

What Alcohol Does to the Brain.

(Continued from page 2.)

'To put it another way, the "alcoholic" is a man who is mortgaging his heritage of life energy, who is discounting nature's promissory notes at a ruinous percentage. Alcoholism is simply premature old age, and instead of extending the joy of life to its natural limit, the alcoholic is having all his fun at once.

'Mind you, though, these burned out brains are not peculiar to the abuse of alcoholic stimulants. Overwork, long continued excitement, continued worry—all these things will bring about the same result. But alcoholic insanity is so fearfully common because drinking is more popular than working or worrying.

'Contrary to the lapse of the functions in normal old age, in which the brain is the last organ to be affected, the break-down through alcohol is manifest first of all in the high domain of the intellect. It is a law of nature that the last and most complex attributes which evolution has developed in man are the first to become perverted by vicious living. Therefore you will notice that the first symptoms of alcoholic insanity are to be found in a dulling of the moral sense, the sense of obligation to one's self and to others.

'Indeed, any man may tell when he is beginning to become an "alcoholic." He need not worry so much when his hand loses its steadiness at times or when his eyes water easily and there come purple veins in his nose, or his liver gets balky. These things can be cured by removing their cause. But when he finds that he procrastinates in the performance of small duties, such as answering letters, or that he tells small lies because they are easier than the truth, or that he promises readily and fulfils tardily or not at all—then let him have a care. Insanity is spinning her web about his brain.

'Sometimes the other more purely intellectual faculties, such as the power to reason, the ready wit, the grasp of business or professional affairs, will survive years of this eclipse of the finer sense of right and wrong; but they are none the less doomed to be "burnt out." For with the collapse of the ethical functions King Barleycorn comes into his own, and moral obligations being no longer sensed, the "alcoholic" continues merrily on his way to the crowded asylum.

'The brain is closely analogous to the firmament of the night sky, with its millions upon millions of stars, planets and constellations, which, co-ordinating one with another, system within system, make for a universal balance and harmony, resulting, on our planet at least, in what we call life. The nerve centres of the brain are its stars, planets and constellations. Destroy one of these before its time and you have disturbed the balance and co-ordination of all. And that is insanity; and what you have seen under the microscope are the dead stars of the mental firmament.

'It is incumbent upon every man to try to keep in the class of those who are fit to survive, and so pass on to posterity his legacy of resistance, that more of his sort may live to carry on the work. So, remember to keep your power-house running in such a way that your fuses don't burn out and paralyze your system.'

'And while I am on this topic I want to say a parting word; I wish to heartily indorse the idea of a farm labor colony for inebriates.

The city should acquire a tract of land of ample acreage where victims of alcoholism could get the incalculable benefit of outdoor employment far from the temptations of the city streets. Under present conditions there is no room in the psychopathic ward for those patients who are safely convalescing from an attack of alcoholism. Nor can they be legally detained either there or in an asylum, and so must be turned adrift to face temptation all over again. If there were a municipal farm to which the courts might commit these cases, the "fresh air" cure would work mightily to make useful citizens of these pitiable products of the drink evil.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

SOME RESULTS OF OUR WORK.

Contributed by the Rec.-Sec., V.I.O.S.

'Ye are building, and best of all, building for eternity,' were the significant words uttered by a speaker at one of the meetings of the Victoria India Orphan Society.

It has occurred to us that it might be interesting to those who for years have contributed so faithfully toward the support of orphan children, to know something about the building process—that has been going on silently but surely—in the hearts and lives of the children, under the wise guidance of the missionaries Dr. Margaret O'Hara and the Rev. Frank Russell.

In Dr. O'Hara's letters which are read at the monthly meetings, we are told something of the loyalty and devotion of these Bheel children toward their teachers and their gratitude to the friends in the home land for the opportunity of obtaining an education, and being brought into contact with those who love the Lord Jesus—through whose instrumentality, wayward girls and boys have developed into self-sacrificing followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

The marvellous spiritual awakening which swept over a portion of India about a year ago, reached our Orphanage, and many of the children were led to give their lives to the Saviour's keeping—the seed of the kingdom fell upon good soil—carefully prepared by our devoted missionaries. Some of the girls go into the hospitals to tell the story of redeeming love and sing gospel hymns to sick ones, others have established Christian homes from which will radiate a light to brighten other lives and bring hope and joy to many who would otherwise remain in darkness. The girls are taught cooking and sewing and general housework, they learn quickly and are very helpful and obedient. The boys learn gardening and industrial occupations, such as carpentry, blacksmithing, etc.

Our society, through the liberality of Christian friends, have raised about sixteen hundred dollars toward the industrial fund—this is aside from the monthly remittance of one hundred dollars, which is forwarded regularly to Dhar. We would like to make our contribution toward the industrial fund—up to three thousand dollars—to assist in providing buildings and suitable equipment, as it means so much to these young converts to be provided with useful crafts and occupations which will enable them to become self-sustaining, and any friends desirous of assisting this worthy enterprise may forward their gifts to the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. T. Taylor, 205 Maryland street, Winnipeg.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Home.

(Floyd D. Raze, in the M. C. 'Advocate.')

A few old pictures on the wall,
Chromos and reprints, these are all;
A clean, but hard and barren floor,
A few old chairs, a stove as poor,
A table and but little more—
Yes, this is home.

Aye, this is home; more truly so
Than many a mansion built for show
Where well the stranger's eye can trace,
By every sign about the place,
The presence of fantastic grace—
Yes, this is home;

And home, though one can see, indeed,
A semblance of the form of need;
For though no luxury bequeath
To these within her golden wreath,
No 'golden sorrow' lurks beneath,
And this is home.

For home is not in granite wall,
Nor art, nor luxury, nor all
The glittering robes that pomp may wear
To hide the signet of despair—
Where love is, home is ever there,
Aye, there is home.

Our Little Ones.

Blessed is the man in whose home the music of children's voices is heard. All the nobler interests of life begin when God puts one of these little ones into our hands. Its eyes and hands can reach the inner springs of your being. They can compel you, strong man, all helpless as they are to gird yourself for a toil which is your sweetest rest, if these little ones are fed by it, if they grow fair and strong, and rain the sunlight of their joyous glances on your home as your rich reward. Many a hard line which the world has traced, and many a stain of the dust and sweat of its battle which your day's cares and toils have left upon your spirit, get wiped away ere night-fall by a tiny hand—all is made soft and bright again as the little ones gather round your knee by the home fireside. These little ones! Take heed that ye despise them not.—'Great Thoughts.'

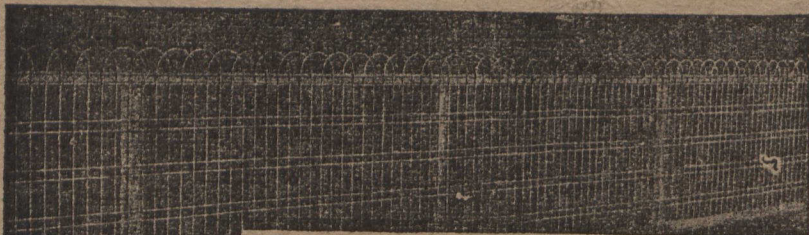
'Now is the Day of Salvation.'

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.)

In all efforts to exert that power that we know as 'will' there is one fact that we must keep constantly in mind, and that is that there is no time like the present. The ministers have told us again and again that 'now is the day of salvation,' and the realization that 'now' is the best time to begin to do all the things that we want to do will help us to accomplish wonders that we could never perform if we were addicted to habits of procrastination.

Let us imagine, for example, that we have been accustomed to drink too much liquor, to eat too much, or eat too rapidly. Suppose that we have been smoking too much, have become used to letting our temper get the better of us, or have been associating with people that common sense tells us we ought to avoid. We make up our minds that we will 'cut out' these things that we ought not to do, and will begin to do the things that we ought to do, and yet, as many of us know, we frequently put off beginning this reformatory process until, finally, we let go altogether. In nearly every instance where this occurs the trouble is that the act of reforming did not date from the very moment that the determination to change the mode of living was formed in the mind.

This mental process that we call the power of the will is a very peculiar force in life. In some respects it corresponds in its manifesta-



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