

### Vote, Vote, Vote, the Boys are Marching.

Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, etc.

There's a movement strong and grand,  
Spreading over all the land,  
Giving hope of peace and gladness to  
the world;  
'Tis a battle for the right,  
And our boys are in the fight,  
And our flag of Prohibition is unfurled

Vote, vote, vote, the boys are marching,  
Cheer up, comrades, never yield,  
We are ready for the fray,  
And we'll surely win the day,  
And will drive the leagues of liquor  
from the field.

Shall our birthright be denied?  
Shall we see our laws defied?

By a league of liquor dealers who de-  
mand,  
In the tone of bitter hate,  
That within our nation great,  
No law that checks their hellish trade  
must stand?

No, the edict has gone forth,  
From the west, the east, the north,

From the valleys to the highest moun-  
tain domes;  
With our fortunes and our lives,  
We'll protect our sons and wives,  
And defend the sacred altars of our  
homes?

### HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

BY MRS. YOUNG.

Visiting the Central Prison, some years ago, on the Sabbath, the chaplain asked me to teach a class whose teacher was absent. I tried to talk to them as a mother would to her boys, for I saw in each one of them some mother's son. I inquired if they would be willing to tell me what brought each of them there, assuring them that I did not wish to know the crime, but what they considered the cause of the crime. Seven out of the eight admitted that it was drink, and nothing else. One of the eight said, "If they had not put me in here I would have been dead now, for I was drinking myself to death." Oh! what a testimony for a boy in his teens!

Addressing the school collectively at the close, I said: "Boys, do not think me unkind if I say I am glad you are in here, and that the walls are thick and the gates strong so that the liquor cannot get in to you and that you cannot get out to it. You are better protected than the young men who walk the streets of Toronto at liberty. You have in here what we will have some day, heaven helping us, a prohibitory law well enforced."

Visiting the city gaol the next day, I addressed the female prisoners. A large number were present. I inquired of the matron what she considered the cause of so many being there. She replied with indignation, "Drink, and nothing else;" and added: "Every one was a drunkard. Did you observe," she continued, "that the nearest buildings outside the walls are saloons? These girls get the liquor as soon as they get out, and some of them are back the next day."

If ever I was ashamed of my country, it was that day. Toronto, the city of Sabbath observance—the model city of the continent, with church spires pointing in every direction like angel fingers to lead us to the skies, and right under the shadows of these churches, these breathing-places of the pit that sink men in perdition.

We might not be astonished to find a saloon by the side of a Mohammedan mosque or Chinese temple, but you could not find it there, for both countries have for ages strictly prohibited the liquor traffic.

Visiting the penitentiary at Kingston, the Warden—then the late Mr. John Creighton—courteously allowed me the privilege of interviewing any prisoner, male or female, that I chose to ask for. One convict, that had been frequently quoted by the liquor advocates as the worst man in the prison, and a temperance man, was brought up at my request. He was a life prisoner, convicted of murder. He seemed quite willing to answer my questions, assuring me it was drink and nothing else that led him the downward road. I inquired: "Did you drink because you liked the taste of the liquor?" He responded emphatically: "Not by any means! I would not have given a straw for a bottle of liquor to drink by myself; it was the jolly company in the bar-rooms—the treating and being treated."

Another convict in the same penitentiary anxiously inquired: "How long do you think it will be before Canada has a prohibitory law? I don't want to leave this place until the law is passed, for the temptations are more than I can resist. I would be sure to be back again."

Visiting the female ward of the Kingston city gaol, I found some thirty or forty prisoners. All, with one exception, admitted that drink brought them there. This one said she never was a drunkard. She sat there the image of despair, with an infant in her arms and another little helpless one clinging to her tattered dress. In choked utterances she said: "I never drank, but my husband was a drunkard. He deserted me, and I had to ask to be committed to save me from freezing and starving."

### A TALK OF MOTHER NATURE'S.

One bright morning in autumn I was sitting in one of Mother Nature's big rooms. There was a soft, mossy carpet on the floor. Many lovely pictures could be seen on all the walls. What do you think they were? The faintest of perfume and the sweetest of music filled the air.

This big room was a beautiful wood, where many kinds of trees were to be found. The maples had put on their dresses of red and gold. The oaks wore rich browns and reds. The elms donned pretty brown dresses trimmed with dainty yellow. Mother Nature, busy and happy, was joyfully singing and chattering with her many children as she prepared them for bed and their long winter sleep and

all the summer, and now when Jack Frost comes we must die, because we have stored no food."

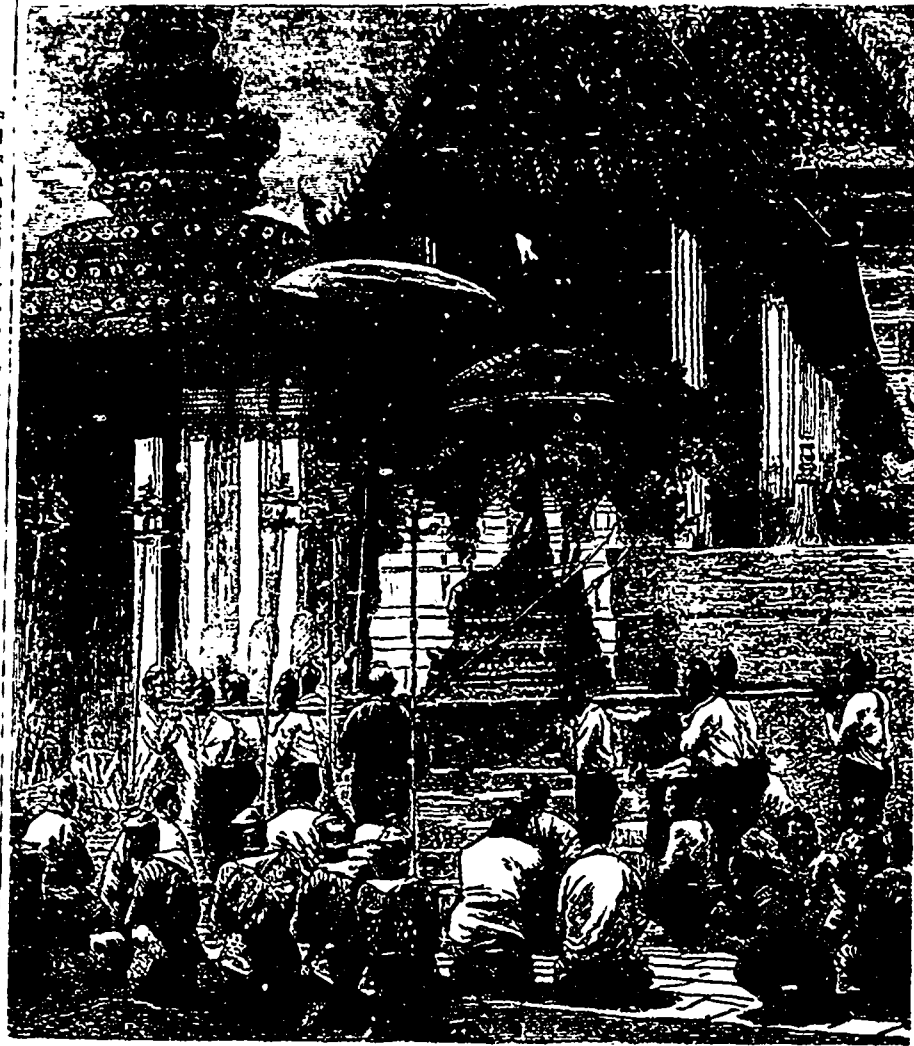
"Good-bye dears. I love you all, but cannot help those who have not helped themselves."—Normal Instructor.

### QUEER CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

When a Chinaman takes his little boy to school, to introduce him to his teacher, it is done as follows, according to one missionary writer: When the Chinaman arrives at the school he is escorted to the reception room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks, "What is your honourable name?" "My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher, "What is your honourable name?" "My mean, insignificant name is Pott." "What is your honourable kingdom?" "The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means, "How old are you?"



STATE PROCESSION OF THE EMPEROR OF SIAM.

rest. It seemed to me as I listened that she spoke thus:

"Little mosses, tiny grasses, and dainty flower-roots, cuddle yourselves carefully into the soft, brown earth and go to sleep. Soon the trees will send a covering of bright leaves to keep you warm. When Jack Frost comes, and you need warmer covering, he will send you a shining blanket of pure white. Dear little birdlings, sing me a sweet song and then away to the southland ere Jack Frost comes to harm you."

"Mamma Turtle and your little ones, where will you hide to keep from the cold? In a sheltered place at the root of a tree?"

"No, mother, dear, we will go into the sand at the bottom of the brook; there we will be nice and warm."

"Mr. Frog, will you go with the turtles?"

"We will rest in the mud of the pond."

"Here is one of my big, strong children, with a nice warm fur coat on. You, Mr. Bear, will not fear Jack Frost?"

"Oh, no; but there is no work for me to do, so I will find a nice hollow log, and, using it for a cradle, will sleep there all winter."

Here are the beautiful dragon-flies, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the gnats, the flies, the grasshoppers, and the katydids—all the tiny insects—what will you do?"

"Dear Mother Nature," said the grasshopper, "we have done nothing but play

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honourable and great man of the household living?"

He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly to-day;" to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no; I have dishonoured you." As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." Etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

Make your "good morning" as cheery as the sun's.

### LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XIV.—SEPTEMBER 30.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—James 1 22.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus walking on the sea.—Matt. 14. 22-33.

Tu. Jesus the Bread of Life.—John 6. 22-40.

W. Jesus and the children.—Matt. 18. 1-14.

Th. The forgiving Spirit.—Matt. 18, 21-35.

F. The man born blind.—John 9. 1-17.

S. Jesus the Good Shepherd.—John 10. 1-16.

Su. The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10. 25-37.

1. As in the last Quarter's Review, give the Title and Golden Text of each lesson.

2. Note the time of each lesson.

3. Note the place of each lesson. For the first and the last time in his life Jesus went out of Palestine. In which lesson is this journey recorded?

4. Note the miracles of the Quarter.

5. Note the parables of the Quarter.

6. What is the principal lesson which you have learned from the studies of the Quarter?

### EARLY DICTIONARIES.

The first dictionary was compiled by Paout-she, a Chinaman, who lived about 1100 B.C. It contained about forty thousand characters, most of them hieroglyphics. The first Latin dictionary was compiled by Varro, who died 28 B.C. "Onomasticon," a collection of vocabularies in Greek, by Julius Pollux, was published about A.D. 77. The first Hebrew dictionary was compiled by John E. Avenar in 1621. Every state in Europe except England has had prepared under government authority a standard dictionary of its own language. The standard dictionaries of England have been prepared under the auspices of the universities.

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