

leads to dropsy, enlargement of the spleen, constipation, dirty skin, yellow eyes, loathing for solid food and a still stronger desire for stimulants. He may live one or two years, but once these conditions ensue, his days are assuredly numbered.

But it affects the brain as badly as it does the stomach and liver. For the brain, alcohol has a special affinity. It first causes congestion, then shrinkage, thickening of the membranes and a deposit of small crystals in the walls of the cells. It disturbs the circulation, brings on irritation and consequent derangement, sleeplessness, restlessness, nervousness. The patient is affected with delusions. He sees rats, mice, serpents, demons and looks behind curtains, chairs, tables, beds for his imaginary foes. He becomes a raving maniac and an inmate of the lunatic asylum.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

One of the features of the Wesleyan Conference is the Ordination Service. On Thursday, 8th August, at Hull, 63 young men were set apart to the work of the ministry. The Ordination address was delivered by the ex-President, who advised his hearers to take hold of all agencies that would help them to accomplish their work. "Despise nothing," he said, "undervalue nothing, and seek to profit by the experience of those who have gone before you. Your one object is to glorify God and bless your fellow-men. Whatever will do this you should welcome and assist. Help all local organizations for the benefit of the people. Some of our ministers have allowed their modesty to keep them from taking their right place in these benevolent movements, and Methodism has suffered as the result. Identify yourself with the Bible Society, the Tract Society, the societies for benefiting soldiers and sailors. Especially for your own sakes and for the sake of your people use all your influence for the destruction of the national sin of intemperance. You will meet with its terrible effects wherever you go. It has dragged the preacher from the pulpit and the member from the pew. Its history, like the roll of the prophet, is written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe. If you gain the confidence of your people you will find that every circuit has its histories that will make you tremble and weep. As Methodist preachers you are bound not to ignore this crying sin. Mr. Wesley in this, as in most other things, set us an excellent example. He was the foremost temperance reformer of his day. Though not an abstainer, living as he did a hundred years before the introduction of total abstinence, he lived up to the light he had, and was far in advance of his contemporaries. He denounced the evil of drunkenness wherever he went, and did all in his power to rescue its victims from its destructive thralldom. He warned the members and ministers of his societies against the danger of using spirituous liquors, and he besought them for their own sakes and the sakes of others never to use them except for medical purposes. Thus by his teaching and example he did all in his power to destroy this terrible evil. I pray you to go and do likewise. For my own part I have found it to be an immense advantage to be an abstainer. It has benefited my health, it has increased my happiness, and it has greatly widened my sphere of usefulness. It has shielded me from temptation, and it has enabled me to rescue many of those who were wounded and fallen. It has blessed me and made me a blessing, and believing that you want to live to the best possible purpose, I heartily and confidently recommend it to you."—*Temperance Record.*

THE CIGARETTE VICE.

The representative of a large Southern tobacco house, who has made the matter a study, says that the extent to which drugs are used in "doctoring" cigarettes is appalling.

"The drugs impart a sweet and pleasant flavor and have a soothing effect, that in a little time obtains a fascinating control over the smoker. The more cigarettes he smokes, the more he desires to smoke, as in the case with one who uses opium. The desire grows to a passion. The smoker becomes a slave to the enervating habit. To the insidious effects of the drugs is attributed the success of the cigarette.

"By the use of drugs it is possible to make a very inferior quality of tobacco pleasant. Manufacturers, therefore, put these vile things on the market at a price that makes it easy for the poorest to indulge in their killing delights, and boys and youths go in swarms for them.

"What is called 'Havana Flavoring' has grown to be an important article of commerce. Thousands of barrels of it are sold everywhere. It is extensively used in manufacturing certain kinds of cigarettes. It is made from tonca-bean, which contains a drug called mellolotis, a deadly poison, seven grains of which will kill a dog. Imagine the effect which must result from puffing that vile stuff into the lungs hour after hour.

"The paper coverings manufactured from filthy scrapings of rag pickers are also a fruitful source of evil to the cigarette smoker. Vile as it is, it is bought up in great masses by agents of the manufacturer who turns it into a dingy pulp, and subject it to a bleaching process to make it presentable. The lime and other substances used in bleaching have a very harmful influence on the membrane of the mouth, throat and nose, and is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped with it at a cost of two cents.

"Arsenical preparations, it is said, are used in bleaching most cigarette papers, and oil of creosote is produced naturally as a consequence of combustion. The latter has a most injurious effect upon the membrane of the mouth, throat and lungs, and is said to accelerate the development of consumption in any one predisposed to the disease.

"A mouthpiece which had been in use was unrolled by a smoker. Its edge, to the depth of about half an inch, was covered with the dark, poisonous acid, the odor of which was intolerable. The pernicious stuff taken into the smoker's system assists to bring about the sunken cheeks, the dull and listless appearance which mark the slave of the cigarette."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Tales and Sketches.

MORTIMER HUDSON;

OR, THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I never shall forget the commencement of the Temperance Reform: I was a child at the time, of some ten years age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drink. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I eagerly questioned my father about it. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite Church and State!

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the neighbouring tavern. I urged my father to let me go, but he first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In a corner of the building was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took his seat with the air of one doubtful of the propriety of being there at all.

Two men finally came in, and took their seats in front of the audience. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around upon the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode up to his seat. His hair was white, his brow deeply-seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

The pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer and address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.