

Temperance

Shall It be This?

Potatoes and salt, with a crust of bread,
For the best little woman the Lord ever made,
While the rumseller's wife feeds on turkey
and wine
Bought with my money—if I so incline;
This shall it be
For mine and me?

Tatters and rags for my own little one,
My fair, comely baby, my own darling son;
While the rumseller's children go warm and
well clad
On my earnings, wrested from my bonny lad;
This shall it be
For mine and me?

Well, man, do you think me a whole-eyed fool,
Blindly to serve as a rumseller's tool?
Ah! How can I hesitate which to choose,
When it's all to gain—or to lose;
For mine and me,
For mine and me?
— Youth's Companion.

A Broken Vow.

The Rev. Canon Hicks gave the following at a temperance meeting recently: 'Next door to me there lives a dear old woman who goes about giving the whole of her time working amongst the poor. She came to me the other day, almost with tears in her eyes, and she told me that there was a couple who live up a poor yard who had signed with her months ago to keep from the drink, and during those six months they had had uninterrupted comfort. At the corner of their yard there was one beer-shop, and two or three doors off another liquor shop. When Whitsuntide came they were tempted to take a little with their friends, who kept up the day by drinking, and they had broken their pledge. They told me when I called afterwards that they were miserable and most penitent, and I believe they were. They are signing the pledge again, but they say it will take them until Christmas to wipe off the debts they have incurred by breaking their vow.'

'Both Cheechoterlers!'

Should any fondly imagine that the Temperance party can now afford to 'take it easy,' or that their enthusiasm for licensing reform is bred of fanaticism, let such (writes a correspondent) spend a day with one of those active individuals known as London City missionaries. Their unique system of visitation brings them into touch with humanity in the rough, and it is no exaggeration to say that, morning, noon, and night, they spend more vital force in endeavoring to wean individuals from drunken habits than from any other besetment. Enter the common lodging-houses—which, in the East-end alone, accommodate some ten thousand people—and in a large majority of cases you will discover that those who have once occupied good positions in life have been shipwrecked on the old, fatal rock—drink. The other Sunday afternoon, in one of the kitchens, the missionary gave out the hymn, 'A day's march nearer Home.' After the first verse, a weary, wretched-looking man covered his face with his hands, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. He used to sing those words when he was a happy, innocent boy at home, and the memories awakened showed him his present condition in all its hideous misery. Next day, by appointment, he met the missionary, to whom he opened his heart. Once the owner of two large shops, he had speculated unwisely, started drinking, lost money, home, and happiness, and fallen to the gutter. With penitence for the past, and a trust in God for the future, the poor fellow has returned to the scene of his disgrace, and, freed from the slavery of strong drink, is now determined on winning his way to respectability and usefulness once more.

It is the same subtle foe that still under-

mines the character and prosperity of the working-men; consequently no quarter is shown it by the missionaries. A brotherly chat, and out comes the pledge-book! In this way thousands of men and women are every year captured from the ranks of tyrant alcohol, with a result that may well be summed up in the words of a grateful coalie's wife:— 'We have had three years of happiness since you got my husband to give up the drink! Before then it was six years of misery. I had made up my mind to leave him had there not been a change, and I do not know whatever I should do if he went back to the old life again.' 'I saw this same man' (says the missionary) 'with a chubby boy in his arms, and the little one said, "Me and my daddy are both cheechoterlers!"'—Alliance News.

Retribution.

The favorite answer of the liquor dealer to any critic who puts the truth of present-day conditions squarely before the public is to cry 'fanaticism' or 'exaggeration to serve local political or business purposes.'

The wholesaler and the retailer of beer and whisky, who have kept their dealings always within the law, are bewildered. They see what is going on around them. They read in the journals of their trade such acknowledgments as this editorial, one in 'Beverages,' published in New York: 'We dislike to acknowledge it, but we really believe the entire business all over has overstayed its opportunity to protect itself against the onward march of prohibition. * * * Five years ago a united industry might have kept back the situation that now confronts us, but to-day it is too late.' And they wonder why. They seek some special cause for this great upheaval of antagonism.

Therein lies their error. No one thing is responsible. It is the gathering of many rivulets into a flood. It is the expression of cumulative sentiment. It is the culmination of ideas, observation, experience, and practical teachings that have been accumulating throughout past generations.

For the enlightenment of the amazed law-abiding liquor dealers, we cite for their study certain truths that are none the less true because they are builded not upon statistics, but sentiment.

And the first of these truths is that resentment for all the wrongs that have been done to millions by unscrupulous men in the past and the present is coming to a focus and is being crystallized into indiscriminating opposition to the entire class to which the wrongdoers belonged.

By prenatal influence and by admonition in babyhood, suffering women made martyrs by a husband's habit have put an abhorrence into the minds of the children who now are men.

Men who draw small wages now look back to childhood whose opportunities were restricted, remember a home that was not happy, recall times when children who had advantages that they did not, shamed them, and have no tolerant feeling toward the thing that made their father a hindrance and not a help in their life progress.

Too many men have seen old estates disappear in dissipation; too many women, gently born and reared, have been seen reduced to hard and wearying and sometimes menial toil; too many children have been buried in unflowered pine coffins for those whose hearts were stung by a personal share in such happenings to be free from prejudice against the thing that caused it all.

Men with no such mental legacy have seen the brightest and best of their schoolmates slouched of all that was good in them by one form of self-indulgence. And each time they look upon a wreck of manhood they grow bitter against the vice that killed what might have been.

People who were maimed in accidents a dozen years ago, or who still mourn friends killed because the engineer, or pilot, or captain, or conductor, was intoxicated, are not content with the enforcement of sobriety upon all employees by the great corporations to-day. Their sorrow still is fresh, and while its cause exists they remain what the saloon keepers call 'fanatics.'

This is no campaign conducted by the 'North American' or any other one newspaper. It is a crusade that has been preached every day in the year by every newspaper in the land.

There is not a daily journal anywhere, how-

ever allied with the liquor trade, which has not been preaching a temperance sermon each morning by printing the facts of police court proceedings, of crimes and of criminal trials, each item founded upon the abuse of intoxicants being an unwitting sermon, all the more convincing because published without bias, without prejudice, and without consideration of political or any other aim.

The same newspapers to-day which, by reason of pay or policy, denounce local option and every other form of restriction of the liquor traffic neutralize daily the effect of their own arguments by being compelled to print the news of the crimes of the previous day.

And the men of means who buy those papers and pay for their advertising space know that the stultification of those arguments lies in their own knowledge that they grant credit to sober men in preference to drinkers, and choose their clerks by the same rule, and class their accounts as 'good' or 'doubtful' largely in accordance with the drinking habits of the debtor.

Had the league of brewers and distillers and saloon men of the better class offered the reforms they now commend, ten years or less ago, they would have appealed strongly to all practical men. Their proffer meets with scant consideration now. They speak too late.

They might have prevented the mixing of the acid of sentiment with the sawdust and glycerin of business. They chose to wait until the explosive was formed and the fuse lighted. If they do not enjoy the fireworks it is their own fault.

It is because the law of retribution is inexorable, and because for every wrong done to one's fellow man someone must pay, even if that wrong run unpunished 'unto the third or fourth generation,' that the American saloon must pass. — Philadelphia 'North American.'

Be Good, and do Good.

An old Scottish minister ended a sermon on a speculative theological topic with the words:—'However that may be, be good and do good, and good will come of it.'

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