



**A Jug of Beer.**

(R. W. R. Rentoul, in 'Irish Temperance League Journal'.)

A ragged girl passed down the street,  
To fetch a jug of beer:  
The angels wept to see her feet  
Bare in the bitter slush and sleet,  
And the face, that should have been so  
sweet,  
Stained with a dawning leer.

No roses fresh were on her cheek;  
No bright eyes sparkled clear;  
No modest maiden, coy and meek,  
Was she. Shame was not far to seek;  
And her skin was pale green, like a leek,  
Or like the froth of beer.

At her age, oh, how innocent  
And shy she should have been!  
But, by a drinking father sent,  
With dull obedience forth she went,  
Robbed of all finer sentiment,  
She, death, and what between?

Her pinched cheeks, stained and pale, were  
cold;  
Her hands were thin and blue;  
While her famished body showed its mould  
Of bone and skin to the biting cold,  
And through her garments, worn and old,  
To every passer's view.

And, oh, the wretched heart within  
(A heart brought up on beer  
And its surroundings!) knew but sin,  
And the houses where they sold the gin;  
And was never tutored how to win  
High Heaven, or virtue here.

No love! ah, what a home was that!  
How dark and desolate!  
Her feet in slush went pit-a-pat,  
And on her tangled hair no hat;  
For her wretched life touched only what  
No pen can fully state.

Then in she went, and out she came,  
And in her pinched blue hand  
A jug of foaming beer—a shame  
(And tell me who should bear the blame?)  
To have a place and power name  
Within a Christian land!

The jug she lifted to starved lips  
(She did the same each morn),  
And took, oh, only a few sips—  
This is how Heaven is in eclipse;  
This is the way a girl's soul slips  
Below her own girl-scorn.

This is the way the trade in drink  
Flourishes and is strong;  
As Governments sleep on, or wink,  
The wretched millions sink and sink,  
Down nearer the abyssmal brink  
Of everlasting wrong.

'Gilded saloons,' 'Gin palaces,'  
Whose wealth can scarce be told!  
The brewers in their lives of ease,  
Their children gay by means like these;  
Millions of people starved to please  
The cursed thirst for gold!

And homes are vestibules of hell;  
And wives and children die;  
In rags and misery they dwell,  
And their woes a nation's doom foretell;  
While their famished bodies go to swell  
The hosts in graves that lie.

God of salvation, hear our prayers,—  
O, save our land from drink,  
This fiend has crept in unawares  
Until who cares? alas! who cares  
How many lives are in the snares  
And to perdition sink?

O Holy One, Thy Church awake  
To war against this hell.  
For pity's sake, for Jesus' sake,  
This foul, accursed system take  
And overthrow; our fetters break,  
Break drink's alluring spell.

So let Thy people wake, and rise  
With one great impulse all,  
And self-indulgence sacrifice,  
And count the cost, and pay the price  
To save the land, in drink that dies,  
From drink's enslaving thrall.

**A Temperance Lecture.**

It is only in the report of Dr. Sceleth, the Bridewell, London, house physician, but it is so tremendous on this subject that I quote it nearly in full:

'During my three years' experience here, there have been only eight men returned with delirium tremens who have been previously treated in our hospital for the same complaint. The number of people that die of alcoholism outside our institution is greater than the public suppose.

'Alcohol is not a food, or beverage, but a medical remedy, and should be used as such under a physician's direction.

'Sixty per cent. of the drinkers are "social drinkers" who have no particular craving for alcohol, and who will not take a drink, when alone, once in a month, but on account of their surroundings and friends have developed a habit of taking two or more drinks a day; the other forty per cent. drink because they like it and try to make it replace water and food, and they are on a straight downhill road for delirium tremens with all its fatal complications.

'If the "social drinkers" could see one of the hundreds of autopsies held on persons who have died of alcoholism—see the congested brain, the inflamed and bleeding stomach of gastric catarrh; the heart, liver, and kidneys, undergoing fatty degeneration, where the once firm tissues are now soft and flabby, and the secondary changes of cirrhosis (an increase of the connective tissue of an organ) which replaces the vital cells necessary for their proper functions; the changes in the walls of the arteries, and of the nerves and spinal cord,—they would be satisfied with pure water for the rest of their lives.

'Alcohol, direct and indirect, is responsible for the commitment of 76 per cent. of the prisoners we receive at the House of Correction. By intemperance, I believe that the average life of our race would be increased fifteen to twenty years.

'If the advice of one who has seen these unfortunates die raving maniacs, with their horrible delusions, who has followed them to the morgue and performed "posts" on them, and seen the degenerated changes in their vital organs, is worth taking, my advice, summed up in three words, would be: "Leave alcohol alone."—E. T. M., in the 'Advance'.

**A Hint For Boys.**

That the cigarette is a deadly poison may be scientifically proved. A few months ago, says a physician, I had all the nicotine removed from one cigarette, making a solution of it. In injected half the quantity into a frog, with the effect that the frog died almost immediately. The other half was administered to another frog, with like effect. Both frogs were full-grown and of average size. The conclusion is evident, that a single cigarette contains enough poison to kill two frogs. A boy who smokes twenty cigarettes a day has inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs. Why does the poison not kill him? It does kill him. If not immediately, he will die sooner or later of some malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognize as the natural result of chronic nicotine poisoning.—'League Journal.'

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**The Worst of Bargains.**

I asked a bright, intelligent man one night—'Why are you not a Christian?'

He replied—'I am deeply moved, and I would like to become a Christian.'

'Then why not become one to-night?'

'My business forbids me,' he said. 'I would have to give up my position to-night if I became a Christian. I am a salesman in a saloon.'

'Will you please tell me how much a week you get for tending the bar?'

'If I remember correctly it was twenty-four shillings. And that man was selling his soul for twenty-four shillings!—'League Journal.'

Cowper: A brave man knows no malice, but forgets in peace the injuries of war and gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.

**Simply Turning Down a Glass**

A clergyman was once invited to the birthday dinner of one of his parishioners. As he seated himself at the dinner table, and saw the beautiful old lady wearing her eighty years as a crown, surrounded by her children and her children's children, there seemed not a discordant note in the song of harmony. When the waiter began to pass the champagne, he thought shall I decline, but before his plate was reached he had decided to adhere to his usual custom, and quietly turned down his glass, too busily absorbed in conversation to observe that two others around the festal board did the same thing. A few hours later he found himself in the drawing-room in conversation alone with the widowed daughter of the household. She said to him: 'I am going to take the liberty of commending you for refusing the wine at dinner; you did not know that the sharp eyes of that young lad just opposite you were watching you most closely.'

He told her of his hesitation, and said: 'I thought, does not this seem churlish; I am invited here to honor a dear old lady, shall I not be considered very rude to refuse to drink her health, but I am so glad if my determination to abide by my general habit helped you; tell me about it.'

She said: 'In a few weeks my son starts to college. We have been discussing whether he shall be a moderate temperance man or a total abstainer while there. He has about decided to be the latter, but if you had proved yourself the former I know that arguments of many months would have been swept away at one stroke. I cannot tell you how much I thank you.'

The minister says that when he went home that night he knelt down and thanked God for helping him to cast his influence on the side of right, and to help a young boy to do the same.—'Canadian Churchman.'



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