

## SONG OF THE DRINK.

BY MRS. F. M. TERWILLIGER.

WITH garments faded and worn,  
With eyes that with weeping were  
red,

A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
Till the heart is ready to sink,  
And still in a sad, despairing tone,  
She sang the song of the Drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
While the sun is rising high,  
And drink! drink! drink!  
Till the stars are in the sky.  
It is oh! to be carried in strife  
Away by some barbarous band,  
Rather than live, a drunkard's wife,  
In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
Till the brain is all on fire,  
Drink! drink! drink!  
Till he wallows in the mire.  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Till down the gutter he falls asleep;  
And I wait,—but he does not come.

"O men, enriched by the drink,  
Men whose coffers are filling up,  
Not drunk alone are you dealing out,  
But a skeleton in the cup.  
You sell! sell! sell!  
Though its victims downward sink,  
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,  
Grim Death as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death?  
To me it would be a relief,  
And better far for my little ones  
Were their time on earth but brief.  
They suffer with pinching cold,  
They supperless go to bed.  
Ah me! so much for the father's drink,  
And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
The thirst is still the same.  
And what does it cost? An aching head,  
A weakened trembling frame;  
A comfortless home, where cowering forms  
Shrink from his presence with fear;  
A body debased, a polluted soul,  
And no hope the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
Each day, and all day long.  
To drink! drink! drink!  
A captive fast and strong.  
Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-  
dimmed,  
And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!  
With none to pity or save,  
Down! down! down!  
Into a drunkard's grave,  
While the busy, thoughtless world  
Goes whirling, flaunting by,  
With never a thought of the soul that's lost,  
Or the widow's and orphan's cry.

"O but to grasp once more  
The hand of friendship sweet,  
To feel again that human hearts  
With sympathy can beat.  
O but once more to know  
The happiness I knew  
When the light of love was in his eyes,  
And his heart was brave and true.

"O but for once again,  
That welcome voice to hear,  
That used with kindly words to greet  
His wife and children dear.  
Smiles and caresses then were ours,  
But curses, now, and blows.  
O the bitter life of a drunkard's wife,  
No one but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,  
And eyes that with weeping were red,  
A woman sat the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
While the heart is ready to sink,  
And still, with a sad, despairing mean,  
(O that its desolate, heart-rending tone  
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)  
She sang this Song of the Drink.  
—The Morning and Day of Reform.

WHY is a frog like some men  
opposed to Prohibition?—Because he  
is a croaker.

HOW MR. ISHAM CHANGED  
HIS MIND.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

MR. WILLIAM ISHAM was  
a wealthy New York grain  
dealer, who had come up  
into New England, and  
bought a quiet summer re-  
treat for himself and family  
—a large and picturesque  
hill farm, whereon were a  
trout brook, a pickerel pond,  
partridge coverts, and a substantial,  
roomy house, quite comfortable, though  
somewhat old, and large enough to  
accommodate the parties he annually  
brought up with him from the city for  
the hunting and the fishing.

Mr. Isham was a pleasant, social  
man, who always had a cheery word  
for his new rural neighbours, and  
asked so many questions about farming  
stock and crops that he became very  
popular in that region.

One mild April morning, as his  
neighbour, Farmer Stoddard, was driv-  
ing past "Isham Farm," as the rich  
merchant's was called thereabouts, he  
was surprised to see the owner come  
bowing and smiling towards the gate.  
"I ran up from New York last night  
to see if it was beginning to thaw out  
here," he said, "and to carry out a  
little project which I have had in my  
head all winter. I have thought that,  
in a place like this, some sort of busi-  
ness that would make a local market  
for the products of the neighbouring  
farms, would be a great benefit to the  
owners. It has occurred to me that  
I would put up two or three cider  
mills and a distillery or two over on  
Stony Brook. That would make a  
demand for all the superfluous grain  
hereabouts, as well as for all the apples  
which I hear are frequently left in  
great quantities on the ground to decay  
in the numerous orchards."

"There were cider mills and a dis-  
tillery here in town when I was a lad,"  
replied Farmer Stoddard, gravely.

"Is that so?" queried Mr. Isham,  
still chirk and pleasant in his manner.

"Did they do a good business?"  
"I will show you what they did if  
you will step into my buggy and ride  
with me two or three miles out to my  
brother's."

"All right," replied Mr. Isham.  
"I am glad to go with you. I thought  
I would speak to a few of the leading  
farmers about this project of mine, and  
you are the first one I have met since  
my return. I don't know that I have  
ever met your brother whom you are  
taking me to see."

"Quite likely not," replied Mr.  
Stoddard. "He owns a farm in a  
retired locality in the north part of  
the town. He was chosen overseer of  
the poor at our last town meeting, and  
all our paupers are now quartered  
there. Here we are," said the intelli-  
gent, thrifty farmer, as he drew up  
his sleek bay filly in front of a long,  
low, red house, on the south side of  
which a dozen or so wretched samples  
of humanity were out sunning them-  
selves. They looked tolerably clean  
and well kept, but were very decrepit,  
and gazed out from sore, red eyes set  
in very sodden and blotched faces.  
Two, one man and one woman, were  
insane. The woman, who was known  
as "Aunt Huldah," was greatly taken  
with the handsome, finely-dressed,  
portly city man, and ran after him, as  
he, Mr. Stoddard, walked through the  
door-yard towards the large barns,

calling on her fellow-paupers to "see  
what a beautiful lover" had come for  
her at last.

"Poor, demented creature!" said  
Mr. Isham pityingly, as he passed  
through a gateway and escaped from  
her repeated and vehement protesta-  
tions of affection.

"It is a sorrowful sight, indeed,"  
said Mr. Stoddard. "She lived near  
the distillery I was speaking to you  
about. In those, her younger days,  
she used to board the help then em-  
ployed about it. By degrees she her-  
self came to like the cider brandy  
made there, and of which nearly every-  
body in the vicinity drank as freely as  
of water. Finally the doctors said her  
brain had become paralyzed. She is  
harmless, and so is kept here rather  
than at the asylum, where, for a year  
or two, she was homesick and very  
unhappy. She has no near relatives  
and, of course, no property.

"This is Captain Ball, one of our  
former businessmen," continued Farmer  
Stoddard pausing before a thin, bent,  
pallid-faced old man, who was sawing  
wood in a weakly way, in front of the  
woodshed. "When I was a boy the  
captain carried on a driving business."

"Yes, yes, to be sure," spoke up the  
poor creature, in a wheezing voice,  
vainly endeavouring to straighten him-  
self up. "I owned a distillery and  
did do a driving business, and no  
mistake—but somehow I lost money.  
My wife used to say I was the best  
wholesale customer I had. Perhaps I  
was, for I never went dry in those days  
—although I've had to since I came  
here. He! he! A good many folks  
used to say that the old still was no  
benefit to the town. Perhaps it wasn't,  
but I made a market for what was  
raised about here. I tell you, I made  
a prime article of cider brandy, and  
corn whiskey, too; yet there were  
always some folks in town that cursed  
me for it."

"Where are the men who worked  
for you in your distillery, your neigh-  
bours who had money invested in it,  
and those in this region who were the  
largest consumers of your fine brands  
of whiskey and cider brandy?" asked  
Farmer Stoddard in his grave, quiet  
way.

"He! he!" sickly laughed the  
captain again. "Those who are not in  
the burying ground are here, waiting  
to be carried there."

"It is a fact," said Overseer Stoddard,  
coming up now and greeting his brother,  
and, after an introduction, Mr. Isham,  
"that every one of these 'boarders' of  
mine here was brought hither directly  
or indirectly by that old distillery. That  
little hunchback girl over there by the  
door is a grandchild of the old captain  
with whom you were just now talking.  
His only son married a daughter of  
'Aunt Huldah.' They were both  
burned to death one midnight not  
many years ago, through the careless-  
ness of the drunken husband, who set  
the house on fire. That poor little  
creature, who was badly mutilated by  
burns, but was saved alive, is the  
unfortunate offspring of that union.  
Oh, it was hell upon earth over there  
in the 'Still village,' when I was a boy!  
At last the more respectable part of  
the community would stand such work  
no longer, and one dark night the  
distillery was levelled to the ground.  
The old captain there was promptly  
and fully paid for his loss—in fact,  
much more than the property was  
worth—but he soon drank up the

money, as well as the rest of his  
property, and he and his sole living  
descendant are here to-day."

"I am a man of the world, and have  
seen some of the ill-effects of rum in  
my day, especially in the various forms  
that come across one's path in a great  
city, but not exactly in this light,"  
said Mr. Isham, as he and Farmer  
Stoddard were driving homeward. "I  
like this old town, however, and really  
want to do something to benefit it in  
the way of business."

"Build a cheese factory for us,"  
suggested Farmer Stoddard.

"Good!" cried Mr. Isham. "And  
what is more, I will start a vinegar-  
making establishment. Your rich  
Vermont cheese and pure cider vinegar  
will find a ready market in New York."

And so to-day the gracious cereals  
that are raised in the fertile meadows  
and plains in the old town of W—,  
feed the sleek, Juno-eyed cows that  
graze on the rich pasture fields of its  
hillsides, and the luscious milk goes  
into the best of cheese; while the cart-  
loads of apples that were formerly left  
to decay in the large and prolific  
orchards, are utilized by the vinegar  
factory. The farmers are more pros-  
perous than ever, and bless the day  
when the wealthy New York merchant  
first came to pass his summer there,  
and put a little vim into them, withal.  
They are also thankful for good Farmer  
Stoddard's instrumentality in biasing  
Mr. Isham's business projects to their  
benefit.—Church and Home.

## THE FOOL'S PENCE.

A POORLY-DRESSED man,  
whose looks plainly showed  
that he was a good customer  
at the saloon, was one day complimen-  
ting the mistress of a fine gin-palace  
which she had newly fitted up. He  
praised the chairs, the paper, the lamps,  
and even her gay attire. Through the  
open door he caught a glimpse of the  
gay parlor where her daughter was  
drumming on the piano. He could  
not see how she could afford it, and  
asked, "How do you manage?" She  
looked scornfully around upon the  
group of half-starved tipplers who had  
just come in, and answered: "Tis the  
fool's pence that does it all."

One of the men, more manly than  
the rest, was struck with the answer,  
and, contrasting her surroundings with  
those of his own home, mentally  
resolved he would be a fool no longer,  
for his pence hereafter should go to  
his wife, and not in her till. He left  
the saloon and never entered it again.

## THE SCOTT ACT FIGHT.

A T recent meeting of brewers,  
distillers, and others con-  
cerned in the liquor traffic,  
between \$30,000 and \$40,000 was sub-  
scribed to a fund established for the  
purpose of fighting the Scott Act in  
the coming campaign. Of this money,  
Mr. George Gooderham, head of the  
firm of Gooderham & Worts, subscribed  
\$10,000. A rumour has gained circula-  
tion to the effect that the brewers  
and distillers will press the Dominion  
Government to bring on the Scott Act  
elections not all upon the same day, as  
it is understood they will be petitioned  
for, but in groups of four or five coun-  
ties at a time. The object of this  
would be to enable the liquor interest  
to concentrate its forces.