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BY W.C.T.U.'S--YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES -- TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS GENERALLY.

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

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ONLY.

Free from all care in his boyish play,
A face as the sunlight, cheery and gay;
The pride of a mother whose arms
entwine—
Only a sip of his father's wine.

A growing knowledge with manhood's
strength,
A mind far-reaching in wisdom's
length;
A smile for the merry, for the grieving
a tear—
Only a glass of foaming beer.

Shining in circles of mirth and song,
A love of the right, and a hatred of
wrong;
A friend to be sought for whose
friendship is gain—
Only a toast in the bright champagne.

In the manly face a line of care,
Some silver threads in the dark-brown
hair;
A cloud on the brow, in the eye, alas!
Only an occasional social glass.

A figure bent in the noon of life,
A weeping mother, a pleading wife;
A weakened brain, and a mind grown
numb—
Only a drink of the fiery rum.

A squalid room in an attic high,
A pain-wrought moan, a pitiful cry;
A bundle of rags 'neath the rafter's
gloom—
Only a dying drunkard's home.

A coffin of pine, unfinished and rude,
A widowed mother with starving
brood;
A lonely ride o'er the rattling pave—
Only a pauper's nameless grave.
—Charles Eugene Banks, in *The Banner of Gold*.

TRUE FREEDOM.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right;
Our spears and swords are printed
words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause,
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world
before,
And so they will again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry "Fraternity,"
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp no pike or spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Clean words, great thoughts, unflinch-
ing faith
Have never striven in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they will again.

Peace, progress, temperance, brother-
hood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny, but we rely
To see their progress near.
No widows' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.
—Charles Mackay.

We may correct the pecuniary evils
that afflict us and give the people great
commercial prosperity. But as sure as
there is a sun in heaven, we must
destroy the liquor curse or it will
destroy us. It not only robs the peo-
ple of wealth, but it inflames the
brain, corrupts the mind, and destroys
the soul.—*Champion of Progress*.

It is my sincere belief that if the
slave trade were revived with all its
horrors, and Africa could get rid of the
white man with the gunpowder and
rum which he has introduced, Africa
would be a gainer in happiness by the
exchange.—*Sir Richard Burton*.

THE EVENING HYMN.

It was a lovely home where Isa
Craig and her brother and sister lived;
wide grounds stretched all round the
house, and the view from the windows
was most extensive. Indoors, com-
fort and luxury met one in every turn;
one would think it was impossible not
to be happy there.

But there was a shadow that was
growing darker and darker in that
beautiful house—the father was be-
coming too fond of wine.

It was a terrible pang to Mrs. Craig
when she found it out. She had never
thought her husband could come under
the power of such a terrible curse; and
while doing all she could to win him
from it, she carefully taught her chil-
dren the blessings of total abstinence.

The children were a very devoted
trio. You seldom saw one without the
others. Isa was a happy, lively girl,
and her brother and sisters thought
no playmate could equal her. They had
all sweet voices, and their mother
taught them to sing in parts, herself
often joining them, so that the effect
was very pleasing.

One evening they were singing
together, just before little May went
to bed. They thought they were all
alone, for their mother had been called
away, and they did not know that
their father was in the inner drawing-
room. The door was ajar, and he
could just see the sweet child faces
against the windows as he lay back in
the arm-chair. He watched them for
awhile with a heart full of love to each,
when a thought flashed across him,
"Am I going to bring sorrow to those
young hearts, and shadow their faces
with grief?" His wife had been plead-
ing with him only an hour before to
banish the wine from the house, and
now the children seemed all unconsci-
ously to be urging the same thing.

After one or two hymns, they sud-
denly began—
"Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings."
Verse after verse they sang, and the
hymn carried its own message to the
father's heart.

"Ah," he said softly to himself, "I
have need to ask forgiveness for the ill
I have done to-day. I am assuredly
not leading my noble boy in the right
way. I should not—no, I should not—
like to see *him* walking in the same
path that I am treading. God forgive
me."

With new feelings and desires in his
heart, he called the children to him to
say good-night, and he noticed with a
pang of shame that May shrank from
his caress.

"What is it, little one? Don't you
love papa?"
"Yes," said the child, wistfully;
"but papa, your kisses don't taste nice
after dinner."

"You shall not have to say that
again, May, darling. Sing me one
verse of the evening hymn again, and
then run away to bed."

Mr. Craig had been alone some time,
when his wife returned. He called her
to him, and told her of his new resolve.

"Dear wife, your words and example
have not been lost on me, though I was
coward enough to think I could not
live without wine or spirits. But those
sweet child-faces have by God's bless-
ing completed what you began, and
we will banish drink entirely from the
house."

Mrs. Craig wept with joy, and knelt
by her husband's side as he sought
grace from God to keep his resolve.

Then what happy evenings were
spent! Papa's rich tenor voice mingled
with the children's clear treble and
alto, and mamma thought she had never
heard anything so sweet. But most
loved of all the songs was the evening
hymn that brought so much peace and
joy to that happy household; for Mr.
Craig, daily seeking God's grace, kept
his resolve, and having great influence
in the neighborhood, was the means
of persuading many others to follow
his example.—*Band of Hope Review*.

God is fast bringing the minds of the
Christians to demand the destruction
of the whole liquor system. He is
creating an impatience in the minds of
His people with the political barriers
which have been thrown up around
this monstrous evil. His time for its
complete overthrow will come, and
Christians will pray, not that God
should check the evil, restrict it, but
utterly destroy it; not a root, twig,
fibre, leaf or blossom of it may be left
—cut up, destroyed, root and branch.
This is the ultimatum.—*Christian
Inquirer*.

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Temperance and Prohibition o
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from his books on the following plan:

A public meeting to be arranged, for
which the recitations will form the
programme, which may be interspersed
with music.

Three disinterested persons of intelli-
gence are to be chosen to act as judges,
for whom suitable blanks will be
furnished. Judges are advised to avoid
a tie, as but one Medal can be presented
at a contest.

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not less than six nor more than ten
persons.

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sons of either sex, between the ages of
twelve and twenty-five, shall recite
before an audience selections taken
from either of the volumes "From
Contest to Conquest," the one adjudged
to have made the best recitation will
be awarded a Silver Medal in satin-
lined case.

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Before God and man, before the
church and the world, I impeach in-
temperance. I charge it as the cause
of almost all the poverty, and almost
all the crime, and most of the igno-
rance, and almost all the irreligion that
disgrace and afflict the land. I do in
my conscience believe that these in-
toxicating stimulants have sunk into
perdition more men and women than
found a grave in the deluge which
swept over the highest hilltops en-
gulfing the world, of which but eight
were saved. As compared with other
vices, it may be said of this "Saul has
slain his thousands, but this David his
tens of thousands."—*Dr. Chalmers*.

Chief of police Lindsey of Topeka,
recently attended the National Con-
vention of chiefs of police at St.
Louis. In a newspaper interview after
his return he said that the greatest
sight he saw was the Anheuser Brew-
ing Company's establishment, the
second largest in the world, covering
five blocks. Among other things he
said: "The stables at the brewery are
the finest I ever saw. The halls be-
tween the stalls where the horses are
kept are covered with fine Brussels
carpet and everything else corresponds.
The office and parlors where the
employees stay, when off duty, are
furnished finer than any rooms in
Topeka." Whose money furnished
these elegant stables?—*National W.
C.T.U. Bulletin*.