

Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

GUILT OF THE TRAFFIC.

The Rev. E. N. Kirk, in a discourse in York street Chapel, on the connection between the Temperance Reformation and the Millennium, remarks:

‘Every bottle and glass you send out goes on a mission of misery and death. The drunkard is on the outer circle of the vast whirlpool, and you are tempting him carelessly to float along, and each succeeding circle turns shorter, and you just turn away, as the poor creature, with one ineffectual struggle, sinks to rise no more. O! it is a dreadful trade to be making drunkards—it is a dreadful thing to sell out the large mass in pipes, and hogsheads, and barrels, that you know runs forth like scorching streams of lava throughout the community. You know it will curse that poor family—you know it will make that man prodigal of his property, and careless of the wants of his children and his wife—you know it produces poverty, disease, misery, death and hell to men. Perhaps this bottle will not, but that may—perhaps this pipe will not, but that may. It is certain somebody is doing this work of death—600,000 drunkards in America! who makes them? who sustains them? nobody? does nobody make money out of these 600,000 drunkards? These 600,000 rob themselves, their families, and the public. Who gets the money? see if it is not in your hands. My brother, I do not charge you—I only ask you to look at the matter—I ask you to go home and pray over your trade: but how will you frame your prayer? Will you ask God to send more customers and more drunkards to your shop? Why then you ask to have more of his creatures ruined in body and soul. Oh! it is a dreadful place in which to hold a prayer meeting—a distillery or a spirit cellar. I should think a man could hardly ask God to bless such a trade. I should like to see how he would pray over it. He would say, ‘O Lord! do not let this bottle do any harm; counteract the poisonous and soul-hardening effects of this alcohol—I do not want to hurt any one; I only want to get the profit of tempting them to their ruin; I do not want to do the harm that these things must do in the natural course of things!’ Dare he speak so to his Maker! Let me state one other fact—There are wives praying against you—There are widows in this city lodging a suit in Heaven’s chancery against you. They are weak—you are not afraid of them. But God, the God of the widow hears them—and when the wife says, ‘May God restrain the arm that is taking away my husband!’ and when the widow sometimes says in the agony of her soul, ‘God blight the arm that administers that poison!’ Oh, it may be heard—it may be heard—I would not stand up with you; I would not live by ministering out the poison to my fellow men.”

DOES ALCOHOL PROMOTE DIGESTION?—What is meant by the term digestion? Simply that change the food undergoes in the stomach, by which it is converted into a soft paste, called chyme. And what are the agents by which one’s food is reduced to this liquid state? Those surely that dissolve it. Are alcoholic liquors of this number? If a person lops off his finger, and wish to preserve it, he puts it into a phial of alcohol, where it will remain in an entire state for ages; but perhaps the same man fills his stomach with beef steak and then throws in some alcoholic drink to dissolve it. But besides the ability that alcohol has to preserve most articles in a solid state, and thus to prevent digestion, it has other properties that prove a greater hindrance. It has been stated above, that the process of digestion consists in the reduction of food in the stomach, to a liquid state; and this is accomplished mainly by the action of a liquid, called gastric juice. Now the formation of

this natural solvent, the gastric juice, is dependent mostly upon the state of numerous vessels or tubes on the internal surface of the stomach which form it. If from any cause they become weak, and unable to perform their accustomed office, there will be an equal deficiency of the solvent. The other (the stimulant) properties of alcohol, have this very debilitating effect; for as surely as they stimulate and goad on the stomach to an unnatural degree, as certainly will a corresponding debility follow. Consider then these two facts; first that all alcoholic preparations preserve most substances in an entire state; and second, that they produce indirect debility of the stomach, and it will be easy to understand the cause of the hiccups, the belchings, the loss of appetite of him who takes ardent spirits, “to improve digestion.”

LUCKY TOM.—A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

Tom Spooner was the luckiest dog in the world, at least so said his old cronies. “He began like a good-for-nothing mechanic,” they say, “without a cent in the world, without a whole shirt to his back, or half a shoe to his feet, and nothing but his hands to work with. And yet Tom Spooner is one of the most wealthy, and influential men among us.” “What a lucky dog that Tom Spooner has been!” He went among those who commenced life with him, but who are now frequenters of grog shops, idle, and dissolute, by the name of lucky Tom. It puzzled his old friends not a little to account for his good luck. He had no rich relations, and though not extravagant, he was liberal. He was no skin-flint. He paid no attention to the words of fortune tellers and gold finders; he merely staid at home and yet his course has been, year after year, and week after week, with a wonderful share of good fortune—good luck. He must be in possession of some secret of which others are ignorant. What on earth can it be! If Tom had a lot of pork to dispose of, people were always willing to pay him a couple of cents more on the pound than any other person. And he was always lucky enough to pay his debts. He was never unlucky enough to feel the grip of the sheriff, or hear the creak of the jail door.

Tom married. “Why! this poor mechanic has taken the sweetest and most beautiful girl in the place. Who would have thought it? What a lucky dog that Tom Spooner is! He has got the girl by magic!”

And then Tom’s garden was a picture of neatness: his fences were never known to blow over, as did his neighbour’s. His land was rich, while that of his next neighbour’s would produce hardly any thing but weeds. What does Tom put on his land?

How he rises one step above another! If there was an important station to be filled, why, Tom Spooner was the man. He could get a note discounted at any bank without security. If any dispute was to be settled, why, Tom—lucky Tom—was always sure to be called as an umpire!

“Now I think of it,” says one, “I never knew Tom to speak an ill word against his neighbours, which shews plainly enough that there are many in his secret, and therefore, that he dare not utter a word to their prejudice.”

He never drinks; because, if intoxicated, some one will snatch his secret from him. He has taught his wife the way too. They both have the secret. He says nothing hard of his acquaintances. He goes to church regularly. He pores over books when he can find them. He must be learning something more of his art of getting rich. He is laying up treasures. And then he always has his lamp in his work-room late, and he is always the first to get up in the house which further-more shews that Tom’s mind is always