

Selections.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

The Temperance cause is Thine,
Dear Father of us all,
And now for strength divine
Upon Thy name we call;
O let it now to us be given,
And linked our forces be with Heav-

ven.
The drunkard, too, is Thine,
Redeemed by dying love,
And all drink's slavery
He yet may rise above;
We pray Thee in this solemn hymn
Help us in all our work for him.

Our hands and hearts are Thine,
And we would consecrate
Them all to this good cause,
Till love shall conquer hate,
And drinking from the land be driven
Whilst earth be lifted nearer Heaven.
—Beresford Adams.

Chester.

THE DRUNKARD.

Haggard, unkempt, he rests against
the bar,
While to his swollen lips he lifts the
glass;
Upon his trembling hand one sees a
scar,
And on his face, which is a bloated
mass,
We look in vain for something as a
sign.
To differentiate him from the swine,
We mark his sunken eye, his hopeless
look,
His lurching gait, his helplessness,
despair,
His wide divergence from true paths
forsook,
When scarce a man, to this, the
awful snare;
And as we gaze, we tax our minds to
tell,
Why, though on earth, this wretch
should live in hell

Did He ye call the author of the race,
From out the dust of ages a decree
Send forth, that some should live but
to disgrace
The beauties which on every hand
we see?
Or was it ye yourselves that made
this shape,
This loathsome thing from which ye
seek to 'scape?

I ask an answer—nay, one I demand;
Come tell me, was it God, or hell's
dark king,
Or you, who placed him on a desert
strand,
And left him there, a hopeless, soul-
quenched thing,
To slowly, slowly, down hell's path-
way sink,
Till now he trembles on hell's fearful
brink?

You cannot say 'twas God who map-
ped his course,
You dare not cry 'tis Fate that
keeps him down;
For truth, strange truth, from out
your lips must force
What otherwise you scarcely dare
to own,
That 'tis your great indifference to
save
Your fellow man that thrusts him to
the grave.

You saw him leave the beaten track
of truth,
And wander from life's beauty to
despair.
He knew the danger not, for early
youth
Looks on life's surface; all to him
is fair.
And you stretched forth no hand to
stay his pace;
Your God will ask you "Why?" when
Him you face.

How long will you permit this awful
crime,
How long in tacit negligence re-
main,
While o'er your fallen kinsman's head
the chime
Of shameful doom tolls out its sad
refrain?
Can you stand by and see him thus
injured?
Is all your boasted brotherhood con-
sumed?

Oh, ye who boast of legislative pow-
er,
And speak of blessed liberty for all,
Your boast lives but to mock you in
this hour,

When poison is a traffic to en-
thrall,
A law-supported weapon to trans-
mute
Your brother from a man into a
brute.

Come ye, the offspring of a mighty
race!
Arouse yourselves, and strike a
powerful blow,
That through united effort will re-
place
Your sinking fellows far above the
slough,
That sucks them down to death!
Then will be paid
The awful debt that on your souls
is laid.

—E. Traynor.

HOW NEHEMIAH BUILT THE
WALLS.

By Mrs. Letitia Youmans.

The first work of course, was to
clear away the rubbish, and this is
most imperative in building our tem-
perance walls. In many homes
there is an accumulation of rub-
bish that must be cleared away; in
the cellar there is the so-called
sweet cider bubbling up, showing its
alcoholic nature; the home-made
wine, just as intoxicating as the
wine of commerce, although not
quite so much adulterated; the cor-
dials, bitters, and patent medicines,
all alcoholic in their combinations.
The pantry contains rubbish in the
form of flavorings for puddings, pies
and sauces. The fruit closet has its
wine jellies and brandied peaches.
The medicine chest has its ever-
available flask of gin or whiskey, to
be used in case of emergency, such
as sudden colds or chills. The nur-
sery has its rubbish, in the form of
cordials and soothing syrups, to en-
trap the infant as soon as he enters
upon the journey of life. Oh, what
a work to be accomplished in the
homes! Would that every parent
was at work building over against
their own houses.

The work began in the right place
in the community. The first man
that rose up to build was the high
priest, and with him his brethren,
the priests. Judgment must begin
at the house of God. Oh, that the
high priest of every denomination
would rise up and build—the bishops
and archbishops, doctors of divinity
and pastors of churches, elders, dea-
cons, class-leaders, Sunday School
superintendents and teachers, all in
the genuine apostolic succession.
What a mighty host, if all were ear-
nestly at work! How soon the
work would be accomplished! I do
not hesitate to state that the world
is waiting for the church to rise up
as bright as the sun, clear as the
noon, and terrible as an army with
banners.

I can only enumerate a few of the
different classes who rose up to
build, not omitting some who refused
to build. There were certain nobles
who refused to bow their necks to
the work of the Lord; there are too
many of this class at the present day
who look upon temperance work as
altogether too plebeian for their pat-
rician position in society.

One of these nobles passes in re-
view before me. As he sits in his
office he is interviewed by a temper-
ance committee, asking him to pre-
side at an important temperance
meeting. He answered haughtily:—
"I'm not in that line of business. If
you need money I will give you a
subscription, but I do not care to
identify myself with this movement." A
few hours later the same gentle-
man sat in his carriage at the rail-
road depot, his elegant turnout and
liveried coachman indicating the man
of wealth. He seems restless and
nervous; there is evidently excite-
ment among the crowd on the plat-
form. All eyes are directed towards
the expected train. He overheard
the words accident, killed, wounded;
he sprang at once from the carriage,
for on that train were his wife and
daughter. He rushed to the rail-
road office and demanded an explan-
ation. He was informed there had
been an accident, but they had not
yet learned its nature or extent. He
demanded, "Furnish me a car and
send me to the scene of accident." He
was informed that it was impos-
sible, for every available car had al-
ready gone with workmen and sur-
geons. He paced up and down the
platform frenzied by this dreadful in-
telligence.

When the car containing the

wounded and dead entered the depot
he was the first to spring on board,
and therein, cold in the embrace of
death, lay his wife and daughter.
When the particulars of the acci-
dent were made known, it was as-
certained that a pint of whiskey in
the hands of a switchman had done
the fatal deed. This noble was
ready now to bow his neck to the
work of the Lord. He finds it is
his business now, as he sits alone in
that palatial home, to do everything
in his power to overthrow the des-
troyer, but too late to save his lov-
ed ones.

They built the wall over against
the armory or the military depart-
ment, and this is a place where our
wall is sadly demoralized. When our
volunteers go out for their annual
drill, intoxicating liquors flow free-
ly in the camp, and many who nev-
er were intoxicated before fall a vic-
tim. Is there no redress for this
grievance? Must our young men be
sacrificed to the greed of the liquor-
sellers?

The men of Judah refused to build,
and this was the strange excuse they
made: There was so much rubbish
to be cleared away that the strength
of their burden-bearers was ex-
hausted. To my sorrow I have
found this obstacle in the way some-
times when urging ladies to join the
W.C.T.U. They were willing to give
up the use of alcohol as a beverage
but could not dispense with alcoholic
flavorings in their culinary opera-
tions, mince pies could never be
thought of without brandy, nor pud-
ding sauce without something in the
same line, but, alas, for the sad con-
sequences of these mistaken prepara-
tions.

In one of my visits some years ago
to a prison in Ontario, the matron
related the following circumstance:
A young man was sentenced to pen-
itentiary for a term of years; his
mother came to bid him good-by.
She was about to throw her arms
round his neck when he pushed her
away indignantly, saying: "Mother,
you are to blame for the whole thing.
Your brandy peaches first gave me
the taste for liquor." That mother
went to her desolate home, to mourn
over her folly and to clear away the
rubbish which had ruined her boy.
I have not time farther to enumer-
ate, but merely to say that the wall
was built all the way round and half
way up, and joined together, be-
cause the people had a mind to work.
Oh, what great things will be ac-
complished when a whole commu-
nity acts in concert.

In those days, as well as at the
present, every great reform had
four stages. The first is indiffer-
ence; the second, ridicule; the third,
bitter opposition; the fourth, tri-
umph. When they began to build
the wall, very little attention was
paid to it; as the work proceeded
they began to ridicule it. Sanbal-
lat ridiculed the appearance of the
wall; Tobiah declared if even a fox
should go over it he would break it
down. This was just the case when
the Maine law was passed. The en-
emies declared that it was not worth
the paper it was written on; and the
foxes tried to get over it, but they
found it dangerous travelling. I
discovered some of them in a trap in
Augusta gaol. They were there
with time to think over the error
of their ways. If the liquor traffic
is pushed against the wall of Prince
Edward Island, the shock is felt all
along the line to Vancouver. The
brewers, distillers, wholesale dealers
and retail licensees unite together,
the press is subsidised, the pulpit
muzzled, and all combine to repel the
opponent.

The liquor traffic has no politics,
no creed, no nationality; it is pro-
tean in form and chameleon in col-
or; self-interest, and that alone, is
its guiding star. But how is it too
often with temperance men? I blush
to admit the fact that they will pray
together in prayer-meeting, sit side
by side and applaud the most ultra-
prohibition sentiments, but when the
time comes that a little slip of pa-
per will strike a harder blow than
a policeman's club, where are they
then? Part of them, Reformers;
the rest, Conservatives, in Canada.
They must stand by their party,
while the liquor men go up in solid
phalax and sweep the country.

One leading objection of the op-
ponents we cannot omit to mention,
on account of its remarkable coinci-
dence with the objection to prohi-

bition at the present day. They
said if this wall is built the people
will cease to pay toll or tribute to
the surrounding kings, and thus the
revenue will be injured.

The wall was completed in fifty-
two days; the top stone was
brought on with rejoicing, because
the people had a mind to work, and
now the time had come that Nehe-
miah had promised the king to re-
turn. He had one important duty
to perform, and that was to appoint
the governor. He does not tell us
to what political party he belonged,
but informs us of the character of
the man he selected, that he was
a faithful man, and feared God above
many; a grand platform for any
politician.

Now that the wall was built, Ne-
hemiah prepared for the worship of
God, and the people began to pour
in their money, and there was a
great desire expressed to hear the
word of the law. The people assem-
bled themselves together in the
street, and Ezra the scribe brought
out the book of the law of Moses
before the congregation of men and
women, and all that could hear with
understanding; and Ezra stood up
on a pulpit of wood, and as he open-
ed the book, all the people rose up
and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great
God, and all the people answered
Amen, Amen. They drew up a cov-
enant and signed it; the priests and
the Levites, the princes and the no-
bles, and everyone that had knowl-
edge and understanding signed the
covenant.

One of the most prominent du-
ties set out in the law and in the
covenant was the observance of the
Sabbath, and yet, after all this pre-
caution, Nehemiah observed there
were some who still brought in bur-
dens on the Sabbath day. The men
of Tyre brought their wares just
outside the gates, so as to entice the
unprincipled Jews to patronize them
just as the modern men of Tyre used
to bring their wares as near to the
prohibitory wall as possible. Nehe-
miah was not slow to discover this,
and finding that his law did not
reach it, neither had he the power
to supplement the law, he did not
ignobly drop the matter, but went
resolutely out to the marauder, and
I think I see the fire flash in his
black Jewish eye as he said, "Take
these things hence, or I'll lay hands
on you," and they picked up their
wares and retreated.

Would that we had a Nehemiah
both at Toronto and Ottawa who
would frame laws adequate to the
work they have to perform, and then
provide machinery for enforcing
them.

HEALTHY BECAUSE SOBER.

Statistics show that the Jews as
a race are relatively exempt from
tuberculosis, although what are re-
garded as predisposing causes are
present among them to an unusual
degree. Among the various reasons
assigned for this exemption from this
disease, is given "their freedom from
alcoholism. It is rare to see a
drunken Jew, and the abuse of al-
cohol is well-known to favor the
growth of tubercle bacillus."

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