

## GENIUS AND ALCOHOL.

If there is one thing history shows us more clearly than another, it is this—that intellect unaided is helpless against the assaults of alcohol. "If I were to make out a list of the scholars whom I have met starving and in rags through drink," wrote a well-known journalist some years ago, "I should make people gape." Those of us who are at all familiar with the biographies of great men know how many were more or less slaves to the insidious destroyer. We have it on his own confession that he was drink that drove Tasso mad. Keats, the perfect poet, once remained in a state of intoxication for six weeks. He succeeded in mastering his craving, but died young of consumption, doubtless accelerated by his former excesses.

It seems impossible to associate the composer of the "Messiah" with intemperance; but the fact remains that Handel was an alcoholic subject, as also was Gluck. The great man whose bi-centenary we have just been celebrating—Samuel Johnson fought against the craving nearly all his life. "I can abstain," he said on one occasion, "but I cannot be moderate." He has left us a record of his struggles against temptation in a collection of "Prayers and Meditations," which are as remarkable for their simple dignity and humble piety as any ever uttered. De Quincey, in his "Opium Eater," has given us a lurid account of the horrors that affected him in "unwinding the accursed chain." Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in addition to opium, swallowed large quantities of wine and brandy. His son, Hartley Coleridge—to whom as a child Wordsworth addressed those touching lines in which he says, as if with a dim foreboding, "I think of thee with many fears, For what may be thy lot in future years?"—

belled the brilliant promise of his youth, lost his fellowship at Oxford through intemperance, and died a victim to alcohol. He has left us, among many lines that are both sweet and tender, one that is as pathetic as any in the language—

"For I have lost the race I never ran,"  
of with such love and tenderness, has Drunkard" such a glimpse of the Charles Lamb, whom we all think given us in his "Confessions of a slow fall to the horror of the Pit, that one can hardly read it without shuddering and tears.

Among artists, George Morland would spend his time for weeks in a prolonged debauch with prize fighters in boxing saloons. So shaken was his nervous system that it was not until he had taken copious draughts of brandy that he could guide his pencil over the canvas. Turner used to have fits when he would leave his rooms and for long periods regularly and systematically soak at a low gin shop at Wapping, where he would consort with the vilest companions, and then, when the reckless fit had passed, return to his spual lodging to handle once more his marvellous brush.

And so the melancholy procession passes on. The path of genius is strewn with alcoholic wreckage. How many a home this day is mourning the loss of its best and brightest from the same fell cause. In the words of one who had himself gone through the Valley of the Shadows, "Drink is the dainty harvester; no puny ears for him, no faint and bending stalks. He reaps the rathe corn, and there is only the choicest of the choice in his sheaves."

Poor Burns knew this, and in his own mournful epitaph he has left us the following admonition:—

"Reader attend! Whether thy soul Soars fancy's flight beyond the Pole, Or darkening grub this earthly hole  
In low pursuit;  
Know—prudent, cautious self-control

Is wondrous fruit."  
W. D. in the Temperance Chronicle.

This material world would be a better world if it were more conscious of the vital verities of the unseen world.

## THE BORROWED CHILD.

My child? Land! no she's none o' mine;

She's des one I have tried  
To put in place of Anna Jane—  
My little one that died.  
Dat's long ago; no one but me  
Knows ever where she lies;  
But in her place I've always kept  
A borrowed child, her size.

As soon as it outgrows my child,  
I lets it go, right straight—  
An' takes anoder in its place  
To match dat heavenly mate,  
It's took a sight o' chillun, sho'.  
To ease dat dull ol' pain,  
An' keep de pretty likeness fresh  
Of my dead Anna Jane.

Der's more den forty years, you see,  
Since she has been in heaven;  
But wid de angels years don't count—  
So she's still only seven.  
Time treats us all up dere des lak  
It do white ladies here—  
It teches 'em so light—one's still  
A gal at forty year.

## THE WHITE MAN IN AFRICA.

Mission work among savages offers many difficulties, and often the wisest and most earnest effort meets with disheartening little reward; while lack of common sense, and of course above all, lack of firm and resolute disinterestedness, insures the worst kind of failure. There are missionaries who do not do well, just as there are men in every conceivable walk of life who do not do well; and excellent men who are missionaries, including both government officials and settlers, are only too apt to jump at the chance of criticising a missionary for every alleged sin of either omission or commission. Finally, zealous missionaries, fervent in the faith, do not always find it easy to remember that savages can only be raised by slow steps, that empty adherence to forms and ceremonies amounts to nothing, that industrial training is as essential in any permanent upward movement, and that the gradual elevation of mind and character is a prerequisite to the achievement of any kind of Christianity which is worth valuing such. Nevertheless, after all this has been said, it remains true that the good done by missionary effort in Africa has been incalculable. There are parts of the great continent, and among them I include many sections of East Africa, which can be made a white man's country; and in these parts every effort should be made to favor the growth of a large and prosperous white population. But over most of Africa the problem for the white man is to govern with wisdom and firmness, and when necessary with severity, but always with an eye single to their own interests and development, the black and brown races. To do this needs sympathy and devotion no less than strength and wisdom, and in the task the part to be played by the missionary and the part to be played by the official are alike great, and the two should work hand in hand.—Theodore Roosevelt, in "African Game Trails," Scribner's Magazine.

## JUST AS OF OLD.

By James Whitcomb Riley.  
Just as of old! The world rolls on  
and on;  
The day dies into night—night into dawn—  
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold.

Just as of old.  
Time lingers not! The river ever flows.  
Its brink or white with blossoms or  
with snows;  
Its tide or warm with spring or winter cold,  
Just as of old.

Lo! Where is the beginning, where the end  
Of living, loving, longing? Sister friend!  
God answers with a silence of pure gold,  
Just as of old.

THE MOTHER'S AID  
AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets are not intended for babies only. This medicine is intended for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. Cures indigestion and other stomach troubles, constipation and simple fevers. Guaranteed free from poisonous opiates. Mrs. Paul Carrier, Petite Machine, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for children. I have used them for most of the troubles that afflict little ones, and have not known them to fail. Mothers should always keep them on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## SOME ODD EXPRESSIONS.

"Mind your p's and q's." There are two accounts of the origin of the expression, "Mind your p's and q's." According to one it arose from the early method used in public houses of charging customers for the amount of beer they had consumed on credit. P stood for pint, Q for quart, and as the score were settled weekly, it was necessary for the toper to watch his p's and q's.

According to the other story the phrase owes its origin to the difficulty the printer's devil has experienced from time immemorial in distinguishing between the lower case p's and q's of the Roman type. The similarity between the two letters is so great, particularly when they are reversed as in the process of distributing, that the printer's apprentice is always warned by the foreman to "mind his p's and q's."

"When in Rome—" The phrase "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," is traced to a saying of Saint Ambrose. He was once consulted by a woman who asked him whether or not it was right to feast on Saturday in Milan, since in Rome the day was held as a fast day.

The saint could do no better than to give her the advice which he followed himself; "for," said he, "when I go to Rome I fast on Saturday as they do in Rome, but when I am here I do not fast."

The "White Feather." An official of the Smithsonian Institution was speaking of the origin of some well-known phrases, and pointed to a small mounted bird. This bird was a French gray on the back, drab breast, black wings, and with a small but conspicuous white spot at the base of the tail.

"This is a wheatear," the official said. "It is very common in Scotland where it is known as the 'clacharan.' It is from this bird that we get the expression 'showing the white feather.' You will notice the location of the only white feathers on its body—they can be seen only when the bird is flying away from you."—Selected.

## THE TEST OF AMUSEMENTS.

"Are they costly? Young people should be thrifty—saving up something for a good start. Amusements that use up what should be savings are evil.

"Are they helpful? If, after any of them, you have a headache, backache, cold, or a restless appetite, the amusement is evil. It should be avoided.

"Are they refreshing? The amusement that makes you less able to go on with your work is badly chosen.

"Are they pure? Purity is a matter of thought quite as much as of act. To the pure all things are pure. But, alas, few men are pure. And plays that are innocent as the frolic of lambs become to some persons stimulants of evil and unspeakable thoughts.

"Are they well earned? Except a man work, neither shall he play. All plays are wicked for a lazy, idle man. Only the industrious can safely amuse themselves in any way.

"Is their influence good? Any form of amusement which tends toward evil, or is surrounded by evil associations, should be avoided like a contagious disease."—T. K. Beecher.