



## Who Carries on the Business?

(Alfred J. Hough.)

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do; They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through. There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow To be found in earth or in air to-day; for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain, And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousands slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell? If the devil is not and never was, won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet? Who sows his tares in the fields of time, wherever God sows His wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and, of course the thing is true; But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about as a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound, If the devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show How the frauds and crimes of a single day sprang up? We want to know. The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone; But simple people would like to know, who carries the business on?

—Selected.

## The Right Way.

'If I only knew what to do,' said the young man. 'I am entirely willing to do either, but I do not know whether to stay or to go.'

The older man to whom the perplexed youth was confiding his troubles, asked, 'Have you prayed?'

'Yes. If only some voice or some circumstance would make plain my duty. I am not rebellious. There are reasons, apparently good reasons, for both courses.'

'I have often been in the same state of mind,' replied the older man. 'I have prayed earnestly and unselfishly and have longed for some audible voice to direct me or for a hindering circumstance to block one way or the other, but none came. I have, in the spirit of prayer, made a choice and gone forward, and after many such experiences I have never regretted the choice made. I believe it is God's way of answering prayer in many cases.'

Life has many perplexing problems. Various voices call and sometimes apparently conflicting duties appeal to us, but the next step is always the path of duty.—The 'Watchword.'

## Gold Mines Exchanged for a Bottle of Whisky.

Some of the richest gold mines in America are in the neighborhood of Cripple Creek, Colorado, from which it is estimated that gold has been taken worth over £30,000,000. Nearly the whole of the land in which the best-paying mines are situated was once owned by a man named Bob Womack, who is now sixty years of age, poverty-stricken,

and lying waiting for death in a charitable institution at Colorado.

From a child Bob literally took no thought for to-morrow, but developed early in life a recklessness and a liking for drink that ultimately caused his ruin. He had a notion that gold was to be found on his farm, but was not believed. Before long practically all his farm was mortgaged and had passed out of his hands.

At last only one hill was left, which he was certain contained gold, and he declared he would stick to it under all circumstances. But driven crazy by the thirst for whisky, and being without money, he went to a saloon and begged for a drink. It was refused him and the half-insane man staggered from saloon to saloon pleading for whisky.

Finally, he found a man who said he would sell him whisky for Womack's Hill. An exchange was made, the land passing from the owner to the saloon-keeper for a bottle of whisky. The hill obtained for a bottle of whisky was soon known all over the world, and on its banks was built a city called Cripple Creek. Strong drink is indeed a mocker.—'Temperance Leader.'

## Modern Science on Alcohol.

May I tell your readers what modern medical authority teaches concerning the pernicious effect of the various preparations of alcohol and other inebriating drugs on the human race? The 'Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine' says under 'Alcoholism and Drug Habits':

There is no form of poisoning which is so widespread and so rapidly increasing at the present time, as the series of toxic phenomena exhibited in the persons of those addicted to the excessive use of the various preparations of alcohol, opium, morphine, chloral, chloroform, ether, cocaine, and allied inebriating substances.

There is no other kind of poisoning which so degrades brain structure and disturbs mental function, while physically degenerating bodily texture and undermining vital organs, or which is so far-reaching in its operation, transmitting as it does through two generations a great variety of brain abnormalities, mental defects and moral obliquities originally induced in the ancestral stock by the toxicating action of the poison on brain and nerve tissue.

The more generally employed among such articles, narcotics and anaesthetics, by their characteristic influence, have the property of setting up and thus practically originating a desire for a fresh dose (drink), and at the same time of so disturbing brain-function as to induce moral perversion.

Such substances are Alcohol (in the form of beer, wine, brandy and whisky), opium, morphine, cocaine, chloroform and the like, the first-named, Alcohol, being a prolific in-

citer to breaches of human and divine law, ranging from minor offenses to the gravest misdemeanors and crimes.

Till about a century ago, there was a general belief that drunkenness was a purely voluntary condition; that men and women could get drunk or refrain from getting drunk as they chose, and that intoxication was a pastime willingly and wilfully indulged in; nor is this erroneous belief even now wholly dead. The many who formerly held and the comparatively few who still cherish this opinion looked upon the whole matter of drunkenness as a mere immorality, vice, or crime; punishment in a jail, confinement in the 'stocks,' pulpit denunciation, ecclesiastical excommunication, or the administration of a good whipping being in their view the proper mode of dealing with such wanton and depraved outcasts. Medical science has, therefore, set itself to investigate thoroughly the nature and properties of intoxicant action on body and brain, and the various morbid conditions which operate to render a substantial proportion of human beings an easy prey to some form of that enslavement, by excessive indulgence in intoxicants, which is the most complete possession and tyranny endured by man.

This extract from the writings of a world-renowned specialist in the treatment of beer, wine and whisky inebriates is surely enough to arouse every man, who desires the elevation of society, to war an everlasting warfare against the soul-and-body-destroying rum business.—The 'Christian World.'

What men want is not talent—it is purpose; not the power to achieve—but the will to labor.—Bulwer.

## The Bible on Temperance.

If you want to make in the meeting a strong exhibit of the stand the Bible takes on this great theme, ask a select number to commit to memory the following passages, one apiece. Call for them at the opening of the meeting, possibly in lieu of the Bible-reading:

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.—Isa. xxviii., 7.

And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.—Luke xxi., 34.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. xx., 1.

It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.—Prov. xxxi., 4 5.

Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. xxiii., 20, 21 f. c.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.—Heb. ii. 15.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii., 31, 32.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till the wine consume them. . . . They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.—Isa. v., 11, 12.

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—I. Cor. ix., 25.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. xiv., 21.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.—Gal. v., 22, 23 f. c.

Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. v., 18.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.—Dan. i., 8.

## THE "Canadian Pictorial"

FOR SEPTEMBER.

Pictures of the waning summer season are the feature of the September 'Canadian Pictorial.' The cover-picture shows a Canadian girl on vacation. She is silhouetted at the end of the wharf looking across the lake for the boat that is to carry her to her journey's end. Then there are scenes of children paddling, and bigger children bathing; children roaming hand-in-hand through the fields; pastoral scenes of sheep and ducks and deep, cool ponds, and stalwart farmers reaping the harvest of golden grain. The eminent Canadian of the month is Sir Percy Girouard, who has served the cause of empire by building railways that conveyed British troops to the uttermost parts of the earth. A page is devoted to showing the disaster caused by the terrible fire at Fernie, B.C., and other news-pictures include the scenes in Turkey when the Sultan gave his subjects a constitution, the Canadian lawn tennis championship, and a jubilee celebration at Renfrew, Ont. In the Woman's Department, the feature is the story of an early Canadian heroine, Laura Secord. The regular departments are represented by pictures and matter which help the publishers in their aim that each issue shall be a little better than any of its predecessors. Ten cents a copy.

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