



Why Were we Saved?

(Kate M'Neill, in the 'Alliance News.')

Our little boat was set afloat,
The breeze blew strong and chilly,
But what cared we amid our glee
Although the waves were hilly?

We plied the oar and soon the shore
Was fading in the distance,
With laugh and song we pulled along,
Nor reck'd the tide's resistance.

Now lurch, now leap o'er shifting heap
With shriek of exultation;
I'm bound to say 'twas no child's play,
But strong men's recreation.

A daring game! But something came
Our merriment to throttle;
Out of the wave, an oarsman brave
Had spied a small flat bottle.

Now it rolled nigh and now swept by
All eyes were turned to watch it
'Twas furious fun while round we spun
With hands stretched out to catch it.

The chase grew hot we all forgot
And leaned too hard to leeward!
'Twas time to yell; a giant swell
Was tilting up our seaward!

Oh, that was all! I can recall
The sobered looks that followed
Of trembling love to God above
Because we were not swallowed.

But how and why, beneath the sky,
That outraged boat was righted,
Let Him explain who walks the main
To succour souls affrighted.

In far less time than takes to rhyme
We saw and fled our folly,
And made for home across the foam,
Not joyless but less jolly.

O sea of life! amid thy strife
I see proud barques careering,
And where they ride, on every side
The spirit flask appearing.

Some spend their force upon a course
Of brainless recreation,
And ere they dream the glass's gleam
Has wrought its fascination.

And precious hours and priceless powers
Are lost beyond recalling,
While round they spin in quest of gin
'Mid perils most appalling.

O brother mine! wills firm as thine
Too long the vice have cherished,
Shall it be said when thou art dead,—
'Another drunkard perished!'

Great waves of grief have mission brief,
And either work contrition
Or swamp the barque in waters dark
And end in blank perdition!

The Lord is nigh to hear thy cry
When power and purpose languish,
Christ saveth all on Him who call
In real repentant anguish.

'Mid worthless joys and drunken noise
Stout hearts with shame are burning;
Wake, strains sublime! and oars, beat time!
For bows are Homeward turning.

O brother mine! 'tis God's design,
Tho' Hell hath loudly craved thee,
It shall be said ere thou art dead,
That Jesus Christ hath saved thee.

Tricks of the Trade.

Dr. Wiley, chief of the United States Government Bureau of Chemistry, giving evidence before the Congressional Committee, supported his denunciation of 'whiskey' as one of the biggest impositions of the age by an experiment.

He produced chemical apparatus (says the New York correspondent of the 'Telegraph'), got out a bottle of alcohol, burnt sugar, and some other stuff, and went to work. In five

minutes he had a liquor ready which he passed round among the members of the Committee to be tested. They took it and tasted it.

'It isn't whiskey at all,' said Dr. Wiley; 'it's stuff often called whiskey. The greater portion of the so-called fourteen-year-old whiskey is made in less than fourteen minutes by the aid of what is known as "ageing oil."'

'Dr. Wiley,' said Colonel Hepburn, the Chairman of the Committee, 'have you a Government licence to make whiskey?'

'No, sir,' was the retort, 'I don't need it. I didn't make whiskey—as I told you.—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

Stop the East Saloons.

Probably you would say, break up all these filthy and low haunts, all these places where the habitually intemperate, the degraded, the wretchedly poor congregate, and let these beverages be sold only in respectable places and to respectable people! But is this really the best plan? On the contrary, it seems quite reasonable to maintain that it is better to sell to the intemperate than the sober, to the degraded than to the respectable, for the same reason that it is better to burn up the old hulk than to set fire to a new and splendid ship. I think it worse to put the first glass to a young man's lips than to crown with madness an old drunkard's life-long alienation—worse to wake the fierce appetite in the depths of a generous and promising nature than to take the carrion of a man, a mere shell of imbecility, and to soak it in a fresh debauch. Therefore, if I were going to say where the licence should be granted in order to show its efficacy, I would say: Take the worst sinks of intemperance in the city, give them the sanction of the law, and let them run to overflowing. But shut up the gilded apartment where youth takes its first draught, and respectability just begins to falter from its level.—Dr. E. H. Chaplin.

Burdette on the Saloon.

The well-known writer, Robert J. Burdette, at one time called the 'Burlington Hawkeye Man,' has expressed himself many times as opposed to the saloon. Recently a fight against the saloon was made in Pasadena, Cal., where he is now located, and in the course of the discussion the saloon men stated that Burdette favored their side of the controversy. This statement called forth an emphatic denial from Burdette, in his characteristic language, and from that reply, which is too long to print here entire, we take the following extracts:

'About the power of prohibitory laws to prohibit—the laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder. But nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murder to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

'The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high-license system of stealing, providing that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of, say, 6 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth; entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour on any day of the week.

'And on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said I didn't. And I did say that I did. AND I DO.'

'I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is in respectability and permanent prosperity it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic.

'If the saloon men insist in quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon.

It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming feature in its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

'Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace.'—Bedford Register.

The Temperance Samaritan.

A certain man journeying from the cradle to the grave fell among saloon-keepers, who took his money, ruined his name, destroyed his reason, and then turned him into the street. A moderate drinker passed by, looked on him, and said, 'Serve him right, he is a fool to get drunk.' A politician voter, passing, looked on him and said, 'The brute! he is not fit to live; he is a disgrace to his family.' But a 'fanatic'—so-called—seeing him, had compassion, raised him up, assisted him to his home, ministered to his wants, and those of his family, got him to sign the pledge, pointed him to 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world,' and left him in comfort and happiness. Who, think you, was the friend of humanity—the saloon-keeper, the moderate drinker, the politician, or the 'fanatic'?—Irish Temperance Leader and League.

What Each One Gets.

An American paper says that from a bushel of corn the distiller gets 4 gallons of whiskey. This sum, with all that it implies, is distributed thus:—

- The Government gets—4 dols. 40 cents.
The farmer gets—50 cents.
The railway gets—1 dol. 50 cents.
The publican gets—7 dols. 50 cents.
The customer gets—DRUNK.
The wife gets—Hunger and neglect.
The children get—Poverty and rags.
The people get—INCREASED TAXATION!
—'Temperance Leader.'

It takes society a long time to learn that you cannot have the saloon primary without the jail high school.—'Ram's Horn.'



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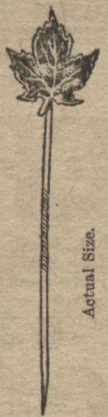
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