

SELECTIONS.

THE DAWNING.

BY MRS. J. B. SHIRLEY, DORSET.

Written for the Camp Fire.

Gladly do we hail the dawning
Of a brighter, happier day,
Soon the clouds of dark intemperance
Shall have passed from earth away.

We, through faith, can see the morning
Breaking through the shades of night,
And the glorious sun of temperance
Rising in his power and might.

Now bright Hope her pinions spreading,
Bears the news the wide world o'er;
Lo! the tyrant's chain is broken,
Lo! his slaves are slaves no more.

See fair Charity, inviting
All, in love to all, to stand
'Gainst the cruel drink, uniting
In a strong, fraternal band.

Soon our watchword, Prohibition,
Shall be heard from shore to shore,
And the cries of helpless victims
"Will disgrace our land no more

THE LAND OF PROHIBITION.

BY MRS. HARRISON LEE.

No broken windows or hanging doors,
No greasy walls or dirty floors,
But pretty homes and gardens gay,
Scent of sweet flowers miles away
In the Land of Prohibition.

No 'ragged weans,' no wreny wives,
No women in fear for their wretched
lives,
But merry maids and bonny boys,
And streets alive with glad some noise
In the Land of Prohibition.

No aching hearts and dragging feet,
No unemployed in any street,
But bounding step and cheery song,
Work for the willing, brave and strong
In the Land of Prohibition.

No frowning jails or prisons drear,
No criminals in training here,
But far and wide our banner waves
O'er men who never shall be slaves
In the Land of Prohibition.

No public debt to make men frown,
No breaking banks to crush them down,
No empty coffers in the state,
For debts are small and income great
In the Land of Prohibition.

Dear, far-off country of my birth,
The grandest spot upon the earth,
Oh, may I live to see the day
When all the woe shall pass away
And glorious, beautiful and free
Thou shalt arise victoriously—
The Land of Prohibition.

—Union Signal.

PROHIBITION DEFINED.

I'm a prohibitionist through and
through,
As the woes and crimes of this world I
view,

I pity its sad condition.
The fountain of wrong I'd forever dry,
To stop the flow, I'd stop the supply,
And this is prohibition.

If I knew a baker so bad and bold,
That he poisoned each loaf of bread he
sold,

I'd try him by inquisition,
Then I'd oven him up in stone walls
four,

Where he could not peddle out death
any more.

And this is prohibition.

If I saw a butcher selling meat
Putrid and spoiled in the market-place—
Act worthy the son of perdition,
I'd fasten him up with a chain so strong,
That he never again would do this
wrong,

And this is prohibition.

If I had a fold and a wolf should creep
Within, to devour my lambs and sheep,
I never would wait for commission,
But to stop his prowls, I'd stop his
breath,
And save my flock by his instant death,
And this is prohibition.

If a poisonous snake by the roadside
lay,

To bite every traveler passing that way,
I'd curb his Satanic ambition;
An iron heel on his head I'd bring,
And crush out his life and its venomous
sting,

And this is prohibition.

If I had a dog that would bark and bite,
And worry my neighbor day and night,
I'd perform a feat in division,
In spite of his barking, and yelpings,
and tears,

I'd cut off his tail just back of his ears.
And this is prohibition.

If vendors of rum throughout the land
Are dealing out poison on every hand,
Regardless of age or condition,
I want a law to stop the supply,
And the law enforced till the traffic
shall die.

And this is prohibition.

—Revised by Clement M. Dodge.

LITTLE JENNY'S HYMN.

A few years ago there lived in a city
in Scotland a man who was notorious
for his wickedness. Late one Saturday
night he returned to his miserable
room, mad drunk, and, after lighting
and swearing and creating a terrible
disturbance, sunk upon his wretched
bed, and slept. He awoke about eleven
o'clock on Sunday morning, and called
for more drink with furious oaths.
His wife, fearing his ill-treatment,
dared not answer; but his little girl
went up to him timidly, and said—

"We haven't any money, father, and
nothing in the house for dinner;" and,
with her mind full of a little hymn she
had learnt at the Sunday-school, added,
"May I sing to you father?"

"Yes," he replied, "you may sing if
you like, but I want more drink."
With a quivering voice, growing
stronger and sweeter as she proceeded,
she sang—

"I am so glad that our Father in
Heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has
given.

Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
Jesus loves me, even me."

When she had finished the hymn—
"That is very pretty," he said: "you
may sing it again."

As she sang, the scolding tears began
to trickle down his cheeks. He buried
his face in his hands, and at its close he
cried, "Oh, Jenny, do you think that
Jesus loves me—a wretch such as I am?
Will He love even me?" and presently
he sank upon his knees and, for the
first time in his life, prayed for mercy.
"Nye's Stories for the Band of Hope."

DOWN WITH THE SALOON.

Down with the saloon! Let that be
the slogan and every voice a trumpet
to proclaim it.

Down with the saloon! It is God's
relentless enemy, the nations and
yours.

Down with the saloon! It has no
respect for home, the church, the
Sabbath. It curses the one, blasphemes
the other and tramples upon the third.

Down with the saloon! It breeds
violence and ruin. Twenty anarchists
were dragged from an apartment of a
Chicago doggerly the other day. It was
a fitting place for them. The two
bad things mix.

Down with the saloon! It is pledged
by the most infamous means to perpet-
uate its diabolical ruin. It fattens
upon the corruption it breeds, and, like
the wrecker, is enriched by the ruin it
works.

Down with the saloon! It multiplies
madhouses and prisons and crowds
their cells with brutalized, raving,
cursing human wrecks.

Down with the saloon! It controls
our politics, corrupts our legislators,
intimidates our judiciary and insults
every sense of decency with insolent
contempt.

Down with the saloon! Its ranks
are filled with troops of murderers,
thieves, perjurers, tramps, libertines
and harlots, who scoff at the restraints
of society and thirst for blood.

Down with the saloon! It robs
thousands of homes of their most
promising boys, and, all besotted, and
ruined, hurls them into drunkards'
graves.

Down with the saloon! Talk against
it. Work against it. Fight against it.
Pray against it. Vote against it.—
Official Organ of Epworth Leagues.

WHOM IT BENEFITS.

Prohibition benefits the butcher,
because he will sell more steaks and
fewer five cent soup bones.

The baker, because his bread will go
into homes where the black bottle and
growler held sway.

The clothier, because the overworn
garments will be cast aside and not be
made over a dozen times.

The shoemaker, because many who
now go barefooted, even in bad
weather, will become wearers of shoes.

The publisher, because men and
women, having more desire for
advancement, will naturally take to
reading: the old greasy, fifty times-
read newspaper of the grog shop hav-
ing lost its powers, the whole family
will read.

The landlords, because they can then
collect their rents and get better prices.
The farmers, because more will be
consumed of better quality and at
better prices.

The preachers, because more men
would join the church and improve
their opportunity to do good.

The buggy maker, because more men
could afford to ride.

The iron merchant, because the
increased use for useful material would
demand his services.

Merchants, mechanics and manu-
facturers of all kinds, because the one
billion five hundred million dollars now
spent for liquor in this country would
go into legitimate circulation for
healthful and useful pursuits.

The foregoing are some of the finan-
cial reasons why all classes will be
benefitted by the prohibition of the
manufacture and sale of alcoholic
beverages. The moral reasons are too
numerous to mention and the political
reasons are myriad. *Southern Journal.*

TOUCH NOT.

Think of it, boys, the next time you
take up a cigarette, drop it as you
would a coal of fire. The latter would
simply burn your fingers; but this
burns up good health, good resolutions,
good manners, good memories, good
faculties, and often honesty and truth-
fulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under
the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid
and subject to nervous twitching, till
finally he was obliged to give up his
studies. When asked why he did not
throw away his miserable cigarettes,
the poor boy replied, with tears, that
he had often tried to do so, but could
not.

Another boy of eleven was made
crazy by cigarette smoking, and was
taken to an insane asylum in Orange
County, New York. He was regarded
as a violent and a dangerous maniac
exhibiting some of the signs peculiar
to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and
inside the cheeks, called smoker's
patches, are thought by Sir Morell
Mackenzie to be more common with
users of cigarettes than with other
smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the
lungs?" asked some one of a leading
New York physician. For his answer,
the doctor lighted a cigarette, and
inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it
through the corner of his handkerchief
which he held tightly over his mouth.
A dark brown stain was distinctly visible.
"Just such a stain," said the doctor,
"is left upon the lungs." If you ever
smoke another cigarette, think of the
stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette
eye, which is regarded as dangerous.
A film comes over the eye, appearing
and disappearing at intervals. And
did you know that boys have been
made blind by smoking cigarettes?
How would you like to part with your
sight, and never again behold the light
of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures?
A writer greatly interested in young
people (Josiah Leeds) describes a pitiful
spectacle which he saw—a pale wee-
begone boy, seemingly less than ten
years old, standing at the entrance of
an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated
trousers very ragged at the knees, his
hands in his pockets, shivering with
cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in
Washington a wretched looking child,
scarcely five years old, smoking a
cigarette and blowing the smoke from
his nostrils. His pale pinched face was
twitching convulsively, his little
shoulders were bent, and his whole
appearance was that of an old man."—
Christian at Work.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.)

GOOD TEMPLAR BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

The Good Templar Benefit Associa-
tion of the Grand Lodge of Canada has
been established for the purpose of en-
abling Good Templars to provide for
themselves and their families the bene-
fits and protection of Life Insurance
within the Order, and at a reasonable
cost.

The Insurance Benefits provided by
the Association are:

(1) Insurance Benefit, limited to \$500,
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the seventieth.

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(1) Sick Benefit of \$5 per week during
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The assessments for the Insurance
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has the advantage of enabling members
to know at the outset just how much
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in each year, as well as when it has to
be paid, so that they can make pro-
vision for the payments.

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prepared from the experience of stan-
dard life insurance companies, covering
half a century or more, and is designed
to provide members of the Association
with insurance as nearly at cost as
possible. Provision is made for estab-
lishing a Reserve Fund of \$100,000, all
surplus beyond that amount to be
applied to the reduction of the assess-
ments of members.

Full particulars about this important
department of Good Templar work
may be obtained by applying to one of
the officers of the Benefit Association.
Bro. John E. Wilson, of Toronto, is
President, and Bro. Thos. Lawless, of
Toronto, is Secretary-Treasurer.

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"The audience alternately roared
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quivering lips."—*Montreal Witness.*

"Masterly, eloquent and convincing.
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and at another convulsed with laughter
by his epigrams, sallies and witti-
cisms."—*Toronto Mail.*

"An interesting story, told in elo-
quent language, in which the pathetic
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"Held his audience spell-bound,
while he painted in vivid colors the
battle-fields that he had witnessed."—
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