

A Stirring Appeal.

A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters; which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes, from the defrauding of helpless childhood and from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards and thieves and embezzlers and gamblers and wife-beaters and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it; cannot claim the respect and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph,
Longer wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer draw its fetters,
Firmer bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer
Bow and tremble beneath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo:
Rouse, ye gallant men and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers!
See, the night is almost through,
Rouse ye, every man and woman—
God is calling now for you.

—*M. Florence Mosher.*

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of liquor licenses the town should petition for, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided and upon the platform were seated, among others, the *pastor* of the village, one of his *deacons*, and the *physician*.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license *good* men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.