

Selected Articles.

APPLY TO THE BEER-SELLER.

If you are anxious to lose your health and shatter your constitution and happen to be in doubt which is the shortest and easiest way—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you are anxious to ruin your character by the speediest method—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you want to learn the shortest way to the police-office, and the direct road to the prison—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you are desirous of becoming an inmate of the poor-house—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you want to know how to change a good husband and father into a bad one—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you require to learn how to quickly transform a loving wife and an affectionate mother into a worthless specimen of humanity—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you wish to be informed of the most successful method by which your sons can be ruined for time and eternity—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you are troubled about the question, how it is that your rate and taxes are so heavy?—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you wish to know how it is that so many of our best workmen, who receive the highest wages, have the most wretched homes—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you would like to know why so many husbands beat their wives—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you want to know how it is that we have many murders, suicides, and sudden deaths—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you are anxious to part with your money, and get nothing worth having in return—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you would like to know how it is that our churches are so often thinly attended—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you wish to learn the secret of so many professors of religion falling—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you have spent your last cent in drink, and wish to be repulsed when you want to borrow a dime to buy a loaf of bread—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If, when you get into trouble, you want to be told, "You should have taken care of yourself"—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you want to lose everything that is manly or womanly in your nature—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you wish to become an outcast in society, and part with all that is worth having—Apply to the Beer-seller.

If you wish at last to be buried in a drunkard's grave, and wake up in a drunkard's hell—Apply to the Beer-seller.—*Selected.*

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE.

It has been said that the end and the test of good government is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. If this be true it must be owned that no government extant is satisfactorily conducted. For observation shows that, as a rule, political energy is extended upon secondary concerns, while politicians employ all their dexterity in avoiding action upon the great problems which most deeply involve the destinies of the masses. There is to-day in the English-speaking countries no such tremendous, far-reaching vital question as that of drunkenness. In its implications and effects it overshadows all else. It is impossible to examine any subject connected with the progress, the civilization, the physical well-being, the religious condition of the masses, without encountering the monstrous evil.

It lies at the centre of all social and political mischief. It paralyzes energies in every direction. It neutralizes educational agencies. It silences the voice of religion. It baffles penal reform. It obstructs political reform. It rears aloft a mass of evilly inspired power which at every salient point threatens social and national advance; which gives to Ignorance and Vice a greater potency than Intelligence and Virtue can command; which deprives the poor of the advantages of modern progress; which debauches and degrades millions, brutalizing and saddening them below the plane of

healthy savagery, and filling the centres of population with creatures whose condition almost excuses the immorality which renders them dangerous to their generation.

All these evils, all this mischief, all this destruction of human souls and intellects, go on among us daily and hourly. There are none so ignorant and inattentive as not to have personal experience of some of them, some hearth darkened; some family scattered; some loving heart broken; some promising career ruined; some deed of shame done. Yet how hard it is to get this gigantic evil attacked seriously. Temperance organizations have indeed been fighting it for years, yet popular inertia has resisted their utmost efforts. But has all been done that might and should have been done by the organized agencies that represent the higher life? What are doctrinal points, for example, compared to this ever-present, ever-active, insidious influence? What are sectarian differences by the side of this national curse? Can the churches fold their hands and flatter themselves that their duties are all fulfilled, while the masses prefer the saloon to the pulpit, and while rum rules in politics and society? Are the higher educational agencies doing all in their power to advance civilization while they ignore this obstacle to progress? Can any political organization be said to represent the best aspirations and the strongest needs of the people, while this abiding source of misery and crime and poverty is allowed to spread and flourish?

There is needed something of that sacred fire which kindled into inextinguishable heat the zeal of the Abolitionists, which compelled the abandonment of human slavery, to rouse the national indignation and abhorrence against this very much greater evil. Nothing short of this, it is to be feared, will impel time-serving politicians to approach in a spirit of earnestness a subject which is distasteful to them mainly because they think they cannot afford to do without the help and support of the class who derive from the degradation of the foolish and ignorant the means whereby they continue to rule and plunder those whose sagacity is proof against their snares.—*New York Tribune.*

"THEY OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES."

BY LADY JANE HARRIETT ELLICE.

Thus I think of doctors, when, after all that has been written and spoken against alcoholic treatment in sickness, I hear of cases such as one that has lately been brought to my knowledge, of a young and ordinarily healthy lady, who when attacked severely with typhoid fever, had bottle after bottle of brandy poured down her throat by a medical gentleman of considerable repute. She subsequently spoke of one of her experiences during the illness as "having had horrors," just like those, she was sure, of delirium tremens, and she dreaded to see serpens. Was it not delirium tremens she actually suffered from? I presume the patient supposed these horrors were the natural outcome of her malady. May I not be excused if I believe them to have been the result of the remedy?

A year or two ago, there was a young girl of my acquaintance who, when suffering from typhoid fever, wandered, raved and screamed. The more she did so, by the orders of the clever doctor of the neighborhood, the more she was plied with brandy. I think I am justified in considering she was kept by those doses in a state of continuous and excited inebriety. She, however, recovered.

I could mention two other cases—one where, after days of alcoholic treatment, and it was supposed of hopeless unconsciousness, a fresh doctor was called in, who stopped the stimulants, when consciousness returned and health was finally restored; in the other instance, a young girl caused her family great distress by her ravings in fever when treated alcoholically, for they were so prolonged they feared her mind was permanently destroyed. But the medical system was changed, the wine or spirits stopped, and the young lady recovered the perfect use of her reason. "She had been kept in a state of intoxication," observed my informant.

I know well the answer to my remarks would be, "You see all these patients got well; evidently alcohol saved their lives!" It is the usual observation made when a person recovers from a sickness or accident after alcoholic treatment. But how can such an assertion admit of proof? At best it can only be conjecture. And how can I be shown