

Selections.

THREE YOUNG MEN OF LEE.

There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk could be,
For they had bumpers three times
three,
And they were jolly as jolly could be,
These three young men of Lee.
All three young bums would proudly
say,
"We take our liquor straight each day,
The prohibition cranks shan't touch
Our liberty we prize so much;
What care we for our daddies' fears?
What care we for our mothers' tears?
Older men drink, and why not we?
We'll have all we want," said the
bums of Lee.

There are two old sots at Lee,
They are as poor as poor can be,
And one is lame and one cannot see;
They are out at elbow and out at knee,
These two old sots at Lee.
The one that is lame had a heavy fall
On the alehouse floor in a drunken
brawl;
The blind one lost his sight, they say,
By staggering near a blast one day,
The third was killed in a crowded
street,
By a loaded waggon he chanced to
meet,
And they that survive might as well
be dead,
For often their children cry for bread,
There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And there they are and there they'll
be,
Till death puts an end to their misery,
These two old sots at Lee.
—Edward Howard.

THE OLD STORY.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine high scorn for common
men
Who were born with no backbone.
"And why," said he, "should a man
of strength
Deny to himself the use
Of the pleasant gift of the warm red
wine
Because of its weak abuse?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poets say
About the rosy wine;
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair worth
In a sparkling, generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or leave it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown.
And the lips of the lass are cold with
grief,
And her children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it
alone, is a pitiful slave to drink.
—British Temperance Advocate.

EDUCATE AND AGITATE

Educate and agitate,
That's the only way,
If you'd keep the temperance cause
At the front to-day;
Up and at it one and all;
Let each action show
That you stand for temperance
Everywhere you go.

Educate the boys and girls
With the temperance chart,
Show them how the drink destroys
Stomach, brain and heart.
Temperance instruction teach
In the public school,
For the laws require it,
As the general rule.

Educate in Sunday-school
When the chance is given,
When a temperance lesson comes
Train the youth for Heaven.
Tell them 'tis not safe to look
On the wine-cup bright,
For a serpent lurketh there,
And at last 'twill bite.

Educate within the home,
Let no wine be placed
On the table, where 'twill tempt
Little ones to taste.
Let the children sign the pledge
While of tender years,
And it may in future days
Save you countless fears.

Agitate for temperance
Preachers of God's Word,
Let your voice in its behalf

From the desk be heard;
From the platform agitate,
Public speakers wise,
Certainly it is a theme
You should not despise.

Agitate and educate
With the printing press,
Temperance literature will help
Much we must confess
Let statistics and the facts
Meet the public gaze,
Till run-voters in our laud
Think upon their ways.

Agitate unceasingly
Till the voters come,
And unite to cast their votes
To prohibit rum;
Till they at the ballot-box
Meet the question quite,
Then we'll know it's settled sure,
When 'tis settled right.
—Nettie A. Perham in N. T. Advocate.

STAND TOGETHER.

Brave Good Templars stand together,
Stand together side by side;
Let no envy mar your union,
Let no jealousy divide.
Put away misunderstanding,
Trust each other heart and soul,
Till the peaceful morn be dawning,
And a-under darkness roll.

Brave Good Templars stand together,
Look to God and Nature's laws;
He is watching all our movements,
His right arm is round your cause.
He will scatter all the darkness,
Changing trouble into peace;
Put your trust in God Almighty,
And intemperance soon will cease.

Brave Good Templars, no surrender!
Till the demon pass away,
Build your lives in truth and freedom,
Hoping for a brighter day.
Forward in the cause of Temperance,
Trust in God, and plan, and do;
He will counsel you in projects,
His strong arm will guide you
through.
—Irish Templar.

SING THE SONGS OF TEMPERANCE.

Sing the songs of Temperance through
the land to-day,
Raise the happy strain both loud and
clear!
Thousands now are starting on the
temperance way,
And the longed-for end is drawing
near!

Sing the songs of Temperance, shout
them in the air,
Raise them in the home, the mart,
the street,
Sing them to your comrades, sing them
everywhere,
Ring them in the ears of all you
meet!

Sing the songs of Temperance, work
and hope, and pray!
God will help each effort of our band;
Close the public houses, drive the
drink away,
Fill with happy homes our stricken
land.
H. A. Beavan in the Wide-Awake
Reverberator.

THE WIFE'S NEW STORY.

The story, ma'am? Why, really now,
I haven't much to say.
If you had come a year ago, and then
again to-day,
No need of any word to tell, for your
own eye could see
Just what the Good Templar Order
has done for John and me.

A year ago I had't flour to make a
batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones
went hungry to their bed.
Just peep into the pantry ma'am,
There's sugar, flour and tea.
That's what the Good Templary Order
has done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used
to fill with beer.
He hasn't spent a cent for drink for
two months and a year.
He pays his debts, he's well and strong,
and kind as man can be.
That's what the Good Templar Order
has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets,
feeling so mean and low,
And always felt ashamed to meet the
folks he used to know.

He looks the world now in the face,
he steps off bold and free.
That's what the Good Templar Order
has done for John and me.

Why, at the shop the other day when
a job of work was done,
The "boss" declared of all his men
the steadiest one was John,
"I used to be the worst, my wife,"
John told me, an' says he:
"That's what the Good Templar Order
has done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him: his
coming stopped their play.
Now, every night when supper's done
and the table cleared away,
The boys will frolic round his chair,
the baby climb his knee.
That's what the Good Templar Order
has done for John and me.

Oh, yes; the sad, sad times are gone,
the sorrow and the pain;
The children have their father back
and I my John again.
Don't mind my crying, ma'am, indeed,
it's just for joy to see
All that the Good Templar Order has
done for John and me.

And mornings when he's gone to work
I kneel right down and say:
"Father in heaven, O help dear John
to keep his pledge to-day!"
And every night before I sleep thank
God on bended knee
For what the Good Templar Order has
done for John and me.

Selected.

THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

A man or a woman sitting down, or
standing up, if you like, to drink wine,
or other stimulant, always starts on
the way that leads through four stages
towards an easy realisable destination.

Stage one is that gentle stimulation
called moderate excitement or support.
Stage two is elevation—whatever that
may mean; it is not elevation of
character, of that I am satisfied. Stage
three is confusion of mind, action and
deed, with sad want of elevation.
Stage four is complete concatenation
of circumstances: all the stages
perfectly matured; the journey com-
pleted, with the traveller lying down,
absolutely prostrated in mind and
body. The destination is reached,
and found to be—a human being dead
drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to
take any portion of alcohol, he starts
on that journey; starts just as distinctly
with the first drop swallowed, as he
would start with the first step he
would put forward in a walk from the
pure region of Hampstead Heath
into the outfall of that Babylonish
sewage which greets the smiling
Thames at Barking Creek.

The knotty question, then, is this,
Ought a person to start on that re-
markable journey of alcoholic progress
at all? Should he try any stage?
Everyone says, "Venture not on the
last three stages on any account;"
but some say, "Live and go happy,
day by day, through the first; walk
the first fourth of the way, and you
will be better for it. It is a nice
exercise. It makes your heart light;
it refreshes your mind; it quickens
your secretions; it assists your
digestion. The wisest men of all ages
have daily walked this stage on the
alcoholic highway towards the point
of concatenation of circumstances. In
this fourth stage of the way, with an
occasional venture a little further
when the companionship was good,
they have given the world its wit, its
humor, its poetry, its greatness.
Suppose they have lived a shorter time
from the exercise; they have done
more work in the shorter time than
they would have done in a longer time
under duller circumstances; so that
the advantage, on the whole, is with
this moderate indulgence in alcohol.
Indulgence just a fourth of the way on
towards danger; never further, except
on rarest occasions; and then certainly
not quite half-way to the foot of
Mount Elevation at furthest, and no
further, for the sake of mind and body
alike.

This, in plain language, is the argu-
ment of the moderate school of thought.
It is met point blank by the abstaining
school, which calls out with all its
sympathetic might:—"Take not a
step on that highway! It is the devil's
highway! It is a grand model of his
engineering skill; it is wide, it is open,
it is straight, it is smooth, it is filled
with jolly companions every one, it is

fenced with pleasures, it is rich with
historical reminiscences; but there is
this peculiarity about it, that there is
not an inch of it, not a hair's breadth
of it, safe. Therefore keep off it
altogether. It is the DEVIL'S HIGH-
WAY!"

THE LIGHTER DRINKS.

The delusion that the lighter liquors
conduce to sobriety, and only the
stronger are to be shunned, is one that
dies hard. A little more than sixty
years ago this theory gave beer an
immense, and been proved that sobriety
was not to be secured by its consump-
tion. A little over thirty years ago
claret, as a representative of light
wines, obtained the sanction of this
theory, and to the grocer-supplied
liquors we owe an increase of drunken-
ness, especially among women. But
in spite of these experiences there are
still people who sigh for the temper-
ance of wine-drinking countries like
France, and beer drinking countries
like Germany, and ask that our public
houses may be made into German beer
gardens or cafes on the Parisian model.
So slowly does any truth to the
detriment of alcoholic liquors travel
that the Scandinavian people are only
now realizing that the beer drinking,
which they left free when adopting
drastic measures against spirits, is as
profitable of intemperance as the spirit
drinking they thirty years ago placed
under control. And France is only
just awakening to the fact that the
wine drinking, for which as a people
they were often commended to us as
worthy of imitation, has created an
alcoholic thirst which is exciting the
solicitude of every patriotic citizen.
Temperance Record.

YOUR LODGE.

The lodge is an aggressive force, and
there is no organization like it in unit-
ing all classes of the community in a
continual warfare against the drink
curse.

Drink undermines and destroys the
individual. The lodge puts a founda-
tion under him and builds him up.

Drink disrupts and breaks up the
family. The lodge cultivates by pre-
cept and example those qualities
which bind the family in one, and
make it strong.

Drink brings a discordant element
into the community, disturbing the
quiet of the day, and making night
hideous. The lodge overcomes this
discordant element, and gives peace
and contentment.

Drink demoralizes law. The lodge
makes it strong and abiding.
But in all this the lodge is an active
force. It is little or nothing unless it
be active. It exists to develop, and to
teach the young and old how to work,
and in this is its real power.

You ask how to save the lodge.
I answer, set it to work. Begin you.
The lodge is many sided, and you need
not wait for some special occasion to
turn up, begin now. It has to do with
every man and woman, and boy and
girl in the land, surely there is some-
thing you can say, and the best thing
you can say in lodge is to tell of some-
one you have helped during the week.

Active members make an active
lodge, and an active lodge is known,
felt, respected, loved. *Official Organ.*

A FEDERATION COMMITTEE.

During the World's W.C.T.U. a
meeting was held in Toronto to pro-
mote a federation of the different
provincial temperance organizations of
Canada. Representatives were present
from the different Provincial W.C.T.U.
and Royal Good Templar bodies, and the
Nova Scotia Good Templars. It was
resolved to form a national committee
composed of one representative from
each provincial temperance society
which decided to elect such a repre-
sentative, "to federate the forces for
prohibition work and to meet the
impending crisis on the plebiscite."
The officers of the organization are:
Rev. W. G. Lane, of N. S., President;
Mrs. Gordon Grant, of B. C., Rec-Sec-
retary; Mr. S. Catter, of P. Q., Cor-
Secretary and Treasurer. It was
decided that the members in each
province should form a provincial
committee. Convenors of these pro-
vincial committees were appointed.
The business of the federation will be
carried on largely by correspondence.