

Selections.

AIM FOR PROHIBITION.

Aim for prohibition;
Ask for nothing less;
Labour for its triumph,
Pray for its success.

Put it in your school-books;
Teach it to the young;
Let it be the keynote
Of the nation's song.

Sound it from the pulpit,
Through the public press;
Speed it on its mission,
Every home to bless.

Let its holy incense
Perfume every breeze
From Arctic Ocean waters
To the Southern Seas.

Waft it on the zephyrs
Over every land;
Until every nation
Sees its triumph grand.

--Selected.

A RUM RUINED HOME.

If there's anything sad
On this beautiful earth
That ought to resound
With the music of mirth,
If there's anything touched,
Under heaven's high dome,
With a sorrowful blight,
'Tis a rum ruined home.

For the father is bent
Upon being a sot,
And the mother is bowed
By her terrible lot,
And the children are crushed
Like the martyred of Rome,
While their prattle is hushed
In a rum ruined home.

And the darkness of night,
Like a funeral pall,
With a desolate gloom
Settles down upon all;
And the river of life,
That should sparkle and foam,
Is a river of death
In a rum ruined home.

O, if ever an arm
Should be bared for the fight,
And if ever a Christian
Should stand for the right,
It is now, in the heat
Of a crisis so great,
With rum-ruin sanctioned
By city and state.

--Forward.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

These children are very impressible. A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder passed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush don't tell him. But look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was terribly bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once."

"And why won't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I will hear you sing your little hymn."

The boy raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain would I to Thee be brought—
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—dead. Oh, I thank God that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, He sends his angel into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness. — *J. B. Gough.*

A DRUNKEN WILLIAM TELL.

"Ben, whose boy 're you?" The voice was thick and husky.

"You're, pop."

"An' who's the best shot in these parts, Ben? Tell these fellers."

The man's dull eyes fixed themselves on the boy. The little fellow's face lightened up, and he answered, looking round defiantly:

"My pop's the best shot in Montanny."

A silence fell over the crowd, and something of pride gleamed from the whiskey-dimmed eyes of old Billman. Then he said, handing the boy an apple:

"These fellows 'low I'm no good, Ben, an' I'm just goin' to do our Willyum Tell act, and show 'em that Jim Billman kin draw as fire a head now as ever he could."

Billman patted his son's head with a trembling hand, and the boy drew himself up proudly as he took the apple from his father.

"Go over to that tree, Ben," commanded Billman, at last, and the boy walked with a fearless step to the place indicated, turned his back to the tree, removed his hat balanced the apple on his head, then placed his hands behind him. There was not a quiver in his face, not a shadow of fear. His father, whom he loved, and who loved him, was the marksman.

Old Billman raised his gun to his shoulder. The weapon shook in his nerveless hands like a reed. Uttering an imprecation, he lowered the gun and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. He tried again but still without success.

"I know what's the matter," he muttered, and took a drink from a bottle in his pocket. "Now, then; all right, Ben?"

"All right, pop."

A short moment the gun trembled in Billman's hands and then—
Spring!

It was a strange, dull sound, not like the crash of a bullet through oak, but more like—

Alas! the smoke had cleared away, and the boy was lying in a lifeless heap upon the ground—killed by his drunken father! a cry as of a wild beast, a rush, and old Billman had the bloody form in his arms.

"Kill me?" shrieked the old man, rocking to and fro, "Kill me?" but the miners passed silently away one by one, and left the old man alone with his grief and his dead. — *Detroit Free Press.*

WHY I AM A PROHIBITIONIST.

You ask me to tell you "Why I am a Prohibitionist." The reasons are so many, and so cogent, and so obvious, that I do not see how it is possible for any intelligent man who loves and fears God, his country, and his fellow men, to be otherwise.

But all these reasons are resolved into this one; that the liquor traffic is absolutely inconsistent with the general welfare. It wages deadly, unceasing war upon every interest of the nation, State, and people in which there is no truce for a day, an hour, a moment. Night and day, without intermission, it is working with pick,

shovel, and dynamite to undermine and overthrow our institutions, changing good citizens, good fathers, good husbands, good brothers, good sons, into bad ones; peaceful, prosperous, thrifty, happy homes into abodes of poverty, misery, discord, and wretchedness; in short, into hells upon earth.

The liquor traffic changes the loving husband into a drunken devil, who, with blows and kicks and blood, repays a devoted wife and mother for all her labor and self-sacrifice in the endeavor to provide for her family the necessities of life to which the husband contributes nothing, because all his earnings go into the till of the rum-seller in payment for the poison which converts him into a demon.

The children in the meantime are pinched with hunger and cold, and suffer in a thousand ways from the influence of the saloon over the father. They have no other companionship than that of the miserables like themselves who swarm in the gutters, and no education but that gathered up in the slums.

Is not all this, and a great deal more, true of the liquor traffic? Is there a word of it exaggerated or overstrained? Then why can it be that any intelligent man, especially a Christian, will pass this by without a thought and lend his influence of whatever kind to a system which upholds this devilish trade, protecting it by law, giving it full and free permission to blast the homes of the people?

Why is it that good men should consent to a system which converts peaceful, industrious citizens into tramps, beggars, vagabonds, thieves, burglars, robbers, incendiaries, men of violence and men of blood, and condemns children to a way of life which fits them for nothing but to swell the ranks of the dangerous classes?

Have I set down a word here which is not true of the liquor traffic? Not a tithe of its horrors are even alluded to. Then why is it that so many good men should stand aloof from the endeavor to change all that, and advocate a policy which creates and perpetuates all this evil, involving at the same time the sin, shame, and crime of making nation, State, and municipality active partners in the rum trade, putting into the public treasury the largest part of its profits? — *Neal Dow.*

MURDERING THE INNOCENTS.

The most tragic pages of human history will not be written until the agonies inflicted by the saloon upon the mothers, wives, sisters and children of drunkards have been portrayed. That can never be fully done.

The saloon curse rests with crushing force upon women. The horrors to which the saloon exposes them are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and dreadful than any others experienced in this world. The saloon turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families.

A living man chained to a putrescent corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives of drunkards. Unable to escape the close relationships of wifehood, they are constantly exposed to brutalities so revolting and heart-rending that their very existence is a prolonged tragedy. Children born with an inherited appetite for drink, of refined, pure mothers, tell a story of the beastliness of drunken fathers and of marital misery that we shudder to think of and dare not describe. Hell itself cannot be worse than the lives of such wives with such husbands.

Vivisection has aroused a great deal of indignation; but what is the torture of a few animals in the name of science in comparison with the vivisection of the hearts of wives and mothers which goes on daily under the operation of the saloon? — *Lever.*

HURRY!

A contemporary gives us an account of the last interview of a convicted murderer with his mother. His words sound like a wail from the lost: "I didn't want to kill him. I was crazed with drink. The saloon did it. Tell the temperance people to be in a hurry."

Another wail is heard from the prison dungeon, by a lady who visits a criminal in his dreary confinement: "It was whiskey that did it?"

Perhaps some one will say in reply to this, drunkenness is a crime. If these men had kept away from saloons and let drink alone, they would not

have become criminals. That drunkenness is a crime, cannot be denied. But what shall be said of the man who, knowing that the only influence of the saloon is to make drunkards and criminals, deliberately engages in the traffic for the money he may make out of the destruction of his neighbors?

Yet behind this fiendish work are the people who contravene the statutes of Jehovah by making it legal to put a bottle to the "neighbor's lips, and make him drunken also." — *Minneapolis Review.*

A TEETOTAL VILLAGE.

GOOD EFFECTS OF NO RUM IN AN ENGLISH MINING TOWN.

Some interesting facts have recently been published respecting the teetotal colliery village of Roe Green in Lancashire. Five and twenty years ago the houses of the village belonged almost exclusively to the Bridgewater trustees, who employ most of the men. Today, out of 110 houses, 81 are inhabited by their owners. The Rechabite Tent has a membership of 270, the Band of Hope 286. There is a co-operative store, the property of the village, yielding a profit of 3 shillings in a pound. The chapel and Sunday school have been built by the workmen themselves at a cost of £2,700, and, while, in the United Kingdom as a whole, one in four persons over 60 years of age receives parish pay at least for a part of the year, in Roe Green there is not a single one over this age receiving pauper relief. Clearly there is something to be said for the teetotal village. — *Westminster Gazette.*

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

The liquor power must be totally eliminated from politics if we respect the institution of American democracy and desire their permanency. The aims of the saloon are selfish; its methods are slimy and criminal. It thrives by despoiling men of their reason and firing their passions. Its fruits are the moral and physical wrecks of humanity which crowd our jails and poor houses. To be able to prosecute with fuller freedom its dire work it seeks the control of politics, which it reduces to its own level, and, if successful, it chains in slavery to its chariot-wheels the degraded commonwealth which allowed its triumph. — *Archbishop Ireland.*

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