

and small, white hands that moved restlessly one over the other, as if testing their strength to battle with the world. Her father, a wealthy merchant, had failed a year before, and, succumbing to his misfortunes, had died in a mad-house in six months after his failure. Her mother, delicate and slight like Martha, did not long survive him. The few hundred dollars that she had saved from the wreck of her husband's fortune she left to her child, with her blessing. Her watch, jewels, and a trunk containing a good wardrobe, together with her husband's mahogany case of private choice wines and liquors ("to be used in sickness and with discretion"), completed the effects bequeathed.

"How good of poor, dear mamma to be so thoughtful about the wine!" said Martha, as she opened the heavy lid of the mahogany case, and poured a draught of rosy liquid into the little silver cup that she had owned since she, a baby in long clothes, was christened. "They will have none here, and I have been used, at least, to a glass of wine at dinner."

Herbert Spencer was the only one among their large circle of fashionable acquaintances that had not turned his back on the Benedicts in the day of their great trouble. He had loved Martha since they went to school together, and now, though she was alone and penniless, his noble heart prompted him to at once make a declaration of his ardent and true love for her. Martha knew nothing of his determination, she not having seen him for months. So it was with surprise that she, one pleasant June morning, received an offer of marriage from him.

"He will change his mind," said she, "when he finds me in a common New York boarding-house. They are all alike, these rich people—sensitive to a fault about vulgar associations, until they are driven to them by compulsion, as I have been."

Martha was mistaken. Herbert came to see her, and cared nothing for her surroundings. He brought his heart in his hand.

"Darling," said he, "marry me now, if you love me. Delays are dangerous. Something might happen to prevent our union."

"No, Herbert," said Martha; "although I love you, I will not consent to our marriage until you have the full consent of your parents. Desist in your visits to me for a year. If you keep true, they may finally consent, and that would make us both happier, Herbert. Fear nothing; I will be true to you."

Herbert left her with a heavy heart. A terrible fear possessed him. Somebody or something, he felt, would separate them. His fears took no tangible shape or forms, and he did not for a moment doubt her love.

"Oh! would she had given me the right to cherish and protect her, to keep her from all harm," cried he distractedly, as he looked out of the window of the car that was whirling him far away from the only woman he had ever loved.

His native town once reached, Herbert dashed into business with a zeal that astonished his father, in whose employ he was. In the year of servitude that Martha had imposed upon him, the year of irksome waiting, he meant to accomplish a great deal; and above all, gain the good-will of his parents—a stern father, and a fashionable, frivolous mother. By the will of his grandfather, in his favor (he being his only grandson), Herbert was in reality independent of them.

Let us now go back to Martha, seated in her little bedroom, six months after her first introduction to the reader. She is changed in appearance, but how? She has gained in plumpness and color, but there is a heaviness about her eyes and lassitude in her step. Some potent charm has flown. What is it? Delicacy. The mahogany case is empty. "It must be replenished," says habit. "On the peril of a soul," says conscience. Habit prevailed. What a confession! But, alas! it is a true one. Better would it have been for proud Martha Benedict had she "mixed with the boarders"; had she taken more interest in plain wife Jones, the sallow seamstress, and the widow Norton, whose "tongue ran from morning till night"; or even old Mr. Brown, who had invited her to a lecture, and because she refused to go, shed tears the next day in his breakfast plate. Anything, anything, to have separated her from herself.

Shut up in her room, with a little embroidery or painting; morbidly self-conscious, dwelling on her troubles and loneliness; how she could get her livelihood (for her money was well-nigh gone) until she was married, if she ever was; imagining herself ill enough to increase her glass of wine a day to two; after that, as the weeks wore on, and the long summer days grew intolerable, to three, four and—five.

By and by the wine gave out. "What shall I do?" sighed the doomed girl, "I must take something for a tonic; my appetite is good for nothing of late, just as poor papa used to be, and, like him, I shall have to take a little brandy and water." A sad determination in connection with a beautiful maiden!

Thus things went on, until, as we said before, the mahogany case was empty; ay, empty more than once, and more than once replenished, through the aid of the washer-woman's son, who was Martha's errand-boy.

After a while Martha would absent herself whole days from her meals, sleeping away the golden minutes in a stupor sad to contemplate; for the landlady, often finding her door unlocked, looked in upon her, as did also some of the more curious boarders, commenting on the change in the still beautiful girl, who was such a slave to appetite. The truth was now apparent to all. Her breath revealed it. Her unsteady step told the tale that awoke only pity in every breast.

The year of Herbert's probation was nearly over. In one week he would go to New York to claim his bride. He had gained the consent of his parents and had written to Martha to that effect.

"There is a young gentleman to see Miss Benedict, marm."

"Well, go up and tell her, Bridget."

"I have been up, but I can't get in. She hasn't ate a bit or sup to-day, and I think she must be putty bad, marm."

"Is Miss Benedict sick?" cried Herbert excitedly, as his ear caught the servant's words.

"Yes," said the kind-hearted landlady, willing to veil the poor girl's real state; "sick and very poor. I hope you are some relative who has come to take her home."

"Yes," said Herbert, the love-light shining in his eyes at the thought of sheltering his sorrowing darling. "I have come to take her home."

In vain they knocked at Martha's door. Silence reigned within. At this moment Bridget spied something white under the door. It proved to be a letter addressed to Herbert Spencer. Herbert tore it open, fearing the worst. It ran thus:

"Dear Herbert,—Under the light of the calm summer moon I go to my last rest. When you read this, the waves will have closed over me forever. I love you still, but I am not the same girl you left. I am a drunkard. Pray for my soul.

"MARTHA."

How Herbert Spencer got home he never knew; but long, long weeks after, when he arose from a bed of sickness, his head was as white as snow.—*Temperance Advocate.*

#### THE PHYSIOLOGICAL INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL.

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an able and valuable contribution to the current discussion of the scientific aspect of the alcoholic question, from which we quote the following in relation to the effect of alcohol upon the temperature of the human body:

"Does the augmented rapidity of the flow of the blood brought about by the action of alcohol carry with it the same increased warmth of the body that quickened circulation from muscular exercise does? It is the popular impression that the warmth of the living body is promoted by the use of wine or spirituous drink, and this impression is very naturally and reasonably suggested by the feeling of glow which follows almost directly upon the use of such beverages. The general impression is also strengthened by the well-known fact that the self-same spirit does burn out of the body when it is set on fire, with the production of a very considerable amount of heat. The verdict of many physiologists who have submitted this question to the test of elaborate and carefully-executed experiments is, however, not in accordance with the popular impression. It is found by them that the living body, as a whole, is actually made colder by the influence of the spirit, and that the degree of its coldness is in the ratio of the amount of the spirit that has been used. The degree of cooling is inappreciable, and perhaps may be even questioned, in the case of really moderate employment of spirit; but it is unquestionable when the spirit is used in large quantity. The natural combustion of the body then appears to be lowered, instead of being raised, by its presence; and it may be so lowered under the circumstance of an overpowering quantity of spirit as to have the vitality of its organs destroyed by the severity of the cold. In some remarkable investigations made by Dr. Richardson, two animals were placed in a small chamber kept ten degrees colder than freezing water, one animal being in a natural sleep and the other being in a sleep induced by the narcotic influence of alcohol. The animals were withdrawn from the cold after a considerable length of exposure, and the one which had been under the influence of the spirit died, whilst the other recovered without suffering any harm. Dr. Richardson holds that the insensibility of apoplexy may be at once distinguished from the insensibility of drunkenness by the temperature of the body. Its heat is lowered from the natural standard in

the sleep of drunkenness, but raised above that standard in the coma of apoplexy.

"These conclusions as to the chilling of the body by spirituous drink are remarkably confirmed by another form of evidence. When spirit is burnt as a flame with the production of a large amount of heat, streams of carbonic acid gas, generated by the union of the carbon of the burning alcohol with the oxygen of the air, are poured forth from the flame. This is the same kind of carbonic acid which is poured forth from the lungs in the process of breathing, and which is a production of the slow combustion of the carbonaceous substance of the body. Now, Dr. Edward Smith proved by some careful experiments which he instituted, that when spirituous drinks are used, the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs is less than the ordinary amount, instead of being more. The alcohol appears to take to itself some of the oxygen which ought to be employed in the natural combustion and in the natural support of the warmth of the body, and to apply it in some quite different way which does not generate carbonic acid. Persons who have been actually intoxicated by alcohol to the extent of losing all consciousness and self-control, remain cold even for days, before the natural standard of temperature is restored. It will be here understood that the results of Dr. Smith's experiments are not necessarily touched by the familiar fact that a sensation supposed to be that of warmth is produced by the employment of wine or spirituous beverage. That sensation may be called up by some other influence as well as by warmth. It may primarily be but a nervous impression made by the stimulant drink upon the susceptible living membranes with which it comes into immediate contact. But it has also, on the other hand, to be borne in mind that it may possibly be in some degree due to the quickened flow of blood through the minute channels of the sensitive structure. It is quite within the bounds of reasonable probability that this quickened circulation of the blood may in the first instance stimulate the combusive consumption of the other principles of the blood with which the alcohol is beginning to be mingled, and that in this way warmth is caused for a time by the alcohol, even although it is not generated by its own combustion. This primary action is, however, then soon overmastered by further and fuller alcoholic contamination of the circulating liquid."

#### DRUNKENNESS AND CONVERSION.

One thing is but too apparent even on a cursory survey of this work—the number that seem to go back. This is one of the most painful characteristics of work in this class of men, as indeed it generally is of Christian work among those who have been much addicted to drunkenness and sensual vice. Two views may be taken in explanation of the fact, each true in certain cases. In the first place, drunkards are peculiarly liable to false hopes of salvation. How this should be, is a question which it would take too long to answer; that it is a fact, will probably be admitted by most who have watched the history of awakenings. Nettleton, a great American revivalist of a past generation, after narrating a striking case of conviction and apparent conversion ruined by drink, adds, "I could fill sheets with the relation of facts of a similar character, all of which lead to the conclusion that persons of intemperate habits, though deeply convicted, are far more likely to rest in a false hope than others. However distressed a person of this kind may have been, and however joyful in hope, I think we may set it down as a probable sign of a false conversion, if he allows himself to taste a single drop." The other explanation is, that when persons formerly addicted to drunkenness and sensuality, in whom the work of divine grace has been genuine, are again entangled in the old temptation, they are dragged clean out of the Christian circle, out of all visible connection with Christian people, and become so ashamed and consciously degraded as to keep for a long time out of their sight and reach. If covetousness, for example, has been a man's besetting sin previous to his conversion, he may turn back to it, and go away from God as far as the man who returns to his drinking; but there will be less visible sign of declension; he will not be dragged beyond the sphere of Christian influence, and the word of reproof and humiliation may come to him with power long before he throws off the appearance of devotion. This consideration ought to teach us great charity and patience in the case of persons whom we believe to have been turned from drunkenness to Christ. It is often very difficult to decide whether a relapse under such circumstances is to be held as indicating a case of false hope, or a case of terrible but only temporary backsliding. It is plain that converts of this class ought to be subjected to a longer probation than others, and that they demand more watching, and more careful application of all the influences that aid men

in the conflict with sin. It is terrible, on the one hand, to witness the end of some who seemed to have escaped the pollutions of the world, but are again entangled in them; it is glorious, on the other, to see "them that have gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image," standing, as it were, on the sea of glass, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. To those engaged in such work as that of a soldiers' mission, these extremes of anguish and delight, these glimpses of hell and heaven, come sometimes with very startling rapidity.—*W. G. Blake, in Sunday Magazine.*

#### SCIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

There used to be in the early days of the Temperance movement a great deal of discussion on these topics, and a great deal of teaching, and that was one secret of our success. The origin of alcohol, its essential vileness, and its inevitable effects upon those who take it, were pictured in such forcible truthfulness as is seldom seen now-a-days. They were going on, with rapid strides and common sense arguments, to show that alcohol has no place in the human system, when science proved laggard. Men said that we were injuring our case by claiming too much—that alcohol doubtless had some physical use, and we must wait till it was proved. Other things also tended to divert attention from this point; and so they banded themselves together for protection and self defence, under the pledge of not taking it for the sake of the weaker brother; and in this back-handed, hampered way they did all the Temperance work that was done for many years.

At last, when scientific men set about to prove how alcohol benefits the system, it was found out that they could not prove any such thing. And the more they say about it the more probable it becomes that alcohol is of no benefit whatever to the human system. All the truths of science, so far as they are known, are on the side of the strictest total abstaining. This is an all important fact. The truths of nature are the truths of God, and it is a bootless task to fight against them. If alcohol is really adapted to the wants of the human system its use in the end will prevail; if not, it will go down. The liquor dealers understand this, and fight shy of the issue. They prefer to talk about anything else, or rather not to talk at all. Discussion they hate; light they abominate. It is also true that those communities which are most intelligent concerning the nature of alcohol, and its effects on the human system, have made the most headway against it. This is wonderfully illustrated in the history of some small towns whose special attention has been paid to this topic. It is also true of whole States, like Maine and Massachusetts, as an attentive observer will find, though there is room enough, even within their borders, for increased knowledge.—*Zion's Herald.*

#### TEN QUESTIONS.

What trade is it which, being introduced into a missionary settlement, would the most neutralize the good previously effected by the missionaries?

What trade will cause an increase of crime and social misery in proportion to its success?

What trade is it, which the more a working man encourages, the more destitute his home becomes?

What trade is it, on the success of which the pawnbrokers mainly depend?

What trade is it that drives so many to assemble at the workhouse door for a loaf of bread?

What trade is that which furnishes the greatest number of patients to asylums for the insane?

In what trade is a man likely to be ruined if he becomes a good customer to his own shop?

What trade furnishes the greatest number of applications to the charitable institutions?

To what trade do the judges of our land ascribe the greatest proportion of criminal offences?

What trade is it which if it were introduced into some retired village, would demoralize the population now distinguished for its moral worth and frugal industry?

CHURCH TEMPERANCE WORK.—Rev. H. P. Litchwell, of Minnesota, in a thoughtful paper upon "Church Temperance Work," writes: "What work has the Church to do in the temperance reform? I will say, 1st. Hold on to the good already achieved; keep your ranks closed; secure the benefits of these victories. 2d. Elevate the temperance standard; inscribe on our banner, as church members and temperance workers, the sentiment of the great apostle: 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.' No compromise with ruin for the sake of money, or friends, or party, is the only Christian way to meet this evil, the only true policy for carrying on this conflict. The Church must work the people—all the professed temperance people—up to this standard."