

Selections.

IS IT PEACE OR WAR?

Is it peace or war? from a million throats Ever rises the anxious cry. As in stately hall, and in nameless hut, All ranks and conditions die.

Is it peace or war? when throughout the land There are foes that are deadlier far Than a million men and ships might be In a bloody unrighteous war?

Is it peace or war? when this mighty realm, With a past that is full of praise, Is beaten and blanch'd with one great vice, While the wondering nations gaze?

Is it peace or war? though our fleets are still, And our soldiers are free from blood, If foes that can laugh at powder and shell Are robbing our land of God?

Is it peace or war? when a brother man, For a life of inglorious ease, Will sell us the poison that robs our life, And smile at the ruin he sees?

Is it peace or war? when in many a home, With an agony never expressed, The hope and the love and the light have gone By the breath of the virulent pest?

Is it peace or war? when a mother strives With sleepless effort and pain, To ward off the curse from her husband's head, And restore him to manhood again?

Is it peace or war? when a father flies From the sight of an imbecile wife, And the more than motherless innocent bairns Bear the weight of that woe through life?

Is it peace or war? when the godly pair, Who have never disgraced their name, Are killed by a blow of unspeakable grief O'er a child they have lost in shame?

Peace there is none! It is war! wild war! O men from your dreams arise, Sleep on, and the nation will surely die; Right now, it will reach the skies.

—Thomas Love, in the Voice.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

The following lines were written by Henry J. Coggeshall, a New York State Senator, and recited by him under peculiar circumstances. At an informal dinner given by one of his fellow-senators at Albany, he was observed to leave his glass of wine untouched. On being asked the reason, he answered:—

What makes me refuse a social glass? Well, I'll tell you the reason why, Because a bonnie blue-eyed lass Is ever standing by: And I hear her, boys, above the noise Of the jest and merry glee, As with baby grace she kisses my face, And says: "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass to be true, Better than let it pass by? I know you'll not think my refusal to wine, A breach of your courtesy: For I hear her repeat, in accents sweet, And her dear little form I see, As with loving embrace she kisses my face, And says: "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most, Whose dear little will I obey; Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet Over life's toilsome way. May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine, From sorrow may she be free, For with baby grace she has kissed my face, And said: "Papa, be true to me."

SIGNING THE PLEDGE; OR, HOW JIM RUSSELL DID IT.

"I went home drunk the night before, no doubt of it," said Jim Russell, as he took his knife from his pocket and began to trim his finger nails.

"I guess I had gone home just as drunk lots of times, but I never was half so mean. I had hit my wife before and kicked her, but never hurt her much. She told me lots of truth when I came home full, but this time she said not a word and that made me madder than ever. I struck her a terrible blow on the cheek. She fell and didn't get up. When my little boy Winnie came to plead for his mother, I kicked him half way across the room. I didn't stop for supper but went to bed with my boots on.

"When I awoke in the morning I heard not a sound in the house. I first thought my wife and baby were dead or gone. Then I commenced thinking. At last I raised my head. There sat my wife with the boy in her lap. I saw a fearful bruise on her cheek.

"Breakfast is ready," said Maggie, as pleasantly as ever woman said it. Before I left the bed I made up my mind what I would do and did it.

"I got up, sat down at the table and said not a word. All we had for breakfast was potatoes and pigs feet, and I could have eaten every bit myself, but didn't. There was another thing I didn't do, and that was to look my wife in the face or tarry at the table.

"You may talk all you are a mind to about Pharisees and hypocrites, when I want a genuine article I go to the meetin' folks every time.

"There was old Deacon Swift who always had a good word for me, drunk or sober, so I started for him that morning. I found him in the kitchen whittling out a handle.

"Good morning Jim," said the deacon, "I am glad you come, I want some one to help me fix up the barn for winter."

"All right, said I, that's what I have come for. There is another thing deacon, I want to sign the pledge and be a man again. I've got sick of the way I've been doing.

"Good," said the deacon, dropping his hammer and getting pen and paper. He wrote an iron clad pledge and I signed it.

"We went out to work and by 9 o'clock I shook so I could not drive a nail to save my gizzard.

"About this time out came Mrs. Swift with a pitcher of coffee. No whisky ever tasted half as good to me. This kept my nerves steady till noon.

In the afternoon I had no trouble. At night the deacon loaded up a buggy load of provisions for me and carried me home. I had been thinking all day about what Maggie would say or do. I never used to think of her when I was in the barroom. I did not want to see her faint away, so I thought I would break the matter to her softly.

It was dark when I got home and after piling the plunder up by the gate I went in. Gracious Peter, you ought to have seen Mag eye me. No cat ever eyed a mouse half so sharp.

I remarked quite indifferently that I had not been to the Starley's to-day.

"I see you haven't," said she. I've been at work for Deacon Swift, said I.

"We will have something to eat then," said she.

"But," said I, "Maggie"—

"Well, what is it, Jim, out with it," said she.

"Well," said I, "I have signed the pledge." Laws of Moses, you ought to have seen her hop. With one skip and jump she landed with both arms around my neck. She half laughed, half cried and kept kissing me all the time. She pulled me over till I thought her feet touched the floor, but she kept pulling till her knees touched and then she said, "Oh Lord, help my husband to keep the pledge." Amen, said I. Why, it fairly scared me, for I never said amen to any-body's prayer before in my life.

Since then I have got to be a meap chap myself. I read the Bible every day and pray. Providence has giggles in my face. I bought my old house back, then a farm, then another, and still I am laughing. I pray again and vote for prohibition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ABOUT THE GREAT CURSE AND THE GREAT REFORM.

CANADIAN.

A SAD ENDING.

A press despatch dated February 5th, tells of the sudden and sad death of a financial agent at St. George, Ont. who had been drinking very heavily for some time. He leaves a large family.

SENT TO JAIL.

At Barrie, Ont. on Feb. 8th, a man named Livingstone was sentenced to jail for six months and was also fined \$100 for manufacturing whiskey unlawfully. Is the License Law a failure?

DRINK AND DEATH.

A telegram from Ashcroft, B.C. tells a sad story of the death of a Toronto man who was seized with delirium tremens in that far off place, rushed into the woods and remained there until he was so badly frozen that his death speedily followed.

MAKING THEM PAY.

The town of Summerside, P.E.I., reports a net revenue after payment of local expenses of \$700.84 for 1896, from fines imposed for violation of the Canada Temperance Act. This looks as if there was a good deal of law violation, but it is also evidence that the authorities are making vigorous efforts to have the law carried out.

THE PROVINCES WIN AGAIN.

The Privy Council of Great Britain has dismissed the appeal of the Brewers and Malsters Association against the Ontario Government. The Brewers objected to pay license for the privilege of selling liquor in Ontario, claiming that their Dominion License was sufficient authority. The Privy Council sustains the contention that they must be authorized by the Provincial Government to enable them to sell their product.

THE SCOTT ACT WORKS.

The Charlottetown P.E.I. Guardian made an enquiry recently into the jail population of the city. There were at the time 28 prisoners under arrest. Twenty of these were convicted violators of the Scott Act. This looks as if prohibition were being enforced and also makes it appear that the presence in the jail of the would-be liquor sellers, was accompanied by an absence of the class offenders that usually are found in such places when the liquor sellers are out loose.

There is an effort being made to induce the City Council to employ, as a permanent officer to enforce the Scott Act, a man who has recently been very successful in making cases against offenders under the auspices of a private prosecuting organization of temperance workers.

NO COMPROMISE.

The City Council of Halifax appointed a temperance committee some time ago to confer with representatives of temperance societies regarding amendments to the liquor license law. The temperance societies refused to attend the meeting stating that they were opposed to any kind of license legislation and therefore could not consider amendments to the law. It is expected that a bill for provincial prohibition will be introduced into the Legislature when it assembles.

A TIMELY WARNING

We cordially commend to our readers the following official forecast of the probable outcome of the approaching plebiscite which is at the same time a wise warning as to what we may expect to follow. We shall be helped to the best results in the approaching conflict if we enter it with a full realization of what it involves. Every word of these paragraphs ought to be weighed. They are taken from the January issue of Forward, the official organ of the Nova Scotia Sons of Temperance. "We are to have a Dominion Plebiscite. The results we hope for are an overwhelming affirmation of the principle, followed by adequate legislation to be submitted, not to the popular vote for ratification, but to the test of time and effects. We dare hope and expect that much. "What then? Do prohibitionists the Ms. repose on their laurels? The sub-

version of the law will follow. There will be a flood-tide of misrepresentation with which they will seek to vilify the operation of the law, to obscure the benefits, magnify the inconveniences and imperfections unavoidable at first in a law involving such important changes in business and usage as the suppression of the liquor traffic.

"If we have not profited by the lessons of the experience of bitter, persistent, unscrupulous warfare waged wherever such laws operate effectively, if we have not discerned the necessity for eternal vigilance, then success will be succeeded by reverses, and final victory is afar off.

"Make ready for a protracted, desperate war. It is to be no miniature sham-fight. Never in the world's history was there such an array of wealth and influence standing in the pathway as a deadly menace to its civilization, a foe to Government, law and order. Canada for prohibition!"

FOREIGN.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY VOTE.

The official statement of the Prohibition Party vote of the United States shows that 130,403 votes were cast for Levering, the prohibition candidate. The number cast for Bidwell, Prohibition Party candidate in 1892, was 270,710.

LIQUOR SELLERS BARRED OUT.

The Grand Lodge of Free Masons of the State of Minnesota, has debarred liquor sellers from members of the Order in its jurisdiction, and has also ordered that persons who are members and who may hereafter sell liquor, be expelled.

A TERTOTAL ATHLETE.

Edward Payson Weston, over sixty years of age, recently walked at the New York Ice Skating Palace, 103 miles in twenty-four hours. He attributes his powers of endurance to the careful temperate habits which he has always practiced, never using intoxicating liquors of any kind.

HOLDING THEIR OWN.

The different cities and towns of the State of Massachusetts vote every year on the question of license or no-license. The voting in December last makes no change in the number of license cities. One prohibition city has gone back to license and one license city has changed to prohibition.

INTEMPERANCE AND INSANITY.

Mr. Horace G. Waddin, Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for Massachusetts, has recently made a careful investigation covering a year, into the results of the liquor traffic. His report recently published, shows among other things, an enquiry into the cause of lunacy in the cases of 1836 patients in the State Asylum. Of the cases concerning which full information was obtained, Mr. Waddin reports that in over twenty-five per cent the insanity was due to intoxicating liquor, that in fifty-two per cent the intemperate habits of ancestors led to the insanity, and that in nine per cent the intemperance of other parties was to blame for the disaster.

THE NEW ZEALAND VOTE.

Some papers not favorable to the temperance cause have been endeavoring to make it appear that prohibition recently received a serious set back in the colony of New Zealand. This statement hardly coincides with the facts of the case. At the general elections in 1894 a poll was taken on the question also of local prohibition. The question submitted was whether or not licenses should be continued in the same number as before, or reduced in number, or entirely abolished. An elector could if he chose, vote for both reduction and no-license or might vote for any of the three proposals. The results of the voting on March 21st, 1894 and on December 4th, 1896 respectively, are shown in the following table:—

Table with 3 columns: License status (Continue, Reduce, No-license), 1894 votes, 1896 votes.

It will be seen at once that the difference in the results is largely due, to the fact that in 1896 the electors marked their ballots on the liquor question to a much greater extent than they did in 1894. In the later election about three times as many voted for license, and about twice as many for prohibition as in the former case.