

*WHICH WILL YOU TAKE.*

Entering the office of a well known merchant I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the most thrilling temperance lecture I ever steered myself against in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The inscription read :

WHICH ?

WIFE OR WHISKEY ?

THE BABES OR THE BOTTLES ?

HOME OR HELL ?

"Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for?" I asked the merchant.

"I wrote that myself, and nailed it up there," was his reply, "and I will tell you the story of that card."

"Some time ago I found myself falling into a drinking habit. I would run out once in a while with a visiting customer, or at the invitation of a traveling man, or on every slight occasion that offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dulled, that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing, and a constant craving for alcoholic stimulants becoming dominant. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead.

"One day I sat down at this desk, and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion, its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash I nailed it up there and read it over a hundred times that afternoon. That night *I went home sober*, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquors since. You see how startling is its alliteration. Now I

have no literary proclivities, and I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle, and the third and last from——."

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shaking of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

I don't think I violate his confidence by repeating the story of that card. In fact, if it should lead to the writing of similar cards to adorn other desks, I think he will be immeasurably gratified—*Saturday Evening Call*.

*COMRADESHIP.*

Christ's call to the age is to comradeship. Now as a churchman by recognising that that the Church is not simply a body of Christians who meet together for the purpose of worship and instruction, but it is the unity of Christians in the whole circle of their lives. The true Church idea is that Christians are meant to live together and to help each other in their common life, and that this common life, lived in faith and love, is the truest sacrifice, the most reasonable service which we can render to God. In other words, the church of England idea is this, that wherever a cure of souls exists there we have a unity, not purely congregational, but territorial, in which the intention is that the whole life of the neighbourhood should be brought under the influences which circle round parish church.

The Church means that the parish clergyman tries to influence in some way every soul living in the district assigned to him by law. It