

### A BETTER DAY.

A significant event was the debate last Saturday evening at Farwell Hall Chicago, between Walter Thomas Mills, editor of the *Statesman*, and Hon. Albert Griffin, in one of a series of 100 debates which they are giving throughout the country on the temperance question. Representing the two leading methods of dealing with the saloon question, and yet coming together on the same platform to present their respective claims in the most eminently courteous, manly, Christian, spirit, it is indicative of a better day ahead for the temperance problem because of its treatment with a better spirit. Mr. Mill and Mr. Griffin are both men of the strongest convictions and of deep moral earnestness. Both believe the saloon to be the greatest enemy of our modern civilization. Both believe in the necessity of emphasizing the *moral suasion* method, and of a revival of pledge signing for total abstinence, and urge every church to inaugurate a campaign in this direction. As to the method of dealing with the saloon politically, they differ. We believe the greatest hindrance to the cause of temperance is the fact that those who differ cannot come together in the press, the pulpit, the platform and in common conversation in a Christian way without getting mad.

To such an extent is this true that it has become a by-word and caused serious doubt as to the moral earnestness of many in the temperance cause. When those who differ can meet, and talk and pray together for the annihilation of this greatest crime, we believe God will so dispose events as to very speedily enable them to *march* together around this Jericho of in-

iquity. When they do this its fate is sealed.

### BY THEIR WORDS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM.

"No. sir," said Farmer Thistlepod, "you needn't tell me anything about the beauties of a free government. I'm sick of it. I've toiled and moiled and dug and delved on this farm, boy and man, forty-five years, and all I've been able to do has been to pay taxes, keep up the interest on a mortgage, and I wish I had money enough to take out a little insurance on the stock, but I can't do it. Pastor was here this morning urgin' me to try to do a little more for the church, an' I had to tell him I was goin' to give up my pew at the end of this quarter; just got to do it I haven't the money, I tell you, and what's more, you can't make it on a farm in this county. I don't know a farmer in York state that is makin' enough to pay for labor on the farm." That night three burglars who overheard the old man talking in this strain to the church clerk, came into the house at midnight, gagged him, tied him down on the kitchen table and held a torch to his feet until he came down, and they got away with \$4,000 in cold cash, \$3,500 in United States bonds, four gold watches, two breech-loading shot guns, English, \$600 worth of solid silver, and about a dozen cut throat mortgages on western farms, drawing 9 per cent. interest.

Ananias doesn't fall dead as he used to, but he suffers a great deal more than if he did.—*Burdette*.

To persecute the unfortunate is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well.