Belections.

PROHIBITION.

Not with the rabble's shout Fling we the banner out; From feeble things in faith begun The victory at last is won; God ever worketh for the few Who dare the right and trust the true, And love to wait as well as do: Tis thus we lift the banner high With trumpet note and battle cry.

What if for weary days The victor-shout delays? We hear the solemn tread of feet That dare not from the march retreat The murmur of a mighty prayer Lifts up its burden on the air. And God's own listening ear is there. The bolts are forging for the fight; We read the prophecy of right.

The freeman's vote we know Shall crush the monster foe; His doom is in the people's voice, When they shall make the royal choice; The drink lord's fortress shall not stand, When rising in a fearless band Each freeman drops with his right hand His vote, with his uplifted prayers, And thus for right and duty dares.

It is no time to fear: Great issues crown us here; No longer wait; the work begun Will sooner see the victory won; Then, brothers, push the battle out! Faith walks on every field of doubt, And puts all enemies to rout : Thus seek we now the battle field.
Our motto, "Truth," and God our shield. -Rev. Dwight Williams.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Weary and sad I am sitting alone With a dving babe and a cold hearth-

I of the drifting On hear mixered and seed

The radication as the projet away First tilled my hour on its marriage lav.

i wie trembling tear-drop's silent flow Are the tribute pearls of long ago.

Oh! the hidden power of the sparkling

wine Can banish love from its holiest shrine Can banish love from its holiest shrine derful sight,
And place in its stead a wreath of woe Till the enemy cowers and shivers, In the faded hopes of long ago!

The crowning-joy of a woman's life. Is breathed in the blissful name of wife, And the deepest pang her heart can

Is the blighted love of long ago. -Eva in the Nat. Temp. Adv.

THE TWO ARMIES.

Once over the ocean, in distant lands, In an age long past, were two hostile bands: Two armies of men, both brave, both

marched along To fight the battle of right and wrong.

Never, I think, did the Eye of Heaven Look down on two armies so nearly

even In well-trained soldiers, in strength and

might. But one was the Wrong, and one was

the Right,
And the last was the strongest in Heaven's sight.

And these hostile armies drew near, one night,
And pitched their tents on two hill-

sides green, With only a brow of a hill between.

With the first red beams of morning

Both knew would open the awful fight, the armies lay hushed and still.

And slept in the tents on the green side-hill, Heart beat with heart: and they all

were as one Were as one In the thought of the battle to be begun With the first bright glance of the

morni g sun. Their aim was ignoble, their cause was

wrong, they were united, and so they But they were were strong.

Not so the army just over the hill: While the ranks of the foe were hushed and still.

The ranks of the Right were torn with strife, And with noise and confusion the air

Will see a victory easily won.
It matters little how strong the foe, This is a truth we all do know: There is no success without unity, However noble the cause may be, The day is ours before it's begun.

And on the morrow the ranks of the Right

Ho! for the triumph so easily won."

Were routed and beaten and put to flight, And the Wrong was the victor, and

gained the fight.
There are two armies abroad to-day, As in the age that has passed away.

The makers, and vendors, and patrons, and all Who aid in the traffic of alcohol. These are the warriors, bold and strong, Who swell the ranks of the army of

Wrong. And we are the soldiers, true and brave. Who are striving with heart and hand

to save The youths of our land from the deep, dark grave That the foe is digging by night and by

day.

Only one thing can defeat the right. There is nothing but triumph for us,

unless Dissension, that crafty foe to success, Creeps into our ranks. Oh! let us

unite! Let heart beat with heart as we enter

the fight; Let the whole mighty army be one for the time,

And sweep on the foe in a column sub-

In its unity, earnestness, oneness, and might

Till the toe stands aghast at the won-

afraid. Of the awful approach of the grand

cavalcade, Close up the ranks, brothers! sisters,

*–Ella Wheeler Wilco.*c,

THE DOUBLE TOASTS.

strong,
And their hearts beat high as they the sidewalks were thronged with The evening was a pleasant one, and The stores were doing a splendid business. Especially was this true of the saloons, And the merry laughter and clinking of glasses would have been inducement enough to have drawn in a steadier head than mine was at such a time. So I yielded to the temptation and entered one of the less noisy of them. I immediately found myself in the midst of quite a moh of good natured if rather hoisterous fellows, and was soon laughing and talking and clinking glasses with the liveliest of them.

the liveliest of them.

It was still early in the evening, so there were very few what you might call intoxicated persons in the barroom, though several drowsy individuals might be seen lolling here and there in the corners. But most were standing at the bar that occupied the whole of one and of the room and whole of one end of the room and either drinking singly or taking turns in that most pernicious of all American

customs, treating.
Several toasts were given and responded to, when a stranger, who, judging from appearance, had seen better times and meant to again, stepped up to the bar, and, throwing down a half dollar, called for a glass of lager. The bar-tender took a glass from the rack, went over to the spigot,

bles as they ascended from the bottom; of alcoholic drink are gradually growthen, turning to the men who were ing stronger and stronger day by day? bandying toasts, without raising the No! In nine cases out of ten, before glass to his lips, in a clear voice he he discovers that his nature has become

That has for its handmaids both goodwill and cheer;

That puts a new heart in the workingman's breast.
And drives the black raven of care

from her nest:

"Good, very good!" shouted the Gazette. voice from the corner, and "Thats not bad!" came from some others, but as the stranger seemed about to depart. and, what was worse, without tasting the beverage whose virtures he had deen extolling, then quickly spoke up:
"Hold on! Let's have the rest of it."
He paused an instant, as though

from indecision, and then stepped back to the bar, re-lifted the glass, and, running his eyes over the men who were waiting in expectant attitudes around him, in a voice of greatest solemnity said:

"Well, gentlemen, since you wish it,

"But he e's to that liquor, so rosy and clear.

That changes the home to a hovel

most drear, That drives forth the children to beg in the street expectancy. The In winter and summer with rags and speaks for itself:—bare feet.

bare feet: That causes the mothers to weep at the

tubs. And blend their sad sighs with the sorrowful rubs:

That makes man an outcast, a menial, a slave, And sends him at last to a vile drunk-

ard's grave. No sooner did the last word issue from his lips than, with a force that shattered it into a thousand pieces, he Close up the ranks, prothers: Sisters, draw near.

We are fighting one fight, we are all foot of the bar, and turning abruptly round, without saying another word or noticing the men who had formed a circle round him, he walked heavily out of the saloon. I don't think there fight!

Closer, still closer! in nearness lies or noticing the men who had formed a circle round him, he walked heavily out of the saloon. I don't think there was much more drinking done there that evening. A damper seemed to be that evening. A damper seemed to be put upon the spirits of all present. I know I didn't remain long, and as I reached the pavement I heard a voice at my shoulder say, "I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live!" I turned around: there stood the fellow who had been lolling in the corner. He was almost sober.

-- Christian Advorate.

THE DANGER OF MODERATE DRINKING.

It is indeed difficult, after contemplating the dark and horrible harvest of this arch destroyer, to listen to arguments in favor of moderate drinking. We are aware that one of the first and most natural exclamations made by the majority of those who look upon the bloated and dejected form of the inebriate is, "What a disgrace!" "However could a man sink so low!" "How could any one come to such a condition?"
Yet it does not seem to occur

many who express such horror at the sight of the drunkard, that nearly all those who are subject to habits of intemperance have had their stage of moderate drinking.

It is said that a man ought to know how much he is able to drink; that he should take his glass in moderation, and not permit the habit of immoderation to be formed. But how is a man to know how soon the moderate use of and presently returned with a schooner intoxicants will form the power of three-parts filled with lager and the rest with foam. The stranger lifted the glass, eyed it awhile critically, holding it up so he could see the bub-

"Gentlemen, I see no face in here to night that I am familiar with, but if you will not think it an incrusion I have a toast in my mind I'd like to drinking to excess is formed, and the other.

Over the hill, the foe, in glee, Listened and laughed. Ho, ho!" quoth he.

"There is strife in the enemies ranks, I see, And the bright red beams of the rising win will see a state of the realize that he longings for the good and noble have ceased; before you will not think it an incrusion I have a toast in my mind I'd like to drinking to excess is formed, and the sin reigns unto ruin and death! Then what a change! How suddenly the habit of tippling or excessive drinking brings on moral ruin both of heart and life!

How many bright, intelligent and life!

How many bright, intelligent capable nersons.

"Here's too good limes."

"Here's too good liquor, all rosy and idea of ever experiencing the tempta-clear,
That has for its handmaids both good. come, before many years, beneath the deluding, irresistible fascination, when to the miserable wretch it seemed as impossible to desist from drinking as to cease from beathing air.

That losens the tongue, and lights up the eye.

And gives a new meaning to 'sweet by Many are accustomed to lose upon this question merely as a problem, and to think of drunkards as a collective mass of unfortunates, but if they were and by':
That makes dull wits clever, the deep one's profound.
And Christian men brothers the happy year round."

mass of unfortunates, but if they were brought in touch with individual cases, the realness and bitterness of sorrow, brought by drink, would become far more realistic and pitiable to them.—
Ballington Booth, in The Volunteer's

THE MORTALITY OF LIQUOR SELLERS.

The Associated Scottish Life Insurance Companies in 1800 appointed a Committee to "determine the rates of extra premium, if any, that should be charged for insuring the lives of hotelcharged for insuring the lives of hotel-keepers, publicans, and others engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquor by retail." The Committee—Messrs D. Deuchars, T. D. Sprague, and George M. Low, leading actuaries - have re-cently issued their report. These gen-tlemen, in reply to their queries, received particulars of some 9000 per-sons who had been insured. The result of their investigations show that the actual annual mortality in every case was very much higher than the expectancy. The following table

Licensed Grocers
(Scotland) ... 1 72 ... 1
In view of the facts ascertained, 1 26 Committee recommend that the following extra premiums should be charging extra premiums should be charging ed:—For publicans, 25s per cent, per annum; innkeepers and hotel-keepers, 20s.; grocers, etc., in Ireland licensed to sell liquor, 15s.; licensed grocers in Scotland. 10s. Scotland, 10s.

The foregoing facts show at what a terrible cost those in the liquor traffic carry on their business. Is this great risk run from philanthropic or patriotic reasons? Nay, verily! Anxiety to make money—to get rich is the motive power. How long will men sell themselves and ruin their fellows for gold? Just as long as the law allows them to do so. The responsibility rests with the voters of our country.—The Good Templar.

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