

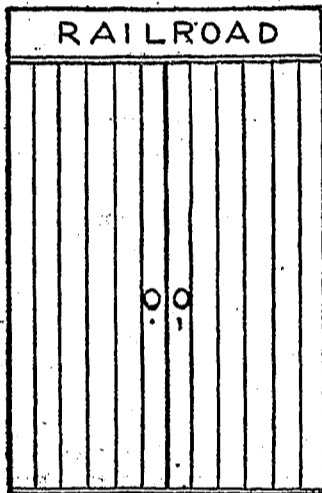
# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

(By Mrs. W. F. Crafts, in 'Youths' Temperance Banner.')

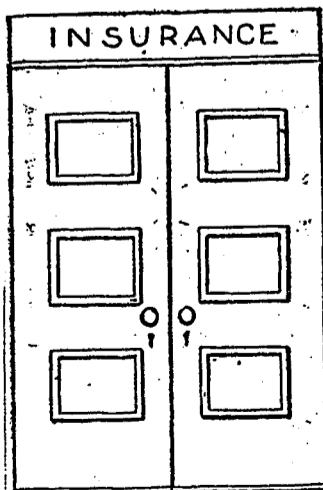
### SALOONERS.

You say you never saw this word before? Neither have I. It is a new word. You and I have just as good a right as anybody else to make a new word, especially if we make one that just fits the case. The case this time is the men who spend their time in a saloon, either as the keeper of it, or the patrons of it, they are salooners. You and I know that salooners are not men who have a good name, they are not considered the 'best citizens' in any town or city where they live. Some doors are shut against them, and on the other hand some doors are open to them—wide open. A closed door says, 'Stay out,' an open door says, 'Come in.' Let us put some pictures on the blackboard: First, of the closed doors. Here is the door which leads to a great railway station. No



salooners wanted here. 'We will not employ engineers, nor conductors, nor trainmen who take liquor,' say the great railway companies. 'Life and property are too precious for us to take the risk,' they say. Does it not make you tremble to think about how a drunken engineer might easily bring a whole train filled with people to wreck and death? A drunken switchman, could he be trusted to turn the switch right? No, indeed; he would be more apt to turn it wrong, and so bring trains into collision. Perhaps you have heard about accidents brought about through drunken men before railway companies made the wise rule.

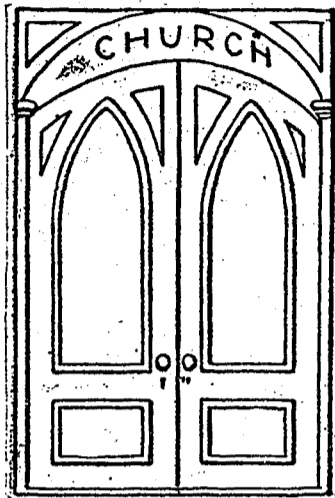
'We don't want the salooners, either,' say the insurance companies; 'their lives are too uncertain.' Our profits come by men liv-



ing a long time, and year after year paying their dues. Whenever a man dies, it is a loss to us.' So it would seem that those in-

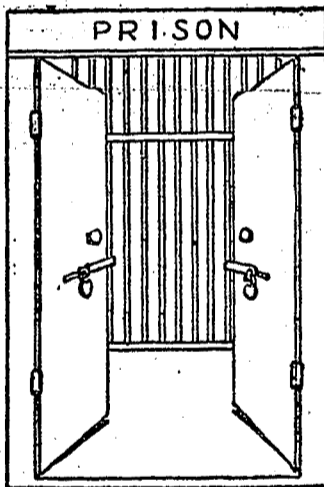
against salooners will do the safest and best business.

Here is the church door, it is closed, too. The church says: 'Neither do we want salooners. We feel that it is right we should close our door, because we are told in the



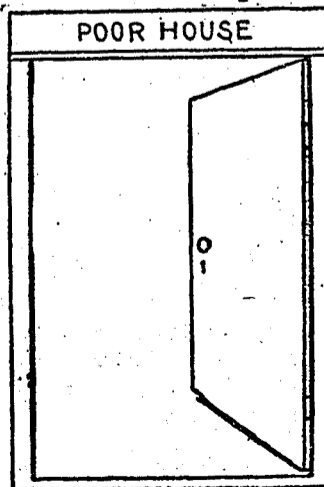
Bible that there is no place in Heaven for drunkards. But just as there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, so we will open wide our doors to any one who will say he will no longer be a salooner.'

Now let us have pictures of some doors that are open to salooners, wide open—that is, wide open to go in, but not to come out. First we have a prison door. A wise judge, one of the greatest judges in the United States, has said that nine-tenths of all the people who get into jail get there because of strong drink. The prison door stands open so wide that many a salooner has found him-



self in there, not knowing how he got in, because he did the crime for which he was sent there when he was drunk. He finds it hard to get out, though; some people have to spend their whole life in prison.

There is another wide open door for sal-



ooners. There is no need of having a door knob on it, nor a keyhole, because there is

nothing in it that anybody outside would want to steal. The people inside have no other place to go, so there is no need in fastening the door to keep them inside. In towns where there are no saloons there are no poor houses. When people do not spend their money for drink they can have their own homes, with happy people in them to love them, and plenty to eat and wear.

Here is another open door for salooners. What does it open into? Into a cemetery. Yes, but into what part of the cemetery?



Not the part where the grand and beautiful monuments are, on which are engraved the noble deeds done, but into that part of the cemetery called the 'potter's field,' where the people are buried who either had no friends to care for them or who left no money to pay for their graves. How little need there would be for a 'potter's field' if there were no salooners and no saloons.

Which door do you choose? I have you in a fix. You do not want to say I will choose the open doors, neither do you want to say I will choose the closed doors. Let us have it this way: Choose to have the closed doors open, and the open doors closed. Can you not draw them that way on your slates?

## War Hymn.

The following three verses are from a hymn specially composed by the Rev. J. Victor Logan, for the use of Ellison Street Presbyterian Church, Jarrow, on Jan. 7, 1900.

'Tune—Leoni.'

Why dost thou vex us, Lord?

Thy hand is on us sore—  
Is it that our long-favored race  
Is thine no more?

Is it that we have sinned,  
Through greed, and pride, and lust,  
And rushed on war, forgetting thee,  
In vain self-trust.

Lord, we do not forget!  
Our people love thee still!  
Our Empire throngs with godly yet  
Who seek thy will!  
The nations' God art thou!  
Thy sovereign power we own!  
The great prerogative of war  
Is thine alone.

Our follies we confess;  
Chasten'd we mourn our sins;  
The pride that fails departs, but stays  
The trust that wins;  
If that our Empire's heart  
Is turned to God again,  
'Tis not in vain that they have fall'n—  
Our valliant slain.

—'Presbyterian.'