

Selections.

IS IT PEACE OR WAR?

Is it peace or war? from a million throats
Ever rises the anxious cry.
As in stately hall, and in nameless hut,
All ranks and conditions die.

Is it peace or war? when throughout the land
There are foes that are deadlier far
Than a million men and ships might be
In a bloody unrighteous war?

Is it peace or war? when this mighty realm,
With a pust that is full of praise,
Is beaten and blanch'd with one great vice,
While the wondering nations gaze?

Is it peace or war? though our fleets are still,
And our soldiers are free from blood,
If foes that can laugh at powder and shell
Are robbing our land of God?

Is it peace or war? when a brother man,
For a life of inglorious ease,
Will sell us the poison that robs our life,
And smile at the ruin he sees?

Is it peace or war? when in many a home,
With an agony never expressed,
The hope and the love and the light have gone
By the breath of the virulent pest?

Is it peace or war? when a mother strives
With sleepless effort and pain,
To ward off the curse from her husband's head,
And restore him to manhood again?

Is it peace or war? when a father flies
From the sight of an imbecile wife,
And the more than motherless innocent bairns
Bear the weight of that woe through life?

Is it peace or war? when the godly pair,
Who have never disgraced their name,
Are killed by a blow of unspeakable grief
O'er a child they have lost in shame?

Peace there is none! It is war! wild war!
O men from your dreams arise,
Sleep on, and the nation will surely die;
Fight now, it will reach the skies.

—Thomas Love, in the Voice.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

The following lines were written by Henry J. Coggeshall, a New York State Senator, and recited by him under peculiar circumstances. At an informal dinner given by one of his fellow-senators at Albany, he was observed to leave his glass of wine untouched. On being asked the reason, he answered:—

What makes me refuse a social glass?
Well, I'll tell you the reason why,
Because a bonnie blue-eyed lass
Is ever standing by:
And I hear her, boys, above the noise
Of the jest and merry glee,
As with baby grace she kisses my face,
And says: "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass to be true,
Better than let it pass by?
I know you'll not think my refusal to wine,
A breach of your courtesy:
For I hear her repeat, in accents sweet,
And her dear little form I see,
As with loving embrace she kisses my face,
And says: "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most,
Whose dear little will I obey;
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet
Over life's toilsome way:
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine,
From sorrow may she be free,
For with baby grace she has kissed my face,
And said: "Papa, be true to me."

SIGNING THE PLEDGE; OR, HOW JIM RUSSELL DID IT.

"I went home drunk the night before, no doubt of it," said Jim Russell, as he took his knife from his pocket and began to trim his finger nails.

"I guess I had gone home just as drunk lots of times, but I never was half so mean. I had hit my wife before and kicked her, but never hurt her much. She told me lots of truth when I came home full, but this time she said not a word and that made me madder than ever. I struck her a terrible blow on the cheek. She fell and didn't get up. When my little boy Winnie came to plead for his mother, I kicked him half way across the room. I didn't stop for supper but went to bed with my boots on.

"When I awoke in the morning I heard not a sound in the house. I first thought my wife and baby were dead or gone. Then I commenced thinking. At last I raised my head. There sat my wife with the boy in her lap. I saw a fearful bruise on her cheek.

"Breakfast is ready," said Maggie, as pleasantly as ever woman said it. Before I left the bed I made up my mind what I would do and did it.

"I got up, sat down at the table and said not a word. All we had for breakfast was potatoes and pigs feet, and I could have eaten every bit myself, but didn't. There was another thing I didn't do, and that was to look my wife in the face or tarry at the table.

"You may talk all you are a mind to about Pharisees and hypocrites, when I want a genuine article I go to the meetin' folks every time.

"There was old Deacon Swift who always had a good word for me, drunk or sober, so I started for him that morning. I found him in the kitchen whittling out a handle.

"Good morning Jim," said the deacon, "I am glad you come, I want some one to help me fix up the barn for winter."

"All right, said I, that's what I have come for. There is another thing deacon, I want to sign the pledge and be a man again. I've got sick of the way I've been doing.

"Good," said the deacon, dropping his hammer and getting pen and paper. He wrote an iron clad pledge and I signed it.

"We went out to work and by 9 o'clock I shook so I could not drive a nail to save my gizzard.

"About this time out came Mrs. Swift with a pitcher of coffee. No whisky ever tasted half as good to me. This kept my nerves steady till noon.

In the afternoon I had no trouble. At night the deacon loaded up a buggy load of provisions for me and carried me home. I had been thinking all day about what Maggie would say or do, I never used to think of her when I was in the barroom. I did not want to see her faint away, so I thought I would break the matter to her softly.

It was dark when I got home and after piling the plunder up by the gate I went in. Gracious Peter, you ought to have seen Mag eye me. No cat ever eyed a mouse half so sharp.

I remarked quite indifferently that I had not been to the Starley's to-day.

"I see you haven't," said she. I've been at work for Deacon Swift," said I.

"We will have something to eat then," said she.

"But," said I, "Maggie"—

"Well, what is it, Jim, out with it," said she.

"Well," said I, "I have signed the pledge." Laws of Moses, you ought to have seen her hop. With one skip and jump she landed with both arms around my neck. She half laughed, half cried and kept kissing me all the time. She pulled me over till I thought her feet touched the floor, but she kept pulling till her knees touched and then she said, "Oh Lord, help my husband to keep the pledge." Amen, said I. Why, it fairly scared me, for I never said amen to any-body's prayer before in my life.

Since then I have got to be a meeting chap myself. I read the Bible every day and pray. Providence fairly giggles in my face. I bought my old house back, then a farm, then another, and still Providence laughed. I pray against the barroom and vote as I pray. I am for Prohibition and for Prohibition men every time.—H. W. Hardy.

COMING EVENTS.

February is the month for annual meetings in the Royal Templar Branch of the Prohibition Army. The respective Grand Councils will hold their sessions commencing as follows:—Manitoba at Winnipeg, on Feb. 2nd; Ontario at Oshawa on Feb. 16th; the North West Territories at Regina on Feb. 16th; Quebec at Montreal on Feb. 22nd; British Columbia on Feb. 23rd.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance will be held at the City of Montreal, commencing on February 25th, and will be a meeting of much interest in view of the plebiscite for which it will make preparations.

SATAN'S AGENTS.

It seems as though Satan were aware that his deputy, King Alcohol, was about to be deposed from his throne on this continent, and that he was making his final and terrible struggle to maintain the ascendancy of his kingdom. If he can find a religious paper, whose columns are for sale, he charts a department of it; and advocates the use of domestic wine as a beverage. If he can find a physician, who cares more for his fee than he does for his patient he visits him in his study, and squatting like the toak in Eden, whispers in his ear the advice to use alcohol in preference to any substitute for medicinal purposes. If he can find a politician who like the bat, is half mouse and half bird, fitting in twilight of public opinion, he pounces upon him and inspires him with the sentiment that temperance is poison to politics. Trusting in Providence as though all depended upon God, we intend to labor as though all depended upon our own exertions. "Truth is mighty and must prevail."—North-western News.

CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

The Vanguard, all numbers issued, in neat cloth binding, is the most important Canadian contribution yet made to the literature of the temperance and prohibition reform, containing over 650 pages full of invaluable arguments, facts and statistics, all reliable, fresh and good, fully and carefully indexed.

The People vs. The Liquor Traffic, a set of lectures by the late Hon. J. B. Finch, is one of the most forcible and comprehensive arguments for Prohibition ever made. Special Canadian edition, 240 pages. Fine cloth binding, price 40 cents.

The Camp Fire is a neat four-page monthly campaign journal, specially published for campaign work. It summarizes the latest news about the prohibition reform, and presents an array of live, pithy articles and brief statements of important and helpful facts and incidents. Subscription, 25 cents per year.

The two great books above named, will be sent postage pre-paid, and also THE CAMP FIRE to December, 1897 inclusive, to any person sending at once ONE DOLLAR to F. S. Spence, 51 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

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THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

The "Facts of the Case," a convenient volume of 340 pages, published by the Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance for the total suppression of the liquor traffic, is a summary of the most important matter to be found in the report of the Canadian Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic. The report of the Commission, in seven large volumes, is too extensive for practical use by temperance workers. It is believed that the compendium made will be found to be an exceedingly valuable work of reference and source of information for those who are interested in studying and discussing the question of which it treats. It is specially useful in supplying reliable statistics and arguments for use in prohibition campaign work.

After the work of the Royal Commission was closed there remained in the hands of the Alliance a small surplus of the money contributed for the placing of the case for prohibition before the Commission. It was deemed wise to use this money in publishing and circulating the work just mentioned. Two thousand copies were sent free to leading journals, public libraries, persons who contributed to the fund and other prominent workers selected by the officers of the contributing organizations. A few copies remain, and until all are sent out, one will be forwarded, postage prepaid, to any person applying and forwarding therefor to the Secretary of the Alliance, thirty cents in advance.

By order of the Executive,
F. S. SPENCE,
Secretary.

51 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto, Ont.