

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

WHY I AM AGAINST LIQUOR.

By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary to the fishermen of the Labrador coast, gives strong reasons for his uncompromising enmity to drink:

The reasons why I have no use for alcoholic beverages on sea or on shore are so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them all. My standpoint is simply that liquor is unnecessary and bad. It is a help only to thieves and robbers, and I have seen them use it over and over again as a means to lure the fishermen and sailor to his destruction. Saloons and haunts of vice swarm around most seaports, and it is as easy for the liquor-sellers to prey on the newly-landed sailor, with his pocket full of money, his generous and simple nature, and his lack of friends in a strange place, as it is for any other vulture to prey on carrion.

How many times have I seen our poor fellows robbed of their money, of their self-respect, and even of their lives by the liquor-seller.

Alcohol is not now allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working, but so surely as it comes and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or smallpox. Lying at my anchors in Labrador harbors, women have come off to the ship after dark, secretly, for fear of being seen, to ask me for God's sake to try and prevent its being sold near them, as their sons and husbands were being debauched and even their girls were in danger of worse than death.

I have seen it come among the Eskimos. It kills our native as arsenic kills flies, and it robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking a "little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant and physical conditions are full of hardship? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fisherman that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable. After one has seen it rob-

bing his best friends of strength, honor, reason, kindness, love, money and even life.

During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary for myself.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in case of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fisherman who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste nor handle it.

I would be willing to allow that the manufacture of it gives employment, that the sale of it is remuneration, that a desire for it can be easily created. But the desire for it has to be "cultivated," and once cultivated the "market" is certain to open up—for the desire becomes an insatiable, uncontrollable lust in many. I have no controversy with anything that gives employment and circulates money, and should possibly be satisfied if after all the good grain and good foodstuffs had been fermented and converted into this particular kind of poison, instead of being poured down men's throats, it were poured into the ocean—where at least it would do no harm.

I have seen men robbed in many ways, but they have been able, by the help of God, to wipe out any lasting results of such transient losses. But the robberies of alcohol are irremediable. I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen. She was someone's daughter and someone's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship for the last week of her life. She would have been alive to-day, but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the home-going again.

If I ever have the opportunity given to me to say a word at any time or in any place which could help to prohibit the use of alcohol as a beverage, so long as I can stand upon my feet I shall be proud to get up and speak it.

The July Nineteenth Century (Leonard J.) Publication Company, New York) opens with an article on "England, Germany and the Baltic," by J. Ellis Barker; and other subjects discussed are: "Discontent in India," "The Fourth of July in America," "Marie Bashkirtseff: The Reminiscences of a Fellow-Student," and "The Liberal Party and the House of Peers." This is only a partial list of the good things for the month.

The pulpit of Chalmer Church, Montreal, has been filled during the last four Sabbaths, by the Rev. John E. Duclos of Valleyfield, who preached in a most acceptable manner. His discourses which were able and edifying, were greatly enjoyed by many.

Other ministers will supply the pulpit until September when the pastor, the Rev. G. Colborne Heine is expected home.

NEW FINDS IN EGYPT.

Archaeologists and all interested in the uncovering of the monuments of the past will be interested in the announcement contained in a Berlin despatch to "The Sun" that a discovery of great importance to philology and history has just been made at Cairo by Carl Schmidt. Dr. Schmidt says that some seemingly insignificant sheets of parchment, supposed to be late Coptic manuscripts of small value, were offered to him at sale. He at once noticed that the language was not Coptic. He concluded from the recurrence of the word "Urit" which among modern Nubians means king, that the text was written in Nubian. This was a great discovery, since Nubian, although still spoken, has long ceased to be a written language. As soon, therefore, as the documents can be fully deciphered philological science will be richer by knowledge of the language spoken by the inhabitants of Nubia before the invasion of the Semitic tribes. A further consequence is that it will probably now be possible to read the inscriptions on a large number of ancient monuments in Egypt which heretofore have been a mystery. These will doubtless throw light on the history of the earliest Nubian races. Herr Schmidt has ascertained already that two of the Nubian fragments are translations of Christian works. The first consists of a collection of extracts from the New Testament, and the second of a hymn to the cross. There are frequent references to St. Paul. Unfortunately the Greek original of the hymn is not known. The manuscripts date from the eighth century, A. D. Dr. Schmidt, we may add, is a distinguished German savant, and a pronounced authority on Coptic and the early Christian archaeology of Upper Egypt.

THE BROTHERS MARIS.

James, Matthew and William.

The subject of this summer number of "The Studio" is one which appeals to all who are interested in the highest forms of modern painting. James Maris, the leader of the modern Dutch school of landscape painting, is universally accepted as one of the most accomplished artists the last century produced; while Matthew Maris is considered by the more enthusiastic of his many admirers to be the greatest artist living at the present time. Few of his works have hitherto been reproduced, and this book offers an excellent opportunity of studying every phase of his subtle art.

The number contains numerous illustrations of important works by each artist, including sixteen separately-mounted plates in facsimile colors and photogravure, and a lithographic reproduction from an original drawing lent by Matthew Maris. The letterpress has been written by Mr. D. Cral Thomson (author of "The Barbazon School," etc., etc.), who has enjoyed exceptional facilities for obtaining most interesting information concerning the three artists. The demand for this volume, one of the most distinguished and attractive of "The Studio" Special Numbers, has proved so exceptional that only a few copies remain, and those who desire to obtain any of these should place their orders at once, as the number will not be reprinted. The price of this valuable publication is five shillings.

Human love began in paradise on earth but it is carried over into the paradise of heaven.