

**"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SAVE THE BOYS."**

A hard drinker of many years said, as he signed the pledge: "I won't do any good; I can't reform; it's too late; but for God's sake, save the boys!"

**L**IKE Dives in the depths of hell,  
I cannot break this fearful spell,  
Nor quench the fires I've madly nursed,  
Nor cool this fiery raging thirst.  
Take back your pledge, ye come too late;  
Ye cannot save me from my fate,  
Nor bring me back departed joys,  
But ye can try and save the boys.

Ye hid me break my fiery chain,  
Arise, and be a man again,  
When every street with snares is spread,  
And nets of sin where'er I tread.  
No, I must reap as I did sow,  
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;  
But with my latest breath I'll crave  
That ye will try the boys to save.

These bloodshot eyes were once so bright  
This sin-crushed heart was glad and light;  
But by the wine-cup's ruddy glow  
I traced a path to shame and woe.  
A captive to my galling chain,  
I've tried to rise, but tried in vain;  
The cup allures, and then destroys,  
Oh, from its thraldoms save the boys!

Take from your streets those traps of hell  
Into whose gilded snares I fell.  
Oh! freeman, from those foul decoys,  
Arise and vote to save the boys.  
And ye who licence men to trade  
In draughts that charm and then degrade,  
Before you hear the cry: "Too late!"  
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate!

—Union Signal.

**BILLY MYERS' MARE.**

**O**NE day, Mr. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, was making a hard assault on rum drinking, in a neighbourhood where a Dutch distiller named "Billy Myers" was a sort of king. This man was present and continually interrupting the speaker by saying in a loud voice: "Mr. Hunt, money makes the mare go!" At first this raised a laugh which Mr. Hunt took in good nature.

At last he stopped for a personal colloquy with his tormentor, and said: "Look here, Mr. Myers, you say money makes the mare go, and you mean that I lecture on temperance for money, don't you?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Mr. Hunt."

"Well, Mr. Myers, you carry on a distillery, and you do it for money, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Hunt; money makes the mare go."

"And so, Mr. Myers, you say I have a mare, and you have a mare also; suppose we trot them out together, and see how they compare?"

The meeting was in a grove, and the sharp lecturer knew a thing or two, and so the old distiller found out; for Mr. Hunt pointed to a young fellow who was quite drunk, and was steadying himself by a tree, and said:

"Mr. Myers, who is that young fellow?"

The distiller started as if stung, as he answered:

"That is my son."

"Your son, is he, Mr. Myers! He has been riding your mare and got thrown, hasn't he?"

"And who is that young fellow sitting so drunk on that log out there?"

The distiller uttered an exclamation of real pain, as he said:

"That is my son, too."

"He is, is he?" said Mr. Hunt;

"I guess he has been riding your mare, also, and she has kicked up and thrown him over her head, hasn't

she? Your mare must be a vicious, dangerous brute, isn't she, Mr. Myers?"

The distiller could not stand it any longer, but said:

"Look here, Mr. Hunt, I won't say another word if you will let me off."

Billy Myers' mare is a very dangerous beast. She steps off very gaily at first, but she is sure to kick up before you are through with her. The man who starts out on that beast is pretty sure to come home on foot, if he comes home at all, which is by no means certain. Don't ride Billy Myers' mare.

—Boston Christian.

**PARRY SOUND.**

**F**ROM the English Alliance Journal we take the following: No one can purchase or transfer property in Parry Sound without subscribing to the doctrine of prohibition; and thus Mr. Beatty (the founder of the settlement) has, with one stroke of the pen, given to his town the great boon of entire prohibition. What is the effect? Good, and only good. The citizens are law-abiding, self-respecting; the churches flourish; an air of freedom and friendliness pervades the place; all seem bent on mutual improvement. The gaol is small, and holds no "drunks" except such as stagger in from outside districts.

A few years ago a learned Toronto professor, now deceased, was visiting the town. He was not a believer either in abstinence or prohibition. One day Mr. Ansley determined to give him a practical lesson. Inviting him to a seat in his carriage, he drove him into the adjoining village, called Parry Harbour, a settlement so near that a stranger would suppose it was a suburb of the town. The professor was driven through its main street, along its back streets, up lanes and down alleys, in and out, where the peculiarities of the home life as well as the business life might be seen. He observed all the treeless streets, dirty alleys, drunken men, untidy women, dirty children. Then, crossing back over the boundary line marking the separation of the townships, a similar view was had of Parry Sound, front and back, up and down, in and out. Here the marks of neatness, thrift, industry, sobriety, intelligence, were so marked that the professor, with an emphatic ejaculation, confessed that he was convinced, overwhelmingly convinced, that prohibition was an unmixed good, and the licence system an unmixed evil.

**WATER OR WINE.**

**I**T is well known that merchants are rated in certain books for the use of traders according to capital, business ability, promptness, and the like; and one who searches the books may find even still more about them. A number of years ago a firm of four men in Boston were rated as A 1, rich, prosperous, young, prompt. One of them had a curiosity to see how they were rated, and found all those points on the book and was satisfied; but at the end it was written: "But they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time; but to-day two are dead, another a drunkard, the fourth poor and living in part on charity. They would far better have "dared to be a Daniel."—Peloubet's Notes.

**THE DISTILLERY.**

**Y**OUNG America has been reading the famous account of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," and the result is, when no one is looking, he visits the distillery-yard near his home and tries his artistic skill upon the fences and sheds.

You can imagine the feelings of the owner when, on going into the yard the next morning, he sees upon the side of barrel, written in red:

"A portion from the lake of fire and brimstone;  
Enquire at Beck & Waller's Distillery."

And upon a door:

"Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth;  
Enquire at Beck & Waller's Distillery."

And, worse yet, upon the side of a white-washed shed, a huge black demon, hooped, tailed, and horned, and out of his mouth running the legend:

"You are doing my work;"

while the artist, that no mistake might be made, had put underneath:

"This is the Devil."

As to the question "Who did it?" no one could tell, and well for Young America that he was beyond the reach of the infuriated man. His was mean work, and he knew it.

Is a distiller's or brewer's conscience clear? John Wesley says of them all they "are poisoners-general," and further adds:

"And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them? The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day'—canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee!'"

**THE PLACARD AND THE JUG.**

**A** WEALTHY gentleman once issued a large number of temperance placards, which he desired should be posted up on fences and put in conspicuous places in public thoroughfares, and when practicable put in the windows of the various stores.

A worthy tailor who was interested in the good cause said to himself: "I cannot help the cause by public speaking—I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my store every day, I will put one of these placards in my window. I will devote this large pane to placards, tracts, or papers which, by the blessing of God, some may be induced to stop and read."

Near him lived a man noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jug in his hand on his way to the whiskey saloon. He had to pass the tailor's store. His eye rested on the placard. He stopped and read it, and passed on to the saloon. This occurred several morn-

ings, and the tailor from within could scan the man's face without himself being observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the placard increased, and by the twitching of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised at seeing the man with the jug again reading the placard, and then heard him say: "I'll do it; I will! I will!" at the same time, raising the jug high over his head, he dashed it down on the pavement into a thousand pieces. This drew the tailor to the door, when he kindly spoke to the man and invited him into his store, where he encouraged him, and, as he was a Christian man, prayed with him, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted man. A very silent worker was this placard, but it was the means, by God's blessing, of stopping the man from further drinking. Surely we can use to as good purpose the printed page.

**HOW THE HABIT GROWS.**

**D**URING the prevalence of cholera in Cincinnati, a gentleman, a member of the church, and, up to that time, a rigid teetotaler, desired his wife to put a table-spoonful of brandy in his glass every day at dinner. The wife was surprised; but deemed it the result of wise professional counsel, she complied, and the husband filled up the glass with water and drank it. A week passed by, and he said to his wife while at dinner, "My dear, you have been cutting off my supply of brandy. This has lost its taste! It does not produce the same effect as at first."

His wife assured him she had given him the full amount, and he said no more.

Another week passed by, and he repeated to his wife the conviction that she had lessened the quantity of brandy. It did not produce the same effect as at first. He could scarcely taste it, and the effects on his stomach were not perceptible.

"My dear," said his wife, "you have been taking two table-spoonfuls every day, for a week past, since you found fault with me for stinting you."

He was thunderstruck. He sat a few moments in deep thought; then desired the decanter of brandy to be brought to him. He seized it and shook it, as much as to say, "I am your master," and then hurled it from the window.

He had been playing with a serpent which was fast winding its deadly coils about him. He did not suspect his danger at the beginning, but fortunately for himself, he saw it before it was too late. A little is sure to lead to more.

**THE WINDOW.**

**T**HE Ontario License Inspector for the city of Hamilton has intimated his intention to make an inspection in view of the following amendment adopted on the 31st of March last:—The bar-room of every such licensed tavern or saloon within the said city shall have at least one window facing upon a street, and such window or windows during said prohibited hours shall not be covered by any blind or shutter, but shall be left wholly uncovered and exposed, and during said period the bar-room itself shall be closed.