



The Drunkard and His Bottle

Hoot! daur ye show yer face again,
Ye auld black thief o' purse an' brain!
For foul disgrace, for doul an' pain,
An' shame I ban ye;
Wae's me, that e'er my lips have ta'en
Yer kiss uncanny.

Nae mair, auld knave, wi' hout a shillin'
To keep a starvin' wight frae stealin'
Ye'll send me hameward blin' an' reelin'
Frae nightly swagger,
By wall, an' post my pathway feelin'
Wi' mony a stagger.

Nae mair o' fights that bruise an' mangle,
Nae mair o' nets my feet to tangle,
Nae mair o' senseless brawl an' wrangle
Wi' fren' an' wife too;
Nae mair o' deavin' din an' jangle
My freckless life through.

Ye thievin', cheating', auld Cheap Jack,
Peddlin' yer poison broke, I crack
Yer bane against my ingle back
Wi' meikle pleasure.
De'il mend ye i' his workshop black,
Een at his leisure!

I'll brak yer neck, ye foul auld sinner,
I'll spill yer bluid, ye vile beginner
O' a' the ills an' aches that winna
Quat soul an' body!
Gie me hale brecks an' well-spread dinner—
De'il tak' yer toddy.

Nae main wi' witches broo' gane gyte,
Gie me ance mair the auld delight
O' sittin' wi' my bairns i' sight,
The guidwife near,
The weel-spent day, the peaceful night,
The mornin' cheer.

Cock a' yer heids, my bairns, fu' gleg,
My winsome Robin, Jean, an' Meg,
For food an' claes ye shall na beg
A doited daddie.
Dance, auld wife, o' yer girl-day leg,
Ye've foun' yer laddie.

—J. G. Whittier.

Deceived by Her Feelings.

(‘Temperance Record.’)

Many years ago, when I first entered upon public temperance work, I received a visit from one of my early Sunday school friends. She was a dear little lady, and when I first knew her she was the wife of our Sunday school superintendent, in a large city church. Her husband had been dead some time, and she was now living with her eldest son, George. It was about this son that she came to see me.

How well I remembered him in the Sunday school! A bright blue-eyed, sunny-haired lad of a dozen years, and a great favorite with us all. He was married now, and he had a darling daughter of his own. He had a good business, too, but alas! he was neglecting it, for the drink was making a wreck of him.

‘Oh!’ she said, so sadly, ‘it would break your heart to see how his noble qualities of mind and his fine looks are just dying out of him before our eyes; and all his gentle, manly ways are turning coarse and unkind. We sit up and wait for him, his wife and I, till all hours of the night, and after the greatest difficulty in getting him upstairs, he throws himself, boots and all, across the bed and snores in his drunken slumber, while we watch and weep and pray, for we cannot sleep with all that ruin before us, and our fears for the future looming up darkly. When I heard that you had gone into the temperance work, I decided to come at once and see if you could not tell us what to do for him.’

My heart sank, for as I looked back at

those early Sunday school days I could not recall a word of warning or instruction given the children against the drink. We had no Band of Hope; and though we did have songs and concerts and pleasant children's exercises, there was nothing about the beauties of temperance, nothing to show how much brighter and happier every life would be without the drink. It did not seem to enter the thoughts of these really Christian officers and teachers that these hundreds of children were in any danger from this cause, and yet several did go down under its temptations. I could think of nothing better than to try to find out what had been the mother's influence in the home, and so I said I supposed she was careful not to have anything of the sort to tempt him there.

I saw she hesitated in her reply, and finally she said, ‘I am obliged to take a little ale with my breakfast on account of my health.’

There it was! The old idea that there was something good in the ale, after all the nutrition had been washed out or rotted out, and the starch had been turned into sugar and changed into poison, so that it could do her no good. I began to talk to her in that line, thinking she would be willing to practice almost any self-denial to save her son. But her confident reply was, ‘Oh, I know it does me good! I can tell by my feelings.’

Poor woman! She, too, was under the spell of the destroyer, though she did not know it. How could she ‘tell by her feelings’ when the very poison she taken had paralyzed the nerves given her to feel with? No one can truly tell by his feelings what alcohol does to him after he has taken it, because it affects the nerves at once and destroys the power to feel correctly.

It is little wonder we do not readily understand this, because we are in the habit of thinking that we can judge of most things by our feelings. That is the last appeal. We do not know, or we do not think, that alcohol is a nerve poison, and that in all sorts of alcoholic drinks it plays the most fantastic tricks with the nerves, and they lie to the drinker, and he has at first no way of finding it out. He can see how other people go on drinking when they have already had ‘too much,’ as he calls it, and he thinks he can tell when he has had ‘just enough,’ and then he will stop. Perhaps his first rude awakening occurs when his pet comes in crying because of being called a drunkard's child. Even the school children find it out when he does not suspect it.

But now you are waiting to know what became of my friend's drunken son. I am glad to tell you that he reformed, but no reformation can destroy the memory of those sorrows he caused his wife and mother, nor will it take away the injury done to his own brain and nerves by the poison alcohol. So you and I will take to heart the lesson that we can never trust our feelings about what the drink does to us after we have swallowed it. More than that, in order never to give it a chance to hurt or deceive us, we will never take the first glass.

Boys, Help Yourselves.

The following is taken from the ‘Christian Observer’: I once saw an auction sign and (being a woman) crossed the street to investigate what manner of bargains were there to be obtained. I was not tempted to go in, for it proved to be a fire sale of cigars and tobacco. But I did stand for many minutes looking through the big plate glass window at a large drygoods box in the centre of the room, into which had been thrown promiscuously all broken packages of tobacco and cigars. Above the box was a card which bore the following inscription: ‘Boys under fourteen, help yourselves.’ And the proprietor was walking back and forth, smiling and rubbing his hands and saying: ‘Help yourselves, boys; help yourselves; put some in your pockets,’ and fifteen and twenty boys, all well dressed and just out of a neighboring school were following his suggestions. Some were trying to smoke, some only trying to fill their pockets, all in a shame-faced way that showed them to be new at the business. And the dealer was well satisfied. He knew that he was planting good seed, and he knew that his harvest was sure.

From Japan.

(The ‘Union Signal.’)

In a Christian kindergarten was a delicate little boy, who had been taught to smoke, because his life was so dull, and this would amuse him. At school he learned of the evils of tobacco and went home and told his parents he would smoke no more. When he saw that they still continued to smoke he hid their pipes and tobacco, and by this means led them to give it up. The same child refused to drink sake, the native wine, because it contained alcohol.

A young girl in a school at Kobe had received the usual new dress to be worn at the New Year, but wrote home, saying: ‘If father will not give up his wine, I will not wear my new dress,’ really meaning she would not celebrate the New Year. The father, struck by the evident earnestness of his child, for her sake laid aside his wine bottle and cup.

A teacher of sewing in the same school had been a Christian for two years, when her father opened a tobacco business. Hearing of this the daughter knelt in prayer, then wrote a letter strongly opposing his new venture, and was the means of leading him to give up the tobacco business. Through her teaching this father became convinced of the evils of intoxicants and gathering together the chief men of the village induced them to sign the pledge themselves not to use, or give to others, alcoholic drinks of any kind. The whole village has become pledged to total abstinence.

The tobacco bill is really in force and is bringing in good fruit already, as the following clippings from the vernacular papers will show: ‘We learn that a local ordinance has been issued at Takamatsu prohibiting all the school boys and teachers of the normal, middle and elementary schools from smoking.’ ‘In view of the smoking prohibition law in Japan, the governor of Aomori has issued an order prohibiting all the teachers of the elementary schools in the prefecture from smoking.’

A delegate to the W. C. T. U. was invited to address a school for young children, and spoke of the evils of tobacco. After she concluded the principal said: ‘Yesterday I was requested by the educational department to see that the tobacco law was obeyed by the pupils of this school, but I did not see how I could do so, so long as I used a pipe myself. Now what has been said this morning has given me the opportunity I want. I shall never use a pipe again. Do you not think it would be nice to give my pipe to this woman who has spoken so kindly to us this morning?’ And with that he handed it to Miss — as a memento of his visit.

The W. C. T. U. women of Hakodate last autumn procured some fifty copies of ‘The Houses We Live In,’ which was translated some years ago into Japanese, and calling on all the leading educators of their city, presented each with a copy and asked them to use them in their schools. While the teachers had no power to make such teaching a part of the school curriculum, they, with very few exceptions, consented to use the book as opportunity afforded.

The Hon. Taro Ando has for months past brought out in the ‘Light of Our Land’ chapters from the Temperance Physiologies. A leading Buddhist magazine with a very large circulation asked some time ago for permission to reproduce in its pages these articles.

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