



The Song of the Wine Cup.

(Andrew H. Smith, M.D.)

Oh, yes, I am fair, and my sparkling wave
Is quaffed by the young and the gifted and
brave,
And I gladden the hearts of the gloomy and
grave:

With my gushing and joyous tide,
Men seek me in youth in the heyday of life,
And seek me in manhood to arm for its strife,
For each bubble with daring and strength is
rife,

But list what I give beside!

My rosy brim to your lips you'll bear
And quaff with a glee that will mock at care.
And you'll dream for a while there is naught
so fair

As the blushing and merry bowl:
But the dancing tide that your veins shall fill
Shall leap with a hotter and wilder thrill,
And deeper, and deeper, and deeper still,
Shall burn in your very soul.

And your brain I will madden, and spectres
fill

Your fancy shall borrow from depths of Hell,
And you'll tremble and groan at their fiendish
yell

As it rings in your throbbing ears;
And red-hot serpents their folds shall wreath
Through your tortured brain that shall hiss
and seethe,

And dread shall convulse till you, scarce can
breathe

For the weight of your choking fears—

And soon I will laugh at my triumph won,
When your howling soul from its foul clay
wrung

By my ruthless grasp to the depths is flung
Of a yawning and waiting Hell,
And when it shall part with a demon shriek
That'll curdle each heart's blood and blanch
each cheek,

When a voice to me from the Pit shall speak,
'Aha, thou hast served me well.'

—Andrew H. Smith, M.D., in the 'National
Advocate.'

'My Father was a Drunkard.'

William Blaikie, writing in 'The Pilgrim
Teacher,' tells how a great-great-grandson of
Franklin, when only a lad, had the insight to
see that liquor was nothing but an enemy,
and of no sort of help to a man.

Brilliant, gifted beyond his fellows, familiar
with many other forms of dissipation, and
making no secret of it, even enslaved by them,
he once told Mr. Blaikie that he never drank
a drop of liquor. He asked why.

The answer was short, but a volume. 'My
father was a drunkard.'

That was all. And it was enough. No scrup-
les, moral or other, held him back. But he
had the terrible object-lesson, which could not
fail to make a profound impression upon the
mind of a bright boy, that the liquor-habit in
a house means, almost certainly, the destruc-
tion of that house. That 'the drunkard and
the glutton shall come to poverty' is as true
to-day as when it was spoken three thousand
years ago.

National Cost of Drinking: a Striking Indictment.

The 'Local Government Journal,' of January
14, contains the following serious indictment
which was boldly copied into a liquor trade
journal last week:—'Slowly the nation is be-
ginning to realise that the Trade which pro-
vides the country with £34,000,000 a year by
way of revenue is costing the local ratepayer
almost as many millions in rectifying the dis-
astrous results of that Trade or maintaining
its social wreckage. It is not merely in work-
houses and asylums that the results of the
drink curse are seen. They can be found in

every prison in enormous proportions; they
are self-evident in imbecile asylums; they are
overwhelmingly apparent in the ranks of the
unemployable. They are largely responsible
for the mass of suffering humanity found in
our hospitals; they, in company with the re-
sults of vice—a first cousin to drink—are re-
sponsible for much filthy disease and death of
young children; they mean murder of thous-
ands of young children every year by overlay-
ing; they bring in their train filthy habits,
dirty homes, suicide, and murder, and they en-
tail the employment of an army of judges,
magistrates, police, and officers, the cost of
which is well-nigh incalculable. We desire to
point out that so long as drink is responsible
for half the crimes, three-fourths of the pau-
perism, and at least a quarter of the lunacy
of this country, 'it is the business of the rate-
payer, and of the guardians of the ratepayers'
purse, to do all that is humanly possible to
strike at the root of the evil, the burden of
which is increasing every year and promising
to crush the sober ratepayer in his enforced
task of supporting his drunken brother.' If
this evil does not demand redress, we do not
know one that does! And until it is redressed
all the proposals dealing with various phases
of pauperism are like so much beating of the
air.—'Alliance News.'

Alcohol and the Nerves.

(The Rev. Geo. W. James, in 'Union Signal.')

'Telegraph wires all over me!' exclaimed
John in response to something I had said. 'I'll
never believe it.'

'Indeed! But hadn't you better wait awhile
before you say that. Shut your eyes.'

'Now, how did you shut them? You don't
know, do you? Let me tell you. When I
spoke, the air was sent in motion, and began
to make waves, one striking against another,
as the waves of the sea do. These waves en-
ter your ear, where a little tiny drum is
stretched to receive them, and this drum was
made to vibrate. The waves from the drum
are in turn taken through a perfect maze of
telegraph wires into the brain, and the brain
being the head telegraph office, at once knows
my wish, which is, "Shut John's eyes!" The
chief clerk in the office then sends a message
to both of your eyelids, saying, "Go down!"
and in an instant they obey.

'But let me see if there are any other tele-
graph wires in our body besides these.'

John shuts his eyes, and I touch first his
nose, then his little finger, then his leg, and
finally his hair; and each time he says he can
feel my touches.

'Of course you can feel them, for all over
your body these little telegraph wires are to
be found, and they send up in a flash the mis-
sage to the head office, the brain, saying,
"Something has touched me on the nose, finger,
leg, and hair."

These simple experiments fully convince
John that he is filled with telegraph wires.
Edith and William are also deeply interest-
ed, and watch the proceedings as closely as
John.

'Now, Edith, I wish to ask you a question.
Suppose I were to go out and cut a telegraph
wire in two, could a message be sent over it?'

'Of course not,' is her immediate reply.
'Suppose it were covered up with snow or
twisted round a tree, could a message then
go through it?'

She hesitates for a moment before she re-
plies. 'Perhaps it would, and perhaps it
wouldn't.'

'Well, it might go through, but most prob-
ably it wouldn't. Now, did you ever see a
man who couldn't use his arm or leg, and yet
to look at it there would be nothing at all to
be seen that would indicate disease?'

'Yes, I know a man, Mr. C—, whose left
arm is paralyzed so that he can scarcely use
it at all.'

'Paralyzed!' I exclaimed. 'What does that
mean?'

'Why,' replies thoughtful William, paralysis
is simply the stoppage of those telegraph wires
you are speaking of!'

'You're right, Will. But what is the name
we give to these wires?'

'Nerves!' he quietly explains, while John and
Edith look in wonderment at my allowing him
to suggest such a thing.

But so it is.

'Now, when a man suffers from paralysis, we

say that he is afflicted with a most painful
disease; and yet there are men who wilfully
paralyze themselves—men who do it pur-
posely.'

'Dear me!' cries Edith, 'how foolish they
must be.'

'I think so, too. But let me hasten and ex-
plain how they do it. You remember my tell-
ing you about that peculiar water-looking
liquid called alcohol?'

'Well, that alcohol is mixed with water,
sugar, and a few other things in drinks that
are called beer, wine, or spirits.'

'Now, when men take these drinks into the
stomach, the alcohol that is in them paralyzes
the nerves somewhat in the same manner as
that man was paralyzed to whom Edith just
now referred. You have only to see a man who
has taken a quantity of such liquor to be con-
vinced of what I have said. Go to him and
ask him if he can walk straight, and then to
test him, draw a straight chalk mark twenty
yards long, and ask him to walk upon it. He
may try, but he will assuredly fail. Now,
place silver dollars at every ten paces, and
tell him he may have them if he will walk
upon the mark, and even then, although he
is anxious to walk straight, he will stagger
and leave the line.'

'Now, what is the reason of this? There
is but one answer, and that is given by the
leading scientists of the world. "Alcohol has
paralyzed his nerves."

'Try again and see if any other nerves are
attacked besides those of the legs. Ask him
to write his name, and even then, though he
can ordinarily write like a Scribner or a Gas-
kell, his writing will now look as if he had
dipped a fly in the ink and sent it walking
across the paper. His nerves in the fingers and
arm are paralyzed by the alcohol.'

'Try once more. Ask him to say, "This is
a truly rural retreat," and in nine cases out
of ten he will bring out, "This is a tooral
cooral retreat."

'The nerves of the tongue are paralyzed.
'And so might I give you many other simi-
lar illustrations of the way in which alcohol
paralyzes the telegraph wires or nerves of
the body. I trust not one of my readers ever
wishes to thus injure his body. My advice,
therefore, is, "Don't drink any liquid that con-
tains alcohol."

What a State Senator Said.

A millionaire brewer, a State Senator,
said to Mrs. Hunt, of the Woman's Christian
Temperance Union: 'I shall vote for your bill
providing for instruction in public schools of
the physiological effects of alcohol. I have
sold out my brewery and I am clean from the
whole business. Let me tell you what oc-
curred at my table. A guest was taken dan-
gerously ill at dinner and there was a call for
brandy to restore him. My little boy at once
exclaimed, "No, that is just what he doesn't
need! It will paralyze the nerves and muscles
of the blood vessels so they will not send
back the blood to the heart!" When the liquor
was poured out to give the man the lad in-
sisted on pushing it back. "You will kill him;
he has too much blood in his head already."
"How do you know all that?" I asked. "Why,
it is in my physiology at school." It seems the
text-books, prepared by such men as Prof.
Newell Martin, F.R.S., of Johns Hopkins Uni-
versity, have succeeded in giving the lad some
definite information which has proved useful.'
'Senator,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'are you sorry your
boy learned that at school?' 'Madam,' the man
replied, raising his hand, 'I would not take
\$5,000 for the assurance it gives me that my
boy will never be a drunkard.'—'National Ad-
vocate.'

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