

Selections.

AN OLD RELIC.

This piece of verse—as fine a literary effort as was ever put forth in the Temperance cause—was originally published in Australia in 1841, and the copy from which the following was printed was carefully preserved by the late Rev. W. B. Clarke, M. A., F. R. S., the eminent geologist:—

SONG OF THE DECANter.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping wide;
the rosy wine had ebbed away
and left its crystal side;
and the wind went humming—
humming, up and down
the wind it flew, and through the
reed-like hollow neck
the wildest note it blew. I placed
it in the window, where the blast
was blowing freely, and fancied
that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to
me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!
the Plague has slain his ten, and War
his hundred thousands of the very best
of men; but I"—'twas thus the
Bottle spake—"but I have conquered
more than all your famous conquerors
so feared and famed of yore. Then
come, ye youths and maidens,
come drink from out my cup,
the beverage that dulls the brain
and burns the spirits up; that puts
to shame your conquerors that slay
their scores below; for this has
deluged millions with the lava tide
of woe. Tho' in the path of battle's
darkest streams of blood may roll;
yet while I killed the body I have
damned the very soul. The cholera
the plague, 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 my thousands tread the dusty way
of death.—*Australian Temperance World.*

OF WHAT GOOD IS STRONG DRINK?

BY SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D.

I need not tell you that thousands upon thousands of people drink the strong drink called alcohol as a regular habit, and that they think it does them good.

They do not drink it for the same reason as they drink water, to quench thirst. They don't give it to babies, nor to animals like dogs, and cats, and horses, and cattle, to quench their thirst. They take it themselves, because, I suppose, they think it feeds them and does them good.

Is it a food? Mr. Cook, you will remember, told us what are foods. He told us there is—water food. Food which is flesh-forming. Mineral food. Food which is heat producing. If this spirit before us be a food, it must belong to one or the other of these classes of food.

That the spirit cannot take the place of water for drink, everybody knows. Taken, largely diluted with water, as in the common alcoholic beverages, it makes one thirsty instead of quenching thirst. If it enters the blood in any excess, it injures the blood; it poisons it, to use a plain term. It is not, then, a water food or drink.

Is it a flesh-former? We may determine that at once by seeing what it is made of. Mr. Cook promptly told us that all flesh-forming foods, like all flesh, contained the element nitrogen as their root or base. This is true. Alcohol contains no nitrogen. It is made up of two parts of carbon, six parts of hydrogen, and one of oxygen, and of nothing else. It cannot, therefore, form flesh, and when you hear of its doing so, you may be quite sure you are hearing what cannot be true. People talk of a generous wine. If there be such a thing, the generosity does not lie in the spirit, but in some other food mixed with the spirit in the wine, and possibly useful. I can't say. I can only repeat that it is not because of the spirit that the wine is generous. Alcohol does not belong to the class of foods which build up the body and form flesh.

Is it a mineral food? Impossible. The mineral foods are earthly foods. The great mineral food which feeds bone is phosphate of lime. Alcohol contains no phosphorus, no lime, no earthy base. Of all things it is not a mineral food.

If, then, we fed on alcohol, or tried to feed on it, we could neither have water for the blood nor substance for the muscles and brain, and lungs, and skin, and other parts; nor bone for the skeleton. We should, indeed, soon be nowhere.

Is it a heat-producer? This question is the most important of all. Alcohol burns in the spirit lamp; does it burn in the body? If it burns in the body, it is a food coming under the last class I have named. The stronghold of those who have spoken in favor of strong drink has been that the alcohol keeps up the animal warmth and vital power; and we must all admit that it seems to warm the body, because when it is taken it produces a red face, a glow, and a sense of warmth. But when we come to look into the facts, the evidence turns the other way round entirely.

If we take the temperature, or warmth, of the body by means of a delicate thermometer when alcohol has been swallowed, we find that, after a short flash of warmth, the body begins to cool, till it cools below what is natural, and is a long time in recovering itself. So in persons who are intoxicated and incapable the temperature falls dangerously low, and if they are exposed to cold in that state they are apt to die. The animal fire, so to speak, is banked out. For this reason it has been found in very cold regions, as in the Arctic regions near the North Pole, that the sailors and others who do not drink spirits in any form bear the cold best, and go through extreme fatigue the most easily. In the last expedition a sailor named Adam Ayles, a teetotaller, went nearer, it is said, to the North Pole than any of his mates, and kept up better than any one of them. Sir John Ross, Dr. Rae, and many other Arctic explorers, bear witness to the fact that cold and alcohol act in the same manner, and that they who have taken tea and coffee or other similar drinks have done best work and enjoyed best health under severe cold.

There is still another proof on this subject which is very strong against alcohol. The body in burning produces a gas, the product of the combustion, the same as a burning taper or fire does. That gas is made up of the carbon of the burning body and of the oxygen of the common air which is taken in by the lungs in breathing, and in proportion as the fire burns so is the gas produced. If there is a little fire there is a little quantity of gas. When a person is under the influence of alcohol there ought to be a good animal fire if the alcohol burns in him, and a good quantity of the gas, which is the product of the burning, ought to go off from his lungs by his breath. But the opposite is the case; there is less of the gas of carbon and oxygen than when the body is free from alcohol. It is impossible under these conditions to suppose that alcohol is a heat-producer in the body. It chills the body, and it reduces the products of burning.

And what if it did produce heat in the body as it does in a fire—what would or could happen to those who take it in such large quantities as some do? They would burn out; they would be in one continual fever, instead of being the miserable, cold, blue-nosed, dark-faced shivering creatures we see them to be.

But what, you will ask, about the first flush of warmth which we feel if we take alcohol? That is easily explained. It is the same as the heat

which is felt when the hands have been exposed to snow and are returning to warmth again. When the hands or other parts of the body have been exposed to extreme cold, the small blood-vessels are so weakened by the cold, that they cannot contract on the blood which is pumped into them by the heart, and so they become, for a time, filled with the warm blood from the heart; and that blood, exposed over a wide surface, supplies the heat which is felt as a glow all over the surface of the body, and gives up the heat to the surrounding air, thereby cooling the body in the long run by robbing it of its heat, instead of supplying warmth.

For these reasons I venture to think that alcohol is not a food, and that there is no food in it.

You may perhaps say, in opposition to the view, that men who drink large quantities of beer grow very fat and bulky, and you may point to the draymen as proofs of this idea.

I repeat that there is a sad truth in the appearances derived from great beer-drinkers, and that such drinkers do get very fat. But to get fat is not to be healthy. On the contrary, it is to be very unhealthy; for fat is deposited as an entirely inactive and cumbrous substance about the heart and on the intestines, and in the muscles and nervous system, much to the danger of life. It is the sweet substance of sugar in the beer which causes the fat, while the alcohol tends to reduce the power of the body. For these reasons, men who get fat on beer are exceedingly bad subjects. If they meet with any shock or accident they are easily killed by it; and the great Sir Astley Cooper used to say that he dreaded, as a surgeon, to have to perform on them the slightest operation. They are almost always short-lived, and worse or better evidences, as you like to take it, of the evil effects of beer or ale, as alcoholic drinks, could not anywhere be found.—*Guild of Good Life.*

A CURTAIN LECTURE.

My wife and I had jest gone to bed, When a curtain lecturer to me she read: "Ef I was a man," sez my wife to me, "I think I should be a man," sez she. "Why, wot is the matter, Jane?" sez I; "Matter enough," was her reply. "I wouldn't go preachin' Temperance An' votin' for license, both ter wunce! I wouldn't stan' up in church an' pray For the curse of drink to be took away; For the Lord in mercy to look an' bless The needy widder an' fatherless; An' then march up to the polls nex' day An' vote jist eggsackly the other way! I think I should hev at my command At least jist a leetle grain of sand; An' whenever a pollytishun showed His rum-blossom nose 'round my abode, An' commenced his blarney to get my vote, A-singin' the song he'd learnt by rote, I'd spunk up to him an' tell him wot I thought of him; an' ez like ez not I'd jest perlitely show him the door, An' invite him to never call no more! I think I'd know enough" sez Jane, "When a rum-seller works with might an' main

To gain a pint in the town elixshun, To see that it wasn't jest my complexshun!

An' what he wanted so awful bad Was the very thing he ortn't to have: An' I'd work ag'in it, tooth an' nail, My motto, 'No sech word as fail!' An' wouldn't care one cent in cash Ef the publicat party went to smash! I'd hev my consheens clear an' sound— An' know I was treadin' on solid ground.

Ef I was a man," sez Jane, once more. But I had already begun to snore. I wasn't asleep, but then I meant She'd think I was; for her argyment, I own, I couldn't quite answer it, Though it struck right home to me every bit.

But Jane, she groaned when I didn't cheep, And then turned over and went to sleep.—*Union Signal.*

A DODGING TEMPERANCE MAN.

I'm a Temperance man; I will do what I can;
I will earnestly talk and pray;
I will labour with might for the cause of right;
But I cannot vote that way.

With eloquence warm I will urge reform;
Let all the world take note,
I never shirk from Temperance work,
Excepting when I vote.

I will labour so that the world may know
I'm a zealous Temperance man;
I will talk of laws that will aid the cause;
But I cannot vote the plan.

My tongue shall delight to talk of right,
I will speak its praise each day;
I will urge it strong on the listening throng;
But I cannot vote that way.

A vote from the right is lost from sight,
For the cause is weak to-day;
I will urge it strong on the listening throng;
But I cannot vote that way.

With the party strong, though their cause be wrong,
My vote will still be cast;
Though want and woe in streams may flow,
And whiskey rule at last.

The widow's groan and orphan's moan
Shall not affect my will;
I pity them though, and tell them so,
But I vote with whiskey still.
Jennie Sayre.

HE HAD A BABY!

A touching conversation once took place on the train as the writer was on her way for a visit among friends in the East, as follows:—

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys!" said a drummer to several companions as they settle down in a smoking-car and passed the bottle. The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I've sworn off."

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sung out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up. What is it?"

"Well, boys, I will tell you. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man, not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes—little things, with the bottoms only a trifle soiled, as if they had been only worn once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent look and the manner of a gentleman despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought 'em for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, s-she won't, because she's dead. She's layin' at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case, and cried like a child. Boys," continued the drummer, "you may laugh if you please; but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never take another drink."—*Religious Telescope.*

A LESSON.

"From the records of the senior class of Yale College during the past eight years, the non-smokers have proved to have decidedly gained over the smokers in height, weight, and lung capacity. All candidates for the crews and other athletic sports were non-smokers. The non-smokers have gained 20 per cent. in height more than the smokers, 25 per cent. in weight, and 62 per cent. more in lung capacity. In the graduating class of Amherst College of the present year, those not using tobacco, have in weight gained 24 per cent. over those using tobacco, in height 37 per cent., in chest girth 42 per cent., while they have a greater average lung capacity by 8.30 cubic inches."—*Medical News.*

This is a work in which all can participate. Good Templary was never intended to be run by an executive. Every member of the order is an element of strength or weakness—an active contributor to its usefulness, or a drag upon its effort to do good. Its progress in the future, therefore, will, as in the past, depend not upon the brilliancy of one or two recognized leaders, but upon the devotion, sincerity and persistency of the rank and file.—*Australian Temp. World.*