



New Version of an Old Rhyme.

We are indebted to an Irish contemporary for the following new version of an old rhyme:

Jack Sprat was very fat,
His wife was very lean;
And no a bone for pussy-cat
Was ever to be seen.

Jack Sprat had got no hat,
His wife had got no money;
And not a single little Sprat
Had ever tasted honey.

But Jack Sprat soon altered that,
And gave up being beery;
Then Mrs. Sprat got well and fat,
And looked so bright and cheery.

Then Jack sat with Mrs. Sprat
Within their pew on Sunday;
And little feet went pit-a pat
To school upon the Monday.

Alcohol Reveals the Beast in Man.

A German scientist has written a book on alcohol, in which he sets forth the novel claim that intoxication brings out the real characters of men, and hence is an excellent thing. A London paper in reviewing the work, says:

The very fact that alcohol has the effect of arousing the natural impulses, as opposed to those habits engendered by business training, is an argument of the author's in favor of its use; he recognizes it as a good thing that men should occasionally see one another as they are, unencumbered by the armor of business and social conventions. Alcohol makes all unmask at the proper hour in the carnival of life.

Does alcohol bring out the real character? Rather does it not send the real character into eclipse and stimulate the lower and more bestial impulses? Is a man balancing himself unsteadily upon the pavement, or lying stupefied in the gutter, exhibiting his natural proclivities? Is it necessary for him to paralyze his reason in order that he may reveal his normal self? Must he rob himself of all except a maudlin sentimentalism, or a brute savagery, for the purpose of showing himself as he is? Does not such a supposition imply that the virtues are artificial while the vices are inherent? If the drunken man is the real man, is not the reverse true; that the sober man is a counterfeit? To just what depths of absurdity does this sort of reasoning lead us?

What of the kindly husband and father who under the influence of drink goes home and beats his wife and children? What of the successful business man who goes into protracted debauchery and squanders his all, leaving those dependent on him to starve? What of the youth of sunny nature and high ambition who drinks himself into melancholia and commits suicide? What of the one of gentle demeanor who crazes himself by alcohol and kills his best friend? Which is the true character of these typical men, and which the false?

Take the case chronicled in New York papers of eighteen-year-old Patrick McAvoy, who went on a debauch of twenty-four hours, then, just for practice, shot several times at a veterinary surgeon, spread terror through the streets, went home to find his father walking the floor with the baby, sent a bullet crashing through his shoulder, and wound up the night by resisting the officers till he himself was fatally wounded. Ordinarily this attempted parricide was a worthy, hard-working lad. Which was his real nature?

What is character? Is it not most truly

seen when at its best? Is it not the result of training, of civilization, of development, of infinite culture? Is the thing that strikes down all the finer, saner, better part of this product of toil, sacrifice, and evolution the only thing that truly reveals it? Would it not be as sensible to say that a city is revealed only by the catastrophe that overwhelms it, or a nation by the famine that lays it low?

The German scientist, for the sake of creating a sensation or making a phrase, has sacrificed common sense and truth. He has used his learning to advance not the better but the worst cause. He should learn wisdom from the victims of drink themselves. In their hearts they do not believe such fustian. They do not defend alcohol. For the most part, they frankly admit it a curse.—New York 'American.'

Prohibition Helps People.

Lady Henry Somerset states the fact that in one district in Liverpool, in which there are no saloons, there is but one pauper in every thousand inhabitants. In another district, in which there are two hundred saloons, there is one pauper to every twenty-eight inhabitants.

It is likely that investigation would disclose similar conditions in the wards and precincts of all cities.

The Kansas 'City Journal' says that prohibition has materially decreased the number of saloons in that state; that a large proportion of offenders against the law have been convicted, and that the principle of prohibition is growing stronger.

'There is not a pauper in Finney county, Kansas. Logan county spent only ten dollars in a month for the poor.'

'Ohio has three dollars per head in banks; Maine has sixty-two dollars per head.'

'Kansas, with prohibition and 100,000 more population than Texas has but one penitentiary and 996 prisoners. Texas, with saloons and 100,000 less people than Kansas, has two penitentiaries and 3,000 convicts.'

'Judge Benson, of Kansas, has but two liquor cases before him in a month.'

'Ottawa, Kansas, with 8,000 people, has but one day marshal, and one night watchman. Pullman, Illinois, a prohibition town of 11,000 people, has but two constables.'

In the interior of the state of Kansas, in all the rural parts, and a few of the larger cities and towns, the prohibitory law is effective in absolutely suppressing the open sale of liquor, and in reducing surreptitious sales to a minimum. In interior cities, such as Ottawa, Marion, Hutchinson, Topeka, etc., the prohibitory law is, according to the testimony of its friends, and the admissions of its enemies, as thoroughly enforced and as well observed as any other law of the state.

The city of Topeka has a population of 40,000, and is the state capital as well as important railway point. But Topeka has no saloons. It has no bar-room. It has no public nor private recognized facilities for carrying on the liquor traffic.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Religious Notes.

The German East Africa Missionary Society is preparing to enter Digoland, between Tanga and Usambara, in German East Africa. Digoland, though situated quite close to the coast, has remained untouched by missionaries hitherto. Now, however, Mohammedanism is threatening to bring its missionary workers among its heathen inhabitants, and the East Africa Missionary Society is almost forced to prevent this by sending the heralds of the Gospel into the land.

After some months of ill-health in England, Bishop Tucker has returned to his field in East Africa. 'It is difficult to believe that less than seventeen years have passed away since his consecration and starting off the same day to lead up his fated party through German territory in 1890, and to find the country unsettled and the church consisting of only some 200 souls. Now over 60,000 baptized Christians of many tribes and nations look to him

as their bishop and friend, and the first effort that awaits his return is to complete a constitution for the church. He told the committee how encouraging to himself had been some informal synods that he had already held, how intelligently the Baganda Christians had grasped the import of the problems discussed, and how admirably they had borne themselves throughout the sessions.—'C. M. S. Review.'

Some of the Christians in Uganda are very faithful in pleading with others to give up their sins. One man, named Matayo, was giving way to drink. His Christian friends reminded him of his wound in the war. 'You have a big wound in your soul, caused by drunkenness. Give up drink, or assuredly the wound will get worse and kill you eternally.' Matayo replied: 'Why can't you leave me alone?' Mika Sematimba answered, 'When you were shot, did we not pick you up and carry you home? Did you then think we hated you? You are shot now, and we want to carry you home. Do you remember when we were carrying you, how you said, "Let me walk; your carrying makes the wound hurt me?" We didn't let you walk. We knew you could not walk, but that you would faint on the road; and now we know you can not keep sober, and we want to help you. You say, "Leave me alone," but we won't leave you alone. We know you will get worse if we do.'—'Christian Herald.'

The annual report of the Utah Gospel Mission, of Cleveland, Ohio, shows that 4,500 miles by waggon in Utah and Idaho were covered by the missionaries during 1906.

This Society exists to carry on the urgent work of acquainting the Mormon people scattered throughout Utah and Idaho, with the Gospel. For the prosecution of the work three large Gospel waggons, with two or three missionary workers in each, cover the whole of this territory—a region three times as large as the State of Ohio. The workers converse with the people and hold meetings in the villages wherever an opening can be found. During the year 11,689 calls were made in 170 settlements, containing 65,000 people. The meetings held numbered 223, and 16,000 persons attended. Of the 65,000 among whom these missionaries worked, probably not one in fifty came under any other Christian influence. Since 1901, some 448 settlements have been visited, and in less than 100 of them is there any local Christian service, and even to these the Mormons do not go. The workers serve without salary, and the expenses of the work are met by donations from all parts of the country.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

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