

OUR WAR CRY.

The war drums are beating,
The soldiers, and flight
To Intemperance,
To get from his height,
The girl of armors,
His wife "night,
I'll give you a sword—
"We conquer—or die."

The drums are sounding
From the shore,
Your swords and your lances
Yours slumber no more.
Shout in your glory,
Your caps waving high,
We are fighting for freedom,
We conquer—or die."

March forth to the battle
All fearless and calm,
The strength of your spirit
Throw into your arm;
And let your proud motto
Ring up to the sky,
Till the very stars echo
"We conquer—or die."

Strike deep and unerring;
Nor dare to retreat,
Though thousands by thousands
The enemy meet.
The thicker the foemen,
The firmer stand by,
Remembering your watchword—
"We conquer—or die."

Go forth in the pathway
Your forefathers trod,
Ye, too, fight for freedom,
Your leader is God.
Fling out your broad banners
Against the blue sky,
And shout like true soldiers,
"We conquer—or die."

Not chains for the tyrant,
For chains are in vain,
He is planning already
To break them in twain.
But raise your deep voices
And shout the war-cry—
"Death, death for the tyrant,
We conquer—or die."

—Mrs. C. E. D. Munafield.

"THE LOWER ORDERS."

Who are the "lower orders?"
Not those who toil all day,
And for fair wages and good work,
As honest workmen may.
Faithful to wife and kind to child,
And true to self and God;
Such men are of the noblest
Who life's rough paths have trod.

These are the higher orders,
The self-restrained and strong,
Too great to yield to selfishness,
Too proud to do the wrong.
Who copy Christ of Nazareth,
And live and walk like He,
And claim their rights as freemen
Since He has made them free.

Noble, not low, although they live
In houses small and mean,
Are these, the masters of themselves,
With heart and conscience clean;
With brave eyes lifted unabashed,
With courage to endure;
These are the blest and happiest,
For "blessed are the pure."

They are the "lower orders"
Who practice low deceit;
The drones in hives of industry,
The loungers in the street.
The self-indulgent sons of vice,
The sullen and untrue;
Whose useless hands are stretched to
take,
But are not skilled to do.

There are no "lower orders"
But these, the self-made low;
Men are despised and scorned because
They choose to have it so.
Unworthiness, not poverty,
Alone supplies the ban,
Which keeps the hand of fellowship
Of man from brother man.

—The Methodist Temp. Magazine.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

I'll never use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,
Said little Robert Reed.

Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame,
He'd sit beside the hotel door
And there he'd do the same.

He spent his time and money, too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would grow
From such a worthless lad.

Oh, no, I'll never smoke or chew,
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health and makes bad
breath.

Said little Robert Reed.

—Songs for Little Ones at Home.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

The poet Tennyson could take a
worthless piece of paper and by writing
a poem on it make it worth \$85,000—
that's genius.

Vanderbilt can write a few words on
a sheet of paper and make it worth
\$5,000,000—that's capital.

The ditch-digger works ten hours a
day and shovels three or four tons of
earth for \$2—that's labor.

The mechanic can take a material
worth \$5 and make it into a watch
worth \$100—that's skill.

The merchant can take an article
worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's
business.

The mother sends her bright-eyed
boy to school. On the way he passes
the licensed sin. He learns by degrees,
he becomes a loafer, a gambler, a
drunkard; all that's the outgrowth of a
sin—that's the saloon.—*Iowa Temperance Magazine.*

HEREDITY.

A specialist in children's diseases,
who has for twelve years been carefully
noting the difference between twelve
families of drinkers and twelve families
of temperate ones, reports that he
found the twelve drinking families
produced in 'nose years fifty-seven
children and the temperates sixty-one.
Of the drinkers twenty-five children
died in the first week of life, as against
six on the other side. Among the
children of the drinkers were five who
were idiots, five so stunted in growth
as to be really dwarfs, five when older
became epileptics; one, a boy, had
grave chorea, ending in idiocy; five
more were diseased and deformed, and
two of the epileptics became inheri-
tance drinkers. Ten only of the fifty-
seven were normal in body and mind.
On the part of the sixty-one of the
temperates, two only showed inherited
nervous defects; five died in the first
week of weakness, while four in later
years of childhood had curable nervous
diseases, and fifty were in every way
sound in body and mind.—*Temperance National Advocate*

LITTLE TONG WONG.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Melican man welly funny. I washee
dishee for Melican lady. She say,
'Tong, be welly careful not to breakee
dishee. They much money cost.' so I
careful not to breakee dishee. Then I
waitee on table. Missee put much
bottle on table. Melican man drinkee
out of bottle. Missee she drinkee too.
Then they laugh and get much funny.
Then they get mad. Melican man he
throw dishee on floor, and breakee all
to pieces. Then Missee throw sugar
bowl at Melican man, breakee all to
pieces; (sugar bowl, not Melican man).
Then he kick over table, and breakee
lots of dishes.

Then I run away. Next day I say,
I makes it allee lightee, so I hide bottle
away. When Missee say 'Tong, where
is bottle?' I say, 'Allee lightee, Missee,
I throw him away so he no more
breakee dishes, they so much cost.'
Then she welly mad, callee me 'little
fool,' and 'heathen Chinee,' Melican
man welly funny.

Yes, Tong Wong, we are funny,
although crazy would be a more
appropriate word. It costs the nation
millions of dollars every year for
broken dishes, broken bones, broken
homes, broken fortunes, and broken
hearts, all through this bottle; and
yet we put it on the table. But
the strangest part of it is that we
think we can pay for the dishes by
charging the man who sells us the
bottle a large price for the privilege,
which he charges back to us. And
we pay the whole bill. Tong, it is
funny.—*Edward Carswell.*

THE LITTLE ONES.

I have seen a man strip his child in
the street, and take the clothes to
pledge, in order to get drink.—*A Pawn-
broker's testimony.*

In Iceland there are ten Juvenile
Temples, every one of which has over
100 members, one of them having 502
names on its roll.

Of 52 pawnbrokers in Birmingham,
13 say that the pawning of children's
clothing constitutes from 10 to 20 per
cent. of the general trade.—*The
Child's Guardian.*

The drunkard's children come into
the world mentally and physically
weak. In one lunatic asylum, out of
some three hundred idiots, half were
found to be the children of drunken
parents.—*Dr. J. B. Hellier, Leeds, 1884.*

The birds of the air will tear feathers
from their breasts for the comfort of
their young in the nest, and it is sad to
know that there are homes where
parents strip the clothing from their
children for drink.—*Dr. Stowell Rogers.*

In a paper read before the Philoso-
phical Society of Liverpool, in 1883, the
authors, Dr. H. R. Jones and Mr. H.
E. Davis, state that nine out of every
thousand children born in Liverpool,
die by violent means, and the con-
clusion could not be avoided that the
great source of this criminal violence
is drink. They also state that more of
these untimely deaths occur on Satur-
day night than upon every other night
of the week.—*W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

The New York Voice tells us that,
the national conference of charities
and corrections was held last week in
New Haven, and among the papers
read before it was one by Rev. E. P.
Savage, of St. Paul, on children
deserted by their parents. Statistics
were presented that seemed to indicate
that in the entire Union 24,000 children
are deserted every year by one or
both of their parents. In about nine
cases out of ten the parent who deserts
the child is the father. In mentioning
the "occasions" for this crime,
"intemperance" is put at the begin-
ning of the list.

LIQUOR SELLING IN IOWA.

Des Moines is having a lesson on
the evil results of the action taken by
the Legislature permitting violation of
the State Prohibitory Law. Ex-
Governor Larrabee has published a
statement showing that under pro-
hibition the convicts in the State
Penitentiary decreased in three years
from 8,533 to 6,808. At present the
number is largely augmented. For
1884 there were 10,108. In the five
months of 1885 already gone by, there
has been an increase of 549 over the
number for the same months of last
year.

THE DRINK TRAFFIC DEFINED.

It is a business which is opposed by
every true clergyman in the country.

It is a business which every mer-
chant and business man hates and
detests.

It is a business which is the standing
dread of every mother.

It is a business which makes ninety
per cent. of the pauperism for which
the tax-payer has to pay.

It is a business which makes ninety
per cent. of the business of the criminal
courts.

It is a business which keeps employed
an army of policemen in the cities.

It is a business which puts out the
fire on the hearth, and condemns wives
and children to hunger, cold and rags.

It is a business which fosters vice
for profit and educates in wickedness
for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other
vices. It is the dictionary for vice; for
it includes every vice known to man.

Drunkenness means speculation, theft,
robbery, arson, forgery, murder; for
it leads to all these crimes.—*Louisville
Courier Journal.*

WHOM IT BENEFITS.

Prohibition benefits the butcher,
because he will sell more steaks and
fewer five cent soup bones.

The baker because his bread will go
into homes where the black bottle and
growler held sway.

The clothier, because the overworn
garments will be cast aside and not be
made over a dozen times.

The shoemaker, because many who
now go barefooted, even in bad
weather, will become wearer of shoes.

The publisher, because men and
women, having more desire for
advancement, will naturally take to
reading: the old greasy, fifty-times
read newspaper of the grog shop hav-
ing lost its powers, the whole family
will read.

The landlords, because they can then
collect their rents and get better prices.

The farmers, because more will be
consumed of better quality and at
better prices.

The preachers, because more men
would join the church, and improve
their opportunity to do good.

The buggy maker, because more men
could afford to ride.

The iron merchant, because the
increased use for useful material would
demand his services.

Merchants, mechanics, and manu-
facturers of all kinds, because the one
billion five hundred million dollars now
spent for liquor in this country would
go into legitimate circulation for
wealthful and useful pursuits.

The foregoing are some of the finan-
cial reasons why all classes will be
benefited by the prohibition of the
manufacture and sale of alcoholic
beverages. The moral reasons are too
numerous to mention, and the political
reasons are myriad.—*Southern Journal.*

TOUCH NOT.

Think of it, boys, the next time you
take up a cigarette, drop it—as you
would a coal of fire. The latter would
simply burn your fingers; but this
burns up good health, good resolutions,
good manners, good memories, good
faculties, and often honesty and truth-
fulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under
the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid,
and subject to nervous twitching, till
finally he was obliged to give up his
studies. When asked why he did not
throw away his miserable cigarettes,
the poor boy replied, with tears, that
he had often tried to do so, but could
not.

Another boy of eleven was made
crazy by cigarette smoking, and was
taken to an insane asylum in Orange
County, New York. He was regarded
as a violent and dangerous maniac,
exhibiting some of the signs peculiar
to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and
inside the cheeks, called smokers'
patches, are thought by Sir Morell
Mackenzie to be more common with
users of cigarettes than with other
smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the
lungs?" asked some one of a leading
New York physician. For his answer,
the doctor lighted a cigarette, and
inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it
through the corner of his handkerchief,
which he held tightly over his mouth.
A dark brown stain was distinctly vis-
ible. "Just such a stain," said the
doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If
you ever smoke another cigarette,
think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette
eye, which is regarded as dangerous.
A film comes over the eye, appearing
and disappearing at intervals. And
did you know that boys have been
made blind by smoking cigarettes?
How would you like to part with your
sight, and never again behold the light
of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures?
A writer greatly interested in young
people (Josiah Leeds) describes a pitiful
spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-
begone boy, seemingly less than ten
years old, standing at the entrance of
an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated
trousers very ragged at the knees, his
hands in his pockets, shivering with
cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in
Washington a wretched looking child,
scarcely five years old, smoking a
cigarette, and blowing the smoke from
his nostrils. His pale pinched face was
twitching convulsively, his little
shoulders were bent, and his whole
appearance was that of an old man."—
Christian at Work.