

But we, we scorn such husks when thrown to us as arguments.

We say in our hearts "Wait till our men are waked up—Our men and our boys. Did they not deliver the bodies of men from slavery though it honeycombed the British Colonies and the United States? Didn't our men do it in spite of a howl from the slave-owners? As to the liquor dealers, aye and the rate payers, roaring a bit, I feel inclined to say with that dear old Scotch woman Margaret Ogilvy, "Hoots boys! a man's roar is neither here nor there."

And if you say it is the lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour, all the more reason that we should fight him, and save our boys and brothers out of his mouth as David did the lamb.

Only "the arms of your hands must be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob" first.

Now to be definite.

III. Where are we leading you to?

*First,* To keeping yourselves, your souls and bodies so clean and strong that we can delight and glory in you (for which we were made but which you make very difficult to us).

*Secondly,* To voting square for Prohibition when the Plebiscite comes, and trying in all sensible ways to get other fellows to do as you do.

*Third,* To abstain from learning to smoke or chew, for we do want our children to be strong and perfect.

*Fourth* To not selling tobacco or cigarettes in your stores. Think this over. You make the money for us. Well we don't want money made by selling tobacco. If we don't want our own sons and brothers to use it we don't want to be using money got in that way. And we do want the greatest good of the greatest number.

*Fifthly* To increased caution in prescribing morphia and other narcotics and leaving them in the hands of patients who have slight or no idea of the rapidity and strength with which the drug will become their cruel master.

Where are we leading you? Brothers; to the great Elder Brother who waits to make you every whit whole; and then to teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight,—not, like our misguided giant Corbett, against the human body of a fellow creature, but against a foe worthy of your energy, your enthusiasm, your highest manhood, because the enemy of your God, your weaker brothers, your wives and children, your sweet hearts and your native land.

## BOOKS.

Books are my friends. They are friends who never intrude themselves upon us, but ever stand ready to come forth at our call. They remain silent until we seek their aid, when they give us instruction, or comfort, or whatever is their special work. We may not know personally the many persons who write the beautiful and useful books which fill our libraries, but they are one and all our friends. They are opening to our eyes and ears the beauties of the world:—

"The beauty and the wonder, and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colors, lights  
and shades,  
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!"

Let every one, if possible, obtain a few good books, and read them well. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed for this. But how often we hear the cry, "Oh, dear, I have no time to read." Yet those same persons who utter this cry, waste more precious moments throughout the day, perhaps a very few at a time, yet in those few moments some thought could have been gleaned from a book, which would have lightened many of the daily duties which followed. Byron says:—"Words are things, and a single blot of ink produces that which makes thousands, millions think." "Read anything continuously," says Johnson, "and you will be learned." Perhaps this is so, but I have read books, which after reading, I have mentally flogged myself for touching. Let us all read books which will lift us up, not lower us. C. M. P.

### The Musings of a Married Man.

By EBENEZER BENEDICT.

Yes, I am a married man as you might readily suspect from my name. For once in real life there is something in a name, the poet's skepticism to the contrary. But you will object that while I was born a Benedict I was not born married, and therefore my philosophy is weak. True; yet although I was born unmarried, I have always believed that I came into the world with an inherited disposition to matrimony, for as far as my knowledge of the Benedict family history extends, every one of my ancestors has been afflicted with that malady, the microbes of which began at a very early date to develop in my own soul. Whether the family received its name from its

matrimonial proclivities, or whether the latter resulted from the name, is a question which I have been unable to determine. Suffice it to say, that after five years of wedded existence, with four juvenile Benedicts prattling about my paternal knee, it is a source of daily congratulation to me that I am entirely free from the many glaring incongruities which mark and mar the married life of my friend and next door neighbor, Nebuchadnezzar Bachelor, with his family of ten children, of whom nine are girls. Just fancy the absurdity of a father of ten being addressed as "Mr. Bachelor," or spoken of with neighborly familiarity as "Old Bach," to say nothing of the injustice which the family name entails upon the nine little feminine Bachelors! Contrast with this the appropriate dignity of "Mr. Benedict" in the vocative, or the "young Benedicts" as applied to my four promising sons! Then do you ask, "What's in a name?" "Much! Much of joy to gladden the present, and of bright promise to shed lustre upon the future."

I am well aware that it is generally presumed that one in my condition in life is not likely to have either time, opportunity or inclination to indulge in musings of any sort, much less to give the substance of such meditations to the reading public. As against this prevailing notion, permit me to array my twenty-five years of residence among the marrying and married inhabitants of this mundane orb, and my five years of experimental conjugality, and say that married men do think,—yes, have to think—and think for themselves. Moreover, they have certain food for thought—somewhat hard of digestion at times—of which the celibate world knows nothing. Of course we cannot always muse when we would like, as do our bachelor brothers, but unrestrained liberty is a poor character-builder; nor are we exempt from such trivial interruptions as a juvenile disagreement, a shrill blast from the cradle, or a tender bit of sarcasm from the queen of the home, but these only serve as punctuation marks to our cogitations, interpreting more clearly their meaning. While I am not accustomed to muse by the page to suit the caprice of another, I am nevertheless willing to share at least some of my meditations with my friends, hoping that they as well as I, may be both entertained and profited thereby.

(To be continued in the June Union.)