

# Northern Messenger

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## King Whiskey

(The New York 'Journal'.)

Of suicides, at least ninety-nine out of a hundred result from excessive drinking.

When you see a lot of young men gambling away their money, sleep, future and honor you find that they are drinking.

If one of them is not drinking, he is a sharp-eyed, clear-headed swindler engaged in robbing the others.

That swindler among gamblers knows better than anybody else that his ablest ally, his most cunning assistant, is alcohol.

Many a man ruined by gambling has been made a gambler and captured for life by the drink offered to him at the door, just as he had made up his mind not to gamble or to stop gambling and go home.

driven by cares and failures, he gets through life in a more or less respectable fashion. More often he fills up the place of some confirmed drunkard who has gone to his grave by one of the whiskey routes.

The drinker who foolishly talks, at home and abroad, of his 'moderate' drinking and its harmless character is among the most harmful of men. During his brief period of life he makes whiskey respectable. He is the recruiting sergeant who adds to the army of drunkards.

Another dangerous and at the same time preposterous creature is the besotted fool who boasts of the amount that he can drink.

In every barroom, in every club, you meet a poor, befuddled, weakened creature bragging about his 'capacity.' This same

The child fifteen or sixteen years old in the last stages of consumption is sometimes kept alive by the use of alcohol—such a child can absorb without intoxication three times as much as the strongest man.

These facts may convince the man who boasts his capacity that his boast is simply a confession of weakness, of physical decay.

Do what you can to promote the development of a race free from alcoholic poison, its crimes, excesses, miseries and failures.

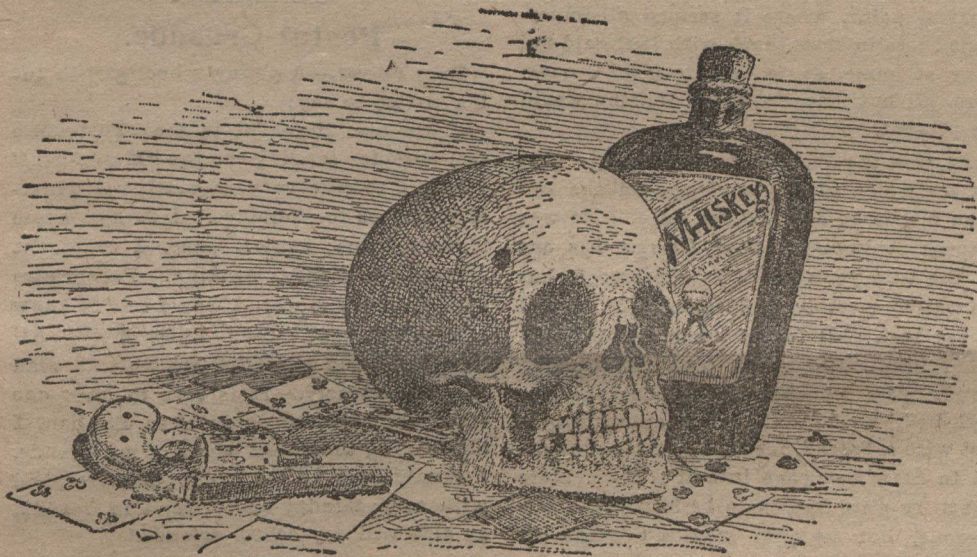
## Interesting Experiences of a Young Man.

(E. Payson Hammond, in 'Christian Work'.)

Some years ago, while holding meetings in Allegheny City, a minister there said in one of our meetings that when a boy of nine years of age in New York City, three other boys and he read in a paper a report of one of our meetings in Glasgow in 1861, in which were inserted several letters which had been written to me by boys from eight to twelve years of age. These letters impressed him with his friends so deeply that they were convicted of their sin and brought to Christ. Said he, 'Humanly speaking, I am in the ministry today through the influence of those boys' letters in a New York paper.'

An experience is a looking glass in which others see themselves and are led to repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. If you are not a Christian, dear reader, I pray that the following experience may be the means of leading you to fall on your knees and consecrate yourself to the Lord, so that you may say, 'He has pardoned me.'

'Although my parents were Christians, and had instructed me in the elements of Christian faith, I began at an early age to doubt the truth of the Sacred Scriptures. For several years my Bible lay almost unused; the writings of Volney, Voltaire and Paine had taken its place. I had never told my mother of the dangerous views that had taken root in my mind; but the keen perception of my young sister, who had learned to love Jesus, found out my secret, and she earnestly prayed to God that he might show me the error of my way and lead me to repentance. Her prayers had little effect upon me while I was in health; but she was stricken with disease; the hand of death was crushing the life from her fragile form, and her spirit was poisoning itself for flight from the earthly tenement. In that hour of anguish she did not forget me, her impenitent brother; she prayed so earnestly for me, and drew so near to Christ in her supplication, that my proud heart was stirred within me. Her last words, whispered in a tone never to be forgotten, were: 'Seek him—seek him.' For thirteen years those words rang in my ears, calling me from death to life eternal. But I did not heed them. I tried



## WHISKEY IS THE KING, LEADER AND INSTIGATOR.

A young man, made notorious through inherited money, recently squandered a large fortune at gambling in one night. His friends could only say for him, by way of excuse, that he drank too much.

Of 'moderate' whiskey drinkers at least half are struggling against the temptation to drink excessively. Of the moderate whiskey drinkers, of those priding themselves on their self-restraint, a great many do drink to excess occasionally, and every time they make this mistake their moderation diminishes and their self-control is weakened.

There is no sadder drinker than the mis-called 'moderate' whiskey drinker.

He takes a drink, then takes another, then uses up his best energies and his strength of will in the attempt to keep from taking a third. He was, technically, a 'moderate' drinker last year, and considers himself a 'moderate' drinker this year. But what he takes to-day he would have looked upon with horror a year or two ago.

The hard drinker goes to destruction; he travels quickly over his hideous journey.

The so-called 'moderate' drinker struggles and deceives himself more or less. Sometimes, if he is fortunate and not over-

man sneers at the respectable human being who cannot drink much.

It is a fact that the drunkard who boasts of the quantity of alcohol he can put into his system is actually admired by other men. He never is compared, as he should be compared, to a hog with tuberculosis.

When you next hear a man boasting of what he can drink, and filling the minds of young men with a hideous ambition to be brutes, give the hard drinker a few facts.

Tell him that the capacity to drink a great deal simply means a weakened, degenerate heart. It does NOT mean a strong head. Take a young man in normal health with a strong heart and a good supply of blood—his system is at par. If you add a little alcohol you overdrive his heart and flood the brain tissue with alcoholic blood, causing drunkenness. This drunkenness proves physical superiority, not inferiority.

An athlete in perfect condition is made drunk by an extremely small amount of alcohol. The wretched outcast drunkard on the street would take five times as much to stop the shaking of his hands and get himself in condition to beg. That does not mean that the athlete is inferior to the gutter drunkard.