



What Will You Take?

'What will you take for friendship's sake?
Oh, take the fruit which God has spread
In blushing beauty o'er your head.
Go, take the water from the spring,
And your Redeemer's praises sing;
But do not touch the rosy wine,
Nor let your feet to sin incline.
When tempted to embrace the foe,
Look up to Christ, and answer, NO!

'What will you take for friendship's sake?
Oh, take the sunshine, bright and fair;
Take copious draughts of God's pure air.
Lay hold on Jesus' word and grace;
Twill shield you from the tempter's gaze.
Oh, do not linger near the wine!
Its flame might quench the spark divine.
Though legions seek your overthrow,
Look up to Christ, and shout your No!
—'Light and Reflector.'

An Awful Sight.

(By Wm. Ruddy.)

One summer evening about 7 o'clock, while coming from my work, my attention was called by a fellow workman to an awful sight directly across the street, and as I looked I beheld a man, the most hideous looking specimen of humanity I ever laid my eyes upon, and as I drew near I discovered that he was barefooted, his eyes were swollen and red, on his great head his black hair was standing straight out, his great form was bent over as he wearily made his way along the great thoroughfare.

I drew still nearer and recognized him as having been at one time a prosperous business man in a small town not far from the city of Toronto. When I first knew him he was the most successful business man in that place, he was sharp and shrewd and was doing well.

Living in that town myself I was in a position to see his daily and rapid downfall as he passed down the street from his place of business to the bar-room. Down and down he went, getting worse and worse, till at last his business was lost, his wife and family left him, his friends forsook him, and he was left a homeless wreck with no one to care for him. A few years more of drunken and riotous living and his body became feeble and diseased. Not long after I saw him that same evening, he was taken into the home for incurables and died. His body was taken back to the little town and laid at rest, and God only knows what became of his poor immortal soul. We can only hope he died repentant like the thief on the cross.

What an awful warning to young men not to take the first glass. I have no doubt this poor fellow thought when he took his first glass he could take another and another with perfect safety and quit when he liked, but unknown to him each glass was an invisible coil that wound around him more and more helpless to struggle against his horrible fate.

Drinking a Farm.

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are

swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre.—'Western Plowman.'

Alcohol and Athletics.

Mr. J. C. Clegg, Chairman of the Football Association, and his brother, Sir W. E. Clegg, both of whom are 'past internationals,' may be cited as typical examples of the benefits derived from a life of total abstinence. In a recent article on football training and athletics, Mr. W. McGregor, the founder of the English Football League, says:—

'Mr. J. C. Clegg has been a life-long teetotaler and non-smoker. At one time he was supposed to be the fleetest runner in England, amateur or professional, and he is said to have won more races over a quarter of a mile than any man that ever put pumps on. Handicappers were particularly severe on him because they knew him to be a rigid teetotaler and a man who kept absolutely fit at all times.'

Mr. C. B. Fry, Dr. W. G. Grace, and Prince Ranjitsinhji, in their writings on cricket and other field sports, have frequently given expression to the view that alcoholic liquors should be avoided. Similar advice is from time to time given in the magazines devoted to physical culture. The Hon. F. S. Jackson says—'No man can long take drink and be a good cricketer.'

In connection with other branches of sport there occur to us the names of abstainers who have gained world-wide fame during recent years. These include G. Hackenschmidt, undefeated wrestling champion of the world; M. A. Holbein, the swimming expert; and S. F. Edge, the motor-racing champion, who won the Gordon-Bennett Cup in 1902.—'Temperance Leader.'

The Mocking Cup.

(By Rev. James Learmont, in the 'British Congregationalist'.)

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.'
—Prov. xx., 1.

That is the natural outcome of drinking wine. It cannot help itself. It is the nature of strong drink to mock the strongest men, and to make men who are naturally kind and tender-hearted rage like madmen. For long years it has been at this work, and still men seem to waste the experience of all the ages, they still drink strong drink. In our day and Sunday Schools you are now taught something about the terrible nature of intoxicating drinks, and as I read a story the other day that illustrates its power for mischief I will tell it to you.

'Boy Billy' was the adopted son of Christian Yeude, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a public-house tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea Yeude seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things.

Billy looked on with curiosity.
'Come here, Billy,' said Christian Yeude.
'Why were you in the beer-shop to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?'

'Oh—oh—because it's good,' said Billy boldly.

'No, Billy, it's not good to the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make, Billy; you think it will taste good by and by, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home,

Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy, you like beer; well, open your mouth, and I will put it in.'

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Yeude:

'Don't make me mad, Billy, open your mouth.'

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Yeude put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. That was worse. Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper now, from a knife point, made Billy howl.

'What, not like beer?' said Yeude. 'Open your mouth.'

A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

'Open your mouth, the beer is not half made yet.'

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

'Look Billy! Here is some arsenic and some strychnine, which is used to kill rats!'

'I shall die! Oh—oh—oh—do you want to kill me, Father Yeude?'

'Kill you! Just by a little beer, all good and pure! You tell me you like beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give you some you cry I kill you. Here is water. There is much water in beer.'

Billy drank the water eagerly. Yeude went on:

'There is much alcohol in beer. Here, open your mouth.' And he dropped four drops of raw spirits carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

'Come here, the beer is not done, Billy,' and seizing him he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, and a drop of gall.

'There, Billy! There is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica. Open your mouth!'

'Oh, no, no,' said Billy. 'Let me go. I hate beer. I'll never drink any more!' I'll never go in that shop again. Oh, let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take them away, Father Yeude.'

'Take them away! Take away good beer when I have paid for it! My boy, you drank them fast enough to-day.'

'Oh, they make me sick,' said Billy.
'A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face; he gets big in the body; he gets shaky in his hands; he gets weak in the eyes; he gets mean in his manners.'

Billy was satisfied on the beer question. I hope you are. If you want to be strong and clever you must keep your brain cool and your blood healthy, and you can never do that if you drink beer and other drinks—'liquid fire,' as the Indians used to call it. You can see that very clearly from the effect on Billy's mouth.

PICTURES FOR JUNE

'He cometh not, she said' might easily be the title of the charming cover Picture of the June 'Canadian Pictorial,' the frontispiece of which is a portrait of the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick. Typical Canadian spring scenes, orchards in full bloom, etc., are seasonable. Some capital pictures are shown of the thrilling incidents connected with the recent disaster to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' while a page of pictures, specially taken for the 'Pictorial' by a Canadian in Calcutta, gives some interesting glimpses of Britain's Indian troops. The Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London will be of interest, also the room at 10 Downing Street, where the Cabinet meets; and the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and portraits of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill. A timely article deals with the new system of providing playgrounds for children. Very quaint and interesting is the old fashioned brick oven still in use by many a French-Canadian housewife. Other pictures are: Doukhobors farming in the West; Characters from the Merchant of Venice, Revival of Coaching in England, etc., etc. The Woman's Dept. contains a portrait of Mrs. Tweedie, wife of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, also its usual quota of fashion and household hints, patterns, etc., the whole making up a delightful number that any home would enjoy.

Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year to all parts of the world. To Canada (outside of Montreal and suburbs), or to Great Britain, a club of three new subscribers at half rates.

The 'Pictorial Publishing Co.,' 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

Church Chime **BELLS** Memorial Bells a Specialty
Peal McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Co., BALTIMORE, Md., U.S.A.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

are held in November. Now is the time to begin preparing for them. We give instruction by mail in any or all subjects. Over 100 other courses. Ask for what you need.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Limited
Dept. N. Toronto, Canada. 957.