

daughters wailing, and every one her neighbor lamentation; for death is come up into our windows, and is entered our palaces, to cut off the children from without and the young men from the streets." Who shall stay the stream of death, if we do not?

"How long, O righteous Lord! How long

Shall this great curse prevail?
Ye sons of light, rise in your might
And make the demon quail.

It can be done, it will be done
When the Godly unite in power;
Our holy work is but just begun,
Our aim the bright eternal shore.

We march not with the trumpets blast,
We ask no clarion voice to fire,
Our souls with injuries past,
Or thoughts of calamities dire;

The calm soft flutes our paths around
Send forth sweet Eolian breath;
We need no clamour of sterner sound
To save our brother from a drunkard's death,

To these our treasures—undismayed,
To save our suffering land we trust,
Wherein the past its fame hath laid,
With Freedom's sword and valors dust.

The noble work our hero fathers begun
In the century of the recent past;
Their valiant sons will not deem it done
Till the present rum-seller be the last.

From slavery's blight our land we freed,
But a greater curse confronts us still,
The twin brother of that leprous breed
Baffles our toil, confounds our skill,
Like Rachel of old Columbia her loss bewails,

Bewails her thousands sent to drunkard's grave;
She mourns the blood that nothing avails,
Since we're bondmen yet—Rum's object slaves—
Rise freemen, and kindle Freedom's fires!

From our proud banner wipe the foul stain;
The precious lives lost, the blood of your noble sires,
O, let it not have been sacrificed in vain!

Prohibit the traffic the drunkard to save,
Neglect this, and you never can be free;
Liberty, union, freedom to the slave,
Temperance only can preserve the three.

Do you vote for rum? If a man should come into your town, bringing a lot of handcuffs, and propose to put them on the wrists of everybody, bringing also "chain and ball" for the feet of every one, wouldn't there be a stormy time over such an effort to turn freemen into slaves? That is what the rumsellers propose to do. Vote him down. Vote him into the county jail where people may have the privilege of "handcuffs" to their hearts' content, if they will persist in breaking the laws again and again.—*Freeman's Paper.*

Two Cities—Rum and No Rum.

Guelph in Ontario, Canada, is 54 years old; population, 10,000; 12 churches; 5 public, 1 high and some private schools; 28 teachers. Always licensed the sale of rum. Has a police magistrate salary \$1,200, and a clerk \$200. A chief of police costs \$750, and a sergeant of police \$500, and 2 policemen at a salary of \$450 each, and another policeman is asked for.

Its poor rate was in 1881, \$1,914; crime, drunk 138; disorderly 42; vagrancy 28; larceny 25; keeping disorderly houses 6; street walkers 6; assaulting police 3; malicious injury 2; burglary 3; and 6 other serious offences. A very orderly city compared with those of California.

A Mr. Joseph Ryan, of Guelph, wrote to the Mayor of Vineland, N. J., a town that never had license. The Mayor, Joseph Mason, answers: Vineland is 21 years old; population, 7,000; 15 churches; 4 public, 1 high school and 28 teachers. Mayor acts as police magistrate, no salary. Cost of 1 policeman in 1881, \$20. Appropriated last year \$800 for poor; there are 9 poor to look after. Crime in 1881, drunk 10; assault 5; larcenies 4.

Vineland votes every year on license and from 1 to 28 votes have been cast in its favor. People there are agreed to have no grogshop. Homemade wine can be sold not less than one gallon, and there are lots of people who keep some liquor or wine in their houses purchased elsewhere. But there being no grogshop or beer dive, drunkenness and immorality are at a minimum; and what little there is, of course is mainly due to the drink purchased elsewhere.

To these we might add a comment on another city—Vallejo. No government or corporation ever expended a dollar in the furtherance of the prospects of Guelph or Vineland. But the U. S. government has expended in Vallejo something like 20 million dollars in payment of wages on the navy yard. It had ten years ago, nearly 7,000 people; has now a good deal less. Property utterly unsaleable, and lots close to the city are only worth the price of farming land per acre. It has 6 churches, all except the Catholic with the smallest congregations, and it has over 80 grogshops and dens of crime well attended; and a list of crime and drunkenness and suffering women and children that

if published in detail, the Guelph man would not believe a word of it.

And there never was one drawback to an ever increasing prosperity in Vallejo but the grogshop. But for that it could have had now a population of 40,000 or 50,000. It could have been the first manufacturing town of the State after and probably before San Francisco. It could have been the industrial center of the State. And it could be so yet if it drove out the crime and loafer schools which have always devoured its people and their substance. But no business can thrive there but that of rum and the ruinous vices that are its partners. Its last factory left it lately because its men were rendered useless by the dramshop. The brewer and rumseller have been a damage to Vallejo of twenty times the present value of all the property in it and have murdered many hundreds of its people in various ways, and have been a deadly moral pestilence beside all along.—*Rescue.*

The Good Time Coming.

BY MATHETES.

A better day is coming
For suffering ones who mourn
O'er husbands, sons and fathers,
By rum, to ruin borne!

Shall widow's tears, forever,
Unnoticed flow, in vain;
Shall starving orphan's pleadings
No cognizance obtain?

Nay, as Jehovah liveth
And Jesus loves his own;
Those tears and plaintive pleadings
Shall reach the eternal throne.

And, in his own good season,
Who slumbers not nor sleeps,
He'll recompense the orphan
And solace her who weeps.

Nor shall this season tarry
Nor justice be delayed;
Though hell's fierce howling legions
Against it be arrayed.

For God himself is speaking
In tones that all shall hear,
And Rum's oppressive minions
Shall learn his name to fear.

From Maine to sunny Georgia,
Is heard the battle cry;
From Atlantic to Pacific
As lightning doth it fly.

Columbia's sons and daughters,
United, soon shall stand,
And the Prohibition army
Shall sweep this glorious land.

Then rally, friends of justice,
Ye suff'ring and oppressed;
While now, the call is sounding
By heaven's high behest.

Then hail the good time coming,
That good time we shall see;
The rum fiend shall be banished
And our country shall be free.

The flowers of peace shall blossom
And grateful voices tell,
Our God is king eternal
And "doeth all things well."

For and Against Tobacco.

The pleas offered for it by its votaries are as follows: It is fashionable; it is genial company; it soothes the nerves and enables one to do better work; it preserves the teeth; it is an anti-fat; it is a luxury.

The objections to its use, as stated by Professor Hinds in his recent work, entitled "The Use of Tobacco," are the following:

1. While it is a source of great present revenue to the people who cultivate it, it will in the end be detrimental to the country, because it is a crop which is very exhausting to the soil and soon wears out the land. Besides, it is not to the buyer a just equivalent for the money he pays for it.

2. The use of tobacco is a habit which continually grows stronger, at the same time weakening the will, and finally making man its abject slave. Such habits are sedulously to be avoided, although they could be shown to have no other ill effects.

3. Its associations are very bad. It is the inseparable companion of dram-drinking, gambling, loafing and sporting.

4. As a social habit, it makes one acquainted with strange companions. It also encourages loafing, lounging and laziness.

5. Its physiological effects, unless it is very carefully and moderately used, are such as to warrant its abandonment, even if there were no other considerations.

6. All its ill effects are transmitted from parent to child, and usually with a weakened constitution and a disposition to intemperance.

7. It is a filthy habit.

8. It is an expensive habit.

9. It is of doubtful morality, because its consequences are bad.—*Rural Home.*

Iowa Constitutional Amendment.

SECTION 26. No person shall manufacture for sale, sell, or keep for sale as a beverage any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall, by law, prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the provisions herein contained, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for violations of the provisions hereof.

"A good understanding have all they that keep his commandments."