

I'VE DOT A MAN TO SIGN THE PLEDGE

I've dot a man to sign the pledge,
I know you'll all be glad;
I saw him fall against the hedge
Oh dear! he did look bad

He seemed to be all rags and mud,
His hair was like a mat,
And on his face I saw some blood;
And, oh dear, what a hat!

He said, "You're like my little Grace;
I never thought she'd die,"
Then with his hands he hid his face,
And oh, how he did cry.

I coaxed him in, and in our book
His name he said he'd write,
If I would give him just one tiss,
And mother said I might.

I've something else you'll like to hear -
But mind, you must not tell;
All those who sign the pledge to-night
Shall have a tiss as well.

And those who even then won't sign
I'm 'fraid there'll be a few -
I hope they've tiny tots at home
Who'll tiss them till they do.
T. H. Evans

NELL'S FATHER.

"Oh mother, we used to be happy
When father was sober and good;
When all of us lived in a cottage
Away by the pretty green wood
Where daffodils grew in the spring-time

Where summer brought beautiful flowers,
And autumn had splendid blackberries,
And winter long snow-balling hours.

"We always had plenty, oh, plenty
Of things both to eat and to wear;
We never were hungry or wretched -
I knew not the meaning of care
Each morning we wakened with pleasure,

To bid him good-bye when he went
To labor away in the smithy,
Until all the daylight was spent.

"How gladly we hastened to meet him!
How loudly we shouted for joy!
How kindly he kissed and carressed us,
His two little girls and his boy!
But now we're afraid when we hear him -

His staggering step on the stair,
We fly in our terror to hide us,
And crouch behind table and chair."

Hark! a step in the passage! and Nelly
Sprang close to her pale mother's side;

Then father appeared in the doorway
While slowly the summer day died.
His breast bore a bit of blue ribbon,
His face shown with soberest light;
And Nell, when she saw it, sprang forward,
And kissed him with purest delight.

And now, in their own little cottage,
Beside the green woodlands once more,
Sweet Nell, in the bright summer evenings

Runs out of the rose entwined door,
Her brother and sister beside her,
To welcome their father, who still
Keeps true to his bit of blue ribbon,
With heaven-born purpose and will
- Edith Helena Cook, in Prize Reciter.

FIRE!

The smoking steeds dash through the street,
The pavement rings beneath their feet;
The firemen speed to gallant deed,
For, hark! the cry of "Fire!"

"Stand back," they cry, as on they fly,
"We cannot stay! Away! Away!
Lest men in flames expire."

On, on they dash, the iron hoofs flash,
The horses need no spur or lash;
In lurid beam the helmets gleam,
Hark! Hark! the cry of "Fire!"
On, on they haste, for wreck and waste
May soon devour with fatal power,
And work a havoc dire.

And now they near the scene of fear.
To work they go with lusty cheer,
By arm and steam the hissing stream
To force upon the fire;
The flames uprising and paint the skies,
The red sparks fly abroad and high,
As roars the burning pyre
At smoking windows now appear
The inmates wild with grief and fear;
"Help! help!" the cry, "Help or we die!
Oh, save us from the fire!"

The ladders bring, the fire-ropes fling,
Up, up, brave men, try once again
Ere the red flames rage higher.
It's nobly done! the victory's won!
They bring them safely one by one;

The ladders bend as they descend,
And fiercer roars the fire
The timbers crash, yet in they dash,
That none may lie and helpless die

In heat and torture dire from fire.
So let our Temperance Bands
Haste to the rescue, hearts and hands,
A Life Brigade, all undismayed

To daring deeds we all aspire,
Strive men to save from drunkard's grave,
With loving hands we pluck the brands

From Alcohol's dread fire.
- Jos. Matius, R. W. G. Co.

SOBER BY LAW.

"You can't make men honest by legislation. Of course not, so that the way to stop highway robbery is not to forbid it under penalty. That is a form of prohibition which does not prohibit. Make the highwayman take out a license. Make them limit their operations to certain hours. Do not let them rob within two hundred feet of a church or schoolhouse. Make the license high. In that way you can share the profits of the business, and those with a license will see that no unlicensed operators are allowed. The higher the tax the more respectable will the business become, and good citizens need not be ashamed to be in it. If not, why not?" - *The People.*

CAUSE OF THE SALOON.

But as bad as the saloon is there is a worse thing in society than it is. The sentiment in a community that will tolerate a saloon, that makes a saloon possible, is worse than the saloon itself. The saloon is a result; the bad sentiment is the cause. The first is a painful excrescence; the latter is a blood poison, of which the saloon is but one of the evil consequences. It enervates and deteriorates the nation's Christianity, the nation's civil honor and the nation's manhood. It works through every fibre of the body politic, and lowers the nation's health to the feverish stage of the nation's barrooms. *J. D. Gambrell, D.D.*

THE RATS.

A laborer at the Dundee hard r lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, that ye gang till sae often, and the two lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yerself, Father." - *Scotch Paper.*

WHAT SIXTY CENTS DID.

According to a Texas paper an investment of sixty cents in whiskey by a young man named Dean, in the year 1869, cost Fannin County, in time and money, more than the revenue arising from the whiskey traffic for five years amounted to. Dean, inflamed with his whiskey, shot and killed Dan Coulter. Then the McDonalds shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and after continuing the case several times were tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends breaking open the jail and liberating them. Taking it together, this sixty cents' worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail at an enormous expense to Fannin County, and caused trouble to the families and friends of those two men, and then the expense of the witnesses and trials in court, with loss of time to the sheriff and posse, put Fannin County to the expense of not less than ten thousand dollars. - *The Christian.*

AN ANCIENT CHINESE PROHIBITIONIST.

An old Chinese legend tells how in the days of the great Yu, some two thousand two hundred years before Christ, a certain I Ti made wine and gave some to Yu, who, when he had tasted it, pronounced its flavor good, but poured it upon the ground and ordered I Ti to be banished, forbidding its further manufacture, lest in after ages the kingdom should be lost through wine.

"Then," says the legend, "the heaven's rained gold for three days," no doubt in approval of the wise conduct of the Old Chinese prohibitionist Yu. We were reminded of this ancient story on reading some extracts from a Chinese religious book called "Oneness in Virtue." This work is said to be of great age, but the blocks were destroyed during the late rebellion, and the present edition was printed only thirteen years ago from new blocks. The author is Mr. Sun Chieh-chai. We think our readers will be interested in the opinions of this old native writer on wine-drinking. We are indebted for the translation to the Rev. Fredk. Galpin, of Ningpo.

"Wine confounds the character; scarcely any man who drinks immoderately can possess self-control. Those whose dispositions naturally are stern, overbearing or tyrannical are helped to develop such evils by wine, and so with rapidity are made angry and mad. How great is the injury caused! For this reason several exhortations have been written. Wine may be used to assist joy, but be not sunk to excess in it. Wine may be used for religious obligations, but not to violate propriety by becoming drunk with it. A little may nourish but a large quantity destroys. Man when drunk will do that which when sober he would not dare do it; he will do anything.

"Through wine the scholar loses his good name, the magistrate his office, the merchant his trade, and the artisan his work. Person, property, friends, family, and life, all are injured. What difference is there between it and the venomous serpent?"

"Hence the first of the Buddhists' prohibitions is, 'Abstain from wine.' Wine is a cruel axe that cuts down the character. Is it good or evil to give to or press upon a man as a kindness that which may injure him?"

"Some may escape the evil, but nine out of every ten are destroyed. Wine may be of excellent flavor, but it is a madman's medicine. Wine is the source of disorder; it bequeaths hosts of hideous things; it spoils longevity and hands down vicious habits."

We now give the author's "thirty-two evils of wine drinking."

1. It robs the heart of purity.
2. It exhausts money and property.
3. Door of much sickness and disease.
4. Root of brawls and quarrels.
5. It makes men naked and bare-footed as oxen or horses.
6. But unlike cattle, reeling and dancing, idling and cursing, they are detested by all men.
7. Through it men never obtain what they should.
8. What they obtain they lose.
9. It causes men to waste deeds and exhaust speech; when they awake it is only to repent.
10. It causes the loss of much and an awakening only to shame and confusion.
11. It destroys physical force.
12. It spoils countenance and complexion.
13. Heart and mind are led astray.
14. Wisdom and knowledge are beclouded.
15. It destroys the capacity to honor parents.
16. Through it men cannot reverence the Gods; 17, nor obey the words of good men; 18, nor laws of the empire.
19. It makes friendships with cruel and wicked men.
20. It causes a separation from the virtuous and good.
21. It makes men shameless.
22. It easily excites to ferocious anger.
23. It destroys the power to control the passions.
24. It gives men over to evil without limit.
25. It causes them to resist the devout.
26. Produces a heart without fear.
27. Turns day into night.
28. Makes infamous in crime and teaches iniquity.
29. Rejects virtuous laws.
30. Drives men far from the true and happy end of life (Nirvana).
31. Sows the seeds of insanity and madness.
32. Corrupts the body, destroys the life, and causes men to fall into the wicked way.

"One name for wine is Fountain of Misery. It is said that Emperor Yuan Tsung, A. D. 713, refused to drink wine because of its evil influence and it is remarked, 'If the Son of heaven was willing to abstain, what must be the disposition of any man who will not follow such an example!'"

- *Shanghai Temperance Union.*

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TORONTO, 1897

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