

Temperance

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VI.—WINE AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1. Q.—What other time did Christ have to do with wine?

A.—When he took the cup of the 'Passover' with his disciples in the Lord's supper.

2. Q.—How is the word cup used?

A.—The word 'cup' by a figure of speech is used for the wine it contained.

3. Q.—Was this a fermented wine full of alcohol?

A.—No, it was unfermented wine.

4. Q.—How do you know?

A.—The time that Christ instituted the Lord's supper was the time of the Jewish Passover feast, and Christ was a Jew.

5. Q.—What has that to do with the wine being unfermented?

A.—The Jews were forbidden to have anything fermented in their houses at the time of the Passover.

6. Q.—Did they obey this law?

A.—They did. Search was made for ferment by lamp-light on a certain night; they even searched the cellars, for they were forbidden to eat leaven, raised bread, or have any leaven in their houses. (Exodus xii., 15.)

7. Q.—Of what was ferment a sign among the Jews?

A.—The common sign of corruption.

8. Q.—What wine did they use at the Passover?

A.—Unfermented wine.

9. Q.—Of what was the 'cup' a symbol?

A.—Of the blood of Christ, which signified the redemption of man.

10. Q.—Do you think Christ, who blessed the 'cup' as a symbol of his blood, and that blood signifying the salvation of man, would use the fermented alcoholic wine which among all Jews and even the heathen was a sign of corruption?

A.—No, for Christ came into the world to save sinners, and never blessed or used the fermented alcoholic wine, which has caused millions to die drunkards, thereby shutting them out forever from the kingdom of God. (I. Cor., vi., 10.)

(To be Continued.)

Habits that Bind.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in his report on the condition of the men in the trenches before Santiago, says, "Those who smoke—and they are in the majority—were suffering agonies for the lack of tobacco. Their nerves were so unstrung in consequence that as a substitute they were smoking grass, tea leaves and herbs."

Is it right for a man to wilfully form a habit which affects his nervous system in this way, and which is thus liable to unfit him for effective work just at a time when he most needs to be efficient? Is it wise to form a habit which whenever you cannot indulge it makes you suffer agonies?

Alcohol is another drug which creates a craving for itself and causes the man who is in the habit of using it at all freely to feel miserable if he cannot get it. The effects of alcohol are worse than those of tobacco in that it tends to overthrow the mental balance and cause the man who uses it to see everything in a false light, but the hold which alcohol acquires upon the system is not stronger than that which tobacco acquires; perhaps not quite as strong.

Both of these drugs have also a strong tendency to weaken the moral sense by exciting the imagination and directing it in unhealthy channels.

It is claimed that neither tobacco nor alcohol will injure a man if he uses them in moderation, and a good deal of personal testimony can undoubtedly be produced in support of this claim. But personal testimony cannot always be relied on in such matters, for there are comparatively few

people who are sufficiently observant to notice carefully the effects of their own habits upon themselves, and on the other hand the testimony of science is growing more and more adverse to the use of such drugs—especially alcohol.

An ingenious machine has been devised, which, when fastened to the wrist, lets the heart tell its own story by recording the amount of blood which it has to send through the veins and the rapidity and regularity of the flow. To this machine is fastened a light pen that goes up and down with every beat. Its point rests against a paper tape which is automatically wound past at the rate of about a half-inch a second. When the heart is beating normally the pen describes a series of smooth, rolling hills. A cigarette—and the sides of the hills become slightly jagged; three or four cigarettes—and the hills become higher and more precipitous; a glass or two of champagne—and the rolling hills are turned into rough mountains, set very close together.

Thus the heart tells its own story of the whip and spur which these drugs apply to it, and although it continues to do its duty patiently, it is weakened by the unnecessary strain and jarring to which it is impelled.

But even if the claim that alcohol and tobacco may be used in moderation without injury could be proved, it does not meet the case. For it is an undeniable fact that both of these drugs have in their very nature a tendency to excess. They stimulate the appetite which they gratify. And while there are undoubtedly some men who can keep the appetite for tobacco or alcohol entirely under control there are a very great many who cannot do so, but who yield little by little, more and more, to the seductive influence of the drug, and who become slaves of habit before they are aware of it.

And those who are thus ensnared are not by any means the weakest men, or the least noble. Many of the finest characters have been unconsciously ruined in this way.

In any case, neither tobacco nor alcohol is necessary to health or to well-being, and the man who wishes to give the Holy Spirit opportunity to work in him and through him must learn to deny himself for the sake of others, even if he thinks that he himself is beyond the reach of temptation.

If we are Christ's the Holy Spirit dwells in us as his temples, and we shall make a terrible mistake if we in any way injure or dishonor these living temples of the Holy Ghost.—'Sabbath Reading.'

Alcohol and the Body.

Among the traditions that have floated down to us on the stream of ages is the one that alcohol is a food and a benefit to the human physiology. It was in a far antiquity, accompanied the unfolding of the ages, and still lives in little minds.

But the human mind has grown. The reflective faculties have been developed. The human forehead has become perpendicular and beetling. Man no longer leaps to conclusions. He plods, he observes, reflects long, and then cautiously deduces.

A new power has arisen. Modern science has been born, and before its august teachings the world is taking a new shape.

On alcohol as a food and a bodily benefit science speaks, as it is wont, in no uncertain symbols.

Take decaying fruit and allow it to stand under certain conditions. Swarming myriads of microbes invest it. They devour the glucose of the mixture, and in the process of its digestion alcohol is formed. Alcohol is the excrement of the microbe.

That's modern science.

Take four hogsheads of beer and heap them together; down beside them place a loaf of bread. The single loaf of bread contains more nutrition than the entire four hogsheads of beer.

That's modern science.

Take food into the stomach. Digestion and change begin. It is taken up by the absorbents and hurled into the blood; and out of this river of red rises the body with its force, thought, and life. All force, thought, and movement comes from food. Take alcohol into the stomach. When it has become sufficiently diluted with fluids from the walls of the stomach it is taken up by the absorbents, unchanged and undigested, carried to the blood and thence throughout the body—not as blood, but as pure alcohol. It exists in the body as foreign substance,

producing fever and inflammation, panic, and consternation, these and nothing more. It cannot make an ounce of force, nor nourish to the smallest degree.

That's modern science.

Take the white of an egg, put it in a glass, and pour on it an ounce of alcohol. After a few minutes pour off the alcohol, and the egg is cooked—cooked as though fried in fire. A large part of the blood is albumen, identical with the white of the egg. When alcohol comes in contact with this, it cooks and coagulates it as fire does the egg white. The cinders from this clog up the capillaries and form the blistered face and proboscis of the toper. Not only this, but it bloats the body with the accumulated ashes of the burnt body itself. It deadens and destroys the stomach till food itself is nauseating. It curdles the grey matter of the brain, and produces delirium and insanity. It deforms the abdomen by enlarging the liver to seven times its size. It eats up the vitality of the body and prepares it for pestilence. It blunts the sensibilities and makes man a fiend. It consumes the intellect and leaves him a fool. Rum is a great quenchless conflagration, raging throughout every nook of the human being, licking up the elements of body and soul, and converting man, made in the mould of his Maker, to a heartless, simpering beast.

That's modern science.

But latter day apologists for rum prate of the beneficence of stimulation. They ignore the fact that alcohol taken at all creates a craving, and leads quite inevitably to inordinate consumption, and talk of the beneficence and wisdom of its use in uniform quantities.

This is ignorance or infamy.

Now, what is stimulation? Whence comes this quickening and additional force? It does not come from the alcohol, nor does it drop from the clouds. It has but one source, the body itself. Adipose or muscle is the fuel. It is simply the body on fire.

But why does alcohol kindle this commotion? Ay, that's the query. That's the sledge that demolishes the drivel of 'moderationists.'

Alcohol when poured into the stomach produces fever and inflammation, for the same reason that a thorn in the flesh produces inflammation. Alcohol in the stomach causes commotion and convulsion, for the same reason that ipecacuanha taken into the stomach produces paroxysm.

All foreign inimical substances when taken into the body cause inflammation and convulsion.

It is the effort of the body to throw off and rid itself of an invading and hostile substance. This is the philosophy of all stimulation.

Alcohol is a foreign drug. It is a poison and an enemy to the body. This the body recognises from its innate nature. And whenever it is poured into the body, the body begins to fight to expel the intruder, and this war is waged till the drug enemy is driven beyond its dominion. This war is called stimulation. A mustard plaster, the virus of the rattlesnake, or a red-hot stove, will stimulate as well as alcohol.

What must be said of the practice of daily pouring into the body some inimical drug, some poison, for the excitement of its expulsion? It is the climax of madness. What must be said of a human being who, made in a mould of God, persists in defiling himself with periodic pollutions of a nauseous and deadly poison? Sense and science have but one answer—ignorance or infamy.—'Wit and Wisdom.'

A medical man, discoursing upon the absolute necessity of alcohol to the highest physical development, asserted positively that the mission of alcohol is a better physical development of man. A clergyman inquired, 'Do you believe the Bible?' 'Certainly I do, as sincerely as yourself,' was the prompt reply. 'If your position be correct,' continued the clergyman, 'what will you do with the fact that when God would make the strongest man that ever lived—Samson—he commanded not only the son to be a total abstainer, but the mother also, even before Samson's birth, lest some taint of physical weakness should be imparted to his constitution. God discarded alcohol in giving to the world the best example of physical strength on record. What will you do with that fact?' The doctor was silent.—'Temperance Monthly.'