

risk of brutal usage, to secure from the week's wages which he has destined to the saloon some pittance wherewith to keep the life in her famished children and her wretched self. Ask the stunted boys and girls whose parents swill away their humanity over stale beer in tenement-houses if they think a movement which is to obtain for them the unknown blessing of tender treatment is a scheme of the rich against the poor. Ask the thousands who in many devious ways have drunk themselves to ruin and shame and physical, mental and moral wreck if the saloons are a benefit to the community.

When vice and degradation, immorality and crime, brutality and obscenity—all that is earthly, sensual, devilish—is recognized as beneficent, then, and then alone, will the claim put forward for the saloons be recognized as valid. When the interests of the poor are seen to consist in the perpetuation of poverty, in the blocking of every avenue of escape from squalor and abject indigence, in the propagation of all foul and filthy habits and tendencies, in the extinction of shame and decency, in the glorification of sottishness and self-indulgence, then, and then alone, will it be admissible to say that the temperance movement is a scheme of the rich to crush the poor.

The saloon is an institution which makes the poor poorer continually. If only half the annual expenditure of the wage-earning classes upon drink were saved, the elevation of those classes would proceed by leaps and bounds. The saloon, however, is ever lying in wait for the weak or the social wage-earner. In this great city, on any of the main avenues, he cannot walk a block without passing a manufactory of misery. At every turn the purveyor of drink entices him, gets between him and his family, between him and his manhood, between him and his happiness. The pervading influence of rum pursues the slaves of appetite unceasingly, and makes their lives a constant struggle, or a succession of disastrous falls.

This subtle, prevalent influence is the bitterest curse that rests upon modern civilization, and it will destroy civilization if it is not itself destroyed. For the discontent, the anarchic tendencies, the seditious doctrines, the dangerous dispositions that are manifested in centres of population, together with the vices of administration which alarm the thoughtful, and the difficulties in the way of reform which are due to the intractability of the material dealt with—all have their spring and origin in that habit of drinking, that potent drink influence, which baffles the enthusiasm of the reformer, and laughs to scorn the appeals of religion, of reason and of self-respect. This evil influence is degrading and brutalizing society, and progress will be slow and unsatisfactory until a public opinion is formed which refuses to palter with the abuse longer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

#### IS THE DRUNKARD A CRIMINAL?

This is a question worthy of more than a passing thought. A few passages of the old Book, ever true to the real interests of man, will, we think, afford sufficient food for some hours meditation.

"Then shall his father and his mother lay hold of him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city: 'This our son \* \* \* is a glutton and a Drunkard.' And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones till he die"—DEUT. 21:17-21.

Of the man who adds *drunkenness to thirst* it is said: "The Lord will not spare him, but then the anger of the Lord and jealousy shall smoke against that man, and all the curses that are written in this book shall lie upon him, and the Lord shall blot out his name from under heaven"—DEUT. xxix: 18-21. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink."—ISA. v:11-15. "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine."—ISA. v:22-25.

For "I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a *drunkard*, with such an one, no not to eat."—1. COR. v: 11.

"Be not deceived; neither fornicators nor *drunkards* shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 COR. vi: 9.

"The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: murders, drunkenness, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—GAL. v: 19-21.

On this testimony we are willing to rest this case. If evidence is good for anything for producing conviction, it can hardly be possible to withhold the verdict of guilty. *The drunkard stands before us as a criminal, and drunkenness is a crime.*—*New Jersey Ledger.*

#### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The more one studies the conspicuous features of the liquor traffic, the more clearly does its maintenance appear to be an outrageous insult to every other industry and to the community. That it is an evil no one questions, because the fact cannot be questioned. We compel it to pay a license because it is an evil, and needs regulation. That is the theory of license. No other business needs such supervision, because no other business is an unmixed curse. But the universally acknowledged evil is the most insolvent of any blotch upon civilization. It hesitates at no demand, and threatens society, church, State and personal character, if any remonstrance is made to its exhibition of impudence. It fights the enactment of laws to control it. It corrupts the ballot box, and stands with raised club in the halls of legislation, to knock down every legislator and paralyze every measure that is opposed to it. If the people demand an opportunity to vote upon the question of permitting it to exist at all, it thwarts their will, and it is nothing but the embodiment of bold treason and red-handed murder.—*Western Rural.*

#### THE PATH OF LIGHT.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

O patient Father! hear my prayer,  
And make me wise this day to know  
That every creature of Thy care  
Shares Thy protection here below.  
When comes the night  
The stars pour on my path their light.

Thy loving kindness followed me  
When from the narrow way I strayed;  
Thy word was light, and I could see  
The footprints that the saints had made  
Upon the road  
They trod, the cross of Christ their load.

Along the path are stains of red,  
And ashes of the martyr's fires,  
And crosses where the saints have bled,  
And the reflected light of spires  
That point the way  
And guide the steps, so prone to stray.

Above the straight and narrow way  
The hosts that bear His banners white  
March under sheltering clouds by day  
And pillared fires that guide by night;  
Nor rock, nor sea  
Can block the path that God makes free.

Poor wanderers, we have forfeited  
The favor of a Father's love;  
Yet He has been our help; He led  
Us with His light from Heaven above.  
It cometh down,  
Where leans a cross, to light a crown.

Teach us to shun the ways of vice  
And loathe the place where scoffers sit;  
Where appetite, with mad device,  
Dethrones the conscience, poisons wit,  
And where the bowl  
Consumes the life and stains the soul.

—*National Temperance Advocate.*