



## For Future Happiness.

### A RECITATION FOR A BOY.

It will not be nice to remember

In the years that may unto me come  
That the time of my youth has been wasted  
Through resorting to brandy or rum;  
So I'll early be found in the temperance way,  
And if tempted to drink I 'No, thank you!' will say.

It will not be pleasant if memory

Show, too, in her mirror all bright,  
How my home I have rendered unhappy,  
And have cast o'er my loved ones a blight;  
By thinking that pleasure doth lie in the cup,  
So, howe'er it may shine, I will ne'er take it up.

It will not bring peace to my conscience,

But a bitter and lasting regret,  
If my duty to God and my neighbor  
I through wine should omit or forget;  
So, as happy I'd feel when I older shall be,  
I will try to do right now I'm young and am free.

It will bring me no health in the future

To nourish my body on ale,  
But instead, the excess of the present  
Would cause me the sooner to fail;  
Therefore, now I'll begin to abstain from the foe,  
That ne'er, through my own habits, my strength may lie low.

It will cheer me not in the death-valley

To know that the life God has given  
Has been known as the life of a drunkard,  
One who's lived for this earth and not heaven;  
Therefore, as I'd be sober when nearing death's shore,  
I the thing which makes drunkards will touch never more.  
—'The Temperance Leader.'

## The Appetite for Strong Drink.

The strength of the appetite for strong drink is one of the things that amazes those who are in contact with this evil, and the extraordinary persistence and determination and resolution in the weakest souls of the appetite for strong drink. The crave seems to absorb into itself all their being, to be entangled with the very roots of their life, and the one thing with some people who are victims of that crave is the one thing that works their ruin. Now it follows from that, surely, that if we are going to deal with an evil so deep seated, an evil that has struck its roots so far into the very constitution of some natures, we must do it by extraordinarily powerful, and subtle, and far reaching forces of another kind. You cannot stop that by saying don't! You cannot do anything for it by law. You can do nothing for it unless you have the Gospel. You cannot cure that degeneration unless you appeal to something that regenerates, and we must count for our success on forces that are subtle and deep reaching. Our real strength is in the appeal we can make to God and the will of God for man, and on the way that we can bring the certainty and assurance of that in our words and life to those that suffer. —'Temperance Leader.'

## An Honest Traveller.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening, in a distant city, on the 'Greed of Gold,' and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early the next morning there came into the minister's study a fine looking, intelligent man about forty years old. 'Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve?' he asked.

This was his story:

He was the travelling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveller on Sunday

evening, and the minister's sermon had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that very night a letter to the firm for which he was travelling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

'And,' said the manly man before he left the minister, 'last night I slept with a sense of peace and security, such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined: I shall starve before I shall sell another drop of liquor. God help me!'

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of the church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

'I am in need of just such a man.'

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ:

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'—'The Baptist Young People's Union.'

## The Dangers of Alcohol.

The Belgian Academy of Medicine at its meeting of 1896 declared:

In modern society alcohol is in fact the most to be dreaded of all pathological agents. It poisons individuals by thousands and ruins generations. It saps the foundations of social prosperity—the power to work, the development of intelligence, the moral sense. . . We doctors and representatives of the medical profession, who see every day in private practice, in the hospitals, the asylums for the insane, the prisons, the lamentable victims of this great social poison: we, who are witnesses of the degeneracy which affects the progeny of alcoholics, cannot but protest very strongly against every law that touches alcohol otherwise than for the purpose of fighting it and raising a barrier against its great ravages.

## A Marred Life.

In Washington a dozen years ago there lived a beautiful and spirited girl, the daughter of a distinguished soldier. Her wedding was a fashionable event. Everything seemed to give promise of a happy life—a loving husband, fond parents, many friends, money in plenty, and an assured social position.

But only recently this girl was admitted to Bellevue Hospital, broken in health, enfeebled in mind, meanly clothed, her beauty gone, as pathetic a wreck as ever drifted into charity's shore.

In the intervening years the father died of a broken heart, her husband procured a divorce, friend after friend fell away. The girl went upon the stage, and would have succeeded there but for one cause—the cause that has ruined herself and spread grief and shame among those who loved and did their utmost to save her.

Drink, of course—a passion for the poison which she could not, or would not, resist. With intelligence to understand perfectly the terrible consequences to herself of succumbing to the appetite, this woman yielded until it has become a fiendish master, not to be disobeyed. For the gratification of her appetite she has paid with all that makes life worth living, and to-day is a broken and hopeless outcast, capable of suffering the keenest misery, but incapable of self-restraint when the drink devil tempts her.

There is a temperance lesson for you. There is a warning to the young and heedless and pleasure-loving who play with this hell's fire, which can burn out everything that is manly in a man and womanly in a woman. —'New York Journal.'

## Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only \$1.25 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

## The Land of 'Pretty Soon.'

I know of a land where the streets are paved  
With the things which we meant to achieve;  
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,

And the pleasures for which we grieve.  
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,  
And many a coveted boon,  
Are stored away there in that land somewhere—

The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

There are uncut jewels of possible fame

Lying about in the dust,  
And many a noble and lofty aim

Covered with mould and rust.

And, oh! this place, while it seems so near,  
Is farther away than the moon;

Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—

The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

The road that leads to that mystic land  
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,

And ships that have sailed for its shining strand

Bear skeletons on their decks.

It is further at noon than it was at dawn,

And further at night than at noon.

Oh! let us beware of that land down there—

The land of 'Pretty Soon.'

—Exchange.

## Excuses and Answers.

Here are six paragraphs, containing samples of bodily ailments, to remedy which alcoholic drinks are resorted to by not a few people. The answers of the various doctors are as pointed as they are correct.

(Can be given as a reading, or by a little arrangement and understanding, as a dialogue.)

1. Mr. A.—I must have a drop because my blood is poor. Answer by Dr. Kerr—Alcohol injures the blood.

2. Mr. B.—I can't do without a little because I suffer from indigestion. Answer by Dr. Bowan—Alcohol retards digestion.

3. Mr. C.—I have had brain fever and I need alcohol. Answer by Sir Henry Thompson—Of all the people who cannot stand alcohol, it is the brain workers.

4. Mrs. D.—I am rather nervous, and therefore I take a little. Answer by Dr. Brunton—The effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is to paralyze it.

5. Mr. E.—I suffer with my liver, so I take a little occasionally. Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol hardens the liver.

6. Mr. G.—I am weak and I need something to strengthen my muscles. Answer by Sir B. Richardson—The action of alcohol is to lessen the muscular power.—'The Wide Awake Temperance Reciter.'

## Valuable Figures.

The report of the London Temperance Hospital for the year 1901 states that during the year 1299 in patients were admitted, being 17 more than in 1900. The cases cured were 877; relieved, 237; unrelieved, 78. The deaths were 107. During the twenty-eight years of the hospital's existence, of the 19,208 in patients admitted, 7,851 have been abstainers, and 8,206 non-abstainers—3,125 being unclassified, and that number includes children. In all, 11,249 cures have been effected. 5,659 patients have been relieved; 1,397 died; and 904 were reported as unrelieved. Since the hospital was opened, in only 52 cases has it been found necessary to use alcohol.—'League Journal.'

## A Distillery in Maine.

Buying too much molasses proved the undoing of a junk dealer at Portland, Me. He ordered sixteen barrels in Boston and suspicious revenue officers traced it to the basement of a house in the outskirts of the Maine city, where they found a fully-equipped distillery in successful operation. Arrests were made and the whole outfit was confiscated,—the still, the manufactured liquor, the raw material, the house, and even the land that it stood upon, as they had a right to do under the law. The desperation of the liquor business is strikingly shown by the importation of Moonshine methods into the very city where Sheriff Pearson made such a noble record.—'The Morning Star.'