

## Selections.

## TO ARMS, MY SISTERS.

BY MARGARET FYTNGE.

Listen, sisters, while I tell you,  
Of a life by sorrow clouded,  
Of a childhood without sunshine,  
Of a girlhood darkly shrouded,  
Of long days and nights of anguish,  
Of bitter tears, and sobs, and sighing,  
Of wild prayers and sad beseechings,  
Met with naught but cruel replying.

Of a men'sy that brings only  
Scenes of gloom, and pain, and  
sadness,  
Visions of a child affrighted,  
Fleeing from a father's madness;  
Clinging to a trembling mother,  
Who can scarce a moment shield her,  
When, compelled by blows and curses,  
To his rage is forced to yield her.

Of a girl who wedded, thinking  
There was no one like her lover;  
That at last her cares had vanished;  
But before the year was over,  
Saw the home light fading, dying,  
And the old clouds gather o'er her,  
Saw her prince—himself discrowning  
Humbled in the dust before her.

Oh! the hours of weary watching,  
Oh! the days of silent weeping,  
Oh! the pain in head and bosom,  
Oh! the nights that knew no sleeping,  
Then a baby came to bless her—  
Precious gift from heaven, seeming—  
Life once more was worth the living;  
Hope again on her was beaming.

And she guarded him from evil,  
Through the anxious years that  
brought him  
Out of boyhood into manhood,  
And the sweetest lessons taught him;  
But, in vain, the spell was on him,  
And her faithful love forsaking,  
He his mother left, to pray for  
That last sleep that knows no waking.

This is but one woman's story.  
But, alas! a million others  
Could tell the same story tell you,  
Of the fearful curse that smothers  
All the good in those it falls on.  
Then to arms, oh! sisters! mothers,  
Wives and daughters, for the righting  
Of such wrong needs bravest fighting.

Arm to battle with the creatures,  
Now in basest triumph swelling,  
Who, to poison soul and body,  
Thrice accursed drink are selling;  
And who every day and hour,  
Stronger grew in wealth and power,  
But be firm, their weapons braving,  
For success will be the saving  
Of our husbands, sons and brothers.  
North, South, East, West, sound  
war's alarms;  
To arms my sisters all, to arms!  
—The Constitution.

## FALLEN!

BY MRS. J. MAC NAIR WRIGHT.

"They have secured a jury in the  
Welles case, and the trial will now go  
on," said Mr. Osborne to me.

"I cannot see reason for other than  
a short trial and a capital sentence," I  
replied; "it was a most cruel, out-  
rageous murder."

"Hostility to an execution is so  
great," said Mr. Osborne, "that the  
sentence will likely be to the Peniten-  
tiary. It should be for life, but I  
suppose fifteen or twenty years will  
cover it."

"That will be a life sentence for  
James Welles," I said; "yes, and to  
think, five years ago I voted to send  
that man to the Legislature!"

"How could you do it! He was a  
hard drinker, violent when drunk.  
When he lived by the Lake, he often  
came home insane from liquor, and  
turned all his family out of doors;  
often in snow and storm."

"Yes it was horrible. Fact is I  
should not have voted at all, when  
there was not a decent candidate  
before us. Jim Welles came of a good  
family; was fairly well educated; a  
fine, easy, fluent speaker; a popular  
man when himself, a man of some  
property, and anxious to educate those  
very children whom he drove, half  
naked, from the house, while the  
demon possessed him. He had them  
all in turn in schools or colleges. The  
other candidate at that time, was  
just as drunken, was ignorant and  
vile to a degree. Still there was no  
excuse for my helping to get Jim  
Welles into the Legislature, and I'm  
ashamed of it. He went, and served  
his two winters. Kept himself pretty  
straight during that time, too. I  
think the death of his wife sobered

him for a while. Poor soul, she was  
worn out with the unrest and terrors  
of her life, and finally died leaving a  
grown son, three girls just on the verge  
of womanhood, and a pair of boys  
almost babies."

"In the care of such a father!"  
"And in just eleven months, a  
thoroughly respectable woman of  
middle age, married him," said Mr.  
Osborne.

"How could she do it, knowing the  
lot of her predecessor?"

"It was strange; yet Jim Welles  
always had a way of propitiating  
people, and holding friends. He is a  
fine-looking man, of good address, and  
his family, after all his outbreaks and  
scandals, were fond of him. You see  
it has gone in this way with Jim—  
years of hard drinking, but with weeks  
or even months of sobriety; sober-time  
getting less and less; and finally all  
his power of resistance going with a  
rush like an undermined dike. About  
two and a half years ago, he  
sat down to steady drinking. He paid  
no attention to his farm, it was a  
fine farm, but he left it all to the  
inexperience of his son. He had  
already laid a mortgage on the farm,  
and now, instead of paying the interest,  
he only tried to add more to the  
original loan. He sat all day drinking  
and gambling; his affairs went to  
ruin."

"About a year ago I was in the  
county clerk's office, when Jim Welles  
came in. I never saw such a horrible  
expression in any face; his eyes were  
deep red all over, like those of a  
ravening wolf; when he spoke, instead  
of his former fluent tongue, he had a  
boggling, harsh, stammering speech.  
He seemed morose, unwilling to talk.  
When he went out I said to the clerk,  
'Woolsey, mark my words, within a  
year that man will commit either  
suicide or murder. There is blood in  
his eye, he will have blood on his  
hands soon.' It was only three months  
before he committed a wanton murder."

"Yes," I said, "I followed the man to  
whom he owed money, into a hotel, and  
shot him through the head—a neighbor,  
his benefactor, a friend of his family,  
whose only crime had been that he had  
loaned him money, and now wanted  
the money paid or at least the interest  
on it. His victim, Louis Bayliss, was  
a good man."

"And that cruel shot did not end it,"  
said Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps you do  
not know that the eldest son of Bayliss  
lay sick of typhoid fever; the news of  
his father's death occasioned a relapse,  
and he died. Jim Welles' eldest girl  
had been married a year. The news of  
the murder somehow reached her,  
when her baby was two days old. In  
three days she was dead, and the baby  
soon followed her. That makes four  
deaths from the one shot of a drunken  
man. When I saw him in the clerk's  
office, he recalled to me the story in  
the gospel, of the man possessed by a  
legion of devils. I saw him two  
months ago; he has become wasted by  
remorse and long imprisonment; cut  
off from drink, his life is divided  
between an agonized craving for  
liquor, and a horrible agony of memory,  
as he recalls his dead wife, his mur-  
dered friend, and his ruined family."

"And what of the family?"

"The eldest daughter, as I told you,  
died; the son is hired out as farmer, to  
a neighbor; and two young girls went  
to work with a cousin of their mother,  
a dressmaker; the two little boys were  
taken by compassionate friends; Jim  
Welles sold his farm and all he pos-  
sessed, to secure money for his lawyers,  
after the Bayliss claims were satisfied."

"And what about the Bayliss family?"

"You can imagine the state of Mrs.  
Bayliss; her husband and eldest son  
dead, seven children under sixteen to  
provide for. All this wreck from one  
man's drinking."

"Let us see what might have been.  
Jim Welles started in life with good  
health, good education, good family, a  
fair property, an excellent wife, healthy  
bright children. What might he have  
been?"

"I can tell you, if Welles had lived  
up to his opportunities, he would have  
surely been a great man. He stood  
fair, by a good use of his popular parts,  
his easy oratory, to become a party  
leader hereabouts. Instead—a criminal;  
a week from now a convict; soon one  
of the Penitentiary dead, and all from  
drink."

"Tell me, is it true that he had two  
brothers who went much the same  
way; drink, quarrels, manslaughter?"

"It is true. One is now a fugitive  
from justice, one died awaiting trial.  
It is the curse of strong drink that has  
ruined that family."

How art thou fallen!—N. T. Ad-  
vocate.

## NOTES OF NEWS

## OF WORK ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

Mr. John G. Woolley is talked of as  
the Prohibition Party candidate for  
United States President.

In the British House of Commons  
recently, Mr. W. S. Crane stated that  
Great Britain now has 7,000,000 ab-  
stemious.

The Good Templars of London, Eng-  
land, are arranging for the organiza-  
tion of a lodge made up of deaf and  
dumb persons.

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss  
Willard are among the parties expected  
to address the great Anti-alcohol  
Congress to be held in Basle, Switzer-  
land, on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of  
August next.

Greenville Masonic Lodge in the  
State of Mississippi, has expelled five  
members during the year for selling  
liquor. The action of the Lodge was  
sustained on an appeal to the Grand  
Lodge.

The Independent is a breezy four-  
page monthly prohibition paper issued  
by the Independent Publishing  
Company of Manitou, Manitoba. It  
supports the Patron political party  
which in Manitoba has declared in  
favor of total prohibition.

Dr. Wainwright of Darenth Asylum in  
Great Britain says the most potent  
causes of insanity are hereditary  
transmission and alcoholic intemper-  
ance. No less than one-half of all  
occurring cases of insanity are due to  
inherited taint, one fourth of all  
occurring cases of insanity are due to  
drink.

The Cosmos, France's leading scienti-  
fic journal, says the question of alcohol-  
ism is still the order of the day. In  
the insane asylum the intellectual  
decadence of sixteen per cent. of the  
inmates is attributable to drunkenness.  
The number seven years ago, was but  
eleven per cent.

At the annual meeting of the London  
Temperance Hospital held last month,  
Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson,  
senior member of the staff, reported  
that "Out of the 1,044 cases treated  
during last year, the death-rate had  
only been between five and six per  
cent. There could be nothing better  
than that in the kingdom, in Europe,  
or in America."

The W. C. T. U. expedition has  
sailed for Great Britain bearing the  
famous world's petition. A public  
demonstration of welcome will be  
given the party in the Albert Hall,  
Kensington, on Thursday evening,  
June 20th. This will probably be the  
largest temperance meeting ever held.  
The hall seats 15,000.

The annual meeting of the National  
Temperance Society of the United  
States was held in New York on May  
14th. The report of the publishing  
agent showed 26 new publications  
added to the list during the year,  
making 2,108 now in the catalogue.  
The number of pages of literature  
issued during the year was 31,040,748.

In spite of earnest protests and  
strong opposition, the Board of License  
Commissioners of the City of Toronto  
have authorized the sale of intoxicat-  
ing liquor on the Island. This action  
is simply a high-handed outrage in  
defiance of public opinion in the inter-  
ests of the liquor traffic, and one for  
which there is not a shadow of an  
excuse.

The Woman's Liberal Federation, a  
great political organization in England,  
has held its annual Council Meetings.  
Among the resolutions adopted were  
one declaring in favor of the local veto  
bill, one for prohibiting the sale of  
liquor during elections, one in favor of  
Sunday closing of public houses, and  
the establishment of homes of inebri-  
ates.

Sir Leonard Tilley has written a  
letter to Dr. Dawson Burns of England,  
in which he says that the conclusions  
of the Royal Commission should not  
effect the discussions in the British  
House of Commons on the question of  
local option. He says "Canada has  
long since endorsed that principle and  
maintains it. The movement is steady-  
ly in the direction of greater stringen-  
cy instead of modification or repeal."

Gambrinus, a liquor paper, published  
at Vienna, Austria, has prepared  
statistics showing the beer consump-  
tion of the world for the year 1893.

Among the figures given are the  
following, showing the gallons drunk  
by the different countries: German  
Empire, 1,133,651,330; Great Britain  
and Ireland, 1,380,875,000; America,  
1,302,300,000. The per capita consump-  
tion of Germany is 10 gallons, of Great  
Britain 34, and of America 19.

The police report for the City of  
Edinburgh, for the year ending Dec-  
ember 31st, 1891, contains a good deal  
of information of value to temperance  
workers. Of 7,281 persons arrested  
during the year, 5,005 were drunk when  
arrested. The number of arrests on the  
charge of being drunk and incapable,  
was 2,157. Of the persons arrested for  
this offence, 1,633 were women. The  
licenses issued were in the ratio of one  
to every 384 of the population.

## TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES.

"I have been drinking whiskey every  
day for thirty-five years," remarked a  
gentleman of sixty, rather proudly,  
"and I don't see but I have as good a  
constitution as the average man of  
my age. I was never drunk in my  
life." He was telling the truth, but to  
learn the whole truth you would have  
to study his children. The oldest, a  
young lady, had perfect health; the  
second, a young man, was of a re-  
markably nervous and excitable tem-  
perament, as different from his  
phlegmatic father as possible; the  
third, a young lady of seventeen, was  
epileptic and always had very poor  
health. Did the father's whiskey  
drinking have anything to do with  
these facts? This instance may be  
duplicated in almost every commu-  
nity. Think over the families of your  
acquaintance in which the father has  
long been a moderate drinker, and  
observe the facts as to the health of  
the children. Can any man "drink  
and take the consequences," or must  
his children take the consequences?  
So says the *Quarterly Journal of  
Inebriety*.

Mrs. E. B. Ingalls, national superin-  
tendent department of narcotics, re-  
ports of legislation on this question:  
"All states except the following have  
laws forbidding the sale of tobacco or  
cigarettes to minors—Alaska, Arizona,  
Indian Territory, Louisiana, Missouri,  
Montana, Oklahoma and Texas. Mis-  
souri passed this law. An act authoriz-  
ing and empowering cities, towns and  
villages to prohibit by ordinance the  
sale of cigarettes and cigarette wrap-  
pers to minors."

## THE BLACK KNIGHT.



REV. J. H. HECTOR,

is open for engagements in Canada.  
SOME SPECIMEN EXTRACTS

from a great array of testimonials:—

"The most original and acceptable  
colored temperance speaker of the  
day."—*New York Herald*.

"His remarks were gems of wit,  
humor, logic and eloquence."—*Troy  
Daily Times*.

"The speech was irresistible in its  
eloquence and pathos."—*Toronto Globe*.

"The audience alternately roared  
with laughter, or tried to still their  
quivering lips."—*Montreal Witness*.

"An interesting story, told in elo-  
quent language, in which the pathetic  
and the humorous were blended in a  
masterly manner."—*San Jose Mercury*.

"Held his audience spell-bound,  
while he painted in vivid colors the  
battle-fields that he had witnessed."—  
*Williamsport Gazette*.

For terms and dates address

F. S. SPENCE, Toronto.