

A CHALLENGE.

A PUBLIC DEBATE ON PROHIBITION INVITED.

Rev. D. V. Lucas issues a Challenge to Principal Grant, Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Haverson.

I beg hereby most respectfully to invite the Rev. Dr. G. M. Grant, President of Queen's University, Kingston; Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Haverson, advocate for the Licensed Victuallers' Association, either one, either two, or all three, to a public discussion (in the City of Toronto, latter part of January next), of the merits or demerits of the liquor traffic, the benefits and feasibility of the principles of the total prohibition of the traffic, and the duty of Christian nations to prohibit it.

These gentlemen have on various occasions of late publicly opposed, by voice and pen, the efforts of the advocates of Prohibition.

They are all gentlemen of intelligence and culture, and will, I presume, be quite willing to embrace this opportunity to further convince the public that their principles are sound and their views correct.

I will provide a suitable hall or other public building, and will be glad to hand over to the W.C.T.U. any balance after legitimate expenses are deducted from receipts.

That there be no misunderstanding, and to avoid all indefiniteness, I propose to show:—

(1) That the beverage use of an intoxicant is contrary to and is prohibited by God's word.

(2) That the beverage use of an intoxicant, even in moderate quantity, is contrary to the law of nature, and therefore is a positive injury to the human system.

(3) That, judging by our Lord's rule, "their fruits," the liquor traffic is evil and only evil, begotten of Satan, for the ruin of mankind; and

(4) That the liquor traffic is a flat contradiction to every principle of political economy, and that its annihilation is demanded by the wisest statesmanship and the sincerest and truest patriotism.

I beg to propose that the discussion run through four nights of each of the last two weeks in January next (1898), eight nights in all, either one, either two, or all three occupying one entire evening, and I the next, or, to be fair, reversing the order, through one half of the discussion. If preferred, let it be four nights pro and con same night, taking equal time.

If these gentlemen decline to accept this invitation in this form then I offer to them, or either of them, or any other respectable gentleman, at any time or place, one hour of my time, providing they will kindly let me know they wish it at least a week in advance.

D. V. Lucas.

Grimsby, December 15.

If you would be content, never borrow nor lend; this refers respectively to trouble and money.

PERSONALS.

Bro. W. B. Burgoyne, St. Catharines, is to be congratulated on his election to a seat in the City Council.

Bro. A. D. Weeks is working in Grenville during January. He will visit Lennox-Addington District Division on 10th.

Bro. Edward Carswell has appointments in Lincoln, Wentworth and Western New York, Grey and Durham. To the brethren in those localities we appeal for active interest that every meeting arranged for be made a rouser. Make hay while the sun shines.

TEMPERANCE.

There was recently a contest in Lawrence, Mass., between the advocates of high license and of prohibition; and the latter got out an ingenious election document made up of temperance verses. Some of them we reproduce:

How'er we strive the evil to amend,
Saloons, if licensed, rule us in the end.

If armies sat before our gate,
We all would rush to arms;
A foe within doth devastate,
And there are no alarms.

If you vote "Yes,"
You cannot guess
How many hears you're breaking
Of wives who weep
When they should sleep
By sorrow kept awaking.

Could Lawrence swap her saloons
For plague and yellow fever,
The small-pox and the cholera,
Much better off 'twould leave her.
The man's a fool who suffers from an ill
That he can put an end to when he will;
And those who growl to see corruption grow,
Can stop it instantly by voting "No."

The liquor dealer's money drawer
Is wonderfully capacious;
It drags into its hungry jaw
The workingman's insurance dues,
His tools, his bread, his clothes and shoes,
The house that he had meant to build,
The trade in which his hand is skilled,
His health, ambition, heed for law,
His love for wife and child, his awe
For God, the good and gracious—
All vanish in that awful maw,
So cruelly voracious.

The license fees can ne'er repay
For wealth and manhood thrown away.

Business will languish,
Morals fare ill,
Government smell bad,
Lawrence stand still,

Long as we yearly,
Just for the fees,
Let lordly rummies
Do as they please.

Dishonor with a big, big D
Is tied up with the license fee.

While liquor dealers work their tricks,
There can be no security
For honesty in politics
Or governmental purity.

LET US SMILE.

He said that he could read her face,
He kissed her then instead,
And proved that he had told the truth,
Because her face was red.

The latest definition of a jury is a body of men organized for the purpose of deciding which side has the smartest lawyer.

People get wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

An Irish soldier, placed on guard over a cannon was found in a public house some distance off by his officer.

"How dare you leave your post?" was the stern rebuke.

"Ah, but it's of no consequence at all at all, plaze yer honor," said the man. "There's no two men, your honor, would lift the gun between them, much less carry it off; an', if there was more than two I know I wouldn't be a match for them, so I kem away, yer honor."

Many of our members treat their Division in this manner. They think it makes no difference whether they attend or not; if the others turn out they can keep things going, and if they don't there's no use trying to keep up. Stand to your guns and let every man be found at his post. The enemy are upon us!

Mr. Perkins, visiting his wife's relatives in Maine, attended church one Sunday. The sermon was long, and Perkins went to sleep. The sermon came to an end at last, but Perkins slept peacefully on. The deacons began to take up the collection. When the hat was passed to Perkins, his wife nudged him, and Perkins sat up with a start. Gazing in a bewildered manner at the extended hat and then at the deacon, he shook his head sleepily, and said,—

"That isn't my hat. Mine had a blue lining."

"It seems to me you are rather smart this morning," said an exasperated lawyer to a witness, who, though cleverly cross-examined, refused to contradict himself.

"Well, sir," said the other, cheerfully, "if I wasn't on my oath, I might say the same to you."