

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

BY W. J. S.—IN "ONWARD."

[We are glad to publish the following ringing verses from a gentleman in Newfoundland. It seems that the united Methodism of Canada, from far Vancouver to Newfoundland, which Methodistically is united to Canada, is sound to the heart's core on the temperance question. If our membership will but respond to this bugle call, as we believe it will, and especially if our young people will throw the fresh enthusiasm of their nature into this crusade to which they are summoned, victory will be theirs.

Our Leagues and societies can do magnificent service in the campaign which is now on in Ontario for the Temperance plebiscite. A convention of all the Temperance organizations of the country, and of all the Young People's societies, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavour, St. Andrew's Brotherhood, the Y's, the Catholic Temperance Societies, etc., is summoned to meet in Toronto, this month Ed. "Onward."] Particulars in our next issue.

Sons of Temperance, don the armour,
Wield the sword with might and main:
A mighty foe is on the war-path,
Sin and misery in his train.

Souls and bodies are his victims,
Hell, his ally, these to gain;
All that's Godlike in creation,
Disappears beneath his reign.

Fathers, mothers! Yea! and children,
Home and friendship's dearest ties,
With a ruthless hand are riven
When this foe his curse applies.

Bane of country, curse of nation,
Sapper of all human joys,
Blight of every grand ambition,
Killer of that hope which buoys.

Alcohol! thy days are numbered,
Human woes to heaven appeal,
God with man in holy purpose
Now unites thy doom to seal.

Come, ye people, join our crusade,
Swell the temperance glad acclaim;
Home and country's voice appealeth,
Hear ye not the cry in vain.

Sounds of victory now are stealing—
Soon the cry, hurrah! hurrah!
Temperance, her banner waveth,
Echo answers back, "Hurrah!"

Courage, then, my brothers, sisters,
Fight, nor think the battle long:
Victory at length appeareth,
Join we then the victor's song.
Twillingate, N.F.

Where twelve men formerly made beer
in the Wairui Arowery at Lawrence, Kan.,
one hundred people are now busy making
shoes.

WHY I AM AN ABSTAINER.

FIRST.—Because strong drink is injurious. It poisoned my blood, so that I had ulcerated legs, which took fourteen weeks' total abstinence and good nursing to cure. That was the cause of my signing the pledge. Drink left me wounded in body and mind. Total abstinence gave me new vigour; in fact, my doctor told me it had added ten years to my life. So I continue to abstain from that enemy which breaks up happy homes, fills loving hearts with pain, fills our workhouses and prisons, and sends thousands to an untimely end. Therefore I abstain.

SECONDLY.—Total abstinence is the road to health. A cab driver ought to be the healthiest man living, as he is out in the open air; but how many are there laid up with gout or rheumatism, the near relations of drink! Dr. Nichols says: "Teetotallers seldom have either;" therefore I am a teetotaller. I now enjoy the best of health. When I drank I was frequently wanting the doctor.

THIRDLY.—Drink is a delusion. A man drinks to keep strong; but see him when his legs refuse to keep straight! Where is his strength? In his head! He knows more than ten men who can render a reason. Not long ago a man was found drunk near his vehicle, and he insisted on getting on to his cab to drive home, when there was no horse near it!

FOURTHLY.—Drink is dangerous. How often do I hear cabmen say: "I never take too much!" But, I contend, that drink is so dangerous that no man knows what amount he may take, as he does not know how much alcohol there is in the glass at his lips. Ah! it stings like a scorpion. There is death in the pot. Beware of the first glass! The second will never trouble you if you say "No!" to the first.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST.—I am an abstainer because my Bible warns me against intemperance. It tells me that "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging. He that is deceived thereby is not wise." "The drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Therefore I touch not—taste not—handle not; but abstain from the appearance of evil.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

An authority on the subject states that those who took the pledge from Father Mathew, and observed it, are now all well to do to day, being in the possession of from \$25,000 upwards. Those who survive who took the same obligation and disregarded it, are to be sought in our lunatic asylums, our gaols, and amongst the dregs of society.

WHITTIER AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

"ONWARD."

The temperance cause, in common with every other work for God and humanity, has lost a noble and helpful friend in Whittier. While the poet was not able, on account of his advancing age and for other reasons, to throw himself into the struggle against the liquor traffic as he did against slavery, yet he never missed a favourable opportunity to attest his hearty sympathy in temperance work, and his earnest wishes for its ultimate success.

Many were the sweet, tender, and cheering messages which went out from the quiet home at Amesbury to those in the heat of the battle with the cohorts of the rum traffic.

While the temperance cause cannot claim Whittier as its own exclusively—for his work was as broad as humanity—yet every worker in that cause may find a constant inspiration to service in his hymns and songs, many of which in their ringing protests against legalized wrong and oppression seem quite as applicable to the assault upon the licensed liquor traffic as upon the system of human slavery. Surely it needs little or no transposition to make many such lines as may be found in "Voices of Freedom" applicable to the present conflict. Have we not a message in these words as well as those to whom they were written forty years ago;

Our fathers to their graves have gone:
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in the honoured place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The light and truth and love of heaven.

Be what thou seemest, live thy creed,
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Reader, are you a moderate drinker? If so, give an hour's serious consideration to the following questions. Think over the moderate drinkers you have known, and what has become of them. Look at them honestly in every light. They are worth it to you, and to the world.

MY POSITION two years ago.
RESPECT two years hence.
RESENT outlook.

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Drink freely by the tumbler or cupful. Try it cold, hot, or mixed with milk, so that it operates as a mild purgative. For Dyspepsia or weak digestion drink St. Leon Mineral Water after each meal. For Constipation take it before breakfast.

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