



'The Day Shall Declare It.'

I. Cor. iii, 13.

You can never tell when the seed may fall
Into a heart prepared, where it shall abide;
Though you thought, perchance, you had lost
it all

When you scattered it by the highway side.
But you will tell when the harvest's past,
When the sheaves are gathered from
many a field,
When the heavenly garners are full at
last,
And the praise of the day to Christ you
yield.

You may never hear of the good you've done,
As you labored and toiled with weary brain,
When you thought that never a soul was won,
And that all your strength was spent in
vain.

But you will hear at the morning's break,
When the tidings spread on the other
shore,
When the saved are gathered, and saints
awake,
When the laborer rests, and his toil is
o'er.

You may never know how your song was used,
When its sweetest note to you seemed lost;
When the young and the old would be 'ex-
cused,'

And loved the world and its pleasures most.
But you will know when the song begins,
The glory-song in the land of light;
When sinners, cleansed from all their sins,
Join in His praises day and night.

You may never see what your life has
wrought,

Humble and earnest, kind and true,
Although you thought it was spent for
nought,

And the Master had little need of you.
But you will see with undimmed eye,
On the day when the Lord brings home
His own,

That the humbled life He ne'er passed by,
If only, for Him, it was made a throne.
—J. D. H., in the 'Christian World.'

Abraham Lincoln's Opinion.

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will aggravate the evil. There must be no attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind, for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

Giants Slain by Drink.

(The Rev. C. F. Aked, in the 'National Advocate'.)

It is not the rough and uneducated only that the drink demon claims for his victims. From pole to pole of human life he holds his ruthless sway. There is no depth of mortal wickedness he does not plumb, no height of intellect he does not scale. From the maudlin creature in Whitechapel, to men of world-wide fame, whose genius has shone starlight in the heaven of lofty thought, no rank or class escapes him. What names on history's dead roll are stained by the vice of drunkenness! Among the older poets, Parnell, Cowley, and Prior were slaves of the cup. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of strong drink. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was mastered by it. Theodore Hook was wrecked and ruined by his criminal indulgence. Hartley Coleridge, son of the great metaphysician and

poet, nephew of Southey, friend and favorite of Wordsworth, possessing something of the genius of each, was reduced to miserable decrepitude by intemperance. The giant memory of Edmund Kean gave way beneath it. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator, dramatist, statesman, wit, with gift and faculty almost divine, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died in a garret, a broken down, miserable old wretch, the bailiffs waiting only until the breath was out of his stormbeaten body to arrest the corpse—and that was drink!

Charles Lamb's deplorable servitude to the bottle has been told us with a disgusting fidelity by himself. Campbell, whose verse has the ring of the clarion, and the roll of the ocean, was a drunkard. The weird, fantastic genius of Edgar Allan Poe was not proof against the blight—he died mad drunk. Burns, strange mixture of gold and filth, was a 'lost laddie' by reason of intemperance—that fatal Globe Tavern brought him to his grave. William Pitt, the younger, lost his health and strength in dissipation. And Byron, the most famous Englishman of his generation, died in the prime of manhood, alone on a foreign shore, affording one more terrible tragic proof that a man who sows to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption.

Twenty Reasons for Opposing the Saloon.

1. It never builds up manhood, but tears it down.
2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.
3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.
4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.
5. It never stills the tongue of slander, but loosens it.
6. It never promotes purity of thought, but poisons it.
7. It never empties almshouses and prisons, but fills them.
8. It never protects the ballot box, but defiles it.
9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.
10. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.
11. It never prepares one for Heaven, but for Hell.
12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue), but increases them.
13. It never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.
14. It never protects our property nor personal safety, but endangers them.
15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.
16. It never creates ambition and thrift, but invites laziness, profligacy, poverty, idleness and crime.
17. It never builds up the church, but peoples the station houses, prisons and chain-gangs.
18. It never refines character nor promotes Christian grace, but is a destroyer of the soul.
19. It never teaches honesty and uprightness, but invites the incendiary to apply the midnight torch.
20. It never protects a man, but robs him of his money, his family happiness, his good name, his hopes, and all endearments of life—Selected.

Charles Lamb to Young Men.

Charles Lamb, one of England's great writers, was a hard drinker. Listen to his sad wail:

'The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I could cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able

to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about him the piteous spectacle of his own ruin. Could he see my feverish eye—feverish with the last night's drinking and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry, hourly with feeble outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.'

'A Temperate Use of Good Liquors.'

'A glass of beer can't hurt anybody. Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six footer; he has the bearing of a prince. He is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of youth; and now, at the age of fifty-odd, he has the elastic step of our young men of 25, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know he never dines without a brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living exemplar and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effects of a temperate use of good liquors.'

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy drinking was a relative or ours. He died a year or two after that with chronic diarrhoea, a common end of those who are never drunk, but never out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion uptown, and a clear five thousand a year, besides a large fortune to each of his children, for he had ships on very sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use.

For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition.

That is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mention. Scrofula had been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the madhouse; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty—but they were blighted and they paled and faded into heaven, we trust, in their sweetest teens; another is tottering on the verge of her grave, and only to one of them is left all the senses. —Hall's Journal of Health.

School Children and Drink.

Dr. A. MacNicholl, of New York City, in a report of an examination of the cause of mental deficiency in school children, undertaken in 1901, for the New York Academy of Medicine, said: 'In prosecuting this work I was forcibly impressed by the conspicuous position occupied by alcohol as a cause of mental deficiency of children. Alcohol, by destroying the integrity of the nerve structure, lowering the standard of organic relations, launches hereditary influences, which, by continuous transmission, gain momentum and leave their impact upon gland and nerve until mental faculties are demoralized, physical energies hopelessly impaired and the moral nature becomes degenerate and dies.'

The doctor found that of children of drinking parents, but of abstaining grandparents, 75 per cent. were dullards; of the children of abstaining parents and drinking grandparents, 18 per cent. were dullards; of the children of abstaining parents and grandparents, only 4 per cent. were dullards.

The fact is evident and only too true, therefore, that drink is a curse to the prosperity and well-being of society—a burden to the sober taxpayer, an enemy of the poor man's home and the cause of two-thirds of the evil of the world.—'National Advocate.'

Pictures.

Many of the full-page pictures in the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be framed—and, indeed, they are well worth it.