

Selections.

BROKEN.

BROKEN bottles, broken glasses,
 BROKEN hearts of winsome lasses;
 BROKEN windows, filled with sacking;
 BROKEN accents, cough so hacking;
 BROKEN tables, leafless often;
 BROKEN bread, no milk to soften;
 BROKEN chairs, in constant fighting;
 BROKEN lamps, in frequent lighting;
 BROKEN knees of valued horses;
 BROKEN health in vicious courses;
 BROKEN pans and broken kettles;
 BROKEN legs of pothouse settles;
 BROKEN chairs that want new caning;
 BROKEN wrists that suffered spraining;
 BROKEN banks that no one trusts in;
 BROKEN locks with key that rusts in;
 BROKEN boxes, lids all burned;
 BROKEN heads, with brains all turned;
 BROKEN victuals; husband dirty;
 BROKEN down and old at thirty;
 BROKEN shovel, broken fender,
 BROKEN poker wants the mender,
 BROKEN promises unending;
 BROKEN crockery, all past mending;
 BROKEN bones, by beer make brittle;
 No one cares a jot or tittle,
 BROKEN kettles, broken brushes,
 BROKEN stool stuffed up with rushes;
 BROKEN saucepans, bottom burned out;
 BROKEN books, no lessons learned out;
 BROKEN dishes, broken knives;
 BROKEN hearted, helpless wives;
 BROKEN vows renewed no longer;
 BROKEN loves than death much stronger;
 BROKEN lives that once were cherished;
 BROKEN hopes forever perished!
 Tell me, can one word be spoken
 For THE DRINK all these have broken?
 Let each one the answer give—
 "Foulest fiend, THOU SHALT NOT LIVE!"
 And when you the word have spoken,
 Mind your pledge is never broken.

—E. Royds.

WOULD YOU ?

Would you sell yourself for a drink,
 boys,
 A drink from the poisoned cup?
 For a taste of the gleaming wine, boys,
 Would you give your manhood up?

Would you bind yourselves with
 chains, boys,
 And rivet the fetters fast?
 Would you bolt your prison doors,
 boys,
 Preventing escape at last?

Would you wreck your youth and
 health, boys,
 Those blessings God has given?
 Would you ruin your life on earth,
 boys,
 And blast your hopes of heaven?

Would you dig, with your own hands,
 your grave, boys,
 And willingly cast yourselves in?
 Would you die a besotted wretch, boys,
 In poverty, sorrow, and sin?

Ah, no! a thousand times no! boys,
 You were born for a noble end;
 In you are your country's hopes, boys,
 Her honor the boys must defend.

Then join the great abstinence band,
 boys,
 And pledge yourselves strong against
 rum;
 Stand firm as a rock to your pledge,
 boys,
 And fight till the foe is o'ercome.

—Toledo Blade.

THE DEACON'S MATCH.

There was a man out West who owned a calf. That is nothing new, because I knew a man out there that owned two. And the man had a ten-year-old boy, and the boy carelessly let the bars down and let the calf out of the lot. And the calf strayed over the railroad track, and an engine came along and struck him and doubled him all up, and it was not worth anything as a calf after that; but the owner of that calf was somewhat vexed. He was not very particular whether the "sun went down on his wrath" or not, and he sued the railroad company, and after lawing away the price of a hundred calves, the company beat him—as the company usually does in such cases—and the man got madder; and coming home from the trial he said to the church deacon:

"I am going to get even with that railroad company."
 "How?" asked the deacon.
 "I am going to burn that bridge crossing the chasm just out of town."
 "Why?" said the deacon, you would never do that, would you?"

"Yes," he said, "I don't propose to let any rich corporation run roughshod over me."

And the deacon in telling his wife about it, said the man intended to burn the bridge that night at nine o'clock, and the time came around, and the wife, who was a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, said that they had better go down and see about it; but the deacon said he would not burn it—he was just in a passion when he said he would. "Well," she said, "let us go down and see about it, anyway." So they started down towards the bridge, and sure enough, the man was there, and he had just finished saturating a portion of the bridge with kerosene oil, and just as they reached him he felt in his pocket and found that he had forgotten to bring matches. He turned to the deacon and asked him for a match.

"What are you going to do with it," inquired the deacon.

"Going to burn the bridge," said the man, "as I told you I would."

"Well," said the deacon, "now I propose to show you the difference between a man who has made his peace with the Lord and the man of the world. If I loan you a match to burn the bridge," said the deacon, "I would be as guilty as you are."

"Well," said the man, "there are plenty of matches, I will have them if I want them, you know; there is no doubt about that. Why, deacon, I know where I can buy matches at different places, right here in the village. You can't suppress the sale of matches, deacon, and I must have the match. I tell you what I will do: I will give you a dollar for a match."

"Well," said the deacon, "are you going to burn the bridge anyway?"

"Why, yes," said the man, "I told you I would burn it, and you might just as well have a little revenue as anybody out of this transaction, don't you see? Exactly so, I am going to burn it anyway."

"Well," said the deacon, "if you are going to burn it anyway, that puts an entirely different light upon the whole question."

And he reached into his pocket for a match, and his wife caught him by the coat, and said: "Here husband, you would not sell the man a match to be used in burning the bridge?"

And that broke the deacon all up, and he said: "Nancy, that is just the way with you Christian Temperance Union women. You are a lot of fanatics, always going to extremes in everything. It is your business to attend to household affairs and it is my business to provide for the family, and when I have an opportunity of making an honest dollar, I don't want you coming round and putting your oar in." And he hands over the match to the man, and the man passes him back a big wagon-wheel silver dollar, and the deacon shoves it away down in his pocket, and then turns to the man and says:

"Are you going to burn the bridge?"

"Why, of course I am," said the man "that is what I bought the match for."

"Well," said the deacon, "May God have mercy on your soul; I wash my hands of the whole business."

And the match is lighted and the bridge is ablaze, and the cars came along at the rate of forty miles an hour and dash into the chasm and one hundred lives are lost.

Who is guilty when it comes to the judgment bar of God? The man who sold the match is just as guilty as the man who lighted it and fired the bridge! And when he who gives way to the plea that "we are going to settle this question on a high license basis"—that we cannot effectually prohibit the liquor traffic, and goes to polls and uses his ballot to represent the deacon's match, and votes for a license party, and the saloon system continues, homes and immortal souls are destroyed, when it comes before the judgment bar of God, will he be just as guilty as the man who keeps the saloon. My friends, there is no compromise ground in this matter. —John P. St John.

HOW ALCOHOL INTOXICATES.

Those of us who are unaccustomed to strong drink have noticed how quickly a glass of wine or a small amount of distilled liquor "goes to the head." Most of us know that this effect is caused by the direct presence of alcohol in the blood, but it is not generally known just how it gets there. To explain the delicate but simple operation of conveying the alcohol into the whole system is the object of

this article. All liquors—wine and beer—are merely alcohol diluted with water and flavored by the juices of the fruit or grain from which the drink is made. The beverage, being taken into the stomach, first comes in contact with the lining of that organ.

Now, this lining is provided with a network of delicate blood-vessels, which are very small and have a thin membranous covering. Alcohol has the property of permeating this coating, and being taken up at once by the blood within the capillaries, which carries it away to other parts of the system. Water however, requires a much longer time to be absorbed; and as the alcohol becomes partially removed from the contents of the stomach they pass into the small intestines.

A small percentage of the alcohol which remains after this takes place is rapidly taken up by the lacteals or the absorbent vessels of the small intestine, and enters the main blood stream by way of the thoracic duct. The alcohol all eventually goes to the heart, and hence through the liver into the general circulation. All the organs in which blood circulates are now brought into contact with the mixture of blood and alcohol.

The nerve pulp, the brain substance, and the great nerve centres are rich in blood-vessels, and being the most sensitive part of the body to the action of alcohol, by reason of the fact that the natural moisture of the nerves, on which they greatly depend for healthy action, is largely taken up by the alcohol and conveyed to the blood, they soon lose their control of the muscles, both voluntary and involuntary. The heart, as a consequence, beats more rapidly, having less resistance to meet. The muscles of the veins and arteries relax, and the capillaries expand. A feeling of warmth and flushing of the face is the result. The brain acts more quickly, and thought and speech flows more freely.

Upon taking a still greater quantity of alcohol, some of the functions which are governed by the spinal cord become completely narcotised. The legs, feet and lips are first to feel this effect. As more and more alcohol is taken, its effect progresses from one nerve to another until the brain itself is stupefied and the mind is totally under the deadly influence, while a man sinks himself to the lowest level of mere animal existence.

Finally, real temporary paralysis of all the nerve centres sets in, consciousness is lost, and the victim sinks into a sleep. The beating of the heart, and the moving of the lungs, is all that distinguishes him from the clay from which he came. Sense, reason, mind, all gone. What can be lower or more degraded?—The Family Doctor.

LICENSE VS. PROHIBITION.

LEGALIZED RUM SELLING NO REMEDY FOR THE DRINK EVIL.

License and prohibition are both set forth as remedies for the acknowledged evils of the liquor traffic, and the claim is made that each will reduce these evils to a minimum.

License has a fair trial in this country—with the support of law, officers and majority of public opinion. Under these best conditions, license has failed to accomplish anything on which to base the claim made for it as a reformatory measure.

Prohibition has never had a fair trial in any state, because opposed by the following forces:

1. The attitude of the general government.
2. The attitude of political parties dominated by saloon influence and votes.
3. The treason of sworn officials who betray the law at the bidding of the lawless.
4. The inertia and cowardice of the moral elements of citizenship that allow these wrongs to exist without rebuke at the ballot box.

It is time prohibition had a chance for success, because under worst conditions it has established its claim as a remedy, and does cure both the moral and political crimes which license allows and fosters.

Proof of these propositions can be found by a fair consideration of the two methods as they have been applied. In seeking the truth it is not fair to compare a prohibition state making its unequal fight with the forces above enumerated, with an ideal state where, obedient to law, nobody drinks and nobody sells. There is no such state, and will not be while human nature remains as we know it.

The only just judgment is to compare the prohibition state with the state under the best form of license, and ask this question: Does prohibition, with all that opposes it, begin to do what license fails to do? And is the tendency of the principle in law, if backed by executive fidelity, toward the cure of the evils growing directly from the liquor traffic? There is but one answer to the questions which can be accepted by honesty and intelligence.

Prohibition breaks the guilty partnership of the state with the traffic, and puts the law against the lawless; it puts out the fires in distillery and brewery; and, in spite of official treachery, blots out a large percentage of the saloons, and makes of the rest hunted outlaws already under condemnation.

License does none of these things, but throws the purple of law over the shoulders of the assassin of the state, and gives him place where rulers sit.

If prohibition is thus potent, why should it not succeed? The answer of history is this: It succeeds towards the ultimate ideal in the hands of the sturdy and faithful. —Mary G. Lathrop.

RALLY THE CATHOLICS.

"Catholics to arms! Enter this crusade: God wills it; souls are perishing; drunkards shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven; and you know of drunkards within your reach, who by supreme efforts, if necessary, can be saved through our work. We are all responsible for our brothers. We must work by example and by word and by argument as individuals, as Christians, and as citizens, using every force which God brings to our hands to save our brothers. Ah, the ravages of intemperance; its ravages among Catholics! Not only are souls lost, but they, even, who do not drink to what is called an excess, are exposed through the igniting of passions to many sins; spiritual life is repressed, for the more satisfaction given to the body the lesser the will becomes. Here is a field for zeal, a field for your love of Christ, and for the holy Church herself."—Archbishop Ireland.

Queen Victoria has signed the woman suffrage bill of South Australia, and it is now a law.

"Yes, Sophia, a camel can work eight days without drinking, and a man can drink eight days without working."—Washington Hatchet.

Sir William Gull, M.D., physician to the Queen.—"My experience is that alcohol is the most destructive agent we are aware of in this country." "A very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but are not supposed to be poisoned by it."

"We may preach, and pray, and sing,
 We may write, and talk, and shout,
 But 'tis a fact,
 Unless we act
 On election day
 What we preach and pray,
 The politician pulls the string,
 And we are counted out."
 "We can stand the preacher's preaching,
 We can stand the deacon's prayer,
 We can stand the 'moral suasion' plan,
 Because they'll ne'er 'get there.'
 But when the cranks begin to vote
 Upon the line they pray,
 The liquor men begin to shake,
 For we fear they'll win the day."

BRITISH BREWERS.

A British parliamentary return just issued, gives information in reference to the brewing business. The number of persons who brew for sale is 9,006 in England, 137 in Scotland, and 37 in Ireland—total, 9,240; of those who are private brewers (home brewings) there are 17,153 in England, 288 in Scotland, and 1 in Ireland—a total of 17,444. Of victuallers in England who brew there are 78,154, and 48,180 who sell on or off the premises; in Scotland there are 11,528, and in Ireland 17,783, who sell either on or off the premises—a total of 145,645. The quantity of grain consumed in brewing is 64,228,739 bushels. The revenue derived by the government from the business is £10,341,518.

English temperance societies united March 15th in celebrating the eightieth birthday of Dr. F. R. Lees, for nearly sixty years a leading advocate of non-alcoholic medication.