

## Selections.

### "THE LAW SAITH SO."

Thus saith the law, by Legislature made,  
For so much gold, we license thee to trade

In human woe.  
Thou mayest lure the husband from the wife,  
Thou mayest fill the peaceful home with strife,  
And make a hell for hapless childhood life;  
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to sell  
Chains for the free, and sickness for the well;

Thou mayest go  
Into the fairest street, and lay a snare  
For virtue; or break woman's heart with care,  
Or teach the vilest, vilest deeds to dare,  
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to break  
The laws of God; and from His fold to take,

Ere yet they know  
The depth of thy deep infamy and crime,  
The lamb, who in his loving eye out-shine  
The brightest jewels in earth's richest mine;  
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to wage  
War upon man—make home a hell—  
change peace to rage,  
And joy to woe;

To loose the latent demon in the soul,  
And wed it with the demon in the bowl,  
That madness may be born, and take control;  
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to fire  
The fiercest passions known to human ire;

And then to blow  
With breath drawn from the deepest cave of hell,  
The flames of hate and lust, until the knell  
Of countless souls forever lost shall swell;  
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee, O God!  
Who are the we? Am I by deed or word

A party to  
Such crime as this? Who votes the license creed  
Is guilty partner in each hellish deed  
With him who murders precious souls for greed.

GOD'S LAW SAITH SO.

—Rev. H. E. Johnson, D.D.

### "LIEUTENANT LUFF."

All you that are too fond of wine,  
Or any other stuff,  
Take warning by the dismal fate  
Of one, Lieutenant Luff.  
A sober man he might have been,  
Except in one regard,  
He did not like soft water,  
So he took to drinking hard!

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,  
And talk in praise of tea,  
But I am no Bohemian,  
So do not like Bohemia.  
If wine's a poison, so is tea,  
Though in another shape;  
What matter whether one is killed  
By cannister or grape."

According to this kind of taste  
Did he indulge his drouth,  
And being fond of port, he made  
A port-hole of his mouth!  
A single pint he might have sipped  
And not been out of sorts,  
In geologic phrase—the rock  
He split upon was quartz!

To hold the mirror up to vice,  
With him was hard, alas!  
The worse for wine he often was,  
But "not before the glass."  
No kind and prudent friend had he  
To bid him drink no more—  
The only chequers in his course  
Were at the tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this  
His frame began to show,  
For that old enemy the gout  
Had taken him in toe!

And joined with this an evil came  
Of quite another sort—  
For while he drunk himself, his purse  
Was getting "something short."

For want of cash he soon had pawned  
One half that he possessed,  
And drinking showed him duplicates  
Beforehand of the rest!  
So now his creditors resolved  
To seize on his assets,  
For why—they found that his half-pay  
Did not half pay his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode  
His creditors to chouse,  
For his own execution he  
Put into his own house.  
A pistol to the muzzle charged  
He took devoid of fear!  
Said he, "This barrel is my last,  
So now for my last bier!"

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,  
And not against his brain;  
So he blew out his lights—and none  
Could blow them in again!  
A jury for a verdict met,  
And gave it in these terms:—  
"We find as how as certain slugs  
Has sent him to the worms!"

—Tom Hood.

### NOT TO-NIGHT.

Though the summer had been warm  
and pleasant, the winter, which made  
its appearance early, was cold and  
severe.

The little village of — was wear-  
ing a thick, white robe. The river,  
which added to the summer scenery,  
was now frozen. The hill, which had  
stood in all its glory for so many years,  
still afforded a pastime for the boys.  
From early morn until late eve all the  
sleds in the village were constantly  
making their way up and down its steep  
slope.

Though many homes were comfort-  
able and happy, there were yet to be  
found those of hardships and sorrows.  
If you would cross the bridge by the  
mill and walk a short distance your  
eyes would suddenly fall upon an old  
building located at the lower slope of  
the hill. You would need no tongue to  
explain its purpose. Above the door  
there hangs these words: "Saloon—  
James Dwarf."

Could you know of the many hearts  
that have ached, the many mothers  
lain to rest, the family circle broken,  
in short, all happiness destroyed, your  
eyes would fall to the ground and you  
would murmur regret for the little  
town thus disgraced.

Passing on and turning the bend in  
the road, you find a neat little cottage.  
It was once a home of peace: but for  
the saloon it would not have changed.  
You ask why? Let me tell you a story,  
and you need never ask again. Some  
years ago a mother sat by the fireplace,  
and near her was a lad of sixteen sum-  
mers. His every word and action  
proved he was restless and longed to  
take his leave.

"Mother," he at length said, "I'm  
going to the village. I'll not stay  
long."

"Dick," said the woman, turning a  
pleading face, "not to-night."

"What pleasure is there here?" he  
answered, pulling on his coat and tak-  
ing a cap from the wall.

Tears filled the eyes of the unhappy  
mother, and as Dick was closing the  
door she murmured, "Not to-night, my  
boy; not to-night."

It was midnight. The moon shone  
from the heavens and the stars played  
merrily.

A woman with a shawl around her  
shoulders slowly walked towards the  
hill. As she neared the saloon her  
heart beat rapidly and she trembled.  
Reaching the door she placed a hand  
on the knob and, with some hesitation,  
opened it. Her eyes fell upon a dingy  
old room, with low ceiling and broken  
furniture. Pictures not worthy of  
view were hanging about the walls.  
Beer kegs were strewn around and sev-  
eral glasses lay on the floor. A man  
with a red face and sleepy eyes stood  
at the bar. She went to him and cried  
in her dismay: "Is my boy here?"

The barkeeper pointed to a corner  
near the door and said: "Look there."

She obeyed, but turned her eyes  
away. It was a scene never to be for-  
gotten. On the floor lay a man whose  
clothes were covered in blood. By his  
side stood a number of men.

"That is not my boy!" she cried.  
"No," laughed the other, "but Dick  
killed him. I reckon he's far from here  
now. They are after him, but I allow  
he's all right."

"My boy, my Dick; he did it?"  
asked the mother.

The barkeeper nodded and she turned  
to the door and passed out. Her boy  
had committed a crime. She knew not  
why he did it nor where he had gone.  
It was liquor—liquor that did all. She  
would go home now—home to bear her  
shame and disgrace.

Ten years had passed, during which  
time the mother had never seen her  
boy. One evening in May a note was  
handed to her, and she read these lines:  
"I have given up. Come to the  
prison. Dick."

Some hours later she entered the  
room of her son and kissed the pale  
face on the couch.

"Oh, my darling boy," she cried.  
"I came back, mother," Dick said,  
raising himself from the bed. I  
couldn't stay away. I am going to die,  
mother. There's a pain in my head,  
my lips burn, but the greatest pain is  
here," and he pointed to his heart.

"It has been here for so long. My life  
has been a burden. Every day the pain  
grew deeper. I couldn't face the world  
longer. Yes, I killed him, mother, but  
it was the saloon with all its tempta-  
tions that caused the awful deed. If I  
—had only listened when you said 'Not  
to-night,' and oh, mother, if I could  
only live again I would do all in my  
power to crush the saloon. Don't be  
hard on me, mother, for I—"

Here the woman knelt by her son and  
cried.

"Don't cry," said Dick, "I'm going  
to leave you, but God—is merciful—  
God—is love. Let me kiss you, there—  
just once more. Mother, tell my  
story to other boys, for they—may  
learn a lesson. Good-bye—moth-er,  
good-bye. I cannot see—you. Good-  
bye—good—"

The head fell upon the pillow, the  
lips closed. Dick was dead.—*Letha P.  
Smith, in N. T. Advocate.*

### A PITIFUL STORY.

While the police come daily in  
contact with poverty and crime, they  
seldom have to do with a more pitiable  
case than that of John J. Murphy, a  
boiler maker, who resides at 104 Farm  
street, Point St. Charles.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Mur-  
phy was arrested a short time ago, her  
infant child having been smothered  
while she was under the influence of  
liquor. As there was no proof of  
criminal intent, she was discharged.  
Another child died some years ago.  
The present family consists of five  
children, the two oldest being twins,  
eight years of age. Mr. Murphy is a  
good workman, capable of earning  
three dollars a day at his trade, and  
should have a comfortable home.

Since the recent sad death of their  
child, both parents are said to have  
been continually drunk, and have  
failed to provide necessaries for the  
children. The neighbors allege that  
Mrs. Murphy is the worst of the two,  
and when her husband tries to stop  
drinking, as he recently did, she tor-  
ments him and drives him to drink  
again, gloating over her success in that  
direction. Certain it is that the poor  
fellow has expressed his shame at the  
condition of affairs, and his desire to do  
better, at the same time professing  
inability to reform under such trying  
circumstances.

Mr. Marshall of the S. P. W. C., ap-  
plied both at the Police and Recorder's  
courts for a warrant for Mrs. Murphy's  
arrest on the ground that she was not  
a proper person to care for her children  
and failed to provide food and clothing  
for them. As the law at present pro-  
vides no means of apprehending a  
woman on these grounds, and she takes  
care not to be found drunk out of her  
own house, the warrant applied for  
had to be refused. The parents mean-  
while continued to drink, though the  
income ceased. Some of the children  
were absolutely without clothes, and  
had to be given food by the neighbors  
to keep them from starving.

A *Witness* reporter visited the  
house, and found but one bed, if it may  
be so called, in it. The furniture had  
been nearly all sold, even the legs of  
the kitchen stove being replaced by  
bricks. Broken crockery lies about the  
rooms, ragged garments hang about  
the mother and the children. Ashes  
and indescribable filth cover floors,  
walls, chairs, cupboards and dishes,  
what few of them remain.—*Montreal  
Witness.*

### WHAT IS A DRUNKARD?

The drunkard is not like any of God's  
creatures. An angel, we are taught to  
believe is a pure creature, created to  
adore God in heaven. A Christian is a

person who lives by the laws of God, a  
believer and follower of Jesus Christ.  
A man is a rational animal who thinks  
and reasons. A brute is an irrational  
animal who follows instincts and appet-  
ite but never indulges them to excess.  
But what is a drunkard? He does not  
enjoy happiness like an angel, he does  
not live and strive for happiness like a  
Christian, he does not observe the laws  
of moderation, satisfying his appetite  
like a brute. Then what is he?

A drunkard is nothing but a drunk-  
ard, a thing in human form. There is  
nothing like him in the creation of  
God, he is a self-made wretch, he is a  
slave to the most brutalizing of pas-  
sions, he is an apostate from the Chris-  
tian law, he is a social pariah, he is a  
curse to his home and family. He is  
worse than a mad man because his  
disease is self imposed, and the cure is  
self will and God's help.

Although he is guilty of all this, he  
should be the object of tender sym-  
pathy and compassion. He is the ward  
of a Christian state and is surrounded  
by all the cares which science and phil-  
anthropy can bestow upon him. In-  
stead of this he is an object of scorn  
and contempt, he is shunned and dis-  
pised by all (even the drunkard maker),  
the very boys in the street hoot and  
deride him as he passes.

The drunkard is a slave who seem-  
ingly is unable to break the chains that  
bind him and regain his liberty, he is a  
wreck and a ruin, a poor degraded,  
besotted creature. He may perhaps  
be a warning to others, a sad sign  
pointing out the way that leads to  
shame, sorrow, disgrace, and crime; to  
blighted hopes and saddest failures; to  
the destruction of all happiness here  
and the hope of happiness hereafter.

Oh! that we could pierce the mass of  
brutal flesh in which the man is im-  
prisoned. That the temperance bugle  
call might reach that enslaved and  
imprisoned soul, that we might sound  
in its ears the notes of Christian liberty  
and brotherly love. Could we but  
waken in it the memory of its Christian  
privileges and of the days of its inno-  
cence and happiness. Could we but  
stir it up to the high and holy resolve  
of breaking its chains and regaining  
the liberty which it once enjoyed.

Grant, Oh Father; that the means of  
becoming a drunkard may soon be  
driven from our land, and to bring  
about that result is the mission of our  
order. To that end let us work so that  
the next generation will not have to  
ask what is a drunkard?—*P. J. Connell.*

### A DRUNKARD'S WILL.

A dying drunkard in Oswego, New  
York, left the following as his "last  
will and testament":

"I leave to society a ruined charac-  
ter, a wretched example and a memory  
that will soon rot. I leave to my  
parents as much sorrow as they can,  
in their feeble state, bear. I leave to  
brothers and sisters as much shame  
and mortification as I can bring on  
them. I leave to my wife a broken  
heart and a life of shame. I leave to  
each of my children poverty, ignorance,  
a low character and a remembrance  
that their father filled a drunkard's  
grave."

Ye patrons of the saloon, is this the  
"will and testament" you are writing  
out each day for your wife and chil-  
dren? Shame upon you to leave them  
such a disgraceful inheritance! Where  
is your manhood? Where is your  
love for your family? Where is your  
honor and nobility? Are you selling  
it to the saloon-keeper?—*California  
Christian Advocate.*

### A WHISKY DRUMMER.

A whisky drummer, who has sold  
the liquid damnation for twenty-five  
years past, stood in the Globe Hotel  
the other day and made a speech that  
ought to make every temperance man  
shake hands with himself. He said:

"In this section of the country the  
sale of whisky is decreasing every year.  
We sell less and less of it each succeed-  
ing year. People have quit drinking.  
It is no longer considered in good form  
to swill it. A drunken man is a dis-  
grace. A tippler cannot hold a job  
anywhere that is respectable and  
progressive. The railroads won't have  
him, neither will anybody else. The  
sentiment is getting stronger against  
it all the time. The teacher, the  
preacher, and the paper are all creat-  
ing sentiment against hard drinking.  
In twenty years from now the whisky  
problem will have solved itself. Beer,  
soda-water, lemonade, milk-shake and  
other light beverages will have crowded  
it out of the saloon and the drug store  
into the medicine chest of the doctor."  
—*Centralia Courier.*