



God Speed the Cause.

* (L. J. Penny, in the 'National Advocate.')

God speed the cause we advocate!
Oh, may He hear our prayer!
May it increase a thousand fold!
May the old, the young, the fair,
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
Wh'er the wine-cup flows,
Join heart and hand
To free our land
From drink's ten thousand woes.

Our cause is Heaven's; the war is God's,
And angels watch the fight.
It may be long, it may be strong,
But on our side is Right.
Then onward! hopeful, earnest hearts;
We cannot fail to win;
On, on to save
From early grave
Our drink-enfettered kin.

What though the march to victory seem
A slow, a weary one,
Still let our war-cry ever be
'On, Temperance workers, on!'
Oh, falter not; the work is worth
That Heaven we all would gain;
What's well begun
Is half way done,
Now join my last refrain.

Christmas Cookery Without Brandy.

There was a mother who had not learned the danger of using wine and brandy in her cooking. A gentleman was taking dinner with the family, so the pudding sauce had what she felt the necessary quantity of wine in it. A dear little boy, who still lisped, sat at the table, and at last he asked, 'Mamma, what it thith thaught made of? Is taathteth very, very good.' The mother replied, 'Butter and sugar,' thinking that enough information for the child. He tasted it again and asked, 'What elth it it made of? I can tathe thsomething elth.' The gentleman gave a laughing look across the table, as much as to say to the mother, 'You are cornered now; I wonder how you will get out.' She then mentioned the different spices, leaving out the wine. The child said again, 'It ith very good,' and after a few moments' silence he added, 'Mamma, are you not glad we are not the kind of folkth that eat whithky?' All at the table except the mother just laughed, but the question of the little man went home to her heart. She resolved that her boy should never learn to like the taste of wine at the home table. From that time no drop of anything intoxicating was used in her cooking. The boy grew up to be a strong, intellectual abstainer.—Exchange.

A Bar.

Charles Raymond, a writer in the Toronto 'Daily Star,' gives the following on the bar:

I stood before a door and read upon it in gilded letters the one word 'Bar.' As I read a man pushed open the door, and, staggering out, fell upon his face on the pavement. When he rose a thin red stream trickled down his cheek. He fumbled for his handkerchief, and the blood stained it, and dyed his hands. It was the blood of a sacrifice offered up at the shrine of the bar.

A Bar! Yes, well named, a bar to happiness, for what happiness is there in a mind that is distorted, and a face that is bloody?

A Bar! Yes, to good society, who wants a drunken man? He is not welcome at the theatre, club or concert. He is a nuisance as he reels the streets; he is a trouble at his own home.

A Bar! Yes, drunken men there is a bar against you in the very hotel where you bought

the liquor and became drunk. You are not wanted there, for you are a bad advertisement, for who is the hotel man who will point to you and say: 'That is my make.' 'That is my customer.' 'That is a product of my brand?'

A Bar! Well named, well, put, short, pithy and to the point, b-a-r. Bar to a position of trust, to an increase of power, to a fuller confidence of the employer, a better using of time. A bar to good, to the white life, to the strong life and to the well rounded character.

A Bar! Yes, see it, the bottles behind, the rail in front, and the row of worshippers offering themselves soul and body at the shrine.

A Bar! Yes, a bar to decency, to right judgment.

A Bar! The rent is behind, the grocer is unpaid, and the money is blown, but what odds, 'Have another.'

A Bar! Yes, to all that makes for man's best interest and the development of his higher nature, to that character that is the only thing that will stand the wrench of time.

A Bar! How short, terse and expressive. Yes, but not a bar to a woe on earth and woe hereafter.—'Canadian Royal Templar.'

'Respectable Rum Seller.'

Might as well say respectable murderer! For the rum seller deals out to the drunkards the 'distilled perdition' that causes murders, ruins families, fills almshouses, jails and penitentiaries, and makes merchandise of the souls of the victims. Respectable rum seller! There is no such thing as respectability about a traffic that ruins both soul and body, and causes more than half the crimes which are committed. Too much cannot be said or done against it. It is high time that the prominent business men awake from their carelessness in this matter, and see to it, that they never go into the devil's recruiting offices (saloons), for when they do, they seem to say by their example, that the rum seller is respectable; and their example is mighty for good or for evil. How can they stand aloof while their neighbors, and even their sons are being ruined by strong drink? How can they stand idly by, without even making an effort to save them, excusing themselves as does the rum seller, by saying, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' God says, not that the rum seller is respectable, but 'Wee unto him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips, to make him drunken with strong drink.' Let us say by our example as well as by our precept, total abstinence, now and forever; and may God hasten the day when no one shall say, 'respectable rum' seller.—'Zion's Watchman.'

Which Shall it Be?

A tidy home for Betsy and me,
With just enough room for one, two, three?
Or a tumble-down hut with a broken gate,
And a sad-eyed woman toiling early and late:
Which shall it be
For mine and me?

A five-cent glass of beer for me,
Or a five-cent loaf for all of us three?
Beer or baby—wine or wife—
Which do I hold more precious than life?
Which shall it be
For mine and me?

—'Forward.'

There are people who keep their horses in the stall, their cattle in the yard, and their hogs in the pen, but their young folks run wild. Take as good care of your children as you do of your live stock, especially of nights.
—Lauren Dillon.

Our Richest Heritage.

Our PEOPLE are our richest heritage. Yet we are losing, and have been, for a century, many of our brightest and best as the result of the liquor traffic. Mr. Bok, of the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' lately told of a well-known writer, who had often received \$100 for a single article for a review, who came into his office begging for any kind of work. He was ruined by drink, and is now addressing wrappers in a cellar at \$1 per 1,000. And this, alas! only one case in a thousand.—Exchange.

The Wedding Ring's Story.

(John Rhodes, C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

(Concluded.)

He asked if he might read to them from a very favorite book of his he always carried with him. They consented, thinking it would be some book of poetry perhaps. It was a little pocket Bible, and there was poetry in it; for he read to them Psalm xci., and my master and mistress felt they had never heard such soul-stirring words. Then he read a few verses from St. John's Gospel, chapter iii.—of God so loving the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on him might be saved from sin and death, and have everlasting life. Then they knelt down, and Robson prayed. Oh! the joy and peace that fell on the three of them on that memorable evening.

The next day Fred and Alice talked together earnestly and prayerfully of their previous evening's experiences, and both resolved that, by God's help, they would lead a new life.

'What about the drink?' asked Alice.

'Well,' replied Fred, 'I have been thinking of that. You notice Robson wears a bit of blue ribbon; that is to show that he is a total abstainer. Now I used to think and say that that bit of ribbon meant that a man had given up his liberty, his free will, his manliness. I used to think I never would sign a pledge, or do anything else like that, but now I see it is the drinker who is the slave, who has no free will, no manliness; so I have made up my mind that I'll sign the pledge, and, by God's help, never touch strong drink ever again.'

'Oh, thank God for that,' my mistress exclaimed, 'and I'll do the same. What shall we do with the wine, ale, and spirits we have in the house?'

'There is nothing else for us to do with it,' said Fred, 'but pour it down the sink; for if we feel it is a danger to us we must not give it to others, even if it does seem like waste.'

'Never mind what it cost,' said Alice; 'it shall go down this moment.'

'What about the racing and betting, Fred, dear?' asked Alice.

'My dear wife,' said he, 'they are done with also. What a blessing it has been that my eyes have been opened. Do you know what started me thinking of these things?'

'No!' replied my mistress.

'It was you reading that short story to me when I was so ill after one of my drinking turns. Yet I tried to stifle the thoughts, and Girling was always ready to chaff me and take me off for a drink.'

'What about him now?' asked Alice.

'As far as racing, betting and drinking go, I've completely done with him, and am going to make Robson my companion.'

My master left his sick room a changed man. I heard him tell his dear wife that the first thing he did on reaching the office was to thank Robson for his blessed help; then, in a few words he summed up his new position to Girling. That worthy sneered at him, asked if he intended becoming another milk-sop like Robson, and that Fred had replied: 'Ah! Girling, I shall be glad if I can only approach to something of Robson's goodness, and do for you what he has done for me.'

Days and weeks have changed into years.

I notice that my master and mistress and their bonnie daughter seem to grow nearer and dearer to each other. There was no more theatre going, no more drink was brought into their house, nor did they touch any anywhere else.

They both joined that noble body of workers in the temperance cause—the Band of Hope, and are sharing in its glorious work of reformation and uplifting.

Many times does my mistress say to her husband, 'What a dear husband you are!' And need I say that he has ready a similar compliment to pay his wife.

I can look forward to the rest of their lives passing on so happily; and shall never regret being their wedding ring.—'The Band of Hope Chronicle.'

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