



"IT IS WRITTEN."

SATAN.—"Excellent meetings, Moody, very excellent meetings; but if you would only give your hearers more cultured and scientific talk, and less of that antiquated book, you would do still more good, I'm sure! And I'm so anxious you should do good, you know!"

THE CURSE.

THE village was *en fete*, flags and bunting proudly flying,
Crowds of visitors arriving by the trains from far and near,
Steamers, decked in gorgeous colors, up and down the river
plying,
Whose shrill, triumphant whistles with the bands ashore were vying,
'Twas a gala day eclipsing any other in the year.

Splendid arches spanned the streets and beneath them, gaily prancing,
Moved the gentry's polished horses with a noble, high strung gait,
To the strains of lively music with a conscious beauty dancing,
Their round and fiery eyes with the gay excitement glancing,
Their spirits, like the spirit of the multitude, elate.

What means this splendid fete—this general celebration?
Some extra civic function? Some hero's natal day?
Some noble deed achieved by a leader of the nation?
Some triumph of the church, or the cause of education?
Some national deliverance from threatened danger? Nay!

The millionaire distiller of the town is celebrating
The enlargement of his business by a new and costly block;
All this glittering display—all this public jubilating
He has planned and carried out as a method of creating
A boom for his "Ciub Whiskey"—it will make the country talk.

See! the new palatial office, a very dream of splendour,
Is now "ablaze with light and breathing with perfume,"
From the flowers that sweetly blush 'neath the ferns so tall and slender,
In the stately banquet hall, where the guests now throng to tender
Their warm felicitations to the hero of the room.

The giver of the banquet has played a princely part,
(For are not *chef* and waiters from a city far away?)
Each course, each dish, a marvel of the culinary art,

And wine and spirits to delight the epicurean heart,
While anon amid the foliage orchestral artists play.

Good judges of such matters declare with glowing unction,
(They were all select *bon vivants* invited from afar,)
That for a well appointed, stylish and *recherche* function,
For beauty, grace and richness in elegant conjunction,
They had never seen a banquet that with it would compare.

The Press was represented—the press that wins our praises—
"Unawed by wealth and influence; unbribed by sordid gain,"
And the skilled reporters lavished all their most luxurious phrases,
In describing the occasion in all its splendid phases,
Though they owned to do it justice, language was, of course, in vain.

So the night at last was ended, and the guests had all departed,
And the flowers in the banquet hall were dropping as in sleep,
The lights were burning low, and in silence lone, sad-hearted,
The distiller stood thought-wrapped—then suddenly he started,
Affrighted by a wailing cry—a groan prolonged and deep.

He trembled and turned pale, horror all his senses seizing,
He stood as one transfixed—he could neither look nor linger—
Again he heard the cry, wild and long and agonizing,
As of some lost human soul from the deep foundations rising,
While from out the shadows seemed to point a grim and ghastly
finger.

He knew it was the curse of heaven that rests forever
Upon the whiskey trade, in palace or in slum,
And the groans that smote him now would be silenced never, never,
In that temple he had built, for by no polite endeavor
Can the perfume of fair lilies subdue the stench of rum!

J. W. B.