

The Home Mission Journal.

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Our New Serial,

A Little Loving Life.

By ELEANOR LESLIE MACNAUGHTON.

CHAPTER II.

THERE arose before him a succession of pictures: A little boy in a fresh linen slip, trotting to market with his nurse; he could still see the bunch of cherries that attracted the little fellow, and the small hand that grasped and hid it. And now the little boy wore a sailor suit and was going to school, but he did not like the lessons and often shirked them. There were absences from school covered over with untruths, and finally complaints from the teacher to his parents. A fond mother's pleadings had warranted off deserved punishment, and another school had been tried; and now there arose before him a boat-house where four well-grown boys had often met. Yes, they had had gay times on the river. In fancy he still saw his light canoe rocking on the water by the landing place, but black bottles were stowed away in that boat-house; there sinners had enticed him, and there he had consented—there for the first time he had been drunk.

Had there been no warning words? Yes, he remembered Evelyn's pleadings, sometimes pool-pooled and sometimes met with angry denials. What a bore he had thought her, as if a fellow could be different from all the rest! What came next? He shuddered still as he remembered the day when his father, who had left them full of health and life in the morning, was brought home crushed to death by a wall which had collapsed and fallen on him as he was passing by. Mark had gone to work then and meant to do well, but when a fellow was feeling so low, a glass of something was necessary to keep him up, and somehow one glass did not suffice. Then the narrow life, the change from luxury was almost unendurable, and he was miserably paid, too. If employers were so stingy, a clerk had a right to help himself. Yet he had felt badly when it all came out, when Evelyn's small earnings, which meant so much to the family, had to go to settle matters, and even the delicate mother had to know that there were reasons why he must leave home. He had meant to do better in M—, to leave off drinking for one thing. How was it he had not done so? Here his recollections crowded and became mixed. One situation after another had been lost through intemperance; he had known want; desperate shifts had been resorted to in order to raise money, and with tarnished name he had wandered from place to place.

Through it all there had been letters from his mother and Evelyn, with such help as by rigorous self-denial they had been able to send. Then came Evelyn's letter announcing their mother's death. She enclosed a small sum of money, and begged him to use it in coming to the little home she had managed to make for herself and the younger children. The letter found him out of work and in actual want, and he resolved to go; but on his way to the station, the fierce craving for drink, which he had not been able to satisfy for some days, came over him and everything was forgotten. When he came to himself, in a low drinking place, his money was gone and the door of hope that had been opened for him seemed to have closed forever. Shame prevented him answering Evelyn's letter, and just then getting a chance to work on board a steamer, he sailed away to a distant city, and had never since heard

from her. During this time he had made faint efforts to retrieve himself, sometimes with some small measure of success, then there would be a fall which would carry him a little further out, till now he drifted a helpless wreck on the great ocean of life.

(To be Continued.)

Health Column.

PHYSIOLOGICAL IRRIGATION.

By A. B. JAMISON, M. D.

PART I

The scientific irrigation of land is pretty well understood by those who have financial interest in soil requiring artificial irrigation. The wonderful beauty and freshness of flower and fruit evidence what scientific irrigation can do. So from a commercial and aesthetic point of view the proper amount of daily moisture for land, tree, or vine, is of such importance that it receives the consideration of those interested. How many persons, however, in the course of a lifetime have given ten minutes serious consideration to the question as to how much water should be imbibed daily under the varying conditions of the body's garden? Those that give no consideration to the problem of how to attain and maintain a healthy and vigorous physical basis are persons that usually drift into habits for which they will sooner or later, have to pay the penalty.

For the first twenty or more years the body is, as a rule, unfortunate in not having an intelligent tenant. For he misuses his physiological estate, and lets things go to rack and ruin ere he wakes up to realize how it might have been as to length of days and strength of body and mind. Enlighten him, after he has reached adult years, on the values and needs of physiological and psychological functions, you will find that however eager he may be to follow the light, he is handicapped by vicious habits and by confirmed, destructive changes that had seized on him when he was quite too young and incompetent to care for his body. What a topsy-turvy world this is, to be sure!

It is astonishing what a number of people there are that drink little or nothing at all, and especially amazing is it to find this lack of sense in people suffering from constipation. One would suppose that they, above all others, would see the wisdom of irrigating their bowels. But it is seldom that there is one that thinks of such a thing. A cup of coffee or tea at meal time, in addition to the liquid contained in the food, is the extent of water consumption by ever so many teetotallers and other "totalers," especially women until they reach, say, thirty years of age. Such persons, as a rule, are not long lived, inasmuch as the power of resistance is small, owing to their lack of blood, a lack in quality as well as in quantity. The blood pressure in their arteries and veins is light, as evidenced by their pale, sallow complexion, and the dry, scaly, feverish skin which seldom or never perspires. The body garden has not been properly irrigated and is slowly drying up as age advances. Did you ever notice how like death such pets appear when they are asleep? Their dull, pasty complexions alarm us then. When I see them a desire to soak these dried specimens of humanity possesses me. It is not unfortunate that we were not born with an automatic irrigator? We even lack a tube on our boiler to indicate the danger point! Deficient by nature in these little conveniences, and unaided as yet by science, man is compelled to give some attention, however indifferent or careless he may be, to the irrigation of his physiological soil!

Planters and gardeners have treatises on irrigations. Have mothers or nurses any similar guides? Such books are unknown to modern civilization. Infants, boys and girls, and adults, are brought up haphazard, and their garden of life becomes choked with weeds. The drought soon makes itself felt, and a little graveyard mound is their usual fate. Before some of us wither and fade, to what a pest-weed is our adobe changed for want of life-giving water.

Man's most serious physiological fault is the toleration of constipation; or even of semi-constipation induced by the twenty-four hour habit of stooling. In other words, his fault is the tolera-

tion of intestinal uncleanness. And next to this foollhardness is his negligence in the matter of drinking a sufficient quantity of pure, soft water daily to aid in the proper stimulation and circulation of the blood, in the proper elimination of the waste material from the body, and in the proper assimilation of nutriment by the system.

If parents would encourage their children to become bibbers of pure spring water daily it would not be so easy to make them bibbers of intoxicants in after years. I would give a child all the liquid it desires; I would even encourage it to take more rather than less; and the best liquid of all for this purpose is pure soft water. Man's body is 70 per cent. water. It is therefore a good sized water cask with a ramification of countless canals or pipes imbedded in soft connective tissues, nerves, and muscles, all of which are supported by a bony framework, through the centre of which runs the alimentary canal, down which waters may flow and disappear like unto a stream lost in the sands, to reappear and ooze from the skin, lungs, kidneys, and intestinal canal. Every organ and tissue luxuriates in water; it laves and lives in and by it. With all kinds of food it is introduced into the body. Water acts as a solvent for the nutritious element and as a sponsor for the elimination of foreign substances and worn-out tissues of the body.

Temperance Column.

Fifty years ago drunkards in St. Petersburg were punished by being compelled under the surveillance of the police to sweep the streets for a certain length of time. At the present time, the governor of the city has ordered that the names of all persons found intoxicated in the thoroughfares shall be posted in certain public places and also printed in the official gazette, without regard to either rank or sex.

A man asked Mr. Barnum whether the bad effects of liquor-drinking were seen more internally or externally, "Eternally, sir," he replied. That covers the whole ground. You may fill Chickering Hall with the best-disposed, best-born young people in New York; yes, take the pick of the Sunday schools—and if you tell me that these young people are going to dabble with alcohol, I will tell you what percentage will probably fall.

An exchange says: "Of the whiskey sellers in New York, 2,002 served their time in different state prisons, 2,655 have been confined in country prisons, and 1,769 have been 'cooled off' in the station house, leaving only 1,616 out of 8,034 who have thus far escaped the police. Of the whole number, 502 are Americans, 2,175 Germans, 3,041 Irishmen, 265 are Negroes. It is no wonder, then, that damnation is dealt out to humanity so coolly, since saloon keepers are composed of such stuff."

The man who sits down and whines that Prohibition won't prohibit, is like a man who sits down in the corner of the fence and whines that his plough won't plough of itself. A prohibitory law is only the tool with which the work of abolishing the curse of liquor is to be done, and the people must give impetus and action. To say that Prohibition don't prohibit, is only to say that the people are too indolent to make it effective. They must be waked up.

Hot milk may be safely recommended as a substitute for most stimulants. An English chemist says "that milk heated so that drinking it is barely possible, has refreshing and stimulating properties as prompt in action, and much more lasting than those of alcohol; and that those who try hot milk always afterwards prefer it to whisky or brandy when they are suffering from depression or fatigue." This is a suggestion well worthy the attention of temperance workers.

It is not often that we have seen the temperance question presented so tersely and forcibly as in the following, from the *Baptist Weekly*: "Stop all moderate drinking, and in five years there will be no drunkards; and the two hundred