand that his restoration to the society of his fellow-men depends upon his behavior while incarcerated, be sure that

he will not hesitate to stoop to every kind of deceit, artifice, fraud, and deception, to impose upon you a belief in his conversion so as to shorten his imprisonment.

The treatment which we have adopted allows of no such deception; for, after the first short time of probation before mentioned, all liberty is restored within such limits as must, of course, be marked, where so many men of all classes and conditions are thrown together. The rules of the Home, however, are far from being rigid, and are only intended to keep order and prevent abuses and privileges. During the day the inmates are allowed to do pretty much as they please. We have parlor, reading-room, piano, etc., etc., and they can take their choice of occupations, with plenty of out-door exercise if desired.

We have social meetings three times a week, well attended by ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood. We consider these meetings as no small means towards imparting that refinement and culture which must precede a thorough reformation of the inebriate. Here we have arrived to what we consider the great turning-point in his career. The first requisite towards saving a man

is his desire to be saved: take the desire away, and all your labors will be in vain.

Every man who has tasted of the dregs left at the bottom of the cup wishes to be made free, but he would be made free in one instant, as by the motion of a magic wand. He makes resolution after resolution, breaks them over and over again, and finally gives up the contest. It is this very going back to a dissipated and filthy life that we want to prevent — we want to make virtue and abstinence so enticing to him, that the siren's voice will be drowned, and that all the better instincts of his nature may be aroused. Most of the men we have to deal with are fallen men, that is, men who have held good and even high positions in society, have lost caste, and by degrees come down to the inevitable goal, misery, poverty, and degradation.

It would be ridiculous to expect a man who has lived in the higher walks of life, and forsaken them for *rum*, to be elevated and reinstated on the pedestal he has descended from, by being put in contact with gross and repulsive surroundings, such as are now provided by the state in several penal institutions.

For these reasons we strongly advocate refining, elevating measures. From the moment the patient enters an institution provided for his reformation, he must be met with words of kindness and marks of sympathy.

The rooms must be cheerful, and, if possible, elegantly furnished; writing materials and books in abundance should be provided, and lectures on different subjects should be delivered by competent persons. The society of ladies of refinement and culture should grace the rooms of the institution, while music and singing should not be forgotten; their influence is striking on men, especially on the sensitive and nervous nature of the drinker. Of course, gymnasiums and means of strengthening the body are requisite to a perfect establishment.

What the aim must be, is the restoration of the patient to the possession of a sound mind in a sound body, — "*mens sana in corpore sano*," — and therefore both must be educated and trained.

A great number of those who apply to us for treatment are men who have fought the tyrant bravely as long as they have been able, but are at last vanquished by him, and have reached the bottom of the ladder.

Abandoned by their friends, and forsaken by their families, they must begin life anew. How hard for the man, who, through a career of dissipation has lost friends and position, and finds himself penniless to make a start!

They are almost, if not quite, in as precarious a position as the discharged convict. They are sober now; their system has been renovated by the treatment they have received at our hands. They feel strong and willing to go out again and face temptation; it may be that they have been convinced of sin, and asked for forgiveness and strength at the foot of the cross. But they must leave us to make room for other unfortunates, and mingle again with the world to earn a livelihood.

How are they going to do it? It will be a poor recommendation for them, in the eyes of the multitude, to come from an Inebriate Asylum; and as most of them have lost their situations through their intemperate habits, there is but little hope that their reformation and conversion, however real and thorough, may be trusted by their employers. For such we have instituted an employment bureau on a small scale, and through its instrumentality have been enabled, in many

instances, to recover old situations, and obtain new ones, for men we had reason to consider as determined and able to resist allurements of the fatal cup. Such a bureau and agency are absolutely necessary. Had our facilities been greater in that particular work, we probably would not have to deplore backslidings from some persons of whose strength we had expected better results. What can be reasonably expected, however, of a man leaving the institution, its teachings and example, behind him, and trying to make a place for himself in a society he has disgraced heretofore, if he is not anchored in a living faith in the merits of an all-powerful Saviour, to not only save, but to keep from sin? He knows by experience the soothing, and, I must say it, momentarily elevating influence of alcohol; he has been buffeted by the world all day, and scorned in his attempts to find work; perhaps insulted and treated with contempt by his old comrades.

Is it strange, then, if, tired and weary, he forgets, for the time being, the inevitable result of the first glass, and, in his lassitude and sadness, falls into the temptation spread for him at every step? "Just *one* drink in a warm room," he thinks, and

I will be a new man, and he does become a new man! His guardian angel has fled, and all resolutions, power of will, respect for himself and his God, fled with him. He is a drunkard again! Our conviction is, that our duty to the drunkard does not cease when he becomes sober through our agency, but that it is our duty to help him along until he has regained his place among men.

As a matter of interest and information to the reader, we shall introduce a few extracts from papers read before the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, and prepared from the best medical authority.

“CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

“BY GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

“*Chronic alcoholism* I would define as a *chronic disease of the nervous system, usually functional, though it may lead to structural lesions, excited by long-continued use of alcoholic liquors.*”

“ALCOHOL AND ITS EFFECTS.—WHY INEBRIATE HOSPITALS SHOULD BE SUSTAINED.

“BY WILLARD PARKER, M. D., NEW YORK.

“In using the term Alcohol, we include all forms of liquor, wine, ales, &c., for all contain it in greater or less proportion.

“Fats, albumen, sugars, oils, &c., are found in the blood and tissues, and to replace them in their constant decay, like substances must be taken into the system.

“No alcohol, either alone or in combination, has ever been detected as a normal element of the system, and therefore none need be taken to supply waste; so that, in the proper acceptation of the term, it is *not* a food.

“Again, alcohol is often spoken of as a ‘stimulant,’ and as such its use is sometimes recommended. The effect of a stimulant is physiologically to increase vital force; but this is not the effect of alcohol on the system in health. Air, sunlight, and food are stimulants, their action being such as to increase vital force, but not in such a manner as to produce afterwards a reaction.

“Alcohol, on the other hand, is an irritant—the peculiar excitement following its imbibition being simply the surface play of the violent struggle within, by which Nature is trying to rid herself of it. The effect of a stimulant is to *elevate* temperature; that of alcohol, in health, to *diminish* temperature. The experience of voyagers in high latitudes, and also of the English in India, goes to prove that, instead of diminishing, its use *increases* sensibility to the extremes of temperature. Alco-

hol acts more as the whip and spur to the tired horse than as rest, food, and grooming.

"The idea formerly prevailed, that all alcohol taken into a healthy system was eliminated in the same form; but more recent experiences, by Austie, Dupres, and Thudicum have demonstrated that while a certain portion is so eliminated, a large percentage is retained, though in what form is still undecided.

"Now, having spoken of the effect of alcohol on the system in health, let us next see what are the effects of its habitual use. In the first place, its action in diminishing the amount of urea excreted is due, not to a diminution of waste of tissues, as was once supposed, but to the fact that it retards *vital* action. The result is, that the blood, containing the extra proportion of urea not thrown off, and also impoverished by a loss of oxygen, being devitalized by the alcohol, passes to the most minute and delicate tissues of the body, which become affected, and after a time absolutely diseased.

"In the classification of risks, our life insurance societies have recognized the effect of alcohol, their statistics showing that a healthy man, not addicted to its use, will probably live to an age of sixty-four years, two months, while one equally healthy by nature, who uses it habitually, not

being, however, a drunkard, will probably live only thirty-five years six months.

"Its evil effects do not stop with the individual himself, but are handed down from generation to generation, and in no form of disease is hereditary transmission more strongly marked; the offspring of drunkards showing a tendency to epilepsy, idiocy, or insanity, or to become themselves drunkards. In the Asylum for Idiots, in Massachusetts, Dr. Howe, the superintendent, states that out of three hundred idiotic children, one hundred and forty-five are the offspring of drunken parents. Similar statistics from abroad confirm these.

"Leaving aside all the causes science has given for the sad fact of intemperance, we will simply consider drunkenness as due to the absorption of alcohol in any form, and in quantities varying according to the individual, and pass on to what, in our humble opinion, are the only means, if not to eradicate the desire for stimulants in the system of the drunkard, at least to furnish him with power to resist the temptation.

"First. The inebriate must be considered, not as a criminal, but as a sick man. His physical system is ruined; his intellect is stupefied; all his faculties are debased; his powers of love for his God, his family, and his fellow-man are dwarfed; and in some cases altogether lost. He is a wreck, a sore upon the social body. We have provided a state's

prison for the murderer and the burglar, a prison for petty offenders, insane asylums for the mad, reformatory institutions for the vicious, hospitals for the deaf, the mute, and the blind. What have we done for the inebriate? Nothing, or worse than nothing. We have clubbed him, imprisoned him, kicked and cuffed him when in our way, and been deaf to the cries of his starving wife and children. Instead of attending to his present wants, we have confined ourselves mostly to the eradication of the evil by its roots, through *prohibitory* laws and appeals to our legislatures.

"There is no doubt that by removing temptation, we should be making an immense progress towards the regeneration of society; and my heartfelt prayers for success accompany the advocates of *total, entire* prohibition, and we bid them God-speed in their noble work. But years will pass before their labors will have attained the wished-for results; and in the mean time are we not going to do something for the unfortunate drunkard?

"The care and cure of the confirmed inebriate demand a strong will and a strong hand, but a loving and sympathizing heart.

"The drunkard is neither a man, a child, nor a brute. His is not a disease surgery can *extirpate*, nor physics cure; his is not a madness that iron bars should confine, nor a crime the solitary cell should punish. He is a mass of physical and

moral uncleanness, in which, however, there is still a spark, a little something divine; not yet snuffed, which, if reached, can be fanned into a purifying fire. If this last spark of divine manhood is absent, you can do nothing for him but pray. And then, it may be, you are too late even for prayer. Such cases are rare, but they do exist, and provisions ought to be made for their keeping. Your friends, do not be hasty in giving up a victim as incurable. Your patience will be sadly tried; the men you had the most confidence in will betray you, lie to you, deceive you, and fall. Do not give up; forgive seventy times seven; so long as the prodigal comes back, acknowledges his willingness to try again, *the spark is there yet*. This is a work of great trials but of great rejoicings. I have known men who have fallen, fallen again and again, rising each time stronger and stronger. And if you do not absolutely fail, remember that the good seed is planted, and will bring forth fruit some time, it may be only on the death-bed. If you have failed to save the body, you are a *participant* in the salvation of a soul. Is not that enough?

All the preceding considerations have led me to the belief that an asylum in name, but a *Home* in reality, is necessary to the treatment of the inebriate.

The vice of drunkenness embraces all the grades of social distinctions. The general, the

lawyer, ay, the clergyman, the merchant, the mechanic, the beggar, all, if they persevere long enough, reach the inevitable goal; they become outcasts of society.

“Treat them all alike.

“It is good for the gentleman to see how low he has fallen, good for the beggar to see himself treated as a gentleman. But, then, treat them all with the utmost kindness, gentleness, and respect; yes, respect for their fallen condition. In order to secure this equality between patients, inebriate asylums ought to be supported by private contributions, or become state institutions.

“Your patients must be surrounded with comfort, even, when possible, with luxuries, and means of recreation. Workshops should be established, and the earnings distributed to the families of the needy. I firmly believe that an institution of the kind could be made not only self-supporting, but leave a surplus. We have self-supporting penal institutions, why not reformatory ones?

“Private parties, concerts, innocent theatrical performances, gymnasiums, a well-furnished library, good, substantial, even artistic furniture, are means of elevating a man's mind.

“Every man was born to be a worker, and those conditions of society which relieve men from the responsibility of earning their own livelihood and of engineering their own career, are unfortunate

conditions, and it is the society of noble and pure-minded men and women which can alone produce higher and nobler appetites; it is the influence of work and society which must be relied upon in this work of reformation. Men say to us that they do not believe much in pianos, carpets, and other luxuries.

“We answer that we have found them necessary. What our aim must be is to search the inner man — the best part of man. Henry Ward Beecher says truly, ‘When you have fed man, you have fed the animal he resides in.’ We want to feed higher appetites; we want to work on the imagination; we must feed the tastes, the feelings, the higher senses, and we can do so by calling to our assistance music, the fine arts, pictures, home surroundings, refined society, and all that constitutes the nobler forms of luxuries.

“All these are means — roads that lead to the land of promise, temperance, and peace. But they only lead to the walls of the city. There is one thing more necessary — to scale the wall and enter the grounds: need we tell you that we refer to the grace of God?

Yes, the only safeguard is the Lord Jesus Christ; many may reach the wall, scale it, see all the beauties of the Celestial City, but the temples on the other side are too much for them; they re-

turn to the old worldly associations. But those who have had a glimpse of the temple not made with hands, which lies in the midst, and of their Saviour opening the gates to let them in, if they have made a step, only a step towards Him, will be drawn into the arms of His love, and never return.

"They are cured."

SOME OF THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

Among the hundreds of instances where men from the lowest depths of degradation have been saved and restored to friends and society through the instrumentality of the Home, we will select as many as our limited space will permit, giving a brief description of each, omitting names out of respect to the former condition of the patient, and taking first, on account of the testimonial of gratitude ever being before us, the case of ———, a young man in the prime of life, of prepossessing appearance, a perfect gentleman in every respect when himself, and with extraordinary mechanical ingenuity, intellectual, and, in fact, having every quality necessary to a thorough man; who had held

numerous positions of responsibility, but had sacrificed everything, including home, friends, and nearly life, for intoxicating drinks. To give a full description of his talents would require more space than we have at our command, but to give one half of the trouble and anxiety he caused the superintendent would occupy the balance of this volume. After totally abstaining from stimulants for a period of some weeks, in an unexpected and unguarded moment he would again commence his downward career, which would cause Mr. McKenzie a night's travel among drinking saloons in hunting him up and again bringing him under the influence of the Home. Often for days and nights would the search be continued before he was discovered and secured; and then he would be found in a condition bordering on delirium tremens or insanity, so much so as to necessitate his being confined for a night or so, until his fury subsided. Such was the case repeatedly, until he became one of the greatest burdens of the superintendent, which continued nearly two years, and until it became an utter impossibility for him to obtain employment in the city, so

many times had he failed to fulfil his engagements, and nothing less than transportation by telegraph would insure his reaching any distance outside of the city in a sober condition. Notwithstanding all these discouragements, and contrary to the numerous warnings of many as to our inability to make, or his inability to be any thing different from a dipsomaniac, the struggles never ceased, knowing that with God all things are possible, and ever remembering the command of our Saviour to "forgive seventy times seven."

What was the result? To-day we have to record him as restored to the fulness of his manhood; his as a soul saved; such as is invariably the case where those thus afflicted trust in Christ for strength to overcome temptation. He is now pleasantly situated in the city of Philadelphia, the street and number of which we could give, connected with a business, not as an employee, but as a member of the firm, and highly respected.

In the library of the present Home stands one of the finest specimens of workmanship to be seen in the country, in the form of a book-case, with the following inscription:—

TO
D. BANKS MCKENZIE,
AS A SOUVENIR

AND HUMBLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR HIS UNTIRING ZEAL, HIS
EARNEST, PERSEVERING, PATIENT EFFORTS, AND AT LAST
HAPPY SUCCESS IN THE REFORMATION AND CON-
VERSION OF HIS FALLEN BROTHER ———,
WHO MADE AND PRESENTED THIS TO
HIM IN TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE,
LOVE, AND ESTEEM.

This is convincing proof that, relying on the power of Christian faith, we are not to despair of the reformation of the most depraved of fallen men.

The vital organs may be so far impaired by actual disease of their structure, as to be beyond the power of restoration to health, and the nerve tissue may be specifically affected to such an extent, that the smallest appreciable quantity of alcohol shall develop anew the alcoholic mania, and yet complete and permanent reformation may be realized under the power of divine grace. While the medical man in his treatment is to recognize the existence of an hereditary predisposition of alcoholism as a disease, and of dipsomania as a form of insanity, no man has a right to plead either of these causes, or the loss of will power

as a justification for not choosing a life of total abstinence.

Christ came to save the fallen, and those who have fallen the lowest can reform if they will but lay hold of this infinite power of relief.

Pardoned from Charlestown State Prison, or from a high position in society to the very lowest, and at last a convict.

Dr. ———, who had gained considerable notoriety in the medical profession, surrounded by everything necessary to make home pleasant, and possessed with knowledge such as should have been a check upon his drinking propensities, was a perfect slave to his appetite in every sense of the word; was at one time medical purveyor in the army, on General Grant's staff, but rapidly descended, through intemperance, to a common sailor before the mast; and when presenting himself for admittance to the Home, he resembled anything but a professional man.

His was a diseased appetite indeed, so much so that when liquor was difficult to obtain, chloroform, opium, ether, chloral, or any other drug of the same nature was substituted. After being

at the Home a short time, he left, and again fell, this time going lower than ever; and being reduced to the lowest extremities, and with a physical condition ready to receive the tremens, he entered an unoccupied house of a wealthy owner, and took books from the library, which he sold for rum: when more was wanted, he would return and get them, until a valuable lot was disposed of, and he finally arrested for breaking and entering, convicted, and sentenced to state prison for three years. There he was continually visited by the superintendent, and provided with delicacies such as prisons did not afford, and earnestly entreated to look to Jesus for strength to endure his confinement.

After an amount of labor such as no other except the superintendent would perform, knowing that rum (not the man) committed the crime, a vast amount of correspondence and many weary days of travel in getting signers to a petition for release, he was pardoned out, returned to the Home, and afterwards sent to his friends. Recently we received the following letter:—

I am well aware you can justly chide me for my seeming negligence in writing to you. But the truth is, I have from day to day put it off in

hopes of being able to give you some definite and cheering intelligence. I have been very much like Macawber, 'waiting for something to turn up.' As yet nothing has done so. I will give you a short sketch of my life since I left you. On arriving in Philadelphia I went at once to my brother's, where I found a nice room very finely furnished, purposely on my account. Here I staid for some days, striving hard to find a situation. My evenings were spent with Mr. ———, and I generally took my breakfast at the same place, principally on my mother's account, who only seemed happy when I was with her. Finally, Mr. ———, who became worse, and seemed lonely and miserable, as the family (wife and children were out of town) insisted on my staying permanently at his house. So I moved my *traps* to this house, where I am now living. Finally, after much investigation and deliberation (as situations for me seemed unattainable), we deemed it best that I should fit myself for a 'phonographic reporter.' There are but very few in this city, and all are making very handsome livings. They all told me there was plenty of room in the 'corps,' as they all had more than they could do. So this has been agreed upon.

"It will take some three or four months for me to acquire the art. But Mr. ——— has agreed to give me a home with him, and find me all that is

necessary to maintain me as a gentleman. Of course this will delay my bringing my wife and boy on, but I will be able to do better in the long run.

"But it keeps me busy from early in the morning until late at night. My mornings and part of the afternoons are spent in study; the balance of the day to amusing and entertaining Mr. ———. *I never go out in the evenings.* So you see 'all is well.' I have a comfortable and luxurious home, and every incentive to do my duty, that ever a man had. The clothes you sent me came safely to hand, and were very acceptable, and I feel deeply grateful to you for your many and Christian-like attentions and kindnesses.

"I have full faith that I am a *conqueror*, that the good fight has been fought; and now I know the best reward I can make you and all my friends, is, to see me a 'saved man,' safe from my foul temptations, and safe in the arms of a loving Saviour.

"Tell the boys for me, that, speaking as a physician, and as one who has had every experience in the matter, that I believe firmly that there is no safe course for a drunkard to pursue, but to give up trying on *his own* account, and make himself 'a living sacrifice,' to one who is in every sense of the word 'a Redeemer.'

"My best wishes to all, and my loving regards

to your dear wife. Write me whenever you can.

“Believe me yours ever, &c.”

In submitting the following, we will only add, that the writer has been several times in business for himself, came from a good family, and that we can vouch for the truth of his statement, which is not in the least exaggerated:—

“MR. D. BANKS MCKENZIE.

“Dear Sir: There is no man who has graduated from your institution, or with whom you have come in contact in the last three years of your work of reforming the poor drunken outcast, that feels under greater obligations, or is more thankful to you, than myself, having at the early age of twelve years inculcated into my system an almost incurable appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Was it at all surprising that at the age of thirty-three I should present myself to you a *miserable*, broken-down man, in every sense of the word. An outcast from society, alienated from my parents, separated from her whom I had vowed to cherish and protect, the last spark of manhood nearly extinguished, clad in garments that a beggar would hardly accept, I presented myself at your door, little thinking that the moral and religious influence with which your household is surrounded

would work the wonderful cure that I have experienced. For twenty-one years, King Alcohol had no better subject than I; the shrine of Bacchus was my place of worship, and the low grogeries and gilded hells of vice my lounging-places; not but what I have had every inducement offered me to turn back and follow the paths of rectitude long ago. A kind, liberal father sought in vain to stop me in my mad career. At four different times he was the means of placing me in a position where everything that I wanted in the way of earth's luxuries was at my disposal. But it was no use. Every business transaction in which I engaged proved a failure. Every good resolution that I formed was cast aside, and I plunged with renewed vigor into dissipation and sin. Eight years of seafaring life, and four in the army, had a tendency to decrease the intervals between my debauches, and at the close of the late rebellion, I stood in the city of Washington, about as miserable a specimen of God's handywork as you could 'scare up.' Being one of those men that never think of what I had done, I put my wits to work thinking what I should do. My mind was made up, and the result was, that I became a wanderer in other climes, going from one seaport to another, like 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' and only sober when on the sea. At the termination of seven years I turned up in the city of my nativ-

ity; not a moderate drinker, or one who would imbibe too much at certain periods. No, sir; I was nothing more nor less than a *drunken sailor*. Policemen always seemed anxious that I should accompany them to the various station-houses that abound in all the cities, and the result was, that it was not an unusual thing for me to find myself in 'DURANCE VILE.' I was DOWN, sir, AWAY DOWN to where the poor inebriate takes off his shirt and sells it for rum, and after quaffing the damnable poison, crouches, shivering, hungry, and cold, in the shelter of some friendly doorway, either to sleep away the potation, or to be ruthlessly dragged forth by some guardian of the peace, and confined with others equally as wretched.

"I will not trespass further on your valuable time, only to say, that in all my wanderings by sea or land, whether passing through the dangers of shipwreck, or suffering from wounds received in battle, there was one who with true faith knelt by her bedside, and daily poured forth her tearful and earnest supplications that God would put forth his hand and snatch from the fires of hell, as it were, her son. In his early youth she had tried to instil into his heart the love of Christ. Her prayers were realized. To-day she met me with a glad smile on her face, and I welcomed her, standing erect; no clouded intellect,

no fumes of whiskey on my breath, my hands as steady as the hands of a clock, and my eyes as bright as in the days of my boyhood; all brought about by a mother's prayers, combined with the kindness and the solid religious influence that so plentifully abound at the APPLETON TEMPORARY HOME. May God, in his infinite mercy, bestow on you and yours all those blessings which mortals are wont to receive."

Reader, have you ever seen the result of this constant tipping? Incessantly talking, walking, moving everything movable within his reach; confronting imaginary friends, hiding from imaginary foes, unable to rest by day or sleep by night, and troubled with an innumerable host of apparitions, until the poor man at last sleeps; his reason returns, and his shattered constitution requires time and care to be again restored to a healthy condition.

Such is a hasty picture of the result, whether in the poor, miserable wretch, whose home is in the garret, or in one from the upper walks of life, whose home is in a stately dwelling, filled with all that is beautiful, elevating, and refined. What further shall I say to enlist your sympathy in the

good cause? Are you a father? You need hear no more. Are you a mother? God grant you may never see such a picture. Are you a brother or sister, and have one in your family who is addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks? Then use your influence; for you have influence.

Let us do whatever we can to banish the curse of drunkenness from our land. But let it be a settled *fact* with us that practical total abstinence for ourselves is the first step to all real helpfulness in this work.

On this must be grounded all those efforts which are destined to be really successful in winning a glorious triumph for the temperance cause. WILL WE DO IT? It is an easy matter to denounce drunkenness, but will we do anything to prevent it? Will we make personal sacrifice for the good of others? Let us reflect upon the enormous evils of intemperance; the poverty, crime, and wretchedness it causes—the happiness it wrecks—the hearts it breaks—the souls it eternally ruins. Think of the thousands struggling in the torrent of intemperance, and calling out to us for help. Think of the imperilled condition of our young men, in this day of intense excitement and per-

nicious example, and of the danger we ourselves are in, and those we love better than life, from this insidious foe. Consider how many wives, with crushed hearts, are struggling, amid poverty and shame, to save their husbands, and wipe from the brow of their children the brand of a drunkard's child; how many parents, whose gray hairs are being brought down with sorrow to the grave, while they wrestle in anguish of spirit to arrest the downward career of noble sons, on whom their fondest hopes were blossoming. Think how many of these are imploring our help, and how they will bless us with their prayers and benedictions, if we stretch out a strong hand to help save their loved ones.

Think of the gladness and glory which will settle down upon us, when we so yield ourselves to the law of love, that we cheerfully make any sacrifice to save a tempted fellow-creature. Above all, let us think at what cost we ourselves have been saved from the bitter pains of eternal death—redeemed not with corruptible things, as gold and silver, but by the precious blood of Christ; that we are the disciples of Him, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that

we, through His poverty, might be rich; that He calls us, in following Him, to deny ourselves, and that as He laid down his life for us, even so ought we to lay down our lives for our brethren. Let us think of the infinite blessedness that will be ours in the final day, when we hear Him say to us, Come, ye blessed; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Let us think of these things, and then let us do all we can to save others, to the glory of the divine name.

The following is an extract from a letter of a young man reformed and converted while under treatment at the Home.

"MY DEAR BROTHER MCKENZIE.

"I feel impelled to-night to report to you my progress, for I assure you I have made some advancement along the Christian pathway. The fear and trembling with which I left the 'Home,' around which cluster so many sweet and holy recollections, have given place to confidence and trust in that precious Saviour, who has, I humbly hope, saved me from the pit which I had dugged for myself, and, I sincerely trust, will keep me from returning, like the dog, to my own vomit.

Upon leaving the 'Home,' immediately the old appetite commenced a running fight with my resolution. I immediately brought your favorite tactics into use, viz., as often as I was tempted, to seek immediate aid from Christ our Saviour, and I found it to be a success. As quickly as a soap-bubble explodes when touched, so quickly did Jesus extend his hand and take away the temptation. I grew stronger every step, and by the time I reached — I felt safe in the Lord. Were this trust and dependence in the ever-present and all-powerful Lord removed from me, there would be no safety for me, notwithstanding my fearful experience in years past.

"I am so constituted that as soon as the pain and agony of one debauch are past, I am ready for another, were it not for the way in which I was led into that 'House of God,' in which you must have been an instrument for incalculable good to *many, very many*. Do you ever think of the glorious crown that the Creator is fashioning for you, of the dazzling jewels that are being placed therein? O, Mr. McKenzie, yours is a glorious work. Although arduous and trying, it is the same work which Christ did. 'For I was a hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in,' &c., &c. God sent me to you when I was ready to be moulded by the hands of the potter. You told me that I

could find help only in Jesus, and to Jesus I went, after much weakness and many doubtings. Christ has made me strong and hopeful; but I bless his holy name that I am safe only as I lean upon His arm; in my own strength I know I shall fail as heretofore. God keep us in the hollow of his hand, is my hourly prayer.

"Dear friend, you have my prayers daily for strength, endurance, courage, financial help, and all things which you may need. I feel impelled to consecrate all my hours from labor to the saving of just such men as I was; and as soon as I get settled in —, I shall set about helping the poor, weak, fallen drunkard. I will associate myself with all temperance movements, and contribute my mite, both by deed and influence, for that blessed and consecrated oasis in the desert, 'The Appleton Temporary Home.'"

SAVED FROM DEATH, AND A DIRECT ANSWER
TO PRAYER.

A convert of the Home, but not an inmate, while wending his way home from an evening meeting, came across what was intended for a human being, but in such a condition from intemperance as hardly to be recognized as such,

who was preparing to commit suicide by drowning. He conversed with and persuaded him to enter the Home, where it was learned that he had formerly been in business for himself in the Provinces, and had accumulated enough of this world's goods to be considered "well off." Just here King Alcohol stepped in, and took control of himself and property. So excessive was his use of intoxicating drink, and so utterly hopeless his reformation, and on account of his business being in such a condition as to necessitate his leaving the country, he was shipped to Boston, and left to struggle along without even a kind word from home.

There are a number of incidents worthy of note in connection with his conversion. While remaining at the Home, and after retiring for the night, thinking of his family and former friends, he became so much oppressed that he felt constrained to rise and pray, which he did, and prayed fervently that God would so touch the hearts of his family and others, that the way might be opened for him once more to return to them. In a short time after, a letter was received, and it conveyed the glad tidings of his wife's conversion,

and of her rising in the night to pray for him. Upon comparing dates closely, and making allowance for the difference in time in the two places, it was found that they must have both been praying at the same time, one for the other. Upon the news reaching home of his reformation and conversion, even those who had threatened his arrest, wrote him to return, and they would again lend him their sympathies and capital sufficient to again start in business. This is only one of numerous cases, actually known, where answers to prayer were received by patients.

“HALIFAX, 30th December, 1874.

“MR. D. BANKS MCKENZIE.

“Dear Friend and Brother: It is with pleasure that I write unto you, and with thankfulness to Almighty God for the privilege of being able to testify, after reaching home, of your kindness and sympathy for and towards me while at the Home. God, our God and Father will reward you. How I do bless the day I was led by God’s providence to the door of the ‘Home.’ I shall ever remember the room and the time in that happy Home of yours when I found Jesus, and that peace which passeth all understanding. He has washed me thoroughly

from mine iniquity, and cleansed me from my sin, and I have been enabled to rejoice and honor him ever since. I reached home early on Monday morning, having an excellent passage. The free pass you so kindly got for me included a state-room; so I got along very comfortably. I was received at home with open, loving arms by my wife, more so than when we were (*first*) married, and with great rejoicing from the children. O, what a change in our home! We are all so happy! I have begun family worship. My oldest son and daughter have both been converted, and were baptized six days after I reached home. I anticipate joining the Baptist church, and being baptized in about a fortnight. I have given up the use of tobacco, and believe, in answer to prayer, that I have no desire for it.

“I believe in prayer, and I know our Father will and does take away all desire for rum, tobacco, lust, and will not let us be tempted in any evil if we will live close to him, be constant in believing, fervent in prayer.

‘To know the secret of His love
Surpasses all beside;
To hear Him whisper I am His,
And nestle by His side.’

“I am determined to serve God with all my power and strength, and leave everything in his hands, feeling desirous and willing to do his will.

I often think about you and the men at the Home, particularly at the time of the prayer-meetings and evening devotions, when I have been so often blessed. I long to be with you at those times. My prayer is, that you will be blessed in your Home, in your family, in your labor of love, in your health; blessed every way, financially and spiritually. May your joy be full and lasting.

Yours affectionately, in Christ."

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

These were held regularly, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, and well attended by the neighbors and friends from all parts of the city, and by those, too, who are actually interested in the uplifting and salvation of the fallen; and many there were, outside of those connected with the Home, who had cause to bless them, and even to-day to look back with feelings of gratitude for the many blessings and spiritual strength received from attending them. Many are the parents, wives, brothers and sisters, who have cried out, from the fullness of their heart, "God bless the prayer-meetings at the Home," as some loved one would be returned to them **SAVED**; saved through

with Christ. Would that we had sufficient space to introduce some of the many letters of heartfelt gratitude received, and their description of the scene and feelings experienced as some returning prodigal, upon reaching home, and before retiring, would bow his knee in humble supplication to Christ, his Saviour, imploring divine aid for strength to resist temptation, and returning thanks for His wonderful mercy and loving kindness in restoring him to self, manhood, society, and those he loved. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in their midst."

Never was the truth of any passage more forcibly illustrated than on some occasions, when, on account of exceeding bad weather, the number in attendance would be small, and the meeting would commence with some doubt as to its being interesting; yet it was invariably the case that it would terminate in being an unusual season of rejoicing, the Holy Spirit seeming to be more than ever with us, striving with the hearts of the unconverted with such overpowering conviction as would cause them to embrace Christ and cling to the cross for salvation. These meetings have

been continually kept up; thus, while we have acted upon the same principles from the first, namely, to distribute alms in a Christian manner; to give food and clothing when needed, before tracts and sermons, we have kept constantly before the minds of the patients, that the religion of Jesus Christ is the one great need of every one.

A HUSBAND RESTORED TO HIS WIFE.

We have many instances of a similar character to the following, and we think our readers will be interested in this as a specimen.

One Sunday afternoon, a middle-aged man was brought to the Home in a hack, in such a condition from drink as to render it necessary to place him immediately in bed, and powerful medicine was carefully administered to prevent his passing through the agonies of delirium tremens. The medicine produced the desired result; and upon becoming rational, it was found that he was a person of more than ordinary intelligence — editor and publisher of a weekly paper, and blessed with a Christian wife. The following is an extract from a letter received a few days after his departure.

“TURNER'S FALLS, MASS., — 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER.

“Such I regard you. I hasten to inform you of my safe arrival home at midnight Saturday, and I assure you I was received by loving arms. I would love to tell you the scene in my home when I knelt for prayer before retiring. My wife shed tears like a child, and when prayers were over, she threw her arms around my neck and sobbed, ‘O, thank God, I have got my husband once more!’ I will try to be worthy of that love. Pray for me. *kindest love to all.*”

“WHEREAS I WAS ONCE BLIND, NOW I SEE.”

The following was received from one whose eyes have been opened to behold the fearful abyss into which he was rapidly approaching, illustrating the above quotation.

“LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., November 27, 1874.

D. BANKS MCKENZIE.

“Dear Sir: Arrived here safe and sound, Wednesday night, at eight and a half o'clock, and all pleased to see me; thought I never looked better; did not know under whose treatment I had been for the last month, with the exception of my dear wife, who received me with open

arms, and wishes to be remembered to you with all the gratitude imaginable. There is no use in talking. Any man that does not use intoxicating drinks will be respected, and can command the confidence of all, even of those that indulge; and I thank God and your dear self that I arrived at that conclusion even at this late day. We had a real heartfelt Thanksgiving yesterday, such as I have not enjoyed for many a year, far better than playing billiards and filling one's self with that which kills both body and soul.

"This is a great rum town; every one drinks almost, and I am continually asked to take just one glass; but I have but one answer — NO, SIR, ~~EE~~; in fact, am not tempted in the least; and though I have only been free a month, cannot imagine why I ever drank, but I suppose for the same simple reason that is sending *thousands* to *death* and *destruction* — social drinking, because it is fashionable and smart; but I am thankful to God and yourself that I am a free man, and can hold up my head to any one. I feel that I am just beginning to live, and everything looks bright for the future. Will yet be a pleasure to my many friends and to my dear wife.

"Remember me to all the inmates of the Home; would be pleased to hear from one and all. Pray for me.

"Gratefully yours."

Extract from a letter received from the wife of the writer of the letter on page 158.

"HUDSON, November 21st, 1874.

"MR. MCKENZIE.

"My dear Sir: 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' This must be my excuse for encroaching upon your time and attention. I have, ever since the time my husband, Mr. —, left your Home, felt a great desire to express to you such *gratitude* as only a *wife* can know, when her companion, dearer than her own life, has been *saved* from the *living death* which is daily bringing such anguish to thousands of families; and as the days pass on, each one bringing its joy and blessing, my heart seems full to bursting, and I cannot longer resist the desire of speaking to you, to whom I feel we owe this happiness, not forgetting the Blessed Master who has given you the heart to care for the sorrows of others; and I bless Him and praise Him that He has raised up such a servant, one so disinterested, one who, regardless of self, is devoting his *all* to a poor, weak, suffering humanity. O, my dear sir, well do I know that at times your heart must be heavy, and as new cares and perplexities daily come, they must, for the moment, seem too hard to bear; such a work as you have undertaken, cannot be free from its trials and great necessities.

"God give you the strength for it all, and provide the needed means, and O, the blessed reality of the *smiles of God* that must at times cheer you; and if you stop to think of that never-ending future, where alone can be known the full amount of good done to those suffering ones, where the praises of the redeemed shall sing through eternity, then your burdens must seem to lighten.

"I cannot tell you my thoughts as I look forward to what might have been, had not my husband, through your instrumentality, sought and found the blessed Saviour; he has always been a noble-hearted man, and 'tis not a wife's fondness alone that enables me to say that he has saved me the bitterness of having seen him under the influence of liquor, and he has ever been one of the kindest of husbands; this weakness has been the only failing, but now he feels strong in Christ, but not strong in himself alone. How my heart yearns to assist your Home in a substantial way! but this I am unable to do now. My husband, however, in connection with Mr. Rice, is endeavoring to procure some clothing for the Home. If I only lived near enough, I would do what little I could in the way of entertainment, and I would so love to extend the hand of sympathy and good fellowship to every weak, erring one! Believe me, you have our earnest prayers. My husband seems so desirous of saving and helping the fallen! He has gone out

this evening to try and aid a young man who has been trying to reform, but has again yielded to temptation.

"God grant his efforts may be successful. Now, my dear sir, you will pardon the liberty I have taken in writing I am confident; and from the depths of my heart I thank you. I thank you in behalf of my *little ones*, for who can measure the wealth of the future, which your influence will have brought upon them? the wealth that is contained in these few words, '*a father saved.*' How many hearts in the world know what that means, and how many know the bitter anguish of having a '*father lost.*' O, the joy in the first case, and the deep sorrow in the last. May God keep us all, and may the richest of his blessings be showered upon you and yours. Hoping and praying that our Father in heaven, who '*heeds the sparrow's fall,*' will provide for your every need from the abundance of His never-failing wealth of mercy and good gifts,

"I remain, truly yours,

"MRS. ANNA L——."

Alcohol is not the only enemy to battle with at the Home. A dangerous and insidious foe lurks in opium, and many persons become enslaved with the drug, and as demoralized as is the confirmed inebriate.

In conformity with our views on this subject, we are highly honored with permission to quote from the able essay of Joseph Parrish, M. D., of Maryland, President of the American Association, assembled in the city of New York, on the 29th day of September, 1874.

A more able and valuable document on the subject could not be presented to the public, and we are happy in stating that Dr. Parrish has but few equals in his profession on either continent.

"OPIUM POISONING.

"BY JOSEPH PARRISH, M. D.

"That opium is habitually used as a stimulant to a very considerable extent, is a well-known fact, that is beginning to assume an importance which demands a larger share of professional attention than has hitherto been awarded to it.

"The evils of the practice are not so public and notorious as those resulting from alcoholic excess, for the reason, probably, that the vice is not of a social character, but is chiefly indulged in in private, often for the purpose of allaying mental or emotional excitement, or of soothing distress from depression of mind or bodily pain. It is used by students to intensify thought and imagination, by delicately organized women to calm

disordered physical conditions, and by morally sensitive persons, who do not (for the shame of it) indulge in alcoholic excess, and yet who think they need artificial stimulation of some kind. It is also true that many persons, who become enslaved by the drug, find themselves so far in the depths of demoralization, that they no longer conceal the fact from the public, but indulge with the same *abandon* of self, and the same disregard of public sentiment, that distinguish the confirmed alcoholic sot, who boasts of his daily number of drinks, and of all the resulting evils of his excess.

"Every druggist can testify to the illegitimate use of opium from experience in his own shop, and many physicians encounter cases of opium poisoning which cause them much perplexity and embarrassment, while all can bear ample testimony to the damaging consequences of the vice. When speaking of opium, I mean all the preparations of the drug, and all the various methods of administering it. With the preparation we are more or less familiar. With the modes of use we may have different experiences. It is taken habitually by the mouth, by the pipe, by the hypodermic method, and per anum.

"Before proceeding with the exhibition of cases and characteristic symptoms, I wish to call attention to what I consider an important point. We should be careful to discriminate between the

essential poisonous nature of the drug, and its physiological effects. We all know that poisons are not only not essentially injurious in certain conditions of the system, but positively restorative; and that, though a given quantity of any poisonous drug, used in conditions where it is indicated, may be very useful, the same quantity given to the same person in opposite conditions will be injurious. I mention this familiar fact because it is one upon which the public mind needs information, and because, in a medico-legal sense, it is often of great importance. There is a popular notion that a poison is necessarily poisonous in all conditions, and in all doses; and while the fallacy of this notion is apparent to us, it is not to be expected that without instruction the people will accept the real truth in the case.

“It must be remembered, also, that the toxic effect of opium manifests itself differently in different persons, according to their specific tendency to particular forms of organic lesion.

“There exists an abnormal predisposition to organic disease of some kind in most individuals; hence exposure to the same influences, or the habitual use of the same poison, will produce in one case disease of the brain, and in another disease of some other organ. That this predisposition resides primarily in the germinal cell there can be no doubt. As every element of the

physiological structure exists in the germ before the time of its maturity, and as in its development there is an unfolding of the physiological life, so the tendency to disease exists in the same germ, and is as certain to be developed, under conditions which are essential to its elaboration, as the embryo itself is certain to develop into a human being. The pathological life is originally coincident with the physiological life, and either may exceed the other in the rapidity or certainty of its growth and manifestation, according to the age and circumstances influencing the individual. This variety of tendency to disease, which exists primarily in the constitutions of men, has, if not its analogue, its comparison in the antagonistic qualities which exist in the same drug, and in the difference of capacity in the human organism, to be impressed with either of these qualities. The drug we are considering will produce quite opposite effects in the same dose upon different persons. It will excite one, and sedate another; and this must be owing to the variation of susceptibility in the individual. I dwell upon this doctrine of inherent tendency, because it has an important relation to the subject of this lecture, and serves to elucidate some points of pathology which may seem obscure without it.

“But let us now consider some of the symptoms of opium poisoning. I shall not discuss the symp-

toms of disease, which may occur as the sequelæ of opium poisoning, but those which are peculiar and pathognomic. Under the stimulus of the drug, a short time after the accustomed dose, slight incoherence, or, at least, rapidity of expression, may occur, a flushed face, sometimes a defined spot resembling hectic on one cheek, an unnatural brilliancy of eye, and apparent expansion of thought, which yields the sense of composure and satisfaction, if not of exhilaration. The muscular movement is rendered quicker and more elastic, and the patient feels able to endure almost anything. As this condition subsides, a stolid vacancy seems to settle on the face, attended by a meaningless stare, with an occasional glint that is awakened either by a sudden impression from without or by a hidden impulse of the imagination or memory. The muscular activity is diminished, and the patient sinks into a state of inertia, amounting sometimes to a swoon, from which he may only be aroused by the administration of his accustomed dose.

"The complexion sometimes assumes a dull or rusty aspect, and the skin imparts to the touch an inelastic or leathery sensation, which it is difficult to describe; but to one accustomed to observe the peculiarities of this disorder, the combination of withered skin, and seemingly unconscious glare, are quite characteristic, and yet it is to be noticed

that these symptoms are more apparent at those periods when, in the common language of the patient, the "opium is dying out," and that upon a re-administration of the accustomed dose the skin assumes a more ruddy glow, and the visual expression becomes animated. The "pin-head" contraction of the pupil is of course noticeable.

"It is curious to observe the rapidity with which the mental and moral qualities respond to the impression of opium, and react upon each other, as the dose is either exhilarant or hypnotic; and it is not difficult to determine, by the temper and mental state, whether the dose has been recently taken, or whether the system is beginning to demand its repetition. An irascible and querulous nature will be rendered quiet and amiable by the accustomed supply at the usual time; and a gentle and long-suffering nature will exhibit the most distressing impatience by withholding the supply, or protracting the regular periods of its administration.

"So the intellectual state will be modified, or reserved, by the irregularity of the dose, either as to quantity or time.

"A man of acute intelligence and vigorous brain will fall into a condition resembling vacuity, almost simulating dementia, when the opium stimulus is withdrawn, while this condition will disappear as suddenly, and give place to vivid

fancy, or wholesome vigor of judgment, on the repetition of the dose.

"As a consequence of this disordered condition, affecting both the bodily and mental functions, there is, in time, developed a general *hyperaesthesia*, which makes life intolerable, unless the patient is constantly kept under the control of opium; and this permanent bondage to the drug, of course, cannot be endured without great risk and suffering. One of its great characteristics is obstinate *INSOMNIA*, which at times seems to baffle all efforts to induce sleep. I recall a case of this sort which came under my care some time since, in which the patient could get no sleep for seven consecutive days and nights, except under the influence of chloroform, though his habit was to take sulph. morphia in five grain doses. The patient would take long rides into the country, walk his room by the hour, longing for sleep, but without being able to enjoy it. Fatigue and debility would prostrate him upon his bed, with a continuance of the distressing *agrypnia* till it was interrupted by the inhalation of chloroform, from two to three ounces of which were required to induce sleep even for a short time. I have known him to walk to and fro, at night, by the hour, calling on the Infinite for sleep, or for some one to destroy him, and all this after having taken from five to ten grain doses of sulph. of morphia. During the continu-

ance of these distressing symptoms, the appetite remained good, the patient eating chops and four boiled eggs for breakfast, with coffee, bread, and toast. In this case, the habit was commenced for the purpose of intensifying mental activity, the subject of it being a public man and a brilliant speaker.

"He told me that his best efforts in the councils of his state, and of the nation, were always made under the influence of morphia.

"Another symptom which frequently occurs is persistent coldness of the body, and especially of the extremities.

"I was called, but a few months since, in a consultation with his physician, to see a gentleman of refinement and culture, who was taking morphia habitually, by the hypodermic method.

"It was on a hot day in the month of June, the thermometer being about eighty-five degrees. He was seated in his room with all the windows closed. His apparel consisted of a red flannel shirt, a quilted dressing-gown, woollen drawers and stockings; two blankets were thrown over his limbs, and his feet were elevated before a wood fire. He sat in a large stuffed arm-chair, his mother and a nurse standing by, and rubbing his limbs to keep him warm. Upon examining his extremities, they imparted to my touch the sense of cold, and he insisted that he could not get warm. He was

extremely restless, and had jactitations which simulated chorea, with frequent loud and alarming screams, resembling hysteria from fright. This patient took Majendie's solution of morphia by hypodermic injection, suffered from slight insomnia, and yet had a fair appetite. The quantity taken at the time I saw him was one hundred and thirty drops, or about four grains. Of course the symptoms above noted were the result of a partial withdrawal of supply, and he, no doubt, could have been relieved by the usual dose.

"The patient was predisposed to phthisis pulmonalis, and commenced the use of the drug for the purpose of relieving the cough, and with complete success, though he apprehended a return of pulmonary symptoms upon the withdrawal of the morphia. He called at my office, after the lapse of ten days from my first visit; having taken three drops of Majendie for his last dose, he had no recurrence of cough, or any pulmonary distress.

"The effect of this poison upon the brain and nervous system is to be observed. As anaesthesia is the legitimate consequence of a full hypnotic dose, so *hyperaesthesia* supervenes upon the use of repeated stimulant doses which fail to produce hypnosis, and the continuance of this state may culminate in cramp and convulsion. It is a noticeable fact, I think, that the excitant action of opium is often so much more powerful than its soporific

effect, that sleep is prevented, or at any rate delayed, till the excitant action passes off.

"It is also noticeable that active delirium sometimes supervenes upon tonic and stimulant doses, which, when continued habitually, often induce chronic mental aberration, and frequently with a suicidal tendency.

"A case of this kind came under my care, in which the mental condition referred to was the result of the habitual use of opium by suppository for three years. The patient was thrown from his carriage, and dragged for some distance over the pavement, and fractured the os innominatum of the left side.

"To relieve the local pain, the attending surgeon ordered opium suppositories, which were continued during his long confinement, and afterwards kept up, till there were evident symptoms of mental disturbance, at which time he was brought to my notice.

"In this case the patient was susceptible of the excitant rather than of the soporific quality of the drug, and his emotional nature quickly responded to it in manifestations of passional excitement, which threatened, alternately, self-destruction and injury to others. Thus it is that the brain poises itself for awhile, as between the antagonisms of the drug; and, finally, if the individual be calm and unexcitable, it accepts the hypnotic quality,

and allows itself to fall into a sort of chronic repose; while, if the patient be sensitive and excitable, his mind finds itself in accord with the stimulant quality of the drug, and it yields to passional impulses which require restraint. There are sometimes quite alarming symptoms, which present themselves as the result of disturbance of the spinal and great sympathetic nerves, and the reaction of these upon each other. Among these symptoms are cramps, which may occur in different parts of the body. I have seen the most distressing disturbance of the respiratory muscles, producing dyspnoea, and terrible cardiac distress, with feeble and intermittent pulse, from which the patient may rally either by an explosion of the paroxysm in syncope, or by reaction from a sudden inspiration, produced by a shock to the olfactory sense, and thus reversing the spasmodic effort. Again, quite a common symptom is severe cramp of the muscles of the lower legs. I have frequently seen them knotted with spasm, from a too sudden reduction of the dose, causing the patient great suffering. From the same cause I have witnessed severe cramps of the gastric and abdominal muscles, attended by exhausting retching, or diarrhoea, as the case may be. Distressing spinal symptoms occur at times—a sense of coldness, as the trickling of water along the chord; and again the sense of wringing or distorting the parts, which

approaches tetanus, and sometimes resembles opisthotonos.

“There are peculiar symptoms, some of which we may invariably look for in attempting to arrest a case of old opium poisoning by a sudden reduction of the supply. Of course it is understood that I am not speaking of those cases of acute poisoning in which persons have taken a large dose for the purpose of self-destruction, or by mistake, in the treatment of which there is but one course to pursue, but of cases of chronic poisoning from long-continued and habitual dosing of the drug.

“I have had patients who have taken from five to sixty grains of morphia at a dose; those who have taken it hypodermically, in quantities varying from three to forty grains; those who have taken the officinal tincture (laudanum), and McMunn's elixir, in quantities varying from three drachms to a pint or more a day; while the suppository case above referred to is the only one of that kind that has come under my care.

“The question is often asked, whether it is better that patients of this class should be deprived at once of their usual supply, or whether the quantity should be gradually diminished. I am aware that there is a diversity of opinion upon this subject among practitioners who have given special attention to this class of diseases, but I have no hesitation in expressing an opinion, which has set-

tled into a fixed judgment with me, that for the class of cases with which I have had to do, the system of gradual reduction has answered so well, I cannot bring myself to adopt the other plan. Among the reasons for the practice I advocate, I may mention the following:—

“Patients who present themselves for treatment for this disease are invariably greatly reduced in strength, so that the power of physical endurance is very much diminished, and the moral courage reduced to such a degree that they are timid beyond expression, and hesitate to meet the trial which they know must be endured in an attempt at recovery. It is of the utmost importance that the patient and his medical adviser should act in perfect accord, and it is the part of the physician to secure, if possible, the confidence of his patient by an intelligent description of his case, and by an assurance that the treatment will be as painless as it is possible to make it. Such an assurance inspires the timid and struggling victim with at least a willingness to make the effort; and my experience has been, that the mutual confidence thus established secures not only a good basis for beginning the treatment, but that the patient himself is less likely to violate the trust. Aside from this moral consideration, I think there is a strong physical and professional reason in favor of the gradual plan, namely, the avoidance of the shock,

which must necessarily follow the immediate withdrawal of the drug.

“I do not quite realize the soundness of the logic which asserts that, because the patient has poisoned himself with opium, the first duty is, entirely to remove it, for the reason already adverted to in the proposition which I announced in the beginning, as having an important bearing upon the pathology and treatment of this disease, viz., that we should discriminate between the poison itself and its physiological effect, and that a poison is not necessarily poisonous, except in excessive doses, or unless its use is contraindicated by the condition of the patient. Take, for example, a case to which I have already alluded. A man who took sixty grains of sulphate of morphia at a single dose, or two hundred and forty doses in one. He had been in the habit of relying upon this enormous quantity for months, having commenced, of course, years before, with doses of a fraction of a grain. Do you not suppose that the sudden abstraction from his nervous system of this support would have produced a shock which, without actual confinement to a cell, he would have been unable to endure? and that compulsory endurance would have aroused a resistant, not to say resentful, spirit, such as would greatly disturb the moral equipoise, the preservation of which is so important to the case.

"I once saw a man, in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, who was subjected, under the rigid régime of prison order, to pass through the torment of this heroic and dangerous practice. He was a gentleman by birth and culture, and under the temporary mental perversion produced by this habit, committed an offence for which he was sentenced to imprisonment. I visited him in his cell, and examined his case with some care. His pulse was rapid, and his vital functions were sluggishly performed. As an aspen, whose leaves tremble under the slightest impulse of air, so this cultivated belles-lettres student and teacher moved in every tendril, under the gentlest impulse of his emotional nature. He had been three months in confinement, from the first day of which his tobacco and opium had been entirely withdrawn. He was a wreck from shock — shock of nerve and shock of moral sense. He writhed under a mental conviction of injustice and injury, and his feeble frame attempted in vain to recover its normal balance. After his sentence expired, and he found himself in the world again, among his first acts was an effort to procure the drug that had been his solace in times agone. He made me a visit soon after, and with a clear head recounted his sufferings, and confessed that he was in the daily use of it again. Had he been supported by strong nerve tonics, while the opium was gradually withdrawn,

and fed on better than ordinary prison fare, with proper exercise out of doors, and proper influences within, he would, doubtless, have had a firmer muscle, a more steady nerve, and a purer moral sentiment, which might have sustained him in the conflict of life without resorting again to opium.

"From the history of the cases I have treated, I am led to believe that my patients first used opium as a necessity. The single exceptional case I have already given is that of the public man who commenced it for the purpose of enabling him to command popularity as an orator. This would seem to have been reprehensible.

"The others that I now recall were those in whom, as in the case of incipient phthisis, and of the fracture of the pelvis, there was a physical demand for its use, and in which it first fulfilled its physiological purpose. Hence, in the treatment, I have endeavored to withhold what I may be allowed to call the pathological, with the view of reaching the physiological dose, and thus attempting to restore the system to its physiological condition.

"I will illustrate what I mean by the sixty grain case cited above. The first dose I administered to this patient, after witnessing him take his usual dose of one drachm, was one half his daily quantity (thirty grains). He endured this reduction with but little inconvenience.

"After that, the reduction was measured by the amount of suffering consequent upon its withdrawal. I determined to get him through with as little pain as possible, and after this, reduced about five grains daily, building up, all the time, with strychnia and belladonna, good diet, frictions, exercise, and vapor baths. But when we reached five, three, two grains, and then came to one, and the fractions, the suffering was sometimes so great, that, to secure rest and sleep, I occasionally prescribed a full dose, say three or four grains, to induce sleep. A good night's rest gave courage and force to endure again, and the patient, within three months, was entirely recovered, and resumed the practice of his profession.

"In the case of the orator, when the intellectual functions were to be dealt with, an exalted mental state to be calmed, and brought to a normal standard, the struggle was more severe, and the distress much greater. In this case the whole moral nature seemed to have been invaded by the poison, and though the gentleman was scrupulously correct in deportment, conscientious and sensitive to a degree, never indulging even in what are called innocent vices, a man of family and of virtue,—the relapse from an imaginary to a real world, from a state of chronic exaltation, among spheres where fancy feeds upon itself and encircles thought with the halo of its own inspiration, to

the actualities of real life, was a more painful process than I have ever witnessed. It was capturing a winged spirit that had escaped to dwell in an unknown atmosphere, and confining it again, with material cords, holding it to this life, as it were, by force. The patient himself was powerless; the things that he would not he did, and the things he would he did not.

"While the difficulty in this case was largely psychological, cramps in the lower extremities, and prostration, with coldness, were sometimes present.

"The three cases I have briefly stated are typical of thousands more. They are coming to the surface daily. Concealment of facts—especially the facts of suffering—cannot be long protracted. Secret indulgence in opium use will culminate in open evidence, and the facts must be deliberately and intelligently met by the medical profession. Chronic opium poisoning will become, like chronic alcoholic poisoning, a matter for the philanthropist and statesman. The physicians must lay the fact—foundation first. It is not my intention, at this time, to discuss the relation that exists between these two common forms of excess. I do not say they are identical in constitutional origin, or in public importance; but I believe the opium habit to be more seductive and more damaging than the liquor habit, to a class of mind which is regarded

as valuable to the community. Not a single case that I have treated has been of low mental state. Physicians, lawyers, ministers, and merchants have made up most of my roll of cases. Two of the three cited in this discourse were physicians, and the third an eminent lawyer.

"Had I time, I would like to point out to you what I consider to be the causes of this malady; but I must forbear.

"And now, gentlemen, that I may not be misunderstood, let me close by a very brief summary of the facts and practice I have endeavored to teach in this lecture:—

"1. Opium is a poison.

"2. It is taken, not for social enjoyment, but for a physical necessity.

"3. Taken thus in proper doses, and in corresponding conditions, it is a valuable remedy. When it relieves physical or mental distress, it fulfils its physiological purpose, and its use is legitimate.

"4. It is a fascinating drug in its influence upon mind and body, with persons who have not an opposing idiosyncrasy.

"5. There is a constitutional condition which is in harmony with its hypnotic quality, and a constitutional condition which is in harmony with its excitant quality.

"6. It will affect persons differently, as they are

inclined by nature, or by the pathological condition which demands its use.

"7. Taken in excess, it produces a pathological condition, certain symptoms of which are decided as specific.

"8. To relieve the symptoms, it is desirable to avoid the shock, as it is desirable to avoid it in surgical operations.

"9. For this purpose, the practitioner should immediately reduce the accustomed supply to the minimum dose which will meet this condition.

"10. When the minimum is reached, the suffering of the patient begins; and then the practice should be, to give tone to the nervous system, as the opium stimulus is withdrawn. The reduction should be in minute quantities, and the tonic doses full and persistent.

"11. The moral sentiment, the confidence and courage of the patient, should at all times be kept up to the highest attainable degree.

"12. Such a course will almost always secure the desired result.

"I have not given you the details of treatment, nor offered prescriptions of medicines, liniments, &c., preferring to state general principles, and leave the question of medication, &c., to be decided by the peculiarities of each case, and the good sense of the medical adviser."

MIRACULOUSLY SAVED!

During the late war a young man became debilitated by sickness. His physician gave him opiates, containing opium. Although the quantity in each dose was very small, at the end of a prolonged illness he found himself an "opium-eater," and powerless to resist the fatal drug. The effect was so exhilarating that its use was continued in until distressing symptoms were felt if the longings were not satisfied. The sinking of the heart was such that the unsatisfied cry was like the grave, — Give, give, — with an irresistible force. Indulgence produced a depressed action of the heart; sleeplessness succeeded, and a fine manhood became enslaved with the accursed drug. Milk diet was persisted in for weeks (which somewhat recuperated the broken-down wreck), but without the desired effect. Hundreds of other chemical preparations were substituted in trying to break the fatal habit, none of which would supply its place.

Through the earnest solicitation of his many friends, he consulted numerous physicians, telling them frankly his habit, length of duration, quan-

tity consumed, &c., and of his desire to break away from the slavery, and, asking for an honest expression of opinion, received the not very gratifying intelligence (from each separately) that his chances for recovery were few; or, to use their own words, he was told that, "with the continued use and amount now being taken, he might possibly live three months," no longer, yet liable to die at any moment; "that by abstaining wholly from it, the chances were only about one to ten for life." Wonderful to relate, the five different physicians consulted, although practising by different methods, and consulted separately, expressed in substance the same opinion.

With these facts staring him in the face, knowing his utter inability to restrain his appetite, and by the advice of friends, he consented to be confined in such a manner as would preclude his obtaining the drug, and accept the issue, little expecting to again mingle with the world.

We spare the reader from the reports of his terrible agony during the first month, to which, as we learned from himself and physician, in point of suffering *DELIRIUM TREMENS* could not be compared — and as our informant has passed through

both, the truth of the statement is not to be doubted.

Contrary to expectation, he survived, and after about ten weeks, again resumed his business; but the direful enemy, alcohol, supplied the vacuum. In such a condition this youth staggered to the shelter of the Appleton Home, suffering all the torments resulting from a three years' course of dissipation, where every kindness and sympathy were bestowed.

He is now a saved man, and the above is substantially his confession.

SAVED FROM THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

Early one morning a lady called to see the superintendent in relation to her husband, who, it seemed, was confined in the station-house. Hers was the same old story. The father of four more than ordinarily intelligent children was so addicted to intemperance that love for home and family was nearly extinguished, and a prosperous business neglected. The space between his periodical sprees was so limited that they ceased to be known as such; the more proper term, common drunkard,

being most applicable, had for some time been applied; and such was the charge for which he was held. During his more temperate and industrious days he had built a dwelling-house, and had succeeded in meeting the greater number of payments necessary to a clear title. According to his wife's account, there was a payment due in a short time, and unless it was met, they were liable to lose their house, with the amount already paid. If he was committed to the house of correction for four or six months, nothing would save their property, or herself and children from actual suffering. Again, if saved from punishment, unless he energetically applied himself to business, then all would be lost. After listening to a long story, of which the above is a brief outline, Mr. McKenzie went to the station-house and asked that the prisoner might be surrendered to him, instead of being brought before the court. The officers were very reluctant at first, on account of the amount of trouble caused them in time past by the prisoner, to release him; but considering the person making the application, and the object in view, the request was granted, and the unfortunate victim of alcohol, being unable to walk, was taken in a carriage to the Home.

Immediately upon his arrival he was placed in bed, and medicine judged most beneficial administered. A watcher was placed over him for some days and nights, but as he appeared so well contented, and did not seem to manifest but a small amount of suffering from the effects of stimulants, compared with some other patients, the night watch was dismissed; and while the superintendent and nearly all the patients were attending prayer-meeting in the neighborhood, he was taken with a slight attack of the tremens, and breaking open a trunk of another patient, appropriated a pair of pants (his clothes having been taken from him), crept cautiously out of the window on to the roof, then lowered himself over the eaves, and catching the tin water conductor, slid down three stories to the ground. The chances were about one hundred to one for certain death in this perilous undertaking, and no one but a madman, or one suffering from the same cause as himself, would have made the attempt. Fortunately, the affair happened at about the time the men were returning from the evening meeting; so his absence was of short duration.

After this he was guarded more closely until the

alcohol was more thoroughly exterminated from the system, then nearly full liberty restored. He realized his situation and the amount of good which had been done for him, also seemed much interested in the Home prayer-meetings, at which, during the remainder of his stay, it became our privilege to listen to his testimony of what Jesus had done for him through the instrumentality of the Home, and of his determination, by the grace of God, to abstain from anything that intoxicates, and lead a Christian life. During the remainder of the time the Home was located in South Boston, and after his discharge, none were more punctual at the Sunday meeting, and on other evenings, when business did not prevent, than himself, or who mingled their voices in supplication to the throne of grace with more earnestness. Now compare the difference. Society would have sent this man to prison on a charge such as a life of well-doing would not efface, nor wipe from the brow of his children the stigma of a drunkard's child. Yet a few kind words, a little Christian sympathy, and a willingness to take the guilty one by the hand and lead him to the feet of Jesus, where he could receive spiritual strength to combat his old enemy,

results in his being restored to society, family, to himself and God.

A HUSBAND SAVED.

The writer of the letter of which the following is an extract, had held a situation as salesman in some of our largest dry goods stores, but his repeated failures at reformation had driven him from them. His wife had been discouraged, disheartened, and at last left him. The patience of his father, who had assisted him so many times in the past, was exhausted, and he was literally left alone. He had tried in his own strength heretofore. Now he admitted that nothing but the grace of God would ever save him. In a short time, and in answer to prayer, his wife and friends were all restored to him, and we received the following:—

“ALBANY, N. Y., ———.

“MR. MCKENZIE.

“Dear Sir: I know you will want to hear from me, and how I am getting along; therefore I hasten to write. Thanks be to God, I am still true to Him, and by His help and strength I am growing

stronger every day. When my appetite craves for the cup, that cursed cup that has brought so much sorrow, not only to me, but to her whom I love, and to all my friends, I raise my voice to God in prayer for strength to overcome the appetite, and I truly know that God gives it to me. He will not refuse any of us, if we ask Him believing. I have not as yet found that sweet faith in Christ which I want to obtain, but I seek earnestly and pray fervently that my heart may be filled with His love and presence. I would love to step into one of your Wednesday night meetings, and tell what God has done and is still doing for me. Bless His name, I would not go back to the cup again; no, never, with God's help; never can or will I fall again! My prayer is, that my feet may be firmly planted on the rock, that His arm will always support me, and that I never may fall. I remember you often in my silent prayers, that God may bless and prosper you. Remember me in your prayers.”

REMARKS. One of the greatest difficulties the reformed man has to contend with, is his inability to convince his former employer that he has really reformed, and to convince the public in general, that although he was once intemperate, his physical system is not so much impaired, or his ability

so lessened, that an inferior position with a reduced salary is necessary.

Those who have been deceived and disappointed once, naturally hesitate to place any reliance in the statement of the reformed man, and there exists in their mind a certain amount of doubt concerning his ability to live up to his good resolutions; in fact, they have lost confidence, and in a manner anything but agreeable to the feelings of one who has suffered everything but death, and is struggling to regain his place among men, express it. We state it as a fact, that a great many, who with a little Christian sympathy, and assistance in obtaining a situation, would remain true in the path of temperance, are, as it were, driven back into degradation by the cold shoulder and unfeeling remarks of former employers, or those applied to for employment. Some self-satisfied ones will say, "I did all I could. I gave him good advice, and hope he will profit by it, but cannot give him employment until I see that he has actually reformed."

In other words, the poor unfortunate is placed on the worst possible kind of probation. He is left penniless and friendless to contend against

cold and hunger, clothed in garments such as would cause some of the professed Christians to give him a wide berth, yet they dare not assist him to better, for fear he will "pawn them for rum," as they say, when the truth of the matter is, they lack that forgiving and sympathizing disposition which distinguished our Saviour when on earth. So many times have we heard the conversation between employer and employee: "Yes, you understand my business better than any one I can hire. I am satisfied with your services, and if I only knew you would remain temperate — but I am afraid. When you have been a certain number of months without drink, I will again employ you." "But what shall I do for food and lodging during this time?" "Never fear," says the employer, "only remain temperate, and the Lord will provide."

Yes; He will provide for the reformed inebriate, and provide for those who refuse to assist one of God's fallen children. That poor unfortunate has a soul, and God made it, and Christ died for it, and He cares as much for it to-day as He does for yours; it will live as long as yours; and if you are better off than he, you owe him a debt; for

who made you to differ? And why are you made to differ? For what has God given you wealth? Is it that you may pamper the body upon which the worms already have a lien, and will soon execute? Is it to make your name glorious, which in a day or two will be forgotten? You know it is not; but if you are made strong, it is that you may help the weak; if you are rich, it is that you may help the poor; if you are holy, it is that you may make others holy. Remember, then, your precious opportunities in the great cities and the responsibilities that rest upon you. Your task is, indeed, noble and Godlike. In striving to brighten homes and cheer lives darkened by sin, shadowed by want, suffering, or sorrow, you are doing a work that patriotism and philanthropy, humanity and Christianity, will applaud, and that God will bless. To have performed generous deeds to relieve suffering ones, and to have spoken loving words to gladden the sorrowing heart, to have rescued the fallen, and to have persuaded the erring, whose feet were gliding downward, to retrace their steps, will, when earth's labors are ended, be to you precious memories, sweet consolations, and immortal possessions. Then,

when the laurels of victories won in the battle of life for power, renown, and gold, are withering and fading, good deeds and loving words for struggling and suffering humanity will break "into bloom upon your brows." Then, when the possessions of earth are vanishing, the passing soul will see the heavenly mansions in the Father's house, prepared by Him who will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

RESTORED TO HIS FRIENDS.

We wish it distinctly understood that, in selecting these cases, we are taking such as were considered hopeless; and our object in so doing is to show that, no matter how high a position one may have attained before sinking into the lowest depths of degradation, even in that condition, by Christian kindness, inducing the patient to depend upon divine grace for that strength necessary to overcome temptation, through faith in the saving power of Christ, he may rise to higher distinction, regain the friends lost, and create many new ones. Kindness, sympathy, and a loving disposition

towards the erring, are some of the most noticeable characteristics of a Christian life; a few words, spoken in kindness, many times result in the salvation of a soul which would otherwise perish. The above is strikingly illustrated in the case of ———, of Charleston, S. C., born of one of the first families, having all the advantages that wealth could bestow, and possessing all the pride and vanity usually exhibited by people in that section of the country. Accustomed from infancy to the indulgence of the wine-cup, among fashionable acquaintances, and taught to believe manual labor degrading, he found at last that the word *degrade* expressed but a small part of the low estimate he held of himself.

The late civil war converted him from the proud aristocrat to a state of pauperism realized by many, and, feeling his changed condition keenly, he wandered north without any fixed purpose. Arriving in Boston a stranger and discouraged, he commenced drinking heavily, and soon found himself in the station-house, ragged, filthy, and covered with vermin. Upon being brought before the court, he was sent to Deer Island for thirty days. When his time expired, these same clothes were given him, and he was brought back to the city.

What shall he do? His garments a beggar's dog would refuse for a bed. No use to apply for a situation in that condition; the first salutation would be, "Get out from here; don't want any tramps or bummers." He is penniless, hungry, and cold; night approaching, and nowhere to lay his head. He goes back to the wharf, thinking to commit suicide; but his courage fails, and his heart sinks within him when he takes in the situation. He finally comes to this conclusion. "To prevent death by starvation or cold, I must commit some slight offence, and again return to prison." With this object in view, he deliberately enters a bar-room, and obtains a drink, allowing the bar-tender to kick him out of doors for pay, and repeats the operation until he is thoroughly saturated, then places himself in a conspicuous place purposely to be arrested. Even in this he is doomed to disappointment, as policemen refuse to notice him, and as a last resort, he crowds an officer from the sidewalk. Now he is sure of his night's lodging; he is again arrested, and after going through the same preliminaries, is sent back to the Island for thirty days more.

Returning, after serving out this sentence, he

makes his way at once to the Common, it being warmer, and seats himself to decide upon some course of action, with no one to advise, or give a kind word. In this situation he was observed by Mr. McKenzie, while passing, who, noticing his disconsolate appearance, entered into conversation with him, and finding him a stranger and destitute, took him to the Home, where the above information was obtained. Here he led a new and better life; and after being recruited, his case was made known to some of the good brothers of the fraternity, a draft was procured, clothing purchased suitable to enable him to appear respectable, and a passage to his home engaged for him. We find from several letters received since, that he is now leading a Christian life, and taking an active interest in the temperance work.

SAVED AT LAST.

There is a large number, and, we regret to say, some professed Christians are included, who are too easily discouraged, and readily cease their efforts in behalf of the outcast upon his failure to live up to the good resolutions made, especially

after repeated failures. Although we are not writing to criticise others, yet we have had numerous cases where men have fallen time and time again, but believing the divine spark was not wholly extinguished, they have been readmitted, and finally saved. An instance comes to our memory now of a young man, born of religious parents, but heeding not their teachings or advice, who fell gradually, until he found himself an exile in a foreign land, without friends or money. In this condition he entered the Home. After a short time he received a remittance from home with which he purchased a complete suit of clothes, which gave him the appearance of a new man. He remained with us some time, when he again fell, going this time lower than ever, and wandered away out of town, but found no resting-place until he received some of the wages of sin by being confined within the walls of a prison cell. But there he found, as the poet says, —

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,” —

because there Christ came to him in the silent watch of the night, and showed him that though he had sinned deeply, there was One who “cleanseth

from all sin." It was not a sudden change that came over him, not a conviction, as on a former occasion, but a gradual conversion, and, we trust, a lasting one. He is at present under the eye of the Home, and contemplates a return to his own country, trusting not in his own strength to resist temptation, but in that which God supplies through His Son.

OTHER WORK.

Although the especial work of the Home is with the inebriate who is an inmate of the institution, a vast amount of work has been accomplished in the way of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and providing transportation for men to their homes, friends, or localities where employment could be obtained.

In doing this it requires practical experience and good judgment to discriminate between the worthy and unworthy, and to avoid encouraging the class of people styled "tramps," or any other in idleness, who have the ability to perform manual labor, yet lack the disposition. During the last few years, a large number of temperate

young men from the country and surrounding towns, in their efforts to secure employment, have been deluded with the idea that the large cities (Boston in particular) were the places where their efforts would be most likely to prove successful. Many of such, after a fruitless search, extending until their funds were exhausted, come to us for food and shelter, until they either found situations, or arrangements were made whereby they might return to their homes. Valuable assistance has been rendered, and untold suffering from the pangs of hunger prevented, by supplying meals to deserving objects of charity, who could obtain lodgings from friends more fortunate than themselves, but were unable to provide for the inner man. Hardly a day passed without some such applying for one or more meals. Forty-one dinners were given to the needy in one day. With this additional labor our resources were taxed to the utmost, not so much, however, in the preparation of the food, as in raising funds sufficient to pay for amount consumed; yet by continually asking and depending upon the Lord for means to supply our demands, never yet has any deserving one been turned from the door hungry. Often has the last mouthful, eatable,

in the house been given away, but in direct answer to prayer, more would soon arrive, or money to procure it be received in some unexpected manner.

In promoting the welfare of souls, we should have consideration and compassion for the bodies also. It sometimes happens that a person gets so interested in the salvation of some poor unfortunate soul, as to entirely forget the requirements of the body. A little properly managed and brought to Christ for His blessing will go farther than is commonly supposed; it increases in our hands, and we are rather enriched than impoverished by liberality. And while the rich remember how He and His disciples fared, they should learn to spare from their expenses to feed His poor, and the poor should learn to be contented with their food, which is seldom less luxurious than that with which the Saviour of the world was pleased to satisfy His hunger. We should all learn to thank God, and to crave His blessing at our meals, and to avoid all profusion or waste; remembering our Lord would not suffer the fragments of His miraculous provision to be lost, and considering that frugality is the proper source of liberality. But we see also in this miracle an emblem of the "Bread of Life

which came down from heaven" to sustain our perishing souls. The provisions of this Gospel appear to the carnal eye mean and scanty, yet they suffice for the whole multitude who "feed on Him in their hearts by faith with thanksgiving," and His ministers may go forth in confidence, assured that while they feed others they will also be fed themselves.

Another class of people who have been benefited by the Home, and which include men with families to support, were those who, by strict economy, managed to supply themselves with food, but were unable to purchase clothing necessary to protect them from the cold while endeavoring to gain a livelihood. The charitably-disposed have sent in cast-off clothing in sufficient quantities to enable us to provide for many, who otherwise would have suffered during the winter months. Others have been enabled to attend church, who have been compelled to remain at home for want of clothing in which to appear respectable. A record is kept of all wearing apparel received, whom from, and to whom delivered, and we take this opportunity of saying that cast-off clothing is gratefully received at the Home, and carefully issued to deserving

objects of charity. Not unfrequently is it the case that some poor unfortunate is brought to us in a condition that necessitates the destroying of the garments, or rather rags, in which he is clothed, and a complete outfit is given him.

All this is but a small part of what might properly come under the head of "*Other Work*;" nor could we convey to the reader in the space to which we are limited a correct idea of the amount of good that has been accomplished in this direction, and it is only intended to furnish the intelligent with items for thought, which upon reflection must awaken a new and more determined resolve to kindly remember in their affluence the poor trembling outcast, his wants, necessities, their duty to him, and their obligation to Almighty God for their present condition of sobriety, and the wealth, health, and strength He has so generously bestowed upon them.

"Faith without works is dead," and so are our prayers useless, and our sympathy of an exceeding poor quality, unless we stretch out our hands to the erring one, and assist him with substantial as well as spiritual aid in his hour of affliction. We would that every one would ponder over the *direct*

command of our Saviour — "If a brother be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted;" remembering that it is meant for us *personally*, and that we might be actuated by the true feelings of Christian sympathy; then, indeed, would we unite with willing hands and loving hearts in the redemption and salvation of our fallen brother. Christ came into the world to save sinners, and cannot we, in a small degree, imitate His example by the uplifting of human souls perishing for that assistance which we are abundantly able to give? In addition and in connection with our other work, we have endeavored, to the extent of our ability, to enlighten the public through the press and lectures concerning the enormous evils of intemperance; and we trust we shall not be considered fanatics or maniacs, as some have accused us, on account of our devoted adherence to principles more rigid than those who are partial to an occasional glass, when we assert that intemperance is a dreadful curse. It disorders the body and shatters the mind. It burdens its victim with remorse, disgrace, and shame. It destroys his character, ruins

his business, blasts his hopes, and consigns him to a premature and dishonored grave. It darkens and desolates the home. It brings poverty and untold suffering on families. It breaks the hearts of parents, crushes the hopes of wives and children, and presses a cup of bitter misery to their lips. It makes its victims reckless, fiendish, and capable of any crime. It renders life and property unsafe, and curses society with numberless crimes. It fills alms-houses with paupers, crowds jails and prisons with criminals, feeds brothels and gambling hells, and throngs asylums with idiots and the insane. It wrecks ships and railway trains, burns stores and dwellings, sheds blood, and multiplies casualties in every walk of life. It robs this country of at least six hundred million dollars annually, and its waste is nearly as much more. It maintains a standing (or rather a staggering) army of six hundred thousand inebriates in this land, and sends annually sixty thousand of these miserable, wrecked, but immortal creatures to a drunkard's eternity. No arithmetic can compute its misery. To have any true sense of its enormous evils, we must become intimately acquainted with some one case of intemperance, note its his-

tory and progress, the hopes it wrecks, the misery it produces, and then, in imagination, multiply all this sin and suffering by hundreds of thousands; and even then we get no adequate idea of its evils. Only an infinite mind can take them in. There is no one thing under heaven that is such a scourge to our race as this. There is no other vice so prevalent, none that leads to so many other sins and crimes, and so deluges the earth with misery. There is no one thing that so hinders the gospel, that so opposes everything good, and that ruins such multitudes of souls.

The question often arises, and is asked, "Can anything be done to stop the tide of woe?" We must believe that something can be done. God has not given over our world to the Devil. He is on the side of right, truth, and human progress. And while God reigns, while truth is mighty, and the blessed Spirit is promised to Christian prayer, we must believe that the evils of intemperance can and will be checked, and the awful scourge banished from the world. What, then, can we do to arrest the terrible evil? There are many things which may be done, and which it will be needful to do in their proper

time and order. But there is one thing we can all do, and do at once, for the removal of this great curse. We can all cordially adopt, and consistently carry out, the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Of their use medicinally we say nothing now. Every man, woman, and child can do this. Are the circumstances such as to make it our duty? We think so; and without asserting that it is, and without denouncing those who may differ, we desire to set forth the reasons which prevail with us, and which we hope may persuade every reader to conform to total abstinence.

First, by so doing we suffer no loss, nor do we any harm to any living creature or any human interest. There is no command of God, no law of man, no necessity of our nature, requiring us to use intoxicating drink. God most solemnly warns us against the intoxicating cup, and strongly commends total abstinence. Society, aware of its terrible evils, legislates against it. No interest of body or soul requires its use. If we abstain, we lose nothing in health of body or vigor of mind. No business interest suffers thereby. Domestic happiness is not impaired, nor do our re-

ligious interests sustain any loss. By abstinence we injure no one, tempt no one, nor do we hinder any good cause.

Now, it is saying much for any course of conduct, that it is utterly harmless to ourselves and others. Can as much be said for drinking in any degree? But, again, in total abstinence there is perfect safety from drunkenness, and all the evils of drinking. It is certain that the man who never tastes it will never become a drunkard, nor suffer from any of the evils of drinking. Drunkenness springs from drinking. No drinking, no drunkards. But it may be said that gluttony comes from eating: must we, therefore, abstain from eating to avoid gluttony? Is not the argument in the one case as in the other? We answer, No; the cases are not parallel. Eating is necessary to sustain life; but we have seen that intoxicating drink is not necessary. No interest of man requires him to use alcoholic drink as a beverage. But perhaps we say that there is no danger that we shall become drunkards. We have power over ourselves, and can drink or let it alone. If we see that it is injuring us, we can stop when we please. Perhaps so; perhaps

not. Every one of the six hundred thousand drunkards who curse this land to-day, and are a curse to themselves and families, was once a temperate drinker, and was just as confident he would never become intemperate as we can be. But we say we have stronger will and clear heads. Besides, our happiness, reputation, success in business, domestic ties, home loves, immortal hopes, are so many motives to keep us within the realm of sobriety.

But have not the mighty fallen? Has not the demon intemperance smitten down men of princely intellect, of imperial will, of richest culture, of wisest experience, and soundest judgment? Has it not dragged ministers from the altar, judges from the bench, lawyers from the bar, the strongest, noblest, and most generous from all the walks of life, and thrust them, wrecked and wretched, into a drunkard's grave? Have not men enjoying high social position, affectionate husbands, loving fathers, noble sons, been led to sacrifice honor, reputation, home and all its dear delights, with all earthly and immortal hopes, at the shrine of strong drink? Have not thousands of the lordliest minds, notwithstanding all motives to so-

briety, died drunkards? What do we possess that they did not? and what assurance have we that there is no danger in our case? We may escape, but yet there is danger. None of us can know we are safe except in total abstinence.

THE DRUNKARD'S STORY.

In the street of a great city, leading towards the railway station,
I was walking one fine morning in a serious meditation
On the world and its vexations, crosses, difficulties, troubles, —
On the changes of existence, on ambition and its bubbles, —
When I saw towards me coming, slow meandering on the sidewalk,
First to curbstone, then to doorstep, in a zigzag, crooked, wide walk,
Such a wretched, ragged fellow, steeped in misery and liquor,
That I dodged behind a lamp-post, that the man might pass me quicker.
But as I, around him dodging, tried on t'other side to place me,
By a sudden lurch to leeward, right about he wheeled to face me;

And with gravity of visage and an air of mock decorum,
 Said, "You're friendly, and I know it, and I want another jorum.
 To be drunk is to be happy; to be happy I am willing;
 And I'll get entirely jolly if you'll lend your friend a shilling.
 O, you needn't turn your nose up, nor explode with indignation,
 Nor commence a prosy lecture on my moral degradation.
 I'm a little bit in liquor, I admit; but that's no matter.
 I have no resource but spirits, thronging memories to scatter.
 Yes; I *am* a wretched drunkard; I am sunk past sounding distance
 In a gulf of shame and horror; am a blot upon existence.
 But when once I am in liquor, then a show of joy comes to me;
 Then I lose the curse of memory with its fearful pangs and gloomy.
 Ah! I once had friends and kinsfolk; I was held in estimation
 By my neighbors and my townsmen as a pillar of the nation, —

Yes, a stanch and trusty pillar, one whom people always call so;
 For I had my hundred thousand and a splendid mansion also.
 And I had possessions greater — wife and children — never fairer, —
 Ellen, patient, lovely, loving — why, with whom might I compare her?
 George, my boy, my darling prattler — Ellen, blue-eyed like her mother, —
 These made up my happy household. Could the world find such another?
 O, you think you have all firmness; that my steps you ne'er will follow;
 That your feet will never flounder in the mire wherein I wallow
 So thought I, my sneering neighbor. Had some prophet, as a victim
 To the brandy bottle doomed me, ten to one but I had kicked him.
 What! A slave to base indulgence, clothed in tatters, spurned and spat at!
 Such a coat as this upon me, crowned by such a hat as *that* hat!
 I'd have laughed at all such nonsense; yet you see my situation;
 And as I am now *you* may be, though you drink in moderation. —

Moderation ! ugh ! what folly ! Ask the whirlwind
to be quiet ;
Speak of peace to the tempest ; but in *drinking*
never try it.
Rouse of appetite the lion, and, though friends and
guards attend you,
From his lair the beast will leap out when you
least expect, and rend you.
I was moderate in drinking ; but my chain of limit
lengthened,
Feeding on its constant practice. Day by day the
habit strengthened ;
Fortune fled me, friends abandoned, darkened all
the skies above me.
Save poor Ellen and her children there was no one
left to love me.
O, those years of maddest revel, when good fellows
sat beside me,
When with glozing words they fed me, when with
flattery they plied me,
Till I sank me deeper, deeper, in a vast abyss
unholy,
Never heeding that my darlings faded certainly,
though slowly !
Do you blame me that I madly seek my Lethe
draught in liquor ?
What care I that it may bring me to my doleful
end the quicker ?

All my friends with wealth departed ; none are
left to mourn my dying.
In the pauper's grave, unheeded, are my wife and
children lying.
Men may talk about romances ; if they want a
sharp sensation
Let them get the real story of a drunkard's degra-
dation,
Of the pangs that sober moments bring with agony
to fill him,
And the hearer gets a novel that will interest and
thrill him.
Had I time, or had you patience, of such terrible
things I'd tell you,
That, although you might despise me, yet to pity
'twould compel you.
But I'd thank you for that shilling. While I live
I would be merry ;
When I die there's one more pauper for the sober
folk to bury."
Longer still had been his story had I staid to
listen to it ;
But I gave the wretch his shilling, though 'twas
doubtless wrong to do it,
Leaving him to seek the gin-shop, there to drown
his troublous thinking,
While I wondered, — Would I ever, through my
moderate way of drinking,

Sink so low in my debasement as the wretch from
whom I'd parted,
Make *my* children suffer hunger, and *my* wife die
broken-hearted?
And, although his maudlin sermon seemed in my
case to be wasted,
Yet that day the glass of sherry for my dinner
went untasted.
Days and months have passed since then. Stocks,
and woollen yarns, and cotton,
All combined to make the drunkard and his tale
of woe forgotten;
But this morning's daily paper, while events do-
mestic noting,
Told that on the river one had found a dead man's
body floating.
In his age he seemed past forty, face and rags the
drunkard showing;
Yet within the wretch some angel kept a spark of
feeling glowing;
For upon his clammy bosom, like the token of a
lover,
Lay a single golden ringlet, "Ellen" written on
its cover.

HOME STRUGGLES.

Those of our readers who do not give the mat-
ter a second thought, or who have not the dispo-
sition to inquire into the whys and wherefores, or
take into consideration the fact that money was
an indispensable necessity to successfully accom-
plish the work reported in the preceding pages,
may conclude that our duties and labors were
not so arduous, after all; that we simply had
to pray for money, and it would rapidly flow
into our hands, without any exertion being made
on our part, and that our labor only consisted
in delivering to persons applying the amount suf-
ficient to satisfy their wants. While we firmly
believe in the power of prayer, and that prayers,
when offered in the manner prescribed by our
Saviour, and consistent with divine will, are sure
to meet with a ready response, we also believe,
as before stated, that faith without works is
dead, and while we pray in faith we use what
ability we possess, and every talent the Lord has
given us. Without doing this we cannot reason-
ably expect an answer to prayer.

It has been a constant source of anxiety, and one of the greatest difficulties we have yet had to overcome, to enlist public sympathy to the extent that substantial aid sufficient for the purchase of food and to provide a shelter for the patients was secured. Many times it has seemed almost impossible to continue the work, on account of being so much in debt, and such a gloomy prospect before us; yet, by renewed exertion in the right direction, and prayerfully seeking guidance of Him who is able to lead one through the difficulties of life, we were enabled to pass through the crisis.

At one time, in particular, when the way appeared unusually dark, and when the work was seriously embarrassed for want of funds to cancel bills overdue, an invitation was sent to quite a number of persons known to be friends to practical Christian work, and who had so much of the actual love of Christ in their soul as to have a heart overflowing with pure Christian sympathy, and which extended to the poor unfortunate inebriate, to be present at one of our meetings.

They were also of that class who practised just what they preached, and believed that substantial

aid was as much needed in the work of the Home as long prayers.

Before the meeting was formally opened, a statement was made by the superintendent of the financial condition of the institution, some of its past work, and what its future would be if suffered to exist, with the amount then necessary to liquidate the debts contracted for actual necessities of life, such as groceries, meat, fish, coal, &c. Upon this announcement being made, one of the gentlemen present suggested that money be raised then and there, sufficient to settle the bills mentioned before the meeting was opened. In a very few minutes it was accomplished, and a glorious meeting followed. At different times, when reduced to the lowest extremes, an appeal was made to the public through the press for contributions of money and cast-off clothing, the result of which rendered us great assistance. At another time, when the case was desperate, a *direct* appeal was made to individuals, each of whom was supposed to be abundantly able to contribute something. This was done through circulars sent by mail. Ten thousand were sent to as many different persons, asking a donation of any amount they

saw fit to send, but with a very poor result, barely enough being received to pay expense of circulars and postage stamps. Many other methods were tried, the whole furnishing capital to keep the Home in mere existence. Still we were not discouraged, but continued bravely on in our work of rescuing men from intemperance, the uplifting of fallen and suffering humanity, befriending those struggling to regain their lost manhood, striving to reunite families separated by King Alcohol, rendering assistance to deserving objects of charity to the extent of our ability and means, trusting firmly and placing full confidence in the many promises of the blessed Saviour. As will be seen by reading the statistics at the close of the first edition, although the accommodations at the Home would admit of providing for a much larger number of patients than when located at 559 Washington Street, while we had money with which to purchase food, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and here, as on former occasions, men were provided with shelter for the night at some lodging-house, when it was impossible to furnish them with a bed in the Home.

REMOVAL.

After taking a careful survey of the field of work before us, a removal was again deemed advisable for many reasons, some of which we give. First, by actual necessity of the increasing demand for assistance. Second, by the existence of numerous rum-shops, which had grown up in close proximity, where liquor was sold, by which the very air was polluted and impregnated, continually keeping the fumes of that which had been their greatest enemy before the inmates, and tending to continue their old appetite for strong drink. Again, we were continually receiving patients with their nervous system in such a disorganized condition as to make quietness and good air essential remedies to successful treatment, but such as cannot be obtained in the midst of a densely populated city. Still another great advantage to be gained, if the right location could be secured, was a reduction of current expenses in the matter of rent, taxes, water-tax, gas-bills, and a great saving in grocery bills by farming operations, which would also furnish out-door

exercise for convalescents, and us some remuneration from the large number we were assisting, who were able to work, but were without situations. With these facts in view, and after earnest and prayerful consideration, asking the Lord for strength, both physical and spiritual, for wisdom, guidance, and direction in the matter, trusting all to Him, the superintendent began to look about for some location out of town, yet near to the city, where the inmates could have the benefit of the pure country air, perfect quietness, and be removed from the temptations which surrounded them. The search commenced in earnest, with the usual fortune that awaits one on a house-hunting expedition; and if any of our readers have been so unfortunate as to have been engaged in any such pursuit, depend upon us for all the sympathy we are able to bestow. There is no doubt in our mind but what we passed through all the perplexities, disappointments, discouragements, and anxieties experienced by others; one day having our hopes raised to the highest pitch, thinking our ideas were about to be realized when we learned of some place reported "exactly what you want," then

dashed to the ground upon visiting the place mentioned, and finding it in no manner suitable for our wants.

Thus it went on day after day until our limited stock of patience was nearly exhausted, as well as our funds, when at last, after visiting a large number of towns, and no doubt being considered a "bore" by the citizens on account of our numerous inquiries, or at least very inquisitive by the more lenient, the Pope farm, situated in Hudson, Mass., was recommended as the place every way suitable. During the time the superintendent had been looking for a location, the inmates of the Home were being discharged, the institution was virtually closed, no more being received, and those comprising the family were busily occupied getting the goods ready for moving.

Upon visiting the farm, it appeared to be all that was represented. It was located about thirty miles from Boston, contained about seventy-five acres of land, with a large dwelling-house and other buildings, and really seemed to us all that could be required; consequently arrangements were made of a character to purchase the farm

and the furniture, and everything pertaining to Home in South Boston moved there. Before completing the purchase, part of the board of the city government, including His Excellency Governor Gaston, they not only being interested in the welfare of the Home, but officers representing a state which at that time contemplated rendering assistance to the work which should have been recognized by state aid long before, visited Hudson to personally inspect the proposed institution. We were not aware that there were so many defects in the place, or so many objections that could be made as were then brought up, and made so apparent and convincing, that we were positively obliged to coincide with their views, and look further for an Appleton Home. Here we were in a worse predicament than ever; the Home actually broken up, goods stored in Hudson, and not even a shelter which could be called home for Mr. McKenzie's family; in fact, the family separated, some being in one place, and some in another.

If there ever has been a time since the opening of the Home when the way looked darker than others, or when the superintendent really

felt like abandoning the work entirely, this was the time, Hudson the place, February, 1875, the date. As the superintendent looked back upon the days and nights of unceasing toil, years of his life devoted wholly to the establishment of a temporary home for the outcast, who, as has been proved by numerous cases cited, only needed that particular kind of assistance which the Home furnished in order that he might be restored to manhood, society, and created a new being in Christ Jesus, and then find affairs in this condition, is it any wonder that the feeling experienced should be beyond description through the medium of writing, or almost beyond the power of speech to define? In connection with all of these came tempting offers of the superintendency of one or more similar institutions in different parts of the country, with a heavy salary, and lucrative positions in mercantile pursuits, which only added to the conviction as to whether he had not fulfilled his duty in relation to the inebriate, and that the present condition of matters seemed good and sufficient reasons for relinquishing the work, which had been nothing but a continual struggle, and in which he was

not properly supported or encouraged by the public. These, and many other thoughts of a like nature, never presented themselves so forcibly as now, especially as about this time the request made for assistance from the state was refused, owing to misrepresentation of parties unfriendly to the institution, or manner in which it was conducted; no doubt it would be difficult for even them to state the particular reason for objection, or how it could be changed for the better.

Something must be done, and done at once, although it seemed next to impossible to come to any definite decision. Reviewing the past from another stand-point, and remembering the many that were testifying in the religious meetings for Christ through the instrumentality of the Home, who, without its aid, would have been today wallowing in degradation, or consigned to a drunkard's grave; the many "God bless you" received from mothers and wives whose countenances were beaming with happiness and Christian love over the salvation of some dear one restored to them; our own wants and necessities when in thralldom ourselves; the Lord's wonderful

and great kindness to us when in that condition; His willingness to extend His hand of mercy and raise us up from the horrible pit, which alone should make us willing to bear the burden of disappointment,—it was finally decided that by the grace of God the work of the Appleton Home should proceed. When, after carrying all our cares, disappointments, and annoyances to the foot of the cross in prayer, the search for another location was commenced with more exertion than ever. Again were all the former disappointments and vexations in house-hunting experienced, and after looking at a number of locations in different parts of the state, the estate known as the Oakland Institute, situated in Needham, Mass., on the Woonsocket division of the New York and New England Railroad, twelve miles from Boston, was selected as being more suitable than any visited, not excepting the one in Hudson, and instead of renting was immediately purchased.

The buildings on this estate were constructed and occupied first for a female seminary, and afterwards converted into a boys' school; but for five years previous to its coming into our possession had been unoccupied, and very much re-

sembled a vacant and dilapidated country school-house. We are speaking more particularly of the dwelling-house. No doubt most of our readers know from observation to what extent an uninhabited building will become dilapidated in a short time, so a lengthy statement of the condition of this when purchased will be unnecessary. We wish to say, however, that it exceeded anything before witnessed by us in a Christian community, and the representation made before viewing the property as to the amount of dilapidation was not in the least exaggerated. Doors were broken and long since parted from the hinges; window glass and sash broken; piping, especially that composed of lead, carried away by some miscreant; while the shingles on the roof being decayed, allowed the rain to penetrate every part of the house; and as the walls were painted instead of papered, the paint, becoming completely saturated, had separated from the plastering, and running down to the floor, left the walls a dismal sight to behold. Every particle of plastering had to be scrubbed with soap and sand, as did all the wood work before painting. The out-buildings also were in the worst possible con-



HOME AT NEEDHAM, MASS.

dition, and the grounds about the premises, which were laid out with some considerable taste, looked like a southern plantation at the close of the late rebellion. A force of men, comprising carpenters, masons, painters, plumbers, paper-hangers, laborers, &c., were immediately set at work to make the necessary repairs; and in the meantime, Mr. McKenzie accepted an invitation, extended to him some time previous from members of the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia, to visit that province, and labor in the cause of temperance. On arriving in Halifax, he found that the work of the Home had preceded him through former inmates, who had testified on every possible occasion of the benefit received while under treatment at his hands. Here and in Amherst he remained about three weeks, actively engaged in the work we have mentioned, and strongly recommending in his speech before the General Assembly an institution similar to the one represented by himself, then hastened home to push forward the repairs being made. In a short time afterwards the following letter was received from the Hon. Dr. Parker:—

“HALIFAX, May 8, 1875.

“MY DEAR SIR: I must apologize for having so long neglected writing you.

“The legislature closed its proceedings on the 6th, and I am somewhat relieved from business pressure.

“I am glad to be able to inform you that our habitual drunkard Bill is now the law of the land. When it is passing through the press, I will send you a copy, in the hope that a more perfect act may be placed on the statute book of your commonwealth at an early date.

“Small though the amount is, as compared with the important object we have in view, you will be pleased to know that the legislature has given a grant of one thousand dollars to assist us in starting our institution. We hope to get more next session.

“Several clergymen of the city are to meet a few laymen who are interested in this movement, on Monday afternoon next, from which meeting we shall, I hope, be able to date the commencement of a permanent and progressive organization in aid of the unfortunate inebriate.

“Permit me to tender for the acceptance of the Board of Management of the Appleton Home for Inebriates a flag (the British ensign) which was

sent to your hotel when you were in Halifax; floating in intimate connection with that of your adopted country, over your new International home for Inebriates, may the two flags, thus happily associated in a work of mercy and love, be ever looked upon as the emblems of harmony, peace, and good will between the two peoples they represent, who have a common origin, and should always be actuated by the same Christian spirit in relation to suffering and degraded humanity.

“We are greatly indebted to you for your recent hurried visit to our province, and I am safe in saying that, if we are successful in organizing an efficient Inebriate Institution, it will be largely owing to that visit, and to the life and vigor you infused into the dead bones of this provincial valley.

“As a Nova Scotian, I feel that I am personally, as well as naturally indebted to you, and those associated with you in the good and important work in which you are engaged, for the great kindness you have exhibited to between forty and fifty of my countrymen, who through your instrumentality (God helping your efforts and labors) have been restored to their families and to society, and I may add, in not a few instances, to their country again.

“I am, very faithfully, yours,

“D. McN. PARKER.”

The work of refitting and repairing rapidly progressed, and about the last of May everything was completed, when invitations to a large number of prominent men were sent, many of whom were present with ladies at the

FORMAL OPENING AND DEDICATION, JUNE 1,
1875.

The dedication services consisted of prayer by Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale of Boston, short speeches from Revs. George F. Pentecost, H. A. Cooke, Dr. Neal, Father Kemp, D. Banks McKenzie, and others, interspersed with excellent music from a brass band, concluding with a bountiful collation in the grove; which on the whole passed off very creditably to all concerned, and afforded a very pleasing and impressive exercise to the hundreds who attended from different towns and cities; and here we must state that we ever pleasantly remember the Alpine quartette of Boston, who so richly deserve our thanks for their charming melodies on the occasion.

A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT HOME.

The out-door brushing-up has been done entirely by beneficiaries, Mr. McKenzie working with them and superintending their labors; and now, the lawn, grove, and farm present a tidy and attractive appearance. The property consists of about five and a quarter acres of land, with a large dwelling-house, stable, gymnasium, and bowling-alley thereon, within five minutes walk of the depot, and for beauty or grandeur is unsurpassed. The house is three stories high, and contains forty-seven apartments, all fitted up in a very neat manner; giving the superintendent and his assistants apartments on the second floor, besides leaving other rooms for patients. The third floor is arranged for sleeping-rooms only, every room being neatly carpeted and furnished with a wash-stand, ewer, and basin, clean towels, looking-glass, chairs, &c. Looking through the chambers, there is seen one which is a monument of a mother's gratitude. In this room her son has been restored to manhood and God, and now it is elegantly furnished as an asylum for another lacerated heart who aims at reformation for life. Another large and conven-

ient room is beautifully furnished by Mrs. George Curtis of Boston. On the first floor is the superintendent's office and library of choice works, from which the patients have full liberty to select when wanted; a large sitting and reading room, well stocked with the latest daily and weekly papers; barber shop; bath-room; and a large chapel, seventy feet in length, elegantly finished and furnished, being carpeted, frescoed, and provided with a piano, and quite a large pipe-organ (both presented to Mr. McKenzie), where divine services are held, and lectures given, of which we shall speak before we conclude.

The basement contains dining-room, kitchen, laundry, store-room, and heating apparatus. The surroundings are very beautiful, there being a large lawn in front of the house, kept in good condition, in full view of the main road and steam-cars, while on one side is a large grove, containing swings and other innocent amusements, with plenty of seats in quiet nooks, where, when not otherwise engaged, patients may rest in the shade, the library furnishing useful and entertaining matter to help "while away the hours." On the other side is quite a large orchard, flower-beds, shrub-

bery, &c. In the rear is situated the stable, with all the modern conveniences, and bowling-alley, furnished with excellent appliance for healthful exercise. A very wide drive-way, always kept in the finest order, passes from the main road to and around the house, flower-beds, and through some parts of the grove, making it, on the whole, second to no institution of the kind in the state.

MEETINGS AND LECTURES:

Our religious meetings differ from those in South Boston, as to the *time* of being held only, so as not to conflict with prayer-meetings which occur at the churches. Now they are held on Saturday evenings, but with the opportunity of attending those at the churches, gives us three evening meetings per week, our former number. In addition to the above, we have a regular preaching service every Sunday afternoon, conducted by the superintendent, with occasional changes. Our evening meetings at the Home have been instrumental in the thorough conversion of quite a number of sin-sick souls, as well as producing a moral influence over others, and our Sunday ser-

vices have been well attended by citizens of Needham and adjoining villages. In connection with the devotional exercises we, soon after the opening, organized a regular course of lectures upon various subjects, and delivered by Revs. Geo. F. Pentecost, C. Y. Swan, W. H. Cudworth, L. L. Wood, all of Boston, G. S. Phipps of Wellesley, and many other prominent clergy and professional men from the surrounding towns, which have proved very interesting, beneficial, and have been generally noticed by the press. These lectures have occurred once a week, and generally on Wednesday evening, and we take this opportunity of tendering our sincere thanks for their valuable services, which were gratuitously bestowed, and so highly appreciated by the citizens as well as the patients of the institution.

Before closing the report of our meetings, we wish to kindly remember one who reformed, and was converted at about the same time of Mr. McKenzie, and up to the removal from South Boston rendered us valuable assistance by his devoted interest in the Home meetings; the sympathy shown and encouragement given to patients under

our charge. Seldom did a meeting take place without his being present, often leading the meeting; and his cheering words and Christian zeal, exhibited on every possible occasion, proved an inestimable amount of good to those struggling to overcome the demon intemperance and those seeking salvation at the foot of the cross. So constant was he in attendance, that he really seemed an important fixture of the Home, and richly deserving our thanks, which he has. He returned to his home in Halifax about the time of Mr. McKenzie's visit; and, soon after the superintendent's return, it was learned that an Inebriate Asylum had been established, and he placed at the head as Superintendent, receiving a living salary in compensation for his services. He is entitled to much credit for the success of our religious meetings in South Boston, and he claims to have derived great benefit spiritually from them himself, and admits that the institution which he represents is the outgrowth of the Appleton Temporary Home.

OUR WORK WITH THE INEBRIATE RE-COM-
MENCED.

Four men came from Nova Scotia to place themselves under our treatment, which, with the number here who had been waiting, furnished us with a good family to commence with, and no sooner was the Home opened, than applications came pouring in from all quarters for admittance, none being refused at any time when room could be furnished, and no efforts are spared at any time to make room for all who present themselves with a sincere desire of reformation, and to free themselves from their thralldom.

Being now comfortably situated and fairly settled in the new Home, with its beautiful surroundings, both natural and artificial, Mr. McKenzie began to realize more fully that all his labors, troubles, and perplexities of mind and body, heretofore mentioned, were not in vain, but that God, in his own good time, had provided abundantly, as necessity required. The beautiful groves and lawns with which the Home is almost surrounded, seemed to rejoice in God's handiwork, and the

merry birds among the branches seemed to participate in the beauties of the scenery by their songs of praise. The pure and salubrious atmosphere peculiar to this locality renders physical aid to the enfeebled body and mind in bestowing that healthy vigor required by the patient to regain his proper manhood. The healthful exercises afforded the patients in rambling through the groves, the various athletic amusements, or light labor on the farm, serve as most excellent tonics, besides creating an excellent appetite, as is evidenced by the magnitude of our grocers and meat bills.

During the haying season, especially, the men were perfectly delighted with the work. All who were able to participate actively engaged in the healthful exercise, and none with more energy than Mr. McKenzie himself, who feels that he must have a hand in such labors when disengaged from other pressing duties. He claims no superiority over his men, and shares equal privileges of enjoyment in the labors and amusements of the Home, which he claims belongs to the Lord, who in answer to repeated and fervent prayer, graciously loaned him the beautiful possession, to accomplish the great work in which he is now so actively

engaged. The patients of the Home are educated to the same belief, and are made to feel that it is truly the Lord's property, provided for them during their temporary stay, in order that they may free themselves from their chains, and to prepare them for the higher and nobler life hereafter. Many of the patients of the new Home, as well as of the old one at Boston, have accepted this faith by receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as their only shield and means of strength, and have again entered the busy world to meet its many temptations and allurements; but having girded on the full armor of Christ, have withstood the storm — have remained steadfast, and are as "gold purified by fire." Many of these men entered the Home as outcasts from society — friendless and homeless, denounced even by some of the most vile, and pronounced by many professed Christians as beyond redemption, are now shining lights in moral and religious society. They are scattered over different parts of the world, but their affection for the Home that is so dear to their memory, prompts them to keep up communication as to their whereabouts and standing. They rejoice in remembering it as the Home of their new birth, that pointed them to their dear

Saviour, who is now so precious to them, and who so loved them, even in their extreme sinfulness, that he shed his precious blood for them, that they might not perish in their sins.

We can offer but a few more extracts from letters received from patients after leaving the Home. To publish all of them would fill a very large volume, and would comprise a very useful and interesting work; also would be a sad, yet beneficial warning to those who are just contemplating the downward step of taking the first drink, or to those who have already taken it, and are on the direct road to disgrace, ruin, and certain death. And here permit us to state, especially to the young man who is just commencing to take his OCCASIONAL sip of cider, wine, or other intoxicant at home, at the social board, or elsewhere, — BEWARE, there is a viper in the cup, and you sip the deadly venom with it. The first drink is necessary to form the first drunkard. Don't betray yourself with an overestimate of your boasted will-power, — that is the devil's flattery, or stratagem, to decoy you into his snare. He will present to you many curiously-wrought devices. He will make you the honored guest of his gilded saloons,

where, in every glass and decanter, you will see all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. You will be conducted through the most magnificent parlors, and introduced to the wealthy, to the gay and fastidious. Nothing that can tempt and enchant your passive imagination will be withheld, and ere you are aware you are in the deadly coils of the serpent, as the harmless bird, although fleet of wing, has not the power to flee from the beautiful colors of the serpent's eyes that are fixed upon his prey. Young man, don't talk about your strong will-power. Your first glass betrays it, and you are on the road to a drunkard's grave. Think of the thousands of human souls in our country going down to a drunkard's grave annually, and the rear guard of as many more marching in quick succession to fill up the ranks. Do you hold your will-power stronger than theirs? Were not some of these poor victims possessed of as strong powers as you could possibly possess? The assertion you make is untrue, and to the intelligent mind betrays your weakness. It is purely the promptings of the devil, in order to entangle you. If you have will-power to drink or to let it alone, I implore you then, in the name of your dear Sa-

viour who died for you, to LET IT ALONE; then there will be no question, nor no need of placing your will-power in issue before the people. Your Maker did not give you your powers to barter or exchange as a commodity of unjust traffic. If he has been a little more bountiful with you than with others, and gave you an EXCESSIVE will-power over all other great minds, he intended it for your good, and to exercise it in noble works and deeds toward those who are less fortunate, so that you might be a shining example to them, and by your example not lead them astray.

We love you — no words can express the deep and intense interest we feel in your future welfare. You may think strange that we thus speak, not knowing you personally, in whose hands this little work may fall. One thing we do know, which is, you have precious souls to save, and we also know that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven. What a thought to consider, before it is too late! Another important consideration, vital to the prosperity of our great nation, is, that you are to be her future representatives and progenitors. It is in your power to wield her interests for weal or woe. Her destiny

is in your power, to a great extent; yea, we may say altogether. Your acts will descend to future and successive generations. Then why should we, who soon must leave you such a vast and valuable inheritance, not feel a deep and lasting interest in your moral and religious virtues, which alone can fully qualify you for the sacred and honorable trusts soon to be confided to your management? O! that we could depict to you on paper the great curse of intemperance, and impress it so deeply in your hearts that no tempter could erase it.

Will you not rise up in your majesty, in your manhood, and place your feet upon the abominable curse, in whatever shape or form it may present itself to you through the tempter? Will you not receive the lessons of those who have had long years of experience, who will soon drop from the stage of action, and whose whole earthly happiness has been clouded over by the foul monster, and whose lives have been nothing but sorrow, sadness, and despair. One long-continued gloom of darkness, yea, some graves over which no tears will be shed, nor no stone to mark their last resting-place. You are willing to take experience as a valuable guide in all your ordinary business relations of life,

and why not in this all-important soul-saving matter. If you desired a cure for a certain malady, you would most likely procure the services of a person skilled in the matter, who had the most experience in its treatment. You would even inquire further; you would even task his experience outside of his skill, by inquiring the *future* as well as the present effect of his antidote upon your health or longevity, and you would most probably rely fully on his statement. Would you ever think of seeking the experience of the drunkards we have mentioned, whose experiences are not doubted, and whose stomachs could vouch for the presence of the most excruciating poisons? We all must know that the liquors of the present day contain some of the most deadly poisons among their catalogue, and only from the fact of the mixture become classed with SLOW, instead of QUICK poisons; hence the inebriate may live a number of years in thirst and misery, but he is poisoned to a certain extent by the first glass. We say again, beware of the first glass. It is a poison, and all poisons produce thirst. The second glass is easier taken; the third still easier, and so on, until the appetite demands it, will have it, must have it at

all perils; and in order to have it, you will sacrifice that boasted will-power—your mothers, your wives, your children, your everything on earth, and above all, your precious souls. Would these pages permit, we should endeavor to give you a full description of the drunkard's career through all his stages of development, yet it would be a sad narrative, and one that should make the heart shudder. It is enough to think of him that he was once an innocent, harmless babe, nurtured by a kind Christian mother, whose brightest hopes and aspirations were, that for a mother's care, watching, patience, and endurance, such as none but mothers can know or feel, he would grow up into manhood, and be the main stay of her old age; but, alas! as he grew up, the tempter came; her dearest treasure was gone. He commenced on a little CIDER; he stole away from home to gay circles. He was prevailed upon to take a little WINE; he next was coaxed to billiard-saloons; all was gay and happy. He next ventured into fashionable resorts for drinking, from thence into the gutter, DRUNK! The mother's sorrow carried her to a premature grave; her last words were a prayer that her son should not die a drunkard; but the demon hearkens to no prayers;

the dread thirst cries for more drink. Give me more drink—what care I for mother, wife, children, or friends? Give, oh give me more drink! And the monster who vends it gives it. See him now, ragged, tattered, bloated, poisoned, raving with delirium tremens, fighting the demons of hell who are in battle array before his crazed imagination. Here a monstrous serpent hissing at him, and about to fasten his deadly coils around him; there an angry tiger about to leap upon him; there an imp of hell about to cast him into a pit of unquenching fire, and a thousand other indescribable monsters chasing and torturing him. This is but a faint idea of his tortures and agonies. Think of his death-bed scene, and above all, of his soul's preparation for eternity.

Young men, would you desire to enlist under such a Black Ensign? If so, just commence as we have described, and your election and promotion are sure. You have no competition to fear so far as wealth, rank, or education is concerned. All these classes are represented, but are soon upon an equality. The beggar and the prince are upon the same level, and receive the same fare at the different stations along the route, especially at police

stations, houses of correction, and other like institutions. The prince may become a beggar, but never the beggar a prince, except the prince of drunkards, which is not an enviable promotion. Woe be unto you if you get the fangs of the monster fastened upon you! Think of it, reflect upon it, get upon our knees; go to your closets and pray to Almighty God that you may never embark under such colors. If you have already begun the downward course, stop short! Seek Christ as your only help and shield. Cling to him as a drowning man would to the strong arm of a friend reached out to help from the most extreme peril. Again we say, stop short, or there is no safety. We know it, and speak from the standpoint of our own sad experience, and have only been rescued from the demon's terrible grasp through the strong arm of Christ, our only hope, and we believe the only certain remedy, of which we are more fully confirmed by our every day's experience in the treatment of the many hundred patients we have had at the Home, and which is further evidenced from the fact, that in no instance has a patient returned to his cups who left this Home as a converted man. We frankly admit that a wound, although healed, may

leave a scar for life. The skilful surgeon may apply a remedy, so that the free use of the limb may not be impeded or weakened in any of its natural motions or functions, but still the scar remains. So it is with the insatiate appetite, the indelible scar, as it were; yet the great Physician, who, while on earth, cured all manner of diseases, even the leprosy, is able to make us whole at the present day, if we will only come unto Him, and place ourselves under his protecting influence.

And here we submit some extracts from a letter we received some time since, and from one in whom we have full faith in his cure, although his dearest friends would not even tolerate a thought concerning his reformation, as he had deceived them so many times by the fairest promises, and had gone so far into the ditch, and had suffered so much from delirium tremens that they supposed he did not even have sufficient vitality left to recover, or moral courage sufficient to attempt a reformation. A short time previous to entering the Home, his own father, a respectable citizen, could not suffer his annoyance, and could not endure to see such a wreck, and had done, as he thought, all that a fond parent in humble circum-

stances could do for him, was compelled to disown him. One night as the son came home very drunk and noisy, the father was compelled to eject him, and bolt the doors against him forever. He then was destitute of any earthly friend, and penniless in the crowded city. Had a Christian mother, but she was then in her grave. He was her favorite child, and for long years in her lifetime she fervently offered up her prayers to God to be the means of saving her dear son from a drunkard's grave; but he only made light of that sainted mother's prayers, and she went to her long home without the knowledge of them being answered. In that condition he wandered to the Home, where he remained a few months, and until his physical system was fully restored, during which time he began to take an interest in the religious meetings of the Home. He was a good scholar, also could play the piano skilfully, and was impressed with some of the touching hymns in the books used here, when thoughts of his mother seemed to impress him, and he became much affected, from which proceeded conviction and final conversion. That happened several months ago, and he is still progressing in his religious life. He has returned

to the city, where he has obtained employment. His friends have slowly returned to him; he is much interested in religious meetings, and takes a prominent part in them, especially the prayer meetings; has passed through his probation, was baptized, and now is an active member of the church to which he belongs.

"BOSTON, Dec. 30, 1875.

"MR. D. BANKS MCKENZIE, Needham, Mass.

"DEAR FRIEND: Oh! how pleasant it is for me to think of the many pleasant and happy hours I have spent with you all at the 'Home.' I shall never forget your kindness, and by the help of the Lord I shall try and live such a life as will reflect nothing but honor upon the 'Home' where I obtained my salvation. God bless you and yours! I should have written you before, but my time has been occupied daytimes with business, and evenings with spiritual things. I have been to meetings of some kind every evening; last night I attended a sociable at the—— Street M. E. Church, and it was a sociable in every sense of the word. . . . I was introduced to everybody. I have spoken a good word for the Home at every opportunity. I was in the noon prayer-meetings at the Meionean twice. . . .

"My home is very pleasant; the dead past has all been buried, never to be resurrected. I have connected myself with the —— Street M. E. Church, and am now on probation; have spoken in the prayer-meetings, and told what the Lord and D. Banks McKenzie had done for me. The Women's Temperance League want me to speak at their meeting in the course of two weeks; think I will. . . I am with my brother-in-law, and hope we may succeed. Business is dull. I shall come to see you all as soon as I can conveniently. Oh! how I wish —— and others might have this love of the Lord Jesus in their hearts. Nothing but the grace of God will save them; and then how much better it is to feel like a man, and have one's senses about them. I do not mean that a drop of liquor shall ever go down my throat, or pollute my breath ever again. With kind regards, &c.,

"I am, truly yours."

REMARKS.

Were we privileged, we could furnish many more testimonials of like nature received from the numerous patients who have accepted the bounties of this Home. Many of them are in foreign parts of the world, but carry the cross of Christ with them as their shield. Numbers of them entered

the Home with but little confidence in their own integrity, and brought with them no confidence from friends or community. Their histories were one dark night of gloom and despair; were shut out from society for long years on account of their terrible habits of intemperance; a burden to themselves and a nuisance to their friends, and whose names figured conspicuously on court calendars and the long lists of unfortunates to be found at police stations and houses of correction. Now they have emerged from darkness into the glorious light, and have again entered the world with bright hopes and prospects. Some of them are engaged in the work of the ministry; some in the field of temperance, lifting up their fallen brethren, and leading them to Christ. Some returned to the liberal professions of law and medicine; some seeking the judicial ermine and other positions of trust and honor. Some in the fine arts; some at their respective trades; some merchandizing, and some on the high seas, not only mingling with the commerce of different nations, but carrying with them the commerce of Christ, and distributing it bountifully among their fellow-seamen to bring them to the cross, and to make them more trustworthy in

their perilous avocation. Many of these poor sufferers had been separated for years from their wives and children, without hope of ever being reunited, but now are united, and have established the family altar for divine worship, which is a new feature in their wedded life. They are just commencing; as it were, a new life, and just begin to appreciate real happiness.

ONE MORE SAVED.

The following letter was lately received from a former patient, a gentleman highly educated and of prepossessing abilities, who, while about to complete his graduation course at one of our most noted colleges, preparatory to entering the ministry, became a victim to the insatiate destroyer, and for years a sad wreck and sufferer of the withering and blighting curse, thereby losing all the high honors to which he aspired through years of toil, anxiety, and great expense; bartering all, — home, friends, intellect, honors, prospective fame, yea, his own precious soul, for the accursed stuff that has made him so miserable. He is now a reformed man, is secretary of a reform club, and is actively engaged in the reformation of others: —

“EAST CAMBRIDGE, 1875.

“D. BANKS MCKENZIE.

“DEAR SIR: It has always been my belief that reformation is possible for a man in whose breast exists a sentiment of gratitude for favors received. To me it indicates that his heart is not entirely callous; that there still exist some of the finer feelings, that by proper nurture may be moulded into their original form, and become purified by the fiery ordeal to which they may have been subjected. If this be true, then indeed is my reformation a moral certainty; for, I may safely say, that few have ever experienced a more profound sentiment of gratitude than did I on bidding farewell to the Home. When I entered it I was a despondent and disheartened man; a burden on my friends and on society; with no hope for the future, no kindly word or act of encouragement to cheer me on. All around me there was naught but impenetrable darkness and consequent future misery. But the hearty welcome that I received at your hands, the many acts of kindness that were showered upon me, the self-sacrificing spirit of yourself and family, and the moral and religious influences that surrounded that little community, awakened in my breast the profoundest sentiments of gratitude, and aroused into new life those energies that had so long lain dormant. Then it was

that I said, 'I will, with the grace of God, once more be a man.' Then came crowding upon me the recollections of my youthful religious training, which for the last eight years had been almost totally disregarded, and with those reminiscences came the inspiration that, without the Divine aid, I would be as weak, as fallible, and as liable to failure in my efforts toward reformation as heretofore.—My resolve was fixed; I determined thenceforth to be more faithful in the discharge of my religious duties, being confident that if I discharged that obligation toward God, he would give me grace to overcome that otherwise irresistible appetite.

"Thus far, thank God, I have kept my resolve, and I hope to continue firm in my determination never, under any consideration, to taste a drop of liquor, or EVEN CIDER again. May God give me the grace to remain faithful to my good resolutions, and should success crown my efforts, I will ascribe it, after God, to the Appleton Temporary Home, its whole-souled sympathizing Superintendent, and his co-laborers in the work of reformation.

"Yours truly and gratefully."

ONE CONVERT OF THE HOME TO ANOTHER.

"HUDSON, March 31, 1875.

"DEAR BRO.: Neglected, but not forgotten. I cannot tell you how many, many times I have said

I ought to answer your letter, and how many more times I have thought of you as part and parcel of myself. You have always seemed nearer and dearer to me than any one else in the 'Home,' because our sympathies with each other were so strong. It was the love of our dear precious Saviour that bound, and still binds our hearts. While I have neglected writing to you, I have not neglected to cite your case as a living evidence that nothing but the grace of God can permanently reform a confirmed drunkard. I cite my own case also. In prayer meetings, in reform clubs, in the social circle, I preach the above doctrine. Soon after receiving your letter, I read it in our prayer meeting, and for that evening you was the subject of prayer, and the pastor asked me to read it again another night, that the thoughts therein might be the subjects for the brethren to talk upon. The reason I have not written before is because I have been almost buried in temperance and church work. I have hosts of friends, and have, in a measure, led the temperance work in this town . . .

"Of all those who were at the Home when we were, none have stood fast but those whose feet were bedded in the Rock Christ Jesus. . . . The dear Lord is doing wonders for me. His Spirit is gradually but surely purifying my corrupt heart. He is giving me language to tell of his wonderful mercies, and to labor especially in the temperance

reform. I continually preach the doctrine of redemption from all sin as the ONLY means of saving the inebriate. Oh! my dear brother, how precious is the love of our Saviour. I can see God's hand in leading me in many ways, especially the last nine months. I feel that he has a work for me to do somewhere. He will reveal it in His own good time. . . . Oh, how precious a privilege to be one of Christ's chosen; saved especially from that terrible thralldom, Intemperance. Bless his holy name that he did bring us so low, and then stoop to lift us up. How I would like to see you, and have a long talk of God's goodness and mercy in dealing with us, his wayward children. May God continue to bless Bro. McKenzie and the Appleton Home is my prayer. Remember me to all, and let us draw nearer to Him, and be more like our Lord and Master is also the prayer of yours in the Rock."

DRUNKARDS AND OTHER SLAVES.

It is a terrible thing to be a drunkard; it is a terrible thing to be shut out from recognition in society by reason of degrading vices; it is a terrible thing to be a marked man, who, though he may not be sent to a prison or insane asylum, has all the avenues of industry closed against him. And when the soul of such a one cries out to the

God of his father for help, and he goes to church, it is poor consolation to hear the minister read or talk about the Tower of Babel, and other such edifying things, while he is in the very spasm of damnation. Our hearts ache for such, and the soul goes out in compassion after those who are in bondage to their passions or appetites, and we feel moved in the name of the Saviour to say to any such, "There is a Saviour for you, O, slave! O, thou that art bound; O, insane one; O, possessed of the devil; there is a Saviour for you! He knows just how bad you are, He knows just how hard you try to be better, He knows just what failures you make. He knows just how to pity you, and how to cast out the evil spirit, and to bring you to Himself."

How can this be done? Is there something besides natural law that can help a man? In our ignorance of natural law, and of ourselves, we fall into innumerable mistakes and troubles which we cannot overcome by any strength of our own. There is no power, we think, short of divine force, that can raise us above the dominion of the appetites and passions when we once have become subjected to their despotism. But there is a power

that is able to do it which may be given to man's moral nature, and to his higher feelings. His spiritual force may be augmented by the influence of God's Spirit as it touches and rests upon him. As the sun knows how, by its shining, to deal with the chilling mists, and to drive them from the valley, so the Sun of Righteousness knows how by its influence to deal with those things which envelop, obscure, and chill the souls of men. There is healing in its beams when it shines on the soul.

It is wholesome to an unmanly heart to have a manly heart put over against it; but how much more so, how consoling and how comforting must it be, when the soul of God rests down and broods upon the lazar-like souls of insane and distempered men. There is a power of faith by which a man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yields himself to that Saviour, brings upon his interior nature an influence from above that imparts such power to his conscience and the superior elements in him, that they have perfect control over all the despotic elements below them. There is a spiritual force that men may possess by which they can overcome the evil, and develop the good tendencies of their nature. There is a God that is

mindful of the struggles of enslaved souls; that cares for the captivity of men's natures; that is sorrowful for men with a sorrow which leads Him to suffer for them, rather than that they should suffer, and no soul that comes by faith into the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ shall ever be cast out or lost. Drunkards are not the only ones in bondage. There are some who are given over to the bondage of envy and jealousy. There are in human nature bad elements which sometimes mount up to strength and dignity, — the evil dignity of birds of prey. It is seldom that we see these hateful elements in their most hideous aspect; but the same in their minor forms are like small, humming, venomous insects, that suck the blood and simply mark the skin. There are others who are so under the dominion of avarice that it is as a consuming fire to them, or a rust that eats out the substance of the soul. There is a grasping, a corroding selfishness among men. It is a vampire that sucks out the very blood of goodness. Men know it; they feel its dominion; they writhe under it; they strive against it; but it is a demon that does not easily let go its hold. There are many that have felt the power of these slaveries,

but have such a sense of shame and ignominy in consequence of them, that they would not for their lives tell anybody about them. There are many secret vices, secret indulgences that men practice, which they would not lisp or breathe; and only by force of necessity could they be induced to let them be known to their physicians even. There are many who know that by gluttony they are injuring their health, obscuring their spiritual life, and making themselves comparatively beastly. They think of it and wish it were not so, and try to break the bonds that hold them; but their senses draw them back after a temporary reformation, and they will not let them go.

There are many who will read these pages who know that their besetting sin is indulgence in the intoxicating cup. They are men of conscience and good moral feeling; they know the degradation to which they are subjected; they are ashamed of it, and with desires, strifes, and cryings they endeavor to free themselves from it, but they do not succeed. Not only that, they deny the fact, because it is not respectable to have it known. In a Christian community there is so little of the pity and compassion of the dear Saviour, that men who

are struggling against the mightiest adversaries for life and immortality, and who are waging the battle through the darkness of night, and through the day made lurid by it, do not dare to divulge the fact. Oh, for some Saviour to walk near the tombs where these hideous, insane, demonized men dwell! The evil of itself is bad enough, but the concealment of it makes it worse. It is a sad fact that men (and women too) are driven to fatal caution respecting their vices, because they feel that they are disgraceful, and that it would be perilous to permit their disclosure. It is not respectable! Respectability has killed thrice ten thousand souls. The attempt to appear respectable; the make-believe of virtue, of morality, and of soul integrity; the concealing in ourself the rottenness that ought to be cleansed out; the hiding in the marrow the poison that will destroy both bone and marrow; the suffocation that drives the soul, as it were, into dens and tombs; the living in the midst of appetites and passions when there is deliverance for you, because no man comes to you, because no man loves you, because no man prays for you, because you are afraid that no man will have anything to do with you after you have

whispered the guilty secret in his ear. How sad this is! But there is One into whose ear you do not need to whisper it; there is One who knows it without articulation on your part. The Lord Jesus Christ, who drew near to the publican and harlot, who recognized the very thief on the cross, in whose presence the hearts of the Roman soldiers relented and softened; whom the dead rose to meet; before whom insanity became sane; who drew men out from the thrall of their prisons. Do you suppose that he cares nothing for the strife that is going on in you?

There is salvation for drunkards; there is salvation for gluttons; there is salvation for lustful and lascivious men; there is purity and sweetness for the coarse and vile; there is integrity and honesty for the thief and the liar. There are divine influences which are mightier for you than all the flesh in you is against you. It is to this Lord Jesus Christ that we would bring you. Look up to Him, for even the poor lunatic could come and cast himself down at His feet, and beseech Him not to leave him. O, poor wandering one! O, man beset with sin! O, thou whose very food is temptation, look up and believe that there is a power

in God which may be your emancipation! If these lines strike the eye of any who are struggling under discouragements, who sees no ground for hope, who is ready to give up, and who says, "There is no use, it must go on," to you, we say, No, there is a Saviour for you. Come, then, under the influence of the Spirit of God, to the Lord Jesus Christ, who loves you, and by faith take hold on Him and be saved.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

"For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow.
We may try to evade them, — may do what we
will, —
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

"The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he is
worth.

"We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then when we fail the world bears the blame:
But nine times in ten, 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a 'screw somewhere lose' in the human
machine.

"Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife ?

"Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life ?
Remember this great truth has often been proved :
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

"Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back ;

This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

"We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,

In our gardens are flowers from every zone :
But the beautiful graces that blossom within,
Grow shrivelled and die in the Upas of Sin.

"We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old ;

Ah ! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

"We reap what we sow. O, wonderful truth !
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth ;
But it shines out at last as the 'hand on the wall,'
For the world has its 'debit and credit' for all."

SOME OF THE FRUITS OF OUR LABOR.

It would be difficult for us at present to render an accurate statement of the number of radical cures or permanent reformations which have resulted among the large number of patients who have been at the Home since its commencement, from the fact that many who have left are in parts unknown ; but taking as a basis the greater number of them, whose whereabouts and present standing are known to us from reliable sources, we feel authorized in placing the approximate number at forty-five per cent., or nearly one half, who are now rejoicing in their freedom from their former enslaved appetites, and many of them are in the actual service of their Lord and Master, lifting up their fallen brothers, and are as beacon lights along the shore to the lost and tempest-tossed mariner, inviting him into the port of safety. In presenting the above statement the reader will please to credit us with the fact that we have been dealing with *confirmed* inebriates ; not merely *moderate drinkers*, or occasional *cider* and *wine-bibbers*, who are not quite ready for the treatment of the Home, but

soon will be, unless they "stop short" the accursed habit, but men who have been the slaves of their appetites from one to forty years, and some whose appetites were as a burning fever, continually demanding drink. While the superintendent feels himself congratulated in the amount of the good work that has been accomplished in the Home, he attributes nothing to himself, more than that he is the mere feeble instrument in the hands of the Lord, subject to His divine will and merciful dictation. Heretofore the Lord has guided him, and smiled upon the fruits of his labors, which causes his heart to rejoice in the knowledge that his work is acceptable unto the Lord. In view, then, of such a valuable consideration, the work of the Home, in rescuing and saving fallen humanity, is continued with unabated zeal, always relying upon divine help and strength to govern in all vicissitudes.

Another matter of credit to the Home should be considered, viz., that it is not only those alone who have been redeemed at the Home who are benefited; community at large is benefited, morally, socially, religiously, and financially, which fact will admit of no debate, but applies at once to the reasoning mind. Again, the approximate percentage, as

stated, is the *direct* fruits of the Home the "good seed sown in good ground." What are the *indirect* or future results? It would not be unreasonable to expect a yield of at least a hundred-fold, when we consider the numerical percentage of reformed men from the Home, who are zealously enlisted in aggressive warfare against the demon that so long enslaved them and filled their cup with so much sorrow. A large portion of these men have espoused the temperance work as a strong safeguard for their future welfare, as well as having an earnest interest in denouncing the abominable traffic, and in the uplifting of fallen victims of the curse. They are men who are more than mediocre, for it is a sad fact that the demon selects for his victims some of the highest order of intellect, and such men are and have been patients in the Home. These men engage in the various branches of the temperance movement wherever the most good can be accomplished, and being trained by sad and bitter experience, they feel the force and effect of their position, and their labors prove effective. They know how to sympathize with their fallen brother. They can depict his sufferings, and teach him the way to alleviate his

distress. They can enlist him and persuade him to return to his manhood, and to seek Christ as the only strength and means of release from the terrible thralldom. Their experience plainly told is as a "two-edged sword," except that it cuts in both directions, to heal; and it will prevail over all elocutionary display or fine-spun sophistry men in such respect can produce. These reformed men soon begin to see a vast work before them. Their past life seems to have been one long sleep to them, and as a visionary dream. Their vision is now clear, and they wonder why they have so long remained blind to their interests and to the happiness they could have enjoyed in the years that are to them forever lost! lost! They are now aroused to action, and although they cannot recall the past, they can work the harder in the future and while it is day. The man who has been awake all the allotted hours of his life, and who has been realizing happiness from day to day, knows but little about the effects of the intoxicating cup; in fact he seldom cares about inquiring into its effects, even though his interests might demand. He stands, in some particulars, in the relation of the wealthy aristocrat to the hungry beggar at his door,

his wealth so dazzling that the hunger can't be seen. The man who can say that he has no personal experience with the effects of intoxicants, is certainly an object of envy in such respect, and deserves the encomiums of all good people, but could fill almost any other sphere much better than an effective temperance reformer. He would perhaps have an influence by presiding at a temperance meeting, and presenting himself as a fac-simile of the cold-water man, but might not easily convert the inebriate to his faith. He might speak of the evils in glowing terms and denounce the abominable traffic in the most severe manner; might bring tears to the eyes of his audience, and momentarily affect their hearts, yet might not affect the callous feelings, or touch the tender chords of the suffering inebriate. It is a trite saying, if a man wants to talk sailor fluently he must be a sailor. It would be a sorrowful act for a man to become a drunkard in order that he might talk drunkard, but it is an indisputable fact that their number now is legion, and they possess a peculiar language and a pitiful expression of countenance. They also fully understand each other's language, thoughts, feelings, sorrows, signs, grips, and passwords, therefore would

yield to the influences of their reformed brethren much sooner than to the technical sublimities of some theorists who speak much in order that they may receive applause. At present, some of the former patients of the Home are engaged in organizing temperance reform clubs in the various cities and towns in which they reside. These clubs are increasing everywhere, and thousands who have been deep down in the gutter have been drawn out and are now useful citizens, many of whom have entered the church, and are filling honorable positions of trust and profit. They are not only seeking out their old companions in drink, and prevailing on them to abandon their cups, but prevailing on them to go further for aid and strength to endure, by leading them to the cross of Christ for more perfect safety. Each newly made member in turn solicits his friends to engage in the good work, and bring in their companions; and now many wives', mothers', and children's hearts are overjoyed with gladness because their dear ones "come home sober now," and bring them kisses, caresses, and kind words instead of curses, threats of violence, kicks and bruises. The rags which covered them have been exchanged for neat and

comfortable clothing; the old rags and hats that took the place of window-glass have disappeared for a more transparent article; the old hovel presents a different interior appearance. Upon the table, where the rum-bottle and cards were prominent, a neat family Bible is seen, and each morning and evening the little family group is assembled to listen to its holy words. All are happy, and joy reigns supreme in that happy home. Husband, wife, and children attend church and prayer-meetings together. It is a new world to them, and life, for the first time in many years, seems precious to them, and worth praying for. This is no picture of the imagination. Many families in our land can testify to a similar happy change in their domestic circles, and that it is a joyful reality. And what power has produced this wonderful change; this sadness to joy; this poverty to prosperity; this raising of the soul from the depths of degradation to the high, the lofty, and the sublime, wafting it towards those regions of heavenly bliss where all is peace and safety? God's hand must be that great motive power, and man's work imbued with God's spirit have accomplished it. The *moral* susceptibilities of the slumbering inebriate must, in some

manner, be awakened from their abnormal state, and made to assume a healthy condition, then the soul is prepared to receive *spiritual* food, and may be in waiting for it, as was the "impotent man" at the pool of Bethesda, only waiting for an angel to come down and trouble the waters, that he might be healed. The whole moral system must be renovated. The inebriate must be kindly treated, and persuaded to abandon his cups,—this is to him a fiery ordeal. The truly reformed man has experienced the torment, and can extend heart-sympathy with his fallen brother in trying to make his escape from the formidable enemy. He will use every means and appliance to divert the mind from the poison, and place it upon higher thoughts—from low associations to more lofty objects, and strengthen his physical as well as mental system. Instead of the bar-room or club-room where the poison is administered, he is introduced to the Temperance Reform Club-room, the prayer-meeting, and to good society, where he soon is encouraged to assert his manhood and his proper dignity.

Before closing this subject, we will present but one example illustrative of the fruits of our labor;

although, if space would permit, we should be pleased to present many more of like nature. Some months ago, a poor, miserable-appearing specimen of manhood came tottering towards the door of the Home, but before reaching it sat down on one of the seats in the grove in front of the Home, as though in deep and distressing meditation, in which condition Mr. McKenzie found him. He had been addicted to drink so long that he seemed to have but little vitality left. He said he had travelled many miles to get to the Home, but after getting so near, his resolution had failed him, and he feared to go any farther. He believed his case hopeless, and all his friends had deserted him, except a sister in a neighboring city, who might be a friend. He had so many times promised to reform that he could not place confidence in himself, and life seemed to be a burden to him. Indeed it seemed so, from all appearances; but Mr. McKenzie gave him some word of cheer, telling him he had a good friend in Christ, and persuaded him to come into the Home, giving him a hearty welcome.

In a few days he was rested, and was able to take some gentle exercise and regain a lost appe-

tite; his feelings about friends subsided, and he began to encourage hope in himself. He was, when in his proper manhood, somewhat prepossessing in appearance, neat, and highly intellectual, having filled some prominent positions, was reared by Christian parents, and himself at one time quite a prominent member in the church, but had wandered away, and got down to the lowest notch in intemperance, where the next step would have been into eternity. He remained in the Home several months, until his full strength was regained, and took an active interest in the religious meetings, both at the Home and in the neighborhood, and we have no doubt in his sound reformation and conversion. He returned to the city, where his sister resides and where for years he had made his home; his friends have returned to him, and even more, for we notice that the mayor and chief officers of the city have lately paid him some very high compliments, as well as some of the most prominent citizens of said city, for the active interest he has taken there in the great temperance movement now in agitation. We feel that our labor was not in vain with him, and the seed sown has produced more than a hundred-fold. His first

act on returning was to assist in organizing a Temperance Reform Club, which for him, with his former reputation, was an arduous undertaking; but by perseverance and a small amount of encouragement, he succeeded in his undertaking. Now the club numbers many hundreds, comprising none but those who have been addicted to intemperance. At each meeting there are new accessions. A grand revival of temperance has been the result. All classes of the people are becoming awake to the question, some from a moral standpoint, others in a financial light, and have learned that their financial interests, both as citizens and in their corporate capacity, have been largely augmented by the decrease of drunkenness in the city. Manufacturers can rely more implicitly on their employees, and especially on Monday mornings they are free from the effect of their former Saturday night and Sunday's debauch (it being one of our largest manufacturing cities). Merchants and grocers rejoice in getting their bills when due, in order to save themselves from bankruptcy; the workmen work more hours, and earn more wages; the police hail the reform as a welcome relief, and their peaceful meditations while

on their beat, or guarding a friendly lamp-post, are more serene, and not so much annoyed by the victims of the numerous rum-holes that infested the city; the judge of the police court is astonished at the curtailing of his former grist, and thinks he must soon seek other business. The clerk can adjust his papers, and arrange his toilette for a seasonable dinner at high noon; the citizens can enjoy their nightly slumbers free from the midnight howlings of the infuriated inebriate, or the sad wailings of wives and children, caused by the abuse of brutal husbands and fathers through the accursed poison. Churches are better filled on the Sabbath day, and prayer-meetings are well attended. Rum-sellers are beginning to despair through the loss of their best customers, and no inducements, such as "Free Lunch" and Billiard Tournament, will serve to induce them to return. City expenses are decreasing, and financial matters prosper, and the great cause of all this is the Temperance Reform Club. The man whom we have herein described is the president of the same, and is assisting in similar organizations in other cities and towns with similar effect.

INDORSEMENTS.

We take pleasure in submitting the following letters of recommendation.

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, 1876.

"D. Banks McKenzie is superintendent of the 'Appleton Temporary Home,' for the treatment and cure of alcoholic diseases, and to befriend the fallen. He is a gentleman of much ability, ardently devoted to his work, and enjoys the confidence of those who have had the best opportunities of judging of its success, and of his own aptitude for it. I cordially unite in the general testimony of the excellence of the institution, and of its management.

(Signed)

ALEXANDER H. RICE,
Governor of Massachusetts."

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, BOSTON, 1876.

"Mr. D. Banks McKenzie has my best wishes for the most abundant success in the establishment upon a substantial basis, of the new 'Appleton Temporary Home,' for the cure and treatment of those who have fallen by intemperance.

(Signed)

SAML. C. COBB,
Mayor."

Extract from a letter of Hon. Thos. Talbot, ex-Governor of Massachusetts.

"I believe you are doing a great and good work, and I hope you will be sustained. It is very fortunate that there are some who are willing to devote their lives to the amelioration of the human race, by rescuing so many from the degradation into which they have fallen by intemperance. Go on in your good work, and may you have the blessing of God and the sympathy and aid of all good men.

"Truly yours,
"THOS. TALBOT."

(Signed)

The following was received from Rev. W. H. H. Murray, editor of the *Golden Rule*:—

"BOSTON, 1876.

"MR. D. BANKS MCKENZIE, *Superintendent Appleton Temporary Home.*

"DEAR SIR: I heartily approve and indorse the principle which your institution represents, and, so far as I understand it, I approve the manner in which you have administered its affairs. I judge also that the 'Home' is worthy of maintenance by the citizens of the commonwealth.

"Yours truly,
"W. H. H. MURRAY."

(Signed)

Our work is not only indorsed by the individuals named, but by the "press" generally throughout the country,—our scrap-book showing "squibs," extracts, and leading articles from some of the most popular newspapers and periodicals of the day. We owe to them a heavy debt of gratitude for their kindness in publishing, free of charge, notices, appeals, &c., to the public in the interests of the "Home." To each and all we extend our sincere thanks for the great assistance rendered us in our work, and they should be congratulated for having been instrumental in the promulgation of the good accomplished, and being the mediatory agents in the reformation and salvation of many who have been in the whirlpool of destruction. We regret our inability (on account of space) to insert some of the many valuable articles published in recommendation of the Home, its work and management.

INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance destroys mentally. Persons killed by any other poison generally retain their reason until their last moment of life; but the poison of

alcohol attacks the citadel of the soul; it weakens and wastes all the intellectual faculties, and just so far as individuals come under its influence do they approach idiotism and insanity. The state of drunkenness is a state of temporary insanity, and, if persisted in, is constantly tending towards a permanent derangement of the mental organs. What produces instant and temporary aberration of mind (if continued), ultimately disorganizes and dethrones reason. The process is gradually but surely going on that is to end in the mental ruin of the inebriate. The truth of this statement can be confirmed by a visit to any of the hospitals for the insane, where will be seen many heart-rending illustrations. Many of the inmates of these institutions, either through their own or their parents' love of alcoholic drinks, are mentally deranged beyond recovery, and are as a "living death." How sad, oh, how melancholy the fact!

It is mournful enough to have the body destroyed by the demon Intemperance, but when it comes to the God-like powers of man and lays them in ruin, causing our fellow-man to appear more like a fiend than a human being, how appalling the mischief wrought! How many noble

minds have we seen wrecked by this prevailing vice! Within the range of our own acquaintance we can think of many, and constantly coming under our observation we can think of many more who, with mighty intellects and splendid culture, are rapidly reducing themselves to mental imbecility or insanity by the cup of the inebriate. What is delirium tremens? Insanity of the mind, — and what fearful insanity! Is there to be found this side of the pit of endless woe anything more repulsive and frightful? What writhings of the body — what distortions of the features — what gleaming of the eyes — what dismal groans — what unearthly shrieks! It seems as if all the pains of earth, all the agonies of hell, were concentrated in the poor victim's bosom; as if all the fiends of the bottomless pit had been let loose to torment body and soul. Multitudes thus suffer from the insanity of delirium tremens, an insanity that frequently ends in death, and death in its most horrible agonies.

Again, intemperance destroys the man morally. The poison of alcohol not only destroys the body and mind, but it also pollutes and abases the affections, sears the conscience, blunts all the moral

sensibilities, and prepares the victim for the perpetration of the most revolting crimes.

A husband and father who, before he resorted to the intoxicating cup, was noted for his kindness and devotion to his wife and children, soon became a fiend incarnate under the baneful influence of ardent spirits. Having murdered his wife in cold blood, he proceeded to butcher his children, and as if his degraded moral sense had not reached the point of satisfaction, he placed one of them (still breathing) on a fire to broil. What other poison on earth could thus have turned that once amiable, affectionate husband and father into the most horrid of monsters?

A son was once instigated by his mother to shoot a neighbor. He raised the rifle to perpetrate the deed; suddenly he shuddered at the thought of committing murder, and instantly dropped the death-dealing instrument. His mother, who was standing by with a bottle of whiskey in her hand, perceiving the agitation of her son, pressed to his lips the maddening drink. He seized the bottle and swallowed the liquid fire. His gentle sensibilities were blunted, his drooping courage revived, and he became revengeful; with flashing

eye and steady hand he again levels the rifle at the man and hurries him into eternity.

A judge pronouncing sentence of death on a criminal said, "Your wife has been sent to the cold and silent mansions of the dead; your children are deprived of all the endearments and fostering care of their mother, and you are fated to expiate your crime upon the gallows." Upon a review of the shocking transaction, the question naturally presented itself, and was asked, "What could so have perverted your nature? What could have so steeled your heart?" The answer was, "*Intoxicating liquor.*"

Now if any are disposed to think that we have colored the picture, they must be ignorant of the mournful history of intemperance. The picture cannot be colored—its own colors cannot be extinguished—they are indelible. Eternity alone is sufficient to disclose the nature and extent—the measure and magnitude of this dread calamity,—this fearful curse. And yet it spreads by permission, protection, and suffrage of legal enactment.

People say you cannot make men sober by act of legislature. We know that, as well as possible; but we have been making them drunk by act of

legislature, as every day's sad experience demonstrates by the hundreds of reeling men; yea, to our sorrow, reeling women on our principal streets, alleys, and thoroughfares of our cities and towns. It is not as if we were going to begin to regulate the liquor traffic for the first time. We have been dealing with it ever since it has been on the statute-book; we have obtained a great mass of legislation, and it is not now a question whether we are to legislate, but whether, having granted a monopoly, we are going to allow that monopoly to be used in the way of temptation or not. In every great city stand rows upon rows of gilded hell-traps (for they are not worthy of the name of "saloons" as portrayed on their front), offering not merely liquor, but viler attractions to those who may get into their clutches. The same is true of our smaller cities and our towns, only not quite so numerous and inviting, but more than sufficient to the proportion of the inhabitants and their tastes. We can have in view better legislation, but before we get that we must prepare the public mind for it by convincing the people of the error now existing.

Have we that in our power? It would be an

insult to the dignity and intelligence of our people, if some foreign prince or potentate should ask us the question; the clash of arms would resound through our vivid imaginations. . . . If there was a disease known to men that was destroying as many lives as drink is destroying, we should be up in arms about it; the journals would teem with suggestions for a remedy; the whole populace would be awake to the subject, and all the skill and appliances of the most learned be brought into immediate requisition. We should see the magnitude of it; and why do we not do so with drink? Because we have walked side by side with it for a long time, and reconciled ourselves to it as something inevitable. Should we shut our eyes to the dreadful fact that drink destroys the old and young, deprives men of the power of pleasurable and innocent enjoyment, inflicts misery upon wives and children, and reduces them to a state almost equal to that of the beasts, and swallows up the products and industries of this country to such an enormous degree that it will, if not stopped, tend to bring this country from the high position she now occupies among the industries of the world? Why should we then shut our eyes to what is going on?

It is impossible for us to do so. It seems to press with the force of conviction upon us, and we trust it will upon others, that in every part of the New Testament drunkenness is denounced; it is classed with the vile and the evil; it is ranked with everything which destroys souls, and it is destroying them by thousands. It is Satan among us in one of his most active and definite forms, and we cannot sit still and repress it. Among us it is increasing very much, and we cannot sit still. We have among us a plague of an enormous proportion, and beyond description. It is of no use to gloss it over, and say a man was "a little fresh," and "a little in drink," "a little inebriated," or "slightly indisposed." The time has come when we must call things by their proper names. The truth is, the man who drinks is on the way to become a pauper or a criminal; he is on the way to the mad-house, and is moving fast onward. Now, with these solemn facts before us, are we Christian to sit down under this?

We may here, with propriety, inquire, What are the Christian churches of our land doing to arrest this great evil that is gnawing at the very vitals of Christianity? Can the ministers and those who

bear the cross of our dear Saviour remain silent and inactive when Satan and his powerful forces are fully equipped and ready to storm the citadel of all that is good, all that is holy, all that contributes to our happiness, peace, and prosperity as a nation? Christian ministers, week after week, and frequently oftener, proclaim the good tidings of God. They tell their hearers that in the midst of the miserable in this life, they must lift up their hearts to something higher, for theirs is the heritage of immortality, and that if they will bear for a time the ills of this life, there shall soon open to them the portals of a blessed life hereafter. But there are thousands of people who incapacitate themselves for hearing this message; for this, let us tell you, there is nothing truer than this — that the man who is indulging in sensual sin of any kind, is thereby unfitting himself for all the knowledge that belongs to this life, and wholly unfitting himself for the apprehension of those spiritual truths by which we can lay hold of another life. We say, then, Is the church of Christ and its ministers to sit down listlessly and immovably, with the nation rolling, so to speak, in drink, and with

the nation spending more than half the annual revenue of the country for the abominable curse of drink?

We believe when a man has given away to drink he must become a total abstainer, and it is the only cure. There are no half-way stations, no moderation, no "tapering-off," as it is frequently termed. The monster is a stranger to moderation, and is square in his structure and destitute of taper, but great and gigantic on the toper. The demon of drink has a terrible power, for by and by there awakes in the man who gives way to it a feeling that is little short of insanity. We have known the cure in many cases under our charge, but in all of them the cure has lain in total abstinence, in giving up the dangerous thing. It is hardly any use telling a man to exercise reason, because that is just what he has been failing to do. Moreover, it is a sad and lamentable fact, that a great deal of the evil of which we are speaking descends to the offspring (of which we should like to speak fully did space permit). The reason you see so many squalid children in the streets, wherever you go, is that their parents have not been doing their duty

toward them, and the vices descend from generation to generation.

But, God be thanked for it, we are allowed, nay, we are commanded to arrest the curse in the name of Jesus of Nazareth; we are able to stand between the curse and those who will suffer from it in time to come, and say, "Have nothing to do with this vice which has destroyed your fathers; turn from it, and there shall be a better place in the commonwealth, and you shall feel the effects of sin no more." Is this, then, a worthy object to engage in? Yes, it is a worthy object. It is not only a moral and philanthropic work, in which society, as good citizens merely, should engage, but it is a work of Christ for humanity in the saving of souls, and therefore strictly religious. We know no task more befitting a clergyman or minister of Christ than to engage in a work of this kind; and if the result of this drink is a sight at which devils may laugh and triumph, ministers should never sit down until they have tried their utmost, said their utmost, and seen whether the great strongholds of the mighty cannot be cast down by the cross.

DUTY.

At the present time the tide of intemperance has slackened its rushing current, affording us all an opportunity between the ebb and flow to build the wall that shall forever stop its rush. Let each one "cast in his stone," no matter how small, to assist in this noble and God-like work; and now, while the current is slackened, let us use our utmost endeavors to rescue those who have fallen into the stream leading to perdition. Now is the time for us to become "fishers of men." How shall we do it? Christ said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." To follow him is to become like him; so we must become ourselves what we wish others to be. He who would draw men up to a higher life must first attain that eminence himself, then strive by the grace of the Divine Spirit, and the power of example, to elevate fallen man to his own level. With a large percentage the reason why they have not fallen into habits of intoxication is of birth, circumstances, education, or continually being under certain influences.

You, my upright brethren, might have been in

degradation to-day; and it ought to be with a feeling of devout thankfulness, and of trembling, that we set about the work of redemption, lest the fall be yet to come. Let no man call himself a Christian who has not sought for men, and tried by kind words, stern precept, or by example, to raise men from their fallen state. We care not what his creed may have been, how frequent his prayers, or how loud his cry of "Lord, Lord," if he has been blind to the sights of disgrace and shame which have marked our cities for the past generation. Let us confess our guilt, and cry out in shame, "I have sinned;" — I, the man of business, who have never admonished my straying neighbor. I, the young man, who have only smiled as I saw my brother start on the way to ruin. I, the young woman, who have never let the quiet but powerful rebuke of my womanly purity fall upon my tipsy companion. I, the father or mother, who have let my son wander in the streets at will, to be drawn in by some maelstrom of vice, or by my example, at home, have said, "It is no harm to drink wine." I, the employer who, without a frown saw my workmen come and go every day under a ruinous influence. I, the teacher, the

editor, the man or woman of any influence, who have been remiss in this matter have sinned, for we are taught to go out and search for God's children that they may be saved through Christ forever. There is another remission of duty to the reformed inebriate which falls more especially under our personal observation, by which many who might be saved are driven back to their old haunts and former associates, where they soon fall into their previous habits of intoxication. That is, the want of encouragement, Christian sympathy, and an unwillingness, on the part of those in position or power, to recognize the one who has erred, as a *reformed* man; worthy, and deserving the assistance and recognition of those who, by their moral condition, should be to him as a brother, nay, as the father to the returning prodigal. It is an established, and humane rule of law, universally approved, that a person charged with a crime or misdemeanor is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty; also, that every person is presumed to be honest until the contrary is proven. Why not apply the same reasonable presumption in favor of the honesty and integrity of the reformed man in his strivings for a livelihood, and to become a useful member of society?

It seems that he is the exception to the rule, and is presumed to be discredited until such time as he would become almost a martyr in maintaining his credit and honesty of intention. In other words, those who really desire, in their business, just such abilities as he possesses, hesitate to place confidence in his reformation, thereby condemning him without even a trial of his sincerity. This is not vain imagination or delusion, as is so frequently charged to the helpless condition of the reformed man, whose former misfortunes have sealed his lips in his own defence, even seeking legitimate business at the portals of Christian charity or human philanthropy. Among the many cases within our personal knowledge, illustrating our assertion, we can find space for but one, although many more are worthy of publication. A young man, a former inmate of the Home, of good address, and well qualified for any position in which he would engage, learning of a vacant situation in a store on Tremont Street (a short distance from Court), Boston, he applied for the position, the duties required being familiar to him from past experience. He seemed to make a favorable impression, and received much encouragement; was told to call again

in a few days, and bring his written recommendations. These being in another State, caused some trouble and expense, but were obtained, as well as one from his then present employer (his object in changing situation was to get a living salary, being only temporarily employed at the time), which were presented, and so far all was satisfactory. Then only one more qualification was required, viz., he was requested to write a letter of application during the next day, and send it by mail, that they might judge of the style of composition as well as of the penmanship. This request was filled, when the firm comparing his, with letters of other applicants, decided in his favor. Then nothing seemed to be in the way of his obtaining a permanent and lucrative situation, until a gentleman acquaintance voluntarily called to verbally recommend, who no doubt thought he was conveying beneficial instead of prejudicial information, when he stated that the applicant was a *reformed* man. That, and that alone, sealed further negotiation, and the young man lost the position, although he had every ability to fill it to the advantage required. He was once an inebriate, and as such was viewed with disgrace by those perhaps

who were only bolstered up by no innate act of their own, and could not attribute their safety to any of their own peculiar impulses; but looking from their high standpoint, financially perhaps, they could view the young man almost, if not altogether, as a criminal branded with the hot iron of infamy. He was condemned without trial.

The members of this firm were prominent business men, leading members of the church to which they belong, and noted for their professed piety. This one case is the fac-simile of many others who are struggling to regain what they have lost, though not in so direct a manner.

A man who had perhaps commanded a heavy full-rigged ship, after having been an inebriate, or called such, must, to meet the owner's views, accept a position as boatswain's mate; a former cashier perform the duties of an under-clerk; and so on in that ratio through all branches of business; then be watched like a thief, and mistrusted, if not accused, on the slightest possible occasion. This is the reception that many receive after leaving an inebriate asylum. Can you wonder that some relapse to their former state of degradation? Thank God, that there are some whole-hearted practical

Christians, and men with liberal views, who stand ready to forgive and assist the fallen one, admit him to the family circle, recognize him as a man among men, and gently lead him to the foot of the cross, that he may learn of Christ the way of salvation!

CONCLUSION.

As we have before stated, we have only selected a few of the many cases we have had to deal with; but allowing those we have reported were the only ones saved from the vast number admitted to the Home, even then, it is a good work and worthy of support; and we trust that in the future the community will awake to the absolute necessity of the Appleton Home, and render it substantial aid in proportion to its wants.

Do not think we are in a complaining mood when we state that it has not been properly supported in the past, for such is actually the fact.

Our work has been crippled, and at times sadly embarrassed, for the want of a few paltry dollars.

Although we believe in and accept "faith" as

our "guiding star," we are obliged to use good, wholesome food, in large quantities, to assist in building up the physical condition of the many half-starved wretches who apply to us, and this we have to *buy*, and to pay for in *cash*—prayers won't do.

This seems to be forgotten by very many who bring, or send those applying to them for assistance, immediately to us, without inquiring whether we have food for them or not. We never refuse an applicant admission when we have funds to support him, and we sincerely hope in the future to be able to say yes to every application.

Will not the public in general bear in mind that the Home is supported almost entirely by charity, and that a proportion of their charitable offerings should find their way to us, equally as well as into the treasurer's hands of some foreign missionary society? Not but what we approve of such societies, we only ask for a share of contributions, that we may enlighten the heathen here at home; and let us state right here, that any contribution, no matter how small, directed to D. Banks McKenzie, Superintendent Appleton Home, Needham, Mass., is very certain to reach

its destination, and just as certain to be duly acknowledged. A strict and correct account is kept of all moneys received, who from, when expended, and what for; a complete set of books being used for the purpose, and always open for the examination of any one visiting the institution.

It is unreasonable to expect that all can be directly engaged in this work; yet nearly every one can, in some indirect manner, assist.

Those who *cannot* make contributions can pray for us, and pray that others may, and we ask the prayers of all that we may be the humble instrument in the hands of the Lord of accomplishing a great amount of good.

This is what we labor for, what we pray for, and for which we ask your assistance.

“Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual, restore such an one in a spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.” (Gal. vi. 1.)

APPENDIX.

THE following pages show the total number of men admitted, where from, and their occupation, from the time of the first opening of the Home on Washington Street, Boston, to January 1, 1876.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston,	280
Worcester,	40
Springfield,	30
Lowell,	37
Lawrence,	30
Lynn,	32
Fall River,	26
Newburyport,	20
Taunton,	19
Salem,	21
Fitchburg,	17
14	309

Haverhill,	15
Somerville,	12
New Bedford,	16
Chelsea,	16
Westfield,	7
Brighton,	7
Cambridge,	25
Charlestown,	8
Natick,	7
Marlboro',	5
Woburn,	9
Bridgewater,	3
Arlington,	3
Plymouth,	3
Newton,	3
Quincy,	2
Dedham,	2
Weymouth,	4
Nantucket,	1
Sandwich,	3
Kingston,	1
Marblehead,	2
Randolph,	1
Falmouth,	1

Orange,	1
Westport,	1
East Stoughton,	1
Walpole,	1
Webster,	2
Provincetown,	1
Wilbraham,	1
Medford,	1
Warren,	1
Hingham,	2
East Douglas,	1
Shelburne Falls,	1
Saugus,	1
Ware,	3
Woodville,	1
Harvard,	1
West Newbury,	1
Cape Ann,	1
Beverly,	1
Sharon,	1
North Bridgewater,	2
Martha's Vineyard,	1
Stoughton,	1
Watertown,	2
Concord,	1

Westboro',	1
Yarmouth,	1
Nantasket,	1
Andover,	1
Scituate,	1
Needham,	1
Hudson,	1
Holden,	1
Milford,	8
Melrose,	1
Hopkinton,	1
Reading,	1
Manchester,	1
Woonsocket,	1
Sudbury,	1
Athol,	2
Cambridgeport,	6
Chicopee Falls,	1
Roxbury,	1
Westminster,	1
Lexington,	3
Dorchester,	2
Cape Cod,	1
Waltham,	1
Malden,	1

Rockport,	2
Jamaica Plains,	1
Framingham,	2
Barre,	1
West Newton,	1
Brookline,	1
Gloucester,	1
Total,	<u>789</u>

OTHER STATES.

Maine,	103
New York,	123
Rhode Island,	65
New Hampshire,	63
Vermont,	29
Pennsylvania,	46
New Jersey,	32
Connecticut,	42
Maryland,	26
Ohio,	19
Illinois,	12
Michigan,	2
Kentucky,	1

District of Columbia,	8
Louisiana,	6
Tennessee,	4
Virginia,	3
Florida,	2
Missouri,	3
Mississippi,	1
Kansas,	3
Delaware,	1
Alabama,	1
California,	3
North Carolina,	2
South Carolina,	2
Total,	<hr/> 602

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

England,	342
Ireland,	215
Scotland,	103
Canada,	62
Nova Scotia,	49
New Brunswick,	54
Germany,	32

Wales,	27
Newfoundland,	16
Sweden,	10
Belgium,	3
Denmark,	2
Norway,	1
Switzerland,	1
Azores, I.,	1
France,	3
Demarara, W. I.,	1
Cape Town, Africa,	2
Armenia,	1
West Indies,	4
Calcutta,	1
Total,	<hr/> 930

RECAPITULATION.

Massachusetts,	789
Other States,	602
Foreign Countries,	930
Total,	<hr/> 2,321

The following have been their occupations, so far as could be ascertained:—

Laborers,	398
Printers,	96
Boot and shoemakers,	120
Clerks,	121
Salesmen,	99
Sailors,	75
Waiters,	64
Blacksmiths,	14
Carpenters,	74
Machinists,	88
Tailors,	44
Bookkeepers,	57
Painters,	80
Weavers,	28
Builders,	23
Teamsters,	51
Spinners,	27
Hatters,	22
Barbers,	24
Druggists,	17
Curriers,	18
Cabinet makers,	19

Stone-cutters,	25
Pressmen,	10
Peddlers,	14
Bakers,	8
Hack drivers,	6
Masons,	11
Paper-hangers,	5
Butchers,	5
Burnishers,	5
Gardeners,	5
Upholsterers,	10
Bricklayers,	12
Teachers,	7
Grooms,	5
Cooks,	14
Plasterers,	10
Piano-makers,	6
Bookbinders,	7
Dyers,	4
Watchmakers,	5
Plumbers,	9
Silverplaters,	3
Engravers,	3
Tinsmiths,	7
Watchmen,	5

Pattern-makers,	6
Brush-makers,	3
Photographers,	4
Dentists,	3
Lawyers,	7
Journalists,	5
Barkeepers,	7
Telegraph operators,	3
Shipmasters,	6
Saddlers,	4
Gilders,	6
Confectioners,	4
Express drivers,	2
Lithographers,	2
Farmers,	25
Physicians,	10
Stencil-cutters,	2
Merchants,	2
Jewellers,	3
U. S. Navy,	2
Canvassers,	19
Moulders,	14
Rope-makers,	5
Carriage-makers,	2
Clergymen,	2

Artists,	3
Pilot,	1
Sailmaker,	1
Auctioneers,	2
Author,	1
Real estate agent,	1
Grocers,	14
Cigar-makers,	6
Constable,	1
Pump-makers,	2
Locksmith,	1
Organ-maker,	1
Sculptor,	1
Wood-turners,	5
Brakemen,	3
Engineers,	4
Coopers,	4
Students,	2
Musicians,	2
Polishers,	4
Sash-makers,	2
Car-makers,	2
Glass-makers,	2
Chemist,	1
Traders,	4

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Roofers,	2
Boiler-makers,	5
Sheet-iron workers,	2
Without trades,	<u>334</u>
Total,	2,321