

Selections.

BE STEADFAST.

"Bear with the night, in hope of morn,
 Bear with the seed-time, in hope of the corn,
 Bear with the winter, and bear with sorrow,
 In hope of the spring and a brighter morrow.
 Bear, though thy cause be overborne,
 Though the thoughts thou lovest be themes for scorn,
 Though thy cause be weak, and old, and gray,
 Bear, till it win to a brighter day:
 For falsehood and wrong shall not last for aye;
 They shall pass, like snow, from the mountain's head,
 And truth and right shall be green in their stead."

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

The proudest man is but my peer,
 The highest not more high;
 To-day, of all the weary year,
 A king of men am I.
 To-day, alike are great and small,
 The nameless and the known;
 My palace is the people's hall,
 The ballot box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
 Beside the served shall stand;
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
 The gloved and dainty hand!
 The rich is level with the poor,
 The weak is strong to-day;
 And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
 Than homespun frock of grey.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
 My stubborn right abide;
 I set a plain man's common sense
 Against the pedant's pride.
 To-day shall simple manhood try
 The strength of gold and land;
 The wide world has not wealth to buy
 The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust,
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 That Mammon's vilest dust,—
 While there's a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away,
 Up! clouted knee and ragged coat,
 A man's a man to-day!

—J. G. Whittier.

IF RUM SHOULD DIE.

If rum should die, before another dawn
 And we should wake to find it was no more,
 How many dreadful things would cease to be,
 And blessings come which had not been before.
 If rum should die.

How many gloomy faces, then would smile.
 The drunkard's wife would cease to mourn and sigh,
 The drunkard's children playing in the street,
 Would not at papa's coming hide and cry.
 If rum should die.

The man who spends his money for the drink,
 Would now commence to lead a different life,
 With no saloon to tempt him by the way,
 He'd carry home his earnings to his wife,
 If rum should die.

There would be better times throughout our land.
 Murders and misery would soon decrease,
 Almshouse and prisons, too, would empty stand,
 Instead of drunken riots would be peace,
 If rum should die.

Our land would be delivered from its foe,
 Would be delivered from its greatest shame,
 A truly Christian nation to become
 In deed and truth as well as in the name,
 If rum should die.

Yes, all these many blessings would result,
 If rum should die; but, friends, it never will,
 Unless the citizens of this, our land
 Unite their energies this foe to kill,
 And make rum die.

It ought to die, we know it very well,
 But still the voters calmly let it stay;
 Oh, let them from their lethargy awake
 And at the ballot united say,
 Rum, you shall die.

—Nettie A. Perham.

"ELOQUENT" FIGURES.

The liquor traffic of Ohio pays into the State treasury alone the handsome sum of \$1,000,000 a year. In addition it pays to the various local treasuries \$500,000 more. These figures are eloquent and speak for themselves. — *Wine and Spirit News.*

Yes, they are eloquent, but they only tell one side of the story. They don't tell how much the liquor traffic costs the State of Ohio. One of its Governors tells the story however. He says it costs the State \$70,000,000 annually. "These figures are also eloquent and speak for themselves." But even that doesn't tell half the story. The eloquence of the tears of thousands of heart-broken wives and children over the wreck and ruin of husbands and fathers and desolate homes is kept in the background. The wreck and ruin of manhood and the destruction of life as well as property caused by the "liquor traffic" of Ohio is also eloquent and appeals to the manhood of its citizens to destroy it as they would a venomous serpent or would stamp out a deadly plague. — *California Voice.*

A CHAMPION OF REFORM

The Montreal Witness has sent us its announcement for the coming year. There in no other Daily Journal in Canada that has such claims upon the friends of temperance and other moral reforms as has the *Montreal Witness*. With the utmost heartiness we endorse the following forcible commendation of the *Witness*, taken from *Onward*, the organ of the Methodist Young People's work.

"Nowhere, we think, is there a press of higher moral tone than that of our beloved country. It possesses we think, the unique distinction of having a leading journal in its largest city which for over fifty years has been a moral crusader, a champion of reform. In all that time it has not published one liquor, or tobacco, or theatrical advertisement. At the sacrifice of much money it has stood true to its high principle, and stands foursquare, a tower of strength, against all the winds that blow."

Read our offer headed CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT

THE REASON WHY.

"I don't mind telling you why I didn't cast my first ballot for the saloon, if you want to know. It wasn't Connell's fault that I didn't vote that way, for he came into the shop with money in his pocket. Yes, sir! O, you don't know how they watch us young fellows! They know when we're twenty one almost as well as our mothers do.

"Well, it's been hard times at our house for a good while, and I've been about discouraged. You know how it is; first a cut down and then short hours, till you don't feel as though you could afford to eat. Mother was sick in the winter and Nellie—she's the little lame sister—always has to have more or less extra come for her. So when Connell asked me if I wanted to earn \$10 next Tuesday by doing the right thing, of course I knew what he meant, and all the fellows knew. Four of us were going to cast our first ballots and he wanted us to go for license. Well sir, I wanted the money. I didn't see anything but that and it looked large I tell you.

"One of us four was Frost, a fellow that holds himself pretty high. He's quite a dude about teeth and fingernails and neckties, even in the shop and goes to church every Sunday. But

still, you can't help liking him. He's got a way of saying good morning that makes you think better of yourself.

"He was mad clear through because Connell hinted at the price. 'What does he take us for?' says he. They say there's twenty six thousand voters in this state that can be bought for five dollars apiece. If that's so, what's the world coming to? I take it that my vote is myself one election day, and I don't sell myself at any price. I calculate that what I vote for is what I'd fight for, and what I'd die for if 'twas the thing to do don't you, Will?"

"That's what Frost said, and what he asked me, as we walked home together after work. 'I never meant to vote for the saloon,' says I, 'but things are so mixed—you see that I can't count but one.' 'Erost seemed to read my mind and says he, 'Will you're shaky I can't let let you go this way' and he stopped short on the corner. Then I says, 'but we can't get no license in this city anyhow. The rummies put in lots of money and these hard times make an X look larger than common, I tell you. It seemed as though I couldn't see anything but that.

Will,' says Frost, 'if you were one of a jury and a murderer was on trial and you knew he was guilty would you vote to let him go free?' 'Of course I wouldn't,' says I.

"Well, then, look out what you do,' says Frost. 'The saloon's on trial and its guilty of ten thousand times ten thousand murders and you know it. You're on the jury, same as I am, and if you vote to let it go free, you're saying it's all right.'

"Oh, no, I says 'I'm no friend of it. If I could I'd stamp out the whole business you know.' 'Bah,' says Frost: 'no man who says that and votes for license means it. Maybe my ballot won't count for much, but it's all I've got, and it goes on the right side—and it's myself.'

"Perhaps we stood there ten minutes talking, and when we parted I says to myself: He's made the ten dollars look small. If Connell thinks he's going to buy me for that much he's mistaken. And then—there's the jury business.

"I had more thoughts in my mind that night about the responsibility of voters than I could write out in a day. Strange I never saw it before. Strange everybody doesn't study it up as Frost has.

"Well, after supper, mother speaks up, quite like, and says she: 'Will, you'll be for voting next week, won't you?'

"Yes'm,' says I. 'Mother's always acted 'most afraid to talk to me since I grew up. I've let her know I could take care of myself: but she has been good to me. 'Will, you'll vote against license, won't you?' she says.

"I don't know why a fellow wants to torment the ones who think the most of him, but something ugly stirred inside of me, and I says: 'O, I don't know: just one vote won't make much difference.'

"You ought to have seen my mother's face just then. She looked as though I'd struck her. She stretched out both hands, and says: 'Would you cast your first vote for the saloon?'

"I guess 't was the devil within me that says: 'I'll get ten dollars if I do' and we need it awful bad these hard times. A fellow must look out for number one.'

"No, sir,' says she, clear and loud: 'he must look out for number two! I've took care of you, Will, all these years, and when you vote you vote for me. You tell the world this is mother's ballot! Why? Because up to now you've been a boy, and all the men that preach and lecture tell how all the mothers influence the boys. But it's a poor kind of mother that sends out a boy to bear false witness against herself. Then she settled down a little and whispered out, as though she couldn't get her voice: I never told you why Nellie's lame. It was your father that threw her out of the cradle when she was a baby because she cried in the night. O, my God, the saloon was your father's enemy, I hope'd you'd fight against it.'

"What did I do then? Same as you would if she'd been your mother. I had to tell her all Frost had said, and agreed to count her in when I cast my ballot. I tell you it seemed something more than a little bit of paper when I thought of father, and mother, and Nellie, besides myself.

"So now, you know why I voted 'no license,' and got a half a dozen fellows to do the same.—*Mrs. Scott in the Connecticut Citizen.*

THE CHURCH CAN DO IT.

"If the Christian communities would unite in denouncing the liquor traffic, in twelve months there would be no liquor traffic to denounce. The question is in the hands of the churches."

Writing on the "Twentieth Century" he said: "And the public house, where will that be? It will be burned with fire and brimstone. It was built by the devil, and to the devil it will go. The public house is the gate to hell. Who can write the story of the ruin it has wrought? Oh, the misery, the heartbreak, the desolation, the orphanhood, the murder, the suicide, the madness for which that house is responsible! But the twentieth century will see the passing away of the chief tragedy of perdition. In fancy's quick glad hearing I catch the sound of all the distilleries, breweries, drunkeries, falling in one terrific crash; whilst there goes up to heaven the thrilling shout, 'The house of Bacchus—that street corner god of London—has fallen into hell!'"

It is simply beyond belief that any Christian man can say one word in favor of a beverage that poisons the blood and ruins the soul. This history of drinking is written within and without in mourning, lamentation, and woe. . . . It stands alone as a record of sorrow and shame, and murder.

The argument that should be final with Christians is the plea of the Apostle Paul. He said if drinking wine should make even the weakest brother offend he would drink no more. To that argument there is no answer. That is the argument of doing good for the sake of others.

Even if physiological and social arguments could be successfully attacked (and in my judgment that is impossible), this apostolic argument of sacrificing your own tastes and desires in order to help others stands infinitely beyond the range of any assault that is either logical or beneficent.

The drink traffic is the curse of the country. Churches and Sunday schools make very little impression by their occasional labors as compared with the havoc wrought by the incessant pestilence of the public-house. — *Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker.*

THE LIBERTY QUESTION.

Our opponents blinded by self-interest, attempt to blind others by an appeal to liberty. The more limitations we succeed in putting upon the sale of drink, the more will the question be asked. "What right has the majority to coerce the minority in a matter of diet?" Already the question is being put in a variety of forms whenever the subject of Temperance reform is seriously discussed. . . . St. Paul supplies the answer, "We are members one of another"—i.e., society is a collective unity, an organic whole. This apostolic dictum has become a powerful force in legislation, in the government of our cities, and in the discussion of future reform.

Society claims the right of compelling parents to forego their children's help until they are sufficiently schooled. Society compels the rate and tax payer to provide the schooling of the poor; society forbids the employer to pay wages in kind, or to pay in a public-house; society permits a town to tax its whole population for libraries, public baths, parks, and play-grounds; society interferes in a hundred ways with the freedom of the individual—regulating workrooms, prescribing the hours and the ages of labour, inspecting the lodging-house, the slaughter-yard, the dairy; compelling registration of births, dealing with infectious cases or unwholesome trades, insisting upon sanitary precautions.

And with what authority? The answer is, in the interests of the whole body. For the average man gains more from society than society gains from the average man. Society secures to the individual his safety, his comfort, his opportunities of improvement either in pocket or in mind; and, therefore, society demands that whenever his freedom of actions tends to the manifest injury of the many, then the interests of the many must overrule the convenience of the individual.

Applying the above axiom of the Apostle to the question of Temperance reform, we claim the right of a parish, of a township, to say for itself whether it desires to be rid of the liquor traffic. If the people themselves demand it, then the right of the people to protect themselves in this matter is indefeasible.—*Rev. Canon E. L. Hicks.*