



Temperance Work in Austria.

It is but a few years since Austria first awaked to the need of temperance reform, but already in some of their methods Austrian workers can give pointers to those in lands where the temperance movement has long been established.

Not very long since Count Kielmansegg instructed the police authorities to assist the Workingmen's Aid Society in the distribution of a million pamphlets entitled 'Away with Alcohol.' Every policeman will personally supervise the distribution of the pamphlets on his beat. It tries to prove that every sixteenth man that dies in Austria dies from what is popularly known in the hospitals as 'beer heart, viz., fatty degeneration of the heart, and points out that, according to official statistics, 92 percent of the inhabitants of the Austrian insane asylums recruit themselves from drinking people.

In view of the unquestionable fact that the use of alcohol is at the bottom of most of the crimes that call for the action of our police forces, it is doubtful whether the latter could be any better employed than in distributing anti-alcoholic literature.

Liquor and the Poor-house.

A good teetotal story that has taken a variety of forms was told by Mr. N. F. Woodbury, the Maine representative of the Prohibition National Committee, when talking about the political fights for total abstinence that have from time to time stirred up his State. 'I remember a village,' said Mr. Woodbury, 'where the contests on the liquor question were always very hot. There was one liquor saloon in the village, and a week before a certain election a placard as big as the entire front of the house was raised before it. This enormous placard said in huge red letters, "If the Prohibition law passes, this house will be closed." But in the dead of night odd noises were heard, and the next morning the enormous placard covered the whole front of the village poor-house.'—Exchange.

Shall the Weak Brother Perish?

(The Rev. Edward C. Ray, D.D., in the New York 'Observer'.)

Cain does not care whether the weak brother perishes or not. He is in fact ready to help him perish. Cain has only Cain's interests at heart; and he wears his heart on his sleeve. 'Let the fool look out for himself!' he cries. Cain did not know, as we do, that Christ who died for us, died also for the weak brother. Perhaps, if he had known, he would not have killed Abel; but we cannot be sure, for there are to-day some who know and who yet are ready to help the weak brother to perdition.

It is a jolly crowd, looking upon the wine when it is red and giveth its color in the cup, and transferring the redness to their countenances and eyes. They laugh and sing and joke—not always very plainly—then they dance and reel about, and then sleep peacefully on the bed or the floor or in the gutter. Their good friends, their wives and children, do not get so much pleasure out of it; and they themselves do not always, after a time. It is not wonderful that people go that way; it is human nature. The marvel is the power the Spirit of Christ has to save millions from that destroying way.

And another marvel is this: That one for whom Christ died, and who accepts salvation through that wondrous gift of love, should actually exhibit the spirit of Cain instead of the spirit of Christ. What shall we say of him? Let us say nothing; Paul himself does not judge him; but he begs him to think this thing out seriously, and to ask himself as Christ's man, 'Shall the weak brother perish, for whom my Saviour died?' What did Christ do for him? Died. What shall I do for him?

The answer given by one's daily habits would seem to go far to decide what spirit one is of, yet it may be that ignorance, not wickedness, is the explanation. Therefore let us try to make it plain to every saved soul that to him is given this wondrous privilege, to be a saviour of the weak with his Saviour. The Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., the gifted editor of 'The Westminster,' puts it this way in one of his recent 'Short Sermons for Busy People':

No place for self in Christianity, except at the altar of sacrifice.

An idol is nothing, says Paul.

A glass of wine is nothing, says Moderate Drinker.

But idolatry is sin, says Paul.

The wine-glass is also sin, says the world. I can eat meat offered to idols without harm, says Paul; and he adds, but I will not, lest my example harm.

I can drink wine, says Moderate Drinker, without harm; and he adds, and I will, example or no example.

Shall I help destroy a brother for whom Christ died? says Paul. Not while the world stands.

Shall I never build a fire, because some fool builds one and burns to death? says Moderate Drinker. For all him I will do as I please.

Under whose lead will you go, busy one; Paul's or Moderate Drinker's?

The Burning of Daleside Mill.

(J. Hanmer Quail, in the 'Alliance News'.)

Daleside Mill was on fire. Dense volumes of smoke rolled through the valley and along the main street of the town, obscuring the houses, and nearly blinding women and children as they hurried on towards the mill, where husbands and sons, brothers and sisters, earned their daily bread.

'The mill! The mill! It's afire! afire!' came the terrified cries out of the stifling smoke.

The fine mill was doomed. The fire began in the store-room on the ground floor, and in a moment one huge, cruel tongue of living flame seemed to lick up everything, and to dart in vindictive fury up to the spinning-room above. Wild and piercing cries rang from room to room. Women and girls rushed in terror to the door which opened to the iron fire ladder, which hung like strands of a gigantic spider's web by the side of the mill.

'Down! down! get out! down wi' yo,' rose the cries as the workers crowded about the doorway.

The ladder was narrow and open. From the dizzy height of the top landing the descent was perilous.

'Go down! go down! We'll be burnt! we'll be burnt!' cried the panic stricken women as they pressed forward, eager to reach the ladder.

The rooms were filled with dense and pungent smoke. The roar of the flames; the crackling of glass and timber, and the shouts of the people in the yard below struck terror to the women and girls, as trembling, they slowly made their way down the light ladders. From the foot of the lowermost ladder to the landing of the top floor there was one long, palpitating line of human life.

A loud scream rang from the second floor landing. There was a block. The people were crowding on to the ladder from that room.

'Go on! Go on! Get down! Get down!' came the excited cries from the room.

Piercing shrieks rose from the crowded ladder as two girls, crushed from their slender foot-hold, fell, with wild, despairing cries, to the ground. Another piercing scream and a woman fell. She struck the ground with an ominous thud, and rolled over once, and then lay motionless.

Onward, upward swept the fire, gripping the floors, frames, cotton, everything inflammable, in its ruthless grasp. The fire brigade had arrived, and worked bravely, but they were as so many pigmies trying to quench a flaming volcano. No human power could have checked the upward surge of that vast mass of devouring flame.

The first floor and then the second floor cracked and rent, and then crashed down into the fiery abyss with a sound which made brave men cringe. As men and women stood awestricken, watching the angry, leaping flames, the roof seemed to curl up and then to crumble into a thousand fragments, and with a more terrible crash than all it fell into the seething gulf below.

In two short hours Daleside Mill had changed from a scene of busy, smiling, and prosperous industry to a dismal and smoking ruin.

The people of Daleside stood in groups, gazing at the blackened and smouldering mass, and ever and anon there were heard the anxious questions:—'How did it happen?' 'What caused the fire?'

'It began in the stock-room, where there was no fire and nothing to make fire. Somebody set the mill on fire, that's plain,' said Maurice Gleave, the bookkeeper.

The people agreed that someone had set the mill on fire. They were dependent on the mill for their daily bread. Now, as it was a ghastly, blackened ruin, their work was at an end. Truly a calamity had overtaken the erstwhile prosperous and smiling little town. Three girls had fallen from the ladders in the crush and haste to escape, and Peter Bigland, who was in charge of No. 2 room, had been badly burned in saving a girl who had tried to escape by the staircase.

'The mill was set on fire by somebody. We have got to find out who did it,' said Maurice Gleave again.

'Aye, and then hang him.'

'Too good for 'im.'

'Not a bit. We'll 'ang 'im.'

'We'n gotten t' find 'im first.'

'Aye, an' then—'

'Ang 'im! 'ang 'ih!'

'All who says 'ang 'im, ho'd up your 'ands.'

William Bradwell's right hand was thrust up high, as he appealed to those who had been his fellow-workers at the mill.

'Ten—twenty—thirty—fifty hands went up in registration of the vow that the workers would find out who had set the mill on fire, and then execute stern and summary justice on the culprit.

Mr. Clayton Bristowe, the owner of Daleside Mill, sat in the dining-room of Thornby Hall, his pleasant house, which nestled in the trees a quarter of a mile beyond the mill. He was calculating the loss which he had suffered by the burning of the mill. Mrs. Bristowe sat near her husband, mechanically turning over the leaves of a new book which had come from town that afternoon. She could not read. In mind she was sharing her husband's trouble. He looked up.

'It means ruin. The insurance people are disputing the claim; they say the mill was fired wilfully,' Mr. Bristowe said, with a gravity which told of despair.

'Oh, Clayton! who could be so wicked as to do that?' Mrs. Bristowe asked, with a look of pain.

'They all say it was set on fire, and I think it was. The fire began in the stock-room. There was nothing there to cause fire. It must—'

Mr. Bristowe stopped. There was a knock at the room door. In a moment a maid entered and informed him that Peter Bigland had sent to ask if Mr. Bristowe would go over to his cottage to see him.

Peter—Old Peter, they called him—had gone down the inner staircase when the fire was at its height to save a girl who, in her fright, had gone that way. Peter had snatched her out of the searing flame, and with clothing on fire had carried her back and saved her. He was badly burned about the hands and face, and the girl was burned too, but he had saved her. They took her to the hospital, but he would go to his own home, the old cottage on the side of the valley, in which he had been born. Peter wanted to see his master. He had something to tell him.

'I would go, Clayton; it must be about the fire,' Mrs. Bristowe said, anxiously.

'I will go at once,' her husband replied. Hurriedly arranging his papers he rose from his chair and left the room.

(To be continued.)

Flags! Flags! Flags!

CANADIAN FLAGS!

Has your school one? Ask your teacher to write us for particulars as to our Diamond Jubilee Flag offer.

Address 'Flag Department,'

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'Witness' Building,

Montreal, Que.