

SELECTIONS.

THE NEW GROG SHOP.

Another licensed groggery, another legal den,  
 Attractive, cosy, gilded, to draw in  
 hoats of men,  
 Old Bourbon, rye and brandy, with  
 wines of choicest brand,  
 On shelves so neat and handy, in rows  
 together staid.

Another public drunkery, another  
 licensed snare,  
 A temple raised to Bacchus, now stand-  
 ing open there,  
 To tempt the young with cider, the old  
 with rum and gin,  
 And make the pathway wider for  
 poverty and sin.

Another spacious edifice, another  
 lawful blight;  
 Alluring, gay, and spacious, attractive,  
 Treasured, bright;  
 Where ribald song comes after the  
 liquor passed around,  
 While bursts of drunken laughter upon  
 the air resound,

Another brilliant sepulchre, another  
 house of prey,  
 Well-lighted, warm, and costly, a snare  
 on life's broad way,  
 So, with your framed commission,  
 rum-seller, sealed and signed,  
 You're now in fit condition to victimize  
 mankind.

You keep a well-stocked drunkery, a  
 licensed liquor store,  
 With brands which breed disaster, I've  
 seen the same before,  
 You stifle finer feelings within the  
 heart of man,  
 And by your liquor dealing, work all  
 the woe you can.

—Thos. R. Thompson.

HOW THE QUESTION CAME HOME.

In the dusk of a summer evening  
 I rocked my child to rest;  
 Then sat and mused, with my darling  
 Still folded to my breast,

His ringlets swept my shoulder,  
 His breath was on my cheek,  
 And I kissed his dimpled finger  
 With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,  
 And up the garden walk—  
 And my neighbor sat down as often  
 To have an evening talk.

She saw no carress my baby  
 With almost reverent touch,  
 And she shook her gray head gravely:  
 "You love that boy too much!"

"That cannot be," I answered,  
 "While I love our Father more;  
 He smiles on a mother's rapture  
 O'er the baby that she bore."

For a while we both sat silent,  
 In the twilight's deeper gray;  
 Then she said, "I believe that baby  
 Grows lovelier every day.

"And I suppose that the reason  
 I feel so drawn to him,  
 Is because he rattles me so strongly  
 Of my own little boy, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment  
 With a horror I dared not show,  
 While the trembling voice beside me  
 Went on, in accents low:

"Just the same high, white forehead,  
 And rings of shining hair,  
 And a smile of artless mischief  
 I have seen this Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well,  
 Mary,  
 The feeling no doubt you guess—  
 That my trouble would now be lighter  
 Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,  
 And left me in the gloom,  
 But the sob of a broken spirit  
 Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,  
 I knelt by Jamie's bed;  
 And wept o'er the noble forehead  
 And the ringlet-crowned head;

For I thought of the bloated visage,  
 And the matted hair of him  
 Whom all the village children  
 Knew only as "Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out, "O Father,  
 Spare me that bitter cup!  
 And destroy the liquor-traffic  
 Before my boy grows up."

—Temperance Cause.

THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

WHAT are you going to do, dear friends,  
 In the year that is to come,  
 To battle that fearful fiend of death  
 Whose messenger is rum?  
 Shall we fold our hands, and let him pass  
 As he has passed before,  
 Leaving his deadly poisoned draught  
 At every unbarred door.

What are we going to do, dear friends?  
 Still wait for the crime and pain,  
 Then bind the bruises, heal the wounds,  
 And soothe the woe again?  
 Let the fiend still torture the wreny wife,  
 Still poison the little child,  
 Still break the suffering mother's heart,  
 Still drive the sister wild?

Still drive to the grave the grey-haired  
 sire,  
 Still martyr the brave young soul,  
 'Till the waters of death like a burning  
 stream,  
 And poverty take the place of wealth,  
 And sin and crime and shame  
 Drag down to the very depths of hell  
 The highest and proudest name?

Is this our mission on earth, dear friends,  
 In the years that are to come?  
 If not, let us rouse and do our work  
 Against this spirit rum;  
 There is not a soul so poor and weak,  
 In all this godly land,  
 But against this evil a word may speak,  
 And "raise a warning hand."

Then "lift" a warning hand, dear  
 friends,  
 With a cry of "Home and Hearth."  
 Adding voice to voice till the sound shall  
 sweep  
 Like Rum's death knell o'er the earth;  
 And the weak and wavering shall hear,  
 And the true and good and the great  
 and wise  
 Join hands to right this wrong.

E. J. L., in the Golden News

OUR PRESENT CRISIS.

When a deed is done from freedom,  
 Though the broad earth's aching  
 breast  
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,  
 Tumbling on from East to West;  
 And the slave wheres'er he cowers,  
 Feels the soul within him climb  
 To the awful verge of midnight,  
 As the energy sublime  
 Of a century bursts full-blossomed  
 On the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace  
 Shouts the instantaneous throes,  
 When the travail of the ages  
 Wrings earth's systems to and fro;  
 At the birth of each new era,  
 With a reconizing start,  
 Nation wildly looks on nation,  
 Standing with mute lips apart,  
 And glad Truth's yet mightier man-  
 child  
 Leaps beneath the future's heart.

For mankind are one in spirit,  
 And an instinct bears along,  
 Round the earth's electric circle,  
 The swift flash of right or wrong;  
 Whether conscious or unconscious,  
 Yet humanity's vast frame  
 Though its ocean-sundered fibres,  
 Feels the gush of joy or shame;  
 In the gain or loss of our race,  
 All the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation,  
 Comes the moment to decide,  
 In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
 For the good or evil side;  
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
 Offering each the bloom or blight,  
 Parts the goats upon the left hand,  
 And the sheep upon the right,  
 And the choice goes by forever,  
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people,  
 In whose party thou shalt stand,  
 Ere the doom from its worn scoundals  
 Shakes the dust against our head?  
 Though the cause of evil prosper,  
 Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;  
 And albeit she wander oncast,  
 Now I see around her throng  
 Troops of beautiful tall angels,  
 To shield her from all wrong.

We see dimly in the present,  
 What is small and what is great;  
 Slow of faith, how weak an arm  
 May turn the iron helm of fate.  
 But the soul is still oracular—  
 Amid the market's din,  
 List the ominous stern whisper  
 From the delphic cave within:  
 "They enslave their children's  
 children,  
 Who make compromise with sin."

'Tis as easy to be heroes,  
 As to sit the idle slaves  
 Of a legendary virtue carved,

Upon our fathers' graves;  
 Worshipers of light ancestral  
 Make the present light a eclate,  
 Was the Mayflower launched by  
 cowards?  
 Steered by men behind their time?  
 Turn those tracks toward past or  
 future  
 That make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They wore men of present valor  
 Stalwart old iconoclasts  
 Unconvinced by axe or gibbet  
 That all virtue was the past's;  
 But we make their truth our fable-  
 hood,  
 Thinking that has made us free:  
 Hoarding it in costly parchments,  
 While our tender spirits fly,  
 The rude grasp of that great impulse  
 Which drove them across the sea.

New occasions teach new duties,  
 Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
 They must upward still and onward,  
 Who would keep abreast of Truth;  
 So, before us gleam our camps-fires,  
 We ourselves must pilgrims be,  
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer  
 boldly  
 Through the desperate winter sea,  
 Nor attempt the future's portal  
 With the past's blood-rusted key.

James Russell Lowell.

THE BABY'S SHOES.

Scream after scream rang through  
 the jail. It was a woman's shrill voice,  
 and one of the deputies said with a  
 laugh, "Mag has got the jim-jams  
 again."

Over in cell No. 87, Mag twisted and  
 writhed in a vain attempt to break the  
 traps which fastened her to her cot,  
 cursed and called on the white-headed  
 matron to "Chase that little red beast  
 out of the corner, pull that wire out of  
 my mouth!" begged for water, whiskey,  
 a knife to cut her throat, and raved  
 incessantly.

"Georg," said the police matron,  
 "I want you to take Maggie to my  
 room, I believe she would do better  
 there. Prison surroundings affect  
 women unpleasantly."

The duty was openly derisive. "Mrs.  
 Barnes, you don't want a bent like  
 Mag in your room. She is a bad egg;  
 nothing will make her better. Prison  
 is too good for her."

The matron was undaunted. "Are  
 you going to do what I tell you? I  
 have charge of the women prisoners."

Abashed they carried the wild  
 creature over to a plain little room.  
 The matron gave her medicine, strong  
 coffee, stroked her short yellow hair  
 and sang softly, "Hush, my dear, be  
 still and slumber." On and on she  
 sang the screaming and cursing  
 stopped.

Mag choked, sobbed, and said eagerly,  
 "Don't sing like that, for God's sake  
 don't sing like that!"

"Don't you like me to sing Maggie?"  
 she queried.

"Yes, oh, yes; but not that. I used  
 to sing that to my baby before she  
 died. I was a good woman then; oh,  
 my God what am I now?" and the  
 sinner sobbed bitterly.

The matron's kind eyes were misty.  
 "I had a baby once; he died," she said,  
 simply. "I have his little shoes here  
 on the mantel. He never wore but one  
 pair. I'll show them to you."

A step to the mantel-piece and back,  
 and the worn shoes were clasped tightly  
 in criminal hands.

Mag cried now; only the matron's  
 voice broke the silence as she read that  
 story of ineffable love—the story of  
 the prodigal son. She reached the  
 twenty-first verse, then the broken  
 voice checked her.

"That's me, I am no more worthy."  
 If I could only begin over."

That was the beginning. When  
 Mag left the jail the matron pressed a  
 little paper-wrapped parcel in her  
 hand. "Keep it, my dear, it is for  
 him. I know he would like you to  
 have it." Five dollars out of Mrs.  
 Barnes' scant salary were tucked in  
 baby's shoe.

The end if there is no end. Margaret  
 Adams has an open door and a helping  
 hand for sinful women, and the  
 hundredfold increase is more than  
 realized. But time keeps no record of  
 deeds of love. The angels rejoice  
 throughout all eternity, and, instead  
 of *flushed*, God writes *continued*.

International Juvenile Templar.

A GOVERNOR'S VIEWS.

New Hampshire is a prohibition state.  
 The law is to a certain extent defective.  
 It prohibits the sale of intoxicating  
 liquors, but does not deal with manu-  
 facture or importation. Weak as it is  
 this measure is accomplishing much  
 good. A valuable and interesting  
 endorsement of it was given recently

by Governor Basiel in his inaugural  
 address in which he said:  
 The prohibition of the sale of in-  
 toxicating liquors, after many years  
 of trial, has become the settled policy  
 of the state. The existing law and  
 the means provided for its enforcement  
 have stood the test of time and  
 experience, and are receiving each  
 year a firmer public support.

The law is found sufficient to sup-  
 press the unlawful sale of liquors  
 wherever public sentiment lends  
 adequate support to its enforcement,  
 but it deals lightly with the copartner  
 in crime, the habitual drinker, who  
 deprives his family of support, and who  
 often becomes a public charge.

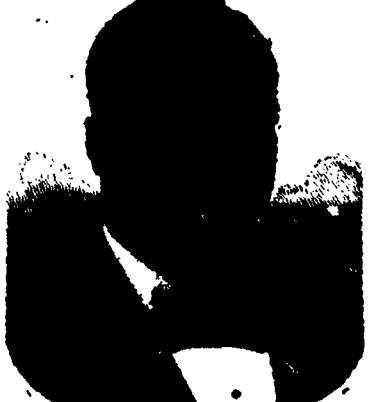
I desire to call your attention to the  
 advisability of providing assistance  
 for the unfortunate and impoverished  
 victims of intemperance who deserve  
 medical treatment for the habit. The  
 subject has engaged the serious at-  
 tention of the legislators of the other  
 states, and I trust it will receive your  
 careful consideration.

In my opinion we should approve all  
 measures that will tend to discourage  
 or prevent the habitual use of spiri-  
 tuous liquors that will secure the wages  
 of the intemperate to their families,  
 and that will elevate to a higher plane  
 of citizenship and usefulness the un-  
 fortunate slaves of the drink habit."

ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is, perhaps, the most decried  
 drug in the whole *materia medica*.  
 All drugs have a primary and second-  
 ary effect, and are usually prescribed  
 for the former; but where, as in the  
 case of alcoholic beverages, large quan-  
 tities are apt to be taken with great  
 frequency, the secondary effects of the  
 remedy become of great importance.  
 The first action of alcohol is to stimu-  
 late the circulation and brain; it  
 borrows from the vital resources a  
 sufficient amount of force to make a  
 display of apparent strength, but at a  
 great cost to the organism, and a too  
 frequent repetition of draft must  
 eventually in physical bankruptcy.  
 But, unfortunately, the very process  
 which enables a man to make this dis-  
 play of seeming health and energy,  
 soon destroys his ability to correctly  
 gauge his vital reserve, and the  
 neurotic taint, sole inheritance of  
 many, clamours more and more  
 violently for the stimulant which shall  
 make its unfortunate possessor the  
 momentary peer of any man. The  
 inception of the drink habit is the first  
 step in the process of mental, moral  
 and physical suicide; and the physi-  
 cian has faulty judgment who recom-  
 mends alcohol in any form.—*The  
 Family Doctor.*

THE BLACK KNIGHT.



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 cisms."—*Toronto Mail.*

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 quent language, in which the pathetic  
 and the humorous were blended in a  
 masterly manner."—*San Jose Mercury.*

"Heid his audience spell-bound,  
 while he painted in vivid colors the  
 battle-fields that he had witnessed."—  
*Williamsport Gazette.*

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