



NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL.

The Temperance Banner.

UNFURL the temperance banner
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas.
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold,
And let the pleasing story
In every ear be told.

The drunkard may not perish
In Alcohol's domain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again.
With sober men, repenting,
He bows at Jesus' feet,
His iron heart relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

The blaze is brightly burning
In this and every land,
And multitudes are turning
To join the temperance band.
The light of God comes shining
To many a soul unblest;
Ere long its beams combining
With stream from east to west.

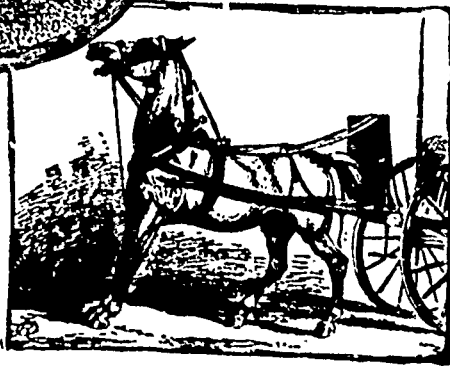
Soon will a brighter morrow
Succeed this glorious day,
When drunkenness and sorrow
Far distant fly away.
Then lift the temperance banner
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas.

The Cruel Over-Check Rein.

THE main obstacle to a speedy reform in the cruelty now practised by the use of the over-check rein is that for the most part its stronghold is among the wealthy and fashionable classes. Without bestowing a moment's attention on the welfare of the poor animals, people who have been taught to regard a restless champing of the bit, an impatient tossing of the head and pawing of the forefoot as signs of breed and elegance, never stop to consider how these results are produced.

And the poor animals in changing their position from a stationary to a moving one, though the change itself may bring momentary relief, their sufferings are in no wise really changed. They only pass from one form of torture to another. This can be seen by any one who will watch the unnatural gait into which the high over-check forces them. They undoubtedly step high enough, and so would a man whose head was pulled backward till it rested between his shoulder-blades

and he could see nothing lower than the house-tops. But it is a most unnatural sort of gait, brought about by a most brutal cause. Every particle of grace of movement which a well bred horse shows in action has disappeared, and in its place there is an outward flinging of the hoofs and an uncertainty of footing that is a positive danger to those



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riding behind. The horse in such cases cannot step with certainty; he feels himself deprived of his strength and self-confidence and a very few months of constant work under a rigid system of high over checking will injure his gait to such an extent as to seriously affect his value. These effects make the horse uncomfortable, and he becomes restless and irritable; in fact his head aches and pains him, and he gets many a violent jag and blow just because the driver cannot understand the cause of his restlessness.

Prohibition in Georgia.

TAKE the famous case of Atlanta. Here was a city of 60,000 inhabitants that boldly entered this contest, and while not at all regardless of consequences, was yet willing to meet them. Perhaps as much as a million of dollars were invested in the liquor trade by her citizens, among whom were men of most exemplary character and high respectability. The houses for dribbling out the pestilence numbered, probably, 150; and liquor selling and liquor drinking had about as fair prospects in Atlanta as one would easily find in any other city of like population. The nerves and faith of temperance men were severely tried by the predictions of the ruin that was to "follow fast and follow faster" upon the triumphs of sobriety and the suppression of that chief boon among "human rights," the privilege of becoming intoxicated whenever it so pleased. Notwithstanding these fearful vaticinations, the friends of temperance took the risk of all the harm that was to come of doing right, and making men better, and rendering unhappy women and children more resigned to their lot. The victory achieved at the polls did not end by any means the labours of the Atlanta prohibitionists. For months after the contest closed, these wearied toilers

were kept busy answering inquiries from every part of the Union as to the extent of the material damage which followed the city's exclusion of the liquor traffic. The old argument, killed as it had been by the facts of the case, was constantly resurrected, and was made to do service in many a succeeding temperance campaign. The tale of Atlanta's downfall, Atlanta's expelled capital, her empty stores, and her coming desolation was dinned into the ears of the friends and foes of temperance reform until men's patience was exhausted. —*Senator Colquitt in New Princeton Review for September.*

A Balloon Experience.

FROM an article on "Amateur Ballooning" in the *Century* we quote as follows: "As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forebode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow ear snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the centre with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

"I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain-storm upon earth is accompanied by noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub be-

side this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard.

"Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows, and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Talleott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapnel, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to 'catch on to that anchor and stop the business.' With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: 'It's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows.' But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended."

The Breton Sailors' Prayer.

How beautiful is that simple prayer which, it is said, the Breton sailors are wont to utter when launching out upon the heaving ocean: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide!" For God is just the same upon the waters as he is upon the land; the sea is his and he made it; though tempests come and in the wilderness of fierce floods death yawns blackly on every side, his power that stilled the turbulent sea of Genesaret can deliver his children from the wildest war of winds and waves. The prayer of the Breton mariner becomes the prayer of every soul that has learned to revere, to obey, and to trust: "Keep me, my God; I am so weak and thou so mighty; put underneath me thine everlasting arms and I shall be upheld!"

The Voice sends forth no uncertain sound touching the great issue before the nation. In an article, "Shall we give High License a Trial?" the editor closes thus: "Let us all, with one voice, and that a stentorian one, give the nation to understand that the temperance agitation will not be allowed to crystallize itself around any point short of outlawry for the saloon. Let us give them to understand once for all that we propose to hit license wherever we see it, and however we see it."