



Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VIII.—MODERN WINES COMPARED WITH BIBLE WINES.

1. Q.—How much alcohol have you learned that Bible fermented wines contained?

A.—That seldom more than four parts in 100 were alcohol.

2. Q.—How much alcohol do the wines of the present day contain?

A.—From 8 to 25 parts out of 100 are alcohol.

3. Q.—What is done to all imported wines?

A.—They are fortified.

4. Q.—What is meant by being fortified?

A.—In crossing the ocean the wines would turn sour. To prevent this they are mixed with brandy and thus contain a great quantity of alcohol.

5. Q.—Is this done also to wines made in America?

A.—It is. Many of the California wines are fortified.

6. Q.—What effect has this upon the wine?

A.—It gives a larger quantity of alcohol; as high sometimes as 25 parts out of 100, and renders the wine very intoxicating.

7. Q.—Did they ever fortify fermented wines in Bible times?

A.—They did not.

8. Q.—Why not?

A.—Because no distilled liquor of any kind was known.

9. Q.—Are the California wines as dangerous to use as the imported wines?

A.—They are, for they contain as large an amount of alcohol and are just as intoxicating.

10. Q.—What else besides the alcohol in wines of the present day makes them dangerous to use?

A.—The greater portion of wines both imported and home-made, are adulterated and many are made from chemicals and do not have a particle of grape juice in them.

11. Q.—Is there any difference in the general effects of wine, brandy, and other alcoholic liquors upon the individual who uses them?

A.—There is not, they all produce drunkenness, and ruin the body and soul.

12. Q.—How does St. Augustine sum up the bad effects of wine drinking?

A.—He declares wine-drinking to be 'the mother of all mischief, the root of crime, the spring of vices, the whirlwind of the brain, the overthrow of the sense, the tempest of the tongue, the ruin of the body, the wreck of chastity, a loss of time, a voluntary rage, a shameful weakness, the shame of life, the stain of honesty, and the plague and corruption of the soul.'

Rotted Off by Beer.

No one will accuse the New York 'Mail and Express' with being an organ of prohibition, yet the following little bit of fact which we cull from its columns we commend to the advocates of beer as a 'nutritious and refreshing beverage.' That journal says:

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the big number of bar-tenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery concert hall. Three of the fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at any conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beer-man's breath away when they did.

'Your fingers have been rotted off,' they said, 'by the beer which you have handled.'

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate there is an army of employees of

saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well-known downtown saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer-drawers have, in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both hands.

'Beer will rot iron, I believe,' he added. 'I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe-leather? I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it—not much.'—'National Advocate.'

A Word with Boys.

Boys seldom realize the value of the evening hours. If profitably employed, the spare hours at the command of every boy and girl would render them intelligent and equip them for a life of usefulness. If these spare hours are wasted, the opportunity for securing an equipment for life may never return. Increasing years mean increasing duties and exacting demands upon one's time. The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on street corners wastes, in the course of a year, three hundred and sixty-five hours, which, if applied to study, would acquaint him with the rudiments of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for cigars, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals in the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by a lounge on the corner, or a cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and hurtful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your 'dying' day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.—'Lutheran Observer.'

Her Own Root Beer.

My dear friend, the late Mary D. James, in her early married life, had a near neighbor and dear friend, a most devoted Christian. Being of the same mind in many respects, they spent much time together, taking their sewing to each other's houses of an afternoon. This friend made her own 'root beer,' and they would take a glass together, when at her house. After a while Mrs. James noticed that after these visits she would have a slight, dull pain in her head, but at no other time, and wisely attributed it to the beer; consequently, the next time she visited her friend she refused the beer.

Her neighbor was very much astonished, and tried to show her that it was 'perfectly innocent.' 'Why, I make it myself. There is nothing in it but water, roots, sugar and yeast.' Mrs. James, though not able then, as she was later in life, to give a scientific answer to her friend, gave one it would be well for every Christian to ponder: 'It does have a bad, though slight effect on me; and I do not think Christians should use anything which does not agree with their health.' So ever after that her visits were paid, and no beer drank.

But very soon not only she, but others, noticed a slow change taking place in her friend. She was not so prompt in her church and home duties, her activity declined, her disposition changed, her health failed. Mrs. James felt sure of the cause, and begged and pleaded with her to give up her beer, but all in vain: 'It can not be that; I make it myself; there is nothing in it to hurt me.'

More and more the habit grew upon her; more and more she made and drank her 'home-brewed beer,' till this bright, intelligent, active earnest Christian, fallen away from her church, her home desolate, her family and friends heartbroken, was laid in a

drunkard's grave, without, to all human knowledge, that 'blessed hope of the first resurrection from the dead,' to which she had so joyously looked in early life, and of which she had been defrauded by her own root beer.

When my friend related this to me, she said: 'I tell you this sad, sad story of my poor friend; some time may come when it will be of use to some one.' It seems to me that time has come. — 'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Could Not Give Up Cigarettes

'Mamma, I don't know what is the matter with Willie. He has acted queer all the morning, and has locked himself in his room. I can't get any word from him,' said the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ross, of Camden, yesterday.

'He's smoking those cigarettes again,' said the father, as he hurried upstairs.

He knocked on the door of his son's bedroom, then pounded on it, shouting for the boy to open. But the only answer was silence. At last, in fright he burst it open. Hanging from a rafter was the body of the fifteen-year-old lad. Two skate straps around his neck had formed the noose. He had been dead for more than an hour.

On the floor lay the skates from which the straps had been taken. An overturned chair showed the method employed by the youthful suicide. He had evidently gone coolly about it, for the silent witnesses in the room showed that he had been methodical in his arrangements. He left no note or other form of message.

There seemed to be but one explanation of his suicide. It was the excessive use of cigarettes. Ever since he was a little fellow he had been inordinately fond of them. He was smoking half the time. His father had no objection to tobacco, but when he saw the boy was growing eccentric and nervous he told him to use small cigars instead of the paper tubes, and try to break himself of the habit. But the boy clung to his cigarettes.

'He was in fine spirits this morning,' said his father. 'His mother and I went to the Dudley Methodist Church unsuspecting anything wrong. The only words I had with my son this morning were when I chided him for being too funny at the breakfast table. I think the cigarettes made him insane.'

Coroner Landis had the same opinion and gave a certificate.—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

The Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide;
The ruby wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side;
And the wind went humming, humming—up and down the sides it flew,
And through the reed-like hollow neck the wildest notes it blew.
I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free,
And fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me.
'They tell me—puny conquerors!—that Plague has slain his ten,
And War his hundred thousands of the very best of men;
But I'—'twas thus the bottle spoke—'But I have conquered more
Than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore.

Then come, you youths and maidens, come drink, from out my cup,
The beverage that dulls the brain, and burns the spirits up;
And puts to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below;
For this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe.
Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll,
Yet while I killed the body I have damned the very soul.
The cholera, the sword, such ruin never wrought
As I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath;
And year by year the thousands tread this dismal road to death!
—'The Indian Standard.'