



Bible Wines.

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

CHAPTER X.—THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL, THE POISON IN WINE, UPON THE SOUL.

1. Q.—We have seen that alcohol ruins the body, does it injure the soul?
A.—It does, it leads directly to the ruin of everything good in man.

2. Q.—Does it ruin his soul?
A.—Yes, it excites all the evil feelings of the hart, and his mind is in no condition to think of things that are pure and holy.

3. Q.—Can you give any other reason?
A.—It is impossible to have a pure soul in a diseased, filthy body.

4. Q.—Are we told to keep our bodies pure?
A.—We are.

5. Q.—Give a quotation from the Bible on this point.

A.—'Know ye not that ye (your bodies) are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.

'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' (I. Cor. iii, 16 and 17.)

6. Q.—Does the use of alcoholic liquors injure the souls of the families of those who drink them?
A.—Yes, there are many reasons why they should.

7. Q.—Give some of the reasons.
A.—The families of such drinkers cannot attend church to hear about the Bible and learn how to be good. Also when people are hungry and cold, and cruelly treated, they cannot be expected to be very good.

8. Q.—What is the result?
A.—That they cease to care for anything good, and learn to be profane and low and vulgar, and their souls as well as their bodies are ruined.

9. Q.—How do we know that intoxicating liquors ruin the soul?
A.—From observation, from history, and from the warnings and instructions of the Bible.

10. Q.—What is meant by observation?
A.—We mean that we are continually seeing respectable and good men and women changed by the use of intoxicating drinks into mean, miserable and bad men and women.

11. Q.—What does history teach?
A.—It teaches us that the same consequences which we see among ourselves, have followed the abuse of intoxicating liquors in all countries and in all ages.

12. Q.—Name a character in history who used wine to excess.
A.—Alexander the Great who died 323 years before Christ, after conquering all the known world. He died from the excessive use of wine when he was only thirty-two years old.

13. Q.—What does the Bible tell us about the drunkard?
A.—'Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God.' (I. Cor. vi, 10.)

Cigarettes.

(May R. Thornley, in 'Christian Guardian.')

'There is a story of an abbot who coveted a piece of ground,' says J. R. Miller. 'The owner consented to lease it for one crop only. The abbot sowed acorns, which took three hundred years to ripen. Satan begs for one crop only, and then sows seeds whose harvest will fill all the life to the end.' If Sir Walter Raleigh had borrowed a seer's vision, and followed the destroying track of the tobacco habit, for whose introduction into England, in Elizabeth's reign, he was responsible, he might have wished his valet's fears realized. It is said that the servant, upon first perceiving smoke issuing from his

master's nostrils and mouth, supposed him the victim of internal combustion, and loudly lamenting his perilous condition, dashed a pitcher of water over him. More than four hundred years have passed. The bitterest fruit on this tree of Sodom is only now ripening.

A few weeks ago, a London White Ribboner was accosted by a little six-year-old, the child of a neighbor. He had found a lot of bright bits of paper, had cut them into strips, and fastened them together for a chain of rings. Holding this up for her inspection, he proudly claimed to be the owner and manufacturer. She said, 'He had a lisp and just a real baby face, that made me stop and please him by admiring his childish efforts.' Think of her feeling upon learning later that this little mite of humanity was an inveterate cigarette smoker. A brother of twelve had set the example. The distracted mother wondered if her boys could have inherited the taste from their father, whose addiction to his pipe was proverbial.

The cigarette victim is the despair of his parents and teachers; the sport of his own uncontrolled passions; a piece of useless driftwood on life's currents of real purpose or endeavor. Where, a few years ago, you could count them by the dozens, to-day you must reckon by hundreds, and the end is not yet.

The danger is becoming apparent, and in this lies our hope. No measure of relief from this pest of child-life can be too radical. Extermination, through prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale, is the one satisfactory solution.

Physicians on Alcohol.

Mr. A.—I must have a drop, because my blood is poor.

Answer by Dr. Kerr—Alcohol injures the blood.

Mr. B.—I can't do without a little, because I suffer from indigestion.

Answer by Dr. Bowman—Alcohol retards digestion.

Mr. C.—I have had brain fever, and I need alcohol.

Answer by Sir Henry Thompson—Of all the people who cannot stand alcohol it is the brain workers.

Mr. D.—I am rather nervous, and therefore take a little.

Answer by Dr. Brunton—The effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is to paralyze it.

Mr. E.—I suffer with my liver, so I take a little occasionally.

Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol hardens the liver.

Mr. F.—I am a victim of kidney disease, that is my reason for taking alcohol.

Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol destroys the kidneys.

Mr. G.—I am weak, and I need something to strengthen my muscles.

Answer by Sir B. Richardson—The action of alcohol is to lessen the muscular power.

Mr. H.—I have to work in a cold place, and must have some alcohol to warm me.

Answer by Dr. John Rae—The greater the cold the more injurious is the use of alcohol.

Mr. I.—I don't get enough food, so I rely upon a little alcohol to supply extra food to nourish me.

Answer by Dr. J. C. Reid—There is no support to the body in the use of alcohol.

Mr. J.—I have to undergo an operation and I must take a little.

Answer by Dr. Bantock—I believe that all cases of operations are better without alcohol.

Mrs. K.—I have a little babe to nurse, and therefore I have to take stout.

Answer by Dr. Heywood Smith—It is a popular mistake to think that the drinking of stout makes you better nurses.

Mr. L.—I feel low sometimes, so it is needful for me.

Answer by Dr. Wilkes—Alcohol is a depresser, and people are under a delusion who think otherwise.

Mr. M.—I am rather 'run down,' and I have to take a little alcohol to build me up.

Answer by the 'Lancet'—As an agent for producing degeneration alcohol is unrivalled.

Mr. N.—I have a weak heart, that is my reason.

Dr. Sims Woodhead—I never use brandy for the heart; hot milk is better.

Mr. O.—I have a complication of complaints; I am forced to take it.

Answer by Dr. Dickson, Canada—Alcohol is a most destructive agent to every organ and tissue of the body, either in a state of health or disease.

Well, we won't go on to the end of the alphabet, but we might go on to the end of twelve alphabets to show how useless alcohol is, and what an absurd thing it is to believe it to be a good medicine. Surely everybody who wants to know the truth will be satisfied with this. Now the next thing to do is to live it out.—Irish Temperance League Journal.'

What Have You Done To-day?

I saw a farmer when the day was done;
The setting sun had sought its crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one;

I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said:
'What have you done to-day?
O farmer, say.'

'Oh, I have sown the wheat in yonder field,
And pruned my orchard, to increase the yield,
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn—
This have I done since morn.'

I saw a blacksmith in his smithy door
When day had vanished and the west grew red,
And all the merry noise and strife were o'er;
I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said:
'What have you done to-day?
O blacksmith, say.'

'Oh, I have made two ploughshares all complete,
And nailed the shoes on many horses' feet;
And—oh, my friend, I cannot tell you half,
The man of muscle answered with a laugh.

I saw a miller when the day was done,
And all the sunshine from the hills had fled,
And tender shadows crept across the lawn;
I saw a dusky miller, and I said:
'What have you done today?
O miller, grey.'

'Oh, I have watched my mill from morn till night;
Did you e'er see flour so snowy white?
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed,
The merry miller laughed as this he said.

I saw another when the night drew nigh,
And turned each daily toiler from his task,
When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the sky,
'What have you done to-day?
Dram-seller, say.'

But the drink-seller turned, with drooping head,
And not a single word in answer said,
What had he done? His work, he knew full well,
Was plunging souls in deepest hell!

Alas! drink-seller, on that awful day
When death shall call you, and your race is run,
How can you answer? What can you say
When God shall question you, 'What have you done?'
How can you meet the eye
Of the Most High?

When night approaches, and the day grows late,
Think you to find your way to heaven's gate?
Think you to dwell with the souls of righteous men?
Think you to enter in? If not, what then?
—'Wait.'

The lamented Dr. Bushnell said a short time before his death: 'Alcohol is the burning curse of Africa, and the traders, with scarcely an exception, are remorseless as the grave. Some people wonder why the coast tribes of Africa waste and disappear. It is no wonder to one who lives there with his eyes open,' and he added: 'If I were an Apollo or Chrysostomus, I should like to go through all the churches of the land, persuading and entreating every member for Christ's sake to abandon the intoxicating cup and prohibit its manufacture and sale. I would call aloud to all friends of missions: 'If you love the missions, if you love the Church of God, help, help to dethrone the demon of intemperance—our reproach before the heathen, the blight of our churches!'
—Dr. Dunn.