



A Temperance Song.

Eliza Cook, Litterateur.

Born, 1818. Died, 1889.

Miss Eliza Cook was the daughter of a respectable London tradesman, and a deservedly distinguished poetess and literary writer. She was the composer of a number of excellent poems and songs, some of them bearing on the domestic affections and temperance. Her heart-stirring song, 'The Old Arm Chair,' has long been a special favorite in all parts of the world.

About the year 1836 her poetry began to appear in some of the London periodicals, and in 1849 she assumed the editorship of a new literary publication, which she issued weekly under the title of 'Eliza Cook's Journal.' Her introductory preface contained an interesting account of some of her own literary experiences, and in referring to her poetical pieces she thus writes:—"The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart-strings awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning—when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright women, and young children scanning my ballad strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. My young bosom throbbed with rapture, for my feelings had met with responsive echoes from honest and genuine humanity, and the glory of heaven seemed partially revealed, when I discovered that I held power over the affections of earth."

On account of failing health, Miss Cook discontinued the issue of her journal in the year 1854, to the great regret of its readers. The following excellent song, 'Be Ye Sober,' is a valuable contribution to the cause of temperance by its gifted authoress, and it ought to be widely known and made use of for the promotion of our enterprise. There may often be as much good done by the singing of a temperance song on behalf of temperance teaching, as by the delivery of an address or the preaching of a sermon.

'Be Ye Sober.'

Air—First part only of 'Tell me, Mary,
How to Woo Thee.'

'Be ye sober!' if ye covet

Healthy days and peaceful nights,
Strong drink warpeth those who love it,
Into sad and fearful sights.

'Be ye sober!' cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
Runs too fast, or crumbleth laggard,
When there's poison in the flood.

Shun the 'dram' that can but darken,
When its vapor gleam has fled,
Reason says, and ye must harken,
'Lessened drink brings double bread.'

Though your rulers may neglect ye,
'Be ye sober!' in your strength!
And they must, and shall respect ye,
And the light shall dawn at length.

But let none cry out for freedom,
With a loud and feverish breath;
While they let a foul cup lead them
To the slavery of death.

—'League Journal'

Beer Drinkers Most Dangerous Surgical Subjects

(New Voice.)

Dr. S. S. Thorn, a physician of an experience embracing a period of service in the army, as well as some twenty years' practice in Toledo, said:

'Adulterants are not the important thing in my estimation; it is the beer itself. It stupefies and retards his intelligence, because it is a narcotic, and cumulative in its effects. Every man who drinks beer in any quantity soon begins to load himself with soft, unhealthy fat. This is bad, because it is the result of interference with the natural elimination of deleterious substances. No man, no matter what his constitution, can go on long with his system full of the morbid and dead matter which the kidneys and liver are intended to work off. If you could drop into a little circle of doctors, when they are having a quiet, professional chat over matters and people in the range of their experience, you would hear enough in a few minutes to terrify you as to the work of beer.'

'One will say, "What's become of So-and-So? Haven't seen him around lately." "Oh, he's dead." "Dead! What was the matter?" "Beer." Another will say, "I've just come from Blank's. I'm afraid it's about my last call on him, poor fellow." "What's the trouble?" "Oh, he's been a regular beer drinker for years." A third will remark how — has just gone out like a candle in a draft of wind. "Beer" is the reason given. And so on, until the half dozen physicians have mentioned perhaps fifty recent cases where apparently strong, hearty men, at a time of life when they should be in their prime, have suddenly dropped into the grave.'

'To say they are habitual beer drinkers is a sufficient explanation to any physician.'

'The life-insurance companies make a business of estimating men's lives, and can only make money by making correct estimates of whatever influences life.'

'Here is the table that they use in calculating how long a normal, healthy man will probably live after a given age:

Age	Expectation.
20 years	41.5 years
30 years	34.4 years
40 years	28.3 years
50 years	20.2 years
60 years	13.8 years
65 years	11 years

'Now, they expect that a man otherwise healthy, who is addicted to beer drinking, will have his life shortened from 40 to 60 percent. For instance, if he is 20 years old and does not drink beer he may reasonably expect to reach the age of 61. If he is a beer drinker, he will probably not live to be over 35, and so on. If he is 30 years old when he begins to drink beer, he will probably drop off somewhere between 40 and 45, instead of living to 64, as he should. There is no sentiment, prejudice, or assertion about these figures. They are simply cold-blooded business facts, derived from experience, and the companies invest their money upon them just the same as a man pays so many dollars for so many feet of ground or bushels of wheat.'

'Beer drinkers are absolutely the most dangerous class of subjects that a surgeon can operate upon.' Every surgeon dreads to have anything to do with them. They do not recover from the simplest hurts without a great deal of trouble and danger.'

'Insignificant scratches and cuts are liable to develop a long train of dangerous troubles. The choking up of the sewers and absorbents of the body brings about blood poisoning and malignant running sores, and sometimes delirium tremens results from a small hurt. It is very dangerous for a beer drinker to even cut his finger. No wound ever heals by "first in-

tention", as it does upon a healthy man, but takes a long course of suppuration, sometimes with very offensive discharges, and all sorts of complications are liable. All surgeons hesitate to perform operations on a beer drinker that they would undertake with the greatest confidence on anyone else. I have told you the frozen truth—cold, calm, scientific facts, such as the profession everywhere recognizes as absolute truths. I do not regard beer drinking as safe for anyone. It is a dangerous, aggressive evil that no one can tamper with with any safety to himself. There is only one safe course, and that is to let it alone entirely.'

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Time for American Industry to Take Notice—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Winston Churchill's Criticism of the Tariff Commission—The 'Standard,' London.
In Defence of the Tariff Commission—The 'Times,' London.
Pity for Mr. Chamberlain's Commission—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
Chamberlain's Press Support—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Ethics of Commerce—J. B., in the 'Christian World' London.
Ivan Tzontcheff, the Macedonian Garibaldi—By A. G. Hale, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Interview with General Tzontcheff—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
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Russia Against the World—The 'Tribune,' New York.
Stead's New Paper—From Those Behind the Scenes—The New York 'Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

When a Monument is Not a Monument—The 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.
A Droll Account of Jimmy—The 'Illustrated London News.'
Art in Furnishing—Color in Decoration—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

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The Life of Gladstone—By Canon H. S. Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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