

Selections.

STRIKE.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low—
Like a night-storm rising slow—
Like the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—'t is night!
Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires;
On the grey hill of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal fires.

O, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Perish party—perish clan;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.
—Whittier.

SAVE ME.

O, Brothers! I am wounded,
Rum hath stretched me on the field—
I have fought, but he has conquered,
For you offered me no shield.
There are many down beside me,
Who must die ere aid can come.
But, O heed the drunkard's pleading!
Save our future men from rum.

Listen, voters, I am dying!
'Tis the drunkard's dreadful death;
I would whisper you this morning,
With my foul, rum-laden breath,
Let not the love of office,
Or fear of murderous hand,
Keep the voters from removing
This dread foe from our land.
—The Issue.

THE BAR.

BY MRS N. F. STOUGHTON.

Why call it a bar? Say, whence is derived
This name for a depot of spirits of evil?
Was the name by some sly friend of
virtue contrived,
Or, like the thing named, did it come
from the devil?

Be this as it may, 'tis a capital name,
Short, easily said, and of meaning
most pregnant;
And I rather suspect from the devil it
came;
For 'e'en to his friends he is slyly mal-
ignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it
a bar?
Because *prima facie*, it bars from the
liquor;
But that's not it's full, honest meaning,
by far;
Just jingle the money, the rum fol-
lows quicker!

I'll tell what it means—'Tis a bar to all
good,
And a constant promoter of every-
thing evil;
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that's well
understood—
A bar to the right and a fort for the
devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence and
wealth,
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety;
A bar to clear thought and a bar to
sound health,
A bar to good conscience, to prayer,
and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to
school,
To clothing and giving them good
education;
A bar to the observance of every good
rule,
A bar to the welfare of family and
nation.

A bar to the hallowed enjoyment of
home,
A bar to the holiest of earthly
fruition;
A bar that forbids its frequenters to
come
To the goal and rewards of a virtuous
ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor and fame;
To friendship and peace and conju-
gial love;
To the purest delights that on earth we
may claim;
A bar to salvation and Heaven above!
—Union Signal.

THOMAS JEFFERSON ALLEN.

Josiah Allen's children have been brought up to think that sin of any kind is just as bad in a man as it is in a woman; and any place of amusement that was had for a woman to go to, was bad for a man.

Now, when Thomas Jefferson was a little feller, he was bewitched to go to circuses, and Josiah said: "Better let him go, Samantha; it hain't no place for wimin or girls, but it won't hurt the boy." Says I: "Josiah Allen, the Lord made Thomas Jefferson with jest as pure a heart as Tirzah Ann, and no bigger eyes and ears, and if Thomas J. goes to the circus, Tirzah Ann goes too."

That stopped that. And then he was bewitched to get with other boys that smoked and chewed tobacco, and Josiah was just that easy turn that he would have let him go with 'em. But, says I: "Josiah Allen, if Thomas Jefferson goes with those boys, and gets to chewin' and smokin' tobacco, I shall buy Tirzah Ann a pipe."

And that stopped that. "And about drinkin'," says I, "Thomas Jefferson, if it should ever be the will of Providence to change you into a wild bear, I will chain you up and do the best I can by you. But if you ever do it yourself, turn yourself into a wild beast by drinkin', I will run away, for I never could stand it, never! And," I continued, "if I ever see you hangin' round bar-rooms and tavern doors, Tirzah Ann shall hang too."

Josiah argued with me, says he, "It don't look so bad for a boy as it does for a girl."

Says I, "Custom makes the difference; we are more used to seein' men. But," says I, "when liquor goes to work to make a fool and a brute of anybody, it don't stop to ask about sex; it makes a wild beast and an idiot of a man or a woman, and to look down from Heaven, I guess a man looks as bad lying dead drunk in a gutter as a woman does." says I: "things look differently from up there, than what they do to us—it is a more sightly place. And you talk about looks, Josiah Allen. I don't go on clear looks, I go onto principle. Will the Lord say to me in the last day, 'Josiah Allen's wife, how is it with the sole of Tirzah Ann—as for Thomas Jefferson's sole, he bein' a boy, it ain't of no account?' No! I shall have to give an account to Him for my dealin's with both these soles, male and female. And I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was impure for a woman was pure for a man. If man has a greater desire to do wrong—which I won't dispute," says I, lookin' keenly onto Josiah, "he has greater strength to resist temptation. And so," says I, in mild accents, but firm as old Plymouth Rock, "if Thomas Jefferson hangs, Tirzah Ann shall hang, too."

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up to think that it was just as bad for him to listen to a bad story or song, as for a girl, or worse, for he had more strength to run away, and that it was a disgrace for him to talk or listen to any stuff that he would be ashamed to have Tirzah or me hear. I have brought him up to think that manliness didn't consist in having a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side, and swearin' and slang phrases, and a knowledge of questionable amusements, but in layin' holt of every duty that come to him, with a brave heart and a cheerful face; in helpin' to right the wrong, and protect the weak, and makin' the most and the best of the mind and the sole God had given him. In short I have brought him up to think that purity and virtue are both feminine and masculine gender, and that God's angels are not necessarily all she ones.—From *Sweet Cicely*.

CRUELITIES OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Drinking alcoholic stimulants is not a natural passion, it is an artificial one. The stomach in a healthy condition rejects alcohol. Alcohol is positively injurious to a man in health. How, then, can a Christian claim he has a right to take his moderate drink, especially when he knows that alcoholic stimulants are the fruitful cause of three-fourths of all the physical, social, and spiritual desolations of the world.

A Christian who says fanatics have no right to ask him to give up the pleasure of his favorite glass, should go to the burying-ground in the sad autumn when the leaves are falling from the trees, and behold the widows in crape and the orphans in tears as they kneel on mounds prematurely made by the doctrine of the moderate glass. Let him accompany these bereaved and

sorrowful ones into their homes of desolation and want, and behold the ravages of strong drink there. Once this home was radiant with the smiles of love and the rippling laughter of innocence. God and the angels came into it with the greetings of the morning sunbeams, and infinite peace abounded everywhere during the day as the duties of each hour were rapturously filled without rest and without weariness. The lullabies of night prayer, and the consciousness of having toiled with God, peacefully closed the daily scenes of this lovely and ideal Christian home. The accursed intruder, strong drink, invaded this delightful home of peace and happiness. The cheeks of the sorrowful and broken-hearted mother, once ruddy and radiant with the smiles of love, are pallid and furrowed with grief. The ringing laughter of the innocent and loved little ones, that used to make the home musical and angelic, is for ever stifled in the throats of childhood. The sorrows of strong drink have fallen like a dark pall on that home, and the souls of all are sad and shrouded with grief. The father died prematurely of strong drink, the mother is a helpless widow, the little ones suffering and sorrowful orphans. The scene is not yet over. Behold this hard-working widow, forced to toil for bread for little orphans from early morning till late at night. Ten years later see her at the death-bed of a drunken son, and hear her sobbing out from a heart that has been pierced by the double sword of social cruelty.

Tell me not of the cruelties of dark and barbarous days, when defenceless women and helpless babes were mercilessly slain. They were kind and merciful days to the cruelties that are practised now-a-days on the wives and mothers and children of this generation.—Selected.

A SERMON ON WHISKEY.

An aged colored man rose to a standing position and a point of order, the other night, with a tremulous voice and a feeble mien, and combated a sentiment adverse to the crushing out of old King Alcohol. Said he: "Mind me, my bredern an' my sistern, of a nanne-cot I wonee heard when I was nigh about a pickinniny. Dar was a sho't ho'n kalf a rambling ob hisself down a shady lane, when wot should he see but Mr. Snaik a-lyin' on the ground wid a big rock on his head. Says Mr. Kalf: 'Wot de matter ob you?' Says Mr. Snaik: 'Please, Mr. Kalf, to take dis stone off my head.' 'Dunno,' says Mr. Kalf; 'spec you'll bite me.' 'Deed no,' says Mr. Snaik; 'you take de stone off an' sure I'll nebbber bite you.' So Mr. Kalf he knocked de stone off Mr. Snaik's hed. 'Which way you gwine, Mr. Kalf?' says Mr. Snaik. 'Down dis way,' said Mr. Kalf, 'so dey started off togedder. Bime by, Mr. Snaik says, 'Mr. Kalf, guess I'll bite you.' 'Why,' said Mr. Kalf, 'you said you wouldn't bite if I turned you loose.' 'I know dat,' says Mr. Snaik, 'but I kain't help it; it's my nature.' 'Well,' says Mr. Kalf, 'we'll leave dat queschun to de fust niggah we meet.' 'Well, de fust niggah dey met was a fox.' 'Mr. Fox,' says Mr. Kalf, 'I tuk a stone off Mr. Snaik's hed awhile back, an' he promised he wouldn't bite me; an' now he wants to bite, anyhow.' 'Well,' says Mr. Fox, 'de only way dat I can arborate de matter is to see de rign'al persishuns on de parties.' So dey went back, an' Mr. Snaik laid hisself down, and Mr. Kalf put de stone on his head. 'Now,' says Mr. Fox, 'dat am de rign'al persishuns ob de sputants, am it?' Dey boff said it was. 'Well,' said Mr. Fox, 'Mr. Kalf, you just go 'bout yo' his'ness and Mr. Snaik won't bite you.' Dass it, my bredern, dass it. You mus' put de stone on de hed an' gwine about yo' his'ness, and de Snaik won't bite you.'—Pittsburg Chronicle.

ONTARIO GRAND COUNCIL.

The Grand Council of Ontario, R.T. of T., held its annual meeting at Stratford on Feb. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. There was a good attendance of members, and many interesting reports were received, showing the Order to be in strong, flourishing condition. The report upon Political Action recommended the carrying of the prohibition question into party caucuses and conventions, and also appointed a committee to ask the Ontario Provincial Government to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors as far as in the power of that body. Nearly all the principal officers were re-elected. An organization to be known as the Junior Royal Templars of Temperance was approved. A handsome address and clock were presented to the Grand Secretary, Brother McMillan, who has recently been married.

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1890.

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