

The Sounding Cry.

Church of God, awake, arise! Listen to the widow's cries...

Church of God, awake, arise! Say, what means those shrieks and cries? Ah, the dreadful din grows worse...

Church of God, awake, arise! Turn your face to the skies. United stand—Right against Wrong—

Church of God, awake, arise! 'Tis the voice of Conscience cries: Speaking firmly from your breast...

Church of God, awake, arise! Turn your face to the skies. United stand—Right against Wrong—

Reclaimed.

It is a warm balmy evening in May. The air, laden with the perfume of flowers, is borne through the richly draped windows of a stately mansion.

Suddenly Mabel looks up and asks, "Mamma, does papa love us any more?" "Hush, dear."

Oh, Harry Harcourt, if you could have heard those touching appeals for affection from your child you surely would have been stopped in your downward course!

While she is waiting for his return we will give her history:—

Evelyn was the daughter of an intelligent and influential farmer. Her mother was a refined and cultured woman.

Harry Harcourt was of noble disposition, genial, true-hearted and thoroughly upright. Yet he lacked one important requisite of true manliness—

Try as he would he could not forget Evelyn's loveliness of person and beauty of mind. He earnestly desired to know

casted in similar subjects, their acquaintance progressed rapidly. Friendship was soon replaced by love, and after a brief engagement, they assumed the most sacred of earthly ties—marriage.

As years passed their love and confidence in each other became greater. Their sympathies, their interests, their very natures blended. Through the influence of Evelyn's beauty of character,

Evelyn suffered untold anguish as she saw her beloved husband return evening after evening intoxicated. She was habitually neglected and left alone as we have seen her to-night.

Evelyn advances toward her husband. He is ashamed of his condition, and, frowning with wine, strikes her a sharp blow and she falls, apparently, lifeless at his feet.

Her sensitive nature has received a shock from which it will require many weeks to recover. For a long time death's angel hovers o'er her.

Now Evelyn opens her eyes and tries to recall the past. At length it returns, but it seems like a dream to her.

"Harry," at last she faintly utters as she extends her wasted hands to him. He is filled with inexpressible joy.

A lovely smile overspreads the face of Evelyn as she says: "Dear Harry, the past is already forgotten. I would cheerfully suffer a thousandfold more than I have suffered to have heard these precious words."

After this occurrence Evelyn's recovery is rapid. She has bright hopes to encourage her. Life possesses new beauties.

Years have passed since the events here recorded took place. Evelyn is supremely happy. Her cup of joy is full to overflowing.

Harry Harcourt is noted for his high Christian character. There is no charitable enterprise he does not encourage or needed reform he does not support.

long since he felt the blight of Intemperance he can not look upon wine without a shudder, it so vividly recalls the time he gave that almost fatal blow to one dearer to him than life itself.

Deacon White's Prayer Meeting.

DEACON WHITE was to lead the weekly prayer meeting, and, contrary to custom, he preferred not to announce the topic of the evening in advance.

The singing was inspiring, the Scripture read was eminently practical, and the subject proposed for consideration one which appealed to every man, woman and child present.

"As professing Christians, what is our duty in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors in our midst?"

"It is time this question was seriously asked, and as seriously answered," said the good deacon. "On my way here I passed two saloons where beer and cider are sold openly, and where I have no doubt stronger liquors are sold more secretly."

"We have allowed the sale of intoxicating liquors in our midst. Yes, friends, we have allowed this sale, and we are verily guilty."

Much more than this said the leader; each utterance a personal accusation, of which he accepted his full share. He then offered an earnest prayer that all might be made to see their duty and have strength to perform it.

The next voice heard was that of a poor woman who sat in an obscure corner of the room, as though wishing to escape observation. "There will be hope for my boy if the saloons are closed."

Others expressed themselves glad that so important a matter had been so forcibly presented, and declared their readiness to aid in any way possible the work of reform.

Then arose Mr. Swanton, a tall, dignified gentleman, whose utterances were always measured, and whose opinions were always positive. He was sorry to disagree with what seemed to be the prevailing sentiment of the evening, but he could not believe himself in any way responsible for the sale of intoxicating liquor, neither was he prepared to go all lengths for its suppression.

At this point in his remarks a young man came hurriedly into the chapel, and, after speaking to him for a moment, went as hurriedly out. Stopping for no apology, Mr. Swanton seized his hat, and, while a strange pallor overspread his face, left the room.

This, however, proved but a momentary interruption to the meeting, which was prolonged beyond the usual time. Resolutions were passed and pledges given, so that Deacon White felt sure of support in any course of action he might undertake.

Enthusiasm had been aroused, and attention called to an evil the magnitude of which, although but half comprehended, seemed well-nigh overwhelming to those who almost for the first time gave it serious thought.

While singing the closing hymn Mr. Swanton entered the room as abruptly as he had left it, and, going forward to the platform, stood with bowed head until the singing ceased. Then in a husky voice he said: "Friends, I have come to ask for your forgiveness and your prayers. I had forgotten that I was bound to love my neighbor as myself. A revelation has been made to me this evening. A sorrow has come to me such as I would not have believed could ever fall to my lot, and my eyes have been opened. I say now that the saloons in our midst must be closed. They must be closed, and you can count on me for all my influence in worth and for generous pecuniary aid."

Before those who listened had recovered from their surprise Mr. Swanton was gone. He had not dreamed

of danger to his only son, but others knew that Harold Swanton was an occasional visitor in the saloons, and that during the last few months his visits had become more frequent.

How it happened was never really known outside of the saloon, but in a trial of strength, either in angry or good-natured contest, the young man was so severely injured that for a time he was thought to be dead.

As the door closed behind him for the second time a low murmur ran round the room, the change in his feelings was fully appreciated.

It was voted unanimously by the fifty who had met for prayer that they "shall be closed." Absent members of the church were induced to join in the crusade. This one church moved two other churches to a prayerful consideration of duty, and it was not long before their purpose was accomplished.

Deacon White's prayer meeting marked an epoch in the history of the town. Since then there has been greater activity in all departments of legitimate business. There has been a higher standard of morality, more consistent Christian living, and more entire consecration to the service of the Lord.

Oh! for a Deacon White in every church to convince its members of the terrible fact that they are verily guilty in this matter of liquor selling.—Mary Duinell Chellis, in National Temperance Advocate.

A Woman's Practical Argument.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said True-dell to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek and resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you, I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shop keeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" said Tom, in huge astonishment. "Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrows to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this is fire and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink, you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit, and keep a newly formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. True-dell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.—Society.

Is it Right?

Is it right to build churches to save men, and at the same time license shops that destroy them?

Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk, and then punish the man for being drunk?

Is it right to license a man to make paupers and then tax sober men to take care of them?

Is it right to license a school to teach vice, and then tax people for schools to teach virtue?

Is it right to derive a revenue out of a traffic which no decent man defends?

Is it right to teach your boy not to drink, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to drink?

Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble?

Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions, and then vote to license a place where his worst passions will be indulged?

Is it right to take care of your own boy, and vote to license a place which will ruin your neighbor's boy?

Is it right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing which robs the widows and orphans of their bread?

Is it right for you to go to the polls and vote without having studied this question seriously and carefully?—Canadian Pacific.

Our Gossip.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"What's the difference between a piano and a gun, Charley?" asked a young wife of her non-musical husband. "A gun kills the quickest, that's all," was the staccato response.

"That is certainly the ugliest pug dog I ever saw," said a husband whose wife had led home a recent purchase. "Yes," said the lady, rapturously, "that is the beauty of the dear little fellow."

They have some bright pupils in the Tyngsborough school. At the examination the other day a boy was asked, "What are the warmth producing foods?" His reply was, "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."

"George," she said, tenderly, "do you believe in the old saying, 'out of sight, out of mind?'"

"Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a boil on the back of one's neck."

John Henry had a guest at dinner the other day, and during a pause in the conversation the infant terrible spoke up, "I wish I was you." "Do you, my little boy, and why do you wish you were me?" "Cos you don't get your ear pinched when you eat vittles with your knife."

Temperance Societies.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY

Hold Temperance Meetings every Sabbath afternoon at the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, at 3 o'clock. Addresses by reformed men and others. Good singing by the choir.

J. WARDELL, Pres. J. B. MARSHALL, Sec.

"PERSEVERANCE LODGE," No. 1. Meets every Tuesday evening at Temperance Hall, Pandora St., Victoria, B.C.

I. O. G. T. LODGES.

MONDAY EVENING.

"THE TORONTO," No. 827. Orange Hall, Queen Street East. M. Brown, L.D., 261 Simcoo St.

MOUNT LEBANON LODGE, No. 12. Meets in No. 2 Room, Basement, Temperance Hall, on Mondays, at 8 p.m. Wm. Jones, 45 Arcade, Toronto.

TUESDAY EVENING.

"TEMPLARS' HOME," 605. Copeland's Hall, cor. King and Sherbourne Sts. H. Brooks, L.D., 195 King St. E.

R. T. OF TEMPERANCE.

PIONEER COUNCIL, No. 1. Every Monday, 8 p.m., Temperance Hall, Brock St.

Jno. Dunlop, Sec., 198 Muter St.

WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Sunday Afternoons. Occident Hall. Five-cent concert every Saturday evening. A. FRANK, Pres., F. J. FRANKTON, Sec., 165 St. Patrick St. 120 Queen St., Parkdale.

PATTERSON PLACE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Sydenham St. Mission Hall, Ft. of Regent St. Concerts every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Silver Collection.

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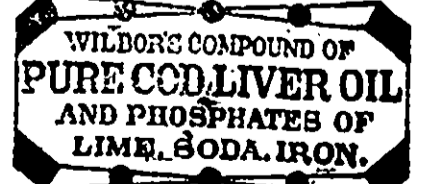
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