

Temperance

'It is Nothing to Me.'

'Tis nothing to me,' the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
'The man is weak who can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.'
It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched in burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

'It's nothing to me,' the mother said:
'I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken my name.'

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of life was early won,
And madly quaffed of the flowing bowl,
Then—a ruined body and ship-wrecked soul.

'It's nothing to me,' the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head;
'I'm busy to-day with tare and tret:
I have no time to fume and fret.'
It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked the train—
His wife and child were among the slain.

'It's nothing to me,' the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride.
'I heed not the dreadful things you tell;
I can rule myself, I know full well!'

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,

The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

—Author Unknown.

Why Drink?

Yes, why? The time is gone for asking why anyone abstains. It is the drinker who is on his defence. Abstinence commends itself—it is drinking that needs to be apologized for. And not excessive drinking merely, but all drinking down or up to the most moderate. Why drink? You do not need strong drink. All doctors of any note agree that the body is better without alcohol than with it. Experience demonstrates what science now teaches. Insurance societies afford incontestable evidence to the same effect. Why drink, then? You cannot drink without less or more of peril. It is readily admitted that many have drunk moderately and never become what is understood as drunkards. But a tremendous number have. Where some stand others fall. And no one can be sure that he will have strength to resist. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' To go into the way of temptation, to tamper with what effects the ruin of many thousands, is not to take heed. It is to risk recklessly. The safer way is to pray as our Master has taught us, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Why drink, then? You lessen your influence in helping others. Many through moderate drinking pass to drunkenness, but no drunkard is ever reclaimed by moderate drinking. For him abstinence is the only possible safety. If you wish therefore to help one who is down through drink you cannot bid him do as you do. You have to warn him against that. But with what effect can you speak to him? Your practice nullifies your counsel, and robs you of power alike to save the fallen and prevent others from falling. Nor will it do for you to say that you will leave temperance men to deal with drunkards, and continue to take strong drink. The helping of others is your work, and shame and woe come to the man who neglects it. 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it, and shall not He render to every man according to his work?' Why drink, then? You by drinking however moderately, cast the weight of your influence for the perpetuation of the liquor traffic and all the drinking customs, with their terrible progeny

of evil. If no good person countenanced it, the liquor traffic would perish speedily of its inherent corruptness. It is the support which the good give that is urged as the reason for licenses to be issued and drinking customs to be maintained. That devolves a tremendous responsibility on every good person who continues to countenance the evil thing. It may be true that you 'take very little.' But 'taking any' carries you and all your influence to the drinking side. Is not that to be avoided at all costs? And if it would be easy for you to give it up, why not do the easy thing and stand for the dregs of the people, for the safety of all who are in peril? Even if it should cost you a great deal, should it not be done? Think of the issues which are at stake, the evils that are being wrought, the souls that may be saved, and in God's strength resolve that, whatever others may do, you will stand for all that tends to sweeten the waters of life and add to the happiness of the people for time and eternity.—'Temperance Leader.'

Whisky's Toll.

Judge McKenzie Cleland of the municipal court of Chicago says:

'Most of the crime is directly caused by the saloon. The state is rather inconsistent in its attitude toward the criminal. It licenses the saloon with one hand, and the other hand punishes the poor man who gets into trouble through drinking.'

This declaration is confirmed by the following letter:

PILLOW, SMITH & STONE,
LAWYERS,

Marion, Ill., January 24, 1908.

Mr. Frank W. Loy,
Effingham, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Answering yours of the 21st inst.: Will say that I have been practicing law about twenty-seven years, and have been connected with the prosecution or defense, with sixty-seven murder cases, sixty-five of which were caused directly by the use of intoxicating liquor. During my somewhat extensive criminal practice I can safely say that at least ninety-seven percent of all the crimes that have come under my observation were the result of the use of intoxicating liquors; either directly or indirectly.

Very truly,

GEORGE W. PILLOW.

—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Uncle Sam and the Saloon-keeper.

Once Uncle Sam called upon the saloon-keeper, says Amos R. Wells in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

'I have been hearing sad words about you and your establishment,' said Uncle Sam, 'and I have a big notion to close up your whole business.'

Then the saloon-keeper was greatly disturbed, and at once took Uncle Sam out in front of his magnificent building and showed him the throng of men pressing in. 'See how well dressed and respectable they are,' urged the saloon-keeper. 'Why, some of the first families in town patronize my establishment.'

Then he showed Uncle Sam the great trains loaded with grain that were rushing toward his distillery, the army of workmen employed in brewery, distillery, and saloon, the great stream of money kept in brisk motion by the enterprise, and a thousand evidences of thrift.

'Why, Uncle Sam,' cried the saloon-keeper in triumph, 'this industry of mine is by all odds the most important in your entire domain. It keeps hundreds of thousands at work, and if you should shut up my establishment you would ruin the farmers, and the railroads, and the machine-shops, and the laboring classes.'

Uncle Sam stood for a little with his chin in his hand, and then he looked up with a sharp eye. 'There is a front side and a back side to every business. You have showed me what goes "in" to your establishment. Now will you please show me what comes "out"?' I have learned to estimate a business, not by the raw material, but by the product. Conduct me to the rear of your establishment.'

But this the saloon-keeper strenuously refused to do. Why? Because he was unwilling to have the products of the saloon seen.

They would frighten the young away from his saloon. Thousands of bright men, professional men, prosperous men, transformed into drunkards. Thousands of boys ruined for life. Poverty, vice, crime, sorrows, sickness, pain, early deaths, ruined homes, miseries untold.

The Power of Influence.

The story is told of a piece of personal work done by Gladstone. He became interested in a couple of young men who had gone wrong. They were rapidly establishing reputations as drunkards. He made up his mind to invest something in them. He asked them to call at Hawarden Castle. They felt honored and accepted the invitation.

In the library he spoke to them of the evil that was degrading them and bringing sorrow and humiliation to their families and friends. He appealed to them to re-assert their manhood and to triumph over their evil passions. They responded to his appeal. Then he knelt down and asked God to help them in their new and high resolve to lead a better life.

One of the men said years afterwards:

'Never can I forget the scene, and as long as I live the memory of it will be indelibly impressed on my mind. The Grand Old Man was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. My companion is now a prominent minister, and neither of us have touched a drop of intoxicating drink since, nor are we ever likely to violate an undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library.'

Nobody can measure the influence of a personal appeal. It will bear fruit some time and in some way. God will use it wisely when the time comes.—Selected.

Mushrooms or Toadstools?

Old gentleman to boy and girl gathering mushrooms: 'Now, my dears, be very careful, for you might get some poisonous toadstools!'

Boy and Girl: 'Oh, it doesn't matter, sir, we are not going to eat them. They are for the market.'

There are some teetotal publicans, who are wise enough not to drink the poison, alcohol, themselves.—Selected.

You often hear the remark that there is no harm in a glass of wine 'per se.' 'Per se' means by itself. Place a glass of wine on a shelf, and let it remain there, and it is 'per se,' and will harm no one. But if you take it from the shelf, and turn it inside a man, then it is no longer 'per se.'—Medical Pioneer.

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

The 'Pansies' are still in full bloom, and we invite all our young readers to gather them. Ten cents each from five friends who have not been taking the 'Messenger' sent in to us with the five names and addresses will secure: 1. The 'Messenger' for three months to each of the friends. 2. A beautiful colored picture 'Pansy Blossoms,' 9 by 16 inches, to each of the club and to the club raiser. 3. A Maple Leaf Brooch to the club raiser as a reward for trouble taken.

The 'Messengers' may be sent anywhere in Canada, outside Montreal or suburbs, or to Newfoundland or the British Isles, but the pictures will all be sent to the club raiser to distribute.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

MORE WORKERS.

The following also have sent lists:—Sheila Hoequard, Flaira Cool, Lizzie Price, Margaret Blair, J. Shipley, F. Mildred Douglas, Edith Hicks, Ethel Walton, Estella Wilson, Hazel Parks, Hazel Parsons, E. Donaldson, Zeda Meister, Lucy Longmire, Willie Burks, Willie Deyson, Muriel Haslam, Emerson Warren, Jennie Prosser, Maynard Parker, Amanetta Hallamore, Mrs. Abner Parker, Nellie MacDonell, Mary Crowdes, Flora C. Duncan, M. H. Johnson, Earle Bird, Elwood Miller.