



Saloons Must Go.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

List to the tread of many feet,
From home and playground, farm and street;
They talk like tongues, their words we know:
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

For God they lift their flag of white;
His name is on their banners bright;
His law of purity doth show,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

For home's sweet sake they move in line,
With mother-love their faces shine;
Their loyal hearts will have it so,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

For native land their drums they beat;
Quick time they keep, with marching feet;
America, for thee they know
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

Thy kingdom come, O Saviour great,
In hearts and homes, in church and state;
But ere it comes, full well we know,
Saloons, saloons, saloons must go.

Sandy's Resolve.

It was a cold December morning, in the busy seaport of Westpool, and as Sister Agnes looked out of the window and saw the heavy black clouds she knew that she must prepare for a snowstorm. It was the day for visiting the Police Court, and let the weather be hot or cold, wet or dry, she never failed to be there to do what she could to help the unfortunate wrongdoers who were brought before the magistrates. She was a small woman and slenderly built, but a brave heart beat in her bosom, and the expression of her face indicated that she had a resolute will, and was not likely to shrink from the path of duty.

Having finished her breakfast, she opened her little text book to read the words of life which she felt to be as necessary for the sustenance of her soul as the food which she had just eaten was for the support of her body. The passage for the day was Psalm 119, verse 75, 'I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.' After a short time spent in prayer and meditation she quickly performed a few domestic duties, and then began to get ready to go to the Court. Her neat bonnet and substantial cloak would not easily spoil, and she took care that her feet were thoroughly warm before putting on her snow-boots; she chose a pair of warm woollen gloves, and, taking her umbrella from the stand, set forth on her errand of mercy.

The snow had already begun to fall in feathery flakes, and foot passengers quickened their pace so as to get a place of shelter. Sister Agnes also hastened her steps that she might reach the large entrance hall of the Police Station, where a good fire was always blazing. She was well known to all connected with the place; the chief constable called her his aide-de-camp; the six foot high policemen greeted the little woman with kind words, and often gave her useful information, and the magistrates valued her counsel when they had to deal with women and girls. As soon as she arrived one of the sergeants relieved her of her umbrella, which was white with snow, and helped her to shake the cold drops of moisture from her cloak.

'Are there any in the cells this morning?' enquired Sister Agnes.

'Three men and two women,' was the answer, 'drunk and disorderly,' as usual. It's the first time with all of them except the chap in No. 9. You know him well—that

curly-haired sailor from the North, who gets locked up about once in three months, when his ship comes in.'

'Do you mean Sandy M'Dermot? I've tried hard to get him to sign the pledge, but he always laughs it off, and says why shouldn't he have a spree so long as he can pay the fine.'

'Well, he seems awfully down on his luck, this time. You'd better go to him first, and see if you can do him any good.'

Sister Agnes entered the cell, and was recognized by Sandy with a silent nod. She saw by his quivering lips and downcast eyes that he was in sore trouble, and with a few sympathetic remarks drew from him his story.

'You know, Sister, when a man's been on the stormy ocean ten or twelve weeks he likes to have a bit of pleasure when he gets to land. So I met some jolly fellows in the tap-room, and we played at cards and treated one another. I can't remember how it happened—things seem all muddled up in my mind—but I must have taken more whiskey than I intended, and perhaps there was a bit of quarrelling over the games. Anyhow, I was brought before the magistrates, and the policeman said it wasn't the first offence, so they sentenced me to pay nine and sixpence or else go to gaol for a week. The money must be handed over before 12 o'clock, and here I am with never a penny in my pocket! It's the worst scrape I've been in yet.'

'Can't you borrow something from one of your friends so as to pay the fine?'

'Nay, I've no friends here. We seafaring men don't stop long enough in a port to make friends.'

'But you must know a few people, because you come here every three months.'

'Well, there's the landlord of the Crown and Anchor. If I could only ask him he might help me, for I've spent many a sovereign at his bar, and he knows me well.'

'Would you like to send a message to him? I'll get one of the policemen to go.'

'Thank you, Sister; that would do finely. Ask him to lend me the nine and sixpence, and I'll pay him back faithfully.'

Sister Agnes left the cell and obtained permission for the message to be taken to the Crown and Anchor. She then went to see the two women, who were feeling deeply ashamed of their position, and gladly signed the pledge. Presently hearing the sound of a door being closed, as if someone had just gone out of No. 9, she went back to Sandy.

'Now then,' she began cheerfully, 'what message has he sent you?'

But Sandy's head was bowed down, and he made no reply.

'Come, tell me, have you got the money?'

Struggling to repress the emotion which almost choked him, he bluntly said 'No.'

'Why not? Was the landlord out? Won't he trust you? What reason did he give for refusing one of his best customers?'

With a strong effort to control his feelings, Sandy repeated the publican's answer. 'He said he couldn't send me any money because he'd just banked it all.' Then with an angry flash in his dark eyes he cried,

'He's had pounds and pounds out of my hard-earned wages, and now he won't lend me a paltry nine and sixpence to keep me from going to gaol. Stingy fellow!'

'Ah! what a pity that you spent so much, and now have nothing to show for it. Publicans have good food, and you've got prison fare; they lie on soft beds, and yours is a hard one.'

'It just is, and no mistake about it,' muttered Sandy.

'The landlord is at home with his wife and children, while you are separated from your family.'

The poor fellow groaned aloud and said, 'That's the worst of it; my ship sails tomorrow, and I shan't get back for Christmas nor even for New Year's Day. I promised my little Harry a horse and cart, and told Rosie she should have a new doll. My wife will be broken-hearted to think I'm in gaol, and all because that old miser of a landlord won't lend me nine and six.'

(To be continued.)

Three Young Men of Lee.

Tune: 'Three Maids of Lee.'

I.

There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk can be,
For they had bumpers three times three,
And they were jolly as jolly can be,
These three young men of Lee.
And those young bums would proudly say,
'We take our liquor straight each day,'
The Prohibition cranks shan't touch
Our liberty we prize so much;
What care we for our daddies' fears?
What care we for our mothers' tears?
Older men drink, and why not we?
We'll have all we want,' said the bums of Lee.
There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk can be,
For they had bumpers three times three,
And they were jolly as jolly can be,
These three young men of Lee.

II.

There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And one is lame, and one cannot see,
They are out at elbow and out at knee,
These two old sots at Lee.
The one that is lame had a heavy fall
On the ale-house floor in a drunken brawl;
The blind one lost his sight, they say,
By staggering near a blast one day;
The third was killed in a crowded street
By a loaded waggon he chanced to meet;
And they that survive might as well be dead,
For often their children cry for bread.
There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And there they are and there they'll be,
Till death puts an end to their misery,
These two old sots at Lee.

—Edward Howe, in the 'Voice.'

A Judge's Story.

Sir John Bridge, the well-known London magistrate, was fond of telling his friends of a curious letter he received not long before his retirement from Bow-street. It ran:—'Sir,—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I must write to thank you for having locked up my wife for six months. My wife had often come before the court for drunkenness, but after being fined she was worse. You were kind enough to give her six months, and she came back to me a reclaimed woman, and is now the best wife in England.' This letter was all the more valued by Sir John Bridge because he was ordinarily a lenient judge. He was apt to be severe in cases of brutality, but no magistrate was more inclined to be merciful to first offenders. Sir John was a 'holy terror' to cabmen, more especially should they have been unfortunate enough to be arraigned before him on charges of drunkenness and furious driving. In the case of the Jehu who would be summoned by too vigilant policemen for 'crawling' or such minor offences, he would temper justice with mercy; but it was a bad time for the imbibing cabby found drunk while in charge of a horse and cab. It was Sir John who showed the lead to other London magistrates to make it a custom in these cases, when there were previous convictions, to send the defaulter to prison without the option of a fine. 'A drunken man in charge of a horse and cab in the public street,' he once said, 'is a source of the greatest danger to the public. The public "must" be protected, and I "will" use my best endeavors to see that they are.'

'Were it not for alcohol,' says the 'British Medical Journal,' 'we might close nearly all our hospitals, prisons, orphanages and asylums, as there would be practically nothing for any doctors to do. Alcohol is a deadly poison, only to be classed with arsenic, strychnine, belladonna and henbane. If you cut off the moderate supply of alcohol entirely, you diminish the death and sick rates one-half, and abolish crime and poverty.'