

WHY I VOTED FOR THE SCOTT ACT.
AS TOLD BY BENJAMIN HARTONK, YKONAN.

WELL, John, the whiskey's voted out
By nigh a thousand strong;
And likely lot's 'll think the world
Will go to smash ere long!
And likely you will think it strange
That I should turn my coat,
And after fightin' for the grog,
Drop in a Scott Act vote.
And if you do I won't complain,
For it seems mighty queer,
That after forty tippling years
I should refuse my beer.

I never liked those temperance folks,
With their pledges and their rules,
And often I have called them all
A set of jumped up fools!
I went for doin' as you please—
The grog did me no harm,
And many a cold and stormy day
I'm sure it kept me warm.
And Jim, that oldest chap of mine,
Could take his glass of beer—
Though when I saw him at the bar,
I sometimes did feel queer!
But, surely he can drink, says I,
Without agoin' too far;
And so with some excuse like that
I managed not to care.

So when last June they came to get
Their old "partition" signed,
I packed up a bit, you bet,
And let them have my mind!
I didn't go behind their backs
To tell them what I thought,
And mud, I cox you, they weren't long
Aggettin' off the lot.

So all the fall I toughed it out;
I didn't want to hear
No argument about the curs
That comes from rum and beer.
Says I, if others wish to drink,
And make themselves like swine,
They've only got themselves to blame—
It's no concern of mine.
And I was mighty thick all fall
With all the rummies round,
Though sometimes I began to stare
To see where I was found;
For from the first the people seem'd
To make a clean divide,
And I could see with half an eye
Mine was the sealy side.
I didn't like it much, but still
Says I, we must endure;
And though my backers ain't the best,
I'm right, that's certain sure.

Well, just the day before the vote,
Jim took a load of hay
To town;—'twas selling well they said,
(It's down, I heard, to-day.)
Thinking, near night, he should be home,
I walked down to the gate,
A wonderin' to myself the while
What could have kept him late.
I hadn't been ten minutes there,
When the team came tearin' home,
And Jim a-whoopin' like a fiend,
And the horses in a foam;—
I didn't quite know what was up,
And hadn't long to think,
For they had got right up to me
Bout as quick as you could wink!
The lines were trailin' somewhere,
But the horses knew the gate.
They tried their best for to turn in,
But they didn't do it straight;
They smashed against the gate-post
Like a ship against a rock,
I was sure they all were ruined,
I to 'em 'twas a shock!
Jim was pitch'd into a drift,
(Lucky, it saved his neck.)
And the horses weren't much the worse,
But the sleigh was all a wreck.

Well, I got him pull'd out, somehow,
And the horses straightened up;
And Jim began to tell me how
He'd only had a sup—
I shouldn't talk much then, you bet,
I got Jim home to bed.
I'll tell you, John, I felt that mean
I couldn't lift my head.
I couldn't blame the boy so much
For gettin' on a head,
Up on the road that I had tramped,
Well knowin' where it led.

I had some solid thinkin', John,
That night as you may think,
The old house clock struck twelve before
I slept a single wink.
I wondered how I could have been
So blind and selfish too,

For when the whiskey touched my home,
I soon knew what to do,
I didn't stand on taxes then,
Or barley, or hotels;
I got a glimpse of what makes some
Call drinkin' houses hells.
It kind of chill'd me when I thought
Of how I would have felt
If Jim had been killed outright then,—
It made my old heart melt.

I tried to picture to myself
How drunken rascals' wives,
Or boys with drinking parents,
Put in their battered lives.
I saw some side to temperance,
Or intemperance you will say,
That put me in a mood that night,
The opposite of gay.
Next morning I was up betimes—
And first to poll my vote;
And now I think you ought to know
What made me turn my coat!
—Abel King, in *Montreal Witness*.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE

ONE night a well-known citizen of a
Western city, who had been walking
for some time in the downward path,
came out of his house and started
down town for a night of carousal with
some old companions he had promised
to meet. His young wife had besought
him with imploring eyes to spend the
evening with her, and had reminded
him of the time when evenings passed
in her company were all too short.
His little daughter had clung about
his knees, and coaxed in her pretty,
wilful way, for "papa" to tell her
some bed-time stories; but habit was
stronger than love for child and wife,
and he eluded her tender questioning
by the decessits and excuses which are
the convenient refuge of the intemperate,
and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant
from his home, he found that, in
changing his coat, he had forgotten to
remove his wallet; and he could not
go out on a drinking bout without
money, even though he knew his
family needed it, and his wife was
economizing, every day more and
more, in order to make up his deficits.
So he hurried back, and crept softly
past the window of his little home, in
order that he might steal in and obtain
it without running the gauntlet of
either questions or carosses.

But, as he looked through the win-
dow, something stayed his feet. There
was a fire in the grate within,—or
the night was chill,—and it lit up the
little parlour and brought out in start-
ling effect the pictures on the wall.
But these were nothing to the pictures
on the hearth. There, in the soft glow
of the fire-light, knelt his child at her
mother's feet, its small hands clasped
in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as
its rosy lips whispered each word with
childish distinctness, the father list-
ened, spell-bound, to the words which
he himself had so often uttered at his
own mother's knee,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boy-
hood hours; and, as he compressed his
bearded lips, he could see in memory
the face of that mother, long since
gone to her rest, who taught his own
infant lips prayers which he had long
forgotten to utter.

The child went on, and completed
her little verse, and then, as prompted
by the mother continued,—

"God bless ma: ma, papa, and my
own self," then there was a pause, and
she lifted her troubled blue eyes to
her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the
mother, softly.

"God—bless papa," lisped the little
one.
"And—please send him home
sober." He could not hear the mother
as she said this, but the child followed,
in a clear, inspired tone:—

"God—bless papa—and please—
send him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their
feet in alarm when the door opened
so suddenly; but they were not afraid
when they saw who it was, returned
so soon. But that night, when little
Mary was being tucked up in bed,
after such a romp with papa, she said,
in the sleepest and most contented of
voices,—

"Mamma, God answers most as
quick as the telephone, doesn't he!"—
Selected.

A QUAIN T BOY.

ONCE upon a time two lads in the
north of England heard a bellman
announce a teetotal meeting. This
was a new thing. "Let us go and
hear all about it," said the lads; so
they went off to the meeting.

The speaker was a plain, homely,
but persuasive man. The lads were
convinced under his words, and signed
the pledge. One of them went home,
and told his mother what he had done;
she called him "stupid." When he
went to his work, he told the men
what he had done; and they said, in
return, that he would soon be dead.
Men could not live without beer, that
was certain; and the sooner he took
his beer the better.

But he kept his pledge, and thought.
Remembering that the paupers in the
work-house had no beer, he started off,
saw the master, and solemnly asked him
whether the paupers died when they
got no beer. The master laughed, and
told him that people came there
through drinking beer, and did not die,
so far as he knew, when they could
not get it.

"Ah," said the men, "it's no use
talking; you'll die if you don't take
beer."

The inquiring youth was not going
to be beaten. Off he started to the
jail one day, and craved permission to
see the governor. When he did so, he
quietly asked him how many prisoners
died through not having beer. The
governor was much interested in the
lad, inquired his reason for asking
such a curious question, and ended by
taking the boy over the prison, relating,
to him the dreadful histories of some
of the prisoners, and advised him to
keep his pledge. He also gave the lad
a good dinner, and sent him away with
a glad heart. That was forty years
ago, and the lad is to this day a staunch
teetotaler.—*Selected.*

WILLING TO SHOVEL.

To be willing to begin at the bottom
is the open secret of being able to come
out at the top. A few years ago a
man came to this country to take a
position in a new enterprise in the
south-west. He was well bred and
well educated, and he had the tastes of
his birth and education. He reached
the scene of his proposed labours, and
found, to his dismay, that the enter-
prise was already bankrupt, and that
he was penniless, homeless, and friend-
less in a strange land. He worked
his way back to New York, and in
midwinter found himself, without
money or friends, in the great, busy

metropolis. He did not stop to meas-
ure the obstacles in his path; he
simply set out to find work. He
would have preferred the pen, but he
was willing to take the shovel; and
the shovel it was to be.

Passing down Fourth Avenue on a
snowy morning, he found a crowd of
men at work shoveling snow from the
sidewalks about a well-known locality.
He applied for a position in their
ranks, got it, and went to work with a
heartily good-will, as if shovelling were
his vocation. Not long after, one of
the owners of the property, a many-
millionaire, passed along the street,
saw the young man's face, was struck
by its intelligence, and wondered what
had brought him to such a pass. A
day or two later his business took him
to the same locality again, and brought
him face to face with the same man,
still shovelling snow. He stopped,
spoke to him, received a prompt and
courteous answer, talked a few min-
utes for the sake of getting a few facts
about his history, and then asked the
young man to call at his office.

That night the shovel era ended,
and the next day, at the appointed
time, the young man was closeted with
the millionaire.

In one of the latter's many enter-
prises there was a vacant place, and
the young man who was willing to
shovel got it. It was a small place, at
a small salary, but he more than filled
it. He filled it so well, indeed, that
in a few months he was promoted, and
at the end of three years he was at
the head of the enterprise, at a large
salary. He is there to-day, with the
certainty that if he lives he will event-
ually fill a position second in import-
ance to none in the field in which he
is working. The story is all told in
three words—willing to shovel.—
Christian Union.

MAMMA'S LOOK.

MAMMA just looked at Flora; that
was all. She never spoke a word, but
Flora knew what she meant. The
child had been disobedient. She had
gone outdoors without her hood and
overshoes. Flora had been sick, and
mamma had forbidden her to run out
in the cold, damp yard unless she was
warmly dressed. But Flora was for-
getful—very. She forgot her mamma's
strict "must not."

Now, breakfast was ready, and
mamma called "Flora! Flora!" and
in popped the child at the back door.
Then her mother looked at her; she
just looked, and then Flora cried.

Do you remember about Peter in
the Bible? He had denied with
strong, wicked words that he ever knew
Jesus. Jesus just looked at him when
he came in sight, and Peter went out
and wept bitterly. When I was a
child, and my mother wished to direct
or reprove me, she often had only to
look. It makes me think of a verse
in the Bible, "I will guide thee with
my eye." If we keep close to God
and look up to him every day, he will
guide us as easily as a mother can with
her eye. How beautiful to be guided
so, dear children, without a word—
just by his eye! Let us keep looking
into our Heavenly Father's face, so as
to catch in a moment just what he
wants us to do. When we have done
right, he will smile, and when we have
done wrong, how sad and grieved he
will look, just as Flora's mother did.