



## Temperance Department.

### DRUNK ON THE TRACK.

BY MRS. J. STREET.

Dark was the night, all its sable plumes folded  
 Closer and closer above the bright day,  
 Stifling and calm, not a star to behold it,  
 Drear as the soul whence all hopes slip  
 away.

Hark! on the dull air a martial strain sounding;  
 Sudden and loud on the silence it breaks,  
 Through our whole being its music resound-  
 ing,  
 Yet what deep sadness its throbbing awakes.

Yes, 'tis the death march, the drum's muffled  
 rolling,  
 The silvery echoes of bugle and fife;  
 The tramp of the soldiers, the crowd its breath  
 holding,  
 All tell us a brother has passed from this  
 life.

Passed from this life? Yes, you say, but the  
 glory  
 Thus to lie down on the pillow of fame!  
 Weave we the veteran's deeds in fond story,  
 Wreath with the laurel a crown round his  
 name.

Died at his post, or when long years had slidden,  
 Wrapped his hoar hair like a veil o'er his  
 face,  
 Watching and waiting the Master's low bid-  
 ding,  
 Then took the lone journey, a crown to his  
 race?

Ah, 'twas not thus! O the gloom and the glory!  
 How we long for them to cover our dead  
 Deep in shade! Alas, that my story  
 Only the gloom o'er its pages may shed.

Night; when the weary are wrapped in sweet  
 slumber,  
 When heaven's tender fleeces drop down  
 their soft dew,—  
 Earth's resting hour, whence morns without  
 number,  
 Wake into beauty as changeable as new;

Night! yet what reeks it, or cloudy or star-  
 bright?  
 Rushes the train on its perilous way;  
 In the dim distance its red eye with fierce  
 light  
 Glares thro' the darkness, like hawk on its  
 prey.

Hark! the shrill whistle that screams its hoarse  
 warning  
 To the lone roadways that echo it back;  
 Haste, traveller, haste, would you scape from  
 all harming,  
 Haste for your life. Clear the track! clear  
 the track!

A watcher comes with it, long used to the  
 glooming;  
 He peers thro' it now. Ah! how fixed  
 grows his stare;  
 On, on with the breaks, 'tis a man or a woman,  
 He shouts to his comrades, Quick, lying just  
 there!

Too late, all too late: with a roar and a shiver,  
 It's hot breath upspringing, it bounds on its  
 prey.

Ah me, what a sight, where strong men like  
 babes quiver;  
 O God! what a sight for thy beautiful day!

A gory and mangled and agonized body,  
 Which lately of vigor and health had no  
 lack;  
 Ere another sun setting this verdict begetting,  
 Of shame and of anguish, "Drunk on the  
 Track."

### A WINE-TASTER.

A gentleman who had once been a member of the legislature came to New York to fill a place in the Custom-house. One part of his business was to taste the samples of liquors which passed through his hands. By degrees a taste for drink grew upon him, and he drank largely and deeply. He soon lost his situation, and went rapidly down from bad to worse. If he could have gone down in his wretchedness alone, it would have been sad enough; but not half so sad as to take with him a lovely, talented wife, who had once been an ornament in the circle in which she moved, and a little daughter he had once loved so fondly. But every drinking man is almost sure to bring misery on half a dozen others, at a low average.

This former senator took with him to a single room of a wretched tenement-house his poor wife and child, and then one day, in a frantic mood which rum had caused, he felled to the floor and left nearly lifeless the wife who had clung to him through all his degradation. He was seized by two policemen and dragged away to prison.

What a downfall of a man once talented, well educated, and manly, and all through tasting strong drink! When he began, he had no dream of how it would end. Neither has the lad who engages as errand boy in a liquor-store. He thinks only of the wages he is to get, and the comfortable meals three times a day. He does not know how unsafe it is even to handle poison.

If times are hard and work scarce, boys, better sell papers, black boots, sweep crossings, anything honest, rather than take a situation where you must deal out draughts of death to others. Yes, better starvation, with God's blessing on your course, than a full purse and His curse on your employment. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" is the only safe motto. —Banner.

### ALCOHOL FOR THE SICK.

At the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Poor Law Guardians, Dr. Norman S. Kerr, by special request read a paper on the use of alcoholic stimulants in workhouses and infirmaries, which concludes as follows.—The report of the recently-established Temperance Hospital in London is worthy of note. During the three years of its existence, over 3,266 cases in all have been treated, and in only one case was it deemed advisable to administer any alcoholic liquor. There have been 325 in-patients, and the mortality has been 6 per cent. which is very much below the general mortality of hospitals. Dr. Benjamin Colletette, of Guernsey, has attended the patients of two large hospitals (one in the town and the other in the country), and the paupers of a populous parish for thirty years, and has never once found it necessary to prescribe either spirituous, vinous, or malt beverages. Mr. Sleeman, of Tavistock, has been a workhouse medical officer for thirty-four years, and the entire cost of stimulants ordered by him during that whole period has amounted to the sum of half-a-crown. Mr. Dixon, coroner for South Oxfordshire, has held an out-door poor-law appointment for twenty-eight years, and says he has not recommended anything like intoxicating drinks as a medicine for the poor for the last twenty years. Dr. Bennett, of Winterton, in Lancashire, states that for forty-one years he has used no alcoholic liquor in his treatment of disease; and that in a serious epidemic of typhoid fever he treated 500 cases with a mortality of only four per cent. Amongst other parochial medical officers who extensively adopted the non-alcoholic system, and expressed the greatest satisfaction with the results, I may mention the names of the late Dr. Morgan, of Dublin, and the late Mr. Fothergill, of Darlington.

My own experience has convinced me that, in the ordinary treatment of the sick poor, alcoholic liquors of every description are quite unnecessary. I administer none, though I have a very large number of cases under my immediate care. Altogether I have the record of over 14,000 cases of disease, of nearly every kind, that have been treated without the aid of any alcoholic drinks, and every day's additional experience confirms the estimate I have long since made of the utter valuelessness of alcoholic medication. In the ordinary treatment of disease, I have never known the administration of alcoholic liquors to have the slightest beneficial effect; but I have often seen it accelerate disease and retard convalescence. For fifteen years I have been of the opinion expressed but lately by that distinguished physiologist and physician, Dr. B. W. Richardson. "As to the general use of alcohol in disease, he was open to say that every form of disease could be better treated without alcohol than with it."

And here I must appeal to my medical brethren in the poor law service. I have submitted a body of evidence which, it seems to me, is worthy of your most careful consideration, and I would most earnestly call upon you to give the non-alcoholic treatment a fair,

free, and patient trial, in the confident anticipation that you will abide gladly by the issue, whatever the result of the experiment may be.

Whilst Dr. Kerr was reading his paper, the Chairman asked him in what cases—exceptional cases—he (Dr. Kerr) would be disposed to administer alcoholic stimulants?

Dr. Kerr replied that he would never think of giving a drop of brandy, provided such remedies as ammonia, beef tea, and Liebig's extract of meat were to be had, and they might always be kept on hand at workhouse and infirmaries.

### TOBACCO-SMOKING.

BY REV. R. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

I beg as a favor, that young men and boys who do not smoke will read carefully what I am now writing. You have not yet used tobacco. Perhaps you do not intend to do so; but the practice is so common, that you are in danger of being enticed to try if you cannot manage a pipe or a cigar. If you could, you will be told, it would be something rather clever and to be talked about. Before you yield, ponder carefully the following statements, not made before being well considered.

1. *It is a fact* that large numbers who use tobacco, in different ways, deeply regret having formed such a habit. I have heard scores of smokers so express themselves. I knew a gentleman who would have given a large sum of money if he could have thrown off the habit, without a severer struggle than he was prepared to engage in. It is a serious matter, forming a habit. Habits are said to be "second nature," and there is much truth in the saying. Their chains are sometimes very difficult to break. Pause, therefore, and think, before forming a habit which you would be almost sure to regret—yes, even, it may be, to hate.

2. *It is a fact* that tobacco has been found to be very injurious. It has been proved again and again, most clearly, that it injures the eyes; brings on diseases of the lip and tongue; causes heart complaints; depresses most fearfully the spirits; weakens the general strength of both body and mind; brings on fits, and even leads to insanity. I was once acquainted with a man who lost his reason entirely through injury to his nerves and brain arising from the use of tobacco. This was fully ascertained. I heard him say, when being taken to the asylum, "It's all the pipe! the pipe!" Medical men know this, and some of the most learned and skilful in the profession say that tobacco is nothing more or less than a *poison*. This, to some of you, may sound strange. It may be altogether new, indeed. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, referring to the subject, and to the opinion of the medical profession and eminent chemists, writes: "So far there is no controversy. All are agreed as to the deadly nature of the plant (tobacco plant). There is no dispute as to the poisonous action of nicotine." Again: "Nicotine, as the essential principle of tobacco is called, is a liquid alkaloid of such deadly properties that less than the tenth of a grain will kill a middle-sized dog in three minutes. In a single cigar there is sufficient nicotine, if administered pure, to kill two strong men. And thus, in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, the risk must be run of introducing into the system two grains or more of one of the most subtle of all known poisons." Think of that. Of course it does not operate as quickly, as it is usually taken, as some poisons. But it *does* operate in time, to the injury of all who use it, in a greater or less degree. Therefore beware.

3. *It is a fact* that the practice of using tobacco is a very expensive one; much more expensive, I have no doubt, than you are aware of. Indeed, the money wasted in this way, when we set ourselves to reckon it up in a few instances, is seen to amount to something almost surpassing belief. It is so, because it is a constant waste of money in small sums, in most cases. We are apt not to think much of what goes in the shape of "coppers;" but when it is a constant "drop," in years it amounts to much more than we supposed was being spent. I knew a poor man in a workhouse, who was seventy-nine years of age when I saw him last. He had been what is considered a moderate smoker fifty-five years. His tobacco had cost him, on an average, a shilling a week. In fifty years his habit, from which he had not derived the slightest real benefit, had cost him £130. How useful that to a poor man! Had it been taken care of, in place of being wasted in that way, it would have saved him from the workhouse. And is it not probable there are thousands of such cases?

But many spend much more than a shilling a week on tobacco. If you form a habit, it may cost you a larger sum. And more, your love of it may become so strong as to interfere with the discharge of high and holy duties. It is not improbable that the cost of tobacco diverts money from religious purposes. Indeed I am certain it does. Read the follow-

About two years ago, the pastor of a Non-conformist church waited upon a young man, one of his members, who was a clerk in a merchant's office, to solicit a small weekly contribution for a specific object, to extend over a period of twelve months. The substance of the reply he received was this:

"Well sir, I highly approve of the object you have named to me. It is a most worthy one. But the fact is, I cannot do anything. I am just now situated thus: I allow myself about four shillings a week for odds and ends, that is, for collections at chapel, my tobacco, daily paper, and any little penny claim that may cross my path. In this way it all goes, and I cannot spare myself any more."

"I see," the minister said. "Now what may your tobacco cost you? Pardon me."

"All right, sir," he answered. "Don't apologize. I see what you are at. I'm ashamed to say it costs me, including a cigar now and then, not less than two shillings a week. Now I've a notion what you'll say—at least, what you're thinking. It is, that if I would give up my tobacco, I should be able to contribute two shillings more a week to the cause of religion. Quite true, I should. And I wish I could give that more. And I could, if it was not for the weed. It stands in the way. To that extent it robs God. I wish it did not. I should be delighted if I could easily give it up. Never begin to smoke, sir. It is smoke, and nothing else. But don't judge me uncharitably. I'm not alone in this. I know many good people who would be able, and also sure, to put more than they do into the treasury of the church, if they could bring themselves to abandon the use of tobacco. You see it swallows up a large part of their loose cash." Undoubtedly it does.

4. *It is a fact* that smoking often leads to drinking, to loose companionships, and the frequenting of places which all young people should be most careful to shun. There is not much solitary smoking from choice. Company, I suppose, gives zest to the pipe. And few will deny that it often leads to the glass. From the one to the other has been found a short path, soon and easily travelled. Nor is this surprising, as its tendency is to induce or cause a thirst and longing for stimulants. In this way, double expense and double danger to health and life are incurred. Suffer a few words of warning here. I will suppose you are a member of a Christian church, or an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and that you stand well in society and wish to continue to do so. Avoid, then, the pipe. Not doing so, you will be in danger. It has been a snare to thousands. A well-known temperance advocate writes: "I have known members of churches break the pledge, but it has nearly always been the case that such have been smokers, and have blamed the pipe for it. So far as I have observed, more members of our temperance societies fall from being caught in this snare, than in any other."

A few years ago, a promising young man left a Nonconformist college, and very soon disappointed the hopes of his friends, and saddened the hearts of his relatives, by his fall. He frankly attributed the sad calamity, when spoken to about it, to being induced by his love of tobacco to join himself to a company of smokers and enticed to take the glass. His mistake was altogether unpremeditated, and the consequences came upon him as a swift and terrible surprise. I have known many bright prospects darkened by habits to which young men have been led by the pipe.

5. *It is a fact* that the use of tobacco is becoming more and more uncommon in good company, and is highly disapproved of by persons of cleanly habits, as an offensive and repulsive practice. It is beginning to be a custom in large and respectable houses not to allow it at all. And this will most certainly extend, as the impression is gaining ground amongst this class that the use of tobacco is mischievous, especially in the case of young men and boys. And the impression appears to be justified by facts. An eminent minister in London long ago remarked, "As a statistical fact, ninety per cent. of the smoking young men are irreligious." Another declared, some years ago, "The first cigar a young man puts into his mouth, is often his first step in a career of vice." No doubt of it.

6. *It is a fact* that most sensible men, even many who themselves so use tobacco, because they imagine they cannot get loose from the fetters of the habit, condemn the formation of such a habit by the young. I have heard such say something very much like the following, when speaking to young people on the subject:

"If you have not begun to smoke, do not do so. It will not do you one bit of good. It is an expensive habit, an injurious habit, a dangerous habit, and not at all a clean one."

This is what many smokers are quite ready to admit. And they are right, only very inconsistent. Think of these six facts, and let your resolve be that you will not use tobacco in any form. Let your motto be, in the presence of all temptations—I WILL NOT YIELD.—Band of Hope Review.