

A Foe to Fight.

BY NETTIE A. PERHAM.

We will fight the liquor traffic;
Yes, we'll fight it to the death.
We will lift our voice against it,
Just as long as we have breath.
We will not defend the rummies,
Nor for them apologize,
But expose their wretched business,
Till in misery it dies.

Would you tolerate a lion
Or a tiger in your street,
Which would trample or devour
Any child it chanced to meet?
Would you send your youth and children
Out upon that street to roam,
And you calmly sit indifferent
In the shelter of your home?

No, you would go out with weapons,
Every man in town would go,
And with clubs and stones and bullets,
Give the beast a powerful blow;
There would be a great excitement,
You would boldly hunt him down,
And most certainly would kill him,
Or would drive him from the town.

Friend, do you esteem a lion
Or a tiger greater harm
Than saloons along your sidewalks?
Does it cause you more alarm?
See those rum shops unmolested,
Countless victims they destroy,
And they're waiting, surely longing,
To ensnare your girl or boy.

Come, go out and fight the liquor,
As you all would fight the beast,
'Tis the greatest evil surely,
But you treat it like the least,
And the most destructive weapon
Which against it you can use
Is a prohibition ballot.
Really, how can you refuse?
—Christian Advocate.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAIR AND THE FIGHT.

You may be certain I made the most of the company of my father on the day of my enlistment and my last day of freedom. Together we explored many an odd corner of the old city, entering the cathedral and gazing with reverence, which was none the less sincere because we were Methodists, upon all the marks of its honourable old age; smiling perhaps a little at some of the quaint sculptures and curious inscriptions, but never forgetting what manner of sounds the roof above had echoed for centuries.

Then we went out to see the fair, already in full swing under the blazing sunshine of a summer day, and speedily found ourselves laughing at the antics of the clown outside a great booth, on the wood and canvas of which were painted the wonders that might for twopenny be seen within. Had we wished to see all that the fair offered, and buy everything to eat, drink, and wear that the hucksters thrust in our faces we might have spent with ease the bounty money which my father had safely tucked in a leathern wallet under his belt. But we resisted the entreaties of the leathern-lunged men to "step up and see" all manner of strange things, from mermaids to the play of Hamlet, "as performed before his Majesty at Drury Lane," and to "buy, buy, buy," every kind of merchandise from clothes to gingerbread.

Presently on the outskirts of the fair grounds we came suddenly upon Mr. Ullathorne, who had left us earlier in the day with the promise to meet again at this place.

As we came up, we found the good man had already gathered a small company of listeners, and was talking to them with the honest and hard-hitting eloquence which made him so much admired by country folk. He was not, however, having an altogether easy time. Several in the crowd who had already found the attractions of the fair too much for their sobriety, if they ever had any, were inclined to interfere boisterously.

As we stood and listened, the interruptions appeared to grow, and especially from a quarter in the crowd behind the preacher. Presently a soft missile of some kind came from the back and knocked Mr. Ullathorne's hat forward upon his brow. There were cries of "Shame!" from some and laughter from others. Disregarding both, and scarcely stopping to replace his hat, Mr. Ullathorne continued. Then came a movement which looked like an organized attempt to hustle the preacher.

Now my father, though above all things a peaceable man, when he saw more behind the interruptions than mere jocular horse-play, pushed his way through the crowd, and placed himself by the side of Mr. Ullathorne, I, you may be sure, following close at his heels. As we did so there was another movement in the crowd behind the preacher, and, still looking in that direction, I was astonished to see, or imagine that I saw, the evil countenance of Joe Harter. Whoever it was, he hopped with remarkable agility behind a gipsy van, and the crowd was too dense to allow me to follow. Whether it was due to our arrival, or the disappearance of the man I had taken to be Joe Harter, I could not say, but the crowd continued to listen without any too unfriendly interruption to the preacher, while many joined in singing the tuneful old Methodist hymns my father raised during the intervals of Mr. Ullathorne's talk.

When it was over for the time, and we were threading our way through the crowds of country folk and soldiery on our way to our lodgings in the city, I ventured the suggestion that Joe Harter was the cause of the disorder at the preaching.

"Think again, Jim," said my father; "I believe you must have mistaken your man. There are more one-legged rascals in the country than Harter, unfortunately. Besides, what should he be doing here, so far from home?"

I was willing enough to confess that I might have made a mistake, yet I still had the uncomfortable feeling that not only was Joe Harter at the fair, but that he was there for no good purpose.

"Will you preach again to-night, Mr. Ullathorne?" I asked.

"Certainly I shall, Jim. You don't think I should be deterred by the disturbance this morning? Not when I have two such stout supporters as yourself and your father," he added, with a jolly laugh. He was himself a well-built man, and, rejoicing in double strength, from within and without, feared nothing.

So that evening found us on the edge of the fair again, in a spot where the people passed to and fro, and yet sufficiently removed from the beating of the drums and blaring of the trumpets to make plain to every one all Mr. Ullathorne had to say.

Somewhat to our surprise no serious interference was attempted, and I began to imagine that the disturber of the afternoon, whoever he might be, had decided to hold his hand, either out of deference to Mr. Ullathorne's bodyguard, or because he realized that there was a good feeling towards him in the crowd. But, as it turned out, we "halloed before we were out of the wood."

All through that little service at the fair, while the night grew darker and the oil lamps flared red and yellow under a moonless sky, though the audience changed and wandered, none tried to disturb the preacher; so that, when nearly two hours had passed, and we were ready to return, it was with the feeling that the time had been spent to some good advantage.

Now our way homewards on such a dark night lay properly by the high road; but, as that was somewhat circuitous, Mr. Ullathorne proposed a short cut through the fields by the river. Never dreaming of harm we took the pathway, walking carefully on account of the darkness and in single file, the preacher first, my father bringing up the rear. There was light enough to distinguish the outline of the hedge on our right hand, and the river running smoothly and silently under the bushes on the left.

We were walking in this fashion when, suddenly, from behind a tree in the hedge sprang a huge dark figure full upon Mr. Ullathorne. So violently did he come and quickly that the preacher had no power to resist the shock. Big man as he was, he tottered, unbalanced for a moment, and then plunged through the bushes into the river. As he fell, the man who had thrust at him so heavily turned sharply on the path, and was at me like a tiger. At that instant I heard my father cry out, and knew that he also was assailed; but by how many I could not tell, for the first man had me by the throat, and was trying his best to send me to join the preacher in the dark waters of the Itchen.

I was young, strong, and desperate, and he found it a harder task than he had reckoned.

"Curse the young 'un," cried a voice in the darkness from the hedge above. "Belt him over the head, and tackle the old 'un. He's got the stuff, and Bill can't hold him."

How the knowledge of it came to me I cannot tell, but in that instant I did a trick which, though I knew it not, has served many a weak man struggling with a stronger. Clutching my assailant

desperately round the neck, I allowed my feet to slip from under me, and fell backwards on the path. As I did so I doubled my knees in a cruel manner.

With a terrible crash we went down together, and the big man screamed with pain, whilst my head, luckily a hard one, struck the baked earth with a crack which made it ache for a week.

Nothing I cared for that when I felt that vicious throttling grasp relax on my throat, while suddenly his great body rolled from mine.

Relieved of the weight I rose, half-dazed, to my feet, and peering through the darkness called lustily for help. Even as I called there came an answering shout from the river bank, lower down:

"Down with the Phillistines, lad; amite them hip and thigh!"

It was the voice of the preacher. Stumbling on the uneven path I ran towards the spot, and in the half-darkness fell pell-mell over two forms tightly locked and struggling.

Scarcely had I done so when another coming from the other side fell likewise on the pair.

By his great figure and streaming wet clothes I knew him to be the preacher, and by the same token I knew that the one who was uppermost of the struggling pair, upon whom we had both fallen, was not my father.

Then I would have put forth all my strength to strike the uppermost, but as they rolled the preacher caught him with his great hands, and—always a peacemaker, even when he fought—ended the matter more simply.

(To be continued.)

THE EASY-GOING BOY.

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

"I must go in the morning on the five o'clock train, and would like to be called at twenty minutes of five," said I to Tim Notting, an affable, accommodating, smiling, free-and-go-easy hotel clerk and general serve-all to a little country hotel among the mountains of New Hampshire. Then, remembering the propensity of some porters to rouse one about midnight with a thunderous rap at the door when a train is to leave at daybreak, I repeated several times to the thin, low-statured, wiry Yankee boy: "I need just twenty minutes, and no more, between the time you call me and the time the train is to leave."

After a long day of railroad travel, and a lecture lasting through an hour and a half, followed by hand-shaking with a few loyal Chautauquans, and a short walk in the keen winter air to the hotel, how welcome was the embrace of a soft bed in a most comfortable room. And, lo! in the early hours there came a rap at the door, and a voice from without said, "Get up." "All right," I responded, and I got up.

Then my thoughts ran out toward the high, snow-clad hills around and looking out of the window, I saw the stars shining in the cold abysses, and congratulated myself on the fact that a few minutes more would put me on my way, and that the transit from a comfortable room to a comfortable car would be short and comparatively pleasant.

"Have we five minutes?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said Tim, "you have thirty-five or forty minutes yet." "But," said I in surprise, "I thought I was to be called twenty minutes before the train leaves?" "Oh, yes," replied Tim in an amusing way, "yes, twenty minutes. Yes, you have more than that now."

"Are you sure," I asked, at length, "that the train leaves at the hour you named?" "Oh, yes, it always does," said Tim; and, taking his lamp, he went to the railway time-table opposite, on the wall, and, examining it carefully, he said: "No; that is the time it leaves the station above,—several miles above. It doesn't leave here until quarter past five." Again I meditated in silence.

"Well," said Tim, after we had waited a long, long time, "I guess now we better start down to the depot." "Will the station-room be warm?" I asked. "Oh, I guess not; they don't open mornings." "Then wouldn't it be well for us to wait here where the room is warm, until just time for the train?" "Well," said Tim, "it will be just about time by the time we get there."

Putting on my coat, I followed Tim and his lantern to the station, a block and a half away; and there on the frosty platform I stood, and on the frosty platform I walked up and down, down and up, five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. The light in Tim's lantern began to grow dim. He took the lamp out to pull up the wick. Brightly it blazed for less than a minute, and then went down. "I guess the thing hasn't got no oil in it," soliloquized Tim, and I could keep silence no longer.

I told him that, if he were to keep his

wits about him, fulfil his promise, wake his guests at twenty instead of fifty minutes before train time, keep them comfortably housed in a warm hotel office instead of marching them out for half an hour's tramp on a frosty platform, and fill his lamp like a wise virgin the night before, he might have more glow in the hearts of his customers, and more light in his old lantern, and kinder memories in the hearts of those whom he now deceives and abuses.

Poor Tim! I pity the fellow. He is slack, lazy, false, slipshod; he will never make much of a success in this world in anything. His performance is not up to his promise. He is affable enough, but there is no backbone to his affability. He gives the soft grasp of the courtier. He lacks the firm grip of the man of affairs. He lacks tact, thrift, energy, reality. He lacks honesty in trifles, and he who is dishonest in trifles will be dishonest, on occasion, in larger matters. —Success.

"WHEN HE'S IN LIQUOR."

Once upon a time a pussy cat lived in the house of a family who drank beer every day. The beer was kept in a barrel in the storeroom, but each day a large brown jugful was drawn off and left ready on a table below the storeroom shelf till it was wanted for dinner.

In a safe hole in the corner of this shelf there lived a nice little mouse, who had a promising young family. She was bringing them up with great care, and among other precepts she had warned them never to taste the beer. Now, the eldest of her family was a very self-opinionated young mouse, and he said to himself: "My mother's ideas are old-fashioned; at any rate, I'll taste the beer at the first opportunity, and judge for myself." Accordingly, the first day his mother went to market he crept along the shelf and leaned over the edge to taste the beer, when, flop! he fell into the jug. The shock was very unpleasant, and the taste and the smell almost sickened him! but, worst of all, how was he to get out again? He swam round and round, and saw there was no escape.

Just then pussy, who had been watching the whole proceeding with much interest, peeped over the edge of the jug. Her first idea was to claw Master Mouse out, but she hated wetting her claws, and, being a deliberate pussy cat, she merely looked on.

"Oh, Mrs. Pussy!" cried Master Mouse "save me, and I will do anything in the world for you. I will even let you eat me when I get out—anything, rather than be drowned in this horrible stuff."

"You prom'ise?" said pussy.
"Yes, I give you my word of honour. So just lower your beautiful tail 'till I can catch hold of it and climb out."

This suited Pussy's plans to a nicety, so she lowered her tail into the jug. Mouse clambered up to it, and ran straight into his hole as fast as his little feet would carry him.

"Come out, you young scoundrel!" cried Pussy, "you know you promised to let me eat you."

"Hoots, nonsense!" said the young mouse. "Don't you know a fellow doesn't know what he's talkin' about when he's in liquor?"

The family thought the beer had a peculiar taste that day. Pussy's thoughts are better unrecorded.

Master Mouse's thoughts were: 1. "I'm a lad o' parts." 2. "But I have tarnished the honour of the family." 3. "My mother wasn't so far wrong, after all." —Irish Temperance League Journal.

LEAGUE ITEMS.

Nova Scotia chapters are vigorous, and growing more so.

Grace church, Winnipeg, is using forty-three sets of the reading course.

The chapter at Smith's Falls keeps a good supply of religious literature in the barber shops of the town.

The Centennial Chapter, of Toronto, debated the Chinese exclusion question not long ago. It was lively, and the meeting finally voted in favour of exclusion!

Secretary Crows is picking up some first-class material for the Canadian end of the Indianapolis programme. If the Canadian men surpass the representatives sent over to the Chattanooga Convention, they will need to be superlative. —Epworth Herald.

"The Sleeping Beauty." A Modern Version. By Martha Baker Dunn Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is a charming children's story, beautifully told and well illustrated, and has a pronounced religious character.