



HOW THEY PAID THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE.

His Mother's Songs.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell in a line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises in prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

What Liquor Costs the Dominion Annually.

BY REV. D. ROGERS.

It is of great importance to keep facts and figures relating to the liquor traffic constantly before our minds, for in proportion as we see the evils of that traffic, will be the earnestness of our efforts to suppress and remove them.

Statistics are generally considered dry, but there is a wonderful power in them after all, and when we are told that in Canada we spend six million dollars more for liquor than for either bread or woollen goods, all the poetry is taken out of our talk about "the hard times."

It has always been found difficult to state with accuracy the expenditure of any country in intoxicating drinks, yet there is a basis from which we can make our calculations with a tolerable degree of correctness as to the cost of the traffic in Canada.

The drink bill may be divided into two branches, viz.,—the direct and the indirect expenses—the latter including criminal prosecution, support of paupers, loss of labour, etc. The direct expenses of the drink traffic in Canada is about \$65,000,000, the indirect \$50,000,000, making the enormous sum of \$115,000,000. Let the citizens of this country weigh that fact well, and not be carried away with the clap-trap statement of the whisky dealers that "If you vote for prohibition you will lose \$5,000,000 of revenue. We expend \$115,000,000 to receive back again \$5,000,000. Any country that will persist in pursuing such an irrational political economy will sooner or later sink into decay and leave a mass of mouldering ruins as a monument of the gigantic folly of licensing a traffic that always impoverishes a people and produces crime, disease and death. Think of the money thus wasted every year. It would buy 23,000,000 barrels

of flour at \$5 per barrel, or about five barrels for every man, woman, and child.

We have about 6,000 churches and 8,000 preachers laboring for the salvation of men, while the demon Alcohol has 21,000 temples and 50,000 agents, all working with Satan for the damnation of men. Satan's is six times larger than God's army and costs the country twenty-five times as much as is paid to support all the churches and benevolent institutions in the land. (The people of the United States pay over \$700,000,000 a year for spirituous and fermented liquors and only \$95,000,000 for education, and \$48,000,000 for religious purposes.) Added to this is the damage done by the traffic. Every year it sends 10,000 criminals to prison, 20,000 to poor houses and 20,000 children are made orphans. It causes twenty-five murders and thirty-five suicides every year, sends 6,000 to a drunkard's grave, and keeps up a loathsome procession of about 60,000 drunkards. These marching in line, two deep, would form a procession about thirty-five miles long. Out of this line for every eighty-eight minutes one falls into a drunkard's grave, and the taverns have another ready to fill the place of the one that falls.

It has been affirmed, again and again, that nine-tenths of the criminal cases on the calendar are directly traceable to strong drink, and the cost of criminal courts and prisons, which amounts to thousands of dollars, is chargeable to the traffic in drink.

About 30,000 or more use strong drink to excess, and as a result much time is lost. A man's work in some useful calling is worth about \$200 a year. The time he wastes, through the use of drink, is so much lost of productive labour and the country impoverished to that extent. The labour of many engaged in the traffic, who do worse than nothing, is also lost from the productive resources of the Dominion.

Then there is another bill that cannot be measured by dollars. For every one who becomes a drunkard, there are hearts wrung with grief, and homes made sad and desolate when love and joy might have cheered the passing hours.

How much more happiness is to be destroyed? how many more Canadian homes are to be blighted? how many more parents to look into the faces of their sons through prison bars? how many more lives lost and immortal souls ruined before we waken up to the horrors of the drink traffic, licensed and made respectable by law?

The Other Side of Life.

A LITTLE girl laid ten pennies on the counter beside a black bottle, and said, "Ten cents' worth of gin."

The barkeeper, anticipating her order, had already drawn from a cask the odorous liquor. The child was barefooted. Her little, thin legs were bare to the knees. She wore not even a hood. Her only attire was a ragged, thin calico dress. As she passed out of the door the cold, piercing wind sent a shiver through the little one's frame.

In a garret on Mulberry-street, in a foul room, lying in a drunken stupor on an old mattress were a man and woman clothed in rags. Two ragged children were on the cold floor crying for bread. There was no coal in the stove, no warmth in the house.

Listening to the cries of the drunk-

ard's children was a poor woman who lived in a small room adjoining. She enters hastily with a small basin of milk and a loaf of bread. The little ones seize the food as eagerly as do the wild animals in Central Park. They ate as if half-starved.

The oldest child entered with the black bottle. The two parents, who had not heard their children's cries for food, seemed instinctively to know that their own physical longings were to be gratified. The father sprang to his feet and clutched the bottle; the mother, half rising, clutched at it. Her feet were bare, for the money that paid for the gin had been obtained by pawning the woman's shoes.

"One half the world does not know how the other half lives."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

How they Paid their Way through College.

SHIFTS AND EXPEDIENTS OF COLLEGE-LIFE.

We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Youth's Companion*, advertised in our columns a few weeks ago, the following vigorous article, which is as applicable to Canada as to the United States.—*Ed.*

The United States has very aptly been termed the Land of Self-Made Men. Large numbers of its most famous and successful men have been born, if not in poverty, in at best but very humble circumstances, and have risen to eminence mainly by their own unaided exertions.

It is said that in some of our colleges from one-fourth to one-half of the young men who have been graduated, have paid their expenses with money they have earned by their own labour.

At the college where the writer was a student, twenty-six of the one hundred and eight students who were then obtaining an education there, depended upon their own earnings for obtaining every dollar that their education cost them.

Various were the expedients to which these aspirants for academic honours and a liberal education were sometimes reduced; yet I doubt whether, on the whole, the favoured sons of wealth enjoyed college-life more than did these young men.

I remember one in particular whose means of earning money were exceedingly meagre, and who used to "board himself" in his room. During one fall term of fourteen weeks, he felt that he could spare for the whole term but seventeen dollars for food, a sum which certainly did not admit of many luxuries.

Squashes were very plentiful and cheap that season, and he came to the conclusion that there was a great deal of nutriment in a mealy "Hubbard" squash. His stove had a little oven in the top of it, in which he baked half a squash at a time.

A spoon, with salt and pepper and now and then a ball of butter which his mother sent him, completed his culinary and dining outfit, for he took his squash in the shell and followed it with a hearty draught of water at the pump. He certainly seemed to thrive upon this diet, and it took a good man to play a better "first base" than did this sturdy-going vegetarian.

Some of the young fellows often joked him about his squash dinners; but he was always ready with a quick, cheerful retort. He made no secret of