

Temperance

An Opportunity.

(Mary Alice Booth, in the 'Christian.')

Have you told them how to trust Him?
Have you said the time is 'now'?
Have you asked them, 'If not—why not?'
They are longing, tell them 'how.'

Hungry souls are all around you,
Longing for your words of cheer;
Won't you speak that word for Jesus?
He has saved you from all fear.

Some are longing, longing, longing,
You, you say, are satisfied!
Shall they go away still longing,
When God brought them to your side?

Brought them so that YOU might help them
By your lip and life to show
That the satisfying Jesus
Is the 'ONE' you fully know.

They are hungry, thirsty, longing,
Will you lead them to His side?
You are just the one to help them,
You, you say, are satisfied.

Lose not chances of His blessing,
God has placed you where you are;
He sends souls into your 'haven,'
Friends from near and friends from far.

Do they see 'Him' in your conduct?
Do they see 'His' power o'er you?
Will they praise the name of Jesus
Just because you find Him true?

Alcohol and the Human Body.

About seven years ago Bennie Nichols, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, was carelessly handling a gun. It was accidentally discharged and a heavy charge passed through his arm, almost tearing it from the body, shattering the bone in several places and lacerating the flesh until it hung in strips from the bone. An old soldier who helped to care for the boy until the doctor could get there said he never saw as sickening a sight upon any battle field, or saw as fearfully a lacerated wound.

When the doctor came he made immediate preparations to amputate the arm. The boy begged piteously that it might not be cut off. Moved by his pleading, the physician took the father to one side and said to him: "Mr. Nichols, if that were any other man's boy in this whole township I would amputate that arm at once as the only chance to escape blood poisoning. But I know you never touched beer, whiskey or tobacco in your life. You gave your boy pure blood, and you have brought him up in the same way. I take the chance. Watch him closely, and if blood poisoning appears we'll remove the arm at once."

The boy's arm healed perfectly, though frightful scars will always mark it. Repeatedly the doctor has told him: "Young man, you can thank your father for your good fortune. If there had been any alcohol taint there you'd have had but one arm now." This boy is our own nephew, and we know these facts to be exactly as stated.

What was a total abstinence father worth to this boy?—Temperance Paper.

Faith and Works.

The following amusing story rightly illustrates the need of our work as the necessary proof of our faith. A little girl was greatly distressed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied, 'I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds.'

'Anything else?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I then prayed that God

would prevent the birds from getting into the traps.'

'Yes, and anything further did you do?'

'Oh, then I went out and kicked all the traps to pieces.'—Temperance Leader.

Starting a Settlement.

James, George, William, Dick, Tom, Frank, Sam, and Tim Discuss the Formation of a New Settlement.

James: 'Let's play "Going out West and starting a new settlement. I will be the oldest man, and what they call a pioneer, and I will ask you all the questions, because we want none but good and useful people out there. Now, George, what will you be?'

George: 'I will be a farmer.'

James: 'That is tip-top to start with. We couldn't get along without grass and grain. We want bread and potatoes, and beef and mutton, and butter and cheese; so you are one of the most important men we can select for our settlement. Will, what will you be?'

William: 'Well, I guess I will be a carpenter.'

James: 'That comes just right, for we must have houses for ourselves, stables for our horses, and barns for our cows; besides, there will be gates and fences to make and mend. Dick, will you go out West with us?'

Dick: 'Yes, James, I will go and be a hunter.'

James: 'Well, you can shoot prairie chickens and wild ducks. Take one of Parker's shot-guns, and a fishing-rod, and a trap and a net, and you can supply us with game while we wait for George's corn and potatoes to grow. We will live like aldermen, but without their wine and brandy sauce and champagne suppers. Tom, what will you do?'

Tom: 'I wanted to be a hunter, but Dick has taken my place, so I guess I'll stay at home out there and be a shoemaker.'

James: 'Good! We shall want boots and shoes. I shouldn't like to go barefooted out there in the long, wild grass: the snakes might bite my feet. You must make Temperance boots. You know Drunken Jack Myers has snakes in his boots. I guess the reason was that his mouth, not the leather, was waterproof. Frank, you will go with us, won't you?'

Frank: 'Certainly, and I will be a tailor, next door to Tom, the shoemaker.'

James: 'As we are all teetotalers, we can afford to wear good clothes, and pay for them. What will you be, Sam?'

Sam: 'I guess I will follow my father's trade, and be a blacksmith.'

James: 'We want you to shoe our horses and mend our ploughs and threshing-machines. What will you be, Tim?'

Tim: 'I will keep a tavern.'

James: 'Will you keep a Temperance tavern?'

Tim: 'No, sir.'

James: 'Then you can't go with us, for we don't want any liquor sold in our new settlement.'

Tim: 'Why not?'

James: 'Because if we have a drink tavern we shall soon want a poor-house, and a hospital, and a jail; besides, your business will make the new settlers lazy and quarrelsome. If George drinks, he won't plough, and sow, and reap. If Bill drinks, he won't build our houses for us. If Dick drinks, he won't catch fish for us—he will be a 'sucker' himself. If Tom drinks, he won't make boots—if he does, the snakes will get into them. If Frank drinks, he won't make good clothes—his own habits will be bad. If Sam drinks, he won't do much blacksmithing. We want some of the girls to go with us, to teach school and keep house, and they won't go if we take a rum-seller along with us. No, Tim, drink is bad.

It's bad for the brain, it's bad for the nerves,
For the man that buys and the man that serves;

It's bad for the eyes, and it's bad for the breath,

It's bad for life, and it's worse for death;

It's bad for the pocket, it's bad for the fame,

It's bad when often it bears no blame;

It's bad for the husband, it's bad for the wife;

It's bad for the strong, and it's bad for the weak.

For the sallow tinge that it lends to the cheek;
It's bad in the morning, it's bad at night,
Though the talk is loud, and the fire burns bright;

It's bad, for it leads from bad to worse—

'Tis not only bad, but a giant curse,
The poor man's bane, destruction's gate,
The shame of the Church, the blight of the State;

'Tis a poison fly, and its venomous sting
Makes all our glory a tainted thing.'

'Boys, let us put it to the vote. All in favor of having a drink-shop in our new settlement say, "Ay."'

(All shout 'No.')

'There, Tim, did you hear that? You can't go with us, unless you choose a better calling, because it will be there just as it is here at home. Here all the folks who frequent the tavern get poor. Why, I heard even the landlord say he would give all he is worth if his boys did not drink so hard.'—Onward Reciter.

Shall He Smoke.

A young man once asked Oliver Wendell Holmes a series of questions as to what he would advise a young man to do. One of these the doctor answered as follows: 'Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is likely to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and enslave the nature to an impervious habit, likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed.'

The Man Who Voted for License.

An argument which was used in a 'no license' campaign in Alabama and elsewhere is given below:

From a Bushel of Corn the Distiller Gets Four Gallons of Whiskey:

Which retails at	\$16.80
The farmer gets45
The U. S. Government gets	4.40
The railroad company gets80
The manufacturer gets	4.00
The drayman gets15
The retailer gets	7.00
The consumer gets	Drunk
The wife gets	Hunger
The children get	Rags
The politician gets	Office

The man that votes license gets What? Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.—Hab. ii., 15.

A Poster.

Here is a copy of a poster drawn up by a number of Danish physicians and put up at all railway stations throughout the country:—

TO THE DANISH PEOPLE.

Alcohol is a stupefying poison.
Alcohol is the cause of many mental diseases and most of the crimes.

Every seventh man in Denmark dies of drink.

In the struggle for Temperance, abstinence is the safest weapon.

If you wish to make your people happy increase their prosperity, build up their homes, advance the interests of your country, and make the race sound in body and in mind, become a total abstainer.

How True!

'If for ten years England could get rid of drink, she would by that time become such a paradise as men would hardly recognize.'

This statement by John Bright is as true to-day as when he uttered it.

'I am not much of a mathematician,' said the cigarette, 'but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers.'—Selected.