

**Selections.**

**FAIR WARNING.**

Wilberforce, of English annals,  
 Waited patiently for years,  
 Fighting on, though often vanquished,  
 Yielding not to doubts and fears,  
 Till at length he was rewarded  
 By the shout of victory;  
 Through his persevering efforts  
 Slaves were granted liberty.

Be forewarned, ye politicians,  
 Eyes are watching far and near:  
 Your supporters hold the balance—  
 They will weigh you, never fear.  
 Be advised: your friends are anxious  
 You should worthy prove and true  
 If you act as you have spoken,  
 They will firmly stand by you.

But if not, prepare for changes,  
 For the traffic they will rout;  
 If you trifle at this crisis  
 They will vote you down and out,  
 And elect those who are worthy,  
 Men whose courage ne'er abates,  
 Who will face the ranks opposing,  
 Press the battle to the gates.

Oh, ye temperance men, be faithful,  
 On your watchtowers firmly stand—  
 See, the foes of prohibition  
 Muster forces through the land.  
 Buckle on afresh your armour,  
 And for right still onward press,  
 God, your captain in the conflict,  
 He will pilot to success.

*Mrs. P. L. Grant.*

**LAMENTABLE.**

LAM. 1, 12.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 How the ruin of drink obscures the  
 fair sky,  
 How the land of the free is the home  
 of the slave,  
 Her liberty mocked, and weakened her  
 brave?  
 Oh, how can a Christian patriot shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 How the blood of the thousand ascends  
 to the sky  
 Crying for vengeance, like Abels of old,  
 Accusing our people of murder untold?  
 Oh, how can a Christian patriot shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 Or can you not see—is blinded your  
 eye—  
 Your boys are ensnared, your girls  
 sold for wine,  
 Your families scattered by the liquor  
 combine?  
 Oh, how can a Christian patriot shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by,  
 How foreign rumsellers our laws dare  
 defy?  
 These covetous strangers, united and  
 strong,  
 Are flooding the country with terrible  
 wrong.  
 Oh, patriot how dare you from duty  
 still shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 How thousands of orphans are raising  
 the cry  
 For justice and judgment their rights  
 to redress,  
 And stop up the fountain of all their  
 distress?  
 Oh, how can a Christian from duty  
 still shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 Hear the watchman of Zion take up  
 the great cry:  
 The woe of the angels is being poured  
 out  
 Because of the Church which the  
 traffic ignored,  
 Oh, Christian patriot, can from duty  
 you shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 How God is blasphemed by night and  
 by day:  
 How learning and piety are crushed to  
 the dust  
 To satisfy greed and satiate lust?  
 Oh, how dare a Christian from duty  
 then shrink  
 At sight of the ruin occasioned by  
 drink?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
 Arouse from your slumber, the battle  
 is nigh;  
 To arms! to arms! drive out the  
 temptation  
 That curses our homes and blights our  
 nation.  
 No longer a Christian from duty may  
 shrink:  
 Away with the ruin occasioned by  
 drink!

It is all things to me, and it's something  
 to you,  
 To bring up our youth in a way pure  
 and true;  
 To remove from their path the  
 allurements of vice,  
 To banish the curse, restore Paradise.  
 To this end no Christian patriot may  
 shrink:  
 Deliverance from ruin occasioned by  
 drink.

*Rev. Wm. F. Zell, in the Constitution.*

**TEMPERANCE "FANATICS."**

There are many persons who talk  
 about Temperance men as being  
 fanatics. They tell us we are rabid on  
 this subject of Temperance. I ask any  
 reformed drunkard if it is not right to  
 be rabid against an evil that has  
 scorched and blasted and scathed and  
 scarred us till we carry the marks of  
 it to the grave.

Young men sometimes have an idea  
 that a man can sow his wild oats and  
 get over it. You put your hand in the  
 hand of a giant, and he crushes it.  
 Still it may be healed, and by and by,  
 in some sort, it may be a useful one  
 but it is a mutilated hand; its beauty  
 and symmetry have gone for ever.  
 We who have passed through this fire  
 know something of its awful scourge,  
 we know something of the terrible  
 struggle to get out of it. I think we  
 ought to be what they call fanatics.  
 They tell us that we exaggerate the  
 evil of drunkenness. Do we? Let me  
 appeal to the intelligent and ask the  
 question, "Do we exaggerate the evil  
 of drunkenness?"

No, sir, we cannot. God never gave  
 a man a mind capable of grasping the  
 awful evil of drunkenness for time and  
 for eternity.

What would you do to save that  
 rosy-cheeked, bright eyed child of  
 yours from curvature of the spine?

"Do anything."  
 "What would you give?"  
 "All my property."  
 "What would you sacrifice?"  
 "Every luxury under heaven."  
 "What would you suffer?"  
 "Try me. That boy so straight of  
 limb, so beautiful, so perfect, so  
 symmetrical—that boy a poor, crawl-  
 ing cripple deformed upon the floor of  
 my house? No, no, do not ask what I  
 would do, give, suffer—anything!"

I was at the house of a family where  
 there was a crippled child. When four  
 years of age it had fallen out of a swing  
 backward; the child was twenty-three  
 years of age then. The body had  
 developed, but it was a very strange  
 case. Physicians came to see it. The  
 limbs had grown very little, it had a  
 baby's hands and feet. I tell you to  
 see that little creature working over  
 the carpet like a turtle made me  
 shudder more than I ever shuddered  
 to see a reptile. That child once said  
 to its mother:—

"Mamma, I shan't trouble you much  
 longer." "Trouble us, my darling?  
 Why you are the light of our home!  
 We are learning lessons of faith and  
 trust and patience from you every day.  
 Why, darling, when God takes you  
 from us it will be a dark day in our  
 home."

"Yes, mamma, but I want to go,  
 because when I see Jesus I shall stand  
 up straight, shan't I, mamma?"

There may be some beauty and glory  
 around a crippled child; there may be  
 something lovely and sweet; some-  
 thing to be desired about a crippled  
 child even, but is there anything about  
 a drunken one? No, not a ray of light  
 but such as comes lurid from hell.  
 There is no comfort, nothing joyous or  
 delightful, nothing one can love to  
 contemplate. If it be "fanaticism" to  
 try and save our boys and young men  
 from this curse, then let us all become  
 fanatics of the most rabid sort, and it  
 is to be hoped that our disease may be  
 so contagious that we shall give it to  
 everybody, even to those old fogies  
 who are now laughing at us. The  
 sooner they get bit hard and become  
 rabid on this Temperance question the  
 better for all concerned.

*John B. Gough.*

**ONLY ONE FAULT.**

I was riding through a bowery  
 country town in Vermont when I  
 chanced to notice a concourse of people  
 in the church-yard, evidently encircling  
 an open grave.

It was a warm day, and I had rode  
 ten miles, so I drew the rein under  
 some trees that arched the road to  
 allow the horse to cool and rest.

Presently a villager came toward me  
 and I said:—

"There is a funeral to-day in your  
 town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the  
 largest hearted men I ever knew. We  
 all owed something to Stephen."

Then he added in a tone of regret:—

"He had only one fault."

The light fell in pencil rays through  
 the trees. I sat in silence, enjoying  
 the refreshing coolness.

The man resumed the subject:—

"He had great abilities, Stephen  
 had. We sent him to the Legislature  
 three times. They thought of  
 nominating him for Governor."

"But," he added sadly, "Stephen  
 had one fault."

I made no answer. I was tired  
 and watched the people slowly disperse.

"A very generous man Stephen was.  
 Always visited the sick—he was feeling  
 —when any one was in trouble. The  
 old folks all liked him. Even the  
 children used to follow him in the  
 streets."

"A good man, indeed," I said  
 indifferently.

"Yes: he had only one fault."

"What was that? I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes somewhat. He didn't seem to  
 have any power to resist it at last. He  
 got behind hand and had to mortgage  
 his farm and finally had to sell it.  
 His wife died on account of the reverse;  
 kind of crushed, disappointed. Then  
 his children, not having the right  
 bringing up, turned out badly. His  
 intemperance seemed to mortify them  
 and take away their spirit. He had to  
 leave politics; 'twouldn't do, you see.  
 Then we had to set him aside from the  
 church, and at last his habits brought  
 on paralysis, and we had to take him  
 to the poor house. He died there; only  
 forty-five. There were none of his  
 children at the funeral. Poor man, he  
 had only one fault."

"Only one fault!"

"The ship had only one leak, but it  
 went down."

"Only one fault!"

"The temple had only one decaying  
 pillar, but it fell."

"Only one fault!" Home gone,  
 wife lost, family ruined, honor forfeit-  
 ed, social and religious privileges  
 abandoned, broken health, poverty,  
 paralysis and the poorhouse.  
 One fault, only one.

*Youth's Companion.*

**PROFITABLE LOSSES.**

The following good speech is nearly  
 a verbal report of one heard at a tem-  
 perance meeting:

"I have been thinking since I came  
 into the meeting to-night, about the  
 losses I've met since I signed the total  
 abstinence pledge. I tell you there  
 isn't a man in the society who has lost  
 more by stopping drink than I have.  
 Wait a bit until I tell you what I mean.  
 There was a nice job of work to be done  
 in the shop to-day, and the boss called  
 for me.

"Give it to Law," said he. "He's  
 the best hand in the shop."

"Well, I told my wife at supper  
 time, and she said:

"Why, Laurie, he used to call you  
 the worst. You've lost your bad name,  
 haven't you?"

"That's a fact, wife," said I. "And  
 it ain't all I've lost in the last sixteen  
 months either. I had poverty and  
 wretchedness, and I lost them. I had  
 an old ragged coat and a shockin' bad  
 hat, and some water-proof boots that  
 let the wet out at the toes as fast as  
 they took it in at the heel. I've lost  
 them. I had a red face, a trembling  
 hand, and a pair of shabby legs that  
 gave me an awkward tumble now and  
 then; I had a habit of cursing and  
 swearing, and I've got rid of that. I  
 had aching head sometimes and a  
 heavy heart and, worse than all the  
 rest, a guilty conscience. Thank God,  
 I've lost them all.

"Then I told my wife what she had  
 lost.

"You've had an old ragged gown,  
 Mary," said I. "And you had trouble  
 and sorrow and a poor, wretched home,  
 and plenty of heart-aches, for you had  
 a miserable drunkard. Mary, Mary,  
 thank the Lord for all you and I have  
 lost since I signed the temperance  
 pledge!"—*Chase City Progress.*

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