



### A Vision of Freedom.

(Charles R. Wakeley, in 'New Voice.')

Spread the good tidings from ocean to ocean,

Tell the glad story o'er land and o'er sea:  
Souls still there are with such knightly devotion

They swear not to rest till God's people are free.

Free from each demon of wrong which enthralled them,

Free from each form of oppression and woe,

Free from each curse which o'erawes and appalls them

And hounds them and haunts them wherever they go.

Free from a traffic upheld by a nation,  
Which preys on man's loftiest spirits and aims—

A traffic of death, which, unmindful of station,

Has blotched a bright world by its hideous stains.

A traffic which withers and blights man's ambition

For all that is worthy and noble and true,

Which opens hell's gates leading down to perdition,

And blocks the wise course which man else might pursue.

Long has the world in its quiet endeavor  
Sought to restore the poor drunkard, in vain;

Sought by its tears to win back one who never

Could henceforth his own better nature maintain.

Patiently, trusting some great intervention

Of God might be wrought in the oncoming years,

Suppressing a wrong which can only find mention

To fitly describe it in heartbreaks and tears.

Prayers, earnest prayers, have been offered unceasing,

Tears, scalding tears, have descended like rain,

Still have the evils of drink been increasing,

Still have man's pleadings and tears seemed in vain.

Seemed but vain! Ah they were vain but in seeming.

Prayer never sprang from the heart but was heard.

And man's yearning cry shall at length prove the meaning

By which the deep pulse of the world shall be stirred.

Already the far distant thunders do mutter;

Already the cloud, though but small, has appeared.

Soon Truth shall gleam forth and soon Justice shall utter

Her voice in the thunders which shall be revered.

And out from the dust which shall cover the highways,

And out from the waters which circle the shore,

And out from the thickets which shelter the byways,

God's army, whose numbers is legion, shall pour.

No longer imploring—in strength now demanding;

In weakness no longer, but fulness of power;

No longer the timid—but now the commanding,

The loyal, the mighty, the men of the hour.

Contented no more with a childish submission

While pleading for crumbs which in mercy might fall—

But defying the strength of the whole opposition,

In God's name demanding its life and its all.

Then spread the good tidings from ocean to ocean,

And tell the glad story on land and on sea—

Those forces long sleeping are rousing to motion,

Nor will they be stilled till our nation is free.

### Chicago's Biggest Fire.

Now and then we read references to 'Chicago's big fire,' or Boston's or London's, but the terrible conflagration of '71 was not Chicago's biggest fire. A man might perhaps be considered crazy if, every time he passed a saloon, he should run to the nearest fire-alarm box and send a call for the engines; (and in most cities, except Portland, Me., it would keep a man pretty busy doing it). But he would be saner than most people imagine, for the saloon stands for the most inflammatory and destructive forces in the city. If the saloons and breweries and distilleries were compelled to pay an indemnity for the damage they inflict upon society one-tenth as heavy in proportion as that the Powers have levied on China, every whiskey dealer in the country would be bankrupt before the year was ended.

Chicago's biggest fire is burning now, night and day, and so is Boston's and London's. The fire department can't put it out. There isn't water enough in the Atlantic Ocean, unless applied as in Noah's time. The police can help quench it, but usually won't. Sometimes it takes the militia.

As an illustration of the fact that whiskey causes worse conflagrations than fire, the first thing done after the Jacksonville fire was to send armed men to all the saloons that were left, and compel them to close.

A temperance legislature could help put the fire out. In some States fearless sheriffs, like Sheriff Pearson, of Portland, could help put it out. But the Christian voters, the Christian educators, the Christian mothers and fathers, must do most to extinguish the flames. And they must watch to see that the incendiaries do not kindle new fires in new places, for over against the kindergartens, and Loyal Legions, and temperance Sunday-school lessons, and mothers' meetings, the saloon has its kindergarten methods; its free treating of boys; its wine and brandy drops sold by many confectioners to school children, and Sunday-school children as they pass; the deadly cigarette, that not only destroys boys on its own account, but creates an appetite for strong drink; its wine and brandy pudding sauces, and pies and sherbets; its malt extracts for mothers, and its soda-fountain drinks, and bottled root beers, many of which contain just enough alcohol to kindle tiny sparks of appetite in human nature and thus start new fires burning.

Isaiah hit modern life capitally when he said that drink made men forget God. One need spend a few evenings only in any city mission where efforts are made to reclaim drunkards, to find besotted men, with more beastly resemblances than human, who were once members of the church, and some of them class-leaders, or Sunday-school teachers, or the sons of deacons or ministers.

Down at the Merrimac Street mission, in Boston, it is not an uncommon thing to

have a man turn up who is thoroughly versed in the Bible, and yet so drunk that he can hardly speak intelligibly. They catch up the speaker in a minute if he misquotes a passage of Scripture, and they know about the hymns, who wrote them, and how they should be sung. They haven't forgotten these things, but they have forgotten their reverence, their love, their duty, their relationship to God. Alcohol makes more practical atheists than a thousand Ingersols.—The Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D., in 'Christian Endeavor World.'

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The Return of the Angels—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.  
L'Affaire Loisy—By A. L. Lilley, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.  
Humor and Friendship—'The Spectator,' London.

#### HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Handicraft of Cookery—By F. A. Steel, in the 'Saturday Review,' London, abridged.  
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