

THE RULING CHRISTIAN SENTIMENT of this day does not tolerate the man who trifles with intoxicating drinks, either by drinking them himself or offering them to others. It sets him down as the outcast as from his behavior, it denounces him without apology. And it is right, for with a knowledge of the ruin brought about by drink before him, no man has a right to risk his life and that of his friends by a foolish use of it.—*United Presbyterian.*

MAY A CHRISTIAN SELL LIQUOR? The dram-seller offers liquor to every man (not already intoxicated) who applies for it. Among those who apply are many to whom the liquor is poison, and worse than poison. To some of them it will bring bodily death; others it will add to the commission of fearful crime; others find in it that which ruins family peace; and to a great number it brings the curse implied in the words, "Neither thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God." Can it be right to offer liquor promiscuously to men, whom it may lead (and a vast number of whom it will lead) to hell? May the wholesale merchant furnish whiskey to the retailer to be used for this purpose? Alcohol is sold and bought for manufacturing purposes; that, of course, is right. But can it be right to furnish it to the dram-seller for a use that leads to the ruin of soul and body? Nations will not allow a neutral to furnish munitions of war to the enemy. Is not the dram-shop drinking of whiskey a weapon of the Evil One? May a child of God furnish it?—*Christian Observer.*

THE PARISH OF CAMERON in the southwestern corner of the State of Louisiana, and sparsely settled by farmers, graziers, and lumbermen, is a model in one respect. The Sheriff recently visited the city to make his annual settlement with the State. He said that although there had been no parish action on the matter of prohibition, the public sentiment was entirely opposed to liquor selling. There is no place in the parish where liquor is sold, and there are few of the people who use it in any shape. The result is that the parish has become an incubator; that it is falling into decay for want of use, and he has lately utilized it as a corn crib. The people of the parish, he declares, are remarkably healthy, the labors of the few physicians being confined almost entirely to cuts and bruises. The Sheriff declares his belief that this happy state of affairs results from letting whiskey alone.

AN OBNOXIOUS WORD.

If a man has anything to say against the temperance movement, let him come boldly forward and state it. We have a right to demand of opposers their reasons for opposition. I cannot understand the position of that man who will say to us, as many men do say, "Your's is a good cause, you are doing a great deal of good, but, but—" That word "but" stands in the way of a great many good enterprises. "But" blocks more good intentions toward the Total Abstinence movement than any other word. "It is a good cause; drunkenness is an evil, and I wish you well, but—" Now, what is the use of all this? Does it help us to be told that our cause is a good one, and that they wish us well, "but—" Young gentlemen, what would you think if, when you had paid your addresses to a young lady, had screwed your courage up to the point of popping the important question, and as you stood there in eager expectation to hear the affirmative reply, she were to say, "Well, my opinion of you is a very high one; I have regarded you with a great deal of interest, and my father thinks that your character is irreproachable; that your temper is good, and your position in society is all that I could expect. I wish to return to you my grateful acknowledgments for having selected me as the object of your affection, and I really feel as if I could return the love you have confessed for me, but—" Now all these expressions of esteem, admiration, and respect, only make the sting felt more deeply. I positively would rather hear a man say, "I don't believe in your principles, and I am ready to give reasons for it," than to hear him say, "It is a good cause, you are doing a great deal of good," and so on. We do not desire to show that you are wrong, but that we are right.—*J. B. Gough.*

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURE OF SLAVES.

A missionary in Liberia gives this account of what is being done in the liquor trade in Africa: "The vilest liquors imaginable are being poured into Africa in ship loads from almost every quarter of the civilized world. On one small vessel, in which myself and wife were the only passengers for the continent, there were in the hold over 100,000 gallons of New England rum, which sold on this coast for one-dollar a gallon in exchange for palm oil, rubber, cowwood and other produce common to the country—more than enough to counterbalance the work of the one missionary. I have seen landed from a steamer at a single port 10,000 cases of rum, each containing twelve three-pint bottles, and this was but a drop in the mighty inflowing tide. At another time 7,000 cases were landed on a Sabbath morning. Almost every ship comes loaded with vast quantities of intoxicants, so that the devastating flood now rolling interiorward is something awful to contemplate. All along the coast are scattered trading stations, the bulk of their business being in liquor. From three to four thousand cases of gin and fifteen hundred demijohns of rum is an average monthly sale for a score of any pretension. One need not speak of the wrongs of the slave-trade in the past, for the importation of strong drink by Christian nations is just as blighting and as demoralizing in its effects mentally and morally, and far more so physically."

A STORY TOLD BY GOVERNOR ST. JOHN.

While sitting in my office in Topeka, Kansas, one day a tall woman dressed in deep black, entered. I requested her to be seated and asked her business. "Governor," said she, "I came to see if you will pardon my husband," handing me at the same time a bundle of papers, which stated that her husband had been sent to the penitentiary for fourteen years, for murder in the second degree, and was signed by a number of citizens of the town where the deed was committed, petitioning me to pardon him. "Madam," said I, "if I consulted my own wishes, I would gladly pardon your husband, but in my official capacity I feel it my duty to tell you I cannot." She burst into tears, and sobbing, said, "Governor, will you only hear me a few moments?" "Certainly," said I; "tell me the whole story, if you please." "We were married," said she, "in one of the Eastern States and lived together happily for several years, when my husband proposed we should move to Kansas. I consented, and we raised enough money to come to Kansas. My husband managed to find a shop with tools, etc., just suited to his trade, in a good locality, and rented them. He succeeded so well, that at the end of the year he was able to buy the shop and tools and pay the cash for them.

"The next year we built a house, and two or three more years saw it paid for. About five years after we came to this State we had reached the zenith of happiness, it seemed, when the town licensed a saloon, and set it down between our beautiful home and my husband's shop. Here he was obliged to pass it every time he came home to his meals. He was finally induced by some person who called themselves his friends to go in and have a social game of cards with them, in an idle hour. From cards it came to beer, and from beer to whiskey. Finally, in a drunken brawl, he killed a man in the saloon. He was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for fourteen years. At this time I was the mother of six children. I sold my house, my husband's shop and tools, and everything I had to pay the lawyers' expenses of the defence, and to support my children. In the cold and cheerless home where I moved, my youngest took cold and died, then my next youngest, and only about ten days ago my son, who was out on the broad prairie tending cattle and trying to earn some money to help his poor mother along, sickened and was brought home. Only four days sick, and then we placed him, too, under the sod! I was broken down physically, and heart-broken, and would have no hope at all except the chaplain of the prison told me that my husband had been converted to Christ. We came here to Kansas because your laws promised to protect the lives and property of its citizens from this demon, and see what a return Oh Governor, will you not let my husband free?" "Madam," said I, "I will," and I did.—*John P. St. John.*

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

MEALS.

Most healthy persons have three meals a day, at intervals of five or six hours. Since the stomach, like other muscles, needs rest, one should not eat between meals. The mind either helps or hinders the body; the food digests much more readily if there is pleasant, cheerful thought and talk at the table.

An old Eastern story tells of a stranger who met the Plague coming from Bagdad. "You have been committing great havoc there," said the trader, pointing to the city. "Not so great," replied the Plague; "I killed only one-third of those who died; the other two-thirds killed themselves with fright."

OPIMUM, CHLORAL, AND THE STOMACH.

The stomach of the opium-eater, and of the user of alcohol, soon has its digestive powers impaired.

ALCOHOL AND THE STOMACH.

As soon as alcohol enters this organ, it is hurried on into the blood-vessels; for the stomach knows it can not be digested, and is useless to the body. But the very short time it stays here is enough to cause great harm.

It can not pass through the thin walls of the blood-vessels unless mixed with water. It needs even more water than was contained in the liquors which were drunk; so it shrinks and thickens the delicate lining of the stomach, by robbing it of its moisture. In health, this lining is slightly red, tinged with yellow.

Too much blood is sent into many of the blood-vessels of even the "moderate drinker," and those in the stomach soon become swollen. In the drunkard, the case is likely to be still worse; for sores sometimes appear on the walls of the stomach. In the last stages of the disease, almost the entire stomach has been filled with these sores, and the walls have become thickened and contracted, so that only a narrow, crooked, inflamed cavity is left for the food.

Sickness, thirst, headache, coated tongue, feverish pulse, go with these conditions of the stomach. The only possible cure is to stop drinking liquor at once and forever.

There is enough alcohol in strong spirits to harden the tissue-making foods, which must be changed to a liquid form in the stomach, before they can be absorbed.

Alcohol, of any considerable strength separates the pepsin from the gastric juice and prevents its proper action on the food.

Dr. Munroe, of England, proved this by an interesting experiment. He put equal quantities of finely-minced beef into three bottles. Then into one he poured water and gastric juice from the stomach of a calf; into another, alcohol with gastric juice; and into the third, pale ale and gastric juice.

The bottles were kept at the same heat as the human stomach and the contents moved about like those of that organ.

The following table shows the results:

	1st Bottle Gastric juice and water.	2nd Bottle Gastric juice and alcohol.	3rd Bottle Gastric juice and ale.
2nd hour.....	Beef becomes opaque.	No change.	No change.
4th hour.....	Beef separated.	No change.	Cloudy with coating.
6th hour.....	Beef in small pieces in quantity.	Slight coating on beef.	Beef partly loosened.
8th hour.....	Beef broken into shreds.	No change.	No change.
10th hour.....	Beef dissolved as in soup.	Beef solid on cooling. Pepsin separated from the gastric juice.	Beef not dissolved. Pepsin separated from the gastric juice.

Study this table carefully, and see how the clear alcohol and that in the ale, destroyed the power of the gastric juice, by taking out the pepsin from it. They often have a similar effect on that in the stomach, though they remain there but a short time.

SEEKING DIGESTION.

By this time you wonder, perhaps, how all

these things are known, when the stomach is covered up in our bodies.

Some of them the doctors have learned by studying the stomachs of dead persons. But there has been one good chance to look into a live man's stomach and see what was going on there.

In 1822, a man named Alexis St. Martin, was shot in his left side. When the wound healed, it left a hole in his stomach, partly closed by a fold of the inner lining. This could be pushed aside, so that one could look directly into the stomach.

By this means the doctor who had charge of him, learned much about the digestion of food, and the effects of alcohol upon the stomach. Late experiments upon the stomachs of living men and of the lower animals, have taught us much more on this subject.

TOBACCO AND THE STOMACH.

As already said, the nicotine of tobacco is almost sure to cause sickness of the stomach and vomiting, in those who are just beginning to use the poison. It injures the lining of the stomach, hinders the flow of the gastric juice, and in this manner, seriously interferes with digestion.

Dr. B. W. Richardson says: "One who smokes a pipe is very likely to have dyspepsia."

THE LIVER.

This is the largest organ in the body and one of the most important. It fills the whole of the right and upper side of the abdomen. One part of its work is to secrete the bile, or gall, used in digestion.

This juice, when not needed, is stored in a little sac, called the gall-bladder. It is of a dark yellow color, and "bitter as gall" is a common proverb.

The liver also changes, in some way not clearly understood, the chyme brought to it from the stomach, aids in the manufacture of blood, and in the preparation of worn out materials for removal from the body.

ALCOHOL AND THE LIVER.

While we can not fully explain all its actions, we know that diseases of the liver affect all the other organs.

More alcohol goes to the liver and brain than to any other parts of the body. By it the gall may be changed from yellow to green or black, and from a thin fluid to a thick one.

The liver itself often becomes twice its natural size; in other cases it is filled with useless fat like the muscles. When rough and shrunken, with hard lumps or knots, it is called by the English "hob-nailed," or "gin liver." This condition is caused only by alcohol and is incurable.

The coal-heavers of London drink a great deal of gin, whiskey, and ale. They seem strong, but they often sicken and die from a mere scratch. Their blood is so poisoned from their diseased livers that the wound festers, does not readily heal, and frequently proves fatal.

THE KIDNEYS.

These are two oval glands at the back of the abdomen, that carry a large part of the waste matter out of the body.

ALCOHOL AND THE KIDNEYS.

A serious, because usually fatal, sickness, is called "Bright's Disease of the Kidneys." This may be caused in many ways; but it is most often the result of alcoholic drinks, especially if combined with exposure to wet and cold.

Water is the only fluid needed by the body. Alcohol robs the body of water and can not be used by it as a fluid.

Water dissolves other foods. Alcohol hardens tissue-making foods, and has no power to dissolve any of the food-materials.

Water helps the digestive juices. Alcohol separates pepsin from the gastric juice, coagulates it, and thus interferes with digestion.

Water carries the digested foods into the blood. Alcohol hinders the digested foods from entering the blood.

Water is the proper liquid of the blood. Alcohol is injurious to the blood. Water satisfies our thirst.

Alcohol does not satisfy thirst, but creates a strong craving for itself. Water, taken in proper quantities, is a healthful food.

Alcohol taken in any quantity, injures the body in proportion to the amount taken.