



The Panther.

A panther is loose in the haunts of men,
Strong, crafty and cruel, and none may know
What wooded valley shall hold his den,
Or by what paths he will come and go.
In the shaded tree boughs he may lie concealed,
In wayside brambles, in flowery dell;
The father has taken his gun afield,
And the mother watches the children well.

The panther is loose! He has put to flight
All zest for pleasure, or gain, or strife,
Somebody's child may be killed outright,
Some one be mangled or maimed for life.
So every man to the rescue springs
Armed and vigilant. Heart and brain
Spurning the claims of lesser things,
Till the hidden menace be caged or slain.

But what of the enemy, fiercer far,
Who roams at will through the city street,
Who lurks where the seekers of pleasure are,
Who enters the home with noiseless feet?
The husband is shamed by his precious wife,
The mother moans o'er her bright boy's fall,
And orphans weep, while crime and strife
And murder and suicide end it all.

Birth, beauty and talent before him fall,
He conquers the mighty again and again;
Will you guard by law King Alcohol?
Will you set a price on the souls of men?
You would save the child from the panther's jaws,
Will you leave him now to a fate far worse?
In the strength of God for a righteous cause,
Arise and conquer the liquor curse!
—'World's Crisis.'

Our Willie.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Liverpool some time since, the Rev. Charles Garrett told the following true tale:

I was the other day in a beautiful residence, where I have often been entertained before. There was a large gathering of friends, for this family I knew had been prominent for their hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there; but I was astonished when I sat down at the table to notice that there were no wine-glasses. I almost took it as a compliment to myself, in my foolishness; but, whispering to the lady I said,—

"I see no wine-glasses here—are you teetotalers for the day because I am here?"—and I saw in a moment the change in her face. She said:—

"I have something to tell you about that." As soon as dinner was over, she said to me, "You ask me about the wine-glasses." I said, "Yes, I noticed their absence." "I will tell you the reason. You remember my Willie?"

"Oh, yes; I remember Willie, well!" "Was he not a bonny boy?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes," I said, "one of the finest lads I ever knew."

"Yes," she said; "and he was my pride. You know he used wine freely. You know that the leading ministers in the Connexion had always made this house their home, and that they have always been welcome. I used to allow the children to stay up when the ministers were here, to have the benefit of their conversation. The children had a half-glass of wine—ministers a full glass, and so had their father. By-and-by," she said, "I noticed what aroused my suspicions. William used to come home smelling of wine, and I didn't like it. I spoke to him, and he said there was no danger. He had only been meeting with a few friends. By-and-by I noticed that he was husky; and at last he came home in a state that made my heart ache. One night he came home quite drunk. I could not conceal it from his father. His father is a hot-tempered man, and he met him in the lobby, and bitter words

passed. His father ordered him out of the house; and he went, and for months we never knew what became of him. Father would not let us mention his name, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray. We did not know whether he was dead or alive; and one night when the servants had gone to bed, and we were sitting together, I suddenly heard a noise and I thought it was Willie's voice. I dared not speak. My husband looked round, and he said:—

"Did you hear anything? I thought that I heard a voice. I believe," he said, "it is Willie. Just go to the door and see."

She said, "I went to the door; and there he stood, more like a ghost than a young man."

"He looked at me, and I said, 'Willie!'"

"Mother," he said, "will you let me in?"

"Ay, my lad, thou ought never to have gone away. Come in! come in!" and, she said, "I had to lend him my arm."

"Don't take me into the drawing-room—take me into the kitchen. I feel, mother, as if I were dying."

"No, my lad; you shall not die."

"Will you make me a basin of barley broth like you used to make me?"

"I will make you anything you like, my boy; but you must come upstairs and lie down."

"Oh, mother, I can't take it! I feel as if I were fainting."

"I called his father and he came, but didn't say an angry word to him. He could not, when he saw the state he was in. We carried him upstairs and laid him down upon the bed; and after a moment's pause, he said,—

"Father, the drink has killed me."

"No, my boy," said his father; "we will bring you round yet."

"Never, father—God be merciful to me a sinner"—and his head fell back, and there was the end of our boy in this life.

"His father stood and looked at Willie as he lay there, and said to me,—

"Mother, the drink has killed our Willie; and there shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I am alive."

"Sir," continued the speaker, "there are many Willies. I am at the head of a mission in Liverpool, and I can truly say there is not a letter about a Willie, from some respectable home, blighted and withered by this terrible curse. Is this a mere idle whim that we are speaking about? Ought we not to battle with it now and ever, and exert all the power we possess, in order to rescue the young people of our land, and make England what it ought to be? May God help us!"—'Alliance News.'

Another Plea Against License

(Adam Graham, in the 'Union Signal'.)

There is a mighty plea against the licensed saloon which is little considered. I refer to the law of suggestion. From a purely psychological standpoint the state prohibiting the sale of intoxicants maintains the only true position for reform in the matter of temperance. The power of suggestion over the moral nature of man—especially youth—and its influence in character building are no longer debatable, they are well established facts.

To fight intemperance, to try to minimize the power of the saloon while this law of suggestion is working relentlessly in an opposite direction, re-enforced by the common sight of the open saloon, of bottled liquors and of placards blazoned with the names and excellences of the same, is indeed saddling the reform with a burden it is unable to bear while contending hand to hand with the enemy.

The only tenable position for a community which is really desirous of vanquishing this foe of all true civilization, is that of the prohibitory state, which, while dealing with the sly and underhand forms of this evil still existent and active in its borders, refuses to educate the future voters of the commonwealth in a contrary direction by a display of goods that create a demand for themselves, that inevitably—by the subtle law of suggestion—bring into being unseen forces detrimental to the highest weal of the people.

While it is never true that time spent in inculcating the principles of prohibition, even under the most adverse conditions, is time thrown away, it is yet surely a sad disadvantage to be teaching the ears of a child one

set of facts, while his eyes are, unconsciously, teaching him quite the opposite. Here the prohibitory state has immeasurably the advantage over the license state; for what liquor is sold in the former is unadvertised, is never displayed, is imbibed out of sight, away from the multitude, in some hidden and disreputable place, where its educating effect on unformed character is minimized if not entirely lost.

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