

Selections.

HAIL THE DAY!

Ring, ye bells, from every steeple,
Usher in the glorious day,
Peal for Temperance, tell the people
Night has passed from earth away.
Tell them that the dawn is breaking.
Let your joyful voices say
That at night the masses waking,
Greet the dawning—Hail the day!

Though the nation long has slumbered,
Now she lends a listening ear;
Millions in our ranks are numbered,
Surely victory is near;
Angel forms are bending o'er you,
Help the helpless, clear the way,
Brighter scenes are yet before you,
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Shout the war-cry, Prohibition,
Raise to heaven a joyful song,
Tell to men of lost condition,
Justice shall not tarry long,
Though the wicked band together,
Hand to hand in fierce array,
Evil shall not reign forever,
Dawn is breaking—Hail the day!

Gird ye on the temperance armour,
Dare to battle for the right;
Let mechanic, preacher, lawyer,
Each arise in all their might;
Sovereign people, yours the power
To command and all obey;
Morning dawns, the day and hour
Break upon you—Hail the day!

Mourning sisters, wives and mothers,
Your deliverance draws near,
For your husbands, fathers, brothers,
Joyful tidings soon shall hear.
Courage, win the race before you,
Weep not, faint nor pine away,
Temperance star is beaming o'er you,
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Oh ye tempters, when you, trembling,
Vanquished, humbled to the dust,
Scare your guilty tear-dissembling,
Learn too late that God is just;
When an outraged people risen,
Sweep your power to curse away,
Will ye from your country's prisons
Greet the dawning—Hail the day!

Who will help us save the drinker?
Help us bind the tyrant Itum?
Christian, Jew, and you Free-thinker,
All are wanted—will you come?
For with us no creed or faction
Rules with undivided sway
We are seeking men of action,
Will you help us then to-day?

Friends, the temperance standard rais-
ing,
Swell our ranks on every hand,
And our beacon-fires blazing,
Flash the warning through the land.
Who will then, like cowards driven,
Bar our progress, block the way,
While a day of grace is given?
Come and help us—breaks the day!
—Standard Bearer.

NO DRINKSHOPS OVER THERE!

Tune—"There'll never be a famine
over there."

There's a thing I would declare—
Though no doubt you are aware—
Of a traffic that's a curse to every
shore—
At the corner of the street,
Signboards gay and signboards neat,
Draw your notice to the wares inside
the door,
No restrictions bar the way,
If you have the pence to pay,
For the liquors—brandy, whiskey, ale,
or gin;
While the landlord's eagle eye
Watches every passer by,
To entice the foolish moneyed man
within.

Chorus.

Over there, over there; there'll be no
drinkshops over there;
Aching hearts and weary feet
Never cross the golden street,
For there'll be no drinkshops over
there.

Wives and children have their share,
For the cupboard oft is bare,
And the mother's dress is thin, her face
is pale;
While the landlord's child so neat,
Lifts her head and walks the street,
There the drunkard's hairs bare-footed
runs for ale.
Yet this drunkard, when a boy,
Was a mother's hope and joy,
Often would she smile and stroke his
curly hair;
But her precepts he forgot,

And he's now a drunken sot—
But there'll be no drinkshops over
there.

I have thought upon the morn,
When eternity will dawn,
With the landlord and the drunkard at
the bar;
If they have not been to God
For the cleansing of his blood,
Then together they will sink in dark
despair.
But the landlord God can save.
Make the drunkard good and brave,
Yes, their wives and children, too,
escape the snare.
Courage, comrades! march the
street,
Army drum and timbrels beat,
For there'll be no drinkshops over
there.

Social Gazette

CARY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

"Let the liquor alone and it will let
you alone," is the parrot cry often
heard in the discussion of the question
of the right of the community to sup-
press the drink traffic. A forcible
reply to this deceptive absurdity is
given in the following pathetic story
written by Ernest Gilman for the
N. T. Advocate.

Her mother died when she was born
so we had heard—but Cary tried to
be both mother and father to the little
one, whom he loved with a devotion
that was as pathetic as it was
beautiful.

The first time we men saw Cary's
little daughter she had come down to
the mill to bring her father's lunch.
She was only four years old—a little
mite of a cherub—but as brave and
fearless as if she were three times her
age.

Cary was the first one to see her that
day, and he uttered an exclamation of
surprise and joy. There wasn't a man
in the room but looked up, and I hardly
think I would be making a misstate-
ment if I should say there wasn't a
man who didn't smile.

She stood within the mill door, a
slanting ray of sunshine peering
through the branches of a tree kissing
her yellow hair, which waved and
danced about as sweet a little face as I
ever saw. She had a tin pail in one
hand and a tin can with close-top in
the other.

"Here's your dinner, papa!" she
cried gleefully, laughing aloud in her
pride and joy. "I come all alone by
my own self, I did."

Cary ran forward and caught her in
his arms, pail, can, and all.

"My baby," he said lovingly, in a
low voice as gentle, and loving as a
woman's; "my baby!" kissing her
over and over.

"No," was her answer as the
smiles disappeared for a moment and
a frown made a little crease on her
forehead. "I ain't a baby, I'm your
little daughter, don't you know?"

"Ah, I see," laughing merrily and
kissing her again; "so you aren't and
so you are. You aren't a baby, but
you are my little daughter."

From this time on all the men in the
mill called the sweet child "Cary's
little daughter."

She brought her father's lunch every
day from that time on. Most of the
men had a cold lunch with milk, or
water, or beer to drink as their tastes
inclined. But "Cary's little daugh-
ter" always brought her father some-
thing to eat and drink, meat pie, or
baked potatoes, or fresh baked apples,
or biscuit just out of the oven, or
perhaps doughnuts right from the
spluttering kettle, and always coffee
with cream and sugar.

It was quite a walk from Cary's
little cottage to the mill, but the lunch
was always hot. The small feet
hurried so as to have it so.

Well, so it went on day after day in
rain or sunshine, Cary's little daughter
never failed unless sickness kept her a
prisoner, which, of course, it did some-
times with some children's disease—
such as measles, mumps or a bad cold.

She seemed to grow in beauty, if that
were possible, and she had the sweetest
way of doing and saying things that
was altogether charming. Every man,
no matter how surly he might be with
others, spoke gently to the child. I
believe every man loved her.

And so the years passed on, each one
adding to the child's grace and beauty.
I had never seen her look so lovely as
she did one June day when she made
her appearance at the usual time in the
mill.

It was her tenth birthday. Old Polly
Davis, the faithful housekeeper, had
dressed her in her best in honor of the
day—a simple enough toilet; but oh,
how beautiful she looked!

She wore a white dress of some thin
material with a ribbon tied around her
waist. Her beautiful blue eyes were
radiant with joy, for this tenth birth-
day had brought her many gifts, and
she was to have company to tea.

Her golden curls reached way below
her waist. Around her throat was
clasped a slender chain of gold, her
father's gift that day.

She seemed like an angel of light to
the men, many of whom had been
made better by her daily visit there.

Cary and some of the rest of us who
sat in and around one of the big mill
doors eating our lunch watched her
that day as long as she was in sight.

Oh, the beautiful darling! Oh, the
lovely innocent child!

Well, she hadn't been gone long, for
nooning wasn't over, when we saw
some runaway horses come dashing
down the highway at breakneck speed.

We all knew the horses, but there was
no one to be seen in the carriage.
They belonged to William Evans, a
man who drank heavily, whose spees
were getting to be disgracefully
frequent. Several of our men raced
down to the highway, getting there
just in time to stop the runaways. I
had started to go, but caught a glimpse
of Cary's face in time to prevent my
doing so. It was so white and anxious
that I was frightened. I put my hand
on his shoulder, "What's the matter,
old fellow?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

"I—I," he stammered, pointing over
in the direction from which the pant-
ing team had come, "she, you know,
went that way; my little daughter."

"Yes," I said, "so she did; but she
wouldn't be walking right in the road,
you know. Cheer up, old man, old
man, your little daughter is all right."

I truly thought she was. I left him
then and went down to see what the
men were going to do with the horses.

They had found Will Evans; his left
hand entangled in the lines, his right
one grasping a big whip. He was dead
drunk.

"The old fool" said one of the men.
"I suppose as long as he could drive
at all, he cut and slashed the horses."

"Yes," put in another, "and drove
in zigzag, the confounded idiot! Who
knows what harm he's done?"

"Drive 'em zigzag," he had said, and
the words were like a blow to me. If
a drunken fellow was driving zigzag
along a highway, would even a strong
man be sure of escape? And "Cary's
little daughter" was only a child.

I looked around for Cary. I even
ran back to the mill to see if he were
there, but no!

"He has gone to see if his little
daughter is safe," I thought, and I ran
as fast as I could to overtake him.

As I turned the curve I saw him
staggering along, poor fellow, like a
drunken man. I hurried up to him
and put his arm within my own to
help him along. Cary had been a
strong man, the strongest in the mill,
but he was weak as a child now. The
sweat was rolling down his face in
great drops.

"Look at those carriage tracks," he
said, his eyes big with horror.

I looked. In my haste to overtake
him I had not noticed them before.
The tracks went from one side of the
road to the other, "zigzag" tracks
truly.

We hadn't gone far—only just
beyond the hill—when—what was
that lying not far from the ivy-grown
wall in the green grass of the wayside?
There lay a little child.

"Can it be that she is dead?" cried
poor Cary, in an agony of soul that
will ring in my ears forever.

Oh, the broken, bleeding heart of
that poor loving father!

I will only touch upon that scene,
sparing you its heartrending details.
But this life was all over for "Cary's
little daughter."

A GIFT OF GOD.

"Well, yes, I agree with you,
intoxicating liquors do cause much
misery and suffering, but you are too
hard on us moderate drinkers. Why
should we banish God's gift to man, as
you fanatical prohibitionists would,
simply because some weak fools will
abuse it? What has our Creator given
us in life which is not abused by some?
Must we, therefore, give up all such?
It is in the abuse and not the use that
the harm lies."

"Remember we fanatics, as you call
us, Minnie, aim at prohibition. We
believe many a poor drunkard would
willingly vote away his curse, his ruin
body and soul, and that of his loved
ones also, so you see it is you moderate
drinkers we fear who, selfishly or
thoughtlessly, will not give up your
little pleasure, comfort or even needful
tonic, as many think it, though it be

the Devil's chief agent, producing the
greater part of our misery, crime, and
insanity."

"I see, Madge, your temperance
principles are as strong as religious
conviction to you, but if God gives us
this alcohol what right have we crea-
tures to banish it?"

"Alcohol is no gift of God. He has
given us brains and opportunities to
find out what alcohol really is and does,
and before we declare it so good and
God's gift, it is our duty to use these
God given opportunities."

So talked two friends, under a shady
veranda, over their afternoon tea, the
wine decanter among the pretty little
cups giving rise to their argument.
Grace, the younger sister of the hostess,
hurrying through the garden, inter-
rupts them in her eagerness to tell
what she has just heard. "Oh, Minnie,
Minnie! have you heard the sad news?
All the Wilsons are ill with diphtheria!
Dear little Nellie died just after dinner,
and the others are not yet out of
danger. Dr. Chapple says it is caused
by that swampy piece of ground near
their house where rubbish is thrown.
The swamp and decayed vegetable
matter there being enough to give any-
one diphtheria."

"Poor Mrs. Wilson, I am sorry for
her. What a great shame of the
council to let such a place remain; so
near people's houses too! The refuse
should have been burnt and that
swamp filled in and done away with
long ago. Madge did you ever hear of
such neglect, endangering precious
lives so?"

"Why should it be done away with
for the few? God made the swamp,
and he made the vegetables; and the
swamp is a useful place to many for
their rubbish. If the children could
not go there without inhaling too much
bad air they should have kept away.
Why banish this gift of God?"

"Madge, are you mad? How can
you say such things? Fancy calling a
stagnant swamp, full of decayed
vegetable matter, swarming with dis-
ease germs, a gift of God! Certainly,
God gives us the vegetables, but also
sense enough to know that when
rotten or decomposed they are no
longer fit to enter our bodies, either
through our mouth or lungs."

"I have only been using your own
words against you, Minnie. A pint of
your port wine contains about sixteen
ounces of water, four ounces of alcohol,
one ounce two grains of sugar, and
eighty grains of tartaric acid.
Now let us see what this alcohol, your
"gift of God," really is. Nature never
formed alcoholic liquors, and no chemist
has ever yet found alcohol among the
substances formed by plants. It is
only when man, with his art, sets the
food-gift of God to decompose or putre-
fy that we obtain alcohol, and
only thus. So you see, Minnie, it
has the same origin as the malignant
and fatal exhalation of pestilence that
caused little Nellie's death and the
other children's illness. Alcohol is no
more the gift of God than that fever-
bed near Mrs. Wilson's."

—Alliance Record.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

"Through drink," said Father
Mathew, "I have seen the stars of
heaven fall and the cedars of Lebanon
brought low."

Men who habitually use intoxicat-
ing spirits are more difficult to cure, if
bitten by a mad dog, than temperate
men. —The late M. Pasteur.

"My native city has treated me
badly," said a drunken vagabond,
"but I love her still." "Probably,"
replied a gentleman, "her still is about
all you do love."

On the 18th and 19th of August there
will be held at Saratoga Springs, a
National Temperance Convention un-
der the auspices of the United States
National Temperance Society. The
meeting is expected to be very large
and important.

An exchange informs us that
recently in one day at Atlanta Ga.
twenty-five petitions for divorce were
filed, and in every case the petition
alleged intemperance as one of the
grounds on which relief was sought.

Rev. Edward Walker of the New
Zealand Alliance, discusses the late
prohibition vote in the Otago Times,
calling attention to the fact that 37.88
per cent of the vote polled was against
the liquor traffic. In some parts of the
province the percentage was over 45,
and in others it went down below 30.