

Temperance

The Coming Triumph.

Mine eyes have seen the dawning of a coming glorious morn,
 Mine ears have heard the angels' song they sang when Christ was born;
 I have caught the word of promise unto weary hearts and worn,
 That God is marching on.

I can hear the steady treading of ten thousand marching feet;
 True men and women moving on through highway, lane and street;
 They will never pause, nor falter, till the triumph is complete,
 With God they're marching on.

Let the sobs of helpless children, crushed by crimes the law allows,
 Let the blighted lives of women, lost through manhood's broken vows,
 Let the sighs of hopeless sorrow every free-man's heart arouse,
 Since God is marching on.

For the cries of all earth's little ones have reached the Great White Throne;
 And the King Himself has hearkened; He has made their griefs His own;
 He is coming to help the helpless; He will make His judgments known;
 His strength is marching on.

Though the chains of sin are heavy, and they bind our native land,
 Though the curse is on the nations, yet our God has raised His Hand;
 He is calling us to follow;—We advance at His command;
 With Him we're marching on.

No multitude is mighty that has made a league with sin;
 Nor wealth, nor wisdom can defend, when evil rules within;
 For the meek shall overcome them, and the Right the day shall win,
 Since God is marching on.
 —Richard H. Thomas, M.D., in 'Alliance News.'

We Appeal to the Churches.

whose place it is to expound moral obligations, and among whom ought ever to be cultured the most tender watchfulness against all that would 'hurt or destroy,' or retard the uplifting of men. We appeal to those who have in hand the Temperance literature of our time; to those who bend their energies in the cause of Temperance reform; to all men and women who are capable of forming a definite conviction as to the moral character of this traffic. Let facts speak. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' In the light of the horrid havoc and ghastly tragedies, which are everywhere the fruit of this traffic, are we not forced to recognize that it is against God, against man, and the chief servant of the great enemy of our race. Do we need any further warrant to brand it immoral, and a violation both of the spirit and the letter of every true law of life.

But, having branded this traffic immoral, let us see where we stand. Our actions, our words, our point of attack must be ordered accordingly. Then it is evident—

- 1st. That to advocate moderation in that which is immoral would be wickedness.
- 2nd. That the money made in an immoral trade is as 'the price of blood.'
- 3rd. That compensation for relinquishing an immorality would be atrocious.
- 4th. That 'municipal' or 'distinterested management' of an immorality is, in a Christian land, unthinkable.
- 5th. That if the traffic is immoral, the point of most concentrated yet widest wickedness,

and therefore the point which first demands attack, is the point of national license.

6th. The obligation therefore is not restriction but abolition; yet wisdom and principle alike tell us that while seeking abolition and urging its obligation, we hold ourselves ready to accept meanwhile any and every restriction we can secure.

Do we need to say, in closing, that by 'the drink traffic,' which we have here pronounced immoral, we do not mean the manufacture and sale of alcohol for legitimate purposes and under due control; but we mean that huge system of temptation which sets at every corner and along all our highways, attractive and ensnaring saloons to minister to human weakness and flourish by human destruction. A traffic which a great statesman declared to be 'worse than war, famine, and pestilence combined,' and which a royal Prince described as 'the only enemy England has to fear.'—'Everybody's Monthly.'

Little Mary's Escape.

Did you ever see such a beautiful Sunday morning, Mrs. Collins?

There was something cheery and kindly in the voice that uttered the words, but the woman addressed turned rather unwillingly to respond to the well-meant greeting.

'I've seen others as fine, Mrs. Digby,' she replied in an unpleasant tone, rendered all the more sulky, perhaps, by the sight of the neat dark dress and bonnet worn by her neighbor.

Mrs. Collins herself, who was as untidy as her acquaintance was the reverse, stood idly leaning over a low wall, watching any stray passer-by who might happen to take the high road beyond it. Beside her, in ragged frock, with face begrimed, and uncombed hair, her only little child, Mary, busied herself with plucking the blossoms of some flowering weed, and then throwing them to the winds, as many a child has done before her.

'I see you're going to your place of worship, as you call it, continued Mrs. Collins, with a sneering look upon her face.

'Yes; I'm going to church. I wish you would go with me,' she went on. 'It's early yet; I'll wait for you and help you get the little one ready,' and she approached the dilapidated old gate as she spoke.

'Not if I know it,' rejoined the other, almost barring her passage. 'My husband never went to church, nor I neither, and I ain't going to begin now, I can tell ye.'

'I should like you to hear our new minister preach,' urged Mrs. Digby, gently. 'You know what a good man he is, and—'

'Don't you talk to me about parsons. They are all alike, always preaching, but they don't keep a poor woman from starving.'

True it was that Mrs. Collins had nothing to depend upon but her own efforts. For more than two years she had been a widow, and though her husband, a steady, hard-working man, had earned good wages, his wife had managed to spend all his earnings, and when, at the early age of thirty, he was taken from her, she found herself, with her child, utterly penniless. Yet she was able-bodied and strong, and, like her neighbor, Widow Digby, could have found employment in the populous village of Wanstrow, about two miles distant, in which the new minister, Mr. Jackson, had taken up his residence three months previously. Naturally of an indolent disposition, however, she never sought work, except when absolutely under the necessity of doing so. One by one her articles of furniture had been disposed of, and the interior of the little cottage she now inhabited presented a dismal spectacle indeed.

Her rancorous ill-will towards Mr. Jackson would have been difficult to explain. She had never spoken to him, and though, notwithstanding his short sojourn of three months at Wanstrow, he had made time to find his way to the outlying hamlet in which she dwelt, and to seek out her cottage, it was only to find her absent.

Not so little Mary. Left to take care of herself as best she could, with the injunction not to leave the garden, the child had welcomed the kindly visitor with her sunny smile, and his heart went out in pity to the solitary little being. On his leaving, she had presented him with a large pet lily she had

been nursing in her loneliness, and had watched his retreating figure till it vanished from her sight. Then, on her mother's return, she had told her all about the kind clergyman, and was surprised indeed that she only spoke angrily about him, and said she hoped he would never come to see them any more.

Like most of us, when we know ourselves to be in fault, she sought to lay the blame upon everything and everybody except herself, and misconstrued acts of kindness, regarding them only with ingratitude.

On this particular Sunday morning, Mrs. Collins was in one of her worst humors. Dinner for herself and the little one she had none, owing, she well knew, to her own idleness. Hence the remark made to Mrs. Digby, in such bitterness of spirit, that parsons did nothing to save a poor woman from starving.

The latter, seeing that she was in no mood to listen to her suggestion, thought it best to say no more for that time. At that moment the chimes from the old church tower rang out sweet and clear through the morning air.

'Well, perhaps you'll come round to my way of thinking some of these days.' Then, adding kindly, 'I've got just a bit of pudding for the little one, if you'll send her across about one o'clock,' she turned away, the sunshine in her heart as bright as that which gleamed along the winding field path leading to the house of God. A muttered 'thank you' only sounded in her ears as she went.

Mrs. Collins looked after her a moment, and was just about to leave her place at the wall, when little Mary uttered an exclamation of delight and ran hastily away to a hidden corner of the garden. In an instant she returned, bearing in her hand a belated violet, which had somehow found its way into that neglected wilderness. Making straight for the low wall, the child attracted her mother's attention by striving to climb to an opening in it; and looking up the road Mrs. Collins perceived, a very few yards distant, a clergyman hastening along it.

In him she at once recognized Mr. Jackson, and at the same time noted that little Mary was holding out the violet towards him. It was but the work of an instant to snatch the fragrant blossom from her hand, and with one clutch to swing her off the wall on to the path.

'Go along in,' she said angrily, giving her a shove towards the open door of her wretched abode, and following her into it.

The child burst into tears, and then the woman, who, despite all her faults, had a heart somewhere, felt really distressed at her own unkindness, and tried to soothe her as best she could. 'There now, don't cry, little un, I'll find ye another flower somewhere.'

Meanwhile, the new minister, who had seen all that had happened, hurried on to Wanstrow, and did not forget, when ministering in the church that morning, to offer up a prayer for both mother and child.

The bit of pudding, promised little Mary by kind-hearted Mrs. Digby, proved to be half a large apple pudding, accompanied by a plate of greens and potatoes as a first course. Yet, in these generous gifts, so often repeated, Mrs. Collins never once recognized the hand of Providence, nor offered one word of thankfulness to God for His fatherly care of her and hers.

As week after week rolled by Mrs. Collins' earnings visibly diminished, and, worse than all, even the little she did earn, was spent, not in procuring occasional meals for the helpless little girl at home, but in providing herself with the most deadly of all enemies to man or woman—drink.

(To be continued.)

In the course of a speech at Christchurch, Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi, of Wimborne, said that the central truth of teetotalism is not so thoroughly expounded as it used to be. The central truth was that alcoholic drinks were unnecessary in health or in disease. Touching upon the plea of drinking 'by doctor's orders,' he averred that much of this class of drinking is the result of the patients themselves asking whether a little brandy or a little wine would not be beneficial, and their medical adviser simply said 'Yes.'—Selected.