

"LET IT DROP."

THE TIME-SERVER'S ARGUMENT.

I believe in prohibition—
In the idea, understand—
But we're not in fit condition
In this bar-room-ridden land
Yet, to grapple with the evil
And in wrestling fall on top;
It is hard to throw the devil,
So let prohibition drop.

There's no other power like it
To degrade mankind, I know,
But, for each time that you strike it,
Hydra-like, 'twill only grow;
Every effort to remove it
Will but cause a bigger crop,
And, although I do not love it,
Still, let prohibition drop.

Right is right, there's no denying;
Wrong is wrong, and that's a fact;
But there's policy in lying
If there's money in the act.
Why, the revenue from liquor
Is the nation's strongest prop!
And we get it surer, quicker—
So let prohibition drop.

—B. B. Hill, in the Union Signal.

A CURIOUS OLD ANTI-ALCOHOLIC POEM.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROSPECTIVE,
OR BURNING GLASSE.

Composed by Joseph Rigbie, Gentleman, Clerke of the Peace for the County Palatine of Lancaster.

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Drink beaстиates the heart and spoils
the brains,
Exiles all reason, all good graces
staines,
Infatuates judgment, understanding
blinds,
Perverts the wits, and doth corrupt
the minds;
It doth surprise the thoughts, and it
doth all
The powers and faculties of soule
enthrall.
Drunkards for nothing that is good
are fit,
In all the world of earth, the baren'st
bit,
Like to a dumb jack in a virginal,
They have no voice in commonwealth
at all;
They've no more use of them through-
out the land
Then Jeroboam had of his withered
hand.

Health out o' th' body, wit out of
the head,
Strength out o' th' joints, and everyone
to bed
All moneys out a' purse, drink out
o' th' barrels,
Wife, children out o' doors, all into
quarrels.

To you, churchwardens, constables,
and others,
That love the Lord, the Church, the
State, your brothers,
Yourselves, your sons, the people of
the land,
Put forth against this sin your helping
hand;
Help, help the Lord, the lawes, some
ground to win
Against, I say, against this mighty
sinne.

MINUTE GERMS THAT PRODUCE
VERTIGO, RHEUMATISM,
AND NAUSEA.

An American scientist has discovered a microbe in alcohol which he believes is the cause of all the ills of intemperance. The theory that drunkenness with its accompanying evils is bacteriological in origin is attracting great attention. Prof. C. Coles of Wilkes-barre, Pa., who made this discovery based on Dr. Talmage's description of these microbes, hopes to find some anti-toxine which will destroy these dangerous germs. The discovery is expected to revolutionize the present methods of dealing with the drink habit, and incidentally to work a great moral reform. Professor Coles states that he has found after careful experiment that all forms of alcohol contain parasitic life called baculus potomanis. It follows, therefore, that every kind of drink, whether wine, brandy or beer, into which alcohol enters is infested with this curious germ life. These minute forms have been examined through a powerful microscope and their development carefully watched. They have been found to be especially plentiful in

strong drink, which contains a large percentage of alcohol. Any one who drinks, is of course, forced to introduce these dangerous forms into the system in large numbers. It is well-known that microbes which are taken into the stomach in either food or drink quickly mingle with the blood and soon find their way to all parts of the body. Professor Coles believes that a man in delirium tremens sees every form of reptile life, in reality sees only these parasites of the brain in a greatly exaggerated form. It is therefore not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from, but he actually sees these germ forms. The presence of these minute germs, it is believed, also produces vertigo, rheumatism and nausea, which often come from excessive drinking.—New York World.

A STORY FROM BEHIND PRISON BARS.

Mrs. Emma Malloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches, referring to the relation of temperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kan., prison during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than 17 or 18 years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me.

At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me his face grew deathly pale, and as he grasped my hand he could not restrain from fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said: "I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman who has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine, and he replied: "My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of the terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake."

As he buried his face in his hands, and heartsick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask: "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed. "How did it happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth I found a cheap boarding house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon."

"For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of the quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill."

"Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth, that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as imploring, he said, "O, Mrs. Malloy, I want to ask a favor from you."

At once I expected he was going to ask me to obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of this legalized drink traffic.

It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means to ask that the state pardon its victims.

Interpreting my thought he said: "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just a line from her, so I can look upon it! Oh! I am so homesick for my mother."

The head of the boy dropped into my lap, with a wailing sob; I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said; "Murray, if I

were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons was upon you, still you would be my boy. I should like to know where you were.

"Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose that there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"Dear Sister in Christ: Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for tidings of my boy—the first we have had in two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be long. As the months rolled on, the family had given him up for dead, but I felt sure God would give back my boy."

"As I write, from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W—, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him. If I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child."

"My poor, dear boy—so generous, kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You did not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink. Oh! is there any place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home fold?"

"O, God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place."

"Tell him when he is released his place in the old home nest and his mother's heart is awaiting him."

Then followed the loving mother's words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heartbreak, I asked myself the question: "How long will the nation continue to sanction the liquor traffic's covenant with death and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"—Selected.

THE CHECK OLD TOM SIGNED.

"I'll fill out this check for you, Tom, if you will wait a moment. It is signed, and father told me to fill it out for the amount if he wasn't here. Two and a half isn't it?"

Old Tom took up the check in his trembling fingers and looked at the straight, business-like signature.

"Just to think that his name is good for thousands of dollars," he muttered half to himself, and half to the bright-faced boy who stood beside the desk with his pen in his hand, ready to fill out the check. "And yet, when we were boys together, I was as good as he was, any day; and my chances in life were just as good. It is drink that has made all the difference. Well, it's too late to help it now."

"No it isn't too late, Tom," said Hugh Evans earnestly. He knew the sad story of this man's gradual descent from an honorable, respected life to the level of a common drunkard, and he felt an intense desire to help him, boy though he was. "I heard father say, only to-day, that if you would sign the pledge he would trust you to keep it, and he would give you steady work and good pay. Do sign it, Tom. I have a blank one here. It will make such a difference, not only to you, but to your wife and children, if you will."

A gleam of hope lighted up the dim eyes, but it died out in an instant, and Tom shook his head.

"Some other day, Hugh; some other day. Some day I will, but not now."

"Don't put it off," pleaded Hugh, putting the pledge before the man, and offering him the pen. "Why don't you see, it's as good as a check? Sign it, and it means health, comfort, and a good living which you would make well enough if you would let drink alone, and also respect from every one that knows you. Why, my father's signature could not mean more than that."

Old Tom was won by the boy's enthusiasm.

"I'll see what my signature is good for," he cried with sudden resolution; and grasping the pen, firmly he wrote his name on the pledge.

"There, I've done it; and, God helping me, I'll keep it," he said solemnly. "Low as I've fallen, I never broke my word yet."

An hour later he entered his home, with the check in one pocket and the pledge in the other. The check was a proof to the poor wife of his intention to keep the pledge, for she knew it must have been hard work to come home sober with money in his pocket.

Need I tell you that the signature on the pledge was never dishonoured? It brought a nappy home, new hope for the despairing wife, respect, prosperity, and God's blessing.

And Hugh, he felt as if he had done the grandest temperance work of his life (though he lived to be a successful temperance worker) when he persuaded old Tom to sign that pledge.—Sunday School Times.

THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

A man or a woman sitting down, or standing up if you like, to drink wine, or other stimulant, always starts on the way that leads through four stages towards an easily realisable destination. Stage one is that gentle stimulation called moderate excitement or support. Stage two is elevation—whatever that may mean it is not elevation of character, of that I am satisfied. Stage three is confusion of mind, action, and deed with sad want of elevation. Stage four is complete concatenation of circumstances: all the stages perfectly matured; the journey completed, with the traveller lying down, absolutely prostrated in mind and in body. The destination is reached, and found to be—a human being dead drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to take any portion of alcohol, he starts on that journey; starts just as distinctly with the first drop swallowed, as he would start with the first step he would put forward in a walk from the pure region of Hampstead Heath into the outfall of that Babylonish sewage which greets the smiling Thames at Barking Creek.

The knotty question then is this, Ought a person to start on that remarkable journey of alcohol progress at all? Should he try any stage? Everyone says, Venture not on the last three stages on any account; but some say, Live and go happy, day by day, through the first; walk the first fourth of the way, and you will be better for it. It is a nice exercise. It makes your heart light; it refreshes your mind; it quickens your secretions; it assists your digestion. The wisest men of all ages have daily walked this stage on the alcoholic highway towards the point of concatenation of circumstances. In this fourth stage of their way, with an occasional venture a little further when the companionship was good, they have given the world its wit, its humor, its poetry, its greatness. Suppose they have lived a little shorter time from the exercises; they have done more work in the shorter time than they would have done in a longer time under duller circumstances; so that the advantage, on the whole, is with this moderate indulgence in alcohol. Indulgence just a fourth of the way on towards danger; never further, except on rarest occasions; and then certainly not quite halfway—to the foot of Mount Elevation at furthest, and no further, for the sake of mind and body alike.

This, in plain language, is the argument of the moderate school of thought. It is met point blank by the abstaining school, which calls out with all its sympathetic might:—"Take not a step on that highway! It is a grand model of his engineering skill; it is wide, it is open, it is straight, it is smooth, it is filled with jolly companions every one, it is fenced with pleasures, it is rich with historical reminiscences; but there is this peculiarity about it, that there is not an inch of it, not a hair's breadth of it, safe. Therefore keep off it altogether. It is the DEVIL'S HIGHWAY!"

—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

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