

## Selections.

## REAPING AND SOWING.

There lived a man so we are told,  
Within our land in days of old,  
Who chanced a piece of land to own,  
By thorns and wild vines overgrown.

He started out one sunny morn,  
Determined he would raise some corn;  
To clear the land he did not stop,  
But went ahead to plant his crop.

The thorns and branches choked his way,  
He toiled on from day to day,  
Until at last he'd plowed the land  
And dropped the seed with careful hand.

But when at last the autumn came,  
To see that crop it was a shame,  
The briars and brambles had full sway,  
And from the grain shut out the day.

The scattered, withered stalks of corn  
His neighbors loudly laughed to scorn.  
Now smile not when this tale you scan,  
For there are thousands like this man.

Who spend their time, and money, too,  
Some great reform to carry through,  
But, when election day is passed,  
They find their labor vain at last.

Because the grog shops in the land,  
Have paralyzed the statesman's hand,  
Have choked away the law and right,  
And almost turned our day to night,

This moral then, as you must see,  
Is plain to all as plain can be,  
You'll raise no crop, the rule is sound,  
Until you first have cleared the ground.

## IMPORTANT TO DRINKERS.

A man who drinks whiskey may feel  
Awhile frisky,  
And paint the town brilliantly red;  
But soon in the gutter with misery  
utter  
He will curse and wish himself dead.

A man who drinks brandy may feel  
like a dandy,  
As long as the smell's on his breath;  
But soon in the tremens, snakes,  
bogies and demons  
Will chase him and scare him to  
death.

A man who drinks wine may feel very  
fine,  
And play funny antics and shout;  
But for it he'll pay with headaches  
next day,  
And die when he's young from the  
gout.

A man who drinks gin with pleasure  
will grin,  
And have what he calls a good time;  
Till with a red nose and dirty old  
clothes,  
He, homeless, will be for a dime.

A man who drinks beer feels good for  
a year,  
And thinks it don't hurt him a bit;  
Till, bloated and red, he goes to his bed,  
Or falls on the street in a fit.

But he who drinks water, as everyone  
oughter,  
Enjoys to the utmost his life;  
He's happy and healthy, respected and  
loved,  
And loved by his children and wife  
— H. C. Dodge, in *Chicago Sun*.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

"Please, Mister, give me a penny."  
This was the appeal made to me one  
August evening as I walked up Ontario  
Street, in Cleveland, Ohio.

It came from a little boy who was  
leaning against a hitching post.  
"So you want a penny do you?  
And what would you do with a penny  
if you had one?"

"I want to buy something to eat."  
"O, you are hungry, are you?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Did you have your supper?"  
"No, sir."  
"Did you have your dinner?"  
"No, sir."

I didn't ask him if he had breakfast.  
I knew what the answer would be, for  
his little drawn features told me that in  
his appeal he had spoken his need; and  
that that day was one of many the  
same.

I took him to the nearest bakery and  
told the clerk to give him just what he  
wanted.

He chose a two-cent piece of ginger-  
bread; and when the clerk gave it to  
him he broke it in the middle and  
began wrapping one-half in paper.

"Why," said I, "you said you were  
hungry and here you are only going  
to eat half a two-cent piece of ginger-  
bread. What are you going to do with  
the other half?"

"Take it home to my little sister  
she's hungry, too."

"Didn't she have any supper either?"

"No, sir."

"Nor dinner?"

"She had half a bun and a cup of  
milk. Yesterday I got five cents and  
I bought some milk and two buns, and  
she had half a one this morning and  
the other half to-day."

"But what did you do with the  
other bun?"

"Please, sir, I gave it to my ma."

Here was a sad condition of things;  
a boy seven years old, hungry and  
begging for a penny to buy something  
to eat. A little girl, also hungry, and  
perhaps too young to beg. And a  
mother—surely only in the direst need  
would she take from her children in  
this way.

With the little fellow as my guide  
and more gingerbread for the hungry  
little sister, I started for the home  
where such a condition of things could  
exist.

Under the hill back of the Hay-  
market, in one of the poorest houses  
in even this locality was the place that  
little fellow called home.

As I entered I didn't wonder he was  
hungry and begging for himself and  
little sister.

Just inside the door, where he had  
fallen when he had entered the house  
two hours before, lay the father in a  
drunken stupor.

On the only whole chair in the room  
sat the wife and mother with a four-  
months' old babe in her arms that  
looked as if it was not long for this  
world.

Its looks were not deceiving, for in  
three days it was dead.

Sitting on the back door step was  
the "little sister," who was "hungry,  
too;" a pretty little girl of three years,  
who, as soon as she saw her little  
brother enter with a piece of ginger-  
bread, ran to him with outstretched  
hands, knowing there was a piece for  
her, too.

As I looked at the wife and mother  
there was something strangely familiar  
about her. A few minutes conversa-  
tion revealed the fact that I had known  
her in my boyhood; a bright and  
happy young woman, daughter of  
respectable and well-to-do parents  
near my childhood home.

In her girlhood there was nothing  
wonderful about her. She was never  
called "beautiful," but was spoken of as  
"pretty."

She was never considered the "belle  
of the village," but was a pleasant and  
sought-after member of society.

She was ambitious to succeed in  
school; had fitted herself for teaching,  
and had taught two or three terms.

Could it be that this white-haired  
woman, with pale face and shrunken  
cheeks, sitting there so languid with  
that poor, wan babe in her arms, was  
the dark-haired, rosy-checked, bright-  
eyed, vivacious young woman I knew  
when a boy?

Many times I had visited at her  
father's home.

Many times I had eaten at their  
table, where there was always plenty.  
Never did I think I would meet her  
under these conditions; the wife of a  
confirmed drunkard; the mother of  
starving children, and she so weak  
from lack of food that she could not  
furnish nourishment for the babe at  
her breast.

She had married, much against her  
parents' wishes, a comparative stranger.

She was receiving the attentions of  
one of the best young men of the  
neighborhood, and he had hoped to  
make her his wife.

I believe he had not asked her if she  
would thus honor him. But he loved  
her and had reason to believe his love  
was reciprocated, and that he would  
some day lead her to the hymeneal  
altar, and from there to the home he  
was preparing, and that together they  
could lead the sweetest, happiest life.

But as it has often been, another  
young man stepped between them; a  
young man of a more ardent nature,  
and, as we say, "turned her head,"  
and in six months after she first met  
him she was his wife.

It was known that he took an "occa-  
sional glass," and twice during the six  
months he had been seen "intoxicated."

Her parents and friends tried to per-  
suade her to give him up; or, at least,  
to wait a year, but she would not heed  
them.

She made the fatal mistake made by  
many a trusting girl. She thought it  
was all because of his free and happy  
nature. That when out with his  
associates he was overpersuaded, and  
that when they would settle in their  
own home she would have such an  
influence over him that he would give  
it up entirely.

Fatal mistake! My dear young lady,  
don't you make it. For each time this  
plan will succeed there will be a thou-  
sand failures. For each young woman  
who has ventured upon it and has  
realized upon her hopes a thousand  
have wept in bitter disappointment.

As I looked upon that drunken  
husband and father, those starving  
children, and that emaciated wife and  
mother, I knew she had been disap-  
pointed. And I prayed that other girls  
having the same idea that she had in  
her lovely girlhood might listen to the  
entreaties of friends and thus save  
themselves from the sad life that she  
has suffered.

When I began to converse with her  
she didn't recognize me. I had grown  
from a boy of fourteen to a bearded  
man of thirty-seven.

When I told her who I was she began  
weeping, and in a piteous wail said:  
"O, I never thought that any one who  
knew me as a girl should see me as  
I am to-day. And I prayed that they  
might not."

When she had grown calmer I  
learned her sad story.

The first year I knew, for it was  
spent near her childhood home. But  
the appetite for liquor grew stronger  
in the young husband, and in spite of  
all she could do, he grew less and less  
able to control it, and twice had to be  
helped home.

The proud spirit of the young wife  
could not stand the disgrace in her old  
home, and she asked him to move.

To this he consented, and sought and  
found a position at Detroit, Mich.

He tried to master the appetite, and  
she was encouraged to believe he  
would succeed, and that there was a  
happy future for her. A little girl  
came to brighten the home and this  
seemed to help him in his efforts to  
reform.

He spent his evenings at home; was  
a good kind husband, and provided  
well for his wife and child.

But before that precious bit of sun-  
shine had been in the house two years  
diphtheria did its work, with a warning  
of only three days.

The shock was so sudden, and so  
severe to the father, that he seemed to  
lose control of himself entirely and he  
fell under the power of his old appetite,  
which his wife fondly hoped was  
broken, never to trouble him again.  
Again the wife felt the disgrace; again  
she proposed a change of location, and  
they came to Cleveland.

Here as before he made an effort to  
reform. The change seemed to help  
him and with new associates he was  
sober for a time. But in a few years  
he went back to his old ways, and,  
though a little boy was born to them,  
and then a girl, and then another girl  
he kept on the downward road till  
they were where I found them that  
August evening.

How my heart went out to that poor  
woman sitting there in that hovel,  
with her starving babe in her arms,  
the two older children eating the  
beggars' bread and her husband who  
should have been her protector and  
support in a drunken stupor on the  
floor.

Could it be that this woman was the  
bright, happy girl I knew when a boy!

What a contrast. There she was  
the bright, happy girl I knew when a  
boy!

What a contrast. Then she was  
the joy of a home, a leader among her  
girl friends, and always wore a smile.  
Now she has no home, no society, and  
is sad beyond my power to tell.

Then she could offer me a comfort-  
able seat in a well furnished house;  
now she hasn't a whole chair to offer  
me, and few of any kind. And the  
change; the awful change, is charg-  
able to drink.

Do not wonder, then, that I dip my  
pen again to say to you, dear girls,  
"Don't run the risk that girl ran.  
Don't make the fatal mistake that she  
made, lest, like her, you grow old  
before your time, and with a sad  
heart have to look back over your life  
only to say, 'It might have been  
different.'"—Rev. J. S. Warren, in  
*N. T. Advocate*.

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

RT. HON. AND MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE.

To the great cause of temperance I  
have been attached now for a great  
number of years, and have given to it  
a great deal of labor, so far as it was  
possible for me to fit that labor in with  
the duties which belong to me in the  
Church of Christ. And I have always  
looked upon everything that I could  
do for the promotion of this cause as  
being closely bound up with the work  
which I have to do as the minister of  
the Lord to the people of England.

I am myself a total abstainer, be-  
cause I believe that is the best and  
most effective mode of bringing about  
sobriety in the community in general.  
I believe that I can do more as a total  
abstainer in that direction than if I  
were to be ever so careful and moder-  
ate in consuming alcoholic drink.

The progress of the temperance  
movement during the sixty years'  
reign of our Queen has been very  
remarkable, especially in the attitude  
of the medical profession to the use of  
alcoholic liquors, and if this progress  
continues I am quite sure we shall out-  
number our opponents, and, indeed,  
make it the custom and the fashion not  
to drink alcoholic liquors.

There has been progress both on the  
social side, and the estimate which  
ordinary people make of the matter,  
and also on the scientific side as regards  
the judgment of officials. On the  
moral side also do people more and  
more come to the conclusion that if  
this country is really to deserve the  
name of Christian country we must  
drive this curse out.

What I object to is for a man to say,  
"I have nothing to do with the matter.  
I keep myself sober, and I need not  
care about other people. They must  
resist their own temptations." To all  
such men I would say, in the first  
place, "Do you really take care that  
you will not put temptation in their  
way? Are you doing your best to  
keep out of that which is certainly a  
practice of the father of evil?" The  
Lord says, "Temptations must needs  
come." It goes on to say, "Woe to  
the man by whom the offence cometh."  
Therefore, every man who calls himself  
a Christian at all is bound to examine  
carefully into his own life and say, "Is  
my conduct such as to tempt my  
brother to this great sin, to this ruinous  
vice of intemperance?"

I want to see changes made by the  
Legislature, but there is a great deal  
we can do without going to the Legis-  
lature; and, further, what we can do  
for ourselves, without the aid of Par-  
liament, will help us far more speedily  
to persuade Parliament to do what we  
want from them. If you want to carry  
your cause to victory, endeavor to  
increase your numbers. In a matter  
like this, members of parliament do  
not listen very much to argument, but  
they listen very carefully to numbers.

The quiet action of ordinary people  
who have seen what a really important  
thing it is to get rid of this curse from  
the country is far better than any  
speech spoken by the greatest orator  
who ever lived. The real strength of  
the temperance reform lies with the  
rank and file, not with the general  
officers.

The more I have looked into the mat-  
ter the more convinced I am that the  
welfare of the class that lives by  
manual labor—and I confess I care  
more for them than for any other class  
of society—largely depends upon our  
driving out the terrible temptations to  
intemperance that now beset their  
path at every turn. I do believe that  
if we could make this a really sober  
country we should be conferring a  
benefit upon our fellow-men far beyond  
anything that can be done by money,  
or by any other kind of self-sacrifice.

The one thing that I would impress  
upon all those interested in the cause,  
beyond everything else, is persever-  
ance. You may be defeated again and  
again, and statesmen may pour cold  
water on all your efforts in abundant  
streams; but persevere! It may hap-  
pen in a very little time we may turn  
the streams back again, and make  
those who give us the cold water find  
that it is boiling hot.

We shall, in the course of time,  
make statesmen understand that their  
government of this country is very  
much bound up with their dealings  
with such evils as arise from intem-  
perance, and unless they are willing  
to take their part in handling such  
difficulties as are constantly besetting  
us, they will find their hold upon the  
affections, the esteem, the regard, and,  
what is more to them than all else, the  
following of the people, is lost, never  
to be regained.