

Two Counties.

Fulton County, Illinois, has 42,000 inhabitants and no saloons, Massac County has 11,000 inhabitants and five saloons. In one of these counties there were fourteen arrests last year, and 200 in the other. We will give the Ontario Ladies Benevolent Association and the logical, practical license advocating Christiansa one week to guess in which of the two counties were only fourteen arrests. If they fail we shall let the infant class in our Sunday School guess it. —Exchange.

Cost of Intemperance in Europe.

We hear much of the enormous waste of money in the maintenance of the colossal armies which every European government constantly keeps in training as a menace to its neighbors; but if the following paragraph be true, this enormous expense is but a drop in the bucket compared with the waste entailed by alcoholic liquors: "A German statistician, in speaking of the liquor traffic, says: 'Germany spends between 500,000,000 francs annually for her armies, but 2,200,000,000 francs for drink;' i. e., more than four times as much. The French spend three times as much for liquor as for their soldiers, the English four times as much, and the Belgians over ten times as much. Truly such figures furnish a good temperance argument.—Good Health.

Beer and Suicide.

In Milwaukee, the city of beer, there are proportionately twice as many suicides as in any other city of the United States. It has often been said (how truthfully of course we know not) that "a man drunk with whiskey wants to kill somebody else, while a man drunk with beer wants to kill himself." No more wretched, stupid, discouraging, depressing, despairing condition can be conceived than that produced by continued beer drinking. Unlike stronger liquors (that do their work quicker and pass off, or are so violent as to either kill or drive the drunkard to a sudden stop) beer slowly, gradually stupifies every faculty and leaves its victim in a most hopeless state; hence in so many instances suicides is the result.—Exchange.

Temperance Instruction in Schools.

While we have faith in repressive temperance legislation only so far as it is sustained by public sentiment, there are some advantageous features in the movement for securing scientific temperance instruction in the schools. In the first place, all teachers will be obliged to study the subject and pass an examination upon it before securing their certificates. Then every scholar will have to pass an examination on the subject before passing to a higher grade. Then, again, it will give young people an intelligent idea of the consequence of drink before the taste has been acquired, or the habit formed. The law will be ignored and in many instances, and be made an occasion for teaching false views in others, but if faithfully carried out, it will be very useful.—Boston Congregationalist.

A Solemn Charge.

"Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the Word of God and the liberties of true religion; I charge it as the cause—whatever be their sources elsewhere—of almost all the poverty, and all the crime, and almost all the misery, and all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness.' I do, in my conscience, believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing a world, of which but eight were saved."—Dr. Guthrie.—Temperance Cause.

High License.

High license is a poor substitute as a policy for the principle of prohibition. To explode the folly of all this talk of "half loaf better than none," we call the attention to the sworn statement of the City Clerk of Des Moines:

"The license fee in this city in 1871 was \$150 per year, and that year there were twelve saloons. The next year the fee was increased to \$200, and that year they had twenty-five saloons. The fee remained at \$200 until 1880, when it was made \$250 and the number of saloons rose to forty-nine, a gain of ten over 1879, the last year of the \$600 fee. The fee was \$250 until 1882, by which time there were fifty licensed saloons and several that paid no license. In 1882 they clapped on a \$1,000 fee, and the first quarter sixty saloons took out license.

This omits the moonshine saloons. Now ye friends of High License, "the flank movement on prohibition" "the monopoly of abomination," take out your pencils and "figger out" chronologically the prospect for prohibition by the High License route.—The Worker.

We Are Succeeding!

Yes, thank God, we are succeeding! How? Why, we are lessening the awful death-rate of the consumers of whiskey. Sixty thousand lives per year has been the sacrifice offered by America to the god Bacchus. It was 60,000 when there were but 30,000,000 people to offer. Now as 60,000,000 throng our shores it is no larger. Nay, it is less, far less. Our best statisticians say 52,000 lives per annum will about tell the story. That is a gain of 8,000 per year. Eight full regiments of strong men saved every year. What do you say? Is it worth working for? Thank God, it is! Eight thousand men make a respectable city. With their wives and children they would be an addition of power to any city. But, oh, how terrible. 50,000 per year going down, down, down; 1,000 per week; 147 per day; 6 every hour; one every ten minutes. Keep the bells tolling! Let the wild surges of sorrow gush forth as these, our brethren, go down never to rise any more. But let us rejoice that we are succeeding. God grant us more success. The number shall be lessened. How many of the brave and true will be sufficient for such a holocaust? Surely one is too many.

Nil Desperandum.

We cannot fail, our hearts are stout and brave,
Our purpose resolute, our guerdon sure,
And thousands upon land and ocean wave
In union stand, in union shall endure.

Adorn the centuries is borne the curse
Of victims ruined by the luring cup,
And the "to-day" not better is but worse
Than "yesterday," when others drank it up.

But we, united to the glorious dead,
Who kept their garments stainless in the fight,
Undaunted yet, and yet unvanquished,
Press bravely onward thro' the darkling light.

Shall cries and tears ascend to Thee in vain,
O, God of Sabaoth, who rulest all?
Shall right downtrodden be by man's disdain,
And virtue, truth and honor, humbled, fall.

Before the shrine of pampered lust and sin
Erected here in thy world below?
Christ! when the gate of life we enter in,
Let myriads swell the ranks that homeward go.
—M. B. Hogg, B.A., in Irish Templar.

Who Will Care for the Baby?

Says Joe to Jim, in fierce debate
Upon the woman question:
"You've answered well with other points,
Now here's my last suggestion:
When woman goes to cast her vote—
Some miles away it may be—
Who then, I ask, will stay at home
To rock and tend the baby?"

Quoth Sam: "I own you've made my case
Appear a little breezy;
I hoped you'd pass the question by
And give us something easy,
But as the matter seems to turn
On this one as its axis,
Just get the one who rocked it when
She went to pay her taxes."

—Easterbrook, in Portland Herald.

A Queer old Poem.

The Times controversy on Alcoholic Drinks has created widespread interest. Not the least notable contribution to the discussion was the following:—

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'"

SIR,—A curious old anti-alcoholic poem happened to fall into my hands yesterday through being bound up with a volume of Anne Bradstreet's works I was consulting. The date is 1656; its length is some 1,500 lines; and I think the following quotations from it not only have strong antiquarian interest, but come with an appeal which is pathetic after a silence of over two centuries.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"JENNETT HUMPHRIES.

"5 Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N. W., August 19th.

"The Drunkard's Prospective, or Burning Glasso,
Composed by Joseph Rigbie, Gentleman, Clerk of the Peace of the County
Palatine of Lancaster.
London, Printed for the Author, and are to be sold at the Brazen Serpent in
St. Paul's Churchyard, 1656.

"Drink beaстиates the heart, and spoiles the brains,
Exiles all reason, all good graces stains,
Infatuates judgement, understanding blinds,
Perverts the wits, and doth corrupt the minds.
It doth surprize the thoughts, and it doth all
The powers and faculties of soules enthrall.

"Drunkards for nothing that is good are fit,
In all the world of earth, the barren'st hit.
Like to a dumb Jack in a virginal,
They have no voice in commonwealth at all.
They're no more use of them throughout the land,
Than Jeroboam had of his withered hand.

"Health out o' th' body, wit out of the head,
Strength out o' th' joints, and every one to bed.
All moneys out a purse; drink out o' th' barrels,
Wife, children out of doors, all into quarrels.

To you churchwardens, constables, and others,
That love the Lord, the Church, the State, your brothers,
Your selves, your sons, the people of the land,
Put forth against your sin your helping hand.
Help, help the Lord, the lawes, some ground to win,
Against I say, against this mighty sinne."

—C. of E. Temp. Chronicle.