

DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE.

"Oh, ship ahoy!" rang out the cry:
"Oh; give us water or we die!"
A voice came o'er the waters far,
"Just drop your bucket where you are."
And they dipped and drank their fill
Of water fresh from mead and hill;
And then they knew they sailed upon
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry,
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through arid climates for the soul:
'Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath
Smit with the thirst that draughts death,
And fall, while faint for fountains far,
To drop your buckets where we are.

Oh, ship ahoy! you're sailing on
The broad mouth of the Amazon
Whose mighty current flows and sings
Of mountain streams and inland
springs,
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,
Of heaven-drop and evening's twilight
calm,
(Of nature's peace in earth or star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps;
Parch not your lips with dry despair,
The stream of hope flows everywhere.
No, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.
—S. W. Foss.

SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

My papa's awful happy now,
And mamma's happy too,
'Cause papa doesn't drink no more
The way he used to do;
And everything's so jolly now,
'Taint like it used to be,
When papa never stayed at home
With poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad
To see my mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the
tears
A-hiding in her eye:
But now she laughs just like we girls—
It sounds so cute, I think—
And sings such pretty little songs,
Since papa doesn't drink.

You see my pretty Sunday dress,
It's every bit all new;
It ain't made out of mamma's dress,
The way she used to do.
And mamma's got a pretty cloak,
All trimmed with funny fur,
And papa's got some nice new clothes
And goes to church with her.

My papa says that Christmas time
Will very soon be here,
And may be good old Santa Claus
Will find our house this year.
I hope he'll bring some candy, and
A dolly that can wink.
He'll know where our house is, I'm
sure,
Since papa doesn't drink.
—Banner of Gold.

RUNNING WILD.

A locomotive engine stood upon the
railroad track, with every part of its
giant frame prepared for work. How
like a thing of life it seemed, with its
nerves and sinews of quivering steel
ready to vibrate in response to the
touch of a master hand. Its fiery eye
shot impatient glance down the track,
as though it were restive under the im-
posed constraint of waiting.

The engineer, whistling softly to
himself, passed here and there on his
work of inspection. Nothing escaped
his vigilant eye, in all the movements
of cranks and pins and piston working
smoothly; the steam coming out in
hot breaths from the mighty lungs
was at the proper gauge, and every-
thing in perfect order. As he button-
ed his coat about him, preparatory to
mounting his seat, he remarked to the
fireman, "Jim, let's have a drink!"

Within a stone's throw of the track
was a saloon with light, warmth, a row
of shining bottles, which suggested
"something to keep the cold out," and
the music of a violin making it all
the more inviting to men who were about
to start on a cold and a lonely journey.

The two men quickly crossed the
track, opened the door of the saloon,
and closed it behind them. But as it
shut the back door opened, and
another man went out—a poor, miser-
able, heated old sot, whose bleary eyes
looked out from beneath a mass of

tangled, uncombed gray hair. As
with unsteady steps he shambled down
the bank towards the track, and
approached the engine, he saw that
there was no one in the cab. He
climbed up, put his shaking hand on
the throttle, and pulled it wide open.

It was only a minute's work, only
one pull, and the engine, like a frighten-
ed steed, dashed down the track and
out of sight.

What a fearful thing it was when
"running wild!" This smooth, shin-
ing, beautiful creature, which but a
moment before stood quietly waiting
for its legitimate work, was now like a
fiend unchained, as it spurned the
track with mad, noisy feet.

Shall I tell how the frightened on-
lookers gazed after the "wild engine"
in speechless horror? how strong men
grew pale, and women wept and wrung
their hands?

As it flew past a telegraph station,
the operator, knowing that the ex-
press train would come thundering
along in ten minutes, sent a hasty
message over the wire to the con-
ductor:

"Engine 33 running wild. Side-
track."

Down, down, down the grade, sped
the messenger of destruction; faster
and faster, on its errand of death!
Like a meteor shot through space,
leaving a shower of burning sparks in
its path, on it sped, ever gaining fresh
impetus as it rushed down the steep
hillsides and across the peaceful valley.
Hissing in demoniac glee, on, on, it
flew! A sharp snap as rod after rod
gave way, under the fierce strain of
the rotation of the driving wheels! A
glimpse of a white, haggard face in the
cab—only a glimpse and it was gone!

White-lipped men, holding their
watches in their hands, whispered,
"O God! will they meet on the
bridge?" Oh, for a telescope view of
the train in which were loved ones, all
unconscious of danger, while the death
angel flapped his dark wings so near!

And now, on the still, evening air,
clear and distinct, sounds the whistle
of the doomed train. Scarce had its
echoes ceased reverberating among the
hills when the crash came,

The wild engine had done its work,
and the turbid waters of the river
opened their floodgates and swallowed
up a score of victims; while as many
more, crushed and mangled and bleed-
ing, moaned their lives away before
another night came.

Who was to blame for this bloody
sacrifice to the monster, Appetite; for
the quick, frightful pangs of dissolu-
tion; for the slow and awful waiting
for death that lingered; for the agony
of hearts that broke in homes made
ready for joyful meetings?

First of all, you who permit death to
be dealt out over thousands of count-
ers; you whose voice has authority to
command to cease in a day; you who
have knelt before the god of Wealth,
till its yellow glitter has blinded you
to the beseeching eyes that implore
you to speak the word that will not
only cut short your earthly revenues,
but, as an offset, would reduce expendi-
tures for crime and disaster.

If you know that you, or those dear-
er to you than yourself, were to-morrow
to be ground down by the "wild en-
gine," the fearful force of an unbridled
strength, would you hesitate to use
your power to protect yourself? And
it may be you who will quiver beneath
the wheels.—*Elisabeth E. Robb, in the
Ram's Horn.*

INEBRIETY IN FRANCE.

HOW THE FRENCH ARE DEGENERAT- ING, THROUGH THE CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL.

The arguments of the opponents
of total abstinence that the use
of beer and light wines on the con-
tinent is conducive to temperance,
and that the people are not led thereby
into intemperance and debauchery
are being thoroughly refuted. This is
the work of scientific medical men in
both Germany and France. The Paris
(France) correspondent of the Chicago
Sunday Chronicle writes, under the
date of August 9th:—"A good deal of
superficial claptrap is repeated year
after year by writers about the remark-
able sobriety of the Latin races gener-
ally, and of the French people in par-
ticular. The Italians certainly seem to
be as abstemious as they are hard-
working, but as for the French they
are declared by their own most emi-
nent medical authorities to be under-
going a rapid process of degeneration,
brought on by the reckless consump-
tion of brain-paralyzing, blood-pois-

ing liquors. Dr. Brunon, the well-
known director of the medical school
at Rouen, and a student of his, M. Tour-
dot, have just published the results of
their studies on the subject, and these
are eminently calculated to alarm
French patriots. The latter gentlemen
dressed himself as a waiter, and
obtained a place in a tavern in Rouen,
frequented by the lowest class of
workmen, many of whom sleep there
for 1d. a night. M. Tourdot first
studied his own colleagues. He declar-
ed that, on the whole, they are a sober
class, but adds that the perpetual
strain on their nerves, the lack of fresh
air, and the emanations from the
alcohol generally bring on anæmia and
tuberculosis, which means death in
about 18 months. But the guests of
this and similar places were the prin-
cipal objects of M. Tourdot's investiga-
tions, and he says that these pitiable
people who earn about 4d. an hour,
came regularly, drank their hour's
wages in a few minutes, went back to
earn more by the most laborious work,
and then took to drinking the proceeds
of it in like manner till day wore into
night, and consciousness was dimmed
to intoxication. Sometimes he saw
150 glasses of the pernicious alcohol
served out in the short space of ten
minutes. Dr. Brunon bitterly com-
plains of the enormous number of little
taverns of this type, and mentions one
street in Rouen containing 150 houses
of which 75 are licensed to sell poison-
ous beverages.

"Turning to the mothers of the com-
ing generation, Dr. Brunon remarks
that they are seldom brutally drunk,
but that they subject themselves to a
slow but chronic intoxication, produc-
tive of horrible results, and this is main-
ly by drinking coffee. Not that coffee is
bad in itself, but that it is never
partaken of in our days without
alcohol, and in this latter form is
drunk at all hours of the day and
night, administered to the children—
nay, actually brought to their cradles
in little bottles by the affectionate
mothers. At the tender age of seven
years the unfortunate children are no
longer given coffee with spirits, but
alcohol neat. This sounds incredible,
but it is too true. A schoolmaster late-
ly inquired of his pupils, all boys under
nine years, how many of them abstained
from these drinks, and he found
that among his 63 pupils 24 were
accustomed to partake of 'la goutte'
every day of their lives. The mystery
is that they live as long as they do.
He estimates the proportion of boys
and girls thus infected with alcoholism
in Normandy at from 40 to 75 per cent.
At 10 or 11 years the boys add the
nicotine poison to the alcohol, and are
decimated like flies, or contract incur-
able diseases. No foreign foe, no
destruction of human life by floods,
collisions, or explosions could possibly
inflict upon the French race anything
like the unspeakable evils which this
curse of alcoholism has conjured up."
—*Alliance News, Oct. 23rd, 1896.*

WHO IS TO BLAME.

His Satanic majesty has never
employed an agency comparable to the
saloon in politics; in fact, the saloon is
the very gateway through which the
devil is peopling the regions of the
eternally lost. It combines all the
elements needful for man's destruction,
and uses them with direful effect. It
will consign to the home of the lost
thousands who to-day are dreaming
of the beauties of the celestial city;
thousands who are expecting a place
in the home of the blest. And the
church of Christ to-day, by the votes
of its members, can close the saloon;
it can annihilate the traffic, and paralyze
Satan's right arm!

In all this wide, wicked world there
is nothing like this legalized liquor
traffic; nothing so remorselessly cruel,
so generally destructive. It blasts
everything that it touches and its
touch is as broad as the race of man-
kind. There never was a social evil of
such stupendous magnitude as this,
sweeping as it does millions before it,
like a swollen current. It stands
unchallenged as the chief destroyer of
life, character, and property. Hun-
dreds of thousands of our population are
consumed drunkards, ruined for time
and eternity; while millions more, by
their connection with these, are in-
volved in many of the woful con-
sequences of this degrading and
contaminating vice.—*National Tem-
perance Advocate.*

HIS OWN BUSINESS.

"If a man wants to drink whisky,
that is his business," says the saloon
apologist.

Let's see. When Bob Poland
and Coon Parker were drinking
in Heflin, Ala., last Saturday night,
and in their spree ran a car of
the Southern Railroad off the switch
and out of the main track down the
grade, till it stopped on a high trestle,
it became the Southern Railroad's
"business."

And when a loaded freight train
came along and rushed into the car,
causing a \$100,000 wreck, destroying
much valuable merchandise, it became
the business of a great many merchants
and shippers, as well as the railroad.

And when three dead bodies were
dug out from under the wreck, it
became the business of some wives and
orphans.

And when the taxpayers are called
upon to support the families whose
natural providers have thus been
suddenly taken away, it will become
the business of several other people.

One man's drinking often becomes
the business of several hundreds or
thousands of people, and the man who
cannot perceive this fact ought to be
sent at once to an institution for the
education of the feeble-minded.—
Motive.

CHAMPAGNE, NO PENSION.

The London Daily News prints an
amusing story with reference to Mr.
Gladstone and Civil List pensions.
Some years ago Mr. Gladstone had
met a possible claimant for a Civil
List pension who he believed to be in
sufficiently poor circumstances, and
had almost decided to grant it, when
he received an invitation to dinner
with the person in question. This
raised some doubt in his mind. On
the other hand, it might be only a
dinner of herbs, and it seemed hard to
deprive a public benefactor of a pension
because he was willing to share his
crust and water. Knowing that in
any case there would be a feast of
reason and a flow of soul, Mr. Glad-
stone accepted the invitation, and on
the way propounded to his companion
the following test: "No champagne,
pension; champagne, no pension."
There was champagne, and the host
lost his pension. It was the dearest
bottle of wine on record, for it cost the
purchaser \$500 a year.—*Selected.*

SOMETHING FOR SMOKERS.

From the Westminster Hospital
comes a statement that is somewhat
alarming. A patient had symptoms
that led Dr. Murrell to believe that he
was in the first stage of consumption,
such as cough, expectoration, loss of
flesh and a little blood spitting. But
these symptoms are similar to those
produced by the inhalation of arseni-
ous arsenic. The doctor therefore
analysed a large number of samples of
cigarettes and tobacco, and he found
out of seventeen series of different
kinds, arsenic present in the labels of
at least a third.—*Edinburgh Scots-
man.*

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