

Facing the Inimy.

Old Micky Muldoon had a soldier been,
But he was a cobbler when I was a boy,
And capital boots he made, I ween,
And he used to talk of the times he had
seen.

When battles and sieges were all his joy,
As he sat in his stall he was blythe and
gay;
And he chatted and sang the live-long day;
And hammered, and stitched, and ham-
mered away;
Whilst labelled "Pothoon,"
A bottle was seen
On his small window shelf, that was paint-
ed green,
"That's the Inimy," Micky Muldoon
would say.

"May its shadow be never
A jot less for ever!"
And I noticed the spirit from day to
day—
It never grew less, no never!"

Mick would say "Wid me bonny brown
Bess I have marched
Along highways of Belgium, all dusty and
parched,
Whin we gave to the caperin' soldiers of
Franco
A succession of balls that oft made them
all dance
If their rations ran short, and to us they
would come,
Warm wilkin' they'd got, and frosh rowls
—on the drum.
They bit the brass
At Quarter Brass,—
As Nibuchadnezzar of owld did, alas—
At Waterloo
We bated them too;
Till the sons
Of pop-guns
Cried—'Ah, noblieu!"

And "misericorde!" they meant *trou-
thru!*
But the frogs didn't understand Irish,
croo!"

Well, we tuk the consato
Out of Boney's pate,
For we bated him, as this leather sole I bate,
To the discontent of his own hard heart.
Flesh and blood couldn't stand that
Boney-part!"

"Sorra scratch I roaved for that, gra-
cious I thank.
But, och, murther, the lashins of whisky
I drank!"

That's the Inimy, boy,
That does more min deethroy
Than did Caesar, or Boney, or Hector at
Throy.

But, if I had to go through another cam-
paign,
I'd drink nayther brandy, nor whisky,
or beer,
Nor port wine, nor claret, nor yet rum,
nor champagne.
But I'd fight upon wather, o keep me
head clear

"I'd been a cordwainer, sir, that was me
thrade,
But, drunk and pot-valiant, one day I
was willin'"

To list, shure, an Irishman's never afraid
So I threw down me lapstone, and took
the King's shillin'.

Whin pace was proclaimed, though, I got
me discharge,
Thin me uncle, Pat Kelly, the brogue
maker died,
So I took to his business, and felt meself
largo.

And I drank till the pigs wouldn't lie
by me side.
Shure in thin days I thought that the
drink bated the prog,
And I sang, wid ould Dibdin, 'There's
nothing like grog!"

"Och! thin Potes do have much to be
answering for;
'Love and Wine' they all praise.
And upraise
In their lays
'Love and Wine! Love and Wine' from
Anacron's days
To the days of Tom Moore,
It was 'Wine' Wine! galore!
Though our own Pote, ashore!
Sang of wino a dale less, and of love a dale
more,
For he knew that pure Love spreads his
pinions and flies
From the couch where the drunkard and
wine-bibber lies.

"Well, I soon lost me all through the
whisky and gin,
And I came to me awl and me lapstone
agin;
Then, me vows to god Bacchus I far from
me cast,
And I tuk a new vow, and I stuck to me
last.
Me ould foe, King Alcohol,—tyrant ac-
cursd,—
Wid his army—Blue Devils, and Undying
Thirst—
I resolved to surround, and I did it alone:
I tuk them all prisoners—their power was
e'erthrown.

Noo the Spirit accursd, in a prison of glass,
See! Pothoon, in that bottle, me tyrant,
that was
And from that crystal cell novermore shall
it pass.

An ould soldier, you know,
Always faces his foe
I face mine, and I mane, while I live, to
do so!"

—Robert Crompton, in Alliance Record

Too Great a Risk..

BY MARY DWINKELL CHILKIL.

"Come and take a glass of beer with
me. We used to drink our beer to-
gether, and though you are better
dressed than I am, I don't you have
forgotten old times."

"Not a bit of it, John; I have not
forgotten old times or old friends, but
we can never drink beer together
again."

"Why not, Joe?"

"Because I swore off from beer three
years ago, and not a drop have I
tasted since then."

"No beer for three years? Why,
you used to say you could not work
without it."

"I know I did, but I found out my
mistake. I lost so much time I could
hardly meet my family expenses. I
had saved nothing, and things began to
look blue."

"I supposed you had something laid
by. As for me, I never could do any
more than make the ends meet. I
think, every year, I will insure my life
for the benefit of my wife and children,
but I never can get money enough
ahead to do it."

"I have insured my life, and it was
in trying to do that I learned a lesson
about beer."

"How? I don't understand."

"I will explain. I had worked
three months without losing a day,
when I made application for an insur-
ance on my life at the office of a large
Western company. The first question
asked me was, 'Do you drink beer?'
Of course I told him the truth, and
answered that I did. 'Then we can
not insure you,' said the agent. 'Why
not?' I asked in astonishment. 'It is
a rule recently adopted,' he replied.
'We cannot afford to insure beer-
drinkers. It is taking too great a
risk.'"

"That was enough for me. I went
out of that office lively, and when I
got home I thought the matter over.
I had heard a good deal said against
beer, and I knew the out-and-out tem-
perance people count it almost as bad
as whisky, but I believed that beer
was good."

"I studied on it, and at last I tried
going without for a month. It was a
tough job, but I went through with it,
and after the first week my appetite
improved. I had less ache in my head
and more change in my pocket. I
tried it another month, and that set-
tled the question for me. In six
months I had insured my life in the
same company that had refused me be-
fore."

"Seems to me I would have gone to
some other company. I wouldn't have
given them a chance to refuse me a
second time."

"I was pretty sure of not being re-
fused the second time, and they had
done me so good a turn I wanted to
patronize them. They didn't refuse
me the first time without good reason.
They are doing business on business
principles, and they have come to the
conclusion that beer-drinkers are not
desirable patrons. A beer drinker is
likely to die too soon to make it profit-
able to insure his life."

"But beer is a healthy drink. If
not, why do physicians prescribe it?"

"The first glass I ever drank was pre-
scribed by a physician."

"He did not prescribe it for your
life-time."

"No, but you know how it is.
When you get in the habit of using it,
there don't seem to be anything else to
take its place. Anyway, it has been
so with me, and I shouldn't know how
to get through a day's work without it."

"It costs you more than you can
afford to pay."

"I know it costs something, but it
is my only extravagance."

"Your only extravagance is an ex-
pensive one. Go without beer for
a month, and give your wife the
money you are in the habit of paying
for your drama, and see how much
comfort she will get out of it. I used
to think she was a good manager."

"She is a wonderful manager. If
she wasn't, we never could make the
ends meet."

"Does she drink beer?"

"Not a drop. She hates it, and
thinks it is thoroughly bad. She says
she can always tell when I have
drank more than usual."

"Of course she can; I know all
about that. Your head aches, you
don't want to hear a word from your

children, and you don't feel like saying
anything pleasant to your wife."

"That is about the way of it."

"And, John, if the truth was told in
plain words, you are so cross and surly
your children are glad to keep away
from you, and your wife is likely to
think of the time when she was a girl
in her father's house. I don't wonder
she hates beer. The only wonder to
me is that she don't hate the beer
drinker. She deserves the best you
can give her."

"That is true, and it is time I
thought more about it. If it is beer
that keeps me poor and cross, the beer
must go. I have thought myself a
pretty good fellow because I never
drank anything stronger."

"That is the way with a great many,
but beer is evil, and that continually.
It is sapping the nation's strength, and
taking bread from the mouths of starv-
ing women and children."

"That sounds bad, Joe, though I
know of men who drink so much they
cannot have a great deal of money to
spend for their families. I wonder if
the worst that is said about beer-drink-
ing is really true."

"I don't believe anything so bad
as the truth can be said. The more I
think and study about it, the more
ready I am to denounce beer as the
cause of workingmen. The man who
drinks it is taking a fearful risk, such
as neither you nor I can afford to take."

N. T. Advocate

A New Year's Favor

MARY GOODWIN PLANTZ

(Continued from Christmas Lilies, published last week.)

"The idea of that little mouse,
Lily Harris, having an original
thought. Depend upon it, some one
else has put her up to it," said Edith
Mills. As Edith was president of
the society, and had carried off the
honors of her graduating class, her
opinion had weight.

"You are mistaken this time, Edie.
Lily did not tell, but a young man
neither of you know, told brother all
about it. It seems Lily drew a Christ-
mas card of lilies surrounded by oak
and ivy leaves, and wrote him a note
telling him what it meant. He was
about to do something dreadful, Hal
didn't say what, but this stopped him.
The next day he called on Lily and
she persuaded him to sign the pledge
she has written in her new album, and
Hal says he has sent for his church
letter, and joined the Good Templars,"
said Kate Adams.

"How romantic," remarked Kate,
the "first vice." "Of course we know
how it ought to end."

"No danger, for he is very young
and poor, but just think! Lily, whom
we thought would be no earthly ac-
count, has done the first real temper-
ance work," continued Kate, "so I
move we use the favors she suggests
for New Year's."

"Agreed! I am glad of something
new. I am sick of wishbones, bells
and spoons," replied Edith.

"Yes, since Lily has invited us to
keep open house with her this year, we
ought to follow her plans, but I never
knew the child to have any plans be-
fore, except to do what other people
did, as nearly as possible. If Miss W.,
or Miss G. have succeeded in waking
that sleeping beauty, they need not
worry about the rest of Mrs. Grundy's
slaves. Though I love Lily, you know."

"Well, she's no worse than the rest
of us, only we conceal our fear of being
laughed at and she don't," answered
blunt Kate. "We must go at once to
help her, for we have only two days to
get our favors ready."

There was a good deal of calling in
a certain city somewhere in the Missis-
sippi Valley, last New Year's day, and
there was a constant stream entering
or leaving Judge Harris's beautiful
home.

"They are *la creme de la creme* you
know. Oh, yes, we must call there if
there is any chance at all, one set
after another had said among them-
selves. After awhile it was known
that there was a difference at the
Harris mansion, which relieved the
monotony. "They had such unique
favors," every one said. At first sight
the parlors looked as they did at many
other places. Flowers everywhere, and
fair young girls in light evening
dresses, with pale, gentle Mrs. Harris
in the background. The music was
the finest, the refreshments the most
tempting. Then came the strange
part.

"Shall I tie it on?" some gentle
voice would ask; then the gentleman
would receive his favor. A dainty
card with a bunch of lilies and an oak
and ivy leaf painted upon it, while
"Happy New Year," and "Y" were
in blue and gold beneath. Then when
laughing questions were poured out as
to the meaning of this mystic letter
beneath the flowers and leaves, one of
the girls would quickly explain and in-
vite the young men near her to the Y

social, the first Wednesday in each
month. But it was timid Lily, looking
more like a rose than her namesake,
who said,

"We are going to keep an autograph
album to remember the day, will you
write your name here?"

"Certainly," would be the answer.
"But we want your name to a prom-
ise," said Lily, as she handed out the
pledge album.

Some thought it was a good joke and
refused with a laugh, but the dainty
favo, they carried away with them,
made them remember the little scene,
and more than one came to place his
name in the album before the year was
out.

Some were indignant and poorly
concealed it, as they declared the girls
were laying schemes to take away their
"personal liberty." But even these
at heart, respected the girls who were
thus courageous enough to risk their
disfavor.

Lily felt repaid for her work and
risk of ridicule, (for at heart she was a
coward) when her father called with
Captain Adams. Gentle Mrs. Harris
made no remonstrance, but the Judge
first laughed, then scolded, then yield-
ed gracefully to his pet daughter's
"whim," as he called it. To tell the
truth he enjoyed an occasional glass
with his friends, himself. No one
knew what a struggle with pride it
cost when, in answer to his daughter's
trembling request, he took the album
and wrote his name.

"You astonish me, Judge, but I am
going to follow your example," said his
friend.

"Captain, you will never regret it,"
said the Judge, grasping his hand
warmly. "He wasn't on very safe
ground, before," he said to himself.

"No danger for me, but he didn't
sign any too soon," thought Captain
Adams. As neither of them were
mind readers they went out arm in
arm, firmer friends than ever, while
Lil and Kate smiled congratulations at
each other.

Two failed to sign whom they es-
pecially desired to reach, Edith's
brother and a gay Horace Walters.
One had drawn away half angry, the
other pretended to regard the whole
thing as a good joke.

The calling hours were over and only
a few of the most favored friends were
lingering. Horace had followed Kate
to the conservatory. She was so dis-
appointed she turned away to hide her
tears.

"Kate," he said, "I cannot let the
day go by without having our position
settled. I've waited long enough.
Don't you know yet?"

It was plain she did, but still she
turned away.

"Horace, I have decided I cannot
marry a man who will not sign a pledge
for my sake, if he will not for his own,"
she answered. Conflicting emotions
struggled in her face, but her voice was
very firm.

"You want to take away my per-
sonal liberty," he began.

"If I pledge what you wish, where
is my 'personal liberty'?" she asked
nrichly.

Horace Walters smiled, then stood
silent a moment, looking at the brave
beautiful girl before him. Then he
turned and left the room to return in
a moment with

"It's done. Are you ready, Katie?"

I have every reason to believe that
her answer was satisfactory, for two
very happy looking young people came
from the miniature Eden a little later.

"Oh, Lily, I'm mortified to death,"
said Edith to her hostess. "Harry
has been drinking since he hit here.
Do go plead with him."

"No, a sister would do more than I
could do. I'll pray every moment you
are gone, dear," was the answer.

"Oh, Harry," Edith said, following
the young man out into back hall,
"you have been drinking."

"They all did at Senator Morgan's,"
he said hoarsely. "I took too much
and I have a splitting headache."

Edith did not know what to say.
She threw her arms around her tall
brother's neck and sobbed aloud.

"Why, Edie, I did not know you
cared so. I can't bear to have you cry.
Come, dear, I will sign that pledge if
this little habit is such a grief to the
best sister ever a boy had." And he
did, that very night.

"I am glad to see young Haven's
name," remarked Lily's father, looking
over the list.

Lily smiled, remembering that but
for the successful mission of the Chris-
mas lilies, the new favor would not
have been thought of.

Many girls went to bed tired and
cross that night, but our four Y's went
to happy pillows, and again I think, it
was written by angels. "She hath
done what she could." Oak and Ivy
Leaf.

A Clever Canadian.

MISS MINNIE PHILLIPS is lecturing
with great success in different parts of
Ontario.

Heredity.

"To the third and fourth generations"
There is an awful sound in the words of
the second commandment, which repre-
sent God as visiting "the sins of the
fathers upon the children unto the third
and fourth generation of them that hate
him." This statement should always be
connected with that which immediately
follows, "and showing mercy unto thou-
sands (of generations) of them that love
God and 'keep' his 'commandments.'"

We are to remember that these two
statements were written together, and
were published thousands of years ago.
Were they "mistakes of Moses?" Let
us see.

Of late years much attention has been
paid to heredity. An immense number
of facts have been gathered, and certain
apparently trustworthy principles have
been settled. Among these are, (1) that
physical and intellectual traits are trans-
missible; (2) that they are modified,
strengthened, or weakened by circum-
stances, or, as scientists say, by environ-
ment; and (3) that a vicious heredity,
such as the alcoholic heredity, finally
causes a family to become extinct.

As early as 1781 Erasmus Darwin, in
his Botanical Garden, wrote: "It is re-
markable that all the diseases from drink-
ing spirituous or fermented liquors are
liable to become hereditary, even to the
third generation, gradually increasing till
the family becomes extinct." Mark that
phrase, "unto the third generation."

One hundred years after (1880) Dr.
Carothers, of Hartford, in a paper on
"Inebriety and Heredity," wrote: "In
these cases there seems to be in certain
families a regular cycle of degenerative
diseases. Thus, in one generation great
eccentricity, genius, and a high order of
emotional development.

In the next generation, imbricated, feeble-
minded, or idiots. In the third genera-
tion, paupers, criminals, tramps, epilep-
tics, idiots, insane, consumptives and in-
ebriates. In the fourth generation they
die out, or may swing back to great genius,
pioneers and heroes, or leaders of extreme
movements."

A very great amount of authority could
be brought to confirm these statements.
It is a very natural question how so early
an author as the writer of Exodus xx.
could know that vicious heredity has
a tendency to run down three generations
and to become extinct in the fourth.
Such knowledge, thousands of years be-
fore the possibility of science was ever
suspected, is surely remarkable.

Another remarkable thing is that, hav-
ing been so scientifically correct in regard
to vicious heredity, the author made no
mistake in regard to heredity in general
by fixing the limit of all heredity at the
fourth generation. All intervening his-
tory from the days of Moses to this day
confirms the teaching of modern science,
that good characteristics may be perpetu-
ated indefinitely, and that is the meaning
of "thousands" of generations. Vicious
traits may be eliminated.

If a man with a vicious tendency strug-
gle against it and strives to live according
to God's commandments, and especially if
he marry a woman who comes of the seed
of the godly, and his offspring pursue the
same course, the power of the tendency
will be diminished until, in succeeding
generations, it shall be destroyed.

The man who inherits soundness of
body and mind from ancestors who have
bequeathed him also a heritage of holy
living, may expect his descendants gener-
ally to be rich in good impulses, which
will never die out so long as they love
God and keep his commandments, and
inter-marry with those that do the same.
Nor will that family itself become extinct.
These transmitted traits secure the per-
petuation of the family.

Lessons of tremendous responsibility
are taught by this law of heredity. No
man liveth for himself, he liveth also for
his offspring. A voice from far-down ages
calls each man and woman to purity. No
man can guiltlessly neglect the environ-
ment of his children. If for his personal
convenience or comfort or aggrandizement
he exposes his children to a vicious sur-
rounding, they will absorb evil influences
which will create evil traits, and these
traits will be transmitted.

Every man is bound to examine the
antecedents of the woman he is to make
his wife. Every woman is bound to make
sure of the antecedents of the man who
offers himself as her life mate. Each is
to calculate the modifying influences of
the other on the possible offspring of
both.

The Bible and nature unite in teaching
us, from the inevitability of heredity,
that the power of evil is to the power of
good as that of "three or four" to "the
thousands." Let no man, therefore, do
himself or his heavenly Father the in-
justice of dwelling with despairing em-
phasis on "visiting the sins of the fathers
upon the children unto the third and
fourth generation," but cheer his heart
by the remembrance that to counteract
that bitterness is the sweetness of the
assurance that the heavenly Father shows
"mercy" to any number of "thousands"
of generations that love him and keep his
commandments.—Charles F. Deems, in
Christian Advocate.

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