

ALCOHOL—A VAGABOND.

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Yes, alcohol is a vagabond! For what is a "vagabond?" If you look in a dictionary you will find that a vagabond is a person who wanders about from place to place, having no business nor visible means of subsistence. The word comes, in fact, from a Latin word which means "to wander." Now, there is no harm in wandering, and when we go into the country for a holiday, nothing is more delightful than to wander about where fancy takes us. But the words "vagabond" and "vagrant," which come from the same root, have acquired a bad meaning, simply because most people who wander about, having no settled home or work, are worthless fellows, and get up to mischief. They like other people to work for them, and policemen have to keep their eyes on them and tell them to "move on."

Alcohol is a "wanderer," and as worthless as one as ever you saw. Let us watch him. Here he is, in the shape of "half-a-pint o' beer," or "a glass of wine," or "half-a-quartern of whiskey," or "a go of gin," or "a tot of rum." In it goes, into the obedient mouth, down the gullet, into the patient and long-suffering stomach. Now it commences its wandering career. On every side of it are an infinite number of pipes in the walls or coats of the stomach, too small to be seen without a magnifying glass, finer than the finest hair, but called "capillaries" (from "capilla," Latin for a hair), because they are more like hairs than anything else. If these pipes or capillaries are small, of course their coat or wall is smaller and thinner still. So alcohol, the vagabond, having mingled with the contents of the stomach, and done what harm he can there, soaks through these thin walls and mixes with the blood which is constantly passing through them.

These pipes turn and twist among all the tubes and substances which make up the thickness of the stomach's walls, and all these come in for a share of the wandering poison. If you break an egg and put the white of it into a glass and then pour some alcohol upon it, it turns white and curdles. If you poured some upon a jelly-fish, it would shrivel and harden in the same way. So the alcohol hardens and shrivels the parts which it touches, and more so the more there is of it. But it is not allowed to stay long doing all this mischief. "Move on" is the stern and useful command. And it moves on. The little particles which float in the blood, shrink and shrivel as the vagabond gets close to them, and they hurry on together in the current of the blood, the little pipes joining to form larger ones, and these larger still, until they form one large tube. This takes all the blood and the alcohol to the liver. Then the big tube or blood-vessel divides again and again, like the branches of a tree, and takes the blood all over and through the liver. Alcohol wanders about among the little particles of the liver, irritating and annoying them, and if this goes on day after day for years, in course of time the vagabond makes the liver itself shrink and shrivel until it looks like a hob-nailed boot. But the liver tries to do all it can to prevent the alcohol from wandering on further in his mischief-making course. It lays hold of some of it, at all events, and so ties and binds it up, that its own mother wouldn't know it. It changes some of it into something else, whether by spitting it up or joining it in respectable marriage with some decent substances. Certain it is that some of the alcohol that goes into the body never comes out again, and it is probable we may thank the liver for converting some of him from his vagabond life.

Some, however, of the alcohol is too quick for the liver to deal with; he hurries on through the heart and into the lungs. There he finds an opportunity of escaping from the body, which is heartily glad if he will avail himself of it. He gets through the walls of the little pipes or blood-vessels in the lungs, mixes with the air, and comes away in the breath. Fugh! how it stinks! Who cannot tell the drinker of alcohol by his breath, which poisons the very air?

But while we have been talking the vagabond has gone further on his travels. Back to the heart, and then, pumped out with every pulse, he wanders forth to create mischief in every part of the body.

The brain has to bear the brunt of his attack, for, in proportion to size, more blood

goes there than to almost any other part. On rushes alcohol and soaks again through the delicate blood-pipes into all the delicate tissues of the brain and nerves. Are they glad to see him? Do they act all the better for his presence? Let us see. Here is a set of little jelly-like particles joined together with little threads, like so many starfishes with two, three, or four long fingers, either touching each other, or stretched out into long strings, called nerves. These particular nerves we are thinking about lead, if you trace them, down to the walls of some blood-pipes, called arteries, along which the blood has to flow to reach all parts of the body. These nerves are able to make the blood-vessels or arteries get smaller if too much blood is passing along them. But now the alcohol has reached the star-fish-like particles from which the power goes which makes the blood vessels smaller. It makes them more sluggish or sleepy, as it were, and the grasp of the blood-vessels loosens or relaxes, just as a baby lets his toy fall when he goes to sleep. More blood rushes along the vessels than went along before, and so the face, the hands, and other parts of the body get redder; there is more blood in them, because the vagabond alcohol has relaxed the walls of the arteries.

But some of the alcohol goes to the skin, and soaks through it in the perspiration or sweat. And some of it goes to the kidneys, and these have a duty to do which they make every effort to perform. They try to get out of the blood everything which ought not to be there. They do not try to remove useful things; food passes through them in the blood and goes on to nourish the body. But what do they do to alcohol? If that is food they will let him pass. But no! they know better than that. "Seize him! the vagabond! He's been creating disturbance wherever he goes, wandering about from place to place, to the injury of all peaceable and useful parts. Out with him! as fast as we can." And so they do, and none of the vagabond that comes their way is allowed to pass if they can help it, and so the blood and the body, by the help of the liver, the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys, is gradually purified of the presence of this archvagabond, alcohol.—*From Onward.*

STUDYING THE BIBLE.

In some recent addresses to Christian workers George Muller made the following statements on the study of the Word of God:—

The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the Word in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from the experience of forty years. The first three years after conversion I neglected, comparatively, the Word of God. Since the time I began to search it diligently the blessing has been wonderful. I have read since then the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh it always seems like a new book to me. Since July, 1820, I cannot tell you how great has been the blessing from consecutive, diligent, daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had a good time over the Word of God.

In reference to the plea of lack of time for this duty, Mr. Muller said:—

Friends often say to me, "Oh, I have so much to do, so many people to see, I cannot find time for Scripture study." Perhaps there are not many beloved brethren present who have had more to do than I have had. For more than half a century I have never known one day when I had not more business than I could get through. For thirty years I have had annually about thirty thousand letters to answer, and most of these have passed more or less through my own hand. I have nine assistants always at work, corresponding in German, French, English, sometimes Danish, Italian, Russian, and other languages. Then, as pastor of a church with twelve hundred believers, you may suppose how great has been my care; and, besides these things, I have had the charge of five immense orphanages—a vast work; and also at my publishing depot the printing and circulating of millions of tracts, and books, and copies of Scripture. But I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God. Then I throw myself with all my heart into his work for all the remainder of the day, with only a few minutes interval for prayer.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Aug. 3.—Psalms. 51: 1-19.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Definiteness in confession and prayer. A company was assembled to see some incense burned; the incense which ascended from the altar morning and evening, like the prayers of God's people, "a sweet-smelling savor unto the Lord." A gentleman placed the incense in a mortar and proceeded to grind it. When it was fine he placed some upon the coals which were ready, and all anxiously awaited the perfume which was to be the result. They sat hushed for some minutes, when a murmur of disappointment arose. It was a failure. The gentleman took up the mortar and ground the remainder of the incense to powder; it was exceedingly fine. Then it was placed upon the coals, when immediately the room was filled with the delightful odor. Thus with our prayers; when we get them fine, when we have ground out all the generalities, and simply go to the Lord with every little thing of joy, or sorrow, as we would tell a friend, never forgetting to thank Him for even the little blessings of life, then our prayers ascend unto heaven, as a sweet-smelling savor to a loving and gracious God.—*Miss Sarah Smiley.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

This lesson can be brought to bear upon the hearts and consciences of every scholar. All have sinned, and therefore all need repentance, confession, and their fruits. (1) We have a general prayer for mercy (vers. 1, 2), and the desire to be saved from sin. All repentance grows out of this. (2) We have repentance (vers. 3-5), the sinner blaming no one but himself. And he confesses his sin, as widely as the sin was known. (3) He prays for forgiveness (vers. 7-9). Show the need of forgiveness, and what it does for the sinner. (4) He prays for a new heart (vers. 10-12). (5) He brings forth the fruits meet for repentance. It is well to show David's many good and great qualities, in contrast with his sin, lest we misjudge him. And show the difference between the good and the bad, as to their sins, by contrasting David and Peter with Saul and Judas.

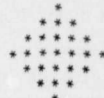
HINTS FOR FURNISHING FARM-HOUSES.

Many farmers' wives and daughters have an instinctive sense of duty in regard to the adornment of their homes, yet feel that their income is too limited to do anything. But if they look around for what nature will freely supply they will be surprised at the transformation which can be easily wrought in rooms that before seemed dull and plain. Ferns gathered in Summer, and leaves in Autumn, pressed, and pinned on the wall in irregular sprays, beginning at the cornice, look very graceful. Let white tartan, costing 18 or 20 cents a yard, be cut in strips about half a yard wide and tacked over parlor and sitting-room windows for lamp-requins. On these pin some brilliant Autumn leaves, scattered here and there carelessly, with perhaps a border of ferns, and you will be astonished at the fairy-like appearance presented. I remember gathering great quantities of ferns while staying one summer at a New England rural home, and the satirical remark of the farmer, that "he wished he could turn all the Philadelphia ladies loose into his field and have them pull up all the 'brakes.'" But even this practical man was impressed by the arrangement above described.—*American Agriculturist.*

MOTHERS, keep alcoholic liquors out of your kitchens. Baking may expel the alcohol from the brandy you put in your pie-meat, but alcoholic liquors in cooking are bad for the cook who has to taste her preparations; bad for the children, who want to look into the mysteries of cooking; bad for your stomachs, and bad for your morals. A case of wine in your cellar closes your mouth against the vice of drinking, makes you sour and surly when the subject of temperance is broached, and leads you to denounce the advocates of abstinence as fanatics in the presence of your children, and thus prejudice them in favor of dangerous customs to their hurt and your sorrow.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.



1. In great. 2. Part of an intransitive verb, read backwards. 3. A light. 4. A kind of dog. 5. An heir. 6. A fowl. 7. In arc.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

Let n and m be preceded by g ; let twice twenty-five follow; then add five hundred, and you will find a blessing to some, a curse to others, and that for which many have died.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

Take a certain word from each proverb. When the selections have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another in the order here given, the initial will spell the name of a place famous in American history.

1. "As busy as a bee."
2. "As ugly as a hedge fence."
3. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."
4. "As knowing as an owl."
5. "As full as an egg is of meat."
6. "As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment."
7. "As busy as a hen with one chicken."
8. "As brisk as a bee in a tar-pot."
9. "As lively as a cricket."
10. "As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good."

ENIGMATIC TREES (Partly Phonetic.)

1. A poisonous serpent.
2. A fish.
3. The voice of a quadruped.
4. Another fish.
5. An animal and a shrub.
6. An indispensable article in the household.
7. A reminder of Mount Lebanon.
8. A large animal.
9. A garden vegetable.
10. An Indian tribe and a fruit.
11. An insect.
12. A part of many animals.
13. An emblem of power and strength.
14. A shell fish.
15. A favorite English tree.
16. An emblem of sorrow.
17. A delicious drink.
18. A reminder of a traitor.
19. A portion of a constellation.
20. The tree we would choose for a rainy day.
21. Senior.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMATIC TREES. 1. Spruce. 2. Balm of Gilead. 3. Box. 4. Fringe. 5. Hemlock. 6. Georgia bark. 7. Blue Jack. 8. Sea Grape. 9. Iron wood. 10. June berry. 11. Lime. 12. Olive. 13. Sassa wood. 14. Tallow tree. 15. Pine. 16. Plane. 17. Yew. 18. Willow. 19. Osage Orange. 20. Sorrel tree. 21. Mangrove.

CHARADE.—Bandage. (Band-age). ENIGMA.—"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

FORGOTTEN.

The following extract from a letter sent to the *Indian Witness*, of Calcutta, needs no added comment. It speaks eloquently to every parent's heart, and urges a query of solemn weight, as well as practical importance:

"Mother, you have forgotten my soul." So said a little girl, three years old, as her kind and careful mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother," she said, "you have forgotten my soul." "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

We have not said that!" The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. And, oh, from how many rosy lips might they come with mournful significance! You, fond mother, so busy hour after hour, preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of its God and Saviour? Are you leading it to commit itself, in faith and love, to his keeping?"—*The Christian.*