

## Selected Articles.

### THE PROHIBITORY ALLIANCE.

The proceedings of the Toronto Branch of the Dominion Alliance on Monday are specially interesting from the fact that those who took part in them indicated clearly their purpose to work for the improvement of existing liquor laws, whilst agitating for the general adoption of prohibition. The most important subject occupying their attention was the necessity of putting a stop to all sales of liquor in places of general public resort, such as parks and exhibition grounds. They were in a position to congratulate themselves on having banished the legal sale of liquor from the Island, and we have no doubt that they will succeed before this time next year in banishing it from the Industrial Exhibition Grounds also. They are going the right way about it when, after they have discovered a loophole in the law, they resolve to apply to the Legislature to have it closed up. The management of the Industrial Exhibition and the License Commissioners will both do well to note the current of popular opinion on this subject, and make up their minds to respect the spirit as well as the letter of the law.

The most notable failure of the Alliance was in its effort to get the City Council to exercise its discretionary powers under the Crooks Act with a view to the abolition of certain admitted evils. This is an incidental tribute to the wisdom of the Legislature in taking the licensing power out of the hands of the Municipal Councils. The principal request made to that of Toronto was to separate the liquor traffic entirely from the ordinary grocery trade, and the request was evaded. If the members of the Alliance and the promoters of temperance generally really want this separation effected they should combine to elect aldermen who will not shirk the issue, and should invite each candidate in every ward to let the public know precisely where he stands on the question. A united and earnest effort would no doubt be completely successful.—*Daily Globe*.

### DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT ?

The final claim, with all who oppose prohibitory law, is that Prohibition does not prohibit. And invariably we are cited to Maine, with the flat assertion that there, where it has been longest tried and best enforced, Prohibition is a failure.

But who first put forth the claim, and make the assertion? It has been well said, that when a case has been called in court, and the evidence is taken, we should consider the character of the witnesses, and their relation to the case. Who testifies against Prohibition in Maine? The brewers, the saloon-keepers and the distillers, of other States. Ask a New York brewer about Maine, and he will promptly declare Prohibition a failure there, though forced to admit that Maine has disappeared from the list of beer-brewing States. Ask an Illinois distiller about Maine, and he will, with like promptness, make a like assertion, though compelled to say that Maine has no distilleries, whereas once she had many. Ask any saloon-keeper, and he will reiterate the same stereotyped cry, even though he never saw Maine, and is as ignorant of the facts as, having seen them, he would be economical of the truth. All these men are prejudiced witnesses, with a direct interest in the verdict to be pronounced. They have none but hearsay information, at the best, and their testimony will not stand.

On the other hand, who gives evidence that Prohibition is a success? Governor Dingley, Governor Perham, Senator Frye, ex-Senator Blaine and a long array of other prominent officials and citizens, including many judges on the bench, who reside in Maine, who know the facts and all the facts, and whose testimony has been given over and over again, has never been impeached, and is unimpeachable. To these witnesses might be added numbers more; foreign visitors who have testified frequently of what they have seen, including two special correspondents, sent out by one Canadian paper within a year, who quite agreed as to the conditions which they found. In the face of such evidence, all outside clamor about the failure of Prohibition in Maine would be dismissed by any court, as calling only for contempt.

But what of Prohibitory laws elsewhere? Down on the Jersey coast, scarce sixty miles from New York, there are two towns which witness eloquently for Prohibition. They are separated by the merest belt of water, yet each has its own distinct local government, and in each the prohibition

of the liquor traffic is absolute. Each town is a summer resort, and the total summer population of both ranges from twenty-five to forty thousand, while during the four months ending September 18, 1882, 560,000 persons arrived at one railway station that serves both. With such a population, and so many incomers daily in warm weather, the difficulty of enforcing rigid temperance rules is as great as in any city of the average third-class; scarcely less, even, than is encountered in the metropolis itself. Yet here, in New Jersey, where "Jersey lightning" is native, where hotels abound, where all classes of people congregate, there is not a saloon, not a drunkard, and cases of intoxication, from liquor obtained outside, are so rare as to excite wonder. Ocean Grove and Asbury Park prove, to any one who will accept proof, that Prohibition, fairly tried, **MOST EMPHATICALLY PROHIBITS**. The man who would deny their testimony would deny his own existence could he profit by such denial.

There are whole counties in Illinois, in Georgia, in Maryland, in Arkansas, in Texas and even in Missouri, where prohibitory laws have driven out the liquor traffic entirely. In the midst of some recent talk about temperance in Missouri, Senator Vest said: "There is a strong temperance sentiment in all the strongly Democratic counties in the State. Take Clay county, for instance, which usually gives a Democratic majority in any State election, there isn't a saloon in that county, and there has not been for eight years. Take Saline County, with 2,500 Democratic majority, it has refused all saloon-keepers' license, and there hasn't been a saloon there for years. In Clinton County, which gives 1,500 Democratic majority, no saloons are permitted to exist."

And while we are not quite clear as to the Democratic majority there, we submit that no State Prison allows the presence within it of a saloon, and that in every such prison, however, immoral its surroundings, Prohibition is not a failure.—*American Reformer*.

### WORK AND RESULTS.

A gentleman said to me the other day: "The temperance cause is dead." It is not dead, for it was born in the church of Christ, and that which is born there can never die. Right is to triumph in the end. You and I will not see it, but it will come. Nero sat on the throne, clothed in purple, and at his nod men trembled. In the Mamertine dungeon a man was writing a letter to Timothy to send him his cloak, for he was shivering in one of the dungeons of the Roman capital. Years rolled on, and right and wrong contended with each other. The former died a miserable suicide, but the prisoner wrote on and finished his letter: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—words which have comforted millions for generations. And the world could better afford to lose all the words of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of Roman orators than to lose one word of what the chained prisoner wrote in his dungeon. My experience has led me to this conclusion, that we trust too much even to our organizations and to our efforts. We are in too much of a hurry; we want results immediately. We do a thing and want results to come at once, forgetting that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. It is God's work, and not ours—we are workers. If a man stands as a machine, and if he is connected by a band of living faith with God Almighty, he is doing his work as he will, where he will, and when he will, and occupies the highest position a man can occupy in this world. God is the motive power, and our work is simply nothing in comparison with him. Then as we put forth our efforts, let us make our appeal to him.

I remember (and I do not know whether it was a legend or not) that a missionary party was passing over the prairie, when one of them exclaimed, "See, see that red glare; what is it?" They looked and watched, and one old trapper, shading his eye with his hand, cried out, "The prairie is on fire, and it is spreading at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It will destroy us, and nothing will be left but a few charred bones to tell of the party passing over the prairie." "What shall be done?" The trapper cried, "We must fight fire with fire. Work! work! Pull up the grass; make the circle larger, larger, larger! Quick, quick, I feel the heat upon my brow! Quick for your lives! pull up the grass! pull up the grass! Now for the matches!"

They searched and found two. Hastily they struck one, and it failed—utterly failed. One match! and the fire in the distance, leaping with its forked tongues through the dry grass, at twenty miles an hour! Only one match! The missionary, baring his brow, said, "God help us; for