

Temperance

Signing the Farm Away.

(Republished by request.)

(The Rev. W. W. Cochrane, in 'Union Signal.')

Fine old farm, for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Oft as the harvest came.
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads kept crowding in—
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family lines appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say—
Sure in season to come from the mill;
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day.
And they drank as they worked, and they
drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great mishap
To be found 'without a barrel on tap.'

But, while the seasons crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became as strew,
As ever a drunkard knew.
And they labored less and they squandered
more,
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff one bitter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father shattered and scented with rum,
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was dying in;
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around her
stand—
And the justice lifted her trembling hand,
Helping her as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept! And the flood of tears
Swept down her cheeks, once fair;
And the father, already bowed with years,
Bowed lower with despair.
Drink! Drink! It has ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them poor, and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's
wife
Signing the farm away;
Home, once richest in all the town,
Home in that fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire's or flood's dismay—
Drunkard signing the farm away!

We have to thank Mary E. Adkin, Mary Galloway and Mrs. Robert Oswald for copies of the above poem.

Two Journeys.

(S. B. McManus.)

May I talk, Mr. Sheriff? If you say that
I may,
It will lessen the length of this terrible
way;
Of this terrible journey so short yet so far
That leads to the prison with bolt and
with bar.
It seems to me now that each moving
wheel,
The engine, and tender, and coaches all
feel
The shame of the burden they're hasten-
ing on—
That the stars look in pity and the red
near dawn
Will blush with a shame at the sight it
must see,
Of a lost life tortured with cruelty.
Not a long time ago as the years are now
told,
But centuries to me and alas manifold,
I came one day over this self-same road

With a life that with gladness was over-
flowed,
For my heart was just leaping with very
joy
And the world held no better, no happier
boy.
Unfasten these cuffs, let me wipe off the
tears
Which flow for these crucified, wasted
years.

My lips were yet sweet with a mother's
fond kiss,
And to think they have brought me only
to this;
A Father's blessing was on my young
head,
And the days seemed holy and hallowed.

A sister's caress and a brother's smile
Made a journey of joy each fleeting mile.
The white clouds laughed in the deep, still
sky

And the sun's red rays seemed to prophesy
Of kindness to me. The fitting trees
Were like prayers of gladness on bended
knees,

While the village spires, as prophets stood,
To bless me with everything sweet and
good.

And the cities and towns as they came and
went
Seemed to smile at me in a calm content.

Oh, the world looked fair, so wond'rous
fair!

And my heart was one throbbing, grateful
prayer

As I counted my blessings, so many then,
I could find no place for a glad Amen.
Health, love, and courage were my estate
And I laughed at fortune and scoffed at
fate.

The world would see that a manly man
Should lead in the hurrying caravan.
I would live to be loved, and die to be
missed,
Keep my life as the cup of eucharist.

Oh, that dear day's journey with no sorrow
to leaven,
Remains in my life as a dream of Heaven.
You know the rest, and I need not tell
How the tempter came and the tempted
fell:

Not with a sudden and crushing fall,
Not with the rendering up of all
I held most sacred in one quick act,
But slowly and surely with fateful tact.

An unwilling drink with a friend who
laughed,
To be followed by one less unwillingly
quaffed.

Another as pledge for old times' sake,
And yet one more for a thirst to slake.
Another to drown a homesick thought
Or the discontent of a lonely lot;
Prayers and pleadings—caress and kiss,
Lost from sight in this deep abyss.

A drunkard at last by slow degrees,
Bound and shackled beyond release;
A criminal next—but one step more
The felon's trial—the prison door.
Put on my shackles and bind me fast,
For this hour I stand appalled, aghast,
And my torture is something I cannot tell.
It is all that the darkest, deepest hell
Can render of pain. O Christ above
Have mercy on me in thy pitying love!

War on Alcoholism.

Germany, like France, is having a sys-
tematic and vigorous campaign against al-
coholism—that is the liquor traffic. The
propaganda is carried on mainly by the
publication and circulation of literature
dealing with the various phases of the
question and describing the evils and the
dangers which the traffic is bringing upon
the 'fatherland.' Count Douglass, the bro-
ther-in-law of the Emperor, is one of the
foremost temperance reformers in the
country, and day after day the journal of
the Imperial Parliament has contained
pages of his arguments against drink.
Leading lights in German universities are
also leaders in the new reform.

It is exceedingly suggestive that the
three greatest and most enlightened Euro-
pean powers—Great Britain, France, and
Germany—should all be the theatres of

vigorous campaigns against 'the drink per-
il,' in which some of the greatest and best
people of these nations are taking an ac-
tive part—notably scientific and medical
men. The fact should be a source of gra-
tification as well as encouragement to the
temperance people of Canada.—'Dominion
Presbyterian.'

Armor Plated Boys.

One of the chief means of protection to
our great battleships are huge armor
plates. It is important in these days that
there should be armor-plated boys. A boy
needs to be iron-clad on:

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.

His ears—against impure words.

His hands—against wrong-doing.

His feet—against going with bad com-
pany.

His eyes—against dangerous books and
pictures.

His pocket—against dishonest money.

His tongue—against evil speaking.

The Christian armor on her citizens gives
more security to the nation than all the
armor plates that are on her ships.—'Cen-
tral Christian Advocate.'

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in his own way.—Terence.

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The First Land Battle—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Germany and 'Weltpolitik'—The New York 'Times.'
The End of the Somaliland Campaign—The 'Daily Tel-
graph,' London.
The Licensing Bill Summarized—English Papers.
Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's Views on the Licensing Bill—
The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The English Budget—English Papers.
A War Budget Without a War—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Has the Small Family Become an American Ideal?—The
Independent, New York.
The Canadian Emigrant's First Month—By a Steerage Pas-
senger, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Noteworthy Address—A Railway Manager to Work-
men—The Springfield 'Republican.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Antonin Dvorak—Death of Bohemia's Greatest Composer—
The New York 'Evening Post.'
Some Thoughts on Dvorak—Extracts from a Paper read
before the Incorporated Society of Musicians, by Dr. H.
Markham Lee, M.A.—'Musical News,' London.
Art in Furnishing—On Wall Papers—By Mrs. George
Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Springtime—Robert Browning (Paracelsus).
Whippoorwill Time—Poem, by Madison Cawein, in the
'Atlantic Monthly.'
Springtime—Extract from a Sermon, by Mr. Thomas
Spurgeon.
Mustard and Oress—By O. H. Little, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Old Magazines—By H. B. Marriott Watson, in 'T. P.'s
Weekly,' London.
An Unpublished Letter of Goldsmith's—The Manchester
'Guardian.'
The Hunger of the Soul—By A. G. Gardiner, in the 'Daily
News,' London.
The Mystery of Sleep—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Heavens in May—The New York 'Times.'
Professor Baskerville's Berzelium and Carolinium—'Public
Opinion,' New York.
Dr. Rutherford's Book—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
The Age of the Camera—'Leslie's Weekly.'
The Story of the Camera—By W. B. Ashley, in May
'Outing.'
Hotter than Death Valley—The St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'
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