

Selections.

THE SONG OF WINE.

I smile in the Lethean bowl,
And peer from its sparkling brim
At the death of a ruined soul,
At the wreck so ghastly and grim.
God's image I ruthlessly bear
With wine so tempting and red;
The sting of grim conscience I bear
Till hope, like a phantom has fled.

I heed not the madman's grin,
Nor the tears that mortals shed.
I live in my palace of sin
Where hope is eternally dead
I rule with a tyrant's sway,
My sceptre a merciless rod;
I sweep earthly honors away
With only a tempter's nod.

I know no mercy; with a Circe's spell;
I turn all men to brutes;
My robes are red as the fire of hell,
That roars and upward shoots;
Drowning the soul's lost cry
With remorse that comes apace,
Till the worm that never dies
Is the leer of a devil's face.

I fear no kingdom, I heed no law;
My vassal desire, with blood on fire,
Is the drunkard's insensate maw,
That chants on hope's red pyre
The song of the soul's despair;
That rings in the realms of dread,
Where the Eriny's serpent hair
Feeds on the souls of the dead.

Like the angel of death, I am near,
And count each moment my gain,
Drop for drop, tear for tear,
And laugh, as they struggle in vain.
For bread I give them a stone;
For love the scorpion's sting.
My harvest by devils sown
Is the song my b'chants sing.

Hope is a stranger within my drear walls,
Where all the dark shadows of woe
Bear over the shroud of a funeral pall,
Like mourners that mercifully go
To the death of horror and shame,
And mourn for the helpless lost—
Pilgrims, whose nameless name
From God's record is tearfully cross'd.
—Junius S. Hempstead, in the Voice.

"A POT OF DAISIES."

"Bessie!"
She started and looked up with fear.
"Well, father?"
"Come here, Bessie."
She approached him wonderingly,
For his voice was gentle and kind.
"Who put that pot of daisies in the window?" he asked.
"I did, father, for you," was the trembling answer.
"For me?" he questioned in surprise.
"Yes, for you; it—it—is my Christian Endeavor."
"Your what?"
"My Christian Endeavor, something I did for Christ's sake, you know. I wanted to have you stop drinking. Oh, father, will you stop?"

In her eagerness the child was kneeling beside the man. Tears were raining down her cheeks. Tears fell down the father's face, too—tears of remorse and repentance. Presently, he too, was kneeling, with one arm thrown tenderly around the little one, whom he had treated so cruelly and neglectfully.

"Lord Jesus," he said brokenly, "I promise Thee and this blessed child of mine kneeling beside me that with Thy mighty help, I will cast off my chains. O God, be merciful to me, a sinner, and blot out all my sins, for Christ's sake I beseech of Thee."

Bessie was sobbing—"sobbing for joy," she told herself over and over, for she had never been so happy before in her life. Could this man with his arm around her, praying to the dear Father in heaven, to her father? Yes, it was her own father, and he was sober and in his right mind.

"Dear little pot of daisies," she thought, gratefully—"dear little pot of daisies."—*The Ram's Horn.*

THE QUAKER EDITOR AND THE BULLY.

BY REV. G. D. COLEMAN.

A quiet Quaker who began the publication of a weekly newspaper in a western town, soon showed his colors by attacking the rum interests. He published the facts about some of the worst saloons and resorts, calling them "ulcers on the body of the community."

He was especially marked and pointed in regard to a saloon "on the corner of Third and Pine streets, whose proprietor is George W—." The day after the issue of the paper a big-fisted saloon-keeper came into the editorial sanctum, and in domineering tones delivered himself as follows:—

"See here. Did you write this?"
The editor glanced quite carelessly over the column indicated, and answered in a cool voice, "Yea, I did."
"You drab-coated—" (here he gave vent to a lot of profane adjectives). "Do you know that hurts my business?"

"Yea, and I am glad it does."
"You are glad it does?"
"Yea, friend, that is what I said."
The rum-seller was too surprised by his unexpected manner to reply for a moment, then he swore for awhile; but as it did not seem to have the effect he expected, he said:—

"Well I'm here to warn you that if you print any more against the liquor business in this town we'll make it hot for you. Now you've had your warning, and you can take it or not."
"And supposing I don't take it?"
"Then look out for yourself, that's all?"

"That is thee means that personal violence will be used?"
Upon this the editor took some notes on a page of paper that lay before him. "It means that we will kick you out of the town."

"Kick you out of the town," repeated the editor, writing it down. "Good. And is that all?"
"We'll burn your shanty over your head if you ever come back again, and tar and feather you."

"Burn shanty, tar and feather," repeated the editor, taking notes of the interview. "Go on, friend; anything else?"

The bully was somewhat mystified, and showed signs of "weakening." The editor poised his pen and waited. There was a moment's silence, then the priest of Bacchus growled, "We'll make it hot for you."

"I think thee said that before," quietly remarked the editor, and laying down his pen he calmly began to sharpen a pencil.

"We mean it, too," snarled the saloon-keeper, beginning to think he had caught a tartar.

"I am glad to hear thee speak so frankly," replied the editor, and turning his chair round, he looked at the angry man with a pair of blue eyes that showed anything but fear. "But does thee know what I intend to do? I shall publish every word of this interview that thee has been pleased to give me. I shall let the good citizens know that thee has threatened me and my property with violence, and if in the future any violence is done, the authorities will know upon whom they have to lay their hands. More than this, I shall tell more of the doings at thy place than I have told yet. And more, if thee comes here again to threaten me with what thee and thy comrades in sin propose to do, I will turn thee over to the authorities for trespassing on my property. Thy name is George W—. Thy saloon is on the corner of Third and Pine. Now that I have all the particulars, thee may go, while I write the article."

There was an oppressive silence. The cowed bully eyed the editor with rage and hesitancy, but the eye of the Quaker was as calm as a mirror. Besides, the bully noted that he was broad shouldered, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds, and his hand looked as if he had once followed the plough or wielded the sledge. The bully quietly went out, the editor began work on the interview, and naught was heard but the scratching of the editorial pen.—*Union Signal.*

HALF-A-PINT OF BEER.

BY BRO. J. J. RIDGE, M.D.

"Half-a-pint of beer won't do anybody any harm." So said a broken-down, bleary-eyed individual to whom, no doubt, half-a-pint was not much more than a mouthful.

If there were but one half-pint of beer in the world, and no possibility of making or getting any more, it might, perhaps, go down some red lane or other without any serious consequences. But our solitary half-pint is a myth, and, in pleading for one, our beery friend had his eye on a long series of half-pints, which, if one were allowed to be smuggled in, would plead the precedent, and join the first in the regions within.

Hence the question is not simply as to what one half-pint can or cannot do.

Half-a-pint to-day means half-a-pint to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and so on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. Nay, it often means more than that. The half-pint for dinner paves the way for the half-pint at supper; the half-pint this year often means a pint next year, or, in too many cases, half-pint after half-pint, or even pot after pot.

Then, again, the innocent half-pint of beer is the excuse for something stronger on occasion—the glass of wine or the glass of spirits. So the half-pint is but the camel's nose, and behind that the camel's head and his neck and his carcass all complete. The invited guest becomes the tyrant who means to stay.

It is impossible to confine the discussion to the merits or demerits of half-a-pint of beer, but it is possible to show that even this quantity does not improve a man in any particular; but on the contrary, alters him for the worse. Half-a-pint of beer contains somewhere about one tablespoonful of alcohol more, as a rule—and this is equal to an ounce or an ounce and half of pure brandy, i.e., two or three tablespoonfuls. There are many who think nothing of half-a-pint of beer who would think twice before taking half a wine-glassful of spirits, and who may, therefore, realize that the said half-pint is not the sweet innocent which some allege it to be.

It can be proved that half-a-pint of beer can lower the temperature of the body. This can be tested by means of a special thermometer (such as doctors use), and the heat of the mouth should be taken just before taking the beer and a quarter of an hour afterwards. The difference may not be great, but it shows that half-a-pint of beer is not too little to have some effect, and that this effect is to cool the body, not to warm it, as it is commonly supposed to do.

It can also be shown that half-a-pint of beer can blunt the senses to a slight extent, though the person who has taken it will probably declare that he does not feel any difference. But although this may be true, the fact has been proved by special instruments devised by me for the purpose, and so the fact that the difference is not felt tends to confirm the correctness of the conclusion. It may be admitted, however, that comparisons between the sharpness of the senses at different times are difficult to perceive, unless it is measured in some very delicate way or other.

But the great indictment is that present half-pints create a desire for future half-pints, and necessitate the continuance of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which has been the ruin of millions, and will be the ruin of millions yet to come unless it be ended, root and branch.—*Abstainers' Advocate.*

HOW TO GET PURE WATER,

versus BAD.

Weak-kneed teetotalers who when visiting Paris are frightened by Seine water into drinking wine will now have no justification for their feeble faith. The recent investigations of M. Girard, chief of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, undertaken with the object of making it safe to drink water of questionable quality, have again shown that acids give the coup de grace to microbes. "Citric acid," he finds "is the most powerful of all; one gramme added to a quart of water will destroy all the microbes that are in it. Now, as the juice of half an average-sized lemon contains a gramme of citric acid, and as few people dilute that quantity with so much as a quart of water, it follows that natural lemonade prepared in the usual way by thoroughly mixing lemon juice with water must be fatal to the organism which the water contains.

It may be added that Mr Girard recommends the use of natural or "still" lemonade as an excellent beverage at all times, and remarks that, in the case of those who find the acidity of the lemonade at all troublesome, such acidity can be neutralised by adding a little carbonate of soda to the liquid after the citric acid has had a few minutes' time to destroy the microbes.

There is an alternative and still more efficient mode of dealing with the microbes or organisms in doubtful or dangerous water, which should leave people absolutely without excuse for flying to alcoholics. A very minute proportion of aluminoferric added to impure water will precipitate to the bottom of the vessel not only its ordinary impurities, but also the whole of the germs which it contains. Moreover the alumina and

iron of the aluminoferric are themselves carried down with the impurities, so that the water when decanted from the precipitate contains no constituent of any kind which was not present in it before treatment. What more could possibly be desired by water-drinkers in tropical and malarious climates?—*Thoroughgoing, in Ashore and Afloat.*

THE CURSE OF THE POOR.

NINE-TENTHS OF THEIR POVERTY IS DUE TO THEIR HABIT OF DRINK.

I believe the experience of every one who lives and has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, sister of charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths if not ninety-nine hundredths of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink.

It is not as a general rule, the drunkard himself who has to pay the heaviest penalty, at least in this world, for his intemperance. It is too often the helpless wife and neglected children who have to bear the burden of their father's sin.

There is scarcely a city or town in the whole world from which all abject poverty would not practically disappear if the vice of drunkenness could be banished.

Of course there are besides, a number of instances of destitution in no way connected with drink. The sudden death or long illness of the bread-winner of the family will from time to time, cause a very acute phase of misery and want. The poor, helpless mother, with her hungry brood, is as sad a sight as well can be. But such cases are exceptional, and men do not legislate for exceptions. Such needs can easily be met and are met in every well organized community by Christian charity. They are also of their very nature only temporary.

Even the poor widow left destitute with half a dozen little ones, if she is at all deserving, is sure to find friends and obtain employment. The pinch of poverty may be severe for a time, but in our complex civilization there is work for all who have willing hands and an honest heart. Add to this that the advance of habits of thrift, the increased facilities for insurance and the growing sense of the duty of providing for such contingencies make the occurrence of acute cases of unforeseen distress tend continually to diminish.—*Rev. R. F. Clark, S. J., in North American Review.*

There is one Good Templar Lodge in Mexico. It is doing capital work which will no doubt lead to the establishment of others and it is hoped will be the beginning of a great work in that Republic.

New Hampshire has a very creditable record, the present strength being 883 members in eleven Temples, a net gain of 269.

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