

Selections.

OUR GRAND CRUSADE

God bless our grand crusade
Destroy the liquor trade.
And give right laws;
Long have our teachers taught,
Firm have our workers wrought,
Brave have our champions fought.

Hard is the foe to reach,
Almost in vain we teach
The pledge will save.
Men like the drink so well
Old customs weave their spell
Heredity will tell,
Cradle to grave.

Strong is the foe we fight,
Might battles sore with right,
On heaven we call!
Thousands of drink-shops stand,
And daily drain the land;
Oh, from this deadly band
God save us all.

Most crafty is the foe,
As all its victims know,
By strivings vain;
Wine mocks by seeming power,
And strength saps hour by hour;
It robs of life the flower,
And blights with pain.

But temperance holds the field,
And makes the Drink foe yield
By pledge and vow,
"God wills it!" was the cry
In Red Cross days gone by,
Raise we our voices high,
"God wills it now."

Bro. John Stuart.

IF YOU KNEW.

If you knew the dreadful story of that
sparkling cup you're drinking,
How it drags a man from virtue
down to dark perdition's brink,
Yes, and wrecks his brain and body,
leaves no trace of good remaining—
You would never dare to touch a
drop of the accused drink.

If you knew the crime it genders, how
it makes a man a devil,
How it prompts to deeds of evil such
as mind could hardly think
If you knew the sickening scenes that
mark the drunkard's midnight
 revel,
I know you'd never touch a drop of
the accursed drink.

If you knew the grief, the anguish, if
you heard the bitter crying
Of the piteous, pleading hearts now
doomed in black despair to sink—
As you saw that host of victims on
Rum's bloody altar dying,
You'd swear to never touch a drop
of the accursed drink.

If you knew how many souls were
hasting on to woes infernal,
If you knew how hell rejoices as
each staggers o'er the brink—
You would pledge your sacred honor
at the throne of the Eternal
That you'd never, never stain your
soul with the accursed drink.

God forgive the man or woman who by
thoughtless word or doing
Dares uphold the glittering wine
cup! Let that man or woman
think

That he who thus provideth hath
become with guilt accursed
A partaker in the evil of the soul-
destroying drink.

Rum's Horn.

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN

[The following tender lyric was very
popular twenty-five or thirty years
ago. It was written by James Paul
Crawford, a native of Katrine, Ayr-
shire, Scotland, and attracted the
attention of Queen Victoria. It has
been sung to the old tune "Castles
in the Air."]

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan-
rin' thro' the street,
Wadin' mang the snow wi' his wee
hacket feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi'
the pain,
Wha's the puir wee callan? He's a
drunkard's raggit wean.

He stann's at ilka door, an' he keeks
wi' wistful e'e
To see the crood aroun' the fire a' lau-
chin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture een; tho' his
heart be e'er sae fain,
For he manna play wi' ither bairns,
the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit laddie, his heart
his unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, an' he's
droukit through and through;
Hes sperrin' for his mither, an' he
wun'ers whaur she's gane
But, oh! his mither she forgets her
puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae father's loue, and he kens
nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows or kame
his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens or
smooth his bed at e'en,
An', oh! he fears his father's face, the
drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless
an' sae young,
The oath that leaves his father's lip 'll
settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks,
his infant lips 'll stain,
For, oh! there's nae to guide the
bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn
that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his father to act a
father's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup,
and never taste agam,
An' cherish wi' a parents' care, their
puir wee raggit wean.

GOOD TEMPLARS ON PRO-
HIBITION.

The Good Templars of Ontario de-
clared their position on the prohibition
question at their annual session last
month in no uncertain form. From
their forcibly expressed deliverances
we quote the following paragraphs:

"That the liquor traffic is at present
involving, and has in the past involved
an enormous waste of our natural re-
sources. It is a terrible and continued
disgrace to any community and to
our Christian civilization. It burdens
our citizens with a fearful load of
poverty, disease, suffering, mortality
and crime; and every effort should be
put forth to have the liquor traffic
immediately suppressed by effective
prohibitory legislation.

"That the necessity of electing sound
prohibitionists to the House of Com-
mons has been emphasised by the
judgment of the Imperial Privy Coun-
cil re-affirming the position that the
Parliament of Canada alone can pass
a total prohibitory measure.

"That this Grand Lodge earnestly
calls upon all Good Templars to work
in the coming plebiscite for prohibi-
tion, offering as it does, a splendid
opportunity of disseminating instruc-
tions regarding prohibition as well as
of registering the will of the people of
Canada on this great and all-important
question apart from all political com-
plications.

"That we strongly oppose the sug-
gestion of the liquor party that the
question of revenue should be coupled
with that of prohibition, as most
unfair to the temperance people, believ-
ing, as we do, that the only honorable
way to present it to the electorate is to
give the people an opportunity to give
a reply to the simple query, 'Are you
in favor of the total prohibition of the
liquor traffic in the Dominion of
Canada?'

"That it is the duty of all Good
Templars to take steps wherever
practicable to secure the enactment of
local option laws in their respective
localities, so as to banish this in-
iquitous traffic from their immediate
vicinity.

JENNY LIND AND THE DISSIPATED
MUSICIAN.

The only person I ever met who knew
Jenny Lind in her childhood was Max
Bronzden, an old musician. I asked
him to tell me of her, and the old man's
furrowed face became radiant with a
smile. "Remember her," said he, "she
has been the angel of my life; the
memory of her voice was my salvation.
She and I were once alike poor. We
were young and happy. Hand in hand
we used to wander in the fields and on
the hills of Sweden. . . . Years
passed, and she became the idol of
princes and kings, and from afar I
worshipped her, as I would worship a
star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep
pace with her, but failed. I became a
victim to strong drink, and with that
vile passion ambition was buried. In
1840 I was passing Her Majesty's
Theatre in London. I was sober enough
to recognize the clear, ringing trill
that thrilled me in my boyhood
days. I was penniless, but I de-

termined to enter and hear that voice
once more. I watched my chance. A
crowd of ermine-clad men and women
were passing in. I rushed into the
throng, evaded the ticket agent and
gained entrance. In a shadowed recess
I crouched and listened. Lucia Di
Lammermoor was the opera, and she
was Lucia. I saw her appear in the
first scene joyous and happy. Every
part of the character she portrayed
with heart-reaching truth. Then came
the climax of her powers, her ultimate
madness—the crushing of the heart
and mind which produced the death
scene in the last act. For a moment
there was thrilling silence, then a
tempest of applause that made the
house tremble. It was then I forgot
all—forgot that I was a debased vaga-
bond—forgot the throng and the lights
and all save that I saw the little bare-
foot girl of my boyhood's idolatry a
queen among men. I rushed forward
and cried, 'Jenny, my little Jenny! I
told you so. I said that you would rule
the word with that voice. Speak to
me and tell me that you remember.'
'Put him out! put him out!' shouted
the multitude. 'He is mad, away with
him.' A strong arm seized me, and I
would have been hurled out into the
darkness, but a sweet voice cried,
'Spare him, and let me hear him.
What is it, poor man?' I looked up
and, like an angel of light, she stood
above me. 'Forgive me, madam, I
cried, 'I was passing and heard your
voice. I stole my way in. It seemed
I had a right to listen. Once the birds
and I were your only auditors, and yet
when I told you one day you would be
great, you seemed glad at my praise,
though I was only Max, the black-
smith's son.' Bending over me, she
cried, 'Max Bronzden, my first and
truest friend, stand, let this vast
throng look upon you. It was he,
said she, 'who first created ambition in
my heart to become great. My stage
was a lichen-covered forest log, and he
showered upon me wild flowers that I
prized more than I now prize the jewels
and rare gifts that are emblems of my
triumph to-night.' 'Rise, my friend,'
said she to me, 'and be worthy of the
trust and confidence that I will ever
give you in all the future years. I
struggled and conquered all difficulties.
It is not too late. Be no longer a vaga-
bond, as you say you are, but be a man
worthy of my friendship. 'I could
scarcely speak,' said the old man, 'but
honestly I uttered 'With God's help I
will.' The house had been silent as
death, then it suddenly burst into
tumultuous applause, and the curtain
fell. I left that place a new man, with
new aspirations and courage, and in
all the years since that night, nearly
half a century ago, I have been a hero
and a conqueror of sin. I have lived
true to my words?'—*Woman's Work.*

SAVED BY A KIND WORD.

He had lost all responsibility, and
was a common gutter drunkard. His
family had disowned him, and would
not recognize him when they met him.
Occasionally he would get a job at the
stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses.
One morning the doctor laid his hands
on his shoulders, and said, "Jim, I
wish you would give up the drink."
There was something like a quiver on
the man's lips as he answered, "If I
thought you cared, I would, but there
is a gulf between you and me." "Have
I made any gulf, Jim?" "No, you—
haven't." "If you had been a mil-
lionaire could I have treated you more
like a gentleman?" "No, you
couldn't." "I do care, Jim." There
were tears in the eyes of the man now.
"I do care, Jim," with a tender
emphasis on the Jim. "Dr. Davis, I'll
never touch another drop of liquor as
long as I live; here's my hand on it."
This was fifteen years ago, and Jim is
to-day a respectable and respected
man, and an earnest Christian.—
Scottish Reformer.

"BEEF-STEAKS FOR EVER."

At the National Prohibition Con-
vention at Newcastle, England, the
veteran worker Mr. Thomas Whittaker,
on being called upon for an address,
said he would tell them a story.
At one time, while standing in a
wagon with some temperance friends,
and about to address a crowd gathered
about it, he said:
A man in the crowd called out,
"Look here, canny man!" I looked
there—he was drunk. "Look here,

canny man!" I looked again. "A
quart of ale is better than a quart of
water for a working man." I said
"Say it again, brother; say it again."
I was not quite ready for him.

He did so, and then Mr. Whittaker
said, "You have not put it right. A
quart of ale in that hand costs you
sixpence; a quart of water in this
costs you nothing. To start fair you
must have sixpence in the hand where
the water is." George Charlton, the
butcher, was in the wagon. I said,
"Now, take the sixpence and go to my
friend George Charlton's and ask him
to give you as nice a piece of steak for
id. as he can. Then go to Mrs. Bell,
next door, and get a pennyworth of
nice potatoes. On your way home
go into a baker's shop and get a penny-
worth of bread. Now, you have spent
your sixpence. I hope your wife can
cook your potatoes and beefsteak, and
serve it hot with a hot plate and a
little pepper and salt, and while you
are eating your beefsteak and hot po-
tatoes, tell me, wagon men of New-
castle, whether a quart of ale is better
for a hard-working man than a quart
of water. And the multitude cried
out, 'Beefsteaks for ever.'"

GERMANY.

According to the official statistics,
recently published, the number of
breweries in operation in the German
beer tax Union during the government
year 1895-96 was 7,068, compared with
7,225 the previous year, a decrease of 157.
Their total production amounted to
37,732,866 hectolitres, an increase of
3,759,016 hls. for the year.

The net receipts from the beer tax for
the Union amounted for 1895-96 to
34,633,413 marks, an increase of
2,654,753 marks compared with the
preceding year.

The production and taxation of beer
in Bavaria of 6,502 breweries was
16,034,092 hls. of beer. The net amount
of tax collected was 33,794,246 marks.

In Wurttemberg, with 6,252 breweries,
the total production of beer was
3,885,481 hls. The total receipts from
the beer tax amounted to 9,179,935
marks.

The 1,629 breweries in operation in
Baden produced, 1,913,385 hls. The total
receipts for beer tax were 6,240,699
marks.

Brewers in Alsace-Lorraine produced
996,775 hls. of beer, and the revenue
from the beer tax was 3,193,342 marks.

—*National Temperance Society Annual
Report.*

A DEADLY THING.

Alcohol, like chloroform, is a narcotic;
it is in no sense a food; it reduces the
animal heat and force; overtaxes the
heart; weakens the muscles; paralyzes
the brain and nervous system generally;
destroys the vital organs; induces many
bodily and mental diseases; implants
evil influences which pass from one
generation to another; lessens the happi-
ness and the usefulness, and shortens
the life of every generation that indulges
in its use. If by any miracle England
was made sober, the average value of
life of the people would be increased one
third.—*Sir B. W. Richardson.*

WINES OF FRANCE.

The total production of French wines
amounted last year up to 982,867,110.68
gallons. This is much greater than the
mean average of the last ten years; that
is, from 1887 to 1896, inclusive, namely,
671,597,028.69 gallons. The vintage of
1896 is, therefore, the most important
after that of 1893.

Moreover, in the ten first months of
1896 no less than 134,069,273.22 gallons
of wines were imported into France,
from Algeria, from Italy from Portugal,
from Spain, from Tunisia, forming an
important addition to the French stock
of 1896.

Later on, from official information, it
became known that Algeria had, in the
year 1896, a total vintage of 95,655,226.22
gallons, out of which 65,623,111.73 were
consumed or separately by Algeria.

Adi to these several quantities others
made from raisins and the sugar wine
and we have a total of 1,230,945,821.52
gallons.—*N. T. Advocate.*