

both India and England from effects of intemperance. Since the light of religion dawned upon my heart I have never been the least skeptical about the result of human effort in the cause of truth. Whatever is done in the name of God does good and bears fruit. Let obstacles come in our way, but the day will come when, if temperance friends will speak, million-voiced and trumpet-tongued parliament will hear; for God will make it hear, and a nation's curse will be obliterated forever."

John Wesley said: "Liquor sellers are poisoners general; they drive the people to hell like sheep, their gain is the blood of the people." Earl Chesterfield, in 1727, said, in the House of Lords, in a speech on the gin bill: "Vice, my lords, is not to be licensed, but forbidden. Instead of encouraging the sale of these liquors, which degrade and brutify the people, we ought to burst the phials that contain them, and repress the dealers in them,—those artists in human slaughter." Mr. Senator Lot. M. Morrill said, on the floor of the United States Senate: "The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes" It inflicts upon society more evils than come from any other crime.

"Read the following from an English paper; it illustrates drink's demoralising power." The public-house has just been shown to have deprived a large number of poor children of boots under peculiar circumstances. It appears that Mr. Francis Peck, whose interest in school children has been so munificently shown in many ways, has for seven or eight years given a thousand pounds a year to the Charity Organisation Society to be disbursed by their thirty-nine committees principally in supplying boots and other necessaries to deserving cases attending school. But with all the care that could be exercised it was found that in quite one-half the cases the boots were pawned and the money spent in drink. Under these most discouraging circumstances Mr. Peck has been obliged to withdraw his handsome aid, and the children are the sufferers.

"WHO GROWS THE BARLEY?"

"Now the farmers of the country are deeply interested in any matter that will have a tendency to ruin the market for such an important article as barley."

A stump orator on the rum side in Ohio, at a great open air meeting a year ago, appealed to the farmers in that way. With a swagger and a flourish, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and swelling out, he said: "Farmers, if you vote for prohibition, and shut up the distilleries and breweries, what can you do with your corn and barley?" A burly farmer in the audience, in a smock frock, with a whip in his hand stood up and said. "Squire Voorhies, do you want an answer to that?"

"Yes, my honest friend, if there is an answer."

"Well, Squire Voorhies,

WE'D RAISE MORE PORK AND LESS HELL!"

whereupon the orator "went down into his boots," and that question has not been asked by anybody in the States since that time.

Brave Nelson, waved the battle flag and signaled, "England expects every man to do his duty."

We would say to all who have donned the blue at the Tabernacle or elsewhere,

"Who is there among us?
The true and the tried?
Who'll stand by his colours,
Who's on the Lord's side?"

Thank God, the women, the self-voiced, the self-denying, are roused to cry out against the cruel monster.

We are satisfied that the women have struck the right remedy, which in time will cure the evil, providing legislators, school boards, and intelligent voters sustain and push forward the movement. One might think and hope that the philanthropic efforts of the women of our land alone will overcome and subdue this the most destructive and overwhelming evil the world ever knew. But unless the Christian Church awakes out of sleep and comes to their rescue, the work will not be accomplished.

"Ours to work as well as pray
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Picking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

As a right beginning, sign the following blank line and say, God helping I will abstain myself, and aid others to do so.

Sensible Nonsense and Useful Facts.

"No, Aunt," said young Folkestone, "I don't get on well at all with Clara. And, by the way, there's one thing I don't like. 'I'm afraid she puts chalk on her face.'" "Oh! that's nothing," replied Aunt Goodwin, laughing. "A nice soldier you would make, wouldn't you? If you can't face powder, George, how can you ever expect to get into an engagement."

The *Sanitary Record* makes the statement that in 1770, the following edict was solemnly passed and duly registered in France under Louis XV. :—"Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips shall seek to entice into the bonds of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony."

A tale is told of an Irish blacksmith who lived near the spot where the battle of the Boyne was fought. A great many years after this engagement, in which the Catholic James II was routed by William of Orange, he happened to find an old bomb on the spot and threw it in a corner of his smithy. One day he wanted some iron, and, thinking the bomb might do, put it on the fire. He commenced to blow the bellows, when suddenly the bomb exploded, slightly injured the blacksmith, and completely wrecked his shop. "Bad luck to ye!" exclaimed he as he picked himself up. "Isn't the Boyne out of ye yet?"

A dude wishing to be witty accosted an old ragman as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes; jump in! jump in!"

Chatty old bachelor—"Most r'mark'ble likeness between those two children, nurse." Nurse—"Yes, sir, twins, sir." Old bachelor—"What, both o' em.