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The number of copies available is limited. It could not be reprinted except at very heavy cost. Those who apply first will be first supplied. Address

F. S. SPENCER,  
51 Confederation Life Building,  
Toronto, Canada.

**Selections.**

**"WHAT CAN WE DO?"**

Oh, what can we do, my brothers,  
To speed the cause along?  
We can speak a word to others,  
We can cheer them with a song,  
We can give them hearty greeting,  
We can shake them by the hand,  
We can bring them to the meeting,  
We can help them firmly stand!

Oh, what can we do, my brothers,  
To haste the longed for day  
When the weeping babes and mothers  
Shall wipe their tears away?  
We can sow the seed and reap it,  
We can help the sad hearts sing;  
We can sign the pledge and keep it,  
In the strength of CHRIST OUR KING?  
—Fredk. Sherlock.

**LITTLE THINGS.**

Little drops of porter, little sips of stout,  
Make the breathing shorter, and will aid the gout;  
And these slight derangements (trifling though they be)  
Prompt on other ailments, or some malady.  
Little drops of liquor, little sips of ale;  
Pulses beating quicker, faces grim and pale;  
Mixtures alcoholic, be they what you please,  
Will increase a colic, or a heart disease.  
Little drops of Burton, little sips of wine,  
Are a sure and certain health-destroying sign.  
Little drops of Allsopp, little drops of Bass,  
Take away the senses, and make a man an ass.  
—Medical Pioneer.

**GIVE A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.**

Do you know a heart that hungers  
For a word of love and cheer;  
There are many such about us;  
It may be that one is near.  
Look around you. If you find it,  
Speak a word that's needed so,  
And your own heart may be strengthened  
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters  
On the brink of sin and wrong,  
And a word from you might save him—  
Help to make the tempted strong.  
Look about you, O my brother!  
What a sin is yours and mine  
If we see that help is needed  
And we give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted—  
Bread on waters cast are they,  
And it may be we shall find them  
Coming back to us some day.  
Coming back when sorely needed  
In a time of sharp distress;  
So, my friend, let's give them freely:  
Gift and giver God will bless.  
—The Housewife.

**LIGHT WINES.**

**A TRUE STORY.**

Some ten years ago, whilst visiting in a distant city, I had several opportunities of seeing the workings of a State inebriate asylum, where several hundred women were serving terms of imprisonment, according to the sentence that had been passed upon them. The friend who introduced me conducted me to a handsome building, with well-kept grounds. We were ushered into a pretty little library, from whose open door we could see, across the hall, a spacious and cheerful office. Upstairs was a large and elegant parlour, dining-room, and other apartments for the use of the officers, all giving the impression of comfort, convenience and beauty. But how changed was the scene when we passed through the great door, which our conductor locked behind us. Everything was clean and neat, but cold, cheerless, prison-like. The brick walls were whitewashed and void of ornament, the staircases iron, the windows heavily barred. We passed through the different departments—the dining-room with its long tables; the kitchen, with its ranges and large vessels, constantly filled with tea or coffee, to quench the unnatural thirst of these poor creatures; the sewing-room, where they were taught to sew or knit; the laundry and chapel. Everywhere were women in gowns of coarse blue denim, some

with faces bloated and brutalised, some youthful, with a wild, fierce beauty in them, almost all bearing cruel traces of their past lives. Among them was one sweet, fair, refined face, and it is her story that I tell you.

A few years before, in an English home, one of its young daughters was educated as an artist. In course of time she went to the South of France, and while there a great sorrow came upon her. Accustomed to the use of light wines from her childhood, why should she fear the light wines of sunny France? How could she dream, as she sought relief from her depression, that she was fastening upon herself the chains of a terrible appetite? Yet it was so. Her friends, too late, awoke to her danger, took her home, and after months of loving care hoped she was cured. To enable her to begin life afresh, under new conditions, remote from all who knew her weakness, a position was obtained for her in a college on this side of the Atlantic. She was successful and happy in her work, but as she became known, and began to move in society, she entered homes where her entertainers served wines at their tables, and the fatal appetite reasserted itself. At last she fell so publicly that she was arraigned in a police court and sentenced to a term in the institution of which I have spoken.

At the expiration of her term a brother, who had journeyed from England for the purpose, was there to receive and help her, but the saloon beckoned on every side, polluting the air with its odours, and in three days she was lying dead drunk on the streets of the city, and was sentenced to a second six months imprisonment.

Her term of confinement was now nearing its end, and the matron felt much anxiety for her future. She showed me beautiful fancy work, wrought by her fingers, spoke of her fine literary tastes and musical ability, of the sweet disposition that had endeared her to them all, and then added: "My poor Mabel; if I only had some place to send her where she would not be constantly exposed to temptation." Alas! that such places should be so rare. But ever since, when I hear people advocate the use of light wines as the solution of the drink problem, I think of this young woman, twenty-two years of age only, who, despite education and social position, had been brought low. —Union Signal.

**HOW IT HAPPENED.**

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon.

"Yes," responded the other rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said: "It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mt. Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out-doors. All boys, you know; the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family."

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back-yard, and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up freely. Smith walked over, and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the tree.

"Oh my boys, you must not drink that," he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came down town that night, and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

**THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.**

STRONG SENTENCES FROM SPEECHES BY THE GREAT JOHN B. FINCH.

No government has a right to license wrong.

The negligence of statesmen is the opportunity of demagogues.

Every person must either be in favor of the sale of liquor or against it. There is no neutral ground.

The record of the liquor traffic proves it to be the enemy of law, morality, christianity and civilization.

We want no compromise with the liquor traffic; no halfway measures; no gilding over the great sin; no overtures of peace with the grog-shop.

From the day the liquor business was introduced into this country, it has existed as a bitter, blighting, damning curse on everything decent, virtuous and holy.

To license a man to sell rum because he will break law and sell without license if you don't is simply to compound felony and reward a criminal for his crime.

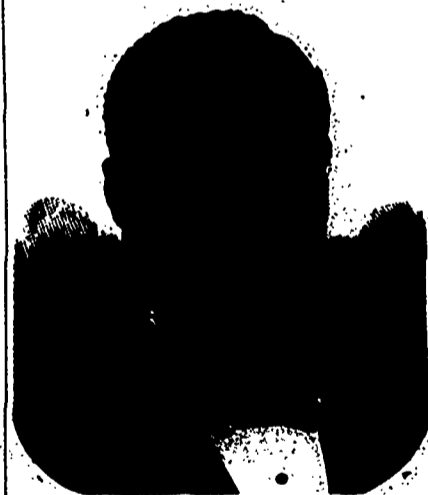
Compromise has followed compromise—unrestrained sale, license, high license, civil damage, local option—and all of these compromises have been failures to the extent that principle has been sacrificed.

If the whole brood of drunkard-makers could be hung to-morrow unless we destroyed the system that produced them, sear the neck of the license hydra, another crop would spring up in three months.

The Christian church, to purge itself from all complicity with the unholy rum traffic, must banish alcoholic liquors from the communion table, convert or expel its tipping communicants, and refuse to stain its righteous coffers with the blood money of the liquor dealer.

Man's right to degrade and ruin himself does not include the right to insist that a government based upon his intelligence and manhood shall furnish the means to ruin his intelligence and manhood. To make such a claim is to claim that individual man has a right to make the government commit suicide.

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