

Selected.

THE DEAD MARCH

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way
March the feet of a million men;
If none shall pity and none shall save,
Where will the march they are making end?

The young, the strong, the old are there
In woful ranks as they hurry past,
With not a moment to think or care
What is the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,
Out of a boyhood pure and fair—
Over the thoughts of love and home—
Past the check of a mother's prayer;
Onward swift to a drunkard's crime,
Over the plea of wife and child,
Over the holiest ties of time—
Reason dethroned, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave
Covers the broken life of shame—
Whilst the spirit Jesus died to save
Meets the future we dare not name.
God help us all, there's a cross to bear!
And work to do for the mighty throng!
God give us strength, till the toil and prayer
Shall end the day in the victory's song!

—Mary T. Lathrop.

WHAT IS THE W.C.T.U.

'Tis the hand that rocks the cradle,
Reaching out to save the world,
Flinging to the breeze the banner
Of the home, by love unfurled:

'Tis the mother-heart that beats time
With man's noblest thought to-day;
Aye! and mother-will that sternly
Puts the nation's sin away.

Never sound of martial music
Rose as rises Home's new song;
For two hundred thousand women
Make her first grand army strong.

Never smoke of any battle
Rose so high as rise their prayers;
And their field is wide as duty,
But their tactics are home cares.

Not *house* cares alone, but *home* cares,
That reach out the wide world o'er,
Wheresoe'er the home hearts wander,
Oft to come back nevermore.

In a thousand homes this moment,
Worse than dead some loved one lies:
It is *outside* work that claims, then,
Women's prayer and sacrifice?

How cares drive her to this struggle,
And, though ranks may fall unknown,
There is nothing that can conquer
Love, when battling for its own.

Lo, the future, in the cradle
Of to-day, claims woman's care;
And her lullabies are war songs:
Battling evils, everywhere.

And there's hope for men and nations,
With home's modest flag unfurled,
For, from out that guarded cradle
Comes a new millennial world.

—Lydia H. Tilton, in the *Union Signal*.

THE LION'S DEN

"Ma, who's that sitting in the fence corner?"

The blacksmith's wife finished pinning the heavy sheet on the clothes line and then pushed back her bonnet.

"That man yonder?" she nodded contemptuously. "What's the matter with you, child, that you don't know old Sam Denby? He's dead drunk, that's what he is; that's what he generally is, poor wretch. I do pity him for a fact."

"Why, Ma? He don't have to drink; it's his own fault," said the blacksmith's daughter, Silvy; she was helping her mother to hang out the Monday's wash.

Mrs. Forbes shook her head. "It was his fault once, of course, but he's in the lion's den now, an' he can't git outen it himself, no more nor Dan'el could."

"God sent his angel, and shut the lions' mouths," suggested Silvy.

"Po' Sam ain't seen no angel though; he sees t'other sort—devils is what Sam sees, when he has 'lirim tremens."

"Maybe God means people to help Sam, seein' there ain't no angels 'round," suggested Silvy again.

"Much good any one can do Sam," said the blacksmith's wife; "there ain't nothin' left to tek hold of."

"Did you ever try, mother?" "Here! Ketch hold and move this here basket," cried Mrs. Forbes, sharply, "and don't jaw me so much. I never could work and jabber same time."

Silvy obeyed and the work went on quietly, except for the flap, flap, of the damp clothes in the breeze. But when the basket was empty the girl leaned her bare elbow on the fence and looked at the man lying in the grassy corner. He was dirty, and ragged, and unkempt, but her mother was mistaken—he was not drunk, and Silvy was startled at hearing herself spoken to by him:

"You are the girl who sings in the choir at the Methodist Church, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Silvy. "Do you go to church?"

"Sometimes I slip in and hear the singin'," said the man: "I used to be a good hand at a tune myself. There's one you sing that allus makes a baby of me,"

And in a quavering, but not untuneful voice Sam began to sing:

"The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm."

"That's 'bout all I know of the words," he said. "cept the chorus:

"Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;

"Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm."

"Wait a minute," said Silvy, with a flush on her face, "I'll get my Gospel Hymns, and sing you the rest."

But it was not for the hymn-book alone that she sped back into the little cottage. Her father had come in from the forge, and she stood pleading with him and her mother for some plan which had suddenly formed in her young heart.

"What's the use of our singing 'Throw out the life-line' if we never do it, father?" she exclaimed, tear-drops running over, while she looked into his face appealingly.

"That's true," said Forbes. "Well, girl, you can try, it looks like a wrist like yourn couldn't hold any life-line, after you'd throwed it."

Silvy was already back at the fence. She sang one after another of those precious hymns, standing there under the old walnut tree, at the end of the village street. It was the far end, and there were few passers-by, but if there had been many, Silvy would not have noticed them; her whole heart was centered in this new venture.

"Mr. Denby," she said, after she had shut the book, "father says you are to come around to our house to-night, and sing some with us, to my melodeon."

Sam Denby burst into tears. Perhaps they were maudlin, but they were signs of shame, and, however weak, of repentance. He would not promise, though the girl coaxed him; but when the evening shades fell, and the glow was dying out in the forge, they saw him hanging around in sight of the cottage, and the blacksmith went out and brought him in to the neat sitting-room, where Silvy's little melodeon stood.

The "life-line" had been thrown out, but, alas, the hands of the poor drunkard had lost their grip. His desire to be decent might be strong, but that terrible thirst was stronger still. His fear of consequences might sometimes torture him, but that was nothing to the torture of the drink-devil within him. There was no earthly help for Sam, and he knew it.

No "earthly" help; but gentle hands were drawing, drawing, drawing him within reach of that divine help, upon which he had for a lifetime of sin been turning his back. For it is one of the blessed characteristics of Christian endeavor that it multiplies itself like leaven. If you make one effort to save the perishing, lest you throw away that one effort you will make another, and another, and another. It is contagious, too, when you begin really to see a lost soul, in God's earnest, you do not wait, like the people in the parable, to call in your neighbors to rejoice with you over its recovery; oh, no; you call them in to help you in the search.

For a few times Sam Denby came to the blacksmith's cottage and joined in the hymn singing. He was pleased enough, poor fellow, to find himself in decent company, to be called "Mr. Denby," and he loved music with all the soul whisky had left him.

But in a short time he was lying in the gutter, all the more beastly drunk, perhaps, because of his short abstinence.

Well, our little village maiden learned then, shedding bitter tears over the lesson page, that it is no child's play to "throw out the life-line." But it only cast her more upon the great Helper, whom perhaps she had fancied she could do without, in her first success. The little bedroom above the kitchen became a place where she wrestled like Jacob of old, in secret prayer; and when she went to the League meetings, it was with one entreaty: "Pray for Sam; oh, pray for Sam."

And now the poor drunkard began to be girdled about with praying neighbors. Their faith was not larger than a grain of mustard seed; they were more surprised to see Sam sober than to see him drunk; but since they had promised Silvy to pray for him, they no longer passed him by like a cast-off. If he was sober, they encouraged him; if he was drunk they looked after him; other places besides the blacksmith's offered themselves to him for an evening resort, and everybody, with one accord, urged him to come to church. When he did come, they gave him a hearty welcome, from the dapper young usher to the old preacher; the very children put their wee fingers in his, taught by tender-hearted mothers.

And one night when God's Spirit was present in great power, moving sinful hearts to come to the Saviour, a bent and feeble form presented itself for the prayers of God's people, and a great wave of emotion swept over the congregation—it was Sam Denby, the drunkard!

"Lord, thou has promised that those who come to Thee shall in no wise be cast out. Fulfill that promise, Lord, to this poor sinner! Thou hast promised that they who look to Thee for strength shall tread upon the lion and the adder; that the young lion and the dragon they shall trample under foot. Lord, make Thy work good to this man whose temptations are fierce like the lion and poisonous like the adder. Heavenly Father, didst thou not send thine angel to shut the mouths of the lions which roared against Thy servant Daniel? O, God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, defend this brother of ours from evils worse than wild beasts."

So the old preacher poured out his heart to God, with his hand on the bowed head of the poor drunkard; and the people wept aloud. But the little maid in the choir did not weep; she was standing on a mount of vision; her face beamed with triumph, and over and over she whispered to her father: "God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths."

Was it strange if the blacksmith should fancy that God's angel must look like his daughter, Silvy.—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in the N. T. Advocate.*

Neither may we gain, by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is all that liquid fire, commonly called spirituous liquors. All who sell them in the common way are poisoners generally.—*John Wesley.*

STRAY ARROWS

The sensible man gives the grog shop a wide berth.

The drink traffic is the greatest criminal known to civilization.

There is no room for neutrality in the fight against strong drink.

When reason rules the appetite obeys.

When appetite commands the pocket pays.

Alcohol is the same everywhere—in the grog den, in the fashionable club, and on the communion table.

Liquor drinking has never improved a man's character, nor increased the happiness of his wife and family.

Truth is mighty, wrong expiring.

Onward then, there's no retreat,
Millions to the right aspiring.

God and angels all admiring,
Faith in victory complete.

Two men had a sharp discussion. One was an abstainer; and the other was not. Said the latter: "Depend upon it there is nothing like beer. Why, when I get home at night, and have drunk a quart or two, I feel as if I could knock a house down." "Ah," replied the other quietly, "but since I

have been a teetotaler, I have put two houses up, and that suits me better."

The old Scotch woman understood the value of reducing the number of places where liquor is sold, when she said about her drinking husband as she tried to get him home sober, "I can get him past seven places, but I canna get him past fifteen." There is something of pathos in that remark, that will come home to many a poor aching heart.—*Selected.*

The public house and the private house cannot both thrive. The earnings of working men are not sufficient both to supply the wants of their own homes, and support an army of lazy landlords and well-fed land ladies. One must go the wall.

—*Rev. Dr. Arnot.*

MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM

The most subtle and deceitful hope that ever existed, and one which has wrecked the happiness of many a girl's life, is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blinded to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have fallen and innocent lives have been wrecked, because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union—and I have seen hundreds of them—result in anything but sadness and disaster. Let no young girl think that she may be able to accomplish what a loving mother or sympathetic sisters have been unable to do. Before there is any contract of marriage there should be convincing proof that there has been real and thorough regeneration.—*D. L. Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE DRINKING HABITS OF WOMEN.

An English writer in *The Glasgow Herald* says: "These are sadly on the increase in our midst. You may shake your dear head in unbelief, and point to the records of drunkenness at the police courts for denial of my horrid assertion, for it is horrid, and I paused ere I made it, but having made it I keep to it in spite of all the statistics in the world, for the evils which I mean rarely come to court. These excesses are hid in the home, and concealed by the love and the shame of the home people. Only in the shattered households do you find them in all their blasting realities—fiends that creep into a man's house unawares, to wreck all he holds dearest, to haunt his every waking moment with dread, to make his sleep hideous with foreshadowings."

The intoxicating cup is of the devil, and leads to hell, and we will neither touch, nor taste, nor handle the poisonous liquid, nor have any fellowship with those who fatten on the woes and miseries of mankind by its sale or manufacture.—*General Booth.*

THE DANGER OF ONE GLASS.

There are eight hundred thousand men working on our railroads, and one glass of beer with any one of them at a critical moment may mean death and destruction to a train. Millions more are running the mills and factories of the land, and so intimately does one man's work dovetail into another's that one visit to a saloon is apt to bring disturbance to a whole department.—*N. T. Voice.*

Brome, P. Q., in line.

An annual meeting of the Brome, P. Q., County Temperance Alliance was held at Sutton on January 11th. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. Plans were laid for work in the coming contest. Officers were elected as follows:—Pre., W. W. Smith, Sutton; Vice-Pres., W. G. Purriington, E. Furnham; Sec., Dr. F. A. Cutter, Sutton; Treas., L. E. Dyer, Sutton. A number of W.C.T.U. workers were appointed as vice-presidents for different localities, each to act in conjunction with a local committee of seven other workers. A well attended and very enthusiastic meeting was held in the evening, addresses by Judge Foster, Col. Patterson, W. A. Wells, W. W. Smith, Rev. E. T. Capel, Mrs. T. French, L. E. Dyer and others.