

## Selections.

## "WHAT CAN WE DO?"

Oh, what can we do, my brothers,  
To speed the cause along?  
We can speak a word to others;  
We can cheer them with a song;  
We can give them hearty greeting;  
We can shake them by the hand;  
We can bring them to the meeting;  
We can help them firmly stand.

Oh, what can we do, my brothers,  
To haste the longed for day  
When the weeping babes and mothers  
Shall wipe their tears away?  
We can sow the seed and reap it;  
We can help the sad hearts sing;  
We can sign the pledge and keep it  
In the strength of Christ our king.

—Church Monthly.

## THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

The proudest now is but my peer,  
The highest not more high;  
To-day of all the weary year,  
A king of men am I.  
To-day, alike are great and small,  
The nameless and the known;  
My palace is the people's hall,  
The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list  
Beside the served shall stand;  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
The gloved and dainty hand!  
The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more  
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence  
My stubborn right abide;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against the pedant's pride.  
To-day shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,  
Or balance to adjust,  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than Mammon's vilest dust;  
While there's a right to need my vote,  
A wrong to sweep away,  
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!  
A man's a man to-day!

—Whittier.

## THE DRUNKEN TRAVELER.

"I walked in the woodland meadows,  
Where sweet the thrushes sing;  
And found on a bed of mosses,  
A bird with a broken wing.  
I healed the wound and each morning  
It sang its sweet old strain;  
But the bird with a broken pinion  
Never soared as high again."

I climbed up an Alpine mountain  
With a brother at my side;  
A man with a splendid manhood,  
A noble courageous guide.  
He slipped and fell in a chasm  
Near a hundred feet below;  
And there on the rocks lay wounded,  
While his life blood stained the snow.

Did I go to my fallen brother?  
Ah, yes! with a heavy heart;  
He had drank of rum that morning,  
And through its bewitching art  
Had stumbled down the pathway  
On the awful crags of pain;  
And though he lived that brother  
Never climbed so high again.

Oh, boys, in your pure strong manhood  
Keep out of the rum fiend's snare;  
He will lead you on to perdition,  
He will blacken your lives with care;  
He will steal your mind and money,  
Till your highest hopes are slain;  
And the lives by rum once stricken  
Never climb as high again.

"But the bird with a broken pinion  
Kept another from the snare,"  
And the guide by rum once stricken  
Raised another from despair.  
"Each loss has its compensation,  
There's healing for every pain;"  
But our lives by rum once broken  
Never climb as high again.

—Howard C. Tripp.

## THE FRESH-AIR BOY.

BY MRS. J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

"Betsy Ann, don't you know we're  
too poor to take fresh-air children?  
Why they wouldn't say 'thanky' for

our little one-story house, rag carpets,  
little tucked-up-under-the-roof room,  
and straw bed!"

"We can't do more than we can,"  
said Betsy Ann, "and we ought to do  
all we can, and there's the room, such  
as it is, and there's air plenty, and  
grass, and wild flowers, and milk, and  
potatoes, and bread too."

So the fresh air boy came, and if  
Betsy Ann and Thomas had lived in a  
palace he might not have been half so  
well suited. A meek-faced, nice little  
man he was too; his mother dead, and  
he left with grandma and daddy—  
"Grandma supporting them by  
scrubbing, nursing, mending."

"And what does your daddy do?"  
asked Thomas.

"Nothin', mostly 'cept earn enough  
for his drink, and then he sleeps. He  
don't fly out and hit, like Tim's dad."  
The little man evidently thought this  
very virtuous. "Gran'ma used to live  
in the country," he said, "and I want  
to send her something from the  
country. If I can pick a lot of those  
wild sunflowers, and you'll lend me a  
basket, I'll ask Dick, the brakesman,  
to take them to her; she does his  
washing, and it was Dick got me my  
ticket, and told me to come here to  
you. I can walk over to the station  
by seven in the mornin', 'tain't far."

No; only three miles, and he rose  
before three to get his flowers and  
send them to poor, tired, heartsick  
old grandma. The great, bright  
yellow flowers, full of memories of her  
childhood, and of her straying son's  
childhood. What tears they brought,  
and as grandma rocked to and fro,  
hugging the flowers, she sobbed and  
sobbed, and then prayed—oh, how  
she prayed for her son. He heard her,  
waking out of his heavy sleep. He  
saw the flowers, and was a boy again,  
young and innocent. How he loathed  
that horror of sin and drunkenness he  
had become.

"Mother," he said, on his knees  
beside her, "let us go back to the  
country. I'll work there, and I'll hate  
this cursed stuff that makes a brute of  
me! Speak to God for me! Say you  
don't hate me! I'll be a good father,  
and a good son. Dick told me of a  
place right out there where I could  
get to work on a stock farm. I'll go  
out there to-day. Say you'll go with  
me, and just wait a few weeks, and I'll  
take care of you all. We'll keep the  
boy among the flowers, he likes them  
so well."—*Youth's Temp. Banner.*

## THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor, undersized boy, named Tim,  
sitting by a bottle, and looking in,  
said: "I wonder if there can be a  
pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go  
to a Sabbath-school picnic, but he  
had no shoes. His mother had  
mended his clothes, but he said his  
shoes were so bad that he must go  
barefoot. Then he took a brick and  
broke the bottle, but there was no  
shoes in it, and he was frightened, for  
it was his father's bottle. Tim sat  
down again, and sobbed so hard that  
he did not hear a step beside him,  
until a voice said:—

"Well! what's all this?"  
He sprang up in great alarm; it was  
his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.  
"I did," said Tim, catching his  
breath, half in terror, and half  
between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up.  
The voice did not sound so terrible as  
he had expected. The truth was his  
father had been touched at the sight  
of the forlorn figure, so very small and  
so sorrowful, which had bent over the  
broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking  
for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair  
of shoes awful bad to wear to the  
picnic—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find  
shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.  
"Why, mother said so; I asked for  
some new shoes, and she said they had  
gone into the black bottle, and that  
lots of other things had gone into it  
too,—coats and hats, and bread, meat  
and things; and I thought if I broke  
it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a  
thing in it." And Tim sat down  
again and cried harder than ever.  
His father seated himself on a box  
in the disorderly yard, and remained  
quiet for so long a time that Tim at  
last looked cautiously up.

"I'm very sorry I broke your bottle,  
father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said,  
laying a hand on the rough little head  
as he went away, leaving Tim over-  
come with astonishment that his  
father had not been angry with him.  
Two days after, on the very evening

before the picnic, he handed Tim a  
parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! new shoes!" he  
shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a  
new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to  
be a new bottle. Your mother was  
right—the things all went into the  
bottle, but you see getting them out of  
it is no easy matter; so, God help me,  
I am going to keep them out after  
this."—*English Paper.*

## A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

Every town in England—and the  
towns of England are becoming the  
centres of all its population—is  
crammed with gin-shops, most of them  
monstrously in excess of anything  
which by the wildest exaggeration  
could be regarded as necessary for the  
population. Some of those gin-shops  
have their licenses annually renewed,  
though, by undoubted testimony,  
they are seething hells of immorality  
and vice.

The consequences are inevitable. If  
nations sow the wind, they will reap  
the whirlwind. In every city the  
number of victims who fall will ever  
be proportioned to the number of  
devils who tempt. What can you  
expect when in the worse slums and  
alleys of these great dens of civilization,  
our frightfully overcrowded cities, we  
nationally confront the minimum of  
possible resistance with the maximum  
of glaring temptation?

Is this our vaunted christianity? Is  
this our beautiful beneficence? Will  
our stale epigrams and our vivid  
excuses avail us before the awful bar  
of judgment, when the Lord of human  
souls shall ask us why we kindled our  
unprotected flames the thickest where  
there were most of the miserable  
human moths hideously to singe and  
scorch themselves to death therein?

Judge after judge tells us that but  
for drink we might shut three-fourths  
of our jails.

Our chief physicians say that this  
luxury is perfectly needless for health,  
and in most cases injurious to it.

The hospitals report that it is the  
cause of nine-tenths of the accidents  
and three-fourths of the disease.

From the workhouses, police courts,  
lunatic asylums, homes for idiots,  
comes the same monotonous, hideous  
tale.

The most experienced judge of our  
courts says that seventy-five per cent.  
of divorces are due to drink.—*Arch-  
deacon Farrar.*

## RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND DRINK.

"Recently, a great railroad corpora-  
tion gathered all the facts concerning  
the men and the conditions of every  
accident which had occurred on its  
lines for five years. When tabulated,  
it appeared that 40 per cent. of all  
accidents were due altogether, or in  
part, to the failures of men who were  
drinking; that in 18 per cent. there  
was strong suspicion of similar causes,  
yet no clear proof. In one year over  
a million dollar's worth of property  
was destroyed by the failures of beer-  
drinking engineers and switchmen.  
The company's rules requiring  
temperate men for all positions are  
more and more rigorously enforced.  
Engineers find that practically they  
are unable to do good work while  
using spirits even in small doses. The  
coolness and presence of mind so es-  
sential in their work is broken up by  
alcohol in any form.

Trainmen, men exposed to the  
weather, reach the same conclusion, if  
they are practical men. The startling  
mortality of brakemen is referable in  
many cases to the use of alcohol to  
drive out the cold, or keep awake in  
long hours of service. Each year the  
duties and responsibilities of railroad  
men increase, and men more  
temperate, accurate, prompt, and  
careful in their work are required.  
Only absolutely temperate men can do  
this work for any length of time; all  
others fail and are dangerous in their  
weakness.

"A Western road permitted an  
inebriate, who was really an able man,  
to continue as a claim agent adjusting  
accounts against the company. His  
drinking was supposed to be an aid in  
the settlement of claims with other  
drinking men. After his death a  
temperate man filled his place, saved  
several thousand dollars a year by  
doing the same work, repeating the  
common experience that inebriates  
are always more or less incompetent."  
—*Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

## VILE RESPECTABILITY.

A temperance discussion once sprang  
up in a stage coach crossing the  
Alleghanies, and the subject was  
handled without gloves. One man  
maintained a continual silence until he  
could endure it no longer, then he  
broke out strongly saying: *Gentle-  
men, I want you to understand that I  
am a liquor seller. I keep a public  
house but I would have you to know  
that I have a license and keep a decent  
house. I don't keep loafers and  
loungers about my place, and when a  
man has got enough he can get no  
more at my bar. I sell to decent  
people and do a respectable business.*  
When he had delivered himself, he  
seemed to think he had put a quietus  
on the subject, and that no answer  
could be given.

Not so thought a Quaker who was  
one of the company. Said he:  
"Friend, that is the most damning  
part of thy business. If thee would  
sell to drunkards and loafers thee  
would help kill off the race, and  
society would be rid of them; but thee  
takes the young, the poor, the innocent  
and the unsuspecting and makes  
drunkards of them. And when their  
character and their money are gone,  
thee kicks them out, and turns them  
over to other shops to be finished off,  
and then ensnares others and sends  
them on the same road to ruin."  
—*The Constitution.*

## HOW ALCOHOL WARMS.

A patient was arguing with his  
doctor on the necessity of his taking a  
stimulant. He urged that he was  
weak and needed it. Said he: "But,  
doctor, I must have some kind of  
stimulant. I am cold, and it warms  
me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's  
crusty answer. "See here. This stick  
is cold," taking up a stick of wood  
from the box beside the hearth and  
tossing it into the fire. "Now it is  
warm, but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood  
first send out little puffs of smoke and  
then burst into a flame and replied:  
"Of course not. It is burning itself."

"And so are you when you warm  
yourself with alcohol; you are literally  
burning up the delicate tissues of your  
stomach and brain."—*Selected.*

## BETTER BURN THE MONEY.

The use of intoxicating liquor brings  
no benefit whatever to him that uses  
it, but how much money is constantly  
spent for it by the workingman! I  
know the need he has for these dollars,  
and yet in the country at large the  
amount spent yearly is simply appal-  
ling. How many would be in comfort-  
able circumstances but for this money  
spent in drink! Far better indeed did  
they burn the suns. The saloon  
keeper is the hardest taskmaster. The  
moment people take the pledge they  
learn the value of money and after-  
wards learn to work for themselves  
and not the saloonkeeper. *Archbishop  
Ireland.*

## THE TREE OF DEATH.

A gentleman who has visited Java  
has sent a very singular tree to his  
sister who resides in Savannah. It is  
called the tree of death. He says that  
the natives described to him that there  
was a singular tree called the *Kali  
Majah*. Its breath would kill birds,  
and, even human beings. One day  
when he was chasing a bird of para-  
dise, he noticed that it dropped sud-  
denly to the ground, under a tree. He  
examined the tree, and began himself  
to feel strangely, as the odors from its  
leaves began to be inhaled by him.  
His head swam, and ringing sounds  
came to his ears, as though he were  
being chloroformed. He hastened  
away from it, but procured a specimen  
and sent it to America, which, it is  
said, is the first one transplanted to  
our soil. What a striking illustration  
this is of the tree of death which has  
been planted in our fair America by the  
distiller! It has leaves for the blight-  
ing of the nations. I saw the young,  
the middle-aged, the old, chasing the  
birds of pleasure and then falling  
down beneath the dark shadow of this  
hateful tree, to die there, never to rise  
again. Would that we might lay the  
axe at the root of this tree!—*Rev. E. S.  
Ufford, author of "Throw out the  
Life Line."*