



Right or Revenue?

(Katie V. Hall, in the 'Pacific Ensign'.)

What! license a man your brother to slay,
To lead your sons downward, your daughters astray?

Can you, professed Christian, thus sin
against light?

Ah! pause for a moment, think! can it be
right?

'But,' say you, 'our bridges and walks
need repair;

The cost of improvement is heavy to bear.'
Such foolish excuses will not stand the
test;

The blood of lost souls upon you will rest.

You are teaching your boys to be honest
and true,

To pay without fail what to others is due.
But, say, are you voting to license the den
Where Satan has planned to make gam-
blers of them?

That daughter, as pure as the lily so white,
You look on her now with pride and de-
light,

Yet, careless and thoughtless, you're lend-
ing a hand

Her virtue to blight, her fair barque to
strand.

Oh! can you afford to sacrifice right,
For license or favorite party to fight?

Oh! rise in your manhood, for truth take
your stand!

Strike hard at this monster that's blight-
ing our land!

What a Picture Did.

To a little boy in a primary class at Sun-
day-school was once given a picture of a
glass of wine, in which the liquor was
sparkling and beautiful to behold, but in
which could be seen a serpent slowly un-
coiling itself. He could not understand
the picture, so, full of eager questionings,
he applied to his mother, who told him
how sadly true the picture was; how cer-
tainly sure it was that the wine when it
moveth itself aright bites like a serpent
and stings like an adder. He never en-
countered a serious temptation to drink,
until, in the junior year of his college
course, he with a friend was making New
Year's calls. Coming to the home of a
fashionable young lady, wine was proffer-
ed him. He declined, as he had always
done before, without serious thought;
whereupon the young lady, expressing her
astonishment, took the glass, saying,
'You'll surely not refuse to drink to my
health?' He at once assented, took up the
wine, and raised it to his lips. In that
moment he saw before his eyes the picture
in his early Sunday-school paper. He
paused, put down the glass, told the lady
of it, adding: 'Never has one drop of liquor
passed my lips, and now will you take the
responsibility of my drinking this?' With
an impatient gesture she replied 'No,' and
so the liquor went untasted. Later he
became an eminent clergyman, and stood
in the front rank of his denomination.—
'Temperance Leader.'

Old Country Friends.

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postage on papers to Great Britain and
Ireland has been so greatly reduced that
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Why He Gave It Up.

A sea captain testified that he became an
abstainer from watching the effects upon
his seamanship of a single glass of spir-
its. He had to decide, for instance, whe-
ther he could safely sail through a fog.
Without the drink he said to himself, 'It
will not be safe; better lie to till the fog
clears.' He took a glass of whisky, and
at once found himself saying, 'Oh, it is
safe enough; go ahead.' He at once resolv-
ed never to touch it again, for he realized
that the false courage caused by a single
glass might lead him to an act of impru-
dent seamanship that might involve the
loss of his ship. The one glass may lead
a young man to take a fatal step that he
would never have taken without it.

A Forcible Notice.

Smokers are too apt to disregard the
rights of their immediate neighbors.

George and Henry Grafton, to fill their
time during vacation and to make a little
money, set up a candy and popcorn store
with their parents' permission in an unoc-
cupied shop on the village street.

'Now,' said George, 'we shall have a good
many ladies among our customers; and it
won't do to let the men smoke in here.'

'Oh, no,' said Harry, 'we'll put up a
sign, "No Smoking Allowed."'

'I guess we'd better be a little more po-
lite in our notice,' said George, 'so that we
shan't offend any of our smoking custom-
ers.'

The boys put their heads together to in-
vent a polite 'no smoking' notice, and at
last, with a pleasing sense of having done
exactly the right thing, hung up the fol-
lowing neatly lettered inscription:

'Customers will please take Notis that
if they wish to Smoke in Here they will
ples ether extinguish their Pipes or else
Go Outdoors.'—'Everybody's Paper.'

An Accursed Business.

(The Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D.D., in 'Re-
ligious Intelligencer'.)

'The man who bringeth wicked devices
to pass' is the man who runs a saloon,
Or stocks a saloon,
Or gives bonds for a saloon,
Or votes to license a saloon,
Or patronizes a saloon,
Or advocates an army canteen saloon,
Or fills the newspapers with contradict-
ed lies claiming that it is harmful to ab-
olish the canteen saloon.

One day no saloon-keeper can be found
on earth. 'Yet a little while and the wick-
ed shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently
consider his place, and he shall not be.'

A little while in God's calendar seems
a great while in man's.

'Come, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?'

'For this purpose the Son of God was
manifested, that he might destroy the
works of the devil.' Selling intoxicating
beverages is a work of the devil. What
is fiendish if not the persistent effort, by
decorating saloons and by giving thirst-
inciting free lunches, to fasten on a young
man an appetite which the saloon-keepers
must know may ruin him, and which they
can't know, in any case, will not ruin him,
body and soul?

Notable Testimonies.

I should always advise youths about to
enter upon commercial life to avoid intoxi-
cating liquors even in moderation, as there
can be no telling how much the taste may
grow. If they never touch them, they will
never want them, and probably they will
lead happier lives, save more money, and
have clearer heads for business.—Sir
George Newnes.

I wish to say to every young man that

I am more and more convinced that total
abstinence from intoxicating liquor is the
only safe course that can be taken to build
up a successful life. It is not cowardly to
get behind a pledge, but heroic to anchor
to a principle which not only helps the
man who has taken the stand, but his
friends, who are influenced by his courage
and faithfulness.—John Wanamaker.

Drink should always be written with a
big 'D' because it first dazzles its victims,
then delights them, deludes them, draws
them, drags them, degrades them, destroys
them, and damns them, body and soul.
That was the history of drink, and they
could not write drink with too large a 'D.'
Alcohol was a dangerous thing, and the
only rightful attitude for wise and Chris-
tian men was to abstain from it and set a
good example to other people.—John
Kempster.

Any one of the many articles in 'World
Wide' will give three cents' worth of plea-
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The following are the contents of the issue
of Dec. 19, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The United Statesman—'Punch,' London.
The City and Fiscal Speeches—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in
the 'Pilot,' London.
The 'Dumping' of German Steel—Is the British Trade
Going?—The 'Times,' London.
In Panama—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Fragments from the Fiscal Wonderland—The Chaplin and
the Missioner—By C. G. and F. C. G. Illustrated—'West-
minster Gazette.'
The Cobden Club—The English Papers.
Macedonia in Winter—Henry Nevins, in the 'Common-
wealth,' London.
Americans are not a Free People—By Ray Stannard Baker,
in the December McClure's Magazine.
The Song of the Blouse—The 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The 'Birds' at Cambridge—By J. B. A., in the Manchester
'Guardian.'
John Ruskin: A Vindication—An Address to British Work-
men—The 'St. George,' organ of the English Ruskin Soci-
eties. Abridged.
The Song of the Battipali—The 'Globe,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Angels—Poem by William Drummond, of Hawthorn-
den.
The Feast of the Snow—Gilbert Chesterton, in the 'Com-
monwealth,' London.
Let Holly have the Mastery—Old English Carol.
The Land of His Nativity—From 'Studies of the Portrait of
Christ'—By the Rev. Geo. Matheson.
The Creed of a Credulous Person—An Example of the Truth
of Fairy Tales—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Black and
White,' London.
The Holiday Problem—By W. S., in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Children's Guests—The 'Spectator,' London.
Delayed in Transmission—A Christmas Joke at Meena-
clochran—By Jane Barlow, in the 'Pilot,' London.
A Talker's Misadventure—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Trevelyan's History—By Prof. Dodd, in the New York
'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Sports or Business—By William James, jr., in the 'Harvard
Graduates' Magazine.
Artificial Camphor—The 'Scientific American.'
Applied Science and Social Control—By Michael E. Sadler,
M.A., in 'St. George,' concluded.
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