

Selections.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

PROV. 20 CHAP., 1ST VERSE.

When 'mid scenes of cozy neatness
It would youthful hearts beguile;
When it looks like rosy sweetness
And its sparkling beauties smile,
It but beautifies deception
And conceals a misconception,
Wine is then a mocker vile,
"Wine is a mocker" wisdom cries
Whom it deceiveth is not wise.

When it brings a moment's gladness—
When it drowns a passing grief—
When to hearts o'erwhelmed with
sadness

It procures a respite brief,
'Tis with cruel art deceiving
And a deadly shroud is weaving
From which there is no relief.
"Wine is a mocker," Oh beware
And let it not your life enanare.

When it offers rarest pleasure,
When its taste delightful seems,
When it looks like costly treasure
Fairer than all fancy dreams,
It is but to death alluring
And its victim securing.
Poisoned are its charming streams.
"Wine is a mocker"—Truth receive,
And let it not your heart deceive.

When to those for riches aching
It reveals a means of gain
By its dazzling visions making
Fortune's pathway clear and plain,
By what seems so fair and pleasing,
It a precious soul is seizing
Long to wear the captive's chain.
"Wine is a mocker," ponder well
Lest for its gains your soul you sell.

T. Watson.

Colborne, Sept. 6th, 1802.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler
brother,

"Let us tell the tales of the past to
each other;

I can tell of banquet and revel and
mirth;

And the proudest and grandest souls
on earth,

Fell under my touch as though by
blight,

Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the head of kings, I have torn
the crown,

From the height of fame I have hurled
men down.

I have blasted many an honored name
I have taken virtue and given shame;

I have tempted the youth with a sip, a
taste,

That has made his future a barren
waste.

Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky,

I have made the arm of the driver
fall,

And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at
sea,

And the shrieks of the lost were sweet
to me;

For they said, 'Behold, how great you
be!

Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before
you fall,

And your might and power are over all,'
"Ho, ho! pale brother," laughed the
wine,

"Can you boast of deeds as great as
mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered
host;

But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and
glad;

Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've
laved;

Of hands I've cooled, and souls I've
saved;

I have leaped through the valleys,
dashed down the mountain,

Flowed in the river, played in the
fountain,

Slept in the sunshine and dropped from
the sky,

And everywhere gladdened the land-
scape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever
and pain,

I have made the parched meadows
grow fertile with grain,

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the
mill,

I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew;

I cheer, I help, I strengthen, and aid;

I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and the paler brother
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—Selected.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.

Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that selfsame ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.

O hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

—Presbyterian.

MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM.

A good man may be made better by association with a good woman. A man with repressed evil tendencies may have them held more firmly in check by his wife's restraining influence, but a woman who undertakes to "make over" a man who has given away to the wicked passions of his being until they are beyond his control will not make him a reputable member of society, and a bright and shining light to the community in which he dwells, by marrying. He does not go into the new life as a sort of Keeley cure—a reformatory institution. A woman's strongest and weakest point is her power of idealising every cold fact with which she comes in contact. She loves a handsome "roue." He tells her that if she will but take him in training, she can make a new man of him; that her fair hand can wipe all the dark spots from his past life, smooth the rough places, and elevate the depressions in his character until it will once more be goodly to contemplate. And over the stereopticon view of the man his "fiancee" throws the rose-colored light of her idealistic lantern, and believes all he says. She would think it cruel practicality and injustice were some unprejudiced observer to suggest that if he cannot change his life when the possibilities of winning her are at stake, he will hardly do so when the prize is his own.

My heart aches when I think of the women who began the work of reformation with hope, and laid it down with despair at the end of a life that made them "turn weary arms to death" with a sigh of welcome. On the table before me stands the portrait of one such woman. When she was a merry-hearted girl she fell in love with a handsome, brilliant young fellow, whose only failure was a fondness for liquor. He loved her deeply—better than anything else in the world, except drink. Nevertheless, he promised to overcome even this passion for her sake. In vain did her family plead and protest. Her only answer was: "Harry cannot keep straight without someone to help him. I must marry him now. He needs me."

Two years after her marriage she died of a broken heart, whispering at the last to a dear friend that she "was not sorry to go, but would be thankful life was over if she were only sure her year-old baby would not be left to Harry's care."

Yet he was, in most respects, tender and considerate. The only trouble was that his devotion to her remained at the point at which it stood when he became her husband. The habit of intemperance grew. Suppose that, added to this great fault, there had been others still more vicious. Had his been a coarse, brutal nature, would not the idea of reformation have been still more helpless?

A woman, in tying herself for life to an unprincipled man, forgets that he has lost, to a great extent, his better nature, and is now hardly responsible for his actions. The spirit may, indeed, be willing, but the flesh is lamentably weak. The appetites that have long

been indulged do not relinquish their claims after only a few months' restraint, and when the girl for whose sake they are repressed is won, they will return to the swept and garnished room, and the last end of their victim will be worse than the first.

I often wonder what a good, pure woman promises herself when she proposes to twine her clean life with one that is scarred, seamed, and blackened. Evade the truth as she may, there are but two courses for her to pursue: She must either live a lonely life apart from her husband, silently showing disapproval of his habits, or she must, to preserve peace and the semblance of happiness, bring herself down to his level, and become even less delicate and more degraded than he. In one case her husband will hate her, while in the other she will lose respect and will despise herself.

There is another aspect of the case to be considered. The girl of to-day seldom takes the possibility of offspring into her matrimonial plans. They are not only a possibility, but a probability, and it behoves every woman to cast aside false modesty, and with a pure heart and honest soul seriously consider if she is not doing irreparable wrong to unborn children in giving them an unprincipled father. Is she willing to see her children's blood tainted by his vices, their lives wrecked by evil temptations inherited from him? She must, indeed, be a reckless woman and a soulless one, who, with this thought uppermost, can still say, "I will marry this man, let the consequences be what they may."—*Marion Harland.*

SPEAK TO FATHER ABOUT IT.

Once upon a time the attention of a kindly employer was attracted by the blithe look of one of his workmen, who was sitting at his mid-day refreshment in the yard, and he asked what was making him so cheerful.

"We've got a little son in our house this morning, and mother and child are doing well; that's why I am glad."

"What are you going to do for the little lad?" asked the master.

"I had not begun to think about that. I don't see much I can do for him for a while to come."

"What would you think of giving him that?" said the master, pointing to a mug of beer, for which the honest man only paid twopence.

"I don't mind though I do," he said; and from that day he saved the twopence daily. The boy grew up.

"How desirable it would be for our boy to enter that apprenticeship now! But how are we to get the premium?" asked the wife, in despondency.

"Here, wife, is the £25 needed. I've saved it by giving up the drink. And there is £12 to buy a few things you will need for our boy, said the father, proudly. What a surprise the good mother received!

This was the first start in a successful career. He became eventually proprietor of the business. And it was you may say, the giving up of that twopence a day that began it all.—*Scottish Reformer.*

ALCOHOLIC HEREDITY.

The operation of no natural law is more patent than is the operation of the law of alcoholic heredity. A drunken mother, a drunken father, a drunken grandparent may hand down to their descendants an alcoholic stain which not even a lifetime of entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks can eradicate. I have known men and women, of the highest culture and the most irreproachable morals, of strong will and deep thought, of unaffected piety and exalted aim, who have been compelled by bitter experience to acknowledge to themselves the sobering fact that they could never dare to dally with strong drink.

The continuous and victorious struggle of such heroic souls with their hereditary enemy—an enemy the more powerful because ever leading its treacherous life within their breasts, presents to my mind such a glorious conflict, such an august spectacle, as should evoke the highest efforts of the painter and the sculptor. Before so protracted and so lofty a combat, the immortal group of Laocoon contending with the serpents, grand though that great work of art is, must pale its ineffectual fires.

In this comprehensive group of cases of habitual drunkenness with an

inherited predisposition, inebriety has also a physical beginning.

It has been pleaded that to concede inebriety to be a physical disease will result in the inebriate believing that his conduct is beyond his control, that he is irresponsible for his inebriate indulgence, and that there is no chance of his deliverance from a career of drunkenness. This plea, even if well founded, cannot be allowed, as recognition of truth ought not to be dependent on the pleasantness of the consequences. A fact is not invalidated by the character of the effects resulting from its acknowledgment.

The plea, too, is itself unsound. So far from riveting the chains of inebriety on the inheritor of the disease, a knowledge of his actual condition will indicate the adoption of such a regimen and mode of life as will promote physical, intellectual, and moral health, as will decrease the morbid derangement while increasing the power of resistance and control.—*Dr. Norman Kerr.*

THE DOCTOR'S DUTY.

There is a grave responsibility resting on the physician who prescribes alcoholic liquor. It may arouse in a susceptible patient a dormant inherited tendency to drink. He may, by authorizing its use during the period of convalescence, fix a habit upon a patient of feeble will which the latter will never be able to shake off.

No physician who realizes this great moral responsibility will be willing to accept it habitually. He certainly knows that the best medical authorities agree that alcoholic intoxicants are rarely useful as a medicine; that at best they are dangerous remedies; and that the less they are resorted to, the better for both brain and body, the better for his well-being, physical and moral.

Moreover, every physician owes it to his profession to teach his patients the utter fallacy of the common belief that alcohol is an article of food value. It has none whatever. The use of intoxicants in any quantity whatever, or at any time, is entirely useless and unnecessary. Furthermore, the continued use of them gradually induces structural degradations and functional derangements of the great bodily organs, thus leading to the gravest physical disorders.

Alcohol is a poison, and nothing more; a poison which exercises its paralyzing, narcotizing influence in exact proportion to the quantity consumed and the power of the consumer's physical system to resist its poisonous action. If every intelligent physician would thus correct old errors and disseminate a knowledge of the truth, there would be a great impetus given to the effort to pulverize the rum power.—*Toledo Blade.*

INDEFENSIBLE.

It is an immutable principle that, in warring against organized evil, success is impossible if it is sought through means that are in themselves morally wrong.

If it is right to sell intoxicating liquors, then every person possesses that right, as he does the right of selling milk or flour, broadcloth or blue-jeans, and any abridgment of that right, any tax put upon the business, for any pretext whatsoever, is an injustice, and injustice is a crime.

If it is wrong to sell intoxicating liquors, then a vote for a license law is the deliberate doing of a wrong act; and granting a license is the premeditated authorization by a body of men of one or more of their number, to commit, for them and in their stead, a sin.

It follows, therefore, that whether it be right or wrong to sell intoxicating liquors, the "license" system is, morally, wholly, and absolutely, indefensible.—*H. L. Reade.*

Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and most of the ignominy, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge which swept over the highest hilltops engulfing the world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this "Saul has slain his thousands, but this David has tens of thousands."—*Dr. Chalmers.*