

SONG OF THE "EARNEST WORKERS" MISSION BAND.

BY REV. A. S. GARDINER.

TUNE—"John Brown."
I.

WE'RE a Band of Mission Workers
in the service of our King,
Our hearts, our hands, our voices, our pen-
nies, too, we bring;
And we'll make the earth beneath us and
the heaven above us ring,
While we go marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
While we go marching on.

II.

We hear the tramp of millions, like the
rising tempest's roar,
Like the sound of many waters as they
break upon the shore;
They come from distant nations, and are
coming more and more,
While we go marching on.

Glory, etc.

III.

"Our native land for Jesus!" This is our
battle cry.
"Our native land for Jesus!" All children
shall reply;
And we'll help the Gospel heralds in regions
far and nigh,
As they go marching on.

Glory, etc.

IV.

Yes, "ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS!" For
all the world He died,
And He loves the heathen children, and
we'll bring them to His side;
So He'll lay his hands upon them, and in
columns deep and wide
We'll ALL go marching on.

Glory, etc.

WHISKEY!

THE CURSE OF THE OLD COUNTRY
AND THE NEW.

BY E. M. MORPHY, ESQ., TORONTO.

WHISKEY—MY FIRST TASTE OF IT.



IN my early days
in the Emerald
Isle teetotalers
were few and far
between; whiskey
was the luxury
of the rich and
poor, and giving
it, or treating, the acme of hospitality.
When the babe gave its first cry, the
nurse appeased it with a little whiskey
and sugar in a teaspoon. I believe
the first thing I tasted in this world of
joy and sorrow, was whiskey. I have
no doubt there was a big spree at my
birth and another at my baptism, and
that every pain and ache I was sup-
posed to have had until I could an-
swer for myself, was attempted to be
cured by whiskey. The tailor who
made my first suit of clothes drank the
beverage and said, "Well to wear, my
boy," and I was taught to drink his
health with about three thimblefuls
of whiskey in a wineglass.

At festivals, harvesting, markets
and hunts, meeting of old friends; at
births, baptisms, weddings and funerals;
in sickness and in health, in joy and
grief, in journeyings and in perils, in
sunshine and in shade, whiskey was
freely used and looked upon by old
and young of all classes, and both
sexes, as a panacea for all the joys and
sorrows of life from the cradle to the
grave. When warm we took it to cool
us; when cool we took it to warm us;
when it sickened us we took it to cure
us; when low-spirited we took it to

cheer us. We took it to form friend-
ships, and where it made us enemies
we took it to make up friends. Those
who were afraid of injuring their busi-
ness or reputation by excessive drink-
ing, saved themselves by swearing
against drinking more than a certain
quantity during each day of twenty-
four hours, for longer or shorter periods
—the limit as to time and quantity be-
ing regulated more in reference to
pecuniary loss than moral principle;
thus few who took such oaths would
not have done so had they had
plenty of money to carry on the swip-
ing. Various were the provisos put
in such affidavits as "barring christen-
ings, weddings, funerals, when ordered
by the doctor," &c, and various were
the devices resorted to to get the
liquor and keep clear of the oath.
The doctor was often resorted to, and
funerals, christenings, and weddings,
religiously attended, and *big horns*
taken. Sympathizing friends drowed
their grief at the wake and funeral of
their old friends and relatives with
whiskey.

A story is told of old Tim Gleeson,
who put a clause in his will that £5
was to be spent at his funeral, as he
wanted to have a "dacent" one. "Is it
to be spent going or coming home?" en-
quired one of the executors. "Going,
av coorse," said Tim, "as I want to be
there myself."

WHISKEY—ITS EVIL EFFECTS,

Many a bargain was struck when the
intellect was bewildered with whiskey,
to be repudiated on sober reflection.
Many an agent and trustee while soft-
ened with whiskey disposed of the prop-
erty of his principal below its value.
By it many a law suit was instituted
and compromised; many a marriage
entered upon which was followed by a
divorce or separation; many a petti-
fogger and pawnbroker enriched; many
a row raised; many a vagabond made;
many a man got free lodgings and a
free passage to Botany Bay, and others
were hurried out of existence as a terror
to evil-doers.

I have on a list the names of over
forty young men with whom I was ac-
quainted. They were once the hope
and joy of their parents. Confident in
themselves, they ridiculed teetotalism
and tampered with whiskey. Some
had entered the legal, some the med-
ical professions, and some mercantile
and other avocations. Two at least
took holy orders. Had they been tee-
totalers they might have been alive and
influential citizens to-day, but whiskey
drinking killed every one of them.
Some lingered and dragged out mis-
erable existences, and some came to
sudden and tragic ends.

But whiskey drinking is not con-
fined to the Emerald Isle; England
and Scotland do their share of the imbib-
ing, especially "the land o' cakes,"
who, according to population use more
whiskey than Ireland, and although
the English are not generally fond of
that beverage the amount of ale, gin,
and imported liquors consumed is en-
ormous. Only think of \$750,000,000
spent in one year, and one-seventh of
all the grain raised in Britain destroyed
in the manufacture of intoxicating
liquors, while thousands of the inhabi-
tants are starving for bread. On com-
ing to Canada the writer was under
the impression that a new country
would avoid the evil habits of the old
land, but what was his surprise to find
that whiskey of an inferior kind was

manufactured largely, and that distill-
eries or "devil's tea kettles, (as Uncle
Sam calls them) were dotted all over
the land, having their "head centre" in
Toronto. Here as elsewhere, the "old,
old story" was repeated by grand juries
and others that "drink was the cause
of three-fourths of all the disease, crime,
and pauperism amongst us." The
liquor traffic costs this country about fifty
millions of dollars annually. It has
often occurred to the writer that if a
double pointing finger post with the
words CAUSE painted on one end point-
ing to the mammoth distillery, and
EFFECT with a number of fingers point-
ing to the jail, hospital, police court,
central prison, houses of refuge, and
lunatic asylum it would be a practical
demonstration of *cause and effect* in
Toronto.

'A WORD TO THE BOYS.



NCE, as I stood musing at the
window, I saw a fly upon
it, and made a brush with
my hand to catch it. When
I opened my hand the fly
was not inside, but still on
the same pane of glass.

Scarcely thinking what I
did, I made another brush with my
hand, and thought I had captured the
insect, but with the same result. There
was the victim quietly retaining his
place in spite of me. It was on the
other side of the glass! And when I
saw that it was so, I smiled at my
own folly.

Those who attempt to find pleasure
out of Christ will experience a like
failure, for they are seeking on the
wrong side of the glass. When we are
on the side of Jesus, and having
believed in Him, are cleansed and for-
given, then our pursuit of joy will be
successful; but till then we shall labour
in vain, and spend our strength for
naught. It is no use digging for coal
where the strata shows there cannot
be any, and equally useless is it to try
for happiness where God's Word and
the experience of those who have gone
before us assure us that happiness
cannot be found. But then it is all
the more needful that we should seek
it where it can be had, and give our
selves at once to the search. He who
believes in the Lord Jesus is blessed
in the deed.

What hinders you from believing?
Boys, why should you not, while yet
you are boys, believe in the Lord
Jesus unto salvation? May the Spirit
of God lead you to do so!

Do not imagine that you cannot now
be Christians; the gifts of our Heavenly
Father's love are not reserved for a
certain age. Boys may be saved, boys
may be workers for Jesus, boys may
bring great glory to God. Hence it is
not just now, at this particular turn-
ing-point in your lives, we are anxious
to see you resolute for the right way.
May the Holy Spirit incline you to re-
solve to be the Lord's! Others may
disparage your conscientious choice and
make mirth of your holy carefulness,
but what matters it? Some of us have
been laughed at for these twenty years,
and are none the worse for it, we have
had all manner of evil spoken falsely
of us for Christ's name's sake, but we
are all the happier for it. Oh! boys,
if you are renewed in heart, and be-
come for life and death the Redeemer's,
none can really harm you. All must
be right with him who is right with
God.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

THE TEMPERANCE ECHO.

IT WAS a lovely night at Grimaby
Camp;

The sun hung like a signal lamp
Behind a cloud of white and gold,
While its reflections, bright and bold,
Upon the painted lake were seen
In crimson, yellow, white, and green.
The camp-fires just begun to show,
And here and there their orange glow
Were seen, amid the shadowy gloom
Fast settling o'er the grove, and soon
To deepen into shades of night
And hide the beauty from our sight.
As there, not very far from shore,
I lay, while resting from the oar,
By soft and gentle breezes fanned,
I thought no tale of fairy-land
Was ever told to wandering child
Surpassing in its beauty wild.
Familiar sounds came from the shore,
Yet never sounded so before.
The children, laughing at the well,
The ringing of the chapel bell,
The mother (baby on her knee),
Singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
Each note seemed little wings to take,
And flutter miles out, o'er the lake.
Then, from the shore I heard a shout,
And saw so many boats were putting out.
A fair young girl came on before,
Who pulled a swift and practiced oar;
The others followed in the wake
Of her, this lady of the lake.

"Fall in," she cried, "and you will see
We'll find the echo; follow me!"
It seems that somewhere up the shore,
From camp, perhaps, a mile or more,
An echo in some cove or dell
By residents is known to dwell.
A woman, for she has the knack
Of almost always answering back.
Well, on we went, with laughter loud,
And songs, and shoutings, such a crowd
Of parsons, speakers, poets, wits,
Enough to frighten into fits
A common echo; but this maid
We found at least was not afraid.
For very soon from shore we heard
Miss Echo mocking every word.
One asked: "Is drinking whisky
wrong?"

"Wrong, wrong," came answer clear
and strong.
"Water's the drink when you are dry!"
"When you are dry—dry," the quick
reply.
"And when not dry, you need no
drink!"
"No drink," cried echo, and I think
The answer this time from the shore
Came quicker than the one before.
"Shall temperance sometime win the
day?"

"Win the day—day," we heard her say.
"And prohibition by and by?"
"By and by," the quick reply.
"Then our duty? tell us, pray!"
"Pray—pray," was all we heard her say.
"But there is also work to do!"
"Work to do—do," so clear, that you
Had thought a human being spoke.
It seemed more than a passing joke,
For we to stem this tide of sin
Must work as if we meant to win.
And pray—believing firm and sure
That God is righteous, just and pure,
And that He'll help us in the fight,
If we but use the means aright.
For e'en an echo, when we pause,
If rightly used, can aid our cause.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

"With minds of childish innocence,
Unsulled and unbenighted:
Though living in a world of sin,
They knew not what sin meant."

Eliza Cook.