

Selections.

STRIKE THE DEMON DOWN.

Would you like to see the drunkard,—
Sotted, sunk below the brute,—
Burst his shackles and step forward
Into freedom absolute?
Then arouse you from indifference
And fight the demon drink,
Ere he force his hapless victims
O'er perdition's fearful brink;
With a self-denying courage,
And a manly fortitude,
March forward in the battle's front
Till the demon is subdued.
O strike this mighty tyrant
With all your strength and skill,
With all your power of intellect,
With all your force and will.

Would you like the outcast children
From our city's squalid slums,
All taken in and cared for well—
As a land like ours becomes?
Then rouse you from indifference,
And fight the demon drink;
Let Fatherhood and Motherhood
Their strongest forces link
In one united effort,
This evil to o'erthrow
And free the path the children tread,
From its curse and blight and woe.
O strike this mighty tyrant
With all your strength and skill,
With all your power and intellect,
With all your force of will.

Would you like your fellow workman
To be better housed and fed?
And the pauper from the workhouse
In a bright, snug home instead?
Then rouse you from indifference
And fight the demon drink
With all the subtle forces
Of which your mind can think.
With wit and sprightly humor,
With courage of withering scorn,
With keen, sarcastic irony,
With truth's most poignant thorn.
O strike this mighty tyrant
With all your strength and skill,
With all your power of intellect,
With all your force of will.

Would you like the lost and fallen
To be saved and lifted up?
And the wretched find true pleasure
For sin's bitter, burning cup?
Then rouse you from indifference
And fight the demon drink
With firm, set resolution,
And a nerve that will not shrink;
With a zeal which knows no flagging,
And a darling strong and bold;
With energy inflexible,
And love that grows not cold.
O strike this mighty tyrant
With all your strength and skill,
With all your power of intellect,
With all your force of will.

—The Constitution.

HERE STANDS A BOY.

For Recitation.
Here stands a boy quite full of joy,
But rather fond of drinking;
So bend your ears, my little dears,
And do a bit of thinking.

What kind of drink, say do you think
Can I be got to swallow?
Not beer or gin, they lead to sin;
My drink will beat them hollow.

I quench my thirst with water first;
It never leads to folly;
And milk so sweet is such a treat,
It makes me fat and jolly.

Here ends my rhyme until next time;
A little boy may teach you
To draw the line and shun the wine.
Do, do now, I beseech you.
—E. W. S. Royds, in the Water Lily.

TOUCH NOT THE TEMPTING CUP.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Touch not the sparkling wine;
Praise not the pleasure of the bowl,
The glories of the vine,
The bloated face the bloodshot eye,
Shall let you know the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Beer, brandy, wine or gin;
Let toppers praise their foolish ways,
Who make a mock at sin;
The drunkard's wild, delirious cry
Shall let you know the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say, No, no!
The joyous angels from on high
Shall glory in your brave reply.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
In Righteousness be brave!
Take not the first, a single step,
Toward the drunkard's grave.
The widow's tears and orphans' sigh
Shall let you know the reason why.

—S. C. Kimball.

HAVE YOU, BROTHER.

I've something to ask you, brother,
When there's none to listen but God;
Come let us reason together,
The subject demands that we should;
The pulse of the world is throbbing
The hearts of the poor filled with
dread.
Whose little hands are you robbing
Of the coveted piece of bread?

In your greed for wealth and power,
In your hunger for hoarded gold,
Have you robbed the poor of their
dower?
Have you turned some one into the
cold?
Have you barred some soul from
learning
A just God is ruling above?
Have you barred some poor hearts,
yearning
In vain for a home and for love?

Have you wounded the hearts of
mothers?
Added more to a father's care?
Forced burdens upon your brothers?
Ground them down in cruel despair?
Have you robbed the weak and dying
To add to your hoarded gold?
Have you heard little children crying
With hunger, neglect and cold?

I hear how the great world is sobbing,
I hear all the groans of the poor;
I see how those white hands are
robbing
Labor at the very church door.
O can it be you, my brother,
With your white face turned to
heaven,
Still holding the hands of another,
And taking all labor has given?

Brother, these wrongs must be righted;
The groans of the toiler must cease;
The torch of justice be lighted
To shine upon toilers at peace.
Their cries have reached unto heaven,
Attracted the ear of their God,
And justice at last must be given
Though it comes through rivers of
blood.

—The Coming Nation.

A TRINITY OF GRACE.

Faith is the vision of the soul,
And sees, where mortal eye is blind,
In life's else maze and mystery,
The guiding hand of God reveal'd—
His ripening purpose to fulfill.

Hope looks for blessings still to come,
Of curses, raging now, to cease,
Prepar'd to work, and watch and wait,
Eternal power and truth her trust.

Charity is Christlike loving—
Human frailty's pitying friend—
Always patient, true, and tender,
Ready, brave, and self-forgetting,
In the world's wild stress and struggle
To suppress the base, ignoble,
Yet more exalt the good and true,
—Clifford Smith—The Watchword.

ALCOHOL AND HEART DISEASE.

Bollinger has especially called attention to the great frequency of heart disease in Munich, where it ranks third among the causes of death. In an interesting paper also on the "Etiology of Idiopathic Hypertrophy of the Heart," contributed by Dr. J. S. Whittaker to a late number of the "International Medical Magazine," the influence of alcohol in causing the development of hypertrophy of the heart is referred to, first as a chemical poison in the production of arteriosclerosis, chiefly in the stronger forms, as in brandy, whisky, etc.; secondly, by increasing the quantity of blood in a mechanical way, for the most part in weaker forms, as in wine, and more especially in beer. Seudtner has observed that the mortality from heart disease of brewers and workers with beer was much greater than the general mortality. The blood pressure and pulse frequency are directly increased after the ingestion of any kind of fluid; but they are highest after beer, probably on account of its carbonic acid and alcohol. Bollinger observed that after the ingestion of a pint of water during work by a strong, girl, aged twenty-two, the blood pressure returned to the normal in the course of one hour, but after the ingestion of a pint of wine and water, or of a pint of beer, under the same conditions, the blood pressure reached the normal only after two hours. Great beer drinkers nearly all suffer in a course of a few years from dilatation of the heart, the result of previous hypertrophy.—Medical Pioneer.

A BRAVE STAND.

A successful evangelist tells the results which followed a simple stand for Christ. A commercial traveller had made a good sale and the merchant said, "It is your treat." He knew what that meant. There was a saloon across the street and he was expected to go across and "set up" the drinks for the whole establishment. "What is the use?" he said to himself. "This is one of the expediences of the trade. I needn't drink anything. I can order the cigars, or a supper, to—"

"Yes," something said to him "you can just sell right out here and make a wreck of it all."

"Boys," said he in the new inspiration sent him from above, "If I should do that I would do the meanest thing in all the world, and if you'll bear with me I'll tell you why. I have just come up from the very gates of death and hell through strong drink, and if I did what you ask I'd do the meanest thing in all the world both for you and me."

Instantly the cashier leaped down from the desk.

"Have you got a pledge? I'll sign it!"

And the merchant afterward took the commercial traveller aside to say: "I promise you I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

It pays to be outspoken for Christ.

—Selected.

WHY DRINK EVEN MODERATELY?

That the ranks of the drunkards are being daily recruited from the so-called moderate drinkers no one questions. I believe it could be calculated, with as great nicety as a life insurance table, that out of a given number of moderate drinkers so many will become drunkards. That a degree of risk is therefore connected with moderate drinking, none, we think, will deny.

What, then, are the considerations that will justify one in encountering that risk? Health is not to be promoted, happiness is not to be promoted, prosperity is not to be promoted, piety is not to be promoted. What is to be gained but a gratification of a mere lust of the flesh? and for that gratification are character, prosperity, happiness, and the soul to be imperilled? Men no longer drink in ignorance of this fact. Mr. Ellis, in his "History of Madagascar," informs us that the natives of that island, to propitiate the crocodile, have converted him into a river god, and that before crossing any of their rivers they are in the habit of praying to them thus:—"O Mr. Crocodile! I love you dearly; my father loved you dearly; and I will teach my children to love you dearly; only let me swim over this time, and don't bite me." Now, alcohol is the crocodile god of the moderate drinker, and every time he sits down to the glass he might pray:—"O my alcohol! I love you dearly; my father loved you dearly; and I will teach my children to love you dearly; only let me drink you this time, and don't beguile me." Now, we fear, that prayer in the use of the bottle will be about as unavailing as in the face of a crocodile. The only safe course is to shun the cup, and avoid the first glass.—National Temperance Advocate.

LICENSE PERPETRATES IT.

Rev. Carl F. Henry, of Cleveland, said recently in a discourse on social purity:

A report of the head of the Salvation Army Rescue Home in London says that drink is an inevitable part of the business. All confess that they could never lead their miserable lives if it were not for its influence. No girl has ever come into our Homes from the street life but has been more or less a prey to drink. There is in Chicago a section less than one-fourth of a mile square that contains ninety-nine saloons and eighty-three known houses of ill-repute, and more than half of this section is taken up by railroad tracks and warehouses. In Chicago, in Cleveland, and in every city you find the saloons and these resorts the nearest neighbors and never quarrelling. Of 137 women and girls received during five months in a "Rescue" in New York 104 or 75 per cent, entered intoxicated, and there was hardly one of the other thirty-three who had not recently been drinking. Of 168 women received 93 per cent, were by their own confession habitual users of intoxicating liquors and 77.55 per cent confessed that liquor was a cause of their downfall. The matron of this

institution, from her long intimacy with the conditions, has come to believe that fully two-thirds of the women start in this life through drink and that the efforts to reform are futile because of drink.

A WOMAN'S MOAN.

Hear the despairing cry that one of the abandoned of San Francisco addressed to the editor of The Examiner: "Liquor keeps us where we are. The gin holes, curse them! Their keepers, God forgive. The laws which make them possible, curse them! curse them!! curse them!! Reform us? How when rum makes three every week? Reform us? Reform your laws! How I laugh—laugh with a despairing shriek at the attempts of some kind hearted and well meaning people to reform us without reforming and informing themselves. Reform when the greatest enemy to moral reform is standing open day and night in thousands of places in San Francisco? What colossal nonsense! The law smiles and Christian law makers wonder. Heaven is impoverished; hell is enriched. My hot head is against the window pane; my aching heart is bursting."

This is no fiction. It is the cry of one of our wretched sisters—a woman of flesh and blood and mind and affections—some mother's darling girl. And thousands of her kind are pleading in their impotent despair for release from this devourer of womanhood and parent of their woes—the legalized saloon—and pleading to you and to me. And the people of the churches, who have the power to stop this thing, stand idly by while the work of ruin goes on about them every night, leaving the valiant "slummers" of the Salvation Army to snatch what brands they can from the burning—brands so charred and blackened that the Church will not touch them lest it might soil its aristocratic hands.

And the conditions will continue until the people rise in the might of their awakened manhood and womanhood and demand at the polls that men of moral character—men who care more for the sobriety and virtue of their constituents than they do for their votes; men who will defend womanhood and work for a purer manhood—the present conditions will continue until the voice of the people is heard demanding that such men shall make and enforce out laws.—Rev. Carl F. Henry.

FEARFUL FACTS.

A committee in New York city has published a pamphlet, from which we cull the following statistics. One of the arguments most frequently used against the prohibition party is that it has not accomplished anything. In the face of the following facts it seems well nigh as reasonable to dispute the existence of the Church on the same ground.

How long will it be before such conditions will arouse the Church to a sense of its guilt and inspire it to more consistent action?

In the Fifteenth Assembly district of New York city an investigation by Rev. Walter Laidlaw shows the following facts:—

Population	30,020
Membership of Protestant Churches	1,708
Sunday School Roll	2,524
Paid workers	12
Voluntary workers	243

Note the proportion of workers to the membership of the churches. What are the other 1,550 members for?

FINANCIAL STATISTICS.

Churches locally owned	6
Entire value church property	\$307,000
Mortgage encumbrance	(0),500
Current expenses	28,828
Benevolent contributions	6,323
Locally contributed	26,451

STREET AREA AGENCIES FOR GOOD.

	Feet
Total frontage church property	486
Holy Cross Lyceum	25
Y. W. C. A. West Side Settlement	25
Public Schools	220
	756

SALOONS.

Saloons and liquor stores 130
Avenue and inter-avenue frontage 3,035 feet
The saloons occupy 44 corner lots out of 92 in the district.
Exterior area on streets of district occupied by saloon property, 1 foot in 7.—Constitution.