

IT IS COMING!

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of thunder gather'ing round?
Do you hear the nation tremble as an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the wailing of a people—'tis a mighty battle sound.

"The great thing in the present crisis is the undeniable fact that the people of this country want to get rid of whiskey. They may so desire from a great variety of motives, they may prefer many different methods of bringing about the desired result, but the man who does not see plainly that the great majority of Canadians desire to rid their country of the liquor traffic is blind as a bat. There may be a slight reaction, there may be more than one reaction, there may be changes in the methods of working, but the will of the people must rule in the end, and the traffic must go."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armor, they are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the Right.

"If the community has no reason to be surprised at the combination of the Licensed Victuallers, they assuredly have no reason to be surprised at the rise of the Alliance. The ultimate issue of the struggle is certain. If anyone doubts the preponderance of good over evil in human nature, he has only to study the history of moral crusades. The enthusiastic energy and self-devotion with which a moral cause inspires its soldiers always have prevailed, and always will prevail, over any amount of self-interest or material power arrayed on the other side. The Alliance is already powerful and growing in power. It will conquer."—*Prof. G. Edwin Smith, in a Letter on the United Kingdom Alliance.*

For the power of Rum hath bound us and the power of Rum hath reigned,
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained,
Till the struggling nation shudders as its forces lie enchained.

"Behold the culmination of the evil. The liquor traffic, lawless and reckless, consciously spreading intemperance, fostering sin and crime—this liquor traffic has fastened itself upon the politics of the land, and vulture-like holds the nation, its talons quivering for very life. Alcohol is King, making and unmaking laws, enforcing or annulling them at will."—*Right Rev. Bishop Ireland.*

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone and hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood, and hath laughed to scorn the great.

"Yes, there they are, men and women, harlots and burglars, and brutal; blaspheming God and cursing their own souls. They crowd each other down, sinking, with a hell within, to a darker hell beyond; and yet, though they perish at the rate of thousands every year, the supplies are continued; and I see coming from our homes those who shall fill their places and follow in their steps. On every breeze I hear the hoarse voice of the destroyer crying in his demoniac thirst for souls, "Wanted! wanted! wanted!" Fathers, mothers, teachers, pastors, listen to that cry. Wanted! Wanted what? Our sons and our daughters to fill the place of the drunkards, who are rushing this year over the dark precipice of ruin. Wanted, ten thousand fair girls to fill the places of those now dying in misery and shame. Wanted! twice ten thousand of your bright-eyed boys, to supply the mad-house and the jail. Wanted! aye, and mind you, unless we at once rise and stand between them and ruin, they will be had!"—*Rev. Chas. Garrett.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer wold the fetters that now bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

"A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters, which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes, and 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."—*New York Tribune*

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 Mosier.*

"'Tis Time to Swing Our Axes."

"We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor's taxes;
We've turned the grindstone long enough—
'Tis time to swing our axes,
This deadly upas tree must fall—
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull up the stumps! grub out the roots!
O brothers! are you ready?"

"No longer will we shield this foe
To manhood, love and beauty;
We've had enough of compromise—
The right alone is duty.
Enough of weak men and distrust;
The burden grows by shifting;
Let's put our shoulder to the wheel
And do our share of lifting.

"We've had enough of forging chains
This demon drink to fetter;
Good bullets from the ballot box,
Well sped, will fix him better!
Will ye not hunt him to the death?
Speak out! speak out, O brothers?
Will ye not sound the bugle-call,
O sisters, wives, and mothers?"

"We've had enough of shame and woe;
Of cruel spoliation.
Who fears to say it loud enough
To thrill our land and nation?
God help us all to work like men,
In earnest agitation,
'Till we have crushed the power of rum
By righteous legislation."

—*Rev. G. A. Reader.*

We Have the Right.

There are some people who think that prohibitionists should walk very gingerly lest they tread on some poor rum-seller's toes. "Are you sure," they say, "that you have a right to interfere with the liquor traffic?" We answer, "The right of a man to drink liquor under his own roof may be undisputed, at any rate prohibition does not touch that right. Prohibition only says, when you throw open that door and invite the passer-by to drink, and when 200 years of experience proves that by so doing you double my taxes and make it dangerous for my child to tread on those streets, I have a right to say whether you shall open the door or not. I don't care whether you sell poison or food, I don't care whether you sell alcohol or roast beef—it does not matter; all I know is that if you undertake to sell something that doubles my taxes, and that makes my passage through the streets more dangerous, you at once invest me with the right to interfere! and if any grog-seller can stand here and show, in the face of an intelligent people, that he is right, under an idea of a democratic government, to filch from my pocket and make my passage through the streets unsafe, in order that he may coin other men's sins into his gold let him try it."—*Catholic Temperance Advocate*

What Canada Wastes in Drink.

The people of Canada consumed in the Calendar year of 1883, 18,908,611 gallons of intoxicating liquors, at a cost of \$36,769,618.

During the fifteen years that have elapsed since Confederation, Canadians have drunk 206,171,117 gallons, and for it they have paid \$473,200,900.

One can scarcely grasp the awful significance of the above figures. The immense quantities of grain that have been worse than wasted would have fed millions of people. The cost of liquors for one year exceeds the whole revenue of the Dominion of Canada. The cost per head has been fully twice as much as the total cost per head of all our customs dues since Confederation. The total amount spent in the fifteen years above tabulated, aggregates, without counting interest, nearly \$500,000,000. This would have defrayed all our cost of government, built our railways and left us without a shadow of a national debt. To all this we must add the incalculable cost of citizens slain, maimed or destroyed, pauperism borne, and crime watched, restrained and punished. The wonder is, that, with this terrible waste, our country enjoys any prosperity. If this waste could be made to cease, Canada in ten years would not know herself, so prosperous and wealthy would she have grown. Surely it is the part of all good citizens to see to it that such a frightful source of waste and destruction is dried up. Prohibition is the only effectual cure.—*Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P.*