

# Temperance

## Our Share in It.

Lo, I beheld a city vast,  
A hall of State was there,  
And all day long a crowd admired  
Its architecture rare.  
I, as a loyal citizen,  
Praised well its sculpture fine,  
And pointing to its grandeur cried,  
'Part of that pile is mine.'

I walked adown that city's slums,  
When noontide's sun was high,  
Finding in human rookeries  
Loafer and loungeer nigh.  
A beerhouse fired the parent's thirst,  
Who on the pavement sat;  
Ashamed, I gazed, and cried, 'Thank God,  
I have no share in that!'

Yet some abstainers on now press  
Strange doctrines to embrace,  
To cure a city's drunkenness  
With municipal lace!  
And deem a civic rule will change  
An evil into good,  
And make a worthy citizen  
Of a vampire fed on blood!

Go, tell your story, if you dare,  
To dwellers in yon slums;  
Go, listen, and their laugh of scorn,  
Will strike your folly dumb!  
'The banished public-house alone,'  
They cry, our case will meet—  
'Reforms first step; rescue the young,  
Who fester in the street!'

O dark the day when Temperance fair  
Shall pure ambition sink,  
To gather in, and calmly share,  
The profits of strong drink!  
We, born of Temperance sires, and mute,  
When called to voice their aim,  
We regulate, and not uproot,  
A nation's crime and shame!

Must, O Temperance patriots true,  
In battle's firm array;  
One generation trained by you  
Could sweep drink's curse away!  
Hands, feeble now, in whitest frame,  
Unlowered, the flag shall bear,  
And on the mount Success proclaim  
WITH DRINK WE HAVE NO SHARE.  
—Alliance News.

## As Quick as the Telephone.

One night a well-known citizen, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet.

His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for papa to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning and went his way.

But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of questions and caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was

chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft gloom of the fire-light knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound to the spot:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tight together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say:

'God bless mamma, papa, and my own self.  
God—bless papa—and—please—send—him—  
home—sober.—Amen.'

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

'Mamma, God answers almost as quickly as the telephone, doesn't He?—Selected.

## When Black Looked White.

The broom-boy at a barber's shop wanted to clean a last summer's straw hat belonging to one of the customers.

'No,' said the customer, 'it's as good as new.'

Thereupon the broom-boy quietly hung up the debatable article between two straw hats of recent purchase. The contrast was astonishing. Grimy and yellow, the 'good-as-new' straw hat cut a perfectly disgraceful figure.

The customer gave a glance at it as he settled himself in the chair.

'Here,' he said to the sagacious broom-boy, 'I've changed my mind. You may take that hat, and give it a thorough cleaning. Hurry up, now.'

Thereat the broom-boy chuckled.

It is very easy to be satisfied with one's self, in any department of one's life. A man goes to pieces so gradually. Souls grow grimy so unnoticeably. We started out new. Day by day makes little difference—no difference that we can see.

But there is a difference, and a big one, unless we keep cleaned up. And if you want to know whether you need that cleansing or not, first set your life alongside the one pure life, and then stand back and look at the two.—Temperance Leader.

## Why Some Men Are Poor.

There is the tobacconist. The money they give to him brings them neither food, fuel, clothing nor shelter. It in no sense goes to his self-respect or material success. Why do they work for him?

'Then there is the brewer and the distiller. Here, as in other countries, these alone thrive when other industries may be working at a loss. Who is to blame for this traffic? Who are its patrons? Are not the working-men its chief supporters? Do they need urging or promise of pay to induce them to squander on drink the money for which their families are suffering? Why do they choose to fatten these industries on their souls and the souls of their families? Whom have they to blame? Why do they not choose as representatives among the nation's lawmakers men who will legislate these worse-than-cancers on the business body out of existence? Why do the voters uphold the liquor trade by giving the making of their laws into the hands of the liquor interests?

'Here, at least, the workingmen have the remedy in their own hands. They have not the slightest excuse for worse than wasting their wages on what brings them no returns but degradation and its accompaniments. The wealth won by railroad kings, corporations,

iron-mongers or monopolies, increased by the toil of the working class, is a mere bagatelle compared to that which these same workers give away—thrust eagerly into the liquor and tobacco dealer's hand despite the tears and pleadings of their best friends. The industries mentioned give them means to care for their families to some extent, but to the three classes referred to above, not one offers anything but ruin and shame—the three-fold degradation which destroys body and soul; often passing on through hereditary lines, even to the 'third and fourth generation.' So long as men will willingly—nay, eagerly—become slaves to these manufacturers, they should be silent as to all other sources of poverty, for no man who has allowed the liquor and tobacco habit to master him can refer his downfall to outside sources. If the working-man will 'boycott' drink and tobacco, he will find many a dime in his pocket that would not otherwise be there, at the close of the day's work.—The Commoner.

## Opened His Eyes.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

'No,' said the landlord, 'you have had two already. You have had the delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more.'

He stepped aside for a couple of young men who entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other stood by, silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

'Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin.'

'Now sell me a few glasses and your work will be done.'

'I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me.'

'They can be saved; they may be men again. Don't sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake, sell no more to them.'

The landlord listened pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, 'God helping me, that is the last drop I will sell to any one,' and he kept his word.—Selected.

## How to Break Off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason and that the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of all bad habits.—Selected.

## St. Valentine.

The February issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be a kind of Valentine Number. St. Valentine's day comes on the 14th of February every year, but in Leap Year the day never passes without something happening that rejoices Master Cupid. This number will possibly set forces in motion in the right direction.

The cover has been specially designed for the 'Canadian Pictorial' by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. D. P. McMillan, and represents a young girl in maiden meditation with a valentine in her hand and the bewitcheries of Cupid hovering over her. Other valentine features will be found of interest.

The February issue also contains the life story of Florence Nightingale, who has just been decorated by the King with the order of merit. She is the first woman to receive it. There are sporting scenes, winter views and news pictures of events in various parts of the world in which Canadians are interested. Among the features will be a collection of portraits of the presidents of the Canadian Clubs that have now spread to almost every town in Canada. The usual departments will be of remarkable interest this month.