

Selections.

THE SALOON MUST GO.
The saloon must go,
With its crime and woe,
And all of its evils that burden us so.
The careless church member—
Who fails to remember
That duty should spur him to master
the foe—
His actions say not,
But yet it will go.

The saloon must go,
Though the drunkard says no,
For blear-eyed and wretched he hugs
his worst foe,
While for a short season,
Bereft of his reason,
The poor hardened sinner his "wild
oats" will sow.
But, oh, the sad reaping,
The wailing, the weeping!
The saloon must go,
Though drunkards say no.

The saloon must go,
Though brewers say no,
For profits unrighteous from beer
barrels flow,
They find their chief pleasure
In heaping up treasure
That's wrung from hearts broken
with sorrow and woe.
Though the brewers say no
The saloon must go

The saloon must go,
Though barkeepers say no,
While each year more hardened and
shameful they grow.
They ruin the lives
Of the children and wives.
They cause all the sorrow, the hun-
ger and woe
That evermore come,
To the victim of rum
Barkeepers say no;
But still it must go

The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!
While viewing the heartaches, the
ruin and woe,
The brewer and vendor,
In spite of their splendor,
Must shoulder; though for it they
heaven forego.
The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!

Awake! Face the foe!
Fan the embers aglow,
That still in the conscience are
slumbering low,
While victims are weeping
Can Christians lie sleeping?
For God and His cause strike the
deathdealing blow.
The saloon must go,
For God's Word says so.

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.
It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting
dram
That the reason and senses drown.
He drank the luring poison—
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what he might
have been—
For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gates of sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought once when I
heard it
I should learn all its meaning my-
self;
I thought he'd be true to his mo-
ther;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas, for my hopes of delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great
evil?
No bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible waelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?
—Exchange.

THE PEOPLE RULE.

On October 4th, 1893, in connec-
tion with a Prohibition Convention,
a mass meeting was held in the Hor-

icultural Pavilion in Toronto. The
Provincial prohibition plebiscite had
not then been taken, but had been
decided upon by the Government.
The present Premier was then a
member of the Government, as well
as a member of the convention, and
delivered a rousing address at the
mass meeting. From this stirring
speech, which was received with
great enthusiasm, the following para-
graphs are taken.—

"It is said we have no guarantee
that a public opinion is favorable to
prohibition, even if the Ontario leg-
islature has the power, that it will
pass a prohibitory liquor law. You
have no guarantee? What guaran-
tee do you want? The contract be-
tween a representative and the
electors is not a contract between
two parties of equal status, but it is
a contract between master and ser-
vant. You are the master; the leg-
islature is the servant. Did you ever
hear of a Legislature that refused
to bow to public opinion? Such
Legislatures are known by their epi-
taphs, not by their legislation.

"The English House of Commons
for some years refused to listen to
the voices of Grenville, Sharpe,
Clarkson and Wilberforce when they
pleaded for the emancipation of the
slave, but by and by there arose a
House of Commons so transformed
and renovated by public opinion that
they paid the slaveholder twenty
millions sterling for the fetters with
which he had bound the slaves, that
they might be free.

"There was a House of Commons
that taxed the bread of England's
millions in the interest of the agri-
cultural landlord. There came up
from the battle-fields of public opin-
ion a House of Commons that said:
'It is not meet for us to tax the chil-
dren's bread for the sake of the
landlord,' and bread was made free.

"There was a House of Commons
in England that said: 'The franchise
is for the capitalist and the landed
aristocracy.' By and by there came
a House of Commons that said the
franchise should represent manhood
not money, and it is possible the time
may come when the House of Com-
mons may say that the franchise
will represent womanhood as well.

"You want guarantees from the
Legislature? You want the Legis-
lature to open the door while you
have the key in your own posses-
sion! You want the Legislature to
sign a bond not to trespass on your
property, while you hold a title to
it in fee simple. The Legislature
can have no permanent opinion of
its own. A few individuals may en-
deavor to control it, and sometimes
do control it for a time, but just
so sure as the superior force of the
allied armies of Wellington and Blü-
cher crushed Napoleon at Waterloo,
so sure will every Legislature that
resists public opinion be itself obli-
ged by and by to obey the mandate
of the people, or be relegated to a
position of retirement where its
opinions will be as harmless as the
rhapsodies of Napoleon at St. Hel-
ena.

"The people of this country are su-
preme, and when their will is de-
cisively expressed, Legislatures dare
not offer opposition even if they
would. Will we have prohibition,
then? Certainly, if we want it, and
there is nobody who can say 'Nay'
to our demand."

DRINK AND CYCLISTS.

Zimmerman, the world's champion,
says to cyclists:—"Don't smoke; it
depresses the heart and shortens the
wind. Don't drink; drink never
wins races. I have trophies at
home which would have belonged to
others if they had left liquor alone."

And J. Parsons, the fifty-mile Vic-
torian champion, who does not
smoke, and has given up alcoholic
stimulants, says:—"I abandoned even
moderate indulgence in liquor, be-
cause I could not win races when
so indulging. Since I refrained al-
together from drink I have started
in five races and have won four—the
fifty-mile championship, the Victoria
road race, and the half-mile and ten-
mile races in Adelaide."

While Mr. Tebbutt, on being asked
his opinion, replied:—"Well, it some-
times happens that a non-abstainer
wins, but invariably they have kept
off the drink for some time previous
to the race, and when they start

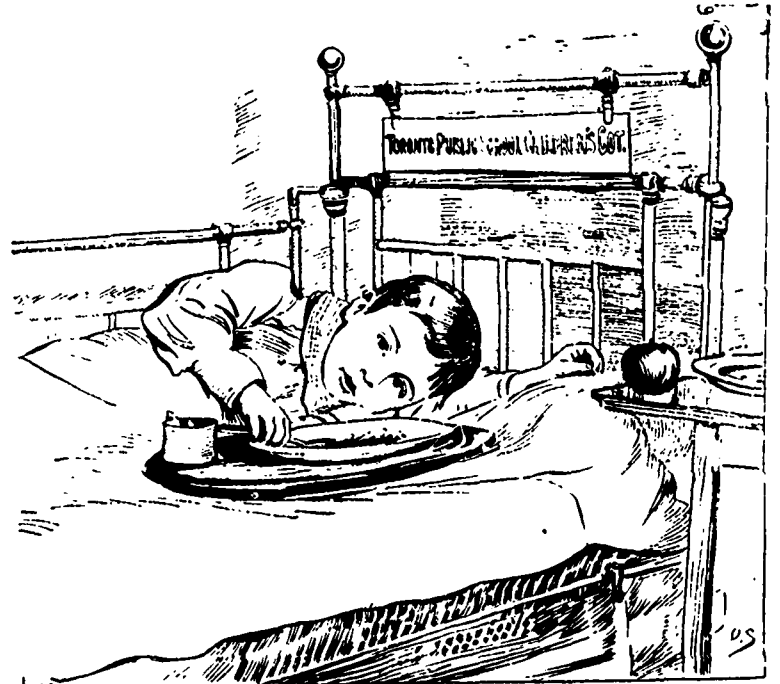
drinking a gain their 'form' goes off.
In racing you require your head
clear, for so much depends upon
your judgment from first to last. In
the race yesterday I rode better in
the final than in the previous races,
and without feeling the least excited,
though there were twelve of us—all
intent on winning. The excitement
caused by partaking of liquor would
have taken away my cool-headed-
ness."

And he added.—"A young fellow-
cyclist recently accompanied me on
a long road journey which caused us
some fatigue. He fancied a glass of
whiskey would stimulate him a bit.
Well, it did for about a quarter of
an hour, but after that he was ten
times worse, and I had to slow off
to enable him to keep with me at all.
This is only one case out of several
of similar effect which have come un-
der my notice."

THE CHARITY OF ALL CHARITIES.

THE CARE OF THE SICK CHILDREN.

What The Hospital for Sick Children on College Street, Toronto,
Has Done and Is Doing for the Little Sufferers
of the Province of Ontario.



An institution that requires about
\$34,000 a year for maintenance, an in-
stitution that depends for support on
the goodness of the generous people of
the Province of Ontario, must needs
have considerable faith in the love,
affection and generosity of the people.
While the institution is located in
Toronto its work is essentially provin-
cial. It admits not only children
from the city of Toronto but from
every city, town, village and hamlet,
yes, from every spot in the Province
of Ontario.
So when you give—be your giving
large or small—it goes for the benefit
of every child of the province that is
admitted and treated.

This statement is made because
occasional reference is made to the
Hospital as a Toronto institution for
Toronto patients, whereas every sick
child in Ontario has the same rights
and privileges as those who live
within the shadow of the great red pile
on College street.

It costs about \$34,000 per year, or a
dollar per patient, per day, to main-
tain the Hospital. The Government
of the province gives about \$7,000 a
year, or nearly eighteen cents per
head, in other words, per patient per
day. This amount is all expended in
maintenance. The corporation of the
City of Toronto does even more. It
gives \$7,500 per year or eighteen cents
per head per day, and this too goes
towards the maintenance, not only of
Toronto patients, but for every patient
in the Hospital, no matter from what
part of the province the little one may
come from. Yes, and this contribu-
tion of the corporation is increased by
from \$4,000 to \$6,000 donated by citi-
zens of Toronto for the maintenance
of all patients, to say nothing of the
\$4,000 contributed yearly by Toronto
people, the founders of maintained
and named cots in the building.

During its lifetime the Hospital has
handled 8,000 indoor patients and of
these 4,000 were cured, and 2,700 were
improved. Of these—and please note
this—1,757 came from 1,205 places in
Ontario and outside the city of
Toronto.

Ten years ago the Hospital carried a
heavy burden of debt. The building
and its furnishings cost \$150,000 and of
this \$20,000 was paid by the corpora-
tion of Toronto and \$60,000 by its citi-
zens. Year by year the debt has been
reduced and it is now down to \$13,000.
To clear the indebtedness this an-

peal is made. Hospital work cannot
be carried on without money. Interest
on mortgages has to be paid. An army
of workers has to live. Nurses, domes-
tics, officials are all human. They
earn their wages whether they live in
or out of the Hospital.

A hundred and twenty children per
day—yes, in some months a hundred
and forty—once it was a hundred and
fifty—all these to look after and
care for. Thirty nurses continually
at work. A half-dozen maids with
brooms and dusters; cooks and table-
maids to prepare the food and serv-
it, clerks in the office who work like
beavers, typewriters who tap the keys
of their machines for hours a day, an-
swering sheaves of letters, preparing
accounts, watching every doing in the
immense building on College street
that never closes night or day—all the
year round—a hive of two hundred
people, small and large, a little town
doing what it can for God's suffering
little ones.

True, it is, that some have to pay—
yes, all who can afford it are expected
to pay—but those who cannot pay and
can produce the certificate of a clergy-
man or known ratepayer of the pro-
vince to the effect that they are too
poor to pay, can have maintenance
and treatment free of charge.

If all could pay there would be no
need to appeal for money, but eighty
per cent. of the work is free work for
the children of those who cannot af-
ford to pay.

Fancy a great family of nearly one
hundred and fifty sick children. You
who have had perhaps one or two
sick little ones at your own home
therefore know something of the work,
but when you visit Toronto drop in
and see what they are doing to win
back little ones from the grave.

It would only weary the reader to go
on with more story. This year a giant
effort is being made to clear away the
debt. Every dollar of this debt handi-
caps the Trustees. Every dollar sent
in helps to lighten the load that is
being carried.

If every reader would send but a
dollar what a grand fund would be
raised in a few weeks of time. Let
every one who can spare a dollar, send
it to Douglas Davidson, the Secretary-
Treasurer of the Hospital, or to J.
Ross Robertson the Chairman of the
Trust. And please send it in at once,
for even the best of us are prone to
forget our intentions.