

SELECTIONS.

STORY OF A WICKED LIFE.

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[In the year 1877, the body of a young man, about twenty years of age, was found in the Mersey, at Liverpool. He was well dressed, evidently one of a well-to-do class. There was no clue to his identity, but in his pocket a paper was found with these words written on it:

"Let me rot!—I have good friends, have had good friends, but am now a miserable sinner—not a farthing. Everything has been done to make me a useful citizen of the world, but I have abused everybody's confidence. Let me perish! God be merciful to me a sinner! Nothing will be found on me to show who I am, but I might have been in a very comfortable position all the days of my life, if it were not for drink. This accursed stuff has led me to commit suicide."

The report of the inquest went the round of the press. In less than two months the coroner received more than 200 applications from parents in different parts of the country, asking for particulars—such as height, color of hair, etc.—200, that is, who had sons, lost to them, and to whom the description in the papers might have applied.]

"Let me rot!" 'tis all I'm fit for!
Not in consecrated grave,
Where Christian men, whom mourners weep for,

Their resting place and burial have
But down amidst the silent waters,
Dark and deep as my remorse,
Away from wandering eyes, forgotten,
Let me lie a nameless corpse.

"Let me rot!" 'Twas not so always!
I was once a happy boy,
Strong, courageous, hopeful, truthful,
A father's pride, a mother's joy;
And I had visions, like my playmates,
Of a future yet to come,
When I perchance should gather round me
The blessings of a Christian home.

And I had friends:—one friend who gave me
The love of her young trusting heart;
Friends to help, and friends to save me,
If I, poor fool! had done my part.
Where are they now? All, all have left me,
As, yielding to the cursed drink,
Step by step it has bereft me
Of prospects, reason, power to think.

"Let me perish!" none will miss me,
None will seek to know my end;
No mother's lips would care to kiss me,
No weeping eyes would o'er me bend.
"Let me perish!" Fiends are round me,
Mocking, beckoning, urging on,
They have tempted, fast have bound me,
Now they claim me for their own.

"Let me rot!" but O, my brothers,
You who hold your lives in hand,
By your love for fathers, mothers,
By your love for fatherland;
By the Name of Him who bought you,
And who now your service claims;
By the holy book that taught you
Not to live for selfish aims;

Up and drive the drink fiend from you,
Dash his poison from your lip;
Ye are freemen—free your country
From his desolating grip
"Let me perish!"—but let others,
Musing on this shipwrecked life,
Take arms, and look for no discharges
In their righteous, life-long strife.
—C. E. T. S. Chronicle.

"YOU CAN'T COME IN, SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard
You must not drink a drop;
For if you never should begin
You'll never have to stop.

The taste of drink, good people say,
Is hard in driving out;
Then, friends, in letting in that taste,
Why! what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief
You shut your door and lock it,
And hang the key upon a nail
Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should
His horrid rule begin, sir,
Just shut your lips and lock them tight,
And say You can't come in, sir."
—Dominion Churchman.

TWO SCENES.

Beautiful night, the moon's clear light
Streams in through casement fair;
Wines ruddy glow and plenteous flow,
In cut glass, rich and rare,
A happy throng, glad bursts of song;
Perfume of flowersweet;
A blushing bride, and at her side
The tread of manly feet.

A still, cold night, the moon's pale light
Shines down on ice and snow;
Through trees so bare the frosty air
Makes moaning sad and low,
Requiem sung, in unknown tongue,
'O'er form so stiff and cold;
An open grave its welcome gave
A bed of frozen mold.
An empty jug, a battered mug,
Found lying side by side;
They tell the tale of lips so pale,
Tell how and why he died,
—Marian A. Murphy, in the Advance.

SIGNING THE FARM AWAY.

Fine old farm, for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Oft as the harvest came;
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads came coming in
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family line
appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say—
Sure in season to come from the mill,
To be tasted around Thanksgiving
day;

And they drank as they worked, and
they drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great mishap
To be found "without a barrel to tap."

But while the seasons crept along,
And habits into passions grew,
Their appetites became as strong
As ever drunkard knew.
And they labored less, and they
squandered more.

Chiefly for rum at a village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one bitter
day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with
rum;
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was dying in;
Oh, I saw the wicked household around
her stand—

And the justice lifted her trembling
hand,
Helping her, as in pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept! And the flood of
tears
Swept down her temples bare!
And the father, already bowed with
years,

Bowed lower with despair!
Drink! Drink! It had ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them, poor, and old and
gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many a scene have I met in life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's
wife,
Signing the farm away;

Home, once richest in the town,
Home in that fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire or flood's dismay—
Drunkard signing the farm away!

Rev. W. R. Cochran, in Congrega-
tionalist.

ONLY A BABY.

One sultry day last summer, at a
time when children of the poorer class
in Philadelphia were dying by the
score every week, a bloated old man
staggered up the steps of a physician's
dwelling.

The boys shouted after him, "Old
Bourbon," the name by which he had
been known in the locality in which he
lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said standing,
hat in hand, when he met the doctor
coming out.

"You've been here for me every day
for a week," exclaimed the doctor. "I
cannot go again to-day. I told the
child's mother there was no chance,
this morning; it was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"
"No; I have not a minute to spare.
There are patients waiting whom I can
help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to his
carriage door, twisting his rag of a hat
in his shaking hands. "She's—she's
all I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying nod,
drove away, and the old man, nearly
sobered by his keen distress, crept to
the attic where his little grandchild
lay dying. Whatever nursing or
kindness little Mary had known to
come from "Old Bourbon." Her
mother had six other children, and
went out washing every day. The
poor old drunkard and the innocent
baby were left to form a strange
friendship for each other. She called
for him now feebly, as she lay on her
mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! come to me!"
He knelt down, and put his fingers
into the tiny, withered hand. The
tears ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God leave her to me!" he muttered,
"Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried
once more, and then the little soul
whose taste of life had been so bitter,
passed into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, who
had six other half-starved children to
feed, shed but few tears over it.

The doctor sent in a certificate of its
death with a dozen others. In the
weekly bill of mortality, there was an
item, "Of cholera infantum, seventy."
That was all. Her record was ended.
The world had done with her. But an
old, trembling man crept next Sunday
into the back pew of the little mission
church, not far from the attic in which
he lived. He stopped the clergyman
when the service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour? I beg your
pardon. What is your real name?"
John Black, sir. I want you to
take my name again. I'm thinkin' of
signin' the pledge, 'n pulling up for the
rest of the time left," stammered the
poor wretch.

The clergyman was wise and helpful.
John did "pull up." He lived but a
few months after that, but he did what
he could to live a decent, honest,
Christian life in that time.

"The Lord is merciful, John," his
friend said to him, as he lay dying.

"I know it, sir. I'm not much
acquainted with Him, but I've been
tryin' to follow little Mary. I hear
her always cryin', Daddy, dadd, come
to me! I'm comin', and I reckon He'll
not turn me back."

Even the baby had its work to do,
and had done it. —Exchange.

"GOING TO HELL AS MAYOR."

The liquor traffic is selfish, heartless,
wicked, criminal, and so is the law that
tolerates it. If the toleration is in
consideration of a license fee, another
evil feature is added to the accursed
sanction. The sin of letting a scoundrel
murder your friend would not be
lessened by your accepting a fee from
the murderer as the price of your con-
civance at his crime. We like such
straight, common-sense truth as Sam
Jones utters in the following sen-
tences:—

"I was running a revival meeting in
a town, and every drunkard was con-
verted. I said: 'We are going to help
these people all the way to God!'
One night after the meeting the
council met in that town. At that
meeting a bar-keeper walked in and
said: 'I will give you two hundred
dollars if you will let me sell whiskey.'
That mayor and council received his
money and went home and slept like
seven hogs, and got up and ate break-
fast next morning like seven more hogs.
Once I could sin with a vengeance, but
God bless you, I could not sleep at
night. I will never sell whiskey. I
will steal first. If I ever want to sell it
I'm going to that town to get license
from those old members of the church.
I will tell my wife to put my license in
the coffin when I die. I will pull out
my license and tell the Lord, 'Here's
my license signed by Methodist
stewards and Baptist deacons; and
God Almighty will put us all in hell
together.' 'I signed that as mayor!
Yes, when you sink down into hell,
tell them, 'Here goes a mayor!' I
reckon it will be a good deal of consola-
tion to an old hypocrite to know that
he goes there as mayor. If you
countenance these things and put your
fist to these documents, you will be
damned for it as sure as God reigns in
heaven unless you repent. We Chris-
tians vote to license liquor selling, and
make the liquor dealers pay us enough
money to pay our taxes, and then
stand round on the street and abuse
them for selling it."

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cisms." —*Toronto Mail.*

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(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.)

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abling Good Templars to provide for
themselves and their families the benef-
fits and protection of Life Insurance
within the Order, and at a reasonable
cost.

The Insurance Benefits provided by
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- (1) Insurance Benefit, limited to \$500,
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