

Selections.

THE REFERENDUM.

An Appeal to Voters.
(For The Camp Fire.)

In your hands the power is vested;
With the franchise you may free
Homes and land from ruin's enthrallment,
From the traffic's cruelty;
All political opinions,
At this crucial crisis blend,
Walving paltry party precepts,
Prohibition to extend.

Other questions, though important,
Have no import grave as this,
Which demands united effort
To bring peace and happiness;
Naught compared, in good resulting,
From a faithful, fearless course,
As we contemplate the future,
Prohibition laws in force.

Could you see the help surrounding,
As the prophet did of old,
When the curtain was uplifted,
Horse and chariots to behold;
Thus God's servants are encompassed;
He will surely lead the van.
Will impart the inspiration
What is best to do and plan.

But we must neglect no effort
That is right and good and true;
'Tis for God and home we battle;
He will give us strength to do,
Choosing men who will not waver,
Who will represent our cause,
Who will pilot it in safety,
Pressing prohibition laws.

Many eyes are keenly watching;
Unseen hosts the conflict see;
Many hearts with hope are throbbing,
Wait the juncture anxiously.
Up then! bravely do your duty!
Fear no foe, whoever he be;
Hoist your banners! March to conquer!
And you'll gain the victory.
Richmond Hill. P. L. Grant.

THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbled for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight—
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee.

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came.
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Tho' the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad.
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled;
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife.
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the churchyard now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife

Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes,
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth,
The echoing air has rung—
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out

From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee!

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief,
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!
—Duganne in The Truth Seeker.

WHISKEY DID IT.

By Isabelle Horton.

It was a horrible place to live in, and more horrible still to die in. And the woman was certainly dying—dying of consumption, brought on, the doctor said, by drink. The mattress on which she lay was rotting with filth. The bit of ragged comforter over her was heavy and lumpy, and was helped out by an old coat. The room was small, and close, and dark, and there was but one. Husband and child cooked and ate within five feet of the sick woman, and all slept in the same bed. The little sunshine that might have looked in through the dingy window was shut out by high walls outside, and a kerosene lamp added its smoke and fumes to the nameless odours of the sick room. An old commode did duty for both pantry and table. Mice and roaches made merry war amid crumbs of stale bread and Limburger cheese. Dirty dishes were piled in the window sill. The husband and father was out selling peanuts, by which he earned thirty or forty cents a day. The child wandered about at his own sweet will. He was a tiny thing, not looking half of his four years, so far as size was concerned, but the small, pale face, lighted up by a pair of big, solemn black eyes, could never have looked childish or happy.

No human skill or care could save the woman's life, but death might be robbed of some of its horror. The first thing was to look for better quarters. A room was found where sunshine and such air as that part of the city afforded could be had in abundance, and a woman was employed to clean it. Then the sick woman was carefully conveyed to her new quarters in a wheel-chair, and put into a clean, comfortable bed. She could not speak much English, but she patted the snowy sheets and said hoarsely, "Nice, nice." So much of womanly instinct was left.

The child was brought to the Deaconess Home, and so long as his mother lived he was taken every day to see her.

"Hast Eddie effer day vine?" she asked once.

"No; we think wine is not good for him," replied the nurse. "But he has plenty of milk to drink."

"Ach! no vine?" she cried in dismay, and then by signs and broken English she made her understand that as the child was delicate, he had been in the habit of drinking at least two glasses of wine every day.

For the few remaining weeks of her wretched life the nurse cared for her charge with Christian patience and tenderness, and when death came, made her ready for the grave, carrying things from the Home for the purpose.

Whiskey flowed freely at the funeral. The child was brought back to the Home the next day in the arms of a father so intoxicated he could not walk straight. He is not willing to give him up entirely to the deaconesses, however; and by and by he will take him away to live with him, in filth and degradation indescribable. He will have but little to eat, but wine or whiskey or beer will be thought a necessity, because a system weakened by low living will crave stimulants. Soon there will be cigarettes to consume what

little vitality he may have left. In the meantime, his associations will be with the vilest of the vile. It is not difficult to forecast his fate. What possible chance has he to grow into a useful or respectable manhood.

Cannot our Christian civilization protect its helpless ones from the curse of such parentage and such environment? Every man and every woman has a share of responsibility for conditions like these—a responsibility as great as the influence he or she might exert to better them.

This was four years ago. It was discovered that the father was only a step-father, and had no legal claim on the child; so the deaconesses kept him. He was sent to Verbank, the invalid children's home among the pines, where he is still, a quaint, wise little fellow, never very strong, but safe and contented.—*Onward.*

PROHIBITION WORKS.

Success in Maine.

At a great temperance meeting held in Chicago recently, the chief speaker was Sheriff Pearson of Portland, Me., who gave an interesting report of the position of affairs in his State and the result of his efforts to enforce the prohibitory law. Here are a few of his stirring statements:—

Some of you will say, "Prohibition has not been enforced in Maine." I grant it. But I say it is a blighting, withering, damnable shame to the officials. But you say, "There is the capital of your State, where your government resides—there are seventeen United States tax certificates held in that city." That is so, and I say that that is no fault of the prohibition system whatever. But I want this to be distinctly understood: To-day four-fifths of the territory of Maine is as clean and clear from intoxicating beverages as I believe this rostrum is at the present moment.

Sworn In.

I went into office at twelve o'clock, midnight, on the thirty-first day of December a year ago. I was told to hold up my right hand and I did so, and the proper officer said: "Repeat after me, 'I, Samuel F. Pearson, do solemnly swear before Almighty God'—it was the solemnest moment of my life—"that I will enforce the laws of the State and support and maintain its constitution according to the best of my knowledge and ability, so help me God." I was bound by an oath. There was no will for Pearson in it any longer. It was a question now of dealing honestly with my God.

"Be True."

Going from that place as hurriedly as the carriage could take me home, I went into the room of my dying wife. God gave her consciousness for a few moments, and I feel the grasp of that hand in mine every time memory takes to itself wings and brings that scene back again. She called me to the bedside. Her burning lips pressed mine, and she said, "You are now the sheriff. Be a good one. Be a true one." She closed her eyes and never spoke again in this world.

I engaged in the work. The first day of my term of office, we seized sixty-one rum shops. I immediately drove to every hotel in Portland and told them they could have twenty-four hours to get their liquors out of the way and out of the city—not to be stored on the premises nor within the limits of Cumberland County. Every hotel keeper said to me, "Mr. Sheriff, we have got the best of you. We sent it away yesterday."

Some Results.

After I had been in office for six months, I thought I would like to know how far the prophecies of my opponents had been fulfilled. So I took a carriage and drove over the city.

I took two of the leading officials with me and I went into a great clothing house—the largest in Maine—and I said to the owner: "I would like to inquire how business has been for the past six months under honest enforcement." He put his arm through mine and said, "Come out into the office." In the office he said, "I don't want this to get out among my neighbors, but my trade has increased thirty per cent. since you have been sheriff."

We drove across to the largest retail boot and shoe dealer in the State of Maine, and I said, "I have come in to ask you how business is."

"There are four more clerks on that floor to-day," replied the owner of the store, "than there ever have been since I have been in business, and I am selling boots and shoes to men who were drunkards in Portland six months ago."

DRINK AND DEATH.

The "Alliance News" draws some sadly significant facts from a volume of judicial statistics criminal for England and Wales. In 1904 there were 37,076 inquests, of which 10,620 were on children under seven years of age. Of these slaughtered innocents 1,741 were suffocated in bed. Dr. Ogilvie stated before a royal commission that every year 2,000 children are suffocated, and that three times as many children die in this way on a Saturday night than on any other night.

Leaving out the children, 26,456 inquests remain, and with regard to these deaths little information is given. The juries, however, found that in inquiries as to the cause of death, drink was certainly responsible in 1,157 cases. In 1,751 cases death resulted from "neglect, exposure or excess"—which means drink. In no fewer than 14,707 cases death was due to "accident or misadventure," which is largely synonymous with drink.

In 15,818 cases "natural causes" was the verdict, and in 2,396 the verdict was open. In this connection the "Alliance News" says— "Here again we have no desire to strain the case. We are content to repose in authority. We recall the statements of Dr. Hardwicke, coroner for Central Middlesex, that 50 per cent. of all the inquests he had held had been connected with drink; of the Rev. J. W. Horstley, who found that out of 300 cases of would-be suicides which came under his notice, 172 were due to drink; of Mr. Wakely, another coroner, who declared that out of about 1,500 inquests held by him yearly, at least 900 were due to hard drinking, and of Justice Henn Collins, who said that in most cases—he thought in nearly all—where death had followed upon an act of violence, the person who inflicted the wound was more or less the worse for liquor at the time.

One need not add to such testimony. It is the testimony of the authorities, of men who have known the truth of the cases of which they were speaking, and these witnesses all agree. Half of the cases of death which are investigated by coroners' juries are found to be caused by drink—by the drinking habits of someone that is to say."

The tables in the other section of the blue book show that the annual average number of persons tried for drunkenness in each of the five years named was as follows: 1881-85, 187,716; 1886-90, 171,671; 1891-95, 174,634; '96-1900, 200,323. In the year 1900 the number was 204,286.—*Irish League Journal.*

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties or the moral coercion of public opinion.

That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others.

His own good, either moral or physical, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else.

The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.—*John Stuart Mill.*