

A HARVEST OF DEATH.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." When the crop is in the ground he may take a rest, but his crop will grow; and he must reap in the harvest day.

It is said that a tavern-keeper who had abandoned the traffic in alcohol, after having been several years engaged in it, whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend one day inquired the cause.

"I will tell you," said he, opening his account book. "Here are forty-four names of men who have been my customers, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in the drunkard's grave; ten of the remaining twelve are now confirmed sots."

Was not that a flourishing business? Forty-two men ruined, forty-two homes made desolate, that one rum-seller might gain a little money and win the curse of God that overhangs the dealers in strong drink?

It is an easy business, it is a money-making business, but—"what shall the harvest be?"

THE UNION JACK.

Yonder waves Old England's banner
Still recalling by-gone years,
As it waved at famous Creedy,
And the battle of Poitiers.
Since days of Royal Alfred
It hath humbled haughty foes;
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,
Dealt a thousand mortal blows.
Still the ship that has it hoisted
Can through any ocean tack,
Give a shout for British freedom,
Raise aloft the Union Jack!
Mark its course upon the ocean,
Trace its path from land to land,
Ever guiding its mission
By a Providential hand;
Over stormy oceans waded,
Where high icebergs rock and roll,
And the bray waves, in fury,
Dash around each dreary pole;
And away to tropic climates
Where oceans' waves bivouac,
Whilst above them floats sublimely
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard,
Let it greet the passing breeze,
Still it braves the ocean's billow,
Stands secure on stormy seas,
As it waved above our Nelson,
England's gallant, matchless tar,
At the Nile's terrific combat
And immortal Trafalgar;
To the mast he nailed his colors,
Signalled them for close attack;
'Midst a peal of "British thunder"
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed old England's colors
On the Plains of Abraham,
Where in war's impassioned combat
He encountered brave Montcalm;
Ere the din of battle ended
Both the gallant heroes fell—
Loud above the roar of battle
Rose the Highland soldiers' yell.

By a charge of British bayonets
Then the foe was driven back,
And the day was one of glory
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded
On the field of Queenston Height;
Well the hero did his duty
Putting Britain's foes to flight;
But ere he reached the frowning summit
Did the gallant hero fall,
For his bright career was ended
By a marksman's rifle ball.
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,
Like a tempest swept the track,
And the day was one of glory
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded
O'er Canadian soil again,
We will guard the hallowed precincts
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain,
Where our Empire's flag's insulted
Or a British hero leads,
There Canadians dare to follow
And will emulate their deeds:
Dare to fight for British freedom—
We're no coward, craven pack,
To disgrace Old England's standard,
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,
For their place is in the van,
To repel the fierce invasion
As they did at Inkerman.
And the loyal men of Erin,
Round the cross of red and blue,
Round the battle flag will rally
As of yore at Waterloo.
England, Scotland, and brave Erin
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;
And now Canada's with them
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject
Who'd refuse his life—his all—
In defence of British freedom,
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?
If there be, then curse the traitor,
Pass him by in dark disdain,
Let him bear while life is left him
On his brow the mark of Cain.
Let him die, a hated coward,
Bury him by midnight black;
He deserves no home nor country
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

—Pleasant Hours.

THE SALOON NUISANCE.

Decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

In our April issue we referred briefly to the saloon as a nuisance in Indiana and now give a more extended reference. The decision was:—

"No person has a right to carry on, on his premises or elsewhere, for his own gain or amusement, any public business clearly calculated to injure and destroy public morals or disturb public peace. The complaint at bar makes the injury partake of a public or common nuisance in that it shows injury probable to others in the neighborhood. But a nuisance may be both public and private. Where the damage or injury to one is more than to the public, however slight, or where he sustains special damage not common to all, he may maintain a private action. The question is one of reasonableness or unreasonableness

in the use of property, and this is largely dependent upon the locality and its surroundings. There is a limit to such a right. No man is at liberty to use his own property without reference to the health, comfort, or reasonable enjoyment of like public or private rights of others. This illegal, unreasonable and unjustifiable use to the injury of others or of the public, the law denominates a nuisance. It is no mere fanciful notion dictate on dainty modes and habits of living that makes one who has located his home in a quiet, peaceful part of the city, and out of the busier haunts of the business part of the city, to protest and object to the maintenance of a saloon on the adjoining lot and within a few feet of such residence. The landlord is liable where he rents his premises for the purpose of the establishment of a nuisance. The legislative authorization exempts only from liability to suits civil or criminal at the instance of the State. It does not affect any claim of a private citizen for damages for any special inconvenience or discomfort not experienced by the public at large. It cannot be presumed that from a general grant of authority that the Legislature intended to authorize acts to the inquiry of third persons where no compensation is provided except upon condition of obtaining their consent. It is sufficient to maintain the action to show that the building of the plaintiff was thus rendered less valuable for the purposes to which it was devoted. The fact that such a saloon was licensed according to law is not a defense to such action.

TURN IT DOWN, BOYS!

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

If urged to lift the glass that tempts,
In city grand or humble town,
Be he that tempts the king or czar,
Quick, turn your glass, and set it down!

If those that ask you vex and tease,
Perhaps condemn you with a frown,
Be firm—mind not the laugh and sneer—
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If health you crave and strength of arm,
Wou'd keep your hardy hue of brown,
Nor have the scarlet flush of sin,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If in your trouble others say,
"In sea of drink your sorrows drown,"
Look out, lest drowned the drinker be!
Quick, turn your glass, and set it down!

Cold water, boys! Hurrah, hurrah!
Will help to health, wealth, and renown.
If urged to give these treasures up,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

We wish to call the attention of the Executive of District No. 3, that but a short time remains in which to make arrangements for the next District Session.