

# MAID MATTIE.

There was always a profusion of old-fashioned blossoms in the garden that sloped from this little white house to the water's edge. My early recollection of it is of a spot where the sun shone more brightly than elsewhere. The mingled scents of the flowers and the salt sea air as fresh and sweet as the story that was enacted here years ago.

Mattie was maid to Miss Priscilla and her sister Miss Miriam, who dwelt in the cottage then. When little more than a child she was "taken home" by the two elderly spinsters, who dealt most kindly by the orphan from that day.

The Misses Lorimer were spoken of as "very genteel ladies," although their antecedents were unknown. They had settled in the fishing hamlet when both were still comparatively young, but they had always maintained a marked reserve, and had mixed little with the inhabitants.

On the day Mattie learned something of the past and realized fully the precarious future of her old ladies, life became an astounding, but above all, a stern reality to her. A letter came that morning addressed in a strange hand to Miss Lorimer. The postmark was "London"—that far-off place associated in Mattie's mind with pavements of gold and the palatial homes of wealthy bankers—it was there the banker lived who was own brother to the Misses Lorimer.

Mattie handed the letter to Miss Priscilla where she sat at the head of the frugal but dainty breakfast table, and left the room. The door was all but closed when she heard her mistress cry:

"He is dead, Miriam! Oh, Miriam, George is dead!"

The distress in the voice she loved held Mattie.

"What?" cried Miss Miriam. "No, no, it is not possible. The debt! God would not call him home before his work was done!"

"His work is done. The last of the debt was cleared a week ago," Miss Priscilla answered with a forced calm that hurt the listener more than her poignant cry. The letter rustled in the old lady's trembling fingers with the sound of autumn leaves in the wintry wind, and Miss Miriam's low moaning intensified the effect of sudden storm and disaster.

"George gone, George gone—and he the youngest. We have nobody now. What will become of us?" Fear made the last words faint.

"We have God," said Priscilla.

"You do not say, 'Our Father,'" Miriam's voice had hardened strangely.

"Don't sister, don't," cried the elder quickly. "Your bitterness gives him another wrong to answer for at the last judgment—and he has surely enough."

"Poor father. You are right, sister."

A sorrowful silence fell on the sunny room, the windows of which faced the south and the sea.

The thoughts of the sisters were incommunicable even to each other.

"We have not seen George for 25 years," Miriam remarked after a time.

"Ay, he grudged the expense of the long journey—a dear lad!" Priscilla's voice broke in a dry sob, but neither of the sisters had shed a tear. They would not mourn too grievously the brother whose life had been no noble in their eyes in its stern devotion to a high ideal of rectitude. Besides, they had known a worse sorrow than such a death as George Lorimer's can bring.

"What does the lawyer say about—about his circumstances?" It was Miriam who put the anxious question. She was one of those timid women who live in constant fear of destitution—they who are instinctively conscious, poor things, of their incapacity.

"He had a decent burial, and—and there seems to be a little over—enough to do our turn."

"Thank God."

It was at this moment the little maid outside the door burst into uncontrollable weeping, and the elder of the sisters rose from her place and followed her to the kitchen.

Through her tears the girl saw how Miss Priscilla's expression altered when alone with her—it had turned to one of blank despair.

"Mattie," she whispered, "I must tell somebody or it will be too much for me. I had to spare poor Miriam, but that was a falsehood I told her."

"You may call it that, ma'am, I don't," and Mattie set her lips in a determined way she had, while a look of loving admiration shone through her tears.

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Mattie," continued Miss Priscilla, speaking with painful effort. "My sister and I will be hard put to it now not to starve. My brother is dead. We have nothing to depend on for a living—nothing and nobody."

"You've me," quoth Mattie brusquely.

"We'll not be able to afford a servant now, Mattie," said the old lady very sorrowfully.

tell what would have become of the sisters had it not been for Mattie. She was their sole support, but the remarkable thing is that nobody knew it except poor old Priscilla herself. The girl guarded her mistress' pride as carefully as if it were her own.

As soon as possible Mattie started the various small industries by which she managed to keep the pot boiling for three. The little white house belonged to the sisters, and that lessened her difficulties somewhat; still, it was no light task she had undertaken. She was at work early and late, and was withal the cheeriest little woman you would meet in a day's march.

To the villagers who quizzed her about her industry and her earnings she declared she was "laying by" for her "providing"—she was not minded to be a portionless bride.

Her visits to the neighboring town with supplies of fruit and vegetables had set the gossips agog, and they had many dark hints to make regarding her honesty. When the girl invaded their own ground, however, and began to buy and retail the creels of fish, the sight of her depravity could no longer be endured, and they went in a deputation to inform and caution the old ladies.

The only bad effect of the ignorant interference of these busybodies was to make Miss Miriam more intolerant in private of "Mattie's eccentricities" and a little suspicious that the girl was greedy. Mattie's indefatigable energy became a source of irritation to the delicate old maid who had not the key to it, and poor Miss Priscilla's office of mediator was not always a sinecure. But they seldom quarreled outright, for Mattie rarely forgot that Miss Miriam had been "kept in the dark," and, besides, she had a tactful way with her. Scenes like the following were of frequent occurrence, however.

"Mattie's bright face would look round the sitting room door of a morning. 'Oh, Miss Miriam, if you're not too busy would you mind plucking a few young peas? I must finish the washing, but I would like to take them to the market today. They're scarce.'"

Miss Miriam would continue to nibble the end of her quill pen reflectively. (She is seated at her desk; it is Miss Miriam's belief that she has the poetic gift, and her time is much occupied in its exercise.)

"It's such a lovely morning," says Mattie persuasively.

"Dear, dear, if you only knew what it means to be disturbed at such moments. But you have no tact, no consideration; you will never learn, Mattie," cries the lady pettishly.

"I'm so sorry, ma'am, but the peas will soon be past their best, and—"

"The peas, indeed. And what of my ideas? If I do not pluck them when they are ripe, they wither also."

"But think of the price they'll fetch," cries the maid, her mind upon the peas.

"The price. Thank goodness, I have never put my gift to base uses—and never will. Mattie, it grieves me to see you becoming so mercenary. I do not think I can possibly afford time for the peas this morning."

"Dear Miss Miriam, not if I tell you I want the money to buy a chicken for Miss Priscilla? She enjoyed the last so much. I assure you, it's not for myself this time."

"That alters the case entirely. Certainly, certainly, we must get a chicken for Priscilla." Then the good lady sets her cap straight, and takes her way contentedly to the sunny garden.

It was during the first winter—a severe one, as luck would have it—that Mattie had her hardest struggle to keep the wolf from the door. She had not yet started the little poultry farm which yielded her a tolerable income later on. The garden was empty, save for the small household supply of winter potatoes. Fruits, flowers and vegetables were no longer available, and the sailings and catches of the fishing fleet were most irregular. In spite of the girl's efforts to earn enough by her needle, the pinch of want was felt in the little home. It was Miss Priscilla's painful anxiety on account of her sister and Mattie that roused the latter to her utmost endeavor. She betwought her of a plan, and straightway entered into a compact with a cousin of hers, a young fisherman who had shown himself very friendly toward her of late. He was to lend her his cobbler of a night to go a fishing in the firth on her own account, and he would have a percentage of her winnings. She made the stipulations that he was not to speak of the transaction to any one, and that he would row the boat to the gate of her garden when she wanted it.

The plan worked well and Mattie spent many a long hour on the cold, dark waters after her old ladies were safely disposed of for the night.

Meanwhile, it dawned upon the heavy but calculating brain of Peter Small, Mattie's cousin, that the girl would make a desirable wife; she was so active and so well-gathered, if report spoke truly.

Peter was not an ill-favored fellow, and Mattie, being one of those who are keenly sensitive to kindness, felt most kindly disposed toward him. She was so free from self-interest herself that it was the last thing she suspected in others.

Before long Peter spoke of marriage. The girl received his proposal encouragingly, but told him she was

not free to marry so long as the old ladies lived. The young man's amazement was followed by something like contempt. Still, he did not believe that this was anything more than a whim.

As the weeks passed, however, and his persuasions were of no avail to move Mattie from her resolve, he became very angry in secret. He did not quarrel with her outright, because of his exaggerated notion of her monetary value.

He cudged his brains for some way of bringing her to reason, as he phrased it, and at last hit upon a scheme. It was only likely to occur to a selfish and unscrupulous man, but that was of no consequence to Peter.

One night, on the plea of helping Mattie with the lines, Peter stepped aboard the cobbler and rowed her out to the fishing ground. Anchoring the boat securely, he seated himself on a thwart within reach of the painter. Mattie had tried to dissuade him from accompanying her, and she was surprised he should ignore her wish. Still, she was not altogether displeased to have his company.

It was one of those nights in which the dim starlight seems to intensify the darkness of land and sea. The heaving waters had a phosphorescent gleam, and the waves moaned sullenly as the wind from the east swept across them in stinging gusts.

But for Peter's companionship Mattie would have felt the solitude "eerie." Yet they had little to say to each other. They worked with a will. Fish were plentiful, and in a couple of hours they had caught as many as Mattie wanted.

"We'll be weighing anchor, now," she said.

"Not quite yet, lass," quoth Peter in a dry tone. "I came out here to-night meaning to get your promise to marry me a fortnight from now, and we'll up anchor only when you've given it."

"You'll row me ashore at once, Peter, or I'll never forgive you," cried Mattie, amazed and indignant.

"I'll row you ashore as soon as you give me your word—not till then," said Peter doggedly.

"You're never in earnest?" Mattie was beginning to tremble a little in the darkness.

"Am I not? I'm thinking I've pinned you this time, my lass," and he laughed exultantly.

Mattie was speechless for the moment—dazed by the revelation of his character.

"Well, are you content to stop here till daylight?" cried Peter, breaking in on her troubled thoughts. "There will be a fine stir at the cottage when the Miss Lorimers wake up and want their breakfast," he added craftily.

At this Mattie sprang to her feet and stretched across to grasp the anchor rope, but he held her off. Then he taunted her with her powerlessness.

Peter drove her back to the seat she had quitted. Then she shipped the oars into the rowlocks, and strove with all her might to drag the boat from its moorings; but it was useless.

"Come, Mattie, be a sensible woman for once, and give in. It beats me to know what you make such a to-do for."

Mattie's answer was a cry of despair. It was that I heard as I was returning to the coastguard station after my night's round of inspection. What was the use of telling this man the true facts of the case—that the poor old ladies had nobody to look to but her? He would only sneer. She need not throw herself upon his generosity; he had none. He was hard as flint. He would keep his word in spite of all she could say or do. Daylight would find her here if she did not promise. Could she promise—for their sakes? But would it be best for them in the end? That question saved Mattie. She saw so clearly that the wife of Peter Small would have little power to administer to others.

"You can stay here till doomsday, Peter, but you'll never get me to say I'll marry you. That idea is gone, once and for all. I've changed my opinion of you this night as I—as I never thought to—" Her words eaded in a sob.

Peter's anger rose. He began to threaten and to bully her, thinking probably that her tears betokened a weakness that demanded such treatment. But he was struck dumb of a sudden by the sound of approaching oars.

"Aho, there!" Mattie cried out, her voice full of joyful relief.

It suffices to tell that I rescued Mattie by cutting the cobbler adrift from her moorings when the surly fellow at the bow still refused to haul up the anchor, for I am merely the chronicler of a page in Mattie's life which proves her to have a heart as brave, generous and faithful as that of any heroine of fiction.

A number of years later Mattie stood in the old-fashioned garden. Two young girls were chasing each other round the flower bed. Mattie's eyes were unusually dreary. Coming up behind her unobserved, I said:

"I can tell what you are thinking of."

I dare say. The dear old ladies. I miss them sometimes even now. You see, since the babies grew up there are none of you quite helpless enough," she replied with a whimsical smile.

"I'll soon be an old decrepit man," I remarked cheerfully.

She looked a loving reproach.

"Priscilla! Miriam!" she called to the youngsters, "come to dinner. Father is home."—New York Times.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Religion is Evergreen—The Olive Branch of Peace, the Pine Branch of Consolation, the Palm Branch of Usefulness and Victory—The Gospel Arbor.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the breath of the hills and fields, and is a summer sermon; text, Nehemiah, viii, 15. "Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and myrtle branches and pine branches and branches of thick trees to make booths."

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain and have cut off tree branches and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem and on the housetops and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do this? Well, it is a great fastal time. It is these feasts of tabernacles, and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also became highly suggestive of our march toward heaven and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest. And what was said to the Jews literally may be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths.

Now, we are on a temporary residence. We are marching on. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away, and their residences are now the fields of cheap merchants. Where are the great mansions now owned by New York and New York? Passed on. There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even get into the soil of the footstep. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them.

But, blessed be God, we are not in this world left out of doors and unsheltered. There are gospel booths or gospel arbors in which our souls are to be comforted, and these are the mountain and the olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches and branches of thick trees and build booths.

Well, now, we are to-day to construct a gospel arbor or gospel booth, and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build. According to my text, we must go up into the mountain and bring olive branches. What does that mean? The olive tree grows in warm climates and it reaches the height of twenty or twenty-two feet, a straight stem, and then an offshoot comes. And then people come and they strip off these branches sometimes, and when in time of war the general of one army takes one of these olive branches and goes out to the general of another army, what does that mean? It means peace. The war choppers; it means hang up the war knapsacks. It is but a beautiful way of saying peace!

Now, if we are to-day going to succeed in building this gospel arbor we must go into the mountain of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have we must have at least two olive branches—peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as an angry chieftain having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine that there is hostility between holiness and sin.

And if God is all holiness and we are all sinners, there is a real antagonism here; there must be a reconstruction, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

There is a great lawsuit going on now, and it is a lawsuit which man is bringing against his Maker; that lawsuit is now on the altar. It is the human versus the divine; it is iniquity versus the immanent; it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it; God did not begin the lawsuit. We began it; we assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the war, the better it will be for us. We must overthrow the infinite and omnipotent—the sooner we end it the better. Travelers tell us there is no such place as Mount Calvary; that it is only a hill, only an insignificant hill, but I persist in calling it the catching of the breath of the world, grander than any other place on earth, grander than the Alps or the Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it; and I have noticed in every set where the cross of Christ is set forth it is planted with olive branches.

And all we have to do is to get rid of this war between God and ourselves, of which we are all tired. We want to back out of the war; we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the mount of God's blessing and stretch across to grasp the anchor rope, but he held her off. Then he taunted her with her powerlessness.

Oh, it does not make much difference what the world thinks of you! But come into the warm, intimate, glowing and peaceful relationship with the God of the whole universe; that is the joy that makes a halloo in the world. Why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in 10,000 years of war against God we could not have captured so much as a sword or a calvary stony or twisted of other of the wheels of the chariot of His omnipotence, but the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

But then we must have that other olive branch—peace with man. Now, it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowder Christians all around us, and one match of provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But a brother do you not think you had better have your horns saved off? Had not you better make an apology? Had not you better submit to a little humiliation? "Oh," you say, "until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him! Nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step."

You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong; Christ was in the right, all right and wrong. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for His enemies and just take an olive branch and strip off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It will not hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you cannot take those two doctrines, you are not a Christian.

But my text goes further. It says, "Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches." Now, what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is healthy; it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients, "Go and have a breath of the pines; that will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go South every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the in-

fluence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of our holy religion. It is full of health, health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive; he lived on a beverage of hosianna; he lived high, for he dined every day with the King; he was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion, healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstance, such holy equipoise. Oh, that we all possessed it; that we possessed it now!

And some one says, "My business is to manufacture horseshoe nails." Then manufacture horseshoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we do not want in the church any more people that are merely weeping wretches, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring! No wild cherry dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, something for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this fat, tame, insipid, satin slippers, namby pamby, highly righty religion. It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity. Give me 500 men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take this city for us, and we will take this city for us, and we will take this city for us, and we will take this city for us. In ten years 10,000 of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? We all want to be useful. There is not a man in the pews that does not want to be useful. When are we going to begin?

Ledyard, the great traveler, was brought before the Geographical Society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils and all the hard work and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa they said to him, "Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start?" He said, "To-morrow morning."

They were astonished. They thought he would not be more than content to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you had the decision to say, "Now; now!" Oh, go into the mount and gather the palm branches!

But the palm branches also mean victory. Well, now, we are by nature the servants of Satan. He stole us; he has his eye on us; he wants to keep us. But word comes from our Father that if we try to break loose from this doing of wrong our Father will help us, and we will rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, "Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh, what a grand thing it is to have sin underfoot and a wasted life behind our backs! "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered."

Some one says, "How about the future?" What, says the man, I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life. You are going to be more than conqueror. But, says the man, I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life. You are going to be more than conqueror. I, I have so many ailments and heartaches, going to be more than conqueror. Yes, unless you are so self-occupied that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? "Oh, no," you say. "I want God to be my leader." Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can pick you up out of the dust anywhere, and all the clemeters of the earth are in God's care. Oh, you are going to be more than conqueror!

Do you not think we had better begin now to celebrate the coming victory? In the old meeting house at Sarverville my father used to lead the singing. He had the old fashioned tuning fork, and he would strike it upon his knee and then put the tuning fork to his ear to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But, friend, do you not think we had better catch the right pitch now? The old song, the song of victory, when we shall be more than conquerors? Had we not better begin the rehearsal on earth?

My text brings us one step further. It says go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches and branches of thick trees. Now you know very well—I make this remark under the head of branches of thick trees—that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So, then, the booth or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth, and hence for the building of the arbor for this world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor.

Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine; not only love, but justice; not only invitation, but warning. It is a mighty gospel; it is an omnipotent gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees.

I remember what Mr. Finney said in a schoolhouse. The village was so bad it was called Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the village, and he was called Lot, and Mr. Finney was preaching in the schoolhouse, and he described the destruction of Sodom; how the city was going to be destroyed unless they repented, and that there would be rain from heaven of sorrow and destruction unless they repented. And the people in the schoolhouse sat and ground their teeth in anger, and clinched their fists in anger, but before he got through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while Mr. Finney could not find out what it was a mighty gospel; not only an invitation, but a warning, an omnipotent truth; stout branches of thick trees.

Well, my friends, you see I have omitted one or two points, not because I forgot to present them, but because I have no time to present them. I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness, and of victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth. I went out at different times with a bowler to the mountains to get such pigeons, and we made our booth and we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky and after awhile they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of the gospel booth. I look out, I see flocks of souls flying hither and thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window! Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Alcohol in Childhood—Its Administration to Sick or Healthy Children is to Be Discouraged Under All Circumstances—Weakens the Intellect.

Concerning the use of alcohol in childhood Dr. Kassowitz (Deutsche Medicinal Zeitung) concludes as follows:

1. Severe functional disturbances (delirium tremens, alcoholic mania, epilepsy) and organic changes (anasarca, enlargement of the liver) have been observed by the author and others after the continued use of alcohol.

2. These diseases occurred not only after the use of brandy and excessive doses of other alcoholic drinks, but also after the use of ordinary amounts of wine and beer, and even after such small doses of cognac as are usually considered not only harmless, but even curative.

3. From these results we must conclude that the nervous system in childhood is extremely sensitive to the poisonous effects of alcohol.

4. The administration of alcoholic drinks to children is permitted in the best regulated families in the belief that small doses cure weakness and diseased condition. It is easily demonstrated, however, that this idea is absolutely wrong.

5. Physiological experiments have disproved the former views that alcohol is a food and prevents body waste; the excretion of urea is increased rather than diminished during the administration of alcohol.

6. From this it may be concluded that the protracted use of alcohol prevents the growth and development of the child.

7. Even as an appetizer alcohol is useless, since experiments have shown that it disturbs rather than aids digestion.

8. As an antipyretic alcohol is useless, because even after the administration of very large doses the temperature falls but slightly.

9. Researches have shown that the much-lauded stimulating effect of alcohol either does not occur or is very passing, but that a slow degree of depression of the muscles and nerves takes place. The use of alcohol therefore for the prevention and treatment of cardiac disease in childhood has no scientific foundation.

10. The internal administration of alcohol as an antiseptic—that is, as a bactericidal agent, in acute infectious diseases—is not rational. Experiments have shown that during its administration the resistance against infection is diminished rather than increased, and that alcohol is too quickly oxidized to have any bactericidal power.

11. In school children, even after a moderate use, the weakening effect upon the intellect was evident.

12. From the foregoing ill effects of even moderate amounts of alcohol the administration of alcoholic drinks to healthy or sick children is under all circumstances to be discouraged.—Medical Record.

### Traced to Drink.

W. Bode, a German doctor says: "Over-seers of the poor, especially in North Germany, have often declared that from fifty to ninety per cent. of all the poverty can be traced to drink. Drunkenness is further more the chief source of vagabondage among seven-eighths of the population of the tramps. A great proportion of the expense of hospitals and of sick funds is owing to this cause. It shortens life among at least ten per cent. of the men, often very considerably. Investigations among the English life insurance societies, which keep separate tables for their moderate drinking patrons and for those who totally abstain, as well as recent statistics of the causes of death in Switzerland, furnish plain testimony on this point. Intemperance is also a cause of the mortality among children, since the children of intemperate parents have little endurance, or die for want of care. Among twelve per cent. of the suicides drink is one of the causes. A considerable number of accidents, are also to be traced to this source."

### Tragedy in a Single Drop.

The late Professor Henry Drummond used to tell this story: "I know a man who was a temperance lecturer. In his early days he had been a great drunkard, but he was reformed, and he had got considerable notoriety as a platform speaker in one of our large cities. By trade he was a glasscutter. One day, many years after he had been a confirmed Christian, as everyone thought, a servant girl brought into his place of business a decanter with a broken neck, and asked him to cut it smooth. He took up the bottle to see what was wrong; the fumes of the brandy came out of the neck and went into his brain. He turned the decanter upside down, and got a drop of the fluid upon his finger, and he died in five minutes. It set his brain on fire. He went to the nearest public house and got drunk. That was the beginning of a very bitter and disgraceful end."

### Revival of Pledge Signing.

A revival of pledge signing is now in progress in England. The Christian of London, commenting on a decrease of £1,271,756 spent for intoxicating liquors in 1900 as contrasted with 1890, says: "Let temperance workers meanwhile take heart, and continue their good work with renewed energy; for if the million pledges aimed at be secured, it will make a far bigger drop in next year's drink bill than even this year shows."

### License Endorses.

A singular episode has transpired in Chicago which opens another door of light on the saloon question. The Christian of license for \$800 is extracted from clairvoyants. War is being made on the matter, and for the reason that to license clairvoyance is to "recognize it," "legalize it," and "give it a certain respectability." That is precisely what the license does, whether it be a mountebank clairvoyant or a hell-filling saloon.—Central Christian Advocate.

### Inferior Beer.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette, of New York, says that some brewers of this city who are members of the Brewers' Board of Trade and also the New York State Brewers' and Malsters' Association are sending out broadcast over the country advertisements announcing that a large amount of bottles beer made of cheap and inferior material is in the market.

### A Grand Testimony.

A grand testimony—The famous novelist, Mme. Sarah Grand, says: "The only thing that I find had for my work is alcohol in any shape or form. I find that even a glass of light wine deprives me of staying power. I drink nothing at luncheon, outside a small cup of black coffee afterwards."

### The Crusade in Brief.