



The Right Kind of a Strike.

When laboring men are oppressed and under-paid, the public is apt to sympathize with them when they strike for higher wages and better conditions. This fact leads Mr. C. E. Hess, through the columns of 'The Evangelical,' to urge them to strike against the licensed drink business. He says:

The licensed drink traffic is the workingman's greatest foe. The hardships that it has brought upon hundreds of thousands of families in our nation are many times worse than those which gave the anthracite coal miners cause for grievances against the mine operators. The thinking miner knows he risks his bread when he lays down his tools and walks out of the mine to strike. He knows by striking he makes his task only harder. Every day's wages he loses increases the hardships of his family, hence the wisdom, benefit and equity of an adjustment of his grievances by arbitration.

I am not an advocate of strikes except in one matter. It is this: That every drinker of strong drink unite with the total abstainers and strike against the licensed drink traffic by the refusal to take another drink from this time forth. Do not arbitrate here, but strike. You can lose nothing by it. It is all gain to strike. Strike with a strong determination never again to return to the task of impoverishing yourself and the distiller.

The licensed drink business is to-day one gigantic trust, strongly entrenched in our local and general governments; a menace to our state and nation. It is a political taskmaster worse than the Standard Oil monopoly. It dictates the policy of our government, and places into office men who are offensive to Christian principles. It robs the nation of its integrity. It prevents government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." It pretends to be the workingman's friend but robs him and his family of home comforts and the necessities of life. Its teachings and practices contribute nothing towards Christian morals, prosperity, and good citizenship. Its wealth is not spent for the masses but hoarded upon the piles of the few. It is power-greedy. To satisfy its greed this huge juggernaut annually extracts from this nation hundreds of thousands of dollars and the sacrifice of tens of thousands of human lives. It thrives only by making men and women destitute, and by the ruination of body and soul.

Do not longer support a traffic that is licensed to ruin fortunes and destroy lives. Strike now against it. Strike long. Strike persistently until it is out of law and out of business."

Is it Profitable?

A young man confessed to the Chicago police, the other day, that he had just killed his own brother in a saloon quarrel. The police, thus aided to do its duty, found that the story was correct, and the surviving brother now passes his hours in agonies of remorse and penitence in a prison. The poor wretch says that, when told that the blow would kill his brother, he, in his prompt sense of disaster, went to the rear of the saloon, kneeled down and asked God to spare the life of his playmate and fellow-son of his mother. The whole matter is passed over by the papers as a mere paragraph of news, while lesser events are discussed in column after column. People grow accustomed to horrors and almost indifferent when awful tragedies take place near to them. Nearly a million and a half of bartenders are equipped with barrel and demijohn to give drink to still others and make them diabolically ripe for like fratricidal crime. Society has legalized that right with sin. The land is in bonds to the still and the brewery. For this cause the grim angel of violent death flaps his dripping wings over us during every hour of the day and night. When will the angel of deliverance come to minister to our woes, through our own brave efforts, conscientious determina-

tions and prayers that will not be denied? The good prevented by strong drink is enough, ten times over, to curse it. The diabolic evil it positively causes swells that total to mountain ranges.—'North Western Advocate.'

The Absurd Drinking Customs.

Commenting on the attitude of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Roberts towards the practice of 'treating,' the 'Lancet' (England), looks for a reform and adds:

'The word of our great soldiers will prove, particularly at this juncture, to be more powerful in the reform of our absurd drinking customs than the sermons of preachers or the opinions of men of science, and will counterbalance the harm done by the extreme dogmas of fanatics. What is true for the army is true for the whole population and especially true for those who live by labor, who need to spend wisely what they make, and who can only rise in the social scale by strength of character and self-denial. Laboring families must suffer some degree of starvation if a third or a fourth of the wages which they earn goes into the coffers of the publican instead of into the coffers of the butcher, the dairyman and the tailor. The practice of "treating" is wholly bad, because it leads to casual drinking, a habit which lays the foundation of disease. It lessens the sound nourishment of families. It promotes laziness. It degrades the sentiment of self-respect and takes the fine edge off many moral qualities. It powerfully antagonizes the remedies of the physician and of the moralist alike.'

The Drunkard's Family.

It is an ascertained fact that the children of drunkards not only inherit enfeebled constitutions, but peculiarly precocious criminal instincts and tendencies, together with an enfeebled will, leaving them an easy prey to temptations. A startling illustration of this was seen in twenty-eight families of drunkards examined by Dr. Wilson, when it was found that every living child in these families was either insane, epileptic, a criminal or a drunkard.

In Ireland female crime hardly exists, but for drunkenness, nine out of ten female prisoners are committed for that one fault alone. What can we expect when even in England there are some six public-houses for every school, and in Ireland the number of public-houses to the population is still higher.

How long shall we be contented to support, educate, and punish the children of drunkards, while disregarding the chief source from which criminality springs?—Rosa M. Barret.

What Has to be Done.

A correspondent in the 'Temperance Chronicle' thinks there should be 'more appeals to the heart and conscience' in temperance work. He writes:—"The average non-abstainer is much in the case of the Quaker who said to the temperance advocate, 'Friend, thou hast convinced me that strong drink is expensive, thou hast convinced me that it is bad for my health, thou hast convinced me that I should be better without it; but thou hast not convinced me that I do not like it!' We want to convince them of something further—that by giving it up they can do service to God and man; and then it will become a small matter to them whether they like it or not.' It is this failure of the non-abstainer to see that the abstainer does service to God and man that is so inexplicable to all whose vision is clear on this point, and that forms the 'vis inertiae,' or power of standing still, by which we abstainers are so often baffled.

The cause of total abstinence has no reason to fear the truth and the whole truth. The ruin wrought by alcohol upon human beings and upon society, its menace to all we hold dear is so great that to distort the truth in favor of alcohol, especially in our teaching of the young, would be unpardonable. And to withhold from them one iota of truth that would forewarn them of the peril in alcoholic drinks would be criminal negligence.—Mary H. Hunt

Correspondence

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the Messenger for a year and I like it very much. Mother took it for years from the W.C.T.U. Father used to read it to us on Sunday evening. I have two brothers and I had two sisters but they have gone home to heaven. My eldest brother is married and lives in the United States. My other brother and I go to Sunday-school. My birthday is on June 8. I am eleven years old. AGNES MAY.

Dundas.

Dear Editor,—My aunt takes the 'Messenger' and gives them all to me, and I think it is a very nice paper. I had two months' holidays and they are all over again. I like going to school. I have spent my holidays at Toronto on a boat and I would like to go again. I go to Sunday-school. I have two sisters and no brothers. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Dec. 24. I am twelve years old. MAGGIE.

Fort Covington, N. Y.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I have two sisters and one little sister dead. For pets I have one cat named Whitefoot, and fifty-five chickens.

HATTIE (Aged 8.)

Ponoka, Alta., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—It is more than a year since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I am going to describe my flower garden. First, I dug a little plot and put a fence around it to keep the chickens out, though sometimes they do get in. The other day one of them made a nest in my bachelors' buttons. I sowed and planted in my plot marigold, hollyhocks, petunias, poppies, pansies, chrysanthemums, bachelors' buttons, cosmos, marshmallows, sweet Williams and nemophilas. They are nearly all in bloom. The marigolds are orange, with a dark centre. The hollyhocks and sweet Williams will not bloom till next year, as they do not bloom till the second year. The petunias are single; some of them are in bloom. The poppies are just beautiful; I have both double and single; three varieties; the neighbors say they are magnificent. The pansies are doing nicely, they are all in bloom. My chrysanthemum is a winter plant. I will lift it in the autumn and put it in a flower pot in the window. The bachelors' buttons, of which I have three varieties, white, blue and purple, are very beautiful, especially the white and blue. My cosmos are not in bloom yet. The marshmallows and nemophilas are all in bloom. We live on a farm, four miles out of town. We have a number of hens, one of which I call mine; it has no name, but everybody calls it Bertha's little hen. We have a pony, named Dick, a dog, named Jack, and a cat, named Tommy. I have two brothers and one sister, named Willie, Albert, and Isabell.

BERTHA MAY VICTORIA.

Teteagauche, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. My father is a farmer. We live nine miles from town. I have only a few steps to go to school. I have one sister and two brothers. I have a pair of pigeons and a dog named Forty. We have friends visiting us all summer. This is the first time I have written to you.

S. G. S. (Aged 13.)

Silver Creek, Neb.

Dear Editor,—Our school began on Sept. 2. I have got one brother, and two sisters. I have been looking in the Correspondence, in the 'Messenger,' and found that there were no letters from Nebraska, so I thought that I would write. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on May 29.

ALLAN H.

Kimberley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think there is no paper equal to it. I go to Sunday-school, and every day school and I am in the second book. Our teacher's name is Miss Gilbert. I am nine years old and my sister is eleven years old. I have six sisters and no brothers.

ELLA R. H.