

for alcoholic drinks, and increase to a marked degree the statistics of drinking.' From which it appears that we should make music do service in a nobler cause. The passion for it is great. It proverbially has 'charms to soothe the savage breast.' And it is a pity that many good people have a sort of horror of it, and so hand it over, with all its loveliness and power, to the evil ones of the earth to do things that are not convenient. When shall we arrive at the sound sense of John Wesley, who, when some sanctimonious people were objecting to his selection of tunes, said—'We musn't let the Devil get all the good music.'"

4. *A State of Ill-Health.*—"In adults, gastric irritation, nervous exhaustion, lowness of spirits, associated with sensations of intolerable *malaise*, are often the first incentives to alcoholic drinking. A great proportion of persons who indulge in excess in stimulants allege that they suffer from an indescribably painful feeling of languor and corporeal illness which alcohol alone is found to alleviate or remove. This feeling is said to be intolerable to those who, like the English opium-eater, hanker too much after a state of happiness, or who cannot face misery with sufficient firmness. Amongst the causes of these sensations may be mentioned those nervous affections which more particularly have their seat in that part of the nervous system which is the seat of the feeling of well-being, and which, ministering to the functions of viscera in important relation to life, involve, therefore, the instincts of life and well-being. Certain diseases of the heart, impeding its functional activity or rendering its actions painful, induce this depressed condition. Morbid states of the stomach and bowels, either inflammatory or irritative, in which digestion is accompanied by pain and a distressing sensation of weakness, are amongst the most frequent causes of habitual drunkenness and opium-eating." Poor Hartley Coleridge, who was himself a victim to this vice, describes this well in the following lines:—

Sometimes, as if with mocking guile,
The pain departs a little while,
Then I can dance, and sing, and smile
With merry glee.

But soon—too soon—it comes again,
The sulky, stifling, leaden pain,
As a black cloud is big with rain,
Is big with woe.

All I ask is but to know
The depth and nature of the woe;
I hope not for a wind to blow
The cloud away.

I hear an inarticulate sound
Whercin no fixed sense is found,
But sorrow, sorrow without bound
Of when or where.

This morbid state of depression is most commonly found amongst literary men, and those who are principally employed in mental labour; consequently, we see the awful hazard they run when they have recourse to wine, or porter, or brandy, to alleviate their pain. It appears to do them present good, but at an ultimate cost that is fearful to contemplate. And these things being so, we will not be at all surprised to find Dr. Winslow tracing drunkenness and insanity very often to