

## A Stirring Appeal.

A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters; which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes, from the defrauding of helpless childhood and from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards and thieves and embezzlers and gamblers and wife-beaters and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it; cannot claim the respect and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph,  
Longer wear its tyrant crown?  
Shall it firmer draw its fetters,  
Firmly bind the nation down?  
Shall this grand young country longer  
Bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo:  
Rouse, ye gallant men and true!  
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers!  
See, the night is almost through,  
Rouse ye, every man and woman—  
God is calling now for you.

—*M. Florence Mosher.*

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of liquor licenses the town should petition for, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

OVER)

2 A STIRRING APPEAL.

It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the painful index to no light sufferings, yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

"You" said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in this borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and a woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had five better or more affectionate children. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask *where* are they now?"

"In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkards' graves!"

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that *temperate* drinking would do them no harm.

"And you too, Sir, (addressing the parson), would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

"Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink.

"Now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is *my* home. You, Rev. Sir—you, doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkards' graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—"Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?" Then the unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

Dear reader, your judgment and conscience endorse that decision. You too would have shouted "No!" with all the energy and determination you possess. Will you not resolve to-day, that, with God's help, you will always be found in active opposition to the cruel and ruinous traffic that blights so many lives and breaks so many hearts.

Issued by the Dominion Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

Above is one of the 2-page Prohibition Leaflets issued for the Plebiscite Campaign. They are sold far below cost for free distribution. Twenty kinds now ready. Address, F. S. Spence, Toronto.

### NO MIDDLE GROUND.

The drink traffic paralyzes every political, social, moral and religious condition which tolerates it. We cannot compromise with this evil. There is no middle ground. Its presence is death. For the Government to legalize, sanction, or protect it is to form a league with hell and destruction. The traffic should be destroyed, and as a first step the Government, both national and State, should dissolve its partnership in the business and cast it adrift, without protection. Behold the ravages of this fiend as it sweeps over the land, consuming thousands of souls annually, causing desolation, despair and death to millions. Thousands of young men, the flower of the land, destroyed by the hideous traffic. How shall this tide of destruction be stayed? Who will accept the commission of the modern prophets, and cry out from the watch towers of the land, "Oh, turn ye; for why will ye die of strong drink, O Christian America!—*Ex-Gov. Hughes, of Arizona.*

### ONLY ONE FAULT.

I was riding through a howery country town in Vermont when I chanced to notice a concourse of people in the church-yard, evidently encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day, and I had ridden ten miles, so I drew the rein under some trees that arched the road to allow the horse to cool and rest.

Presidently a villager came toward me and I said:

"There is a funeral to-day in your town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest hearted men I ever knew. We all owed something to Stephen."

Then he added in a tone of regret:

"He had only one fault."

The light fell in pencil rays through the trees. I sat in silence, enjoying the refreshing coolness.

The man resumed the subject:

"He had great abilities, Stephen had. We sent him to the legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for governor."

"But," he added, sadly, "Stephen had one fault,"

I made no answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse.

"A very generous man, Stephen was. Always visited the sick—he was feeling when any one was in trouble. The old folks all liked him. Even the children used to follow him in the streets."

"A good man indeed," I said indifferently.

"Yes; he only had one fault."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat. He didn't seem to have any power to resist it at last. He got behind hand and had to mortgage his farm and finally had to sell it. His wife died on account of the reverse; kind of crushed, disappointed. Then his children, not having the right bringing up, turned out badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them and take away their spirit. He had to leave politics; 'twouldn't do, you see. Then we had to set him aside from the church, and at last his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poor house. He died there; only forty-five. There was none of his children at the funeral. Poor man, he had only one fault."

"Only one fault!"

The ship had only one leak, but it went down.

"Only one fault!"

The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

"Only one fault!" Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honor forfeited, social and religious privileges abandoned, broken health, poverty, paralysis and the poor house.

One fault, only one.—*Youths' Companion.*

### HEREDITY AND CRIME.

An article from the *Medical Press*, compiled by Professor Belman, of the University of Bonn, relates the career of a notorious drunkard who was born in 1740 and died in 1800. Her descendants numbered 834, of whom 709 have been traced from their youth. Of these 7 were convicted of murder, 76 of other crimes, 142 were professional beggars, 64 lived on charity, and 181 women of the family led disreputable lives. The family cost the German government for maintenance and costs in the courts, almshouses and prisons no less a sum than \$1,250,000; in other words, just a

fraction under \$1,500 each. It would probably be difficult to find a more remarkable example than this of the evil effects of the transmission of hereditary defects.—*Medical Record.*

### SONG OF THE GLASS.

With eyes inflamed and blear,  
With features hollow and wan  
A drunkard sat in a rickety chair  
In his attic, all alone;  
His person covered with rags,  
His hair a tangled mass,  
In a voice that told of a soul's despair,  
He sang the song of the glass:  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Till the eye grows frenzied and wild.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Though it murders wife and child:  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Ay, quaff the poison bowl,  
Though every drop it contains is death,  
And ruin to the soul.

Deep hid in the sparkling cup  
A grinning demon glares,  
A deceptive fiend of beautiful form  
Concealing a thousand snares;  
Beware of his comely brow,  
Beware of his noxious breath,  
'Tis the devil's sacrament he offers now,  
'Twill lure you on to death—  
Death by the suicide's hand,  
Death by the murderer's steel,  
A maniac's cell, a hangman's cord,  
A grave in the Potter's Field.

All this and more is bestowed,  
Ay, more than tongue can tell—  
An hour of bliss, an eternal abode,  
In the sulphurous fumes of hell;  
O fiend in human form!  
O men unworthy the name!  
'Tis not a good you're dealing out,  
But ruin, disgrace and shame—  
Shame for the grey haired sire,  
Shame for the aged wife,  
Shame for the innocent, prattling babe,  
That follows him all through life.

O men with franchise crowned!  
Awake from your sluggard's sleep:  
Hear ye not that wailing sound?  
'Tis the nation's women who weep—  
Weep for the thousands untold,  
Who lie 'neath the run stained grass,  
While annually thousands renew their ranks  
And sing the Song of the Glass.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Till the eyes grow frenzied and wild:  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Ay, quaff the poison bowl;  
Though every drop it contains is death,  
And ruin to the soul.  
—*O. P. Tennant.*

### WHAT! ROB A POOR MAN OF HIS BEER?

What! rob a poor man of his beer  
And give him good victuals instead  
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,  
Or at least you are soft in the h

What! rob a poor man of his mu  
And give him a horse of his own,  
With kitchen and parlour so snug?  
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone!

What! rob a poor man of his glass,  
And teach him to read and to write?  
What! save him from being an ass?  
'Tis nothing but malice and spite!

What! rob a poor man of his ale  
And prevent him from beating his wife,  
From being locked up in a jail,  
With penal employment for life?

What! rob a poor man of his beer  
And keep him from starving his child?  
It makes one feel deadfully queer;  
And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.

—*John Ploughman's Talk.*

### HOW DO YOU VOTE?

"We ask not your party or creed,  
We ask not your race or complexion,  
Or how you have voted before—  
But, how will you vote next election?"

"You say you're a Temperance man,  
That drink never tickles your palate;  
We're glad, but we measure, you know,  
Our friends by their acts at the ballot."

### WAKING UP.

"The Temperance folk are waking up,  
Throughout this favoured nation,  
To put the Liquor Traffic down,  
And drive it from its station.  
The bars and drinking dens are doomed  
To lawful demolition;  
For all good men are going in  
For legal Prohibition."