

Selections.

SONG OF THE GLASS.

With eyes inflamed and bleary,
With features hollow and wan,
A drunkard sat in a rickety chair
In his attic, all alone;
His person covered with rags,
His hair a tangled mass,
In a voice that told of a soul's despair,
He sang the song of the Glass:
Drink, drink, drink,
Till the eye grows frenzied and wild;
Drink, drink, drink,
Though it murders wife and child:
Drink, drink, drink,
Ay, quaff the poison-bowl,
Though every drop it contains is death,
And ruin to the soul.

Deep hid in the sparkling cup
A grinning demon glares,
A deceptive fiend of beautiful form
Concealing a thousand snares;
Beware of his comely brow,
Beware of his noxious breath,
Tis the devil's sacrament he offers now,
'Twill lure you on to death—
Death by the suicide's hand,
Death by the murderer's steel,
A maniac's cell, a hangman's cord,
A grave in the Potter's Field.

All this and more is bestowed,
Ay, more than tongue can tell—
An hour of bliss, an eternal abode,
In the sulphurous fumes of hell;
O hends in human form!
O men unworthy the name!
'Tis not a good you're dealing out,
But ruin, disgrace and shame—
Shame for the grey-haired sire,
Shame for his aged wife,
Shame for the innocent, prattling
babe,
That follows him all through life.

O men with franchise crowned!
Awake from your sluggard's sleep;
Hear ye not that wailing sound?
'Tis the nation's women who weep—
Weep for the thousands untold,
Who lie 'neath the rum-stained grass,
While annually thousands renew their
ranks
And sing the Song of the Glass.
Drink, drink, drink,
Till the eye grows frenzied and wild:
Drink, drink, drink,
Ay, quaff the poison-bowl;
Though every drop it contains is death,
And ruin to the soul.

—O. P. Tennant.

DRUNK AT FOURTEEN.

Drunk in the streets! Oh! saddest sight,
A boy of fourteen years,
Some mother's darling, fallen low;
In vain her falling tears.

A father's hopes were fondly raised
That his young son might grow
To be a bright and shining light,
And every virtue know.

But now upon them unawares
Has crept this deadly foe,
And brought to loving, trusting hearts
This awful weight of woe.

And sadly o'er their fallen boy
Most bitter tears are shed;
And loneliness comes o'er their hearts
As though 'twere for the dead.

No words can comfort in this hour,
We leave them to their grief,
But pray to God from curse of rum
To send us quick relief.

—Cousin Em. in Y. T. Banner.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

It was in a small, low room that a woman lay on her dying bed with three little children clustering near her. The eldest was a boy of seven or eight, the other two were girls of three and five. "Willis, dear," the mother said, feebly reaching out her hand to clasp her boy's, "mother is going on a long journey. I wish it was God's will that I could take my little ones with me, but I know it is His will that they shall all come to me after a while. There is a ladder that reaches from earth to heaven; will you climb it, Willis, dear, and bring Elsie and Felta with you?" Willis looked at his mother with eyes full of tears. His breath came quick as he answered:
"Yes, mamma; if I can find the ladder that reaches up to the heaven where you are going. I will climb to the very top, and I will bring my little sisters along, if I have to carry them every step of the way."

Willis' hand within his mother's quivered as he talked, but his face looked strong and resolute, and so it brought comfort to his dying mother.

"Willis, precious boy," she said, "be as kind to your poor father as you can, but do not let him pull you down. You are a little fellow, but I want you to understand me; I want you to know that you are the link between my little girls and myself. If you hold true and firm, all will be well, I believe."

"What shall I hold to, mamma?" sobbed the boy. "I cannot hold to father, and you say you are going away."

"Hold fast to your Saviour's hand, Willis. You know how He gathered little ones to His bosom and how He loved them; well, it is just the same now. Call on Him, if you are in trouble, and He will comfort you. Trust God, and you will be as strong as a lion. You will be tempted, my boy. Some one—perhaps your own father—will offer you strong drink; but do not touch it. It is the first glass that makes all the trouble; you see, if there were not a first glass, there would not be a second."

Mrs. Stern could say no more. She sighed faintly, and then smiled, and closed her eyes. Was the pale boatman carrying her off on that "long journey" of which she had talked? No; not yet. She opened her eyes and held out her arms, whispering faintly:

"Come, all of you."

Willis lifted his little sisters close beside their mother, then knelt with them; and the mother wound her feeble arms around them all.

The arms relaxed their hold; one look at Willis, and then the eyes closed for ever. One expression—"Strong as a lion!"—and then the beloved voice was still.

"Strong as a lion! Strong as a lion!" Those dying words clung to Willis ever afterwards. As he grew older they seemed grand to him and proved to be the inspiration of his life. It was a pathetic sight to see him, day after day, caring for his little sisters, dressing and undressing them, cooking the scanty food his father provided, carving toys for the little ones and hearing their prayers.

Thus passed two years, the father meanwhile coming in and going out, sometimes with a gentle word for his motherless little ones, but often with scowls and scoldings. But Willis, the faithful and true, patiently bore all, for was he not climbing up to his mother?

Just after Willis' tenth birthday, the family were obliged to remove from the little house which once they had owned, but which was theirs no longer, owing to the habits of their father.

Surely the shadows were thickening. The weather was cold; the father was sinking fast, and the little ones seemed left to chance charity. Mark my words! I say seemed left to chance charity, but, thank God! they were not; there is no such thing as chance. Over them all God watched.

Are you wondering whether Willis lost his courage? Well, he was only a boy, you must remember, and his heart grew heavy in that cold little attic room. It was the evening after their removal, he was shivering as he sat by the bed, watching over his sleeping sisters. All the food was gone, and soon, perhaps, these little sisters would awaken and would beg for food. Child though he was, Willis could scarcely endure the thought. Suddenly he seemed to see his mother's face, and her voice said:

"Trust God, my boy, and you will be as strong as a lion."

Peace came. Out into the darkness he went. He was not aimlessly wandering, either, but with a settled resolution to call upon a gentleman, who once met him on the street with his little sisters and bought cakes for them all, and who then turned to a friend with the whispered explanation:

"They are poor Billy Stearn's little ones."

When Willis reached this gentleman's house and stood before him, he felt awed for a moment and was dumb.

"What is it, little fellow?" asked the gentleman.

"Can I shovel your walks, sir?" asked Willis.

"Well, I have no objection, if you are here early in the morning."

"But I would like to do them to-night, sir, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"My little sisters went to bed without any supper, and they will be so hungry when they wake up."

Were tears glittering in the gentleman's eyes? I think so, but he turned

so quickly that I am not quite sure. Soon he came back with a basket, and said kindly:

"Here little fellow! run home with this and feed yourself and the little ones. You can come here in the morning and do the work."

Willis went home. Too happy to wait for his little sisters to wake, he aroused them and they had a feast; and then Willis made them kneel while he thanked the Father above. At daylight he began his labor cleaning the walks. His arms ached, but he persevered until the task was finished. All through the winter a cold and stormy one he cleaned walks and thus kept the wolf from the door. When spring came he found other and steadier work. Thus the time went on—working, praying, trusting, climbing.

Years—many of them—have passed. There has just been a terrible fire in the city; many firemen have done brave acts, but one tall young man has aroused the admiration of the crowd. Up and down long ladders he has gone, quickly yet carefully, saving lives and rescuing valuable property. The fire is under control and the people are shouting:

"There's no more danger now."

But are they not mistaken? A misguided saloon-keeper has set out a cask of brandy for the benefit of the wet workers. The cups furnished are eagerly snatched up by the tired, excited men. One little lad shouts:

"There comes Willis Stern, the bravest fellow among the whole lot. Give him a drink, quick! See how pale he looks!"

In a flash a cup was held up to the brave young man.

"Drink it, sir; it will do you good. You are wet to the skin."

Yes, the young man was wet to the skin, and about the smell of the offered beverage there was something strangely tempting. For a second he wavered, and then a whisper seemed to reach him.

"If there is never a first glass there cannot be a second. Strong as a lion, my boy! Strong as a lion."

"Thank you sir," said Willis, declining the glass; I never drink intoxicating liquor. You see, sir, it might kindle a worse fire than this one now dying away."

A gentleman just passing by heard the remark, and, after Willis had gone on, he said to the group:

"That Willis Stern is a fellow to pattern after. God bless him! He has climbed up from the depths with his two sisters clinging to him, and there is not a prettier or more peaceful home in the city than his. Such a go-a-head, such a conqueror of all difficulties, I never saw. He must be made of something more than common stuff."

No, my friend, nothing more than ordinary material; but that grows strong, you know, when anchored upon the rock of temperance and firmness.—*Mother's Magazine.*

WHISKEY AND CRIME.

In a recent issue of the *North American Review* was an article by the Hon. J. C. Parker, who for twenty-five years has been judge of the Federal court for the Indian Territory and the western district of Arkansas. During this period nearly a thousand men have stood before Judge Parker charged with murder. He has sent more criminals to the gallows and jails than any other judge in America.

"When we go to facts," said the Judge, "we find that during the last six years there have been 43,002 homicides in the United States, an average of 7,317 per year. In the same time there have been 723 legal executions and 1,118 lynchings. These startling figures show that crime is rapidly increasing instead of diminishing. In the last year 10,500 persons were killed, or at the rate of 875 per month, whereas in 1890 there were only 4,200, or less than half as many as in 1905. This bloody record shows a fearful increase of the crime which destroys human life.

Asked as to the part whiskey has played in this awful carnival of blood, Judge Parker replies:

"At least three-fourths of the homicides committed in this country are attributable, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicants. The question is not a new one to me. It has been forced upon my attention almost continually since I have been upon the bench. I think the same ratio of whiskey homicides would hold good in this court. The number that were influenced indirectly is hard to estimate,

and it is more than probable that in every case of homicide whiskey has played its part, either on the side of the criminal or of the victims. To my positive knowledge, whiskey was the direct cause of twenty-five out of twenty-six murders committed in one locality during the past twenty-one years, the parties to the quarrels having been drinking at the same time or immediately before the tragedies occurred. The remaining one was committed by a young boy, and I am not positive now but that either himself or the man he murdered was under the influence of liquor at the time. It is really difficult to recall a case in which whiskey did not figure one way or another, and the examples are prominent in which murderers were excited immediately to the commission of their crime by becoming intoxicated.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

The Vanguard, all numbers issued, in neat cloth binding, is the most important Canadian contribution yet made to the literature of the temperance and prohibition reform, containing over 650 pages full of invaluable arguments, facts and statistics, all reliable, fresh and good, fully and carefully indexed.

The People vs. The Liquor Traffic, a set of lectures by the late Hon. J. B. Finch, is one of the most forcible and comprehensive arguments for Prohibition ever made. Special Canadian edition, 240 pages. Fine cloth binding, price 40 cents.

The Camp Fire is a neat four-page monthly campaign journal, specially published for campaign work. It summarizes the latest news about the prohibition reform, and presents an array of live, pithy articles and brief statements of important and helpful facts and incidents. Subscription, 25 cents per year.

The two great books above named, will be sent postage pre-paid, and also **THE CAMP FIRE** to December, 1907 inclusive, to any person sending at once **ONE DOLLAR** to F. S. Spence, 51 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

With these three sources of information, any pulpit, press or platform worker will be fully equipped for the great plebiscite campaign.

The number of books available for the purpose named is limited. First come, first served. Don't miss the opportunity.

Newton

We Print

Books
Pamphlets
Reports
Society Blanks

And all kinds of

Office Stationery

&

Treloar

Tasty Workmanship

Good Stock

Close Prices

Johnson St.,

Toronto.

Estimates cheerfully
furnished, and mail
orders promptly executed.

Telephone 567.

GIVE US A TRIAL.